

A Norse Legend.
A Norse king sat in his hall one night,
And the tempest was raging without;
The sea roared and dashed on the rocks near
by,
And the lights of heaven were out.
A great fire blazed with a dazzling light
On the hearth of solid rock;
The brighter it glowed for the blackness of
storm
And the sound of the ocean's shock.
While he sat and talked, a bird flew in,
And over the monarch's head;
Then out through the open casement again,
To the wild, dark night it sped.
"Such is life," said the king, "from darkness
to light,
From sunshine to storm, without rest;"
"Yes, sire," a courtier replied, "yet the bird
Has somewhere in safety, a nest."
—M. L. Emerson.

THAT GOLDEN CURL.

Perry Dayton sat in his stuffy little office, busily glancing over a heap of letters which that morning's post had brought for the establishment of Messrs. Park & Haily. He came to one addressed in a peculiarly dainty feminine hand, and opened it with a little more curiosity than he had designed to bestow upon the others.

"Inclosed please find—in invisible hair net—color of hair sent. Address Miss Ella Terrell, Oakhaven, et cetera."

"Miss Ella Terrell has very lovely hair," thought the young man, examining the long curl attentively. It was golden-brown, and shone radiantly in the beams of sunlight which at that particular moment came pouring in at the little window.

"Perhaps, though, it is not her own hair." However, he laid the letter and soft coil aside, resolving to match that invisible net himself.

It was very strange, but a vision of a young lady with golden-brown hair would keep intruding itself between his eyes and the remaining letters. Sometimes brown eyes accompanied the hair, sometimes blue. Now it was a petite figure—again, "divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Having skimmed over them all, he retook himself to that compartment of the establishment devoted to such articles as the one required. Box after box he examined, and turned away dissatisfied. He began to despair. Here was the identical one at last. He carried it in triumph to the office and began to write:

"I have, my dear Miss Ella, at last found one to match your beautiful curl. I hope—"

"What bosh I am writing! Why, Perry, old boy, you're clean gone!" he exclaimed, tossing the offending mis-sive into the waste basket.

Inclosing the article in a wrapper, he addressed it, and laid it with similar parcels on a shelf, at the same time consigning the curl to his vest pocket.

"Of course you are aware, Mr. Dayton, that some one must go north shortly to attend to that business in Liverpool; and as we have found you faithful in the discharge of your duties, and place the utmost confidence in your judgment, Mr. Haily and myself have decided that you are the one to go."

Thus spoke the senior partner, coming into the office where Perry was sitting. This happened a few months later. Perry's beaming face fully expressed his appreciation of this mark of esteem.

He was to start in two days. This was Thursday. The next Wednesday morning found our friend taking breakfast at the Adelphi hotel, Liverpool. The business would probably keep him there a month or so. He had plenty of leisure time, and devoted it to viewing the sights.

One evening he entered the office of a young fellow connected with the business house of Park & Haily, and found him making an elaborate toilet.

"Why this unusual and unnatural regard for thy appearance, O Trevelyn?" he exclaimed, advancing into the room where his friend stood.

"I am going to a party. Don't you want to come?"

"Yes. Where is it?"

"At Old Swan, four miles away. We will take the cab at eight precisely."

Trevelyn was well-known and liked at Old Swan. He had lived there several years, and so it was that Perry was presented to some of the nicest people in the place.

He was talking with Mrs. Langdon when he discovered that Trevelyn was dancing with a very pretty young lady. She had dark eyes, a small oval face, and was dressed in some airy, floating material. But her hair attracted his attention particularly. It reminded him of a curly lock which he had carried about for several months. And then she wore an invisible net, which was probably what caused him to remember that other lock.

"Don't you agree with me, Mr. Dayton?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" he said, having not the slightest idea of what Mrs. Langdon was talking about.

The waltz came to an end at last, and the two found their way to where our friends were seated.

"Won't you introduce me to the fair dancer?" Dayton asked at the earliest opportunity.

"Was Miss Terrell engaged for the next dance?" A glance at a dainty programme proved the contrary.

"Might he have the pleasure?"

"What a delightful turn that was! Dayton had never enjoyed anything so much. He had some thought of telling Miss Terrell that a lock of that mass of wavy hair was at that moment lodged in his pocket. A propitious fate permitted him to dance again with her during the evening, and even to accompany their party to supper.

The next day Trevelyn and Dayton called to pay their respects at the Terrell mansion. This was not the last time. And then Perry fell into the habit of going without Trevelyn. The weeks slipped away quietly, and at length Perry discovered that he was madly, wildly, hopelessly in love with the fair owner of the fateful net.

One day there was to be a picnic. Nature extended herself to the utmost on this particular occasion. No one had ever experienced a more delightfully pure atmosphere. How fresh everything looked!—how sweetly the birds sang! A winding road through the trees led them at length to just the place they were looking for. Then came the bustle of alighting and collecting the baskets, and all sat down for a general chat before going off in exploring parties.

The delights of picnics were being warmly discussed, when a gray-clad gentleman on horseback was seen approaching through the trees at one side.

He seemed in no wise disconcerted by numerous pairs of eyes bent upon him.

"Why, Reggy, where did you come from?" cried Miss Ella, prettily, while the pater et mater shook him warmly by the hand.

"I found myself able to be with you earlier than I expected. They told me you were all booked for the day, so I determined to follow suit."

"It is so nice that you happened to come on this particular day! We are going to have such a nice day!" said Mrs. Terrell.

"I'm not so sure of that," soliloquized Dayton, gloomily, remarking how pleased Ella seemed at the advent of this stranger.

"Mr. Dayton—Mr. Greydon," came at last, and our friend found the keen, gray eyes giving him a searching look during the process of a graceful bow.

"I think Princess would thank me for a drink of water."

And Greydon proceeded to lead the handsome animal to the stream a few steps off.

Ella, excusing herself, gracefully accompanied Mr. Greydon. Already daggers of jealousy seemed piercing Dayton's heart.

"When is the wedding to come off?" he heard some one ask Mrs. Terrell.

"It is not quite decided yet; not before August."

"Then they are engaged! Why didn't some one tell me before I made such an utter fool of myself?" Dayton groaned.

Everyone thought this precise moment a suitable time for exploring doubts, and separated into groups.

The poor fellow wandered off by himself, he did not care whither. His brain seemed on fire. He was desperately in love. Why had she always seemed so pleased to see him? He had thought so differently of her! What an idiot he was to go on loving the girl! One who could act so falsely was not worthy of his affection. These were some of his excited thoughts.

He would go back. He would show her that the stranger's presence made not the slightest difference to him.

He turned hastily, and discovered that he had wandered some distance. Arrived at the spot, he found Miss Ella, evidently much fatigued, alone.

He approached, and made a remark about the weather. O, commonplace young man!

"I was just wishing for some one to come, and had a vague idea that the nymph of the stream might venture to show herself if no one else appeared," she said, languidly, fanning her flaming cheeks.

"I will retire in favor of the nymph."

"No; I would rather see you now, having no energy left for the contemplation of naiads."

Dayton's face lighted up for an instant, and then resumed its gloomy expression.

"Mr. Greydon has gone, and I suppose every one else is off enjoying themselves," continued Ella.

"I thought Mr. Greydon was a fixture; had come on purpose to see you—that is—"

"Dear me, no!" laughed Ella. "He is on his way to my Aunt Hattie's, who lives at Liverpool. He is to marry my cousin in August, and only stopped here to consult papa about something."

"Miss Terrell—Ella—dear Ella! I have been such a fool!"

Of course no right-minded person would like to intrude on the conversation which followed; suffice it to say that two weddings came off in August instead of one, and one happy pair consisted of Ella Terrell and Mr. Perry Dayton.

FAMILY DOCTOR.

People are advised by Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly* not to sleep in the same undergarments worn during the day.

It may be useful to know that hoarseness may be relieved by using the white of an egg thoroughly beaten, mixed with lemon juice and sugar. A tea-spoonful taken occasionally is the dose.

The *London Lancet* says that the people who sneeze oftenest are sometimes the healthiest. A sneeze sets the blood circulating and throws off a cold which is trying to settle.

An exchange says: Not one in a hundred, at the most, know how to make a mustard plaster, and yet mustard plasters are used in every family, and physicians prescribe their application, never telling anybody how to make them, for the simple reason that doctors do not know, as a general rule. The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour; but such a plaster as that makes is simply abominable. Before it has half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a painful, flayed spot, after having produced far less effect in a beneficial way than was intended. Now a mustard plaster should never make a blister at all. If a blister is wanted, there are other plasters far better than mustard for the purpose. When you have a mustard plaster, then, use no water whatever, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, and the result will be a plaster that will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain on the part. For this we have the word of an old and eminent physician, as well as our own experience.

Remains of the Seven Wonders.

In addition to the pyramids, after some research on the part of Mr. Newton, who is in the employ of the English government, the foundation and many of the fragments of the mausoleum at Halicarnassus have been discovered, which, with the mounds indicating the positions of the walls and gardens of Babylon, are the only remains of the "Seven Wonders of the World." The Colossus of Rhodes, composed of brass cast in pieces, was overthrown by an earthquake, 224 B. C. The fragments remained until the ninth century, when the Saracens sold them to a Jew, who is said to have loaded 900 camels with them, they weighing 720,000 pounds. The original Temple of Diana was set on fire 356 B. C. by Erostratus, an obscure individual who sought by this means to make his name famous. It was rebuilt, but again destroyed by the Goths, A. D. 256. The mausoleum gradually crumbled and decayed, though as late as 1440 A. D. parts of it were used by the Knights of Rhodes in the construction of a castle. The destruction of the Olympian Jove, at Elis, and the Pharos of Alexandria, was probably accomplished by barbarian invaders.

A Forgotten Duel.

The tearing down of an antiquated house at St. Augustine, Fla., brought to light a rusty sword. To it is attached a story. Eighty years ago, at a grand ball given by the Spanish gentleman who lived in the house, two officers came to high words over the attention paid by them to a beautiful lady present. They repaired to the street and fought a duel with swords. One man fell dead. The other threw away his weapon and fled. A little child who had been a witness of the encounter, picked up the sword and carried it into the house. It was hidden that at least one evidence of the bloody deed might be concealed. Long after the story of the crime had been forgotten, the finding of the blood-stained blade calls it anew to mind.

Tobacco is grown in sixty-four out of the sixty-seven counties of Pennsylvania.

STRIKING CENSUS RETURNS.

Statistics of Insanity, Idiotcy, Blindness, Pauperism, Crime and Death.

The compendium of the "Tenth Census," a volume of 1769 pages, contains, among other things, a summary of the report of Mr. Frederick H. Wines upon the defective, dependent, and delinquent classes. The most striking result of the work was the apparently great increase in the number of those included in the three classes named. The number of insane persons, idiots, blind persons, and deaf-mutes, as shown by the several censuses, was 50,994 in 1850; 58,451 in 1860; 98,584 in 1870, and 251,698 in 1880. In other words, although the population has a little more than doubled in thirty years, the number of defective persons returned is apparently nearly five times as great as it was thirty years ago. The increase of population between 1870 and 1880 was only thirty per cent., while the apparent increase of these defective classes was 155 per cent. While there were only 2554 defective persons in each million in 1870, there were 5018 in each million in 1880. Mr. Wines says that it is impossible to believe that there has, in fact, been so great an increase. Either the enumeration in 1880 was excessive or the enumeration in 1870 was incomplete. The bureau was assisted in the work by 80,000 physicians, and Mr. Wines believes that a much more perfect enumeration of the defective classes, especially of the insane and idiotic, has been secured than was ever before presented in the history of this or any other nation. Of the 91,397 insane persons forty-four per cent. were in hospitals and asylums; of 76,895 idiots three per cent. were in training schools for the feeble-minded; of 46,928 blind persons, less than four and a half per cent. were in schools and industrial homes for the blind, and 33,878 mutes, nearly sixteen per cent., were in schools established for them. Of the deaf persons, one-half were between the ages of five and twenty-one, but not more than one-sixth of the blind were between those ages.

It appears that insanity attacks women more frequently than it does men, but men on the other hand are more liable to be idiotic, blind or deaf. The negro population is much more liable to idiotcy than insanity. Both the negro and the foreign population are singularly more liable to blindness than to deafness. The tendency of the foreign population to insanity is especially worthy of attention. "It is startling to know," says Mr. Wines, "that of 50,000,000 of inhabitants, over 400,000 are either insane, idiots, deaf-mutes, or blind, or are inmates of prisons, reformatories, or poor-houses. If to those we add the out-door poor and the inmates of private charitable institutions, the number will swell to nearly or quite 500,000, or one per cent. of the total population. We cannot begin too soon or prosecute too vigorously the inquiry into the causes of the prevalence of these evils, which are like a canker at the heart of all our prosperity."

The number of paupers enumerated in almshouses was 67,067, and the number of prisoners in confinement was 59,255. There were 11,340 inmates of reformatories for the young. Of the prisoners 16,000 are maintained in idleness.

The death-rate of the United States, as established by the number of deaths recorded, was fifteen, one to the thousand, a rate decidedly higher than those given in the censuses of 1860 and 1870. This does not indicate, however, any actual increase in the rate, but shows that the returns in 1880 were more complete. Adding estimates of deficiencies, the agent in charge estimates the actual death-rate at somewhere between seventeen and eighteen per thousand. The rate in England in the same year was twenty and a half. Of the total number of deaths reported, which was 756,893, the cause in 19,551 cases was consumption; diphtheria caused 38,398 deaths; enteric or typhoid fever, 32,905; malarial fever, 20,261, and accidents or injuries, 35,932. The death-rate of the colored race is much greater than that of the white.

California Hero.

The recent explosion of a gunpowder factory at Berkeley, Cal., developed a hero. Frank Roller saw the shower of sparks set fire to a taupaulin on the deck of a schooner lying at a wharf. He knew that fifty tons of the explosive was aboard the vessel. The crew were aware of it, too, and they scurried away as fast as possible. But Roller leaped through the window of his house, ran to the perilous craft and extinguished the flames by throwing on water with a bucket. If the fire had reached the cargo the town and everybody in it would have been destroyed.

"WASHING DAY."

Some Useful Hints to Housekeepers About Washing and Ironing.

First have the clothes well sorted. Let the table-cloths and napkins be washed by themselves, and each piece looked over carefully in order to see if there are any fruit or coffee stains on the pieces; if so, pour boiling water over the fruit-stains, several times if necessary, until they are removed, and soak coffee stains for a little in cold water, which will generally take them out.

Let the sheets, pillow-cases and cotton underwear be washed and boiled together; then the towels and white cotton stockings; white shirts, garments to be starched and handkerchiefs could be put together, then tea towels, and last of all the flannels. That clothes may be washed clean, use a good soap and an abundance of warm water. Clothes will not be white if washed in a little water in the bottom of a tub, and a cheap soap is not economy, and often leaves a disagreeable odor, even after a careful rinsing.

Have the water merely warm in your boiler when the clothes are put in, and rub a little soap on each piece before boiling. Do not boil over fifteen minutes, as a longer time is apt to give the linen a yellow hue. After the clothes are removed from the first boiler, dip out half the water, and pour in enough cold to fill your boiler half full, and go through this process each time. Many servants, unless directed otherwise, are apt to put the second quantity into the boiling water from which they have taken the first, and then pour in whatever extra amount is needed. But putting the clothes into boiling water will leave them yellow, while the other process is a cleansing one.

After removing from the boiler, rinse them thoroughly in a large tub of water, then blue them in another. We have found it well during the winter to have sheets, pillow-cases and cotton underwear washed first, then take linen, as they dry quickly, and are ready to bring into the house, when the starched clothes, which need to hang much longer on the lines, are ready to put out. The starched clothes should be out during the brightest part of the day, and the flannels should be washed so as to have the benefit of the sun also. To keep them soft and nice do not put them all into a tub at one time, but take up each piece separately, wash in as hot suds as you can comfortably bear your hands, then rinse immediately in another tub of hot water, squeeze very dry, snap out, and after pinning on the line, pull them into shape. Flannels should never be ironed.

The plan of soaking clothes overnight is not considered the best by experienced laundresses, and rather hinders than expedites the washing.

As there is no odor about a house more disagreeable than that produced from boiling clothes, or the steam from the drying of them in the house, when the day is too stormy to hang them out of doors, let every housekeeper be particular in this matter, not only to keep the doors between the kitchen or laundry and the house closed, but to insist that the windows in the kitchen shall be lowered a few inches from the top, even in the coldest weather, that much of the disagreeable air may escape.

Early rising, systematic planning, good soap, an abundance of water, pure air and a cheerful temper are necessary to make a happy washing day, and the washing and ironing well done and greatly to the comfort of a household. —Chicago Standard.

The Minister's Coat.

In the days of early Methodism in Northern Ohio, a preacher had been appointed to a new circuit, and wore on his first round a fashionable broad-cloth frock-coat, which his tailor had innocently provided for him. This became a source of great grievance to the home-spun laity, and it was finally resolved to make it a matter of discipline. So at the first quarterly conference charges were prepared in due form, and the offending minister notified to be present and make answer. Entering the room where the presiding elder and lesser magnates were assembled, the preacher stripped off his coat, hung it on the back of a chair, and pointing to it, said: "Since it is the coat that offends, try it. Could I preach any sounder gospel in robes or cassock? It seems to me that it is not the manner of the coat, but the manner of the man in the coat, that should be considered." And there the trial ended.

Custer county, Montana, contains 36,000 square miles—more than New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and Delaware combined.

The Girls.

Hear the laughter of the girls—
Pretty girls:
What a fund of merriment each ruby lip unfurls.
How they chatter, chatter, chatter,
In the balmy hour of night,
While the stars that over-archer
All the heavens lean their glitter
In a soft and mild delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sorter-kinder rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that, unceasing, ever
purs
From the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls—
From the wild, capricious, saucy, jaunty girls.
See the flirting of the girls—
Radiant girls:
How the softened brain of lover wildly whirrs
Through the mazes of the ball,
Up and down the stately hall,
How he skipeth to and fro,
And perspires.
Would that we could tell the plot all we know
Of the fires
Into which the false one hurls
Each new victim—see the flame—how it swells,
How it curls,
How it curls;
Better far that they were churls
Than fall victim to the girls;
To the prattle and the rattle
Of the girls, girls, girls,
Of the girls, girls, girls, girls,
Girls, girls, girls—
To the sacking and heart-racking of the girls.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

It bears the palm—The hand.
Fruitful of trouble—Green apples.
Often called to mind—The nursery maid.

Within a year nineteen American singers have perished at C.

A telegraph wire is like a mustache. It is of no use when it is down.

It doesn't take much provocation for a man to "get down on" a soft bed.

Worth makes the man. When Worth makes the dress he breaks the man.

Lumbago is one of the back taxes that you can't readily supply a check for.

Herein differeth ye damsel from ye potato: She masheth the more readily when raw.

The churchman and the family umbrella closely resemble each other in one particular. They both keep Lent.

Mercury is called the "god of eloquence." This may account for the eloquence let loose on the subject of thermometers during a cold wave.

People who don't understand why parrots are invariably so vicious in their discourse, must be stupid. What would you expect from a bird but fowl talk?

If you really dislike a man it is well to remember that nothing will mad him more than to catch him near a hand organ and go up and offer him some coppers.

It has now become fashionable in Eastern cities to be married as early as six o'clock in the morning. This starts the bridegroom into the habit of early rising right off.

A little girl was walking along the street the other day, when she saw a very bow-legged man with a short coat on. "Oh, ma!" she cried, "There's a man with a tunnel under him!"

"William, my son," says an economical mother to her son, "for mercy's sake don't keep on tramping up and down the floor in that manner, you'll wear out your new boots." (He sits down.) "There you go—sitting down! Now you'll wear out your new trousers! I declare, I never see such a boy!"

A Philadelphia woman was so excited and nervous from reading about people being roasted in fires because of the absence of the necessary means of escape, that when her husband died she absent-mindedly asked the undertaker if it wouldn't be a good idea to have a fire-escape placed on the coffin. He said he thought it would; and after he had left and she got to thinking over the matter, she was mad.

FEMALE FIGURES.

Sometimes, by flattery, she's 1;
Sometimes she's 2, too;
She's often 3-ling and, my son,
Sometimes she goes 4 you.
Sometimes she is 5-actions quite;
Sometimes, alas, she's 6;
Sometimes she's 7 to our sight,
And doth our souls transfix.
Sometimes, by cannibals, she's 8;
She often is 9-9;
Sometimes she is a 10-ler mate
In the domestic line.
Sometimes she just amounts to 0;
And cannot make a pie;
And then it is that we are taught
That female figures lie.

A Boston boy who went round to apologize to an elderly maiden for torturing her cat to death when he didn't know it belonged to her, is now busy trying to coax the skin to grow on his nose where it was scratched off, and is doctoring his eye and the place on his head hit by a poker, and the place on his legs that suffered when the hot water was thrown at him, and he says they needn't tell him that it pays to be polite.