

Untold.
A face may be wroth-white to cover a heart that's aching;
And a face may be full of light over a heart that's breaking!
'Tis not the heaviest grief for which we wear the willow;
The tears bring slow relief which only wet the pillow.
Hard may be burdens borne, though friends would fain unbind them;
Harder are crosses worn where none save God can find them.
For the loved who leave our side our souls are well-nigh riven;
But ah! for the graves we hide, have pity, tender Heaven!
Soft be the words and sweet that soothe the spoken sorrow;
Alas! for the weary feet that may not rest to-morrow.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE JUDGE'S WIFE.

Judge Shickleton, one of the most prominent jurists in Arkansas, at a banquet the other night, related an interesting reminiscence of the early days of Arkansas.

"I came here," said the judge, "just after I had been admitted to the bar in a Northern State. Like the average young lawyer, I was poor, and actually starved for a case. Shortly after I arrived, I went to a mountain district, and stopped at a small town where court was in session. There was considerable excitement in the town over the trial of a young man who had been indicted for murder. The older lawyers were loth to engage in the prosecution, so the young prosecuting attorney was working single-handed. I met him the second day after my arrival, and when he learned that I was a lawyer, he said:

"I am glad to see you, for I know that, as a young man in the profession, you of course want an introduction to the people of the State. Nothing so quickly and effectually introduces a man like participation in an important case. I am at present prosecuting, for murder, a young fellow named Dawes. He is as guilty as guilty can be, and should by all means hang, yet I fear, with so much opposition, that I will not be able to assist justice to a proper punishment of the terrible crime. Now, what I want you to do is to assist me."

"I did not at all relish the idea that my first case should be one of tragedy, and that my first money derived from law should be blood money; but seeing no other opening, and fearing that none other would present itself, I consented. Just before we reached the argument in the case, the prosecuting attorney was taken violently ill, leaving the entire conduct of the case devolving upon me. This, to me, put a dreadful phase on the affair, and for a time I meditated whether or not I would run away from the country and seek my fortune elsewhere, but finally deciding that I could never become a lawyer without making sacrifices in the discharge of my duty, I resolved to remain and do my best. I studied the case carefully. I went to the place, a short distance away, and examined the ground where the murder had been committed. I found a witness who had not been summoned, and upon the whole did good detective work. The arguments began. I nerved myself to the point, and made the best speech I could possibly formulate. I was somewhat surprised at my own powers, and at the interest I was taking in the case. The prisoner, a handsome fellow, would at times look at me in mute appeal, but I knew that he was guilty. I established the fact that the defendant had quarreled with an old man named Shannon, and that shortly afterwards he went to Shannon's field and shot him from the fence. I made every point so clear that I could see the jurymen shaking their heads when an illustration was strikingly vivid. The counsel for the defense, composed of old lawyers, whose fame had long since been established, looked at me in astonishment. They met me, and wanted a compromise. I knew nothing but justice, and justice knew no compromise. Finally, the case went to the jury. Within five minutes afterward a verdict of guilty was rendered.

"An appeal to the supreme court was taken, but the decision of the court below was sustained, and the young man was hanged.

"I did not settle in the town, for the scene became repulsive. I moved to another part of the State, where I soon established a good practice.

"One day, about three years afterward, I met, at a northern watering place, a beautiful young woman, whose husband was dying of consumption. She seemed so devoted to him, and was so anxious about his comfort, that I

was attracted toward her. She did not seem to doubt her husband's recovery, and when one evening I asked her if she did not think that he was sinking rapidly, her large, lustrous eyes filled with tears, and in a choking voice she replied:

"I don't think that he is sick enough to die."

"But you should be prepared for the worst," I suggested.

"I cannot be prepared for it. No preparation can lighten the blow. If he dies, it is my desire to go too."

"But you cannot go without committing suicide, and you certainly cannot contemplate such a terrible step."

"Oh, I don't know," she exclaimed, "I don't like to think about it."

"The consumptive grew worse rapidly, but his wife was still hopeful, for he would talk of what he intended to do when he recovered. One night, about twelve o'clock, I was summoned to the poor fellow's room. He lay gasping for breath, and his wife, beautiful even in grief, sat holding his hands. The end soon came, and I saw her bow her magnificent head in despair.

"He was buried, in compliance with a request that he made, on the mountain, where a little stream flowed, and where a tree, covered with wild, beautiful vines, shaded a grassy plot.

"I did not see Mrs. Delure, the fair widow, for a few days after the funeral. Then she came to bid me good-bye.

"When the memory of your husband affords a melancholy pleasure, instead of a deep grief, will you not write to me?" I asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I don't feel as though I shall ever again feel disposed to write, but I thank you for the deep interest you have taken in me, and hope some day to meet you again."

"You are young, Mrs. Delure, and so am I. We may live a long time. We may meet again. I would like, though, to gain one promise; that, five years from now, you will write to me, for no other purpose than telling me that you are well."

"But I may not be well," she replied, with a faint smile that went to my heart.

"Then promise to tell me whether you are sick or well?"

"Why, if I am living, I will be either sick or well, and if I'm dead, I cannot write, you know," and again the faint smile, like a softened twilight, passed over her face.

"Write to me anyway?"

"I will," she said, as she entered the hack. "I will write just as soon as I can."

"I returned to Arkansas and resumed my practice, but business cares did not remove the image of that beautiful face. Day and night my thoughts, sometimes anxious almost beyond endurance, wandered back to the watering place. Once I dreamed of that quiet, sad smile, and awaking, I found that the first beams of a rising moon were lighting my chamber.

"Two years passed, and I heard nothing from Ella, as I had learned to think of her. At last I determined to go again to the watering place. One evening, after I had been there a few days, I was strolling on the mountain, when I chanced to stroll near Delure's grave. Hearing voices, I approached cautiously. I stood behind a tree. The moon came out, and I saw Mrs. Delure and a man sitting near the grave.

"I cannot marry you," she said. "You have been very kind to me, and have greatly aided me in getting my school, but I cannot marry you."

"Do you ever expect to marry again?" he asked.

"I don't know. There is one man whose memory I love. He was with me when my husband died. If I were to ever marry any one I would marry him. I promised to write to him, and I have tried a dozen times, but each letter seemed like a love letter."

"I could stand no more, and exclaiming 'Ella,' I rushed from my hiding place and caught her in my arms. The man looked on for a moment, and turned away.

"Our arrangements were soon completed. Our wedding was quiet and simple, and immediately after the ceremony, we started for my home in Arkansas.

"We began housekeeping at once, and I know there was not a happier man in town than I. One evening, while Ella and I were sitting in the twilight, she said:

"I never saw a man so little interested in any one's history as you are. You have been acquainted with me a long time now, and have never asked me anything about my former self."

"Your present self," I replied, "belongs to me; your former self did not. I am never anxious about anything that does not belong to me."

"Do you know that I used to live in this state?"

"Did you?" I asked, in surprise.

"Yes," she said, in a saddened tone. "I have been three times married. My first husband was named Dawes, but he was a bad man, and died by the hand of the law."

"Great heavens, I had hung her husband!"

—Hopkinton Traveller.

A SINGULAR STORY.

The Late Professor Palmer and His Peculiar Experience.

In the "Life of Professor Palmer," who, it will be remembered, was killed by Arabs when engaged upon a mission in connection with the late Egyptian war, there is a remarkable story told of an event which happened to him when a youth in London. He was threatened with symptoms of pulmonary disease, and the doctors told him that he had but a few months to live. Believing this report, he gave up his clerkship, and returned to his aunt at Cambridge; and Mr. Walter Besant, who writes the "Life," vouches for what next happened.

There was at a time a certain herbalist living at Cambridge, named Sherringham. Now the profession of herbalist is one which still exists, and is even extensively, though obscurely practiced, although ordinary people know, as a rule, little about it. The followers of the craft, in fact, preserve the old traditions concerning the efficacy of certain drugs and herbs, most of which are quite common, and may be gathered in the fields. There is no disease which they do not profess to cure by the administration of these herbs, and their pharmacopoeia is, or used to be before the decay of the profession, very extensive. I have been assured by a physician that many of the herbs used by herbalists do actually possess the valuable medical properties attributed to them, though they have been supplanted by other drugs of more recent discovery and more efficacious action. There are still, in fact, thousands of people especially in the great towns, who would not willingly consult any other doctor than the herbalist, and they are strong believers in the powers of majority, feverfew, dandelion, camomile, and other plants which the old women formerly gathered in the hedges for the curing of the village folks. The man Sherringham was one of the unlicensed practitioners. Now, whether Palmer went to consult him, or one of his friends went, or which is quite possible, he himself knew Palmer and volunteered his experience and skill, I know not; but at all events, he did listen to Sherringham, did take his advice, and did follow the treatment recommended by him. It was simple; it consisted of a single strong dose of lobelia, a herb which produces I am told, effects similar to those of hemlock. The patient was first seized with a violent attack of vomiting; then a cold chill laid hold of his feet, and slowly mounted upwards; it froze his limbs, which he could not move, and struck his heart which ceased to beat, and his throat, which ceased to breathe. They had sent for a doctor by this time.

"I felt myself," he said, describing this experience, "I felt myself dying; I was being killed by this dreadful cold spreading all over me. I was quite certain that my last moments had arrived. By my bedside stood my aunt, poor soul, crying. I saw the doctor feeling a pulseless wrist, watch in hand; the cold dews of death were on my forehead; the cold hand of death was on my limbs. Up to my lips, but no higher, I thought I was actually dead, and could see and hear, but not speak, not even when the doctor let my hand fall upon the pillow and said solemnly, 'He is gone!'"

"There was no pain, except the feeling of intense cold," he used to add, nor was he in any concern, except that he wished he had finished a certain book he had begun, and he wondered whether in the next world he would have a chance of finishing it. "The act of dying," he would say, "is nothing to what people think. I have been dead myself, and ought to know."

And then?

Then he recovered. He recovered suddenly. New strength came to him; he not only got the better of this poison, but the lobelia, or something else, got the better of his disease. The consumption was arrested, and he was no more troubled for the rest of his life, except on one occasion with any more anxiety about his lungs. This strange story is absolutely true, and is known to all who knew Palmer at that time.

One-third of the Edisto Island, one of the famous "Sea Islands," is owned by negroes.

MARRIAGE IN CHINA.

How the Bride is Delivered to the Groom and How He Makes Her His Wife.

On the wedding day the guests assemble in the bridegroom's house. Then a procession is formed, consisting of friends, bands of music, and sedan chairs decorated in red and gold with bearers in red coats and dressed in a sort of livery, sometimes wearing red caps. The procession starts from the house with a courier at the head. He bears a large piece of pork on a tray, to keep off malicious demons who may be lurking on the street corners and in the alleys. These demons are supposed to tackle the pork, and while they are thus busied the procession passes on without being affected by their evil influence. All this time the bride is at her own house, arraying herself in her best dress and richest jewels. Her hair is bound up and arranged in due form and style by a skilled matron. After this her head dress is donned. It usually consists of some rich material sprinkled with ornaments. A large mantle is then thrown over her. It completely covers her. Last of all an enormous hat, as large as an umbrella, is placed on her head. It comes down to her shoulders, completely hiding her face. Thus rigged, she takes her seat in the red gilt marriage chair, called *kwa kwan*. When concealed in this chair she is carried to her husband by four men.

When the bride is seated in the chair, her mother or some other relative locks the door, and the key is given to the best man. I suppose he turns it over to the bridegroom on reaching his house. The procession returns with more care and more style. I saw one during a ramble in a Chinese town. As the bride was borne past us we gave her three cheers. I dare say that all her children will be either knock-kneed or bow-legged, because of the cheers of the barbarians. Good luck to the poor bottled-up one. She had the best wishes of all our party, as we followed the procession for some squares to the great astonishment of all the Chinamen on the street.

As the procession approached the bridegroom's door a band stationed there struck up a tune, and fire-crackers were let off by the box until the bride was carried within the gate. The go-between then got the key from the bridegroom and opened the door of the sedan chair. As the bride alighted she was saluted by a small child at the side of the old man. The groom was closeted within the house, and she went in to seek him. She still wore the enormous hat and mantle. When she found the groom he greeted her with great gravity. They both approached the ancestral tablet and bowed their heads three times. They next took seats at a small table bearing two goblets tied together with thread and containing wine. The go-between severed the thread, but the bride failed to quench her thirst, owing to her enormous hat and mantle.

The two were now man and wife. The husband took the hat and mantle from the bride, and for the first time in his life had a look at her. After he had looked at her for some minutes he called in his friends and guests. They scrutinized her and made no bones of expressing their opinions concerning her charms. The females gave their tongues full scope, and had no mercy on the poor bride. She took it all without making any disagreeable answer, for fear that the match would be considered an unlucky one. These cruel criticisms ended, she was introduced to her husband's parents, after which she saluted her own father and mother. The wedding feast was then served, the sexes eating in different apartments. The males were served by the bridegroom and his male relatives, and the females by the females by the bride and her mother-in-law, assisted by servants. The two sexes rarely sit down at the same table.

Marriage is very common among the Chinese. You hardly ever come across a girl of sixteen or eighteen who is not tied down to some man. If a woman commits adultery after marriage she is decapitated under the law.

Why!

"Why," said a defeated candidate, "am I like the earth?"

"Because," said a listener, "you are covered with dirt."

"Wrong; guess again."

"Because you are always 'round.'"

"Wrong; try another."

"Because you are wicked."

"Try again."

"Give it up. Why are you?"

"Well, it's because I'm flattened at the polls."—Merchant-Traveller.

The government of the United States does not own an acre of public land within the borders of Tennessee.

A BREAD FACTORY.

A Parisian Establishment for Making the Staff of Life.

There is now being erected in one of the suburbs of Paris, says a letter from that city, an establishment in which the visitor may see wheat come in at one door in sacks and go out at the other in shape of loaves of bread. I need hardly add that in each one of the various steps of this great metamorphosis mechanical appliances will, as far as possible, take the place of manual labor. The following is the routine of the process that will be adopted at this establishment: As soon as the wheat has arrived and its weight and quality verified, it is emptied from the sacks into an underground tank, where an elevator takes it up to the top of the building, where there are three store rooms, one for the hard, one for the half-hard and one for the soft wheat. From here it is conveyed either by its own weight through pipes, or by means of another elevator to the cleaning stores, and then automatically into the "duster," and lastly into the "ventilator," which blows away the last speck of dust. It is now ready for the grinding-stones, but before reaching them it passes through the "dampening screw," which imparts to it such a degree of dampness as may be considered necessary in order to facilitate its transformation into flour. As it leaves the screw it is seized by two "Hungarian cylinders." When the grain has passed through these cylinders it has become boulange, or unbaked flour, and the cylinders have a capacity of 10,000 pounds of boulange per day. Still, in an automatic manner, the boulange passes on to the "blatiers" or bolting cloths, which are so arranged as to at once separate the various grades of flour from each other, and which are thereupon transported to store rooms that do not materially differ from those from which the grain started. The bran is packed into sacks holding 100 pounds each, and is ready for sale. The flour on the other hand is not yet at the end of its adventures. The mixing of the dough is done in the Deliry mixer, an invention that turns out 600 pounds of dough every twenty minutes. The dough passes through two cast iron rollers, and as it passes an automatic knife cuts it into equal-sized morsels, which fall upon an endless canvas belt that conveys them to the workmen, who, with rapid motion, shape each lump of dough into a loaf, place them separately in flannel-lined baskets of the exact size of the loaf and pile them on bicycles, 120 on each tricycle, which conveys them to the oven. This oven is a gallery fifty feet in length and divided into two chambers. The oven is heated from below and the loaves are carried through it by means of an endless chain, which passes over drums at a rate of speed that can be regulated according to the size of the loaves and the heat of the oven and in such a manner that as one unbaked loaf enters the oven at one end a baked loaf issues at the other. As they leave the oven they are placed on wicker trays and carried to the cooling-room, from whence they are delivered to the customers by wagons. It may interest the reader to know that in France 133 pounds of bread can be made from 100 pounds of flour, that 100 pounds of flour can be produced from 133 pounds of wheat, and that the annual consumption of bread in this city is 443 pounds per head of population.

More than Men.

A good story is told of Lamartine in the Revolution of 1848. At the Hotel de Ville, Lamartine received the announcement that a deputation of Vesuviennes demanded an interview. These women strongly resembled the famous *poisardes* of the First Revolution. The doors of his cabinet were thrown open, and the apartment was presently filled by these fierce-looking dames, whose dishevelled locks and uncouth garb presented anything but an attractive spectacle. Monsieur de Lamartine bowed, and begged to know whether he could be of any service to his visitors. "Citizen," replied the foremost among them, standing with arms akimbo in front of her comrades, "the Vesuviennes have resolved to send you a deputation to express their admiration of your conduct. There are fifty of us, and in the name of all the Vesuviennes, we, fifty in number, have come to kiss you." The poet gave one glance at the forest of unkempt hair and the rubicund cheeks of the unwashed Venuses, and thus replied—"Citoyennes, I thank you for the sentiments you inspire me with; but allow me to remark that patriots of your stamp are more than women—they are men. Men do not embrace each other. We shake hands." And they did, till he was almost sorry he had not made it kisses after all.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

M. DeLesseps states that the evaporating power of the sun is less on the site of the proposed inland sea of Sahara than on the Red Sea, and he does not anticipate that the waters will dry up.

Geological examination reveals in the delta of the Mississippi, along a space of 300 miles, ten distinct forests of buried trees. Bald cypresses with a diameter of twenty-five feet have been found.

A Chinese imperial decree has been issued ordering that the telegraphic lines between Woonsung and Shanghai, and between Amoy and Hainan, are to be constructed by the Chinese themselves and not by Europeans or other foreigners.

Prof. Joseph Le Conte has come to the conclusion that the supposed human footprints at Carson, Nevada, are the tracks of a large plantigrade quadruped. He adds that there is an abundant room for honest difference of opinion in the matter.

It is maintained by some scientists that the aroma of fruits increases with the latitude, while the sweetness decreases. Many herbs, such as caraway, are richer in essential oils in Norway than in more southern regions. The effect is ascribed to the influence of the prolonged light of the summer months.

Among Russian geologists the belief appears to be settled that granite rocks, once thought to be of igneous and eruptive origin, are really of aqueous formation. The granite of the rapids of the Dnieper, when closely examined, show stratification, and under the microscope they are seen to contain drops of brown water.

Dr. Julien came to the following conclusions in regard to the life of stones, defining life as the period during which the stone presented a decent appearance. Coarse brownstone, best used out of the sun, from five to fifteen years. Laminated fine brownstone from twenty-five to fifty years. Compact fine brownstone from one to two centuries. Nova Scotia stone will probably last from fifty to one hundred years. Ohio sandstone, the best of the sandstones, 100 years; Caen stone, from thirty-five to forty years; coarse dolomite marble, forty years; fine marble, sixty years; pure calcareous marble, from fifty to one hundred years; granite, from seventy-five to 200 years, according to variety.

The Consternation an Owl Made.

The action of the Washington monument is watched most carefully and its every movement registered. Two plummet lines are suspended in its inside, one from a height of 200 feet and the other from a height of 150 feet. The movements of these are compared many times a day. The movement of one should be about one and one-half times that of the other if there were no irregular internal movement on the part of the structure. But the register shows that the movement is irregular in both direction and in size. Sometimes the plummets move in opposite directions and sometimes in the same. Sometimes the top moves a little, but its whole sway since the foundation was strengthened has been only one-quarter of an inch. All of these movements are very slight, and can only be detected with a microscope. The longer plummet line is encased in a wooden box, to prevent the atmosphere having any effect upon it, and since the finding that the spiders had once drawn the line out of the perpendicular, a careful investigation is made daily, to see that the lines are not influenced by outside causes. Once, when great consternation was caused by the irregularity of the line, it was found that an owl was perched upon the top of the line. It was caught, killed, stuffed and given to Mrs. Hayes, and it is now probably on exhibition at Fremont.

She Took the Medicine.

The doctor had loved her long and well, but dare not mention it. At length she became indisposed and sent for him. He could see nothing materially wrong with her, except a little irregularity about the heart, and at length she asked:

"Well, doctor, what do you think ought to be done for me?"

Replied the doctor, "I don't know of any better way than to go to the county clerk's and get a matrimonial prescription."

"What and get married—why who in the world would have me?"

"I will," replied the doctor.

"Oh, dear me, if that is the kind of medicine you are going to give me, it won't be so bad to take after all, will it dear," replied the rapidly reviving young lady. —(W. Va.) Irrepressible.