

### Friends of Long Ago.

When I sit in the twilight gloaming,  
And the busy streets grow still,  
I dream of the wide, green meadows,  
And the old house on the hill.  
I can see the roses blooming  
About the doorway low,  
Again my heart gives greeting  
To the friends of long ago!

Dear long ago!  
I can see my mother sitting,  
With life's snowflakes in her hair,  
And she smiles above her knitting,  
And her face is saintly fair.  
And I see my father reading  
From the Bible on his knee,  
And again I hear him praying  
As he used to pray for me—  
So long ago!

I see all the dear old faces  
Of the boys and girls at home,  
As I saw them in the dear old days  
Before we learned to roam.  
And I sing the old songs over  
With the friends I used to know,  
And my heart forgets its sorrows  
In its dream of long ago!

Dear long ago!  
How widely our feet have wandered  
From our old home's tender ties,  
Some are beyond the ocean,  
And some are beyond the skies.  
My heart grows sad with thinking  
Of the friends I used to know;  
Perhaps I shall meet in heaven  
All the loved ones of long ago,  
Dear long ago!

### UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

It was about sunset of a changeful April day, when a young girl, lightly descending the steps of a handsome residence, walked briskly down the street, which presently merged into a shaded avenue, sprinkled with modest villas and neat cottages. She was enveloped in a waterproof cloak, which revealed only the graceful contour of her shoulders, over which fell a cluster of golden-brown ringlets. Her little feet tripped daintily along the rough road, until suddenly pausing she lifted a fresh, sweet face, with laughing brown eyes and a dimpled mouth.

"Raining again!" she said, aloud; and stepping under the hood of her cloak forward over her little hat. And then, as the light April rain was driving directly in her face, she tied over it a thick, brown double veil. "Sunshine and shower all day," she murmured. "The uncertain glory of an April day." Very provoking weather, when one is compelled to go out; but then everything looks so fresh and beautiful that it would be really a sin to complain.

The sound of a quick step approaching from behind caused her to glance back. It was already growing dusk, rendered deeper by the lowering clouds, yet she could discern a very nice-looking young gentleman approaching, sheltered beneath a huge umbrella.

The girl walked on; but in a moment the step was by her side, the shadow of the umbrella extended over her, and a gloved hand was eagerly held forth. "Cousin Nellie, is it really you?"

The girl started, and peered curiously through her thick veil.

"I am Nellie," she said, with some embarrassment; "but I—I don't recognize you."

"Not recognize me? and after only one year's absence! Why, Nellie, am I so much changed? And besides, did you not receive my letter, saying that you might expect me this week?"

"I don't think I did," replied Nellie, demurely; and at the same instant she thought to herself:

"I wonder who it is that he takes me for?"

"It is strange that you should have missed the letter. But I hope I am not the less welcome for coming unexpectedly."

"Well, it is unexpected, I confess." He was silent for a moment; then said, in a changed tone:

"You don't seem a bit glad to see me, Nellie. And yet, if you knew how I have looked forward to this meeting!"

"That was very kind of you, and I am sure I ought to feel myself very much flattered."

Another ominous silence.

"I don't care who he is, or for whom he takes me," thought the fun-loving girl, as she walked demurely along beneath the umbrella held over her.

What right had he to address me and call me his cousin, before making sure who I was? Perhaps a little lesson will do him no harm."

"Nellie," said her companion, slowly, "do you remember the last night that we were together—alone in the library?"

"I can't say I do, exactly."

"Impossible! You cannot have forgotten it, and what you said to me in adieu. You promised that you would welcome me back with those words."

"What words?"

added: "How it rains!" and quickened her pace.

"Let it rain!" he answered, impatiently—"cannon-balls, if it will. I want to talk to you, Nellie."

"Cannon-balls may suit your taste, perhaps, but would scarcely be agreeable to me; and as to talking out here in the rain and darkness, I am not romantic enough for that."

He was forced to keep by her side as she walked briskly on.

"Where are you going?" he inquired, presently.

"Home."

"Home? Why you are taking a contrary direction from home."

"I think not; I believe I know where I live."

"Did you not know you had removed?"

"Did you not? Ah, here we are, at the gate. Please open it, if you can, on the inside."

He reluctantly obeyed, but raised the latch so slowly as to detain her while he whispered:

"Nellie, you have not given me the welcome you promised. You have not said those words."

"I don't believe you really want me to say them," she answered, very much inclined to laugh, yet almost frightened at her own audacity.

"Not want it? When you know how I love you!"

"I don't believe it is me that you love," she returned, pushing open the gate.

"Good heavens, Nellie, how strangely you talk! Who, then, do you imagine I love?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Nellie, slowly raising her veil and pushing back the hood. "I don't know, but I am certain it can't be me!"

And she looked up in his face with a demure, pursed-up little mouth, and brown eyes shining with suppressed mirth through their long, black lashes.

He stood gazing upon her as if petrified with astonishment. Then a deep flush crimsoned his handsome face and his eyes flashed with an indignant light.

"I beg your pardon!" he said, with ceremonious politeness. "Of course it is a mistake on my part."

"I suppose it was," said Nellie, demurely.

"I—I mistook you for another," he said, both embarrassed and angry.

"Was that my fault?" she returned.

"But you—you certainly allowed me to rest under the delusion."

"That was for fun."

"Fun?"

"Perhaps I was wrong. Indeed I now rather think that I was," said Nellie, coloring beneath his gaze. "But, as neither of us shall ever mention this adventure, I suppose no harm is done."

She added, coolly.

He regarded her an instant with a strange, undecided expression.

"I beg your pardon! I am keeping you in the rain," he said. "Good evening!"

And, lifting his hat with icy politeness, he walked away.

Nellie, as she entered the house, was met by her elder sisters with a shower of questions as to who that elegant-looking man, how she had met him, what he had said.

Unlike herself in general, she returned brief replies; and escaping to her own room, threw aside her waterproof, changed her dress, and, seating herself before the fire, gazed absently into the glowing embers. Presently she laughed, then bit her lip with a vexed expression, and finally began to cry.

"I wonder what makes me do such silly, unlady-like things?" she thought. "I am always getting into some ridiculous scrape or other. What an opinion he must have of me? I shall be really ashamed to meet him again, as I suppose I must, if he is Mr. Gray."

Then her mood changed.

"I don't care. He may be dignified as he pleases, but he shall never see that I trouble myself even to remember this ridiculous walk, and the horrid umbrella!"

Presently another change came over her.

"Poor fellow! I can't help pitying him, for I fear this has been merely a rehearsal of the real act. Why, Nellie Archer was in the parlor with Captain Lloyd nearly two hours this afternoon, when she must have known, from that letter of Charlie's coming. I wonder if she ever said to the captain—or to young Doctor Bliss—what she said to her cousin? Poor fellow! And Nellie has been showing his letters to all the girls! She could not have done so had she loved him."

Nellie Caldwell was correct in her anticipation of again meeting with Mr. Charles Gray. The society of the little town was very gay; and what with church fairs and parties, and other social amusements, it was impossible that these two should not be thrown together.

Nellie blushed, despite her utmost endeavors to look unconscious, when Mr. Gray was first presented to her; but the gentleman was so cool and composed that she actually doubted whether he had recognized her.

He conversed with her a little, danced with her once, and, as she observed, was chiefly interested in watching Nellie Archer and Captain Lloyd. And Miss Archer, proud to show off her handsome cousin, and her own influence over him, treated him very sweetly in the intervals of her flirting with other admirers.

Some weeks glided by, in which the acquaintance between Miss Nellie Caldwell and Mr. Gray imperceptibly assumed a more agreeable character.

His cold politeness, and her equally cool indifference gradually thawed, and each vaguely felt that, despite their mutual efforts to keep apart, there was something which mysteriously drew them together.

Nellie attributed this to her sympathy with his disappointment in regard to his cousin, and often expressed the wish that the latter would love him, as she was sure he deserved, and make him happy by marrying him. It was inexplicable to her that any girl could prefer Captain Lloyd to Mr. Charles Gray.

Neither had ever but once alluded to their first meeting.

Coming out of church one evening Miss Archer said:

"Nellie, what have you been doing with yourself this last terribly rainy week? Isn't such weather enough to give one the blues?"

"Oh, no," she answered, cheerfully. "I like rainy days at home, and can always find something to amuse me."

"Even in the rain itself," said Mr. Gray, on her other side. "What an enviable disposition is yours. Miss Caldwell, to be able to find 'fun' in such a situation!"

Nellie looked up quickly, and met the half-laughing glance bent upon her. Instead of answering gayly back, as was

her wont, she colored, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Mr. Gray," she said, as Miss Archer fell behind with Captain Lloyd, "I want you to promise to forget that hateful walk in the rain, and never again allude to it."

"I am not sure that I could keep such a promise—at least the first part."

"That means that you haven't forgiven me."

"I really do not feel as though I had anything to forgive, or you to ask pardon for," he said, pleasantly.

"I was very silly and wrong, but you see I have grown older and wiser since," said Nellie, demurely.

"If the increase of wisdom is in proportion to that of age," he commenced, but was interrupted by Miss Archer.

"Nellie, are you and Charlie flirting? or what is that mysterious whispering about?"

"We are not flirting," returned Mr. Gray, coolly. "Miss Caldwell does not flirt. I have observed; and for myself, you know I detect it."

"I know you have some old-fashioned and absurd notions," retorted his cousin, laughing. "One must be very prudish and old-maidish to meet your ideal of perfect womanhood, Charlie."

And again Nellie Caldwell felt conscience-stricken, remembering that unfortunate walk, and the impression which her conduct must have produced on this very particular young gentleman.

Some time after this, there was a picnic at a picturesque old mill a few miles from town. Nellie Caldwell spent rather a tiresome day, wondering why it was that she could not enjoy herself as usual, and envying Nellie Archer her high spirits. To-day, at least, she observed, she and Mr. Gray seemed to be getting along unusually well together, she appearing radiant, and he serenely happy.

"I wonder if they are engaged?" she thought, and did not feel nearly so isolated as she ought to have done at the probability of such a consummation.

He sought her out occasionally, but had little to say, seeming to prefer reclining at her feet on the turf beneath the willows, looking dreamily on the water, or up into her face, as she talked.

Several young ladies observed that they both looked very stupid and uninterested at each other.

As the evening waxed late, there was a sudden stir among the company. It was certainly going to rain, some weather-wise prophet had declared, and the elder portion of the company, at least, were anxious to get safely under shelter before the shower came.

Mrs. Caldwell collected her dessert-spoons and her daughters, who had come with her in the family carriage.

"Why, Nellie," said one of her young companions, "you are surely not going so soon. It would spoil the party; and, besides, you will miss the plantation songs, and your favorite Virginia reel."

Mr. Gray stepped forward.

"You lovely Nellie accept a seat in my buggy? and would Mrs. Caldwell intrust her daughter in his charge? If so, Miss Nellie could remain to enjoy the reel and yet arrive at home almost as soon as the carriage with the fat and lazy horses."

So Nellie stayed, and her spirits rose unaccountably.

The final favorite reel was scarcely commenced, when a few scattered drops of rain startled the gay throng. An immediate rush was made to the copy-ways.

"Don't be alarmed," Mr. Gray said, as he assisted Nellie into his buggy. "It will be but a passing shower, probably, and we will take the road through the woods, which will afford some shelter in addition to that of my umbrella."

A few other vehicles were going the same way. Mr. Gray's was the last in the procession.

"I have no objection to the umbrella," he said, raising it, and adjusting it to its socket in the back of the buggy.

"I hate umbrellas!" Nellie returned.

"Do put that down—there is hardly any rain."

"Nevertheless, I am responsible for your safety and good condition, so will keep it up till we get to the woods."

"A little rain never hurts me."

"But it may hurt your hat. Are you a woman, and never gave a thought to that important question? Why, there was not a young lady on the ground to-day who did not make that the first consideration."

"Well," said Nellie, laughing, "perhaps I am not much like other young women."

"Perhaps so. In fact, that idea presented itself to me on my first meeting with you."

She colored and bit her lip but made no answer.

"Nellie," he said, bending forward a little and looking in her face, "doesn't this remind you of that evening?"

"I thought," she answered, sharply, "that you were never again to allude to that subject."

"I can't help it; it is too often in my thoughts. In fact, I like to think of it."

Her heart beat a little at his tone, but she looked straight before her, without reply.

"Nellie, do you remember the request I made of you that evening?"

"That request was not for me."

"It is now."

"Their eyes met for an instant."

"Are you sure," said Nellie, half archly, but with a strange tremor in her voice—"are you sure you are not still taking me for some one else?"

"Quite sure, despite your golden hair, and your voice, and your similarity of name. If it is Nellie Caldwell that I now ask to—say those words!" he whispered, as he clasped one of her hands in his.

"How long," said Nellie, half mischievously, half seriously—"how long since you said this to Nellie Archer?"

"I never said it to Nellie Archer. When I left you and went to see the original Nellie," smiling, "I found her to be quite a different character from the ideal which my fancy had pictured, during a whole year's absence. Enough; you know what I mean. I never spoke to her of love, and to-day we came to a pleasant understanding, when she informed me that she had engaged herself to Captain Lloyd."

"I love her well enough as a cousin, but not as I must love a woman whom I would make my wife."

They were bowing along the woodland track, where the trees made a verdant arch overhead, through which the rain-drops slowly dripped, like a shower of diamonds. Nellie had never before felt how beautiful the world was.

They arrived at home in a drizzly shower, through which, in the misty east, a glorious rainbow shone.

At the door he detained her for an instant under the umbrella, as three months before he had done at the gate.

"Nellie, darling, you have not said those words—'I love you, Charlie.'"

"No," said Nellie, blushing. "No, I won't say them now; but, and she glanced up, ruefully, "I do love that dear umbrella!"

And she rushed upstairs as her mother came into the hall, inquiring if they had gotten wet.

When an Egyptian wants a wife he is not allowed to visit the harems of friends to select one, for Mohammed forbade men to see the face of any woman they could marry—that is to say, any besides their mothers and sisters. A man is, therefore, obliged to employ a "khatbeh," or matchmaker, to find one for him, for which service, of course, she expects a "backsheesh"—that is, payment.

The khatbeh, having found a girl, recommends her to the man as exceedingly beautiful and eminently suitable to him. The father is then waded upon to ascertain the dowry he requires, for all wives are purchased as they were, in patriarchal days. When Jacob had no money to pay for Rachel, he served his father for seven years as an equivalent; and when duped was obliged to serve a second time to secure his prize. (Gen. xxix.) Fathers still refuse to give a younger daughter in marriage before an elder shall have been married. The people of Armenia, in Asiatic Turkey, forbid a younger son to marry before an elder, and this is likewise the law of the Hindoos.

The price of a wife varies from five shillings to \$1,500. The girl may not be more than five or six years old, but whatever her age two-thirds of the dowry is at once paid to her father in the presence of witnesses. The father then, or his representative, says: "I betroth thee, my daughter," and the young man responds: "I accept of such betrothal." Unless among the lower classes, the father expends the dowry in the purchase of dress, ornaments or furniture for the bride, which never becomes the property of her husband. Even when betrothed the intercourse of the parties is very restricted. The Arabs will not allow them to see each other, but the Jews are not quite so stringent. The betrothals often continue for years before the consummation of the marriage. Thus, "Samson" went down to her, and "after a time he returned to take her." Girls are demanded at the age of ten and between that and sixteen years, but after sixteen few men will seek them, and the dowry expected is then proportionably low.

Girls in Egypt are often mothers at thirteen and grandmothers at twenty-four, and in Persia they are said to be mothers at eleven, grandmothers at twenty-four, and past child-bearing at thirty. When a man demands his betrothed a day is fixed for the nuptials, and for seven nights before he is expected to give a feast, which, however, is furnished by the guests themselves. Thus, he sends coffee, another rice, another sugar, etc. The principal time of this continued feast is the night before the consummation. The conduct is entrusted to the "friend of the bridegroom." (John iii, 29.) About the middle of the day the bride arrives at the harem, where she sits with her mother, sisters and female friends. At the third or fourth watch of the night—three or four hours after sunset—the bridegroom, who has not yet seen his fair one, goes to the mosque to pray, accompanied by "meshalls," or torches and lanterns, with music. Upon his return he is introduced to his bride, with whom, having given her attendant a present to retire, he is left alone. He then throws off her veil and for the first time sees her face. If satisfied, he informs the women outside, who immediately express their joy, screaming "zugaret," which is echoed by the women in the house, and then by those in the neighborhood.

Cure for Colds. We published some time ago in this magazine a paragraph upon bronchitis, the result of some experiments made by a gentleman upon himself, and which his medical attendant said, jocularly, constituted a fraud upon the profession. This gentleman, who was subject to attacks of acute bronchitis, succeeded in warding them off by observing the ordinary precautions against catching cold, but especially by chewing a small piece of ginger whenever he was obliged to go out of doors on a cold day. Since he had adopted the plan of keeping a piece of ginger in his mouth while out of doors, he had never had an attack of bronchitis either winter or summer.

A very similar result has been obtained in coryza by an Italian gentleman, R. Rudolf, who believes as we believe more in the above mentioned ginger than we felt at first inclined to do. The case is related in a recent number of the *Gazzetta Medica Italiana*, and the substance used was not ginger, but eucalyptus. Doctor Rudolf being seized with a severe attack of coryza, or in other terms a very bad cold in the head, happened to chew one or two twigs of the eucalyptus, at the same time swallowing the saliva secreted, which had a bitter aromatic flavor. To his surprise he found that, in the course of half an hour, the nasal catarrh had disappeared.

Some days later the same person was seized with another attack, when the same treatment was followed by an equally fortunate result.

The author then prescribed this simple remedy to several of his patients, all of whom were benefited in the same way. He adds that, in his opinion, this treatment is only suitable to acute cases; that appears probable enough, but if such simple aromatic substances as ginger and eucalyptus will cut short or prevent an attack of bronchitis or coryza, we consider that a very useful discovery has been made, and that it cannot be too widely known.—*Monthly Magazine*.

Words of Wisdom. Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul. No man ever looked on the dark side of life without finding it. One should seek for others the happiness one desires for one's self. Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all societies. They that laugh at everything, and they that fret at everything, are alike fools. No giving of speaking is so offensive as manner praise and closing it with an exception. As the firefly only shines when on the wing, so it is with the human mind—when at rest it darkens. How many are there like Atlanta in the fable, who lost the race by stopping to pick up the golden apple.

### A Prodigy and Monster.

Nature often gives such curious twists to her productions which afford hope of being rare and valuable pieces of human clay, that she only provokes by tantalizing us with her hints of what, if she had chosen, she might have done. She turns out a child, who, if she will finish as carefully as she begins him, promises to be a Shakespeare, a Macaulay, or a Webster; but suddenly, as if impatient of workmanship, or as if governed by a mere caprice, she warps and perverts him, and throws him away battered and useless.

Thirteen years ago a boy was born in Paterson, New Jersey, whose head on the day of his birth attracted attention, and which, when he had reached the age of four, had grown so large as to make other people shake their heads and predict a fatal and speedy ending of his life. But he lived on until he wore a hat of seven and a half size, while his body ceased to grow after the age of five. His intelligence was marvelous. He could learn anything by heart; had wonderful, quick perception, great logical faculties, mathematical talents, and a love of music and poetry. He could recite Milton and Shakespeare and render some of the passages after the manner of the best actors he had seen. He became the wonder of the city, and even attracted scientific and other prominent men to read this enigma of juvenile genius.

With all the amusement and pleasure he found in life he had moments of profound sadness, in which he would speak of his early death in terms and tones that touched his friends and hearers to tears. His father died before the boy had attained celebrity, and his mother leaving him during the day to the care of his chance friends and acquaintances. His gifts proved his ruin. He fell in with those who began to tempt him with wonderful mind. They taught him slang phrases, profanity and obscenity. A mere midget, he became as famous in vicious ranks for his villainous and precocious vulgarities of speech as he had been previously for his cultured and refined intellect. He became self-willed and incorrigible. The doors of respectable people were closed against him. He learned to smoke, chew, curse and swear, and spent his time in dancing, jigs and singing ribald songs. Before he was eight years of age he was in the habit of coming home at night intoxicated, or not coming home at all. He was shunned by those who once courted and flattered him. Ladies who had petted him passed by him in fear of an insult. His temper became ungovernable, his insolence intolerable. He would stop strangers in the street, demanding a chew of tobacco, and would return either an acquiescence or a denial with blood curdling profanity. It was not that he was so vile and loathsome, for boys of that age and character are not uncommon, but the sight of the creature, with his big head and baby frame, conducting himself like a candidate for State prison, made him a monstrous and repulsive curiosity.

His mother tried in vain to reform him, but her daily occupation prevented her from watching over him or exercising much influence of any sort. She finally asked that he be sent to the reform school, and thither he has been taken. Perhaps he may be saved for something great and useful yet, but, after a career of dissipation at his age, the probabilities are against his surviving long, or, if he does, of undergoing a thorough reform.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Mrs. Partington at the Sociable. There was no mistaking the costume, and the fact that the venerable dame led a small boy by the hand confirmed the impression that Mrs. Partington was in the assemblage. There was a momentary lull in the buzz of conversation, and the party gathered around the new-comer, eager to shake her by the hand. "Bless me!" said she, with a beaming smile, which played over her face like sunshine over a lake; "Bless me! now salutary you all are!—just as you ought to be at a time like this, when nothing harmonious should be allowed to disturb your festivities. You are very kind, I'm shore, and am glad to see you trying to enjoy yourselves. We had no church societies in my young days, but we had luskins' bees, and quiltin' bees, and apple bees, and—" "Bumblebees," said Ike, breaking in like a boy on thin ice—"and though we had good times, and sociable enough, goodness knows, when the red ears were found, they were nothing to the superfluity of this." There was a slight disturbance in the circle, as Ike in his restlessness placed his heel on a circumlocution, but it was still as the master of ceremonies came up to introduce the minister. "Glad to see you, madam," said the minister. "I hope you may find the hour spent with us a happy one." "I know I shall, sir," replied she, "for happiness depends very much on how we enjoy ourselves, and enough of anything always satisfies me. How could I help enjoying myself in a scene of such life and animation as this?" "Very true, madam."

"And then the lights, blazing like a conflagration, and the music and flowers make it seem like Pharaoh's land." The minister was called away, and the master of ceremonies asked Mrs. P. if she would like "an ice," which she faintly heard. "A nice—?" she replied, looking at him and hanging on to the long—as it were the top bar of a gate. "Oh, very." A rush by the contestants in a game here broke in between them, the band gave a crash, which seemed to start the roof, the mass of people waded to and fro, Ike started off with a new cordon in quest of some suggested peanuts, and Mrs. Partington backed into a seat. She looked pleasantly upon the moving spectacle through her own parabolas, her fingers beat time to the music, and her "oil-factories" inhaled the breath of flowers and the smell of coffee from an adjacent room, till she was becoming "lost," when she realized that a figure was standing before her, and a cold spoon was being thrust into her right hand. It was the attentive manager again with an ice-cream which he invited her to take. "You are very surprising, sir," said she, smiling. "I was unconsciously at the moment. Thank you; I will. I am very partially fond of ice-cream, and this is marvellous, too, which is my favorite." She ate with a sense of enjoyment caught from the general, and went away soon after, when Ike had joined her, with piteous pockets, bidding the manager convey a good-night from her to the party, saying she had enjoyed a real sociable time.—*B. P. Philab., in the Avenue*.

A Defiance (Ohio) farmer's mare gave birth to a colt with five horns.

### The Eyesight in Adults.

In adult age the eyesight may be, and often is, injured by causes which can be avoided by the exercise of a moderate amount of thought and care. Common among these causes are defective or excessive illumination, excessive application, unclear or impure air, exposure to cold, and want of misuse of spectacles. Of course, the best light is the natural or white light, which comes from the sun, and which is as congenial and necessary to the eye as food to the digestive organs. But by thoughtlessness and carelessness the light of day may become the means of destroying or seriously impairing the eyesight. Thus, the power of vision is often enfeebled and sometimes ruined by sudden exposure of the eyes to a much stronger light than that to which they have been accustomed. A person may suffer irreparable injury, even to blindness, by going abruptly from darkness to light, by looking at the sun or other dazzling light, by reflection of the solar rays into the eye from a mirror or other polished or white surface. Harm may come from opening the eyes in a bright sunlight on awakening in the morning, and hence, as Dr. Carter, an English physician who has made the eyes a study, points out, it is not well to sleep in a bed facing the morning sun, when the windows of the room are insufficiently covered by curtains, or when the strong light is suddenly admitted by a servant in the morning. The habit of sleeping with a night-light burning in the room is objectionable, since darkness is conducive to sound and refreshing sleep. But if persons will do it, the light should be so screened as to prevent the rays from falling directly on the eyes. In dwellings, as in schoolrooms, architecture and furniture have an important influence on the proper use and preservation of the eyesight. Not only the amount of light in the room, but the direction from which it is admitted, are matters of importance. The eyes are naturally much protected against light coming from above, but they are comparatively defenseless against that which comes from below. "On this account," says Dr. Carter, "very low windows are rather to be avoided, or, if used, they should be fitted with blinds made to draw up rather than down; and the floors should not be covered with very bright-colored materials, or with any which possess reflecting surfaces. The blinds, too, by which the admitted light is tempered, should be of a suitable color, neither white nor white striped with red, but of a blue or gray tint, and of sufficient thickness to be really effectual for the purpose for which they are designed."

Prayers in Congress. A letter from Washington to the *Cleveland Herald* says: The opening of a Congressional session is always ordered at noon precisely. When the clock hand touches twelve the floor has been cleared of all visitors, and perhaps five or six Senators are in their seats, and twenty-five or thirty Congressmen in their hall. The speaker comes out exactly on the minute, steps up to his dais, strikes a smart rap upon the sounding-board, and the minister who follows him walks up to the presiding officer's chair and prays, usually short, but occasionally grows somewhat long. The same ceremony at the same moment transpires in the Senate. Both the Speaker and Vice-President stand below their desks with bowed heads while the chaplains officiate. The prayers over, the business of the day at once begins by the mechanical reading of the journal, which usually occupies from fifteen to twenty minutes, the members meanwhile steadily filing in from the committee rooms and elsewhere, so that a by a quorum is generally on hand when the motion is made by the presiding officer that the record be approved. In the Senate those men who figure so prominently before the country—these men are conspicuous during the moments of prayer by their absence. The pressure of business in their busy Senatorial lives seems to be so great that the ten or fifteen minutes which belong to the opening moments of the daily session cannot be spared for their presence there. Those Senators who are distinguished by their promptness and presence during the opening prayer of the day might be mentioned here, because it has not as yet been done. On the Democratic side McCree, of Kentucky, used to be the standby. He was always there. No one ever was as regular, or is to day. The present pillars are Clegg, of Texas, and Slater, of Oregon. The former is a man of an immense frame, with a good head. Slater is a very quiet man, and listens to everything that transpires in the Senate; the most attentive Senator, perhaps, in the whole body. On the Republican side we have three or four Senators who are uniformly regular in attendance at prayers—Blair, of New Hampshire; Saunders, of Nebraska; Cameron, of Wisconsin; McMillan, of Minnesota, and Kirkwood, of Iowa. Dawes, of Massachusetts, is pretty regular. These seven or eight Senators are the gentlemen who open the daily sessions; were it not for them there would be sad confusion in the regular order.

An Old Dutch Funeral. Until within a few weeks past, one man,