Between the Green Corn and the Gold.

Between the green corn and the gold, Between the dawning and the noon, Love, that at first was pale and cold, Waxed ruddy with the summer moon And hearts beat high and lips grew bold Between the green corn and the gold.

The primrose, precious key of spring. Unlocked the casket of the year; The flowers flew forth on rainbow wing O'er hill and mead and mere, To woo the new year like the old, Between the green corn and the gold.

Between the gold corn and the green, Between the midday and the dawn, The summer woods have lost their sheen, The flowers have withered on the lawn; And love lies dead where love hath been, Between the gold corn and the green

Love is not dead; he cannot die, Although his eyes be veiled with pain; The woods shall waken by-and-bye, The flowers shall blossom once again; and we shall we not wake, my queen, Between the gold corn and the green?

SAVED BY A RING.

Twelve months ago last November I ran down into Warwickdale, England, to spend a few days with my cousin Horace Mason. Immediately after my arrival I was escorted up to my room and then down to the drawing-room. where I found Mrs. Patton, Horace's lady housekeeper-his duenna, as he was wont to call her-and Mr. Fitzpatrick, the rector of the parish. Mrs. Patton I knew well. She was a most amusing compound of dignity and jollity, and we were the best friends in the world, though she always declared that I did nothing but make fun of her. Mr. Fitzpatrick I never had seen before: For during my previous visits he had always happened to be from home. He was a tall, portly, elderly gentleman, with a rather florid complexion, and a magnificent head of perfectly white hair, the effect of which was increased by a pair of bushy and perfectly black eyebrows. He greeted me very cordially: and as soon as we were seated at the dinner-table, I discovered that his forte was conversation and his foible monologue. I have heard some good steady talkers in my time; but I am prepared to back Mr. Fitzpatrick against any of

I had noticed during dinner that, as is the habit of some widowers, he wore a wedding ring, which had presumably been his wife's; and over this another ring, of the kind usually worn by ladies, in which set three very handsome brilliants. After dinner Mrs. Patton had retired, the conversation somehow or other took a turn in the direction of precious stones, and Horace, who at last managed to get in a word or too, said something about the difficulty of distinguishing, in the absence of tests, a true tone from a really well executed imitation, and took from his waistcoat pocket a manufactured diamond which I certainly should have pronounced genuine. For purposes of comparison, Mr. Fitzpatrick slipped from his finger the ring of which I have just spoken; and after it had been examined and replaced, he said: "There is a curious story connected with that ring, Mr. Mason, I dare say you have heard it?"

" I've heard something about it," said Horace, "but I don't know all the particulars; and I don't think my cousin has heard anything of it."

Well, then," said Mr. Fitzpatrick. "I may as well tell it to you, if you care to hear it. The story begins and ends a very month since I became engaged to be married. I was then a curate, and had not much money to spare; but I had just received a legacy of rather less than a hundred pounds, and, in a fit of extravagance, hardly excusable even in a lover of five-and-twenty, I spent the whole of it and a few pounds more in purchasing a ring for my future wife. We expected the engagement to be a ong one; but the rector of his parish died suddenly, and my great uncle, in whose gift the living was, presented me The rector's death took place in February. I read myself in on Easter Sunday; and on the first of June we were married. I suppose every newlymarried husband and wife think themselves the happiest people in the world: but I honestly believe that we really were so. We had not only each other, but that we had everything else that we could possibly desire—a larger income than we needed, work that was thoroughly congenial to both of us, a few real friends, a number of pleasant ac quaintances, and an utter freedom from

"This unalloyed happiness lasted for six months, when my wife's health failed in a mysterious manner. She began to be subject to strange fits of languor, physical depression and drowsi-ness, which gradually became longer and more frequent. I had advice at once; but the doctors seemed completely at sea. The organs, they said, were erfectly sound; and though the action of the heart was not quite so strong as it ought to be, there was absolutely nothing to account for the symptoms. At all events they could only recommend tonics, gentle open air exercise, and an ional stimulant. In spite of them all, however, my wife grew worse and At last she took to her bed;

when one evening I left her, apparently much the same as usual, and went into my study to spend a couple of hours over my next Sunday morning's ser-I had been downstairs only about three-quarters of an hour, when my wife's sister, who had been sitting with her during my absence, burst into the room and threw herself upon me, exclaiming: 'Oh, James! she's dead! Our darling Kate's dead!'

"You can imagine the shock she gave me; but it never occurred to me to imagine that what she said was really true I thought nothing but that the strain of anxiety had been too much for the poor girl, and that she had temporarily lost her reason. I did my best to calm her; and soon succeeded, for she began to talk so lucidly that I was compelled not only to listen but to heed. She said that she and one of the servants had been watching my wife, who was apparently sleeping peacefully, when they had both been startled by a peculiar change in her countenance. listened for the sound of her breathing. but heard nothing. They had then held a hand-mirror to her mouth, but it remained unclouded. They had felt for the pulsation of her heart, but it had ceased to beat, and her body was deathly cold. The servant had gone to tell one of the men to saddle a horse and ride for the nearest doctor, while she had come to tell the terrible news and be calm. Calm was out of the question. I tore myself away and rushed upstairs. They were idiots-they were demented; but still there was a haunting fear which I must dispel myself. And yet I was so sure that my wife could not be dead that I summoned sufficient presence of mind to open the door gently and walk softly to the bed. I leaned over it, and said, not loudly, but distinctly: "Kate. darling, are you asleep?"

"But before I had spoken the last word I was convinced. I had seen death often and was sure that I knew it too well not to recognize it at a glance. I now shrieked instead of whispering, but there was no answer, and I flung myself full length upon the bed in voiceless agony. I must have become almost or entirely unconscious, for I never knew of the doctor's presence in the room until I felt his hand upon my arm. He said :

"My dear Mr. Fitzpatrick, you must try and bear it like a man and a Christian, for your wife is dead; she has been dead more than an hour."

"How I felt I cannot tell you. I wa prostrate with grief; and prostrate I remained for three days. The necessary preparations for the funeral were made by my wife's brother, and I really was unaware of what had been done. On the evening of the third day I heard stealthy footsteps ascending the stairs, and I felt rather than knew that they were footsteps of the men who had come to close up the coffin. I heard the door open; then for a few minutes there was silence; and then I heard other and lighter footsteps descending, followed by a tap at the study door. I said: 'Come in,' and when the door opened I saw at once that it was an old nurse of my wife's, who had come to see her living, and had found her dead, 'If wife the old familiar name, 'they cannot get the rings off Miss Kate's finger, and they want to know what they must do.

"I had been apathetic; but in a mo ment I was enraged, and I shouted: Leave them on!' in tones which made the poor woman beat a terrified retreat. I was completely unnerved by what seemed an outrage upon the remains that were so dear and sacred to me; but I could not move to make a more effectual protest, and I soon sank into the lethargy from which I had been aroused. The night passed, as the preceding nights long time ago. It is forty years this had passed, sleeplessly and wearily. I rose at dawn, and sat in the study until noon, when they came to tell me that time for the funeral had come, and that I must follow my wife to her last home.

"You won't know the rectory well, Mr. Browne," said Mr. Fitzpa'rick, addressing himself directly to me; "but you must have passed it. The front degree for a woman, and about two door, as you will remember, opens to the turnpike road; but there is also an other door with two glass panels which open directly into the churchyard. My wife was in the habit of using this door very frequently; for there ran from it a path which crossed the churchyard and ended in a style, which was just opposite the gates of the grange, then rented by the Hardings, who were her oldest friends. When she had returned and found the door fastened, which sometimes happened, she had been used to let me know she was there by a peculiar tap, and I had always gone to let her in. It was out of this door-which somehow seemed to belong to her, and out of which she had often tripped so gayiy, that I followed her corpse; and as it was closed gently behind me I think I fully realized for the first time what a changed thing my life must henceforth The service was gone through: I heard the clods fall upon the coffin, and returned to the house that was now so awfully solitary. The vicar of the next parish, who had performed the last sad to Penzance, 151 miles-a total length offices for my wife, returned with me, of about 3,461 miles. and tried his best to bring me to myself, but I refused to be comforted. At last he left me, and I was glad to be alone, for in solitude I could feel my wite was

'They brought me food; but I could eat nothing. The hours passed slowly; out I took no note of them. I did not even know it was even dark until one of here," wasn't a very bad sign; that is, and she had not been in bed a week the maids came and asked if she should morally

somewhere flear me.

light the lamp. I let her do it, and then mechanically took a book down from the shelf and tried to read. It was only a mockery of reading, but it acted as a sort of narcotic, and I had dropped into a doze, when I was aroused by a knocking at my door, sharp and decisive, as if the person knocking was not ask-ing but demanding entrance. Just as the knock came, the clock struck twelve, and I knew that I must have been sleeping for nearly three hours. I got up from my chair, opened the door, and inquired what was wanted of me. Standing in the lighted hall were three indoor servants and the old nurse, and the faces of all were absolutely blanched with terror. One of the girls, in an agony of fright, caught hold of my sleeve and pointed out: 'Oh, sir, do come!'

"I shook her off somewhat roughly and, addressing the nurse, said: 'What's the meaning of all this?"

"She was clearly as frightened as the others, but more self-possessed, and she replied: 'If you please, sir. Jane and Margaret say that their mistress is standing at the side door, tapping on the glass; and that they will leave the house if you do not come and see.'

"I called them fools and bade them go to bed; but they crowded behind me as I hastily crossed the hall and strode down the short corridor to the side door. I approached the door; and I must confess that my blood ran cold as I distinctly heard the well-known tap, and thought I saw something white behind the glass panels. I turned my eyes to the bolt, which I drew back and flung the door wide open. If I were to live for a millennium I could never forget the sight I saw then. There stood my wife, with bright open eyes, a flushed face, disheveled hair, and her nightdress stained with large patches of blood.

"'James,' she said, 'don't be frightened, it is I.' She may have said more; but this was all I heard. They told me that I gasped, 'Kate, my Kate!' and fell down senseless.

"When I recovered consciousness I found myself in bed. My wife, dressed as she used to be dressed, was sitting by my side; and I looked around and wondered whether I had been wakened from some horrible nightmare. At last the reality of the events of the past few days came back to me-my wife's illness, her death, her strange return from the world of spirits. When I summoned strength for the task I asked what it all meant, and though she could tell but little, that little was enough to solve the mystery. She said she had felt as if she were being rather roughly awakened from sleep; and that when she became thoroughly aroused, she found she was sitting up in an open coffin at the bottom of a grave, with the blood running quickly from a deep cut in her ring-The grave was shallow, and she had managed to climb out, when she discovered that she was not twenty yards from the door by which she was accustomed to enter the house. She made her way to it; and we knew the

"It had been a curious case of trance, catalpsy, or whatever name men of science may give to those inexplicable simulations of death in which all the functions seem to be arrested while the please, sir,' she said, giving my vital principle remains intact. She had been restored to conscious animation by the cut given to her finger by the ruffian whose cupidity had tempted him to a deed from which many a hardy scoundrel would have shrunk. The perpetrator was of course one of the undertaker's men, who had been struck by the glitter of the gems in the diamone ring; and who, to obtain it, did not hesitate to violate the sanctity of the grave, and even to mutilate a corpse.' 'Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what an overpowering story. Was the rascal

ever caught?" No; he disappeared, and nothing was heard of bim.' "Ana your wife? What effect had it

on her ? became better from that dreadful day; but I think her nervous system must have received a permanent strain, for she entirely lost the physical courage which she had possessed in an extraordinary years afterward she became subject to attacks of asthma, which is, I believe. a complaint that often has its origin in some nervous shock. She lived, how ever, to be over fifty, and was bright and cheerful to the last, though she had been a confirmed invalid for five years before her death."

Atlantic Cables.

The lengths of the several cables beween the United States and Europe and their locations are given as follows The three Anglo-American cables now in use run from Ireland to Newfound land, 1,850 miles, and from Newfoundland to Sidney, over 300 miles-a total distance of about 2,150 miles each; the Anglo - French cable from Brest to Duxbury, by way of St. Pierre, is about 3,329 miles long; the Direct United States cable from Ireland to Torbay, and from Torbay to Rye Beach, 2,360 miles; and the new French cable from Brest to Louisburg, 2,430 miles, from St. Pierre to Cape Cod, 880 miles, and from Brest

Preparations are being made for lay ing two new cables to be operated in connection with the land lines of the American Union Telegraph company. They will connect with the land lines at Cape Breton, about 2,400 miles long.

"The best imported gloves made

Mourning Costumes.

There are extensive mourning goods departments in all of the large retail dry goods houses, but it is said that there is not, and has never been, but one store in New York'that deals exclusively in mourning goods. The filling of orders with promptness is rendered possible by the keeping in stock of ready-made suits capable of being altered to suit the measurements that may be received. Often families at a distance from New York send for goods, and though their faces are unknown to the dealers, their names are as familiar as the faces of their New York customers. This is particularly the case where the family has a large kinship. Ready-made suits in stock cost from \$12.50 to \$100 apiece. The cost of an entire mourning outfit is frequently as high as \$350. Outfits for four ladies in one family, recently filled, were paid for with a check for \$1,400. A complete outfit consists of the following articles: A suit, veil, cloak, bonnet, handkerchiefs and gloves. Cloaks cost from \$5 up to \$100, and bonnets 21st of July, 1874, he startled the spec from \$5 up to \$25.

Dresses are trimmed with crape for deep mourning, and sometimes the dress itself is made of crape. Even outside garments such as sacks and dolmans are made of crape. They are usually made of the same material as the dress is made of. There has been no decided change in styles since last year. The shapes of mourning bonnets have followed the shapes of bonnets in colors. The trimmings are the same in style as they were last year. Long crape veils are worn a great deal. They vary in length according to the depth of the mourning. Though some ladies begin to lighten their mourning after the lapse of one year, it is considered the proper thing, dealers say, to wear deep mourning two years before the lightening process is begun.

The family must be poor indeed whose female members do not go into some degree of mourning after death has entered. The ordinary recourse is to borrow mourning clothes for the funeral. In a large numer of cases the family has some branch that is better to do than itself. On such relatives, no matter what quarrels have kept them away before, the duty is paramount to lend mourning goods for the funeral. If the dresses cannot be obtained in this way there is a good chance that some of the neighbors will accommodate them. A death, like a birth, affords an occasion when women put aside neighborly quarrels, and a proffer of mourning garments is often made by a personal enemy. The styles of these garments are such as they may happen to be. After the funeral the clothes are returned, but they are in many cases borrowed again for special occasions, as, for example, when the mourners attend church for a Sunday or two after the funeral. As time goes by and new clothing is to be purchased, black is chosen instead of colors. Black is durable, and therefore cheap. Poor women of middle age, or past it, often continue to wear black beyond the time of mourning for economical reasons .-New York Sun.

Advice to Young Husbands.

The Rev. C. C. Goss, during a lecture in New York on "The Honeymoon and How to Perpetuate It," said: Look out for your habits, young man. Don't get into the habit of neglecting the little courtesies of life in your home. Just see the young men in a bobtail horse-car sit forward on the edge of the seat, and when a pretty young woman enters the car they watch for the first chance to put her fare in the box. Why don't you watch just as eagerly to wait on your wife? Again, my young husband, you and your wife must cultivate mutual confidence. Distrust of each other is the bane of human society everywhere. Of course, you and your wife ought to 'Curiously enough, her general health hold different opinions. I was forty years old before I married my wife, and I knew a thing or two before I knew her. When we were married we did not empty out our brains and become fools. When she comes to vote I want her to vote on the side opposite to me, because if she votes just as I do what's the use of her voting? She might have ust as well voted through me as we do now. But don't fight. Husbands and wives do fight and bite and claw each other, and pull each other's hair, and all about a little thing that they would be ashamed of if they hadn't got heated Cultivate the habit of cooling down. Finally, be honest and upright with your wife, young husband. You ought to be honest in courtship, but if you have had an outside for your girl to look at, and you have all the time kept a bit and bridle on your passions only to be a brute after marriage, then you have deceived her. Be as innocent to your wife as though she was a little baby. You wouldn't hurt a baby. Stand up for your wife-if any one says anything against her, knock him down. Well. I'll take that back-you can knock him down in your own estimation.

> Many of the dolls of the period are modeled from portraits of celebrated beauties, and with their wardrobes complete in a Saratoga trunk, are se costly as to be beyond the reach of but ew lit le folks.

The Safe Deposit company of San Fancisco has laid down an iron vault weighing 800,000 pounds. It is believed to be the largest in the world.

White fish eggs from the great lakes are being shipped to Germany.

A Modern Samson. It is hardly yet known that the city of

Louisville has for a resident a gentleman who for a long time has enjoyed the reputation of being the strongest man living, and certainly if not the strongest, he is one of the very few called so. He has for a number of years past been showing some extraordinary feats of strength, particularly in dumbbells and lifting heavy weights, both in this country and in Europe, and has numerous medals as trophies of his feats. In 1873, at the Academy of Music in New York city, at a herhereulean tournament in which there were competitors of all nations, he won six out of twenty medals offered or competition. At a tournament in 874 at Barnum's hippodrome he won the whole of the five medals which were offered for the best teats in dumb-bell lifting. Also later, at Shook & Palmer's hippodrome in New York, in a tournament which lasted four days, he won the championship of the world. On the tators at an exhibition given at Wood's gymnasium, in New York, by holding with a single hand a monster dumb-bell of 201 pounds weight. In Boston in 1875, at a performance in the Howard Athenæum, he gave a performance, using kegs of nails, bars of railroad iron, shafting, and also with the greatest of ease manipulated the famous 180-pound dumb-bell made for the celebrated Dr. Winship, but never used by him. He is also a great weight-lifter, having lifted a dead weight with his hands of 1,500 pounds. He has defeated the famous strong men of this country, including P. Kelly, W. Miller, H. Joyrfeny (Barnum's famous strong man), Christol, Reginer and others, and also the famous athlete and Hercules of Germany, Martens Arps, and many others throughout let loose, setting an enthusiastic ex-Great Britain, including the famous ample to "old America," which is Donald Duntill, who backed out from competing with him, after viewing his material, for a grand test of strength. He lifts horses, holds half-ton cannons while they are loaded and fired off, pulls against teams of draft-horses consisting of two, four, and even six horses; hold fifty-six-pound weights at arm's length horizontally from his body with his lit-These and other indescribable feats of strength must place him in the foremost rank of strong men. To look at this gentlemen when dressed one would not think him to be the powerful man he is; but when stripped he shows a magnificent This genphysical development. tlemen is Mr. Richard A. Pennell superintendent and instructor of the gymnastic and athletic department of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city. Mr. Pennell first joined a gymnasium when a young man to see if benefit could be gained in his health, he having palpitation of the heart at the time. His experiment was a complete success, an extraordinary robustness of body and great health being attained in a short time, together with a great development of physical power, which he has retained to this day, and, although for days at a time he has followed sedentary employment, he never has had the slightest recurrence of his old trouble, but, on the contrary, enjoys almost immunity from sickness of all sorts.-Louisville Commercial. A Big Melon Patch.

Missouri boasts of possessing one of the largest and most productive melon patches in the United States. It is situated on the borders of Scott and Mississippi counties, and equals if it does not exceed in size and adaptation of soil and climate the famous melon patches of Georgia, Indiana and the eastern shore of Maryland. The St. Louis Republican describes it as a tract of sandy prairie, four miles wide and ten miles long, with a thin, warm soil, just adapted to the cultivation of the melon, and such melons as are raised nowhere else in that region. There is much richer and deeper soil all around there, but it is not adapted to melon culture. This land is capable of producing 1,000 melons to the acre.

At a place called Diehlstadt, in Scott county, there were shipped the past season 439 car-loads of 1,000 to the car, and Bertrand, in Mississippi county, shipped 180 car-loads, mostly to Chicago, The melon county was visited by twentyfive commission merchants Chicago, who paid as low as \$40, and as high as \$140 per car-load, being an average of \$70 per car, the market price varying with the advance of the season and the number of melons ripening at the same time. Most of these melons were shipped over the Cairo and Vincennes and Illinois Central railroads in fruit cars, properly ventilated and arranged for the purpose. These melons found their way not only to St. Louis and Chicago, but to most of the lake cities, and even to New York and Philadelphia.

It would save a great deal of embar-rassment, says Burdette, and perhaps add to their emoluments, if clergymen generally were to charge a fixed rate for marrying couples-say \$5 for the first offense, \$10 for the second, \$20 for the third, and so on. They might even issue tickets as hey d in milk fac ories, with a reduction to persons taking a quantity. In order to encourage la . ful wedlock, the job should be done vary cheaply to young couples, but the clergy should take it out of widowers and old bac:

The present custodian of the house of Burns was one of the six hundred at Balaklava, and was a captive in a Pennsylvania regiment during our civil

Calendar for the Boys.

The sports and games of boyhood succeed each other in unerring regularity, although it is difficult to give any definite reason why. It has occurred to us that a sporting calendar would be of great service to the boys:

January: Make snow forts, garrison them with snow men, slide down hill and get your feet wet. This takes up all the month.

February: Go skating, fall into the 'danger" holes and get nearly drowned; stay in the house three weeks with sore throat and fever. March: Fish through rotten ice, and

run all the risks possible. Get your hawkey sticks in shape.

April: First week, play practical okes till you get some one mad enough to "lick" you; "hawkey" and baseball the rest of the month.

May: Paste up a few kites, spilling the paste all over the carpet, and try to fly them; marbles a good deal, hop scotch and "boiler"

June: A little croquet, not much; get out your fish poles, go in swimming and worry your mother out of her senses; insist on going barefoot; Sunday-school picnics; play circus.

July: Tin horns, fire-crackers, hurrah, blow yourself up, and start in on your long vacation; a little fooling around in the sea, picking huckleberries, etc. August: Up at grandpa's playing in

the haymow, eating green apples, taking paregoric, getting chased by cows-in your dreams. September: Marbles again, general

trading season of the year, jack-knife swapping "sight unseen."

Political campaigning. October: Drums, torches, jack o' lanterns, capes, processions, badges, "Young America" followed.

November: Clappers, tambourines, shows in the wood-shed, testing thin ice, a general stuff of turkey, plum pudding and the natural consequences.

December: Snow-balling the school ma'am, breaking window glass, brag-ging about "Christmas coming," growling because it served you no better when it did come.

The above is subject to cyclones of tag-playing, jumping, leap-frog and tornadoes of new and brilliant sports that appear on the surface for a brie time and disappear as suddenly as they come. - New Haven Register.

The German Census.

In Germany, as in England, the census is taken in one day. Schedules are furnished in advance to be filled by each male inhabitant, which are collected by officers. This fulfillment is insured by making each owner or agent responsible for the occupants of every house complying with the law. This method is declared by statisticians to be the least subject to incorrectness, and it has been adopted since the creation of the empire. The last census was taken on December 1. Though not yet completed, comparisons sufficient exist to show that the population has increased to a greater degree than in France, or, in fact, any European nation.

In 1871 the whole German empire was found to contain a population of 41,-058,792. During the next term of four years the national procreative power was certain to experience a shrinkage corresponding to the adult males in the Franco-German war. For at least two years of the same period there was also a great drainage through emigration to America. Nevertheless, in 1875 the number of inhabitants had reached 42,-727,360 In the interval between the last and the present enumerations the German bureau of statistics has kept a careful record of births and deaths, as well as of emigration, with a view of determining the net gain at the end of every twelve-month. It was deducted from these investigations that the regular yearly increment of the population is not less than 650,000 souls. This inference is confirmed by the last census taken; for although the details are not compiled, the broad result is known, namely, that the German empire now comprises from forty-hve and a half to forty-six millions of inhabitants.

A Little Friendly Game.

They had not been married long, so they sat down to play checkers. In the middle of the game she said:

"Then do I jump thes. two men and get a king? Of course I do. Crown me. I've got the first king." and she chuckled hysterically.

"No, you ain't, either. I didn't mean that move," said he. "If you can't play checkers without cackling like a hen you nad better give it up. I'll take that back and move here; now, so. Now you can move "

"Gver here?" asked the wife. "Certainly. That's very good," and her husband gobbled two m "I didn't see that. I'd rather put it

here," she remonstrated. "Too late now," said he, pegging "You should away for the king row.

study your moves first." The Swiss colony in North Carolina has discovered that the mulberry tree grows with as much luxuriance as the

cherry, and that the soil and climate of this State alike foretell the future productions of silk under the most favorable

Courtesy suffers from exaggeration. By too much courtesy we become discourteous, and excess of civility makes sn uncivil.