

**My Little Woman.**  
A homely cottage, quaint and old,  
Its ditch grown thick with green and gold  
And wind-sown grasses;  
Unchanged it stands in sun and rain,  
And seldom, through the quiet lane,  
A footstep passes.  
  
Yet here my little woman dwelt,  
And saw the throud of winter melt  
From meads and fallows;  
And heard the yellow-hammer sing  
A tiny welcome to the spring  
From budding sailows.  
  
She saw the early morning sky  
Blush with a tender wild-rose dye  
Above the larches;  
And watched the crimson sunset burn  
Behind the summer plumes of fern  
In woodland arches.  
  
My little woman gone away  
To that far land which knows, they say,  
No more sun-setting!  
I wonder if her gentle soul,  
Securely resting at the goal,  
Has learnt forgetting!  
  
My heart wakes up and cries in vain,  
She gave me love, I gave her pain  
While she was living;  
I know not when her spirit fled,  
But those who stood beside her said  
She died forgiving.  
  
My dove has found a better rest,  
And yet I love the empty nest  
She left neglected;  
I tread the very path she trod,  
And ask—in her new home with God,  
Am I expected?  
  
It is here but the Father's will,  
To let me know she loves me still,  
This aching sorrow  
Would turn to hope, and I could say,  
Perchance she whispers, day by day,  
"He comes to-morrow."

### IMP, OR ANGEL?

My aunt Urania is a woman of great energy and penetration. If she sets herself to discover a secret, she never rests until she has enlightened herself down to its inmost recesses. When my pretty friend Elizabeth Terry was holding us all in suspense as to her intentions with regard to the interesting widower who now speaks of her so affectionately as "my present wife" (significant not only of a certain past, but of a possible future), Aunt Urania invited the wary Elizabeth to take a long country drive. "And, my dear, I'll have it out of her, if we don't get back till midnight," she said. They were gone only two hours, and my aunt entered with a triumphant face, the grays all in a lather from the victorious haste of her return, while in strong contrast was Elizabeth's serene unconsciousness. "How did you do it?" I inquired, at the first possible moment. "Did she confess it all?" "Confess! my dear, not a word. She hasn't an idea that she has betrayed herself. I only asked her, quite casually, how many children Mr. Willis has, and she answered "Three," with such a look, such a sigh!" The event proved my aunt's acuteness, and made her more than ever to us all an object of admiration and terror. "It was rather unfortunate for me that Aunt Urania put off her projected journey to Europe for six months—the six months which decided my fate in life. I should have enjoyed them much more, and managed my affairs much more smoothly, unobserved by her keen eyes, unadvised by her keener tongue. I shall always believe it showed a very persistent state of feeling both in Harry and me not to retire discomfited from so watchful a sentinel. "Yes, of course, your attachment to the child is very natural, my dear," she would say, "as I said to Mrs. Dubois only yesterday. 'Nothing,' I said, 'can be more natural. Susan Barmore, Henry Bent's first wife, was like a sister to my niece; no friends could be more intimate; and of course she feels very much for the little boy.'" "I wish you wouldn't talk so, aunty!" I exclaimed. "Henry Bent's first wife! I never heard that he had more than one!" "Oh, no, not as yet, my dear, but it is only a question of time; and pretty generally a very abrupt question, and short space allowed for an answer. Of course he must have somebody to look after that child; I never saw in all my life a child that needed it more. The next saucy, spoiled little wretch—a perfect little imp!" "Aunty! He is a perfect little angel," said I. "As for care, Coralie keeps him in beautiful order, and he is entirely healthy and happy here in the country. It is all very well to say, 'Of course he must have somebody to take care of the child, of course he must marry,' when you know that if he had no child, he had even a child to care for, it would be different." For my part, I added, "I hate second marriages." "Oh, you do," said Aunt Urania; and then ensued a pause, broken by a "bumping at my door with little closed eyes." "Let me in, let me in, Nora," said the dear little voice, in just his mother's old, sweet, imperative way. And the dancing eyes that laugh up at me out of that fair little face are Susie's very eyes. "I want you, my own Nora," said the darling. "There is a little calf in the barn, and papa says I can go to see it, and you must take me." "Hoity-toity!" said Aunt Urania. "That is a pretty way to talk to a lady. Must take you, indeed." "Papa didn't say just that, did he, Bardie?" I asked, annoyed to feel myself coloring under aunty's keen eyes. "He said I mustn't go unless I had the best of care; and I know he meant you, because Coralie is very careless; he said she was yesterday, when I got my boots wet. And the old cow butts at me if I go near her. So you must

come, Nora darling; Bardie wants you so bad!" Who could resist those eyes—that coaxing voice? I had followed just such eyes and voice all my life, and I followed them now. So did Aunt Urania, with her most investigating spectacles perched on her nose. "Well, Bardie," she remarked, cheerfully, "if you say we must, and papa says we must, why, we must." Bardie stood stock-still, with an evil look on his face. "I didn't mean you," he said. "Oh, my dear little boy, that wasn't polite," I whispered; but he only gave me a hug, and turned to aunt with a seraphic smile. "You'd better not go. The cow is quite a dangerous one," he said, in a very civil tone. "And she doesn't like red things; they make her furious. She just runs right at them and tosses them." "What is the child talking about, oss what? I'm not a red thing, I hope." "About your legs," said Bardie, very distinctly. "You hold your dress up so high that the cow will get mad. I shouldn't wonder if she killed you." Aunt Urania, who had not strode majestically on, scornful to veil by one-half inch the somewhat unnecessary conspicuousness of her long scarlet stockings. Bardie looked at her very hard. "A very cross dog lives in the barn," he remarked. "He bites people. Not young ladies, Nora darling, nor children—he's real good to little boys, but other people he bites." "I could not speak, and I did not dare to laugh. Auntie's face was awful." "I am going to the barn," she said, briefly. We made our way through the ducks and hens, skirting perilously a yard full of pigs, and tremblingly passing a small window in a shed, where protruded a great head, with short horns and soft beautiful eyes, but a low rumbling note proclaimed that it was the bull, the terror of our field walks and grove picnics. Not that we had really encountered him in the body, but in the spirit he always seemed to haunt the next field or be screened by the shadiest tree. "Oh, Bardie, I don't like the looks of him," I whispered. "I take hold of my hand; I'll take care of you," said the little knight; and we passed the monster that looked yearningly at us in our freedom, and gave a resounding bellow that shuddered through and through me. Bardie laughed at my fears. "What are you afraid of, Nora sweet? He has got a big ring in his nose, and can't do anything. Anybody can lead him about. Papa said once that if you could only put a ring on a person, you could lead him by his nose." "What's that?" said Aunt Urania, from behind. We entered the barn, full to overflowing with sweet new hay, and fragrant with its perfume, and with the breath of the patient cow that lay contentedly in her corner, with her head raised in watchful care of her little weak-legged scrawny offspring. I had never seen a very young calf before, and was disappointed. "Veal!" pronounced Aunt Urania. "And not particularly good at that, I should say." Bardie did not understand the prophecy. "Isn't it lovely?" he cried. "I wish papa would buy it for me, the dearest little thing! What makes it look so funny and wet?" "It's mother has been giving it something which is good for all little children, Bardie," said my aunt. "Particularly for little boys. A good licking!" Bardie understood this time, and looked vengeancefully at her. Then snapping the fingers of his minute hand to the old dog, that lay near flapping a heavy good-natured tail against the hard boards, he uttered a low but perfectly distinct "St. boy!" Up jumped the obedient Bruce with a clumsy leap, and ran, barking loudly, to the door, where he supposed the unseen enemy to be lurking. Aunt Urania fidgeted. "Did you do that, you little rascal?" she asked, not quite sure, however, for she had been watching my successful effort to climb to the top of a great mountain of hay, where I now sat amid the fragrance of dried clover leaves, and felt in paradise. "It was an admirable point of view, but not a convenient place to render assistance in an emergency. And thus it happened that I could see the cow, growing uneasy at the hubbub, rising to her feet, and finally, with a threatening look, advanced a step or two with lowered horns. I could see it all, but was powerless to help, and could only scream: "Aunty! Bardie! the cow! the cow!" Quick as a wink Bardie slipped past the angry animal, and, as he expressed it, "shinned up" the haymow, where he perched himself triumphantly beside me. Dignity and age alike forbade the exercise of shinning to aunty, notwithstanding Bardie's opinion of her length of limb. She wavered, tried for one brief moment to "look the animal in the eye," but a forward movement of the cow's part put that idea to flight, and she turned and fled, pursued only a few steps by the disturbed mother, who "saw her to the door," with a loud moan of dismissal, echoed in distant thunder from the small window wherein gleamed the bull's excited eye; pursued also, I am ashamed to say, by a derisive laugh from Bardie, who stood on one leg, balancing himself with a pitchfork, and shrieked out: "I told you she hated red things. Isn't it fun?" We snuggled down in the hay and let the cow quiet herself by a vigorous return to her nursery duties, and then I whispered a little admonition to Bardie on the subject of his behavior to aunty. It was by no means the first time I had rebuked my small charge, and he looked very penitently; though when I found myself saying, "He isn't like mammon's little boy to act so," I came to a full stop, with a sudden remembrance of Susie's inveterate naughtiness when Aunt Urania was in the question. He liked to hear about mamma, the sweet bright, unknown image, whom nobody but I had ever brought to his mind, and he lay with his head in my lap, listening to my stories of our childish play and adventures, until the pleased smile grew vaguer and softer, and the long lashes drooped lower, and he slept, looking more than ever like a wandering cherub of heavenly rearing. Then, as I sat, doubly prisoned by the foe beneath and the friend above, I heard a quick, unexpected footstep, and

Henry Bent entered the barn with an amused and perturbed face. "The cow had settled to a comfortable nap, the flies drier in the sunshine, and in the quiet noon hush he would have turned away without discovering us, but that a low girlish giggle, of which I instantly felt ashamed, revealed our retreat. He looked up, laughing. "Oh, there you are, safe enough; but where is my small boy?" "Here, too, I said, in a very low tone, and he uttered upon the hay, and saw the pretty sleeping boy; and his face softened into the mingled sadness and brightness which I often noticed upon it as he looked at her child. "I met Miss Scudamore just now, with a horrible tale of danger and misbehavior. It is all right, I see. But what does possess the child to behave so badly to her? He is a perfect lamb with you." "He has it by inheritance," I said, with a smile that ended in a sigh. "He never looks so like his mother as when the irresistible naughtiness comes over him, which Aunt Urania has the unfortunate talent for evoking." The same smile was reflected in his face, and the same sigh in his voice. "True," he said, "you see, as I do, the wonderful likeness in everything." "Why do you never talk to him of Susie?" I said, with a desperate plunge into the difficult subject, for I had never before mentioned her name to him since the baby was left motherless. "It is not right, Harry, to let him grow up in ignorance of that sweetest of creatures. He is, as you say, her living image; he ought to know and love her, yet he hardly knew what the word mother meant until he came here to me." "I could not, I could not," he answered, much moved. "I am glad you do. I knew you would do him good this summer. I cannot tell you the comfort it is to me to have him in the country, and with you. I knew you must love the little fellow, for you loved his mother well." "Loved her, yes," I said, my tears suddenly bursting forth. "I can't get used to doing without her, Harry; I can't get over it." "I see," he said. "We are fellow-mourners, Nora." The little head stirred; one or two of my tears had fallen on the sweet baby face and awakened him. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, amazed. "What a funny place! What long looks!" he said. "Oh, I remember now, the cow. Is she all right again? Why, papa, where did you come from?" "I came from the city, Bardie. When I reached there this morning I found the man I wanted to see was ill, and wouldn't come to town for three days, and so I posted back to you." "That was right," said Bardie. "To me and Nora." "Yes, to you and Nora," said Harry, with a kind smile at me. "But Bardie, the first person I met was Miss Scudamore, who told me a very sad tale. I am afraid my little boy was very saucy and disrespectful." "Oh, papa, it was too funny to see her run with her red stockings. I told her not to come. I told her the cow might kill her. But Miss Scudamore, why, she scolded more than ever, and he went into a fit of mirth at his first attempt at a pun. I responded to the saucy with a weak-minded laugh, but his father looked awful." "No more of this, sir," he said, in a voice of strong displeasure. "If you can not behave properly to the ladies in this house, I will send you away with your nurse, and not let you come here again. I will not expose them to the pertness of a naughty little boy." Bardie cowered under the severe glance, and clung to me. I looked piteous. "Do not encourage him, Ellinor," said Harry, in a softer tone. "It is a great misfortune to a motherless child to grow up among strangers and servants, who spoil him, and then dislike him because he is spoiled." But he stroked the little penitent head, and then suggested that a hay-riek was not the coolest place on a summer noon, and that dinner must be nearly ready. "Yes, papa; but first I want to ask you something. Will you take us, me and Nora, to drive this afternoon? The horses aren't haying to-day, and we want to go so much. Please do." Harry laughed, and stole a glance at my face which I dare say revealed annoyance as well as amusement. "Not to-day, Bardie. I am going to take you over to the hotel to play croquet with the little Temples." "Will you come, too, Nora?" asked Bardie. "No, dear; I called there last night," I said, and I drew a long breath at the idea of a quiet afternoon. Bardie safe and Harry away—away for the long evening, my heart whispered. Sophy Temple and tea at the hotel, and a long evening walk, and who can tell what else? And with a jealous pang for Susie, I thought, "If only I might have Bardie, I wouldn't care." So, after Aunt Urania had settled herself for her afternoon nap, I changed my dress and rested awhile, watching from my window until I saw Harry and Bardie walking across the fields; Coralie followed, and I said to myself, "I thought so; he will be untrammelled!" and I carried my water-color box and sketchin' stool out to a beautiful spot at the end of a rambling old garden, where a low stone wall divided the straggling flower borders from the pasture beyond. There were shady trees and soft overgrown clumps of bushes and undergrowth, so that the retreat, though not very far from the house, was entirely secluded, and it commanded a lovely little glimpse of wood and river, with soft blue hills beyond, and in the foreground the white spire of the village church shooting up through the greenery. Such a quiet afternoon to sketch and paint! No little tormenting fingers to meddle and "joggle," no perpetual little tongue to ask uncessing questions; only the silence, and the summer music sweeter than silence; the soft whispers in the trees, the droning bees, the chirp of a bird; even the spring of the grasshopper in the grass at my feet was distinct in the golden hush. Yes, that hazy light was beautiful, the opportunity perfect. Why could I not make use of it? Why could I not paint instead of sinking back, after a few listless efforts, with a heavy heart and clasped hands, and let the full weight of my lonely life fall on my spirit? My father, always away, glad to be free from any charge of me; Aunt Urania—well she meant kindly, and was good to me, but what a bore! Susie, my chosen friend, my heart's sister, who had led and loved me from childhood, gone into the land of shadows, and none to take her ace in my life forever.

Even her sweet little boy would be taken from me no doubt before long, and given to some other woman—some Sophy Temple! And Harry—But just at that stage of my reverie, when I felt the choking in my throat, and the hot tears in my eyes, I heard the same well-known step close beside me, and Harry Bent, flushed and breathless, threw himself on the ground at my feet. "I thought I should find you in this lovely spot. May I not come too?" he entreated. "I thought you had gone with Bardie." "Yes, I left him there playing with the little Temples. I made a brief call on the ladies, and then gave Bardie the slip. I wanted to get back, and only hope he will not discover my retreat. Everybody is lazy to-day except you, Nora. You have your work laid out in a very notable way, though after all I do not see that you have done much." "Some days are unlucky," I answered. "I did not feel in the mood. But I will sketch now," and I began to work earnestly, partly to get rid of the itching eyes which seemed to read my troubled thoughts. "Rest instead, Ellinor, and let us talk awhile." "Yes, talk; but I can work too. I want to make this picture; the view is so lovely, it haunts me." "Ah! I said Harry, "there is a picture which haunts me—a picture I lately saw, and I can think of nothing else; a woman, young, fair, and with the sweetest mother face; and a little child." "A Madonna?" "Perhaps so. The child was asleep. Such repose, such confidence in his whole attitude and expression! Evidently the one right spot on earth to him was his place in her arms. And she looked like a brooding dove. Nora, I can never tell you what I felt when I came upon you so suddenly to-day with my little sleeping boy, nor what a revelation from heaven came to my heart that thus it might be—must be. I said we were fellow-mourners; can we not be fellow-comforters?" I could not speak; the sob I had suppressed, the trouble I had been fighting, had their own way now. He looked at me in doubt and distress. "What is it, dear Ellinor? Do I hurt you? Do I shock you? Have you no heart to give me? No, I will not ask anything now. Calm yourself, sweet child; rely upon me. I will not say another word, if it distresses you like this." "I must speak," I cried, with a desperate effort. "Harry, Harry, how can you ask such things of me, when you know that you can never care for anybody again as you did for Susie?" "I know," he answered. "When you know that I am no more to be compared to her than this little common flower at my feet is to be compared to an exquisite half-blown rose, petal after petal laden with sweetness, down to its secret golden heart?" "Yes," he answered, picking the little common flower and holding it to his lips. "It is not the rose. But it is heart's ease. It has its own mission, its own perfume." "And do not speak of Bardie," I cried, more passionately than ever. "Do not tempt me with him. I wish he and I could go away together to some secret place, and I could have him always." "Dear, you may have him always. No other woman ever shall." A long pause ensued. I determined to grow calmer before speaking again. It was so hushed that we could hear the stirring of some little rabbits in the bushes behind. He looked at me, entrancingly. I shook my head. "No, no, Harry; do not ask me, do not tempt me. I am not much of a girl. I know, but I am worth more than that. I ought to be first in the man's heart who marries me. No, do not speak. You know I cannot be first with you, and so I cannot marry you. Oh, dear!" I sighed, "there is nobody on earth with whom I am first; nobody who loves me best of all." The stirring of the rabbit became violently excited, and with a great crushing of leaves and parting of branches, and rending of little boughs, Bardie tore himself from his hair, and flung himself upon me. "Yes, yes, my darling Nora," he cried, with tears, kissing my head and face and hands. "I love you the best of all, my own Nora. I want you. Go away, papa. Marry me—marry Bardie, Nora, dear!" and he threw his arms around me and buried his head in my neck. "Yes, Nora," cried Harry, clasping his arms around us both. "Marry Bardie; marry us both. We do want you; we can't possibly live without you. There is nobody on earth, there never will be, whom we love half so well. Sweet Nora, say yes, and make Bardie and me perfectly happy." They had conquered. My heart yielded to both father and child, and I made a full surrender, with my head on Harry's shoulder, and my arms around his child, and my tears all kissed away; and a wonderful sense of home and belongings, and fullness and content, glowed through and through me, and I felt as if Susie's smile came down in the sunbeam, irradiating the whole scene, and blessing the new part I was to take in the lives which her death had left wrecked and stranded. Aunt Urania came to meet us as we returned to the farmhouse, putting on her spectacles of discovery as she came. But it needed no glasses to see what had happened. Dewy eyes, disheveled tresses, happy, agitated faces, told the whole story, even without the help of the ecstatic child in a wofully torn blouse crowing over his victory, and hardly waiting to get within earshot before proclaiming the secret in his clear high voice: "She's going to marry me, Miss Scudymore; she promised she would!" And then, as an afterthought, he added: "Oh, and papa, too." e

**RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.**  
The first Evangelical church in Japan is to be erected from funds sent by Christian converts of the Sandwich Islands.  
The 16,000 churches of the Methodist Episcopal church owe in the aggregate \$7,000,000, an average of \$4,000 to each church.  
In the Methodist Episcopal church in this country there are forty-two Swedish pastors, 4,590 communicants, and fifty-three churches.  
Last year 3,200 new members were added to the Baptist churches in Sweden. Not yet are Baptist preachers in Sweden allowed by law to solemnize the rites of matrimony.  
The American Baptist missionary union will begin mission work in Liberia this year, with the object of establishing ultimately a mission in the interior.  
The Baptists of Virginia boast of five men who have held pastorates for upward of twenty-five years. Two have held pastorates over forty years, one over thirty-seven, one thirty-three and one thirty-one.  
The American Baptist missionary union have, during the past year, added twenty-two to their missionary force, and twenty per cent. to their revenue, raising in all \$314,860.88. Of this the women's missionary societies gave \$69,170.21.  
Some of the Russian papers have lately published statistics respecting the Catholic church in Russia, not including Poland. In Russia proper there are one archbishop, four bishops, 1,864 priests and a population of 3,397,778 souls distributed through 1,044 parishes.  
The last religious census in France shows that there are 35,357,703 Roman Catholics, 467,531 Calvinists, 80,117 Lutherans, and 33,119 of other Protestant denominations. The Jews number about 50,000, and 90,000 are attached to no church.  
The English Congregational aid society added last year some 514 churches and 261 mission stations, with \$38,340 to the churches and \$25,000 to the mission stations. The income of the society was \$169,450. Some assistance was also given in raising ministerial stipends.  
The Presbyterians are rejoicing over the success of the new plan of providing for the expenses of their general assembly. The assembly met in New York last year, and had a balance in the treasury. The receipts were \$3,000 in excess of those of last year. The number of commissioners present was 538, of whom 256 were elders.  
**A Volcano in a Florida Swamp.**  
A recent issue of the Tallahassee (Fla.) Patriot says: On Sunday night, a few weeks ago, a large bright light was seen in a southeasterly direction from this city, which attracted the attention of many of our citizens at first, but concluding that it was a house on fire, they thought but little of the matter until the light reappeared several succeeding nights in the same place, and put them to thinking again. It is much brighter some nights than others—sometimes having the appearance of the moon rising, but generally much brighter, and looking more like a large fire shooting its flaming tongue high up into the upper realms, frequently reflected back by passing clouds. During the past week we have conversed with several parties living in that direction, all of whom had noticed the light, and located it in the great swamp southeast of here, on the Gulf coast, and about the same spot from whence the much talked-of column of black smoke has been seen to issue for years, supposed to be a volcano, which no living man has ever been able to reach, from the fact of its being surrounded by an impenetrable swamp. We were told last Tuesday by a gentleman living in Wakulla county, near this noted swamp, that the light had created much excitement in his neighborhood, as a loud, rumbling noise was frequently heard in the direction of it during the week. The noise was said to be so loud Thursday, about midnight, as to arouse the sleeping family of Mr. Frank Duggie, and cause them to get up and run out doors, thinking another earthquake was on hand.  
**For the Unmarried Men.**  
There can't be too much guarding against the wiles of the flirt; she's a naughty-culturiat.  
The way for a desolate old bachelor to secure better quarters is to take a "better half."  
When a young man begins to be called a blade, there is always more or less steal about him.  
Life is but a span; marriage is a double team; youth wedded to old are a tandem; an old bachelor is a sulky.  
In some respects the gentler sex far surpass us. No man, for instance, can deliver a lecture with a dozen pins in his mouth.  
Clean your last year's straw hat with a lemon, and you may squeeze through the summer with it. Take this hint and let lemon-aid you.  
A young New Yorker has obtained twenty-seven different card photographs of "future wives" who are in store for him, obtained from as many different courtesans.  
A Western paper wants to know "where the next world's fair will be held?" I don't profess to know much about the next world, but in these dignified Sunday night is the favorite time for holding this world's fair.—Shake.  
A poet says: "Love holds me so! I would that I could go! I flutter up and down, and too and fro! In vain—love holds me so!" Eat a raw onion just before you go to see her, and she will loosen her grasp and throw up a window.  
**BY AN INFAMOUS OLD BACHELOR.**  
When Eve brought me to all mankind, Old Adam called her woman.  
And when she would with love so kind, He then pronounced her woman.  
But now with folly and with pride Their husbands' pockets trimmin', The ladies are so full of whims That people call them whimmin'.

**Give Them Now.**  
If you have gentle words and looks, my friends,  
To spare for me—if you have tears to shed  
That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray,  
Until I hear not, see not, being dead.  
If you have flowers to give fairly buds,  
White roses, daisies (meadow-stars that be  
Mine own dear namesakes)—let them smile  
And make  
The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me.  
For loving looks, though fraught with tender  
ness,  
And kindly tears, though they fall thick and  
fast,  
The words of praise, alas! can naught avail  
To lift the shadow from a life that's pale  
And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice  
Offered to one who can no longer gaze  
Upon their beauty? Folw'n in coffins laid  
Impart no sweetness to departed days.  
—Harper's Weekly.  
**ITEMS OF INTEREST.**  
Patience is the art of hoping.  
Tea culture in Florida is receiving attention.  
It is now safe to treat girls with coolness—flavored with vanilla.  
Samuel Johnson defined nonsense to be "bolting a door with a boiled carrot."  
The Territory of Montana has already produced upward of \$147,000,000 in gold, and \$6,000,000 in silver.  
An English firm sold 8,000 fireproof safes in Turkey before it was ascertained that the filing was only sawdust.  
A leading hotel in Dundee, Scotland, is furnished throughout with furniture made in Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Talk of fame and romance—all the glory and adventure in the world are not worth one hour of domestic bliss.  
The law should be to the sword what the handle is to the hatchet; it should direct the stroke and temper the force.  
In Paris the fashionable shade is "sulpur." There is one other place where, also, it is fashionable.—New York Herald.  
The deficit in the post-office department for the fiscal year of 1872 was \$3,407,916, which is less than any year since 1866.  
An oatmeal factory in Dubuque, Ia., is shipping over 45,000 pounds of meal per week to Scotland at a cost of seventy-five cents a hundred.  
It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.  
Two hundred and seventy-two trains arrive at and depart from Chicago every twenty-four hours. Forty-four railroads have offices in that city.  
Grace—"I am going to see Clara to-day. Have you any message?" Charlotte—"I wonder how you can visit that dreadful girl? Give her my love." Missionaries report that a town near Peking, China, seems about to come over en masse to Christianity. They have been reading Christian books, and many families have destroyed their family gods.  
Bisset, the animal trainer of Perth, taught an orang to wait on the table and perform other household duties belonging to servants. A chimpanzee has been trained to feed and attend a baker's oven fire on board ship.  
Philadelphia has 472 public schools, instructing 103,567 pupils by means of 2,070 teachers, only seventy-seven of whom are men. The value of the school property owned and in use by the city is nearly \$6,000,000.  
"Goods at half price," said the sign. "How much is that teapot?" asked the old lady who had been attracted by the announcement. "Fifty cents, mum." "I guess I'll take it then," she said, throwing down a quarter. The dealer let her have the teapot, but took in his sign before another customer could come in.—Boston Transcript.  
An exchange says that the king of Siam is coming to this country, and will bring his suit with him. Well he'd better, unless he has a friend here who will lend him one. The weather is entirely too changeable for a man to come so far away from home without his suit, and, besides, people might make remarks about him.—Middleton's Transcript.  
Did you ever notice the little rag-muffin in the street with a supremely dirty face? Taffy, bread and butter and molasses form the groundwork for the accumulation of dust and grime, and his cheeks look like twin maps of the oceanic archipelago; his hands and wrists look like animated tree roots; they are so dirty, and his feet and ankles partake of the mud they contact with. Of course you've noticed him. And he is the highest-hearted bunch of human strikers you ever saw. Dirt doesn't strike any deeper than beauty, and within his heart is as clean little soul, and a great deal more, as ever grew inside the neatest and slickest young devotee of soap and water that ever lived, washed and suffered.—New Haven Register.  
**The Human Manufactory.**  
A man may eat and drink heartily all day, says an unknown writer, and sit and lounge about doing nothing, in one sense of the word; but his body must keep hard at work, or it will die. Suppose the stomach refused to work within ten minutes after a hearty dinner, the man would die in convulsions in a few hours; or cholera or cramp colic would rack and wreck him. Supposing the pores of the skin—through which they are excreted—should stop a "strike," he would in an hour be burning up with fever; oppression would weigh upon the system, and soon become insupportable. Suppose the liver became inflamed, the appetite would be annihilated, food would be heaved up, returning again would invade the small of the back, and the head would ache to bursting. Suppose the kidneys shut up shop, and danger most imminent, sufferings unbearable, and death more certain, would be the speedy and unenviable result. If the little workshops of the eye should close, in an hour he could not shut nor open them without physical force, and in another hour he would be blind; or if those of the tongue should close, it would become dry as a bone and stiff as steel. To keep such a complicated machinery in working order for a lifetime is a miracle of wisdom, but to work them by the pleasures of eating and drinking is a miracle of beneficence.