

## Persian Serenade.

Work! as the twilight pale  
Tenderly glow,  
Hark! how the night  
Wakes from repose—  
Only when, sparkling my  
Stars fill the darkling sky,  
Unto the nightingale  
Listens the rose.

Here where the fountain-fide  
Murmuring flows,  
Airs from the mountain-side  
Fan thy repose.  
Eyes of thine glistening,  
Look on me, listening;  
I am thy nightingale,  
Thou art my rose.

Sweeter the strain he weaves,  
Fainter it flows  
Now, as her balmy leaves  
Blush—close close.  
Better thou, minstrelsy,  
Lips that meet kissingly  
Silence thy nightingale—  
Kiss me, my rose!

—By Bayard Taylor.

## GLEN ALLEN.

A heavy mist hung gloomily above the peaks of the Wicklow mountains, a damp chilliness pervaded the atmosphere; piles of sullen clouds lowered from the frowning skies and narrowed the already narrow horizon; a veil of moisture robbed the meadows and dulle the clatter, up the uneven country road, of the approach of a small band of mounted dragoons.

"Halt!"  
"Twas a stern, sonorous voice—a voice that would make you lift your eyes quickly and instinctively to scan the owner. It proceeded from stern, firm but handsome lips. It was enforced by keen glitter of a pair of dark gray piercing eyes; by the majesty of a free commanding form and by an air of native power entirely unassumed.

The party drew up before one of those pretty cottages that have so naturally sprung up in the beautiful wilds of Wicklow. A rustic gate stood half-open and revealed a small and tastefully laid out garden with neatly kept walks, inviting the pressure of the intruder's foot. A porch, half-buried in woodbine, low windows draped in soft folds of white lace, through which the eye might trace a faint impression of a pleasant interior—these met the gaze of Captain Howard as he pushed wide the garden gate and strode within.

The slow, irregular notes of a harp, as though the player, following a vague fancy, wandered aimlessly over the chords, arrested for a moment the advance of the dragoon. With a sudden impulse he turned backward to his men, and merely saying, "Wait till my return," he moved with measured steps to the porch and knocked.

"Twas strange that in the few moments between his summons and the appearance of a white-headed domestic the image of a sweet face he had seen and loved in another land should present itself so forcibly to his imagination; and stranger still that, as he lifted his eyes from that glance into his own hidden heart, he could almost swear the face looked at him for an instant from the diamond windows near. Slightly moved, he saluted the porter by requesting to speak with the master of the house, at the same time gently insinuating he would bear him company, as his business was too urgent to admit of even the delay of waiting the gentleman's permission.

"Deed, then, I'm afraid he'll be mad enough with me for letting you come in uninvited, I may say," said the old man; "but come along—and never welcome you," he continued under his teeth, "you Saxon hound. See, sir, here's a gentleman soldier was in sulh a hurry to see you he wouldn't wait for me to bring in his name."

Seated in an arm-chair, reading or pretending to read, by a cheerful fire, the person addressed looked up, laid down his book, deliberately wiped his glasses, and resuming them, surveyed his visitor.

"Mine is an errand much to my distaste, sir," the dragoon began. "My intrusion would be unpardonable, but that a stern duty brings me here, and I have no choice but to obey."

The occupant of the arm-chair made an effort to speak, but, though his lips moved, no sound escaped them. He was a very elderly man, and very delicate looking, with a nervous twitching, closing and unclosing of the hand holding the spectacles. He motioned the dragoon to a seat, and again looked in his face interrogatively.

Captain Howard was less and less pleased with his mission. He was a haughty man, but with a good and noble heart, straight-faced in outward coldness and formality. He was an Englishman by birth, and did not consider himself bound in any ungenerous crusade when he offered his services to the Government for the purpose of quelling the Irish insurrection.

But taking the field and playing policeman are two different things. At least, so Captain Howard considered, and 'twas with mortification he found that the role of dragoon captain in Ire-

land was at the time more than half police exercise. Registering an inward vow to resign his commission at the first opportunity, the captain returned to the object of his mission.

"This place, is it not called Glen Allen?"

The old gentleman motioned assent. Unfolding a document, the Captain continued; "The Government having had information that in this house is concealed a notorious rebel, for whose capture a large reward is offered, I am deputed to search the premises and ascertain the correctness of the information. As a loyal man you are required to render all due assistance in the investigation."

The old gentleman, rising in a stately manner, signified his willingness, and with a strange repugnance to the performance of the duty, Captain Howard ordered from the doorway half his men to surround the house and arrest any one attempting to escape, the remainder to enter the house and await his orders.

While the search progressed he stood with arms folded and gloomy brows, following mechanically from room to room. Suddenly his gaze fastened on a picture—an oil painting—of a brown-ringed girl, with soft, hazel eyes, childlike in their candor and innocence, and sweet red lips, occupying the place of honor over the mantel shelf. It was the face that had haunted him for a twelve month, the face of a girl that he had met in London society, had followed ineffectually and had loved unreasonably. It was a face he had suddenly lost sight of, and sought in vain until now. He learned from the old man that it was the picture "of a relative" at present staying with him.

With unconcealed anxiety the captain requested to be allowed to see the original of the picture, and the old gentleman, humoring his visitor's strange fancy, left the room and returned presently with a young lady whose extreme pallor was heightened by her dress of deep mourning and the melancholy of her soft hazel eyes. At sight of the stranger a faint blush dyed her cheek. Captain Howard, much agitated, advanced, and taking her hand eagerly, convinced himself by her recognition that his fair London acquaintance stood before him.

"How came it I lost sight of you so entirely after that brief London carnival," he said, "and how is it I find you here in this convulsed country—in this solitude?"

"For the first question I can answer, there is nothing more common than for casual acquaintances, in a strange country, to meet, part, lose sight of each other, unless some powerful incentive remained urging a pursuance of the acquaintance. To the second I would answer, this is my native land—these are my native hills; what place more meet for my residence?" she spoke half contemptuously, half defiantly.

"And your brother, the dark-eyed, Quixotic boy. Great God!" he muttered, "it cannot be."

A deadly pallor spread over the girl's face; she raised herself proudly to her full height and demand, "Well, sir, what cannot be?"

He silently handed her the warrant for the arrest of a dark, slender youth, name assumed, whose capture was important to the government, and against whom there was strong information. The paper went on to state he had been known to be connected, on important occasions, with some of the most prominent rebel leaders, and a large reward was offered for his arrest, alive or dead. The lady flushed and paled as her eye ran over this document, and her agitation was not lost on the dragoon.

With sudden resolve he said, turning to his men:

"There is no necessity to search further, I believe."

And despite of the evident sulkiness and disaffection of the disappointed dragoons, he gave the orders to remount and return to Wicklow. Nor could he fail to mark the sigh of relief that escaped the lips of the fair girl he had sought unworriedly to serve. He, in courtly manner, renewed his apologies to the host; trusted for the happiness of meeting the lady, and, if possible, serving her; and, with a new lightness in his step and the cloud off his brow sprang into the saddle. As he did so a loud shout broke from the watch set at the rear of the house, and the dragoons quickly appeared, dragging with them a slight, dark-complexioned youth, whose appearance indicated the sharpness of the struggle he had made to escape.

A week afterward the police annals were full of the escape of the rebel captured at Glen Allen, and the suspicion attached to Howard, the dragoon captain, who was supposed to have given him facilities to elude his captors. Though that could not be proved, Howard was officially reprimanded for his want of vigilance, and taking the hint, he retired at once from his position in the army. The day Captain

Howard's resignation was accepted, the master of Glen Allen cottage and his fair relative prepared to join the young outlaw of the family in his refuge at Havre. The cottage bore a dreary aspect, all except the garden, in which stood the fair lady to whose influence the exile owed his safety, and by her side stood Captain Howard.

"You will forget that you have ever seen me. You will forget you should reward me," he was saying earnestly and yet smilingly.

"I," she murmured, brokenly, "shall never, while life lasts, forget or cease to be grateful for your generosity; but I am poor and obscure, who have been wealthy and influential. What could I do to compensate your generous act—your loss?"

"Much, lady," he said, gently. "This little hand, nay, do not remove it—it is worth a thousand such acts, a thousand such losses. Let it repay me."

## Sayings from the Chinese.

Human nature came to us perfect, but in process of time our passions have corrupted it.

Desire not the death of thine enemy, thou wouldst desire it in vain; his life is in the hands of heaven.

O obey heaven, and follow the orders of Him who governs it.

Love your neighbor as yourself; let your reason and not your senses be the rule of your conduct.

Do to another what you would he should do unto you. Thou only needest this law alone, it is the foundation and principle of all the rest.

The tongue, which is yielding, endures; the teeth, which are stubborn, perish.

Better be a dog in peace than a man in an anarchy.

To violate the law is the same crime in the Emperor as in the subject.

The hearts of the people are the only legitimate foundations of the empire or of legitimate rule.

Those who labor with their minds rule; those who labor with their bodies are ruled. Pope says: "And those who think still govern those who toil."

A vacant mind is open to all suggestions as a hollow mountain returns all sounds.

When the tree is felled its shadow disappears. (Desertion of the great when unfortunate by parasites.)

You cannot strip two skins off one cow. (A limit to extortion.)

A man's words are like an arrow close to the mark, a woman's like a broken fan.

The Chinese call a blustering fellow a paper tiger.

Overdoing a thing—a hunchback making a bow.

Who spend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen from afar, but gives no light below."

The greater fish eat the smaller, the smaller eat the shrimps, and the shrimps are obliged to eat mud; said with reference to rulers of different classes.

Patience, and the mulberry leaf becomes a silk gown.

Trust not the flatterer; in thy days of sunshine he will give thee three pounds of butter, and in thy hour of need deny thee a crumb of bread.

A woman's tongue is her sword, and she does not let it rust.

## Sharp Practice.

A certain Michigander who had long succeeded in dodging a certain creditor, was a few weeks ago cornered in the office of a mutual friend, and the creditor began:

"Sir! you have owed me \$25 for a year past, and now I want to know what you are going to do about it?"

"Well, I'll think it over."

"There will be no thinking it over my friend. If you don't pay me I'll sue you."

"You will?"

"I will, sir!"

"Then you'll be certain to get a judgment. The party which brings the suit always gets the verdict before a justice. Knowing this, you will take advantage of me?"

"I will."

"Very well. Now, then, I deny that I owe you a dollar."

"You do?"

"I do, sir, but in case you want to borrow \$25 of me for a week here it is."

"I don't care whether you call it paying or lending, so long as I get my money," replied the creditor, and he made out a receipt in full and took the money.

At the end of the week he was asked to return the loan, but laughed at the absurdity of the request. Suit was begun to recover it, the mutual friend used as a witness, and the plaintiff received judgment in his favor and had a clean receipt to show for the debt.—*Detroit Free Press.*

It is a cold day when the mercury gets left in the burb to the thermometer.

## TRADES THAT ARE FATAL.

How Insurance Men Regard Certain Avocations.

In conversation with a prominent insurance journalist, the subject of unhealthy occupations was broached, and a New York *Star* reporter was informed that thousands of workmen were daily engaged in certain almost fatal trades.

"There are many occupations," said the insurance man, "that are specially dangerous (I use the word in contradistinction to the term unhealthful) to human life. I mean such occupations in which accidents are likely to happen, if extraordinary care is not used. Those workmen who in painting the houses have to stand on a suspended stage, hanging often by a single rope, literally carry their lives in their hands. Masons and bricklayers engaged in the erection of high buildings stand in imminent danger of their lives. Sailors, fishermen, pilots, engineers, drivers of locomotives and car drivers all pursue dangerous occupations and live every moment, as it were, with the risk of being killed; but it is not to these dangerous employments I refer when I speak of those that come under the head of unhealthy ones. There are trades in which thousands are getting their livings that are absolutely fatal to themselves."

"And are these fatal trades, as you call them, essential to the demands of modern civilization?"

"There's the rub. Let me tell you that these baneful, pernicious trades which undermine the health of the workers to such an alarming degree, swelling the death rate and filling our cemeteries, are almost all not merely essential, but really indispensable to the welfare of the public."

"In a word, you mean that there are useful vocations, in which men, women and children are employed, that are detrimental to health, and shorten life?"

"That is so. I would call them deadly industries. Factory life at the best is but a poor affair, but when the work is health-destroying, what a fearful thing to consider."

"Will you refer specially to some of the trades which you deem unhealthy?"

"Well, there are the workers in brass and copper. The artisans employed in this trade actually suffer from slow poisoning, living a life of hardship, sickness and disease until nature refuses any longer to put up with the terrible injustice and demands a reckoning. Brass and copperworkers suffer in health, and die victims to their trade. The factories in which brass and copper are filed, turned and worked, are dirty places as a rule. In addition the atmosphere is heavily charged with particles of metal dust, which float in the air, penetrate the lungs, and destroy in an insidious manner the bodies of the unfortunate workmen who must constantly inhale it. This metal-poisoned air enters and permeates the human system so thoroughly as to color its secretions and perspiration. The proof that the blood of these workmen is vitiated may be found in the fact that the operatives thus exposed get their linen worn next the person stained with a greenish color, and when beated, green beads of perspiration issue from the pores of their skin. That their throat and saliva are perniciously affected goes without saying. The blood of such persons is poisoned to that degree that their bruises, cuts and wounds ulcerate and are healed with difficulty."

"You draw an awful picture," said the reporter.

"Here is a case: A young man with ruddy cheeks, bright eyes and buoyant movements, full of health and manly vigor, held for some years the position of foreman in a brass cannon-lock factory. His health failed him; he was a victim of blood poisoning, the result of his deleterious employment. He never recovered his health, for the fatal dust had penetrated his system, and corrupted his blood. He left the factory, traveled, tried change of air and a new life, but even the best medical skill was powerless to restore his health. There was no remedy which could dislodge the fatal deposit nor purify the vital current of his body. He lingered for years, his existence a living death, and finally went down to the grave in the prime of his manhood, a martyr to his deadly craft, leaving a wife and five children destitute."

"There are, of course, other trades which I suppose you would rank as unhealthy besides brass and copper working?"

"Yes. Victims of deadly industries may be found among lapidaries, steel grinders, manufacturers of paints and white lead, iron-moulders, makers of grindstones, sawyers, lead-pencil makers and a score of others, without speaking of such employments as cooks, printers and bakers, who, while not inhaling metallic particles, breathe a

noisome, fetid atmosphere, and work under circumstances alike inimical to health and happiness."

It becomes a question in this day of enterprise and competition in industrial progress," said the reporter, "whether those who follow, at a lamentable cost, necessary but fatal trades, should not be regarded as having some claim on legal protection."

"Most decidedly," answered the insurance man, "These operatives who toil only to die victims to their work, are self-sacrificing benefactors to mankind, and society has a duty toward them which should be performed in a philanthropic spirit."

"What is your plan of compensation?"

"The fated toilers, whose labors benefit mankind at the risk of their own health, and whose lives are daily imperiled and wasted, should receive some legislative protection which would compel the owners of factories and workshops in which deadly industries are carried on to make some provision at least for the families of their workmen."

## A Burmese Romance.

In the late king's time his favorite daughter was the Tsalin princess, a girl of great beauty, and of a most amiable disposition. All foreign ladies used to go to her, and to her only; for, besides being the highest princess in the land, her kindness and affability made her the most universally loved member of the royal family. When the late king died, her charming mother's rival, Queen Allayandeau, having practically seized all power and authority, the Tsalin princess was imprisoned, and so cruelly treated by order of the present queen, that she fell dangerously sick. Left without any care, and hardly any food, death seemed to be the only deliverer at hand. But Providence watched over the princess. A high official, remotely related to her, and one of the foreign ladies who had been most kindly treated by her formerly, were most active in trying to find for her the means of escape. But the guards were too strict and too many. While her friends were scheming and considering, one of her own female servants living in her town, fell sick near her and suddenly died. Another female servant of hers, taking advantage of the isolation in which she and her mistress had been left within their wretched place of confinement, put the corpse into the princess' bed, and the latter, dressed as a common palace slave, and in the hubbub caused by the news of her own death, quickly found her way out, and ultimately reached the house of her foreign friend, who, being rightly afraid to keep her in her own house, had her removed to a safe place outside of Mandalay.

The princess, meanwhile, being pronounced dead, the body was removed and disposed of, but not before the toes on one foot had been chopped off, to make it look like the princess, she having had the misfortune to be born with a club foot. After nearly two years, the princess, who had entirely recovered her former good health, was taken away from her hiding-place in a large covered cart. With the help of her foreign friend she put on a European dress, and having arrived at the river side, went straight on board of a steamer that was leaving from Rangoon. But when the steamer reached Koenywa, some two days' journey from Mandalay, the down steamer had just arrived at the same place, and the news soon spread that some petty official having lately absconded from Mandalay, orders had been received at the frontier to search closely every up steamer, on hearing which the princess, resuming her Burmese dress, and making her face up as best she could, landed and crossed the river in a small boat, she having made up her mind to try and reach the Shan country. After the weariest and most perilous journey, on foot all the time, she at last succeeded in reaching the State of a friendly Tsawbwa, (chief,) under whose hospitable roof she now lives, anxiously looking for Prince Nyoung Yan, who has been repeatedly invited over by a large number of Tsawbwaws, anxious to fight under his banner and carry him triumphantly back to the golden city.

## The Order of Nature.

If you shake up a basket of fruit or gravel the small portions will go toward the top. This is the order of nature. There is no way of evading it. And the same order prevails in the basket of human life. The world's shaking will send the small characters downward and bring the larger ones toward the top. The large ones are not to blame for this. The smaller ones have no right to complain of it. It is the shaking that does the business.

The *Bombay Gazette* states that coffee unhappily stands a chance of sharing with the potato and the grape the prospect of gradual extinction.

## SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Cast-iron transmits sound about fifteen times more quickly than air.

Copper wires transmitting electricity of high electro-motive force become brittle after a while.

The light which falls upon the earth from the satellites of Mars is about equivalent to what a man's hand, on which the sun alone at Washington, would reflect to Boston.

Nickel is proposed to be a substitute for bronze in coinage in France. It is also suggested that the new coins shall be octagonal instead of round, so that the people may not mistake them for silver in the hurry of business.

Some English chemists and sanitary reformers have started a movement to make bread from the entire grain of wheat, and not from the inner portion only. The movement has the support of the first physiologists of the day.

Experiments have lately been made on the common mushroom, from which it appears that all common mushrooms are poisonous, but that cooking deprives them in a greater or less degree of their poisonous qualities. The repeated washing with cold water which they usually undergo to clean them takes away a portion of the poison, and boiling does the rest, but the water in which they have been boiled is highly poisonous, and should always be carefully disposed of.

An invention which is believed will effect important changes in the metal trade has recently been patented in Great Britain and most foreign countries, and is now being sold as an article of commerce. The invention consists of a new method of manufacturing alumina, by which nine-tenths of the present cost is saved, while it can be made in immense quantities in the course of a few days, instead of requiring nine months to produce it, as was formerly the case. The inventor is Mr. Webster, of Hollywood, near Birmingham, England, who has been engaged in the experiments since 1851, and only succeeded in perfecting his process about twelve months ago, after having expended nearly \$150,000 in experiments.

## CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

In Massachusetts smoking at the polls is prohibited by law.

Dr. Ichabod Stoddard, of Perry, Me., has adopted in all thirteen children.

An old rule which prevented London policemen from wearing moustaches has been abolished.

A well at Snapps, a small village in Woodruff county, Ark., flows water that is as sour as vinegar.

It is claimed that every gallon of milk has food value equal to two and a half pounds of boneless beef.

A species of cactus is made useful in Florida. The strong fiber of the leaves is turned into rope, its juice into a pleasant beverage, and its trunk, after the removal of the pith, into pails.

A short time ago, while getting out stone in his quarry, a mile south of Kokomo, Ind., George W. Deffenbough split a massive slab and found embedded in the solid rock a lizard of a light color alive and active.

Many of the peasant agitations of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were founded on interpretations of the Scripture. In 1436 the Emperor Sigismund proclaimed, "It is an unheard of thing that in the holy Christianity one should be so proud as to say to a man 'Thou art mine.'"

A very large coach whip snake measuring eight feet in length, and as large as an ordinary man's leg below the knee, visited the burrow of a rabbit at Madison, Fla., and took therefrom a young one nearly half grown. The old rabbit jumped on the snake, seized the young rabbit, and tried to rescue it. The snake held its head above the reach of the old rabbit, and escaped with its prey.

The first work of statuary exhibited in Rome was the work of an Etruscan named Volcanus. It was a baked clay figure of Jupiter, and was ordered by Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth king of Rome, for the Capitoline Temple. The face was colored red and a chaplet of bronze oak leaves was set on the head.

History does not antedate the existence of wheat. It was not found, however, in America at the period of her discovery, but soon was brought over from Europe. A slave of Cortez, it is said, found a few grains in some rice sent from Spain, preserved and planted them, and thus originated the wheat of Mexico and the Northern Pacific. It was brought to Massachusetts in 1602, and to Virginia in 1611. The valley of the Mississippi received it in 1718, and the first flour was shipped in 1746, from the Walash River to New Orleans. Such was the beginning of a trade whose greatness and importance it is now difficult to estimate.