Ie Victis.

I sing the Hymn of the Conqu the battle of life— hymn of the wounded, the

died overwhelmed in the strife; the jubilant song of the victors,

the resounding acclaim tions was lifted in chorus,

wore the chaplet of fame But the hymn of the low and the humbie, th weary, the broken in heart,

Who strove and who failed, acting bravely

whose hopes burned in ashes away,

From whose hands slipped the prize they
grasped at, who stood at the dying of
With the work of their life all around the work of their life all around them

itied, unheeded, alone unpitied, unheeded, alone.

With death swooping down o'er their failure and all but their faith overthrown.

While the ve.ce of the world shou is its cho its pean for those who have won-the trumpet is sounding triumphant,

high to the breeze and the sun nners are waving, hands clapping,

hurrying feet onging after the laurel-crowned victors stand on the field of defeat

In the shadow, 'mongst those who are faller and wounded and dying—and there Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their

pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer. Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, They only the victory win

Who have fought the good fight and have van quished the demon that tempts us within Who have held to their faith unse educed by th prize that the world holds on high; Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, reist, fight-if need be, to die."

Speak, history ! Who are life's victors ? Unrol

thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the tors, who won the success of the day?
The martys, or Nero? The Spartans who fell
at Thermopylæ's tryst,

Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges of Socrates? Pilate or Christ? - W. W. Story

THE INVISIBLE GIRL

Having decided to finish the year in Italy, I looked about me for a dwelling to be had upon reasonable terms. I found what I wanted in the outskirts of the ancient city of Lucca, one of the loveliest spots on the peninsula. The house was quite new and in every way desirable, while the rent asked for it was absurdly low. I questioned the agent in regard to this circumstance Having my money safe he could afford to be truthful.

"There is nothing against the house itself," he said, "but the grounds have the reputation of being haunted. Strange sounds are said to be heard near that ledge of rock in the park youder. We Italians are superstitous, signor," he added with a bow, "but I presume to an American a ghost is no objection.

"So little," I replied, laughing, "that I am obliged to you for the opportunity of making the acquaintance of this

Such superstitions are common in Italy, and the agent's story made very little impression upon me.

During a tour of inspection around the premises I came upon the rock in question. It consisted of two walls of granite, perhaps twenty feet in height, meeting at an oblique angle, covered over their greater extent with wild vines. It struck me as an exceedingly beautiful nook, and appropriate for my hours of out-door lounging.

On the following morning, provided with a book and a cigar, I went thither, and disposed myself comfortably in the shade of an olive. I had become ab sorbed in the volume, when I was startled by the sound of a voice near me. It was apparently that of a woman, wonderfully soft and sweet, and was singing one of the ballads of the country. I could distinguish the words as perfectly as if spoken at arm's length

I started up in amazement. I had no visi ors, and my only servent was an old mas. Nevertheless, I made a thorough exploration of the neighborhood, and satisfied myself that there was no one in the grounds. The only public road was half a mile distant. The nearest dwelling was directly opposite, across a level plain-in sight, but far out of earshot. In a word, I could make nothing

I observed that when I left my original position under the olive the voice became instantly silent. It was only within the circumference of a circ about two yards in diameter that it was

It appeared to proceed from the tween the two walls of rock. The minutest examination failed to reveal anything but the bare rock. Yet it was out of this bare rock that the

I returned to my former station in downright bewilderment. The agent's story occurred to me, but even now I attached no weight to it. I am a practical man, and was firmly convinced that there must be some rational ation of the mystery, if I could but discover it. The voice was certainly that of a young girl. But where was she? Was the old fable of the wood nymph a truth after all? Had I rock I smiled scorofully, even as the fancies ran through my head."

For more than half an hour the singing continued. Then it ceased, and though I waited patiently for its renewal, I heard no more of it that day. When I returned to the house I made no mention of the matter, resolving to keep it to myself until I had solved the mystery.

The next morning, at an early hour I returned to the spot. After a tedious interval the singing began again. It went softly and dreamily through one verse of a song, then ceased. Presently I heard a deep sigh, and then in a slow, thoughtful tone, the voice said:

"Oh, how lonesome it is! Am I to pass my whole life alone in this drear y

There was no answer: evidently the person was merely schiloquizing. Could she hear me if I spoke, as I heard her, supposing her to be a living being at I determined to hazard the exall? periment

"Who is it that is speaking?" asked.

For some moments there was no reply; then, in a low, frightened whisper, the voice said:

"What was it? I heard a voice." "Yes." I answered. "You heard mine I spoke to you." Who are you?" asked the voice

tremulously; "are you a spirit?" "I am a living man," I returned.

"Can you not see me?" "No," answered the voice. "I can only hear you. Oh, where are you? Pray do not frighten me. Come out of your concealment and let me see you.'

"Indeed, I don't wish to alarm you," I replied. "I am not hidden. I'm standing directly in front of the spot whence your voice seems to come.

"You are invisible," was the trembling answer. "Your voice comes to me out of the air. You must be a spirit. What have I done to deserve this?"

" Have no fear of me, I entreat you, I said, earnestly. "It is as much of a mystery to me as it is to you. I hear you speak but you are likewise invisible.

"Are you a real living being?" asked the voice, doubtfully. "Then why do I not see you? Come to me. I will sit here. I will not fly."

"Tell me where I am to come," I

"Here in my garden, in the arbor." "There is no arbor here," I returned, only a solid rock out of which you seem to be speaking."

"Saints protect me," answered the voice. "It is too awful. I dare not stay here longer. Spirit or man, fare, well.

"But you will come again," I pleaded. "Let me hear you speak once more. Will you not be here to-morrow at the same hour?"

"I dare not-but yet your voice sounds as if you would do me no harm. Yes, I will come."

Then there was utter silence, the mys terious speaker had gone. I returned home in a state of stupid wonder, tioning myself if I had not senses and if the whole occurre not a delusion. I was faithful to me pointment with the voice on the for ing morning, however. I had waited but a few moments, when the soft, trembling accents broke the silence, saving:

'I am here."

"And I, too," I answered, "I am grateful to you for coming."

"I have not slept the whole night," said the voice, "I was so terrified. I am very much afraid that I am doing

wrong to come." "Are you still afraid of me?" "Will you tell me your name?"

"I don't know-Lenore. What is yours?" "George," I answered, imitating her example and giving my first name only.

Shall we not be friends, Lenore?" "Oh, yes," answered the voice with silvery peal of laughter. Evidently its owner was getting over her fears. Don't be offended, George. It is so strange-two people who cannot see each other and perhaps never will,

making friends." "I will solve the mystery yet, Le nore," I answered, "and find out where you are. Would you be glad to see me

in my proper person?" "Yes," was the reply, "I should like

"And I would give a great deal to see you, Lenore. You must be very beautiful if your face is like your

"Oh, hush !" was the agitated answer.

"It is not right to speak thus." "Why not? Do you know, Lenore, that if this goes on I shall end by falling in love with you, though I never

see you."
"You are very audacious," was th reply. "If you were really here before me I should punish you for it. As it is I am going now.

"But you will come again to-morrow.

"If you will promise to be more discreet, George, yes."

As may be imagined, I did not fail to ed a dryal embosomed in the keep my engagement with my invisible friend. For many consecutive days these strange meetings continued. As

absurd as it may seem, the voice was beginning to make a powerful impression upon me. I felt in its soft tones the manifestation of a sweet, refined woman's soul.

True, I had made no progress toward unraveling the mystery. Nevertheless I was confident that through some inexplicable dispensation of Providence, I had been permitted to hold communion with a real, living, lovely woman, from an unknown distance. She had not yet told me more than her first name, and I did not press her for more as yet. Her only answer to my ques tion as to where she was, was, "In the garden." She did not seem capable of grasping the fact that I was not invisibly near her and capable of seeing her. She seemed content with matters as they stood, and for the present I could do no more.

I made no one my confidente as to my daily occupation; first, because I knew that I should be regarded as a madman upon my mere statement of the facts, and next, because I shrunk from having an auditor at my mysterious conferences. Will it be believed? I was in love with the invisible girl-in love with a voice! Absurd, of course, but I am not the first man who has fallen in love with a woman's voice. Beside, I was confident that it was only a matter of time before I should see the girl in

One day toward the end of summe we had been talking as usual, and I had said .

"My stay in Italy is nearly over, Le-

"Ah," was the quick reply-"you will eave me, George.

"No, Lenore," I answered-"not if ou wish me to stay."

"How can I help it, George, whether you go or stay? I have never seen you -I never shall see you. What am I to

"All in the world, Lenore," I answered. "Ours has been a strange experience. Without knowing each other as people ordinarily do, we have yet been close friends. You are more to me than a friend. I love you, Lenore."

There was a quick, suppressed cry, no other reply.

"Be truthful, Lenore. Tell me your heart. If you love me, trust to me to discover your whereabouts and come to you. If you do not, say it, and I will spare you the pain of meeting me, and let us never speak again."

There was a pause, then she tremulously said :

"I have never seen you, but my heart tells me to trust you. I know you are good and noble, and I am willing to eave my fate in your hands. Yes, George, I love you.'

Even as she said the words she uttered a cry of alarm. Then a gruff man's

voice spoke: "Go to your room, Lenore. As to this villain with whom you have been holding secret meetings, we shall soon nd him and punish him as he deserves. arch for the rascal, Antonio, and

ripg him to me." There was a quick trampling of feet nd the sound of crushing shrubbery, as if men were breaking through it.

Then another man's voice spoke: "He has disappeared, your excellency."

"Very well, we shall find him yet. He cannot escape me. This is a fin piece of business, surely—the daughter of Count Villani holding secret meetngs with some common vagabond. Lenore shall take the veil."

"Yes," I cried, "the bridal veil, count. person to-day."

astonishment as best they might, I returned to the house in high spirits. The name, Count Villani, had given me the clew to the whereabouts of Lenore. The dwelling of which I have spoken as situate across the plain and opposite the rock was the residence of Count Villani. I had met the old gentleman n the city and formed a speaking acquaintance with him. As neither of us ad mentioned our private affairs, I had had no means of connecting his daughter with my invisible girl.

That afternoon I presented myself to the count, and after amazing him with my story, which a few tests convinced im was true, formally proposed for his daughter's hand. As my wealth and ocial position were well known, he offered no objections and his daughter was sent for.

As she entered the room I saw that my idea of her had been less than true. I had never seen so lovely a woman, nor one who so perfectly embodied my highest conception of grace and beauty. Her dark eyes, still wet with tears, met

mine inquiringly.
"Lenore," said I, "I have come
I promised." "George," she cried, with a radiant

smile, "is it you?" "Are you disappointed?" I asked,
"am I what you expected?"
"You could not be more," she an-

swered, naively, "you are no less." "Now that we meet as solid and ma-terial beings," I continued, "are you willing to ratify the contract we made there are many common to all.

when we were only voices, Lenore?

Your father gives us permission."

It may be supposed that I received a satisfactory answer, when the goodnatured count found it discreet to turn away his eyes daring my reception of it.

As to the strange circumstance which as the means of uniting us, a series of tests revealed a remarkable acoustic property in the rock, by which persons standing in certain positions with reference to it were able to hear each other with ease more than a quarter of a mile apart. It is a very matter-of-fact solution of the mystery, but Lenore and I are none the less grateful for the good offices of the rock.

The Local Paper.

"Thousands of people receive all the benefits from a local paper, prosper, and forget the editor whose heart and brain have been devoted to the interests of building up the town or community in which these same people have met with success. Many a paper located in some unheard of town or county has been the means of bringing the natural advantages to public notice, built up the village into a town, labored for the prosperity of the county, assisted every one else to a front seat and then failed because a short-sighted public no longer see a direct income from the money expended to support it. When railroads were building, when public institutions were wanted, the local press was kept oiled and editors kept from starvation; but now it is as popular to send to some noted city for fashionable dress goods, clothing, furniture, carpets, etc.' above sound doctrine from the Burlington Hackeye is verified by the following from the Western Homes "A large portion of the people do nothing to support their local papers, and yet reap the benefit every day of the editor's work. A man will say, 'Advertising does not pay in my business. I have to keep my men the road, and get my customers by going after them,' and yet the fact is that the town in which he does business would be unknown, the railroad over which he ships his goods would be unheard of, if it were not for the news paper which he says does him no good. The local paper is of advantage to every man in the community, and when a man refuses to contribute to support the newspaper on the ground that he does not need it, he might as well refuse to pay his taxes for the support of the courts and police force on the ground that he never breaks the law and does not need the officers. There are men who believe themselves honest and pious, who are doing business in every community, and every day appropriating to their own use the fruits of other men's labors, by reaping the benefit of the newspaper without contributing acent to its support, and get they would be terribly shocked if they should be charged with stealing from their neighbors. But the principle is just the same, the only difference is that the law can reach them in one case, and in the other it cannot, but morally, it is just as dishonest to steal the fruits of your neighbor's enterprise as it is to steal his chickens. Too much credit cannot be given the newspaper for the work it has done and is still doing for the benefit of this country."

Quaint Sayings of the Pacific Coast.

The great West has become noted for quaint and expressive phrases coined by the rough element of the coast. The miner and prospector, as he wandered through the hills and followed the circultous valleys and narrow passes, I shall pay my respects in prefixed names to these plated to-day." canons," and "canons," Then leaving them to get over their almost every canon and gulch has been dubbed with some old name which forever afterward will designate the locality.

The mountaineer, after years of Western life, finds himself lost in an Eastern metropolis and fails to meet his engagement on prompt time, but is not at a loss to give a decided reason for his delay, because of "getting lost among the box canons." Terse and pointed remarks like that of the man who said, "I did not fight him, but had he come a step further the doctors would have thought when they dissected him that they had struck a new lead mine," are quite common among miners.

How expressive are the sayings: "He is a gashed vein and has pinehed;" "He shows well on the surface, but there is nothing in his lower levels;" or, "He don't assay worth anything." He who lacks courage is in Western parlance devoid of "grit," and has no 'sand." Men who roughed in the early days on the Pacific coast are called "old-timers," and when they die it is not uncommon for their associates to speak of their taking off as their having

passed in their checks."

Those who have toiled through the snows and braved the dangers of cross a style of expression upon the death of an old friend which to them is fuller of meaning than the plainsman can realize: "He has gone over the range." Each State and Territory on the Pacific slope has its peculiar phrases, and CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Henry III. extorted New Year's gifts from his subjects.

St. Petersburg was founded by Peter the Great in 1703.

The leaves of the Maderia vine are used in France as spinach. There were zoological gardens in

China more than 2,000 years ago. The art of dyeing woolens was brough from Holland to England in 1608.

During the recent heavy rainfall in

Iowa the ground was found covered with tiny, blood-red living creatures. Twelve perpendicular feet of water are annually evaporated from the surface of the Red sea between Nubia and

Arabia. The heaviest rainfall in the United States, except on some mountain tops, is on the coast of Oregon and Washing

ton Territory. The religious ceremonies of the Egyptians were preceded by abstinence, and the sacrificers were allowed neither ani-

mal food nor wine. A healthy man of average weight imbibes eighty onnces of water, in liquid state or mixed with solid food, every twenty-four hours.

The office of marquis was formerly to guard the frontiers and limits of the kingdom, which were called the marches, from the Teutonic word

marcho-a limit. The empire of Japan raised 38,900, 000 bushels of wheat this year, all winter wheat. The only improvements in wheat culture and separation over the practice of semi-civilized nations were introduced into Japan a hundred years

ago by the Hollanders. In the year 1710 the weight of fat cattle in the London market averaged only 370 pounds at the average age of five years. In 1705 this was increased to 482 pounds. In 1830 the weight was 650 pounds, nearly double that of 1719. It is probable that the average weight at one year less age (say four years old) is at the present moment fally three times that of 1710, and the beef-owing to the superior quality of the cattle and the better methods of fattening-fully fifty per cent. more nourishing and econ cal to to the consumer.

What Foods Are Most Economical? With an advance of twenty to 100 pe cent, and more, in the price of staple foods, the above is now a most important question to over forty millions of our people, and one of much interest to seven or eight millions more. Probably there are not two millions who take no thought or care as to the cost of their daily diet. Meats, flour, potatoes corn meal and milk, are the main arti cles of sustenance for the great masses Fish, rice, beans and out meal (recent ly), with lesser amounts of some other articles, are consumed; but these alto gether do not, we judge, constitute one, tenth of the food of the entire people, perhaps not more than five or six per

Dried or smoked beef, ham and cheese, rank high, but dried fish outranks all others. The nutritive value of dried codfish is remarkable, and it deserves special attention, 100 pounds of it supplying as much nutriment as 341 pounds of beef! It is cheap and abundant everywhere, because portable, and easily kept. It yields labor-sustaining aliment at from one third down to one-ninth the cost of beef in different sections of the country. It is easily digestible, and if properly palatable and acceptable to a very

large class needing to practice economy. Of the relative value of potatoes flour and cornmeal we speak elsewhere. At the average price of beans these are the cheapest strength-sustaining of all direct products of the soil, if not charred or hardened in baking. The drought has greatly diminished the yield, and the present price is high, but they

are still comparatively economical. The occupation of any class of per sons has much to do with deciding the most economical foods. It is estimated that in a temperate climate an average man needs each twenty-four hours simply to sustain life without increasing his weight, about eleven and a half ounces of heat-producing, and four and a quarter ounces of flesh-forming foods. Laborers and those putting forth much exertion need most of the flesh-forming food, such as lean meats of all kinds, eggs, cheese, fish, beans, peas, oatmeal bread, cabbage, roots, etc

Those exposed to cold need more of the heat-producing foods, as fat meats, cornmeal and generally those articles containing large amounts of oil or starch, or both, of sugar, etc.—American

The Yarmer's Daughter.

"But you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter when he spoke to her about the addresses of a neighbor's son—"you know, pa, that was wanted

me to marry a man of cuiture." "Se do I, my dear-so do I; and there is no better culture in the country than agriculture—than agical

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Laws of Life advises people to educate the stomach. When it is once accus tomed to simple food, voracious appetite, distress and disease will disappear.

The nails of the toes should be properly trimmed at frequent intervals. Young people are apt to overlook this, and by neglect the nails, upon great toes especially, get a curvature inward that may cause great trouble in after life. Where the nails get this curvature, a tendency of the edges to curve inward and to form a cylinder, they cause one of the most painful affections possible. The trouble often result from too short a shoe and allowing a nail to grow too long. Where the trouble is slight, the cutting of the nail deeper at the center than at the corners will relieve it. If the nail is very thick and hard it should be scraped in the center by means of a piece of broken glass, and when thin enough the corners may be lifted and a bit of cotton or lint put under each corner.

If troubled with wakefulness on retiring to bed, eat three or four small onions; they will act as a gentle and soothing narcotic. Onions are also excellent to eat when one is much exposed to the cold.

Children, especially boys, often suffer greatly from chilblains. In their fondness for winter sports, especially skating, children, if their feet are not actually frozen, let them get very cold. While the feet are very cold they go suddenly to the fire and warm them The consequence is a derangement of the circulation in the feet, and a painful itching and boring, which are apt to return whenever the feet become cool, and are afterward warmed. In cases where the system is not in good condition, chilbiains may become very troublesome, and require the care of a physician. It is said that kerosene is very efficacious in relieving the pain from ordinary chilblains. Some have found relief in the use of a wash of one part of muriatic acid in seven parts of water, but that was before kerosene came into common use.

Pears.

The pear as a fruit stands next in popularity to the apple, and has, like it, been known and cultivated from time immemorial. It is mentioned by the earliest writers as a fruit growing abundantly in Syria, Egypt, as well as Greece, and it appears to have been brought into Italy from these places about the time that Svila made himself master of the latter country (68 B. C.), and from thence it spread over Europe to Britain. Homer mentions the "pendant pear" as one of the fruits of the orchard of Lacrtes (Odys. 24 C. 289 I). Theophrastus often speaks in praise of them and of the great productiveness of old pear trees in his works. That learned physician of ancient times, Galen, considered pears as containing in a greater degree more strengthening and astringent virtues than apples. The Greeks and Romans have several kinds of pears whose names included their taste and form. Pliny describes about forty varieties cultivated in Italy. Of all pears, he says, the Crustumine is the most delicate and agreeable; this fruit Columella places first in his catalogue. Then there was the Falernian pear, which was esteemed for its abundant juice, which Pliny compares to wine.

The Tiberian pears were so named because they were the sort Tiberius, the emperor, preferred, and they grew to a larger size than most pears; others were named after the persons who had introduced or cultivated the Pliny tells us, are reproached with the name of proud pears, because they ripened early and would not keep. There were also winter pears, pears for baking, etc., as in the present day. Nevertheless, Pliny did not consider this fruit, in an uncooked s'ate, good for the constitution, for he states all pears whatever are but a heavy meat, even to those in good health, boiled or baked with honey, when they become extremely wholesome to the stomach. Some pears were reed as counter-poison against venomous mushrooms; the ashes of pear trees were also used for the same medical purpose. The ancients appear to have had a curious notion respecting the effect of this fruit on beasts of burden, for Pliny tells us a load of apples or pears, however small, is singularly fatiguing to them. The best way to counteract this, they say, is to give the animal some to eat, or at least show them the fruit before starting. Virgil speaks of pears which he had from Cato.—Science

Gazing about in church. Boasting of our own doings.
Want of respect toward seniors.
Laughing at the distakes of others.
Pleasing self in preference to others.
Trying to talk while others are speak.

Gossip.

Saying what will wound another's Falsehood, by silently withholding

Loud laughter, ill temper and rough