" Perhaps."

The blue, sweet violets will soon be spring ing,
The golden-headed aconites will blow,

And in the meadows robins will be singing Then from the streets into the fields I'll go; And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Or, if not then, when strawberries are red, And flag flowers stand among the blowing rushes,

When roses bloom, and in the trees o'erhead There is a dreamy melody of thrushes, My feet again the mossy turi shall tread; And my heart answered me, "Perhaps Or, better still, I'll sail the windy sea,

Full of large music, billow to billow singing, And lie 'mid broken lights, and sea-drift free

Hearing in dreams of land the ship bells ringing-Yes, oceanward, when summer comes, I'll

flee;

And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!" Oh, heart, I said, thine is the weariest way; Why wilt thou ever disenchant to-morrow Time is so niggardly with each to-day,

Surely 'tis well from future days to borrow Art thou afraid such drafts will be to pay? And my heart answered me, "Perhaps!"

Then 'mid man's tretful dwellings, dim and low, I'll dream of peace, eternal flowers

fading,
And of that tideless sea whose happy flow

Keeps not a note of sorrow or upb Some day I'll find that happy land, I know; And my heart answered, "Thou shalt go! -Harper's Weekly.

ADRIENNE'S STORY.

I was never happy at Aunt Browne's, but there seemed no prospect that I should ever leave her. I had come out, so to speak, as far as any one so repressed could come out, but I might as well have staid in. I only sat in corners, talked with the chaperons, or listened to some sarrulous octogenarian. Aunt to some garrulous octogenarian. Aunt Browne's interest in me, such as it was, died a natural death after my first season—it had always been weakly—and the result was a sad deficiency in my wardrobe. She had married off two daughters without difficulty, but a niece, it seemed, stuck closer than a burr. However, it was not my fault that I remained unmarried. I had done my best to be fascinating. Though I hated the idea of marrying for home or position, yet I was sure I should not find it hard to love one who was kind to me, if only on account of the novelty. I was thirty now, and not unused to hearing the changes rung upon the old maid, and the beggars who shouldn't be choosers, by my younger cousins. to some garrulous octogenarian. maid, and the beggars who shouldn't be choosers, by my younger cousins, Susette and Anne. But I had had one opportunity to change for better or worse of which they had never dreamed. The son of Aunt Browne's second hus-band, Cedric Browne, had asked me to marry him, three years before, as we rowed up the river in June for the rosy laurel blooms to decorate the bowse and mary him, three years before, as we rowed up the river in June for the rosy laurel blooms to decorate the house and plazzas for Susette's birthday fete. I sometimes wondered what Aunt Browne would have thought of the proceeding, as she had set her heart upon marrying Susette to Cedric. Perhaps I refused him because I was taken unawares, because I was not enough interested to care about frustrating Aunt Browne's plans; perhaps I did not expect to be taken at my word, but imagined it the proper way to decline, in order to be importuned. I believe all my favorite heroines had conducted in this wise. However, we rowed home through the sunset, our boat heaped with the pink flowers, in silence.

"You look as if you were laden with sunset clouds," said Susette, who was watching for us on the shore; but I am certain that Cedric looked like a thunder-cloud.

The next day was the fete. Every

everything about Cedric so unreserved everything about Cedric so unreserved edly; yet I had only meant to be honest. But the day was appointed, and suddenly Cedric appeared among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and he and the girls decorated the little church with white field daisies and ignered among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and he and the girls decorated the little church with white field daisies and ignered among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and he and the girls decorated the little church with white field daisies and ignered among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and he and the girls decorated the little church with white field daisies and ignered the were graved. I had sonown him under the same roof for weeks at a time; I had laughed and talked with him, believing him foreordained to minister to Susette's happiness, "as inaccessible as a star in heaven," so far as I was concerned. He had helped me with Adele's children, who had come to live at Aunt Browne's when their mother died. But that he stould regard me with any tender emotions I had never even dared to wish. In fact, I had thought little about him till to-day. I had never observed till boday that his eyes were as tender as stars, that his face was like that radiant countenance of Mozart in the music-room, that his smile was simply enchanted. It was rather late to make these discoveries.

He did not leave us at once; it seemed to be perpetually at my elbow; he surfured to be perpe

chantment. It was rather late to make these discoveries.

He did not leave us at once; it seemed as if he staid just long enough for me to know all I had lost. Since then he had been with us once again for a whole month; but little Walter was ill with a spinal affection that kept him on his back, and me by his side; and though Cedric used to relieve me often by day and by night, I could see from my window, and from occasional gampses into the drawing-room, that the balance of his time was spent in Susette's company.

"Aunt Susette's beau is going to make me a kite," Teddy confided to Walter one day. "Who's he?" asked Walter from his

the possibility in my mind. It seems that when my aunt married her second husband, Mr. Browne—Susette and Anne were both Lowells—they had subsisted upon the patrimony left to Cedric by his mother, and that after his father's death. Cedric, had turned in the same yearly income from the estate for the family use, and that I, Adrienne Lennox, owed my daily bread to the men whom I had refused, and who had forgotten me. Earning my own liveliheod was out of the question, drudgery was my only vocation, and that was too badly paid to be encouraging. I looked at the Rev. Abel Amherst often at this period, with a view to installing him in Cedric's place, if Cedric would only vacate. Oddly enough, Mr. Amherst renewed his suit at this time, and pressed it with the eagerness of a lover, and for the first time I began to hesitate. "The woman who hesitates is lost," said Susette.

I had been out on the hills one day trying to make up my mind to forget.

who hesitates is lost," said Susette.

I had been out on the hills one day trying to make up my mind to forget Cedric, and marry Mr. Amherst; but whenever I began to think with some interest of going to parish meetings, becoming the president of Dakota, leagues and sewing circles, visiting the poor, and drinking tea opposite the Rev. Mr. Amherst all the rest of my days, somehow or other Cedric's face would slip into the picture uninvited, and blot out his rival's, as strong sunlight fades a negative photograph.

"There is a letter for you, Adrienne," said Aunt Browne, when I entered the house, "in the music room, on the top of the dado, under Mozart's picture." I went into the music room, but there was no letter to be seen.

"Perhaps one of the girls has removed it," she suggested. But no one had meddled with it.
"Grandma cooked a letter over the tea-kettle," said little Teddy, reflectively.

"Yes," said grandma, "I wrote a

tively.

"Yes," said grandma, "I wrote a letter to your pa, child. I hadn't any blotting paper, but the fire answers the purpose quite as well."

At that time I had never heard of opening letters by steam. Well, we ransacked the house for that truant letter, but in vain.

but in vain.

"Who was it from, aunt?" I asked.

"How should I know, child?"

"But the handwriting — the post-mark?"

mark?

mark?"

"The postmark was blurred."

"Had it a foreign stamp?" I asked, with sudden eagerness. Cedric had gone abroad some months before, and I had not heard of his return.

"A foreign stamp! No. Were you expecting a foreign letter?"

"N-o; but it is the unexpected that always happens, you know."

always happens, you know."

"It's awfully provoking," said Susette. "Perhaps it was only the recipes sette." sette. "Perhaps it was only the recipes
Mrs. Clark was going to send you."
"Nothing more likely; but what has
become of it? It's a prolonged game of
hunt the thimble."
"And supposition it's a letter positions

we do not refer to a prolonged game of hunt the thimble."

"And supposing it's a letter notifying you of the existence of a first Mrs. Amherst." put in Anne, "or of a legacy left by your forty-fifth cousin in Australia—" And then the door-bell rang.

Well, after that I suppose I must have accepted Mr. Amherst. Everybody behaved as if I had. I received congratulations and a ring, and the parish begun repairs upon the parsonage, before I could muster courage to tell Mr. Amherst all about Cedric and my mistake, and how I wasn't at all sure I could ever get over it, and care for anybody else. and how I wasn't at all sure I could ever get over it, and care for anybody else, but that I would do my best. And he smiled in a sort of absent way when I told him, but seemed content to take me as I was, for better or worse; only it did strike me sometimes that he was the most undemonstrative lover in Christendom; but I hadn't much experience in lovers, and perhaps they weren't as gushing in real life as novels pictured. He used to kiss my hand when we parted; that was all. He was very gentle, but a little sad, I fancied, with a look which might mean that he was we pated, that was all. He was very gentle, but a little sad, I fancied, with a look which might mean that he was afraid of so much happiness, or that to marry the woman he loved wasn't all fancy had painted it; and often I thought I had perhaps done wrong to tell him everything about Cedric so unreservedly; yet I had only meant to be honest. But the day was appointed, and suddenly Cedric appeared among us, when I thought he was at the world's end, and he and the girls decorated the little church with white field daisies and grasses for the occasion. You may believe that I avoided the sight of Cedric in the interval before the wedding as much as possible, but somehow I was always stumbling upon him; he seemed to be perpetually at my elbow; he surprised we were wither the work.

might have taught me that all was well with him.

"You are the oddest sweethearts I ever saw," gossiped Susette. "I wouldn't give a straw for such a lover; and as for you, Adrienne, you resemble a ghost more than a bride."

In short, a thousand years of purgatory would ill represent my sufferings during those last weeks before my wedding. Well, to crown the whole, Aunt Browne said Cedric must give me away; he was the only male relative, the head of the family, so to speak, and he could do it so admirably.

"We shall see," said he. "I'm afraid I hould make a poor figure at giving

of the family, so to speak, and he could do it so admirably.

"Aunt Susette's beau is going to make me a kite," Teddy confided to Walter one day.

"Who's he?" asked Walter from his bed.

"Why, Cedric, of course—Cedric Browne. Bridget says so herse!," as if that put the matter beyond dispute.

The next day, when Cedric came up to amuse Walter with the affairs downstairs, that youth demanded: "I say, are you really Aunt Susette's beau, Cedric? Adrienne's ever so nicer. When I'm a mar I'll marry Adrienne."

"Then you'll be luckier than I." said Cedric, winding up a top, and spinning it on his palm.

It was a year since then. I no longer went out; I was fairly passee. Aunt Browne had abandoned all hopes of me. I was a good nurserymaid, a cheap governess, an inexpensive companion, in the family. In the meantime I could have married any day, if I had chosen to accept the Rev. Abel Amherst, and transfer my labors to the parsonage. To be sure, this wouldnot have proved the brilliant marriage my aunt had expected of me, nor the romantic one I had dreamed of myself, and it was not till I came into possession of a certain family secret that I began to revolve

of town. "Amherst is a trump; and may he find a wife as sweet as Mrs. Browne! If it hadn't been for him, I should have been of all men the most miserable today. What do you think he did? Why, he wrote me all that sad little story you thought right to teil him, and added that he would not deny he was making a sacrifice; that in renouncing you he renounced all that made life lovely to him, except his work; yet he felt it was better one should fail of a heaven on earth than two should suffer; and that if I loved you, as I had once said, would I take his place at the marriage, and allow him to solemnize it? It was a whim of his to have it so, 'to avoid explanations,' he said. I couldn't believe in my luck, you know, adrienne. We bandied letters to and,' fro, can vassing the subject. I feared he had made a mistake, as I had renewed my offer some little while before, but had received no reply; still a dozen things happen to letters every day."

"Yes, and something happened to yours," I said.

Years after, when Susette and Anne were married, when Adele's husband of town. "Amherst is a trump; and may

yours," I said.
Years after, when Susette and Anne were married, when Adele's husband had taken the children home to a new mamma, and Aunt Browne had gone to "the land of the hereafter," when Cedric was repairing the old house for a summer residence, in ripping away the ancient dado in the music-room, which had always warped away from the wall in warm weather, leaving a little crack, the carenters unearthed my lost letter. the carpenters unearthed my lost letter. Had it slipped down there, or had Aunt Browne given it a push? We give her the benefit of the doubt.—Harper's

A Lively Hermit. Living on the edge of a piece of tim-ber land near Plum creek, Plum township, Allegheny county, Pa. is an odd character who has by his eccentric ways made himself a subject of curi-osity to the inhabitants of that section. ship, Allegheny county, Pa. is an odd character who has by his eccentric ways made himself a subject of curiosity to the inhabitants of that section. A gentleman related the following in regard to the man to a Pittsburg Disputch reporter. We have the man's real name at hand, but for good reasons do not think it advisable to give publicity to it at this time; at any rate we will name him Jones in order to get at our story better. Seven or eight years ago Jones was considered a very wealthy man. He was frugal in his habits and accumulated money rapidly and hoarded it up. But the waves of misfortune overtook him when he was in the zenith of his prosperity, and in a short time he was left penniless. What hastened his sudden breaking up, our informant was unable to state. From that day to this Jones has never been considered his former self; the blow was more than he could stand, and his mind became slightly deranged. He would go about from place to place, never noticing anybody or anything, and as silent as a sphinx. He was and is yet very proud, and a proffer of assistance is sure to bring a look or a word that plainly indicates that Jones' pride rebels against his accepting charity. He is now over sixty years of age and almost blind. Some time since he erected a little shanty, ten by twelve, out of rough lumber, on the edge of the woods and far apart from any other habitation, and with the idea evidently of making his presence known to the outside world as little as possible. About a year ago he started in the book peddling business, but his eyesight got so poor that he had to give up the work and at once retired to the seclusion of his little shanty, and entered upon the life of a hermit. The room is devoid of even the commonest articles of furniture, and its condition, were it in she city, would likely call for an investigation from one of the city "smellers," as they are sometimes termed. His bed is an old bench, with a lot of dirty looking pieces of cloth for a covering. He has a fireplace, where he does his dumb as the live coals that cast a weird glare about the dark, dingy apartment, and give a coloring to his appearance that makes him look like old "Rip" himself. A year ago the neighbors made up a purse and bought him a suit of clothes. They had the greatest difficulty in inducing him to accept the gift and to convince him that he was not lowering his pride by doing so. The clothes are rags now, and hang to his ghost-like frame in tatters but he will accept of no offers to replace the rags with garments more and hang to his ghost-like frame in tatters but he will accept of no offers to replace the rags with garments more becoming this season of the year. He is supplied with eatables by the farmers in the vicinity, and has been tor a good while back. Were it not for this fact, the old man would have "passed in his checks" long ere this. He would not visit any of their heuses and ask for food if he was starving, and his proud, independent spirit says, "No, sir, I will not," to all suggestions that he be placed in some charitable institution where he can be properly cared for. He is said to have relatives in this city who are in good circumstances, and who could take care of the old man if he would consent, but his answer to all such propositions is generally an emphatic "No!" and there he is to-day in his little dingy hamlet, apart from the world, awaiting the time when his old tired frame shall be laid low with disease and old age, and grim death shall step in and claim him for his own.

Cost of Being in Parliament.

The British laws require every candidate for parliament to make a return of his election expenses, and, although the direction of the law is not so implicitly followed as to result in anything like a complete exhibit, it affords some indication of the large outlay necessitated by such a contest as that which is now pending. The total expenditure by candidates at the last general election in 1874 amounted to \$5,235,000. For the 652 seats in the house of commons there were 1,081 candidates. Less than one-third of the whole number, 187 were elected without opposition. The 652 successful candidates expended \$3,-195,000, and the 429 unsuccessful ones spent \$2,040,000. The average outlay was largest among the Conservative candidates, \$5,450, and the smallest among the home rulers, \$1,275. In the English and Welsh counties the expenditure was on a larger scale than in the average constituencies, reaching \$10,800 for each liberal, and \$7,000 for each conservative candidate. In the contested elections in these counties the expenses of the conservatives averaged \$15,010, and those of the liberals, \$13,-280. The largest sum spent in any one county election was in the case of North Durham. where the four candidates spent altogether \$141.010; and the largest sum in any borough or eity election was in the city of London, where six candidates spent \$77,855. Cost of Being in Parliament.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Cetywayo, the dethroned Zulu monarch, according to a South Africa paper, is engaged in making mental notes. He has calculated that each charge fired by the foreign men-of-war in Table bay in saluting the fort was of the value of an ox. He also concludes that it is more expensive to keep up armaments in Europe than in Zululand. His majesty also regards the queen's conduct in not answering his message of contrition as showing a great lack of courtesy.

The island of Rotumah, which has been provisionally annexed to the Britrish empire at the request of a deputation of the two hostile factions which inhabit it, is situated a little to the north and east of the Figi archipelago, and was discovered by Captain Edwards during his search for the mutineers of the Bounty in 1791. The island is only five miles long and half as wide, but it has a numerous population, the shore being covered with villages, which touch and join one another. The soil is very fertile, and vessels often stop at the island for supplies, while the inhabitants make good sailors. The island of Rotumah, which has

According to the German imperial statistics for 1878 of births, deaths and marriages, just published, the estimated population being 44,200,000, the marriages numbered 340,000, the births 1,785,000, and the deaths 1,228,000. In France, the number of births was 936,000, and of deaths 839,000, so that the births exceeded the deaths by 97,000. In Germany the excess of births was 557,000—that is to say, that while in France the population increased in 1878 at the rate of .27 per cent., it increased in Germany at the rate of 1.25 per cent. The number of marriages in Germany has greatly fallen off since 1872, when 423,900 were registered. 423,900 were registered.

A new style of barrel has been devised—one intended for the shipment of produce, and which shall be capable of transformation after the said produce is delivered, so as to occupy a compara-tively small space, and be returned to the sender at the rates of solid freight the sender at the rates of solid freight and at a comparatively trifling cost. The arrangement consists in a series of staves, connected by hoops having specially adapted fastenings, which en-able the staves to be disposed flat for re-turn transportation, or rolled up and fastened to form a barrel. The sides of the barrel are straight and the heads fastened to form a barrel. The sides of the barrel are straight, and the heads are held in place by lugs, alternating when the barrel is set up on opposite sides of the head. The heads are thus of less diameter than the inside of the barrel, so that the latter when returned, may be packed full of heads, and the rest of the barrel sides packed flatly together.

The far West seems already tolerably well supplied with means of livelihood for the scores of millions that will soon dwell there, but a new one has recently been mentioned in the California Academy of Science. The gum which exudes from the creosote plant is known to commerce as shellac,, from which are to commerce as shellac, from which are made sealing-wax, varnish, and the scarlet lac dye used for dyeing the British red military coats. The plant is as plenty as sage brush, from Southern Utah to New Mexico, and from the Colorado desert to Western Texas, but chiefly plenty on the Mojave and Colorado deserts. Calcutta exports \$5,000,000 worth of shellac a year, which brings from twenty-five to thirty-five cents a pound, and almost as much of lac dye, selling still higher. The United States have imported in some years 700,000 pounds of shellac alone. Yet it is all over the West, and can be so easily collected that boys could carry on the business of gathering it. Probably this product will now receive attention in commerce. tion in cor

Mr. Watherston, an eminent London jeweler, gave an interesting lecture lately on gems and precious stones. He said that, with the exception of the diamond in the glass cutter's hand, they are intrinsically worthless, their high estimation in olden times having been due to their use as magical charms against evil, while in later times they have been prized as concentrated expressions of wealth and splendor. He said that the Braganza, belonging to the crown of Portugal, and still in the rough, is the largest diamond. It weighs 1,680, and the Kohi-noor, before being cut, weighed 787 carets. There are cruel allegations against the Braganza, to the effect that it is only a white topaz. In this case a diamond be longing to the Rajah of Matan comes to the top. A governor of Batavin offered \$2,500,000 for it, but the rajah refused the offer, saying that his diamond was a talisman upon whose possession depended not only his own happiness and success, but that his cave of the control of the upon whose possession depended not only his own happiness and success, but that of his whole family. Of rubies scarcely more than two can be deemed historical. The first and most famous is that in Victoria's cross. It is believed, on tolerably good subtority, to have been Victoria's cross. It is believed, on tolerably good authority, to have been worn in front of the helmet of Henry V. at Agincourt.

A thorough investigation of every portion of the Winter palace, in St. Petersburg, having at length been completed, and the police authorities having satisfied themselves that no danger of another attempt upon the czar's life within the walls of his town residence is at present to be apprehended, he now resides in the palace again, sleeping, however, in a lifferent apartment every night. The life actually led by the Russian emperor in his magnificent abode is pitiably dismal. No nourishment, either solid or liquid, that has not been tasted in his presence by some official personage ever passes his hips. His bath is examined every morning by the medical officers of his household before he ventures to use it, and he seldom approaches a stove or a fireplace, lest some explosive material, concealed among the fuel, should have been secretly introduced into it. Before he retires to rest, his bedroom and dressing room, as well as the apartments contiguous to them on the upper and lower floors, are submitted to a rigorous he retires to rest, his bedroom and dress-ing room, as well as the apartments contiguous to them on the upper and lower floors, are submitted to a rigorous inspection. His majesty appears ex-tremely nervous, takes no interest in state business, and exhibits indifference to the military details which heretofore constituted his favorite occupation.

There is but one state executioner in There is but one state executioner in Russia and he is a pardoned malefactor named Froloff, who committed three successive murders, and was condemned to penal servitude for life. When, however, revolutionary successes render the services of an imperial hang man indispensable to the ministry of justice, Froloff volunteered for the office on condition that an amnesty for his past misdeeds should be granted to him. His offer was accepted, and for some time past he has been a busy man.

For every "function" he receives forty silver rubles—about \$30—from the Russian exchequer; but that official fee by no means represents his total emolument, for he is permitted to trade upon the superstition still current in Russian society respecting the luck conferred upon gamesters by the possession of a morsel of rope with which a human being has been strangled, either by the hand of justice or by his own. Immediately after young Mladetzky, a Nihilist, had been hanged, Froloff was surrounded by Russian gamblers, eager to purchase scraps of the fatal noose; and he disposed of several dozen such talismans at from three to five rubles a piece, observing, with cynical complacency, when he had sold his last remnant, that "he hoped the Nihilists would yet bring him in plenty of money."

Here is a scene from Leitrim county, Ireland, as described by the correspondent of the Mansion House committee: On visiting the sick a few days since I entered the cabin of a poor old man, who, I believe, is bordering on eighty years old. I was grieved to see him in the miserable plight he was in—hanging over a few sods of turf, without shoe or stocking to ward off the cold from a damp floor. His hollowed cheeks, penetrating looks and emaciated visage evidently tell a sad tale. I reached another house on the same day; the inmates of this comprised four individuals—the father, an old man, unable to leave his bed unless carried; the son, the only support of the old father, and two sickly sisters, one of whom is now far advanced in dropsy, and I believe, is dying. Having asked the son why it was that one of the girls did not look for employment, even if she were only to get her support, his answer was: "No one wants her." In Bonniconlan, county Mayo, two hundred families are destitute in a single parish. They are in great distress—the most of them in absolute want. They have nothing now to live on but Indian meal, and not enough of that; seme of Here is a scene from Leitrim county, have nothing now to live on but Indian meal, and not enough of that; some of them without a drop of milk, without fuel, and all without credit, having their clothes pawned and their children half

Chewing Gum.

Chewing gum is a substance well know to the youthful part of the com-munity. The qualities which it pos-sesses at the time that it comes from the sesses at the time that it comes from the confectioner are all familiar to the youngest of us. It certainly seems to be a very attractive edible. The reason for this is not so hard to find. Think how much eating there is in it in proportion to actual weight and cash value. But there is more in chewing gum than is dreamed of in juvenile philosophy. One can easily comprehend the main ingredients of candy, but who, without being told, would suspect that chewing gum is often only a refined pro-

without being told, would suspect that chewing gum is often only a refined product of petroleum? The time was when the fragrant spruce furnished the most common material for that purpose. But this is no longer the case. The reader familiar with the processes of refining coal oil is aware that the thick brown liquid which comes from the earth at one stage of its manufacture is strained through heavy linen cloths. The residuum left after this operation is a dirty, brownish-yellow wax, that smells abominably. That unpromising substance, melted, bleached, deodorized and prepared for commerce appears in masses that weigh about 100 pounds, resembling oblong blocks of clouded ice. It has no odor and no teste except what belongs to any wax in its purest state. It may be used for many purposes, but it is not necessary to describe them now.

scribe them now.

The manufacturer of chewing gum purchases these blocks ready-made to his hand and at once melts them. To 200 pounds of wax he adds about thirty 200 pounds of wax he adds about thirty pounds of sugar, and gives the mixture a flavor by the use of some essential oil, as lemon or vanilla, and perhaps adds some coloring matter. The meited mass is poured out upon a clean marble slab, and cut in the various shapes known to the masticators. The youthful enjoying regular becomes

wax, since its flavor is very marked. The balsam of the "chicle" tree, from The balsam of the "chicle" tree, from Central America, is used in making what is known as snapping-rum. It is very ducalle when worked and moistened, and the process of making is similar to that of pulling taffy. The original gum exudes from the tree and forms in a mass sometimes several pounds in weight. Even in this natural state it would be a very satisfactory substance to keep the teeth at work. It cannot be worn out.—Cincinnati C. mmercial.

One Piano Silenced.

One Piane Silenced.

Professor Weyse, the aminent Danish musical composer, had been for some time past painfully exercised by the mournful tinkling of a superannuated piano, the property of a family resident upon a floor immediately beneath his apartments. Morning, noon and night his ears had been distracted by melancholy strummings. The other evening, as he sat in his study, deeply excogitating a "Leit-Motive" for the second movement of his new symphony, a burst of discordant sounds from the instrument below prompted him to desperate enterprise. Attired as he was, in dressing gown and slippers, he hurried down stairs and rang his persecutor's door bell. Admitted to the torment chamber containing the abominable apparatus which had wrought him woe, he saw there assembled a goodly and joyous company, which welcomed him with effusion, despite his unconventional costume. After bowing gravely to his host and hostess, he sat down before the open plano without uttering a word, and played one of his own fantasias, a particular favorite of the Copenhagen public. As soon as he had concluded, he shut the piano, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and, again bowing to the master and mistress of the house with a sardonic smile, departed, as he had come, in profe und silence. For the remainder of that night, at least, the engine of his discomiture was mute.

Words Upon Dying Lips.

Queen Elizabeth, at the end of a most prosperous reign, begun amid danger and difficulties that were overcome by bold measures and prudent councils, died exclaiming: "Ah, my possessions for a moment of time."

George IV. met death with almost a jest upon his lips. Turning to Sir Waltern Waller, on whose arm he lied, he said: "Whatty, what is this? It is death, my boy, and they have declived us."

he said: "Whatty, what is this?" It is death, my boy, and they have decived us."

The Danish sovereign, Frederick V., greatly beloved by his subjects, cried: "There is not a drop of blood on my hands," as he passed away.

Henry VIII., who altered the whole course of monastic life in England, exclaims: "Monks! monks! monks!"

Edward VI., the wan boy king, with his fading eyes, commended his soul to God, "Lord, take my spirit;" and Cromwell, as he listened to the discourse of those about him, said: "Then I am safe," and was silent forever.

The last word of Charles I., on the scaffold to Archbishop Juxson, was "Remember," referring to his desire that his son Charles should forgive his father's murderers.

Anne Boleyn, in the same terrible situation, clasped her fair neck, saying, "It is small, very small:" and Sir Thomas More, as he yielded himself to the excentioner, said, "For my coming down let me shift for myself."

Joan of Arc, at the stake, ended her eventful, stomy life with our Savior's name upon her lips, as brave as General Wolfe, who, dying in the midst of victory on the battlefield, and hearingfol the enemy's retreat, cried, "What! do they run already? Then I die happy;" or Sir Philip Sidney, after he had relinquished the draught of water to an humbler comrade, though parched with thirst, turned him round to die, saying, "Let me behold the end of this world with all its vanities."

Mirabeau desired to die while delicious strains of music floated on the air, but his last utterance was a demand for laudanum to drown pain and consciousness.

Mogart's last words.

laudanum to drown pain and consci

Mozart's last words were: "Let me hear once more those notes so long my solace and delight:" but Haydn, forget-ful of his art, cried, "God preserve my

Emperor."
Alfieri's sympathetic nature displayed itself in "Clasp my hand, dear friend, I die.

die."

Goethe cries, "Light, more light;"
Byron, "Come, come, no weakness; let's
be a man to the last; I must sleep
now." And those who saw his embalmed body in 1824, when brought to
England from Missolonghi, in the Florida, and removed to Sir Edward Knatchbull's house in Great George street bull's house in Great George street, where the coffin was opened, describe the face as of marble whiteness, the ex-

where the comm was opened, describe the face as of marble whiteness, the expression that of stern quietude, lying wrapped in his blue cloth cloak, the throat and head uncovered, crisp, curling locks, slightly streaked with gray, clustering over the temples, the profile of exceeding beauty.

Boileau congratulated himself, as he closed his eyes upon this world, upon the purity of his works, saying: "It is a great consolation to a poet about to die that he has never written anything injurious to virtue;" and Sir Walter Scott, little thinking his end so near, said, "I feel as if I were myself again."

Dr. Johnson, the rough, kind heart, who loved a good hater, died as he said to Miss Morris, "God bless you, my dear."

Washington, at Mount Vernon, cried,

"It is well."
Franklin's last words were: "A dy-

"It is well."

Franklin's last words were: "A dying man can do nothing easily."

Mme. de Stael, whose trial was her enforced absence from her native land died saying: "I have loved my God. my father, and my liberty."

Hannah More's last words were: "Patty—joy;" Grotius, "Be serious;" Haller, "The artery ceases to beat;" Adams, "Independence forever;" Jefferson, "I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country;" Locke, to Lady Masham, who was reading the Psalms, "Cease now;" and poor Lamb, after the most self-sacrificing existence, wrote his last words to a friend, "My bedfellows are cramp and cough — we three sleep in a bed."

Bishop Broughton's last words were: "Let the earth be filled with His glory;" Archbishop Sharpe, "I shall be happy! Bishop Ken, "God's will be done; Farr, Cranmer, Hooper and George Herbert, "Lord, receive my spirit." and these are but few of many such.

The prince consort confirmed the impression that prevails that the dying have sometimes a foretaste of coming happiness. "I have such sweet thoughts," were his last words.—London Globe.

Wespit Feeling Yery Well.

Wasn't Feeling Very Well.

We are told that the glory of a young man is his strength, and in these degenman is his strength, and in these degenerate days the statement is emphatically true. Last evening a number of young men whose glory is their strength were in Whetstene's drug store expanding and spreading themselves with the kindly aid of a lung tester. The utmost limit to which any one could force the lung-tester was 240. Several others were just a little below this, and with all the pride of strength the 240 man stood triumphant. While the contestants stood about filled with marvelings and envy, a young man from the Amish settlement stepped into the store. He was a strong, healthy young man. They invited him to try the lung-tester, and see if he could not rival the two hundred and forty man. He was willing to try, and at once began operations although he remarked that he was not feeling very well. However, he took a long breath and began to blow. At once that lung-tester began to act as though struck by an equinoctial storm. It expanded and swelled like a balloon at a county fair. Before the startled crowd knew what had happened, the thing registered two hundred and forty and the young man was blowing with terrific force. Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty—away it went and in a moment had rassed three hundred and was jumping into the tens and twentie as though operated upon by the bellows of a church organ. Finally the young man stopped when he had grown quite red in the face and the tester registered three hundred and sixty-two! As he went out he remarked again that he was not feeling very well, but he would like to try the thing some day when he was feeling bright and chipper.—lowa City Republicam erate days the statement is emph Last evening a number ically true.

San Francisco has become interested in the organization of a boys' and girls' eigar manufacturing company. It is proposed to furnish employment for 1,000 boys and girls within a month, and ultimately for 6,000.