

A Boujourniere.

A dewy fragrance drifts at times
Across my willing senses,
And leads the rill of my rhymes
From city gutters, gusts and grimes
To lowland fields and fencibles.
I seem to see, as I inhale
This perfume faint and feeble,
Green hillside sloping to a vale,
Whose leafy shadows screen the pale
Wood flowers from moonday's greeting.
I hear the song—the sweet heartache—
Of just a pair of thrushes;
And near, half dreaming, half awake,
The ripple of the streamlet break
Their momentary husks.
And why, dear heart, do I to-day
Hemmed in by court and alley,
Seem lost in haven of fane and bay?
Look to my coat I've pinned your spray
Of lilies-of-the-valley.

MR. JOSEPH CHILBLUD

Mr. Joseph Chilblud—Mr. Joseph Chilblud you will understand, no John, the happy, good-hearted, no do-well—entered the breakfast-room on a chilly autumnal morning, and glanced critically at the table laid for the morning meal. Yes, it was arranged as it should be and as Mr. Chilblud always expected to find it—spotless cloth and china, the coffee-urn bubbling and steaming, the little silver spirit-stove boiling the water ready to receive the eggs, napkins properly folded, and finally, the newspaper being satisfactory. Mr. Chilblud crossed over to the fire, and his position on the hearth rug causing him to front a mirror, he naturally glanced at his reflection therein. A long, broad face, with very neatly-trimmed whiskers, no mustache, penetrating eyes, an aquiline nose, and carefully-brushed dark hair, formed a tout ensemble which, to one person at least, was altogether pleasing, and that person was Joseph Chilblud. It may be said with truth that Mr. Chilblud entertained a very high opinion of himself, both physically and morally, and it is equally true that he had grounds for doing so. Born in a somewhat humble position, he had, by steady perseverance and determination, raised himself until he held at the age of 42, the post of inspector of elementary schools, with a salary of between \$400 and \$500 per annum. And from boyhood to manhood his life had been exemplary, no temptations having had power to move him from the paths of virtue. Whether this was due to the coldness of his disposition or to the severe and extreme rectitude of his conduct it is hard to say, but certain it is that Mr. Joseph Chilblud, of No. 19 Propriety square, was deemed a pattern in the quadruple character of husband, father, householder, and inspector. His marriage, too, had been perfect as a stroke of business and a proof of good taste. For the lady whom he honored with his hand was pretty, rich, and good-tempered; and, moreover, she remained after seven years of matrimony the same respect for her husband and wife of his stupendous talents, that she had carried in her fluttering little heart so the altar.

Mr. Chilblud was on the point of opening his watch when Mrs. Chilblud entered the room. He replaced it in his pocket and took his seat at the table, while his scrutinizing eye involuntarily turned to survey his wife's gown. Observing that it was in her usual correct taste, he gravely deposited the eggs in the boiling water and placed his watch on the table to mark the time.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, while the meal was proceeding, "I wish you would look at Ethel before you go out; she seems a trifle feverish."
"I suppose she has been running and over-heating herself again," said the gentleman in a voice which was a natural concomitant of his whole person—clear, cold, and searching. "I told Sarah that for the next offense, of the sort she would receive her dismissal; the children must not be permitted to overtake themselves with exercise."
"No; it is not that, I am afraid it is Ethel's own fault. She will try to learn Arthur's lessons, though Dr. Sinclair, as you know, strictly forbade her touching a book for another year at least. He said: 'Give her plenty of exercise and play, but no lessons until she is 5.' And yet she knows the whole alphabet, and can read little words!" Mrs. Chilblud's face was a mixture of dismay and natural pride in her child's capacity.

"Do you use your authority in the matter, my dear?"
"I endeavor to, but it is impossible to tell how or when she picks up her knowledge. And she asks me some strange questions some times; I scarcely know how to answer her."
Mr. Chilblud pushed back his chair, and took up his former position on the hearth rug—only with his back to the fire this time. A little frown of uneasiness marred the customary serenity of his aspect.

"Marian," he said, after a lengthened pause, "we shall have to be extremely careful with Ethel. The child is preternaturally quick, her brain power preponderates unduly over the fragility of her body. She must be kept back; as Dr. Sinclair says, nothing must be allowed to excite the activity of the mind, but every aid given to strengthening the delicate little frame. How is her appetite now?"
"Wonderfully good; in fact, as a rule, she appears to be in very fair health. I sometimes wonder if the constant surveillance we exert is not as harmful as allowing her to learn what she can by herself."
"My dear Marian, in a case of this description a medical man must be the judge; and my own opinion entirely coincides with that expressed by Dr. Sinclair. We must not allow Ethel's intellect to be forced, or grave consequences may ensue. With Arthur it is entirely different. He is of a quiet, unexcitable, somewhat phlegmatic temperament, and will plod steadily on without making a particularly brilliant show. I think the wisest course we can take is to send Ethel into the country. It is, of course, impossible for me to leave London just now, so that we cannot remove the household; but we can send the child to your sister's. The place is extremely pleasant and healthy, there are little ones near her own age, she would be out of doors the greater part of the day, and the food—fresh milk, eggs, and fruit—

is highly desirable. What do you say? Suppose you write to Mrs. Cole, and we can talk the matter over this evening?"
"But Joseph," interposed Mrs. Chilblud, anxiously, "you do not think she is going to be ill?"
"Certainly not," answered her husband in his smooth servile tone, "only I am a great believer in the old adage, 'Prevention is better than cure,' and with a child of Ethel's caliber one can not be too vigilant and careful. Now, my dear, we will have the children down; for I must go in ten minutes. I will try to see Sinclair later on to discuss my plans; in the mean time let there be a truce to all lessons to-day; and could you not invite the little Howlands over, and let them all have a good romp together in the nursery? It would do Ethel good."

"Well?" said Miss Burton, in answer to the uplifted hand.
"Please, teacher, Tommy Carter's asleep."
Brought thus plainly under her notice, the teacher was compelled to see what she did not wish to observe at the moment.
"Tommy Carter, come here!" And at the sound of his name the boy sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why, Tommy! what is the meaning of this?" said Miss Burton in a kind voice for the boy was one of her brightest pupils, and she knew something about his home life. He was a tall boy for his age, a little under 7—all the children in Miss Burton's room were under 7,—with a face that might have been any father's pride; such a handsome, open countenance, in spite of its griminess and the thick locks of matted, unkempt hair which fell over his brow.
"Please, teacher, I didn't mean to go to sleep, but I was so tired!"
"How is that?"
"I didn't go to bed till long past 12 last night, and father he woke me at 5 to light the fire, 'cos mother couldn't get up, 'cos she 'ant well!"
"What kept you up so late?"
"I had to mind the baby."
"Where was your mother?"
"Please, teacher, mother went to the Dolphin to fetch father, and they didn't come out till they was turned out, and father and mother had a row, and she knocked her spinning, and she's had to-day, she is."

"And was there nobody to look after the baby but you?"
"No, 'cos the lady what lives in the next room she's gone away, and the baby cried so as I took it and sat on the door-step till mother come in, and then it didn't stop. Father said he'd chuck it out of the window if mother didn't quiet its row."

The boy spoke in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone. Why not? He was used to his life; such scenes were of daily occurrence, and if the previous night's experience had been a trifle worse than usual, there was one comfort to be derived from them—his mother was too ill to get drunk that day at least.
"You may go to your place," said the teacher, quietly. "I am going to give out the sums. Annie Blake what are you crying for?"
The little girl addressed vouchsafed no reply, but after a little hesitation the child who occupied the next seat volunteered the information that Annie Blake felt sick.

Miss Burton called the little girl to her side. "What is the matter, Annie; have you had anything to disagree with you?"
The child shook her head. She was very clean and tidily dressed, though in woefully-patched garments.
"What did you have for breakfast?"
"Nothing, teacher," said the little girl, looking up with timid eyes.
"Mother couldn't give us any this morning, because all the bread was gone."

"Is your father out of work?"
"Yes, teacher, he's got a bad foot."
Miss Burton led the child into the head mistress' room and gave her a roll out of the bag that contained her own lunch. "Sit down and eat that, and if I can manage it I will go round and see your mother after school."

The teacher's heart ached as she returned to the school-room. It was horrible to think of a child, little more than a baby, sent breakfastless to school.
She knew well the extreme destitution there was among many of the children, for the school was situated in a very poor neighborhood. She did what little she could do to relieve the most pressing cases in her own room, but it was only a drop of kindness in an ocean of distress. Many a parcel of old clothes and boots she collected among her friends and distributed to the children, but there were some to whom it was worse than useless to give—the children of idle, depraved parents, who would strip every tidy article of apparel off their own and their children's backs and pawn them for a few pence, to obtain more than decency or natural affection to them—drink.

The teacher did her best even in these cases. "Now, Mary," she would say, fastening a warm petticoat on a little girl, "tell your mother if you come to school without this to-morrow that I shall send you back. You are to wear it every day." Occasionally the hint had the desired effect, but not often. I go out washing and charring four days a week, so if I can only hold out a little longer things may get a bit brighter soon. If it wasn't for the little ones I should not mind, but it's hard to see them hungry and the cupboard empty." The mute sufferings in the woman's face was far more painful to witness than a demonstrative grief.

Miss Burton laid her hand on her arm and said: "Try and bear up, Mrs. Collier; you have at least the consolation of knowing you do your best. As to Bobby, tell him he's to come to school to-morrow. I will arrange about some new boots. I mean we will see to it amongst us."
Not waiting to hear the woman's thanks, the teacher hurried away.

Dinner was over in Propriety square. The children who always came down to dessert, had been captured and carried off by their nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Chilblud had indulged in a quiet conversation about the arrangements for Ethel's departure; for Mr. Chilblud had managed to see the doctor, who highly an-

proved of the country plan. Consequently, it was to be put into execution without loss of time.
"We shall miss her dreadfully," said Mrs. Chilblud, with tears in her eyes.
"Of course we shall," assented her husband, "but it's a case in which we must make our feelings subservient to the child's benefit," and with what sounded like a sigh he took out his tablets to look over some memoranda pencilled on them.

Mrs. Chilblud bent over her work and there was silence, save for the crackling of the fire and the subdued ticking of the timepiece.
It was a cold, dull evening, and the room looked very comfortable with its handsome furniture—rich soft carpet, and heavy plush curtains, on all of which the firelight threw a thousand dancing gleams.
"Joseph said Mrs. Chilblud, suddenly looking up from her work. "I want to ask you something."
"I am all attention," replied her lord and master.
"I was reading in the paper this morning about a child dying from over-pressure. Is it true? Do they really make them work so hard in these board schools?" Mrs. Chilblud's eyes were full of pitying wonder, which her husband's cold orbs quickly quenched.

"My dear, pray do not you indulge in the absurd, nock sentimentality that is so much in vogue at the present time. These people—the parents, whose children can for a nominal sum, receive an excellent education—rate to be dragged from their wretchedness and ignorance. Born in vice and darkness themselves, they would rear their offspring the same way. They put forward every obstacle to prevent the children's attendance at school, and when forced to send them they make complaints about the amount of work. Those cases of which you speak are rank impositions on the feelings of the public."
"But there was a letter the other day, signed 'A Teacher,' stating that far too much is expected from young children. Did you see it?"
"I can not say I did; but I know the style of thing. I came across a young woman only this morning who is, I should imagine, just the one, to air her foolish notions in that way; but probably she will have leisure for reflection presently, for I doubt if she will be retained on the staff after I send in my report. I am determined—fully determined—to do all I can to crush out this abominable spirit of resistance to the advance of education and discipline."

"Yes, Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, returning to her work, convinced that her husband was, without exception, the wisest, most far-seeing, and learned of men.
Nuptial Customs Abroad.

In Bavaria the peasant girl tells her love, and after the engagement dance her mother relieves her of all household and sets about fattening her up for the wedding day. Though relieved of domestic cares, she is by no means idle, and finds the day and long nights too short for finishing her sewing, which includes dresses, underclothes, sheets, pillow-slips, quilts, mats, tidies, table linen and stockings enough to last her for a dozen years. Any fantastic goods will make her toilet, but be the color or fabric what it will, a veil is indispensable, and a little satin pillow on which the wedding ring is carried. The cushion is usually about eight inches square and richly decorated with embroidery or bead-work, in which all the village maidens have a finger, if but to do a single stitch.

The Russian bride wears a trousseau of blue, with a short, full veil fastened to the hair with a wreath of silver leaves, which may be made of solid silver or fine wire, but where this extravagance is beyond the means of the bride, silver paper or tin-foil is substituted, unless a coronet is plaited with silver ribbon. In the ceremony two rings are used, the bride decorating her husband after accepting his ring.
An Australian groom has to face the village maidens, who force him to run a shower of spear shaped arrows.

In farther India the couple are married while seated on a circular matting placed in the sun. All the girls in the place constitute the bride maids. Each carries a staff bound with blue and finished at the end with a bunch of fery-red feathers. They dance around the happy couple who are not permitted to rise till the girls have exhausted their vocal selections and are too tired to vary their graceful motions.
An Egyptian bride wears a gorgeous robe of blood-red satin, embroidered with roses, birds of gay plumage, and graceful little Cupids, thrown out into broad relief by outlines of silver thread or gold leaf. The veil is carelessly draped over the left shoulder, so as to partially obscure her face from the view of the groom, and fastened with a diadem of glittering gems.

In Natal the bride wears a dress of feathers, with metallic flowers in her hair. She kneels on a brass wire mat, with a shield in one hand and a knife in the other. Her attendants, who are selected because of strong lung power, dance around her in circles, stamping, jumping, kicking any impediment that comes in their way, and making the air resound with their hideous screams.

The Alphabet in Japan.
There is a society lately formed in Japan called the "Roman Alphabet Association," and already it numbers many thousand persons. The Chinese alphabet, composed of about 40,000 characters, had been discarded, and the Roman alphabet, with some changes, substituted. As adapted by the Japanese, the alphabet consists of twenty-two letters. The consonants are taken at their English sounds, while the vowels are pronounced with their Italian accent. The laborious study required to become proficient in the Japanese language proves it to be too slow a medium for the acquisition of knowledge for this awakened and progressive people.

It is good to overcome evil with good, and it is evil to resist evil with evil.
There is no sweeter spirit than a yielding spirit, submitting to God and saying, "Thy will be done."

WEALTH OF THE PRESIDENTS.

Washington's Riches—Jefferson's Losses—Lincoln's Estate—Grant's Salary.

Of the earlier presidents Washington was the wealthiest. When he died his estate at a moderate valuation was worth \$300,000. Adams was a poor man, but independent in his last years, thanks to the good management of his wife. Jefferson was wealthy when he became president, but lost his property and died insolvent. His home was sold, and his daughter was saved from want by the generosity of South Carolina, which gave her \$30,000. Congress bought his library, and with the proceeds his debts were paid. All of his descendants are poor. Madison left a handsome property, and was wealthy when president. Congress bought his manuscripts papers, paying \$30,000 for them. Mrs. Madison's son, Payne Todd, squandered her property, and in a few years after her husband's death she was poor. His estate was valued at \$280,000 in 1816.

James Monroe died insolvent. He sold his Virginia estate after the death of his wife, and died in New York. Quincy Adams left \$50,000. His successor, Andrew Jackson, was a rich man for his day. The Hermitage, which he left to his adopted son, is now the property of the state. Martin Van Buren left a fine estate valued at \$300,000.

James K. Polk left about half this amount, and he had no children to make use of it, his widow has enjoyed it since his death.
John Tyler was not a rich man, though he owned a fine farm in Virginia and a number of slaves. He had a large family and was so long in public life that he lived in the White House poor. What he saved in office enabled him to live in comfort afterwards. His second wife had means, and their eight children were well educated.

Mr. Fillmore, by a second marriage, became a wealthy man.
Franklin Pierce left no child to inherit his property, which was valued at \$50,000.

President Buchanan was worth \$250,000, which he gave to his nephews and nieces.
Abraham Lincoln's estate was valued at \$75,000.

Andrew Johnson had \$150,000 when he left the White House. A part of this amount was lost by the failure of the Freedman's bank.

President Grant never had money until he became lieutenant general. His salary and the generous gifts of his friends made him a millionaire. All of his property was lost in the Grant Ward failure. His wife is independent again through the sale of his book.
Hayes is very wealthy.
The gifts to Mrs. Garfield made her rich. Her husband left a small property, worth not more than \$40,000.
Ex-President Arthur was worth about \$100,000.
Cleveland has about the same amount.

Japanese Superstition.

A truly marvelous story is in circulation in Japan. It is seriously stated that a few days since, when the poll-tax was about to descend upon the head of a cow in the slaughter-house at Ono, the animal said in excellent Japanese: "Hold your hand! I desire to speak to you. Persons crazed with foreign fashions, and haughty through eating meat, pretend to be civilized and are casting aside the hallowed customs of our Land of the Rising Sun. Especially is this actually proud of their town being the slaughter house in immense numbers, over 80,000 of my poor sisters having fallen under your bloodthirsty hands since this house was first appropriated to its cruel uses. If human beings possess souls, why not cattle also? Are you not aware that the deadly pestilences which afflict your people year after year, bringing in their train such dire calamities, arise out of the accumulated wrath of my murdered friends? If our slaughter does not cease we shall exact life for life, and for the \$2,000 of us that have fallen cholera will kill an equal number. Therefore be warned ere it is too late. Cease from your cruelty and henceforth abstain from animal food." Deeply affected by the cow's admonitions the slaughterman threw aside his ax, led the animal back to a stall, and he and his comrades now worship her as a divinity. Bigoted anti-flesh eaters are solemnly retailing the story and urging every one to give up meat, but for ourselves we cannot find words to fitly characterize such gross ignorance and credulity.

Antiquity of the Muff.

The first appearance of the muff dates from the end of the sixteenth century. In the inventory of effects left by the widow of Nicolai, we read, "Item: one velvet muff lined with sable." At Venice we find a trace of the muff toward the end of the fifteenth century. Celebrated court ladies and women of noble birth carried them. The most celebrated and charming picture in which a muff is shown is that exquisite painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds, entitled "The Young Girl with a Muff," which forms a part of the fine collection of the Marquis of Herford. Nothing could be more delicate than this work. The young English girl seemed to be rather passing across the canvas than fixed upon it, so wonderful is the skill with which the artist has depicted the walking motion—the body inclined a little forward, and the head to one side. This woman's bust, cut off at the muff, is so fine and fresh in tone, so radiantly original in design, that it would suffice alone to establish the immortal renown of Reynolds, for into this work the artist has put the quintessence of womanhood, the ideal of the most exquisite English loveliness, and has rendered it a memorable type of chilly beauty.

Severe droughts and excessive moisture can be ameliorated in effect by deep plowing, sub-soiling, drainage, and proper cultivation. Every farm should be underdrained, so as to admit the heat and air.

DEALING IN DEAD HORSES.

Shoes, Fertilizers, Ladies' Switches, Buttons and Gilt Made out of Defunct Equines.

A crowd had gathered on a South Side street corner, where a horse with a broken leg had been shot. As the owner stood ruefully surveying his loss a fat, dark-complexioned man elbowed his way up and said, as he smiled grimly: "Say mister, I'll cart that horse away if you will give it to me. Is it a bargain?"
The owner pondered a moment, looked around at the crowd, and remarked: "The animal is no use to me, and I guess you can have it, but I'm blessed if I know what you want with it. You can have it if you will tell me."
"All right. You see a dead horse represents considerable money to me, and when I can get one, I am going to drag onto it every time. I'll haul the animal out to my place, where I will skin it and tan the hide, or else sell it raw to one of the tanners. I will then go to some boot and shoe firm, who will proceed to make it up into shoes. The leather, being soft and waterproof, makes up nicely and commands a fancy price."
"Shoes made of cordovan as the leather is called, are considered the proper things by swells and sell well. The tail, when it is long and bushy, can be made into a nice horse-brush or switch for ladies. To make a nice switch, I take out the bone from the tail and tan the skin onto a handle, and there we have it all ready for use as soon as it gets dry."
"But, what do you do with the remainder of the body—the bones and flesh?"
"O, they come in handy. I raise lots of hunting dogs. Of course, if I were to buy beef for them it would cost me a small fortune. When I get or buy dead horses I save some of the meat, feeding the dogs on that. They thrive on it, and it don't cost much."
"The hoofs I sell to some glue factory, where they are boiled down and made into glue. Do I make use of the bones? Of course I do. Sometimes I grind them up and sell them as fertilizers. Ground bone is the stuff to spread on your garden if you want to raise good crops. When I am busy and want to dispose of them I sell them to some button-factory. They make buttons, large and small out of bones. I have seen some knife handles made from bone, but it cracks easily and is not used much. Buttons are more generally made from horse bones than anything else in that line."
"Now, if you want any meat for your cats let me know, and I will supply you," but the former possessor of the horse did not seem to relish the idea of his cats being fed on horseflesh, and declined the offer with thanks.

The Clothes of Japanese Girls.

Japanese young men of fashion visit the girls just as they do in this country, take them out to restaurants and fill them up with ice cream. They have balls and parties where waltzing is indulged in ad libitum. The waltz, however, is a recent innovation, but is liked by the Japanese exceedingly. The costumes of the ladies in Japan are more in consonance with the dress reform movement than those of American and European girls. First of all, no corset is worn. The long silk sash supplies the place of steel and whalebone. This sash is wrapped around and around the waist loosely and the ends hang down behind. There is no large, elaborate bonnet pinned against the back, like those seen in the representation of the "Mikado" on our stage. Some of the ultra-fashionable girls of Tokyo, however, have adopted a method of making their waists look smaller, according to the European modes, but no corset is used—simply a belt buckled around the waist. The ladies are fond of picking the strings of their banjo, and are up to the times in a fashion which has been greatly in vogue among American girls. Japanese girls attire themselves in pretty much the same underwear as American women, but their stockings are built more on the order of a mitten for the hand, there being a separate receptacle for the big toe. A very curious fact the reporter gleaned from the interpreter was this: The Japanese think that all Europeans have very old types of faces.

The Deepest Lake.

A communication from Dr. Bailey of the New Brunswick University, relative to the great depth of Lake Temisouata, which empties by the Madawaska into the St. John. Dr. Bailey spent some time about the lake during the past summer in connection with the work of the Canadian Geological Survey, and from three soundings made near its southern extremity, depths of 225, 400 and 500 feet were reached, and it seems probable, adds Dr. Bailey, from the statements of reliable parties, that even this depth is at some places considerably exceeded. The surface of the lake is 400 feet above the level of the tide level in the Bay of Fundy, so that it has a depth fully below tide-level. Dr. Bailey's communication is called forth by a report of the remarkable depth of Crater Lake in Oregon, which depth, to judge from the name, is no more than one might expect from its volcanic origin. But in the case of Lake Temisouata there is nothing of a volcanic character, and the whole depression is evidently the result of simple erosion. It is this result that is the deepest freshwater lake in America. Dr. Bailey's contribution to geographical science is a most important one.

SHE: "The cold weather always puckers up my lips."
HE brightening up: "You don't mean it?"
"Indeed I do."
"Will you go sleighing to-night?"
"Yes; but why do you ask me to go to-night?"
"I expect it will be very cold to-night."