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POETRY.

THE OUTCAST.

—o—

Out from the blinding glare,
Away from the reckless crowd,
Where the wine flowed free, and the ribald jest
And the songs were wild and loud.
Away from them all she fled,
For a flame consumed her soul,
And she hurried on as the clock struck twelve,
With a slow and solemn toll.

Yes, twelve. 'Twas the midnight hour,
And the glimmering stars looked down,
And the gloomy night with its shadows dark,
On the outcast seemed to frown.
"Oh! where shall I fly?" she moaned,
Then came on the night's cold breath,
In a voice that seemed like a serpent's hiss:
"Fly into the arms of death."

"My heart, oh! my breaking heart,
Can it never again know rest?
Oh, God! for an hour of the time gone by,
When it throbbed on a mother's breast.
Too guilty, alas! to die.
When it seems such a crime to live,
With none to utter a word of hope,
Or my harrowing sins forgive.

"Down into the very dust
I kneel, but I pray in vain,
And something says to my pleading soul:
'Crushed, never to rise again.'"
No, "never to rise again,"
Floats past like a dying moan,
And the outcast stood by the river's brink
In the gloomy night alone.

Away in the far off South,
The clouds began to rise,
And a mist that told of the coming storm,
Spread over the starry skies.
And the river looked dark and cold,
And the wandering night winds sighed,
And a voice that murmured, "Here is rest,"
Came up from the foamy tide.

And there on the brink she paused,
And she gazed with a frenzied eye;
To her it was only a curse to live,
And a terrible thing to die.
And her thoughts were as lightning swift,
As she stood by the rushing stream,
For a vision fair of her childhood's home,
Came back like a fleeting dream.

Yes, there on the verge of death,
She thought of her happy youth,
But, oh! what pangs and sorrows since
Those days of her love and truth,
Had tortured her aching heart,
And troubled her burning brain!
And she thought of the crimes that on her soul
Had fixed such a damning stain.

And she thought of the broken vow,
Of one she had loved too well,—
But he was one of the happy world,
What mattered it if she fell.
Yes, what was it all to him
If she slept in a pauper's grave?
He lived; and his friends and neighbors said:
"He is pure, and just, and brave."

But a breath of the chilling wind,
With a moaning sound swept by,
And it seemed to say to her troubled soul:
"'Tis time, 'tis time to die.
You are lingering much too long,
Plunge into the wintry wave,
The flood shall furnish a winding sheet,
And rest in a quiet grave.

"The sneers of the mocking crowd,
And the pangs of a tortured soul,
You shall not feel when you rest with me,
And the waves above you roll."
Then she uttered a frantic cry,
And she muttered a feeble prayer,
And trembling stood on the verge of death,
But a friendly hand was there.

"Stay, sister, stay!" she heard,
In a voice so low and sweet,
She thought that an angel pure had come,
Her poor lost soul to greet.
To meet it, and bear it far
From the sorrows of earth, away,
So like to an angel's voice it seemed,
As it murmured, "Sister, stay."

"Sister? Who calls me so?
'Tis years, yes, yes, 'tis years,
Since that endearing word was mine."
Then the fountain of her tears
Was stirred, and the woman wept,
Wept tears that seemed to bear
Her guilt and her sorrow from her soul,
And wash away her care.

And a woman held her hand,
And she plead with a tearful eye,
And she spoke of hope and a world to come,
As the tide went rushing by.
"Come back to the world and life,
There is work, good work to do,
Yes, many a broken heart to bind,
Yes, many who fell like you.

"Who lured by a promise false,
Have learned, and alas! too late
That the world is cold, and that men betray.
Oh, God! what a cruel fate.
Once home and its hopes were theirs,
Yes, love and a mother's kiss;
But step by step they have wandered far,
To come to a scene like this.

"Come, come to a quiet home,
You shall find forgiveness there;
To drive from your memory every thought,
Of to-night and your dark despair.
You say that you long to die,
That the past like a withering flame,
Consumes your heart; that your very soul
Is crushed by a load of shame.

"But here by your side I pray,
Oh, God! for a soul I plead,
Yes, I am sent by the power above
To you in your hour of need.
You will follow me? Oh, my prayer
Is heard, and the world seems bright
You will go with me, and sin no more?
I have saved a soul to-night.

"A star in the heavenly crown,
That I strive for and hope to win,
Behold, for the weeping woman's soul,
Was blackened with guilt and sin.
I followed her step by step,
I knew by her mien and eye,
And her dark despair and her muttered words,
That she sought for a place to die.

"I followed her step by step,
In spite of the midnight gloom,
On, on, and down to the water dark,
Intent on a fearful doom.
She is saved and the fool may scoff,
And the cold and proud may sneer,
I have seen her kneel, and have heard her pray,
And I knew that her God was near.

"Even life is a transient dream,
An hour or a fleeting breath.
We breathe, we live, we hope, we fear,
And then we yield to death.
And time with a current swift,
Sweeps on like a rushing tide,
Then why should the penitent be spurned,
Or her tearful prayer denied."

On from the blinding glare,
Away from the revel loud,
The outcast fled with a whirling brain,
Away from the reckless crowd.
Yes, wicked and wild with wine,
By guilt and sin-enslaved,
She left them all at the midnight hour,
And the Magdalen was saved.

STORY TELLER.

"NO CARDS."

—o—

"My dear Countess," I said, "I assure you I never gamble beyond my means, and loose neither head or temper which ever way luck goes. I play for amusement in a town where all play—men and women—"

"Not all, sir," broke in my companion, curling her pretty lips with disdain, not unmingled with irritation, "I and many here never do so simply to kill time.—You seem to forget what is pleasure to you may be death to others."

Cards were always a source of contention between the charming Countess Collini and myself.

Traveling through Italy, I made her acquaintance at N——, a small town the inhabitants of which were much given to games of chance. I had found the Countess so charming that I instantly pitched my tent there to enjoy her society, and, as I have said, for amusement often dropped into the Casino for an hour or so during the evening. Being at Rome, I did as Romans did, that was all; but it brought down upon me the Countess's wrath.

She had lived much in England, spoke our language perfectly, and had so acquired our manners that she appeared but half Italian. She was very beautiful, but looked more so when she was most excited. The subject of gambling always rendered her so, and I own to selfishly indulging my admiration by frequently bringing it upon the *tapis*.

"I really must give it up," I repentantly said, one evening, after a more than usually hot passage of arms. "I don't care about it. And she is evidently more annoyed than she ever confesses, and I wouldn't vex her for worlds."

The game was just commencing. I carelessly put down my stakes. I won.—I left the liar and what it had gained on the color and won again and again. Indeed a tide of luck had set in my favor.

People crowded round; but my attention was most attracted by a man, shabbily attired, opposite me. He was an Italian, sallow, black-haired, black mustached, thin and haggard. He staked small amounts, but invariably lost. Ill-luck pursued him.

I noticed him from the avidity with which he watched the heap of gold and notes ever increasing before me.

Indifferent to success, I put down more recklessly. Still I won, until the game stopped. I had broken the bank.

I was placing my heavy gains safely away in my breast coat pocket, when a voice addressed me.

"You have been lucky to-night, signor. Englishmen always are."

I turned, it was the Italian. A ghastly smile was on his brow and a strange wildness in his countenance.

"Yes, signor" I answered. "You should have backed my play, then I might have returned the compliment."

"Back such play!" he muttered; "it was the evil one's luck?"

"Signor, you played recklessly!"

A friend coming up, the Italian moved away; but I saw, with some anxiety, he kept his glance furtively fixed on me.

"This man is dangerous!" I thought, "I'm hardly safe, I fancy, for me to carry this money." But I kept a sharp lookout on my way home, and reached my apartment in safety.

It was late in the afternoon, when next day, I called on the Countess.

"Well, Signor Melville," she said immediately accosting me. "So you broke the bank last night?"

"Then the news has reached you?"

"It always travels fast," she responded drily.

I began self-extenuation as usual when she stopped me.

"Stay! Let us say no more on that subject just now. I have a visit to make. Will you act as cavalier?"

I accepted the offer, and the Countess retired.

She soon came back, dressed for walking, when we set forth.

As we went, I perceived something had evidently gone wrong with my companion. She was grave and talked but little. I was at last about to comment upon it, when she stopped before a high, wretched house in a poor street.

"It is here I have to call. A wretched abode, Mr. Melville; but will you come with me?"

"If it were the unmentionable region itself, dear Countess, I would follow you," I rejoined, bowing gallantly.

Whereupon we went into the dark, close-smelling passage, and mounted up the stairs until nearly under the tiles.

Here she knocked at the door. I heard sobs within; but no answer coming, the Countess entered.

Never had I beheld a scene of such misery. The wretched room was almost bare of furniture, and on a chair by the table, on which her arms and face rested, was a woman, with dishevelled hair, weeping passionately; while two pretty, but ill-clad children clinging to her dress, lifted their tiny voices with their mother's.

The Countess approached and addressed her in soothing tones, which calmed her grief.

Then, she asked, "Lina, may I go into the next room with this gentleman?"

The weeping woman bowed assent, and my cicerone beckoned me to follow. It was a miserable bedchamber; while on the bed, evidently lay the cause of the woman's tears—a body covered by a sheet

"Her husband," I exclaimed, interrogatively.

"Yes, a suicide! He made way with himself last night. Mr. Melville," proceeded the Countess, solemnly, "yesterday you broke the bank, and deprived a wife of a husband, and her children of a father. His few coins increased your gain. Do you know the face?"

She drew the sheet aside. I shrank back with self reproach. It was the Italian—the man whom I suspected intended to raise his hand against me. It had been lifted against himself.

"This is my own work," I ejaculated.

"Not altogether. It was the reward of play!" she answered. "Lina Decarni was my lady's maid, and as pretty as she was good. She married this man, who was well to do. They settled here. Gaming attracted him. All else was neglected; he sold everything he could for the tables. You see the result. Last night he returned penniless. He forced from his wife cents she had kept to get bread for the children, and bought the poison which has caused his death!"

"Cover that ghastly, accusing face, I said with loathing: "it will haunt me to my grave. Let us go from here; the air is stifling!"

She obeyed. We returned to the other room. There I laid my purse, containing fifty pounds, in the widow's lap, and withdrew. I was not, yet I felt myself the indirect cause of her husband's ruin.

"Poor wretch! when I saw him at the tables, suicide was in his mind?" I said, when the Countess joined me.

"Yes," she remarked, slowly; "you played for amusement, he for life. The stakes were widely different. Ah, it is your easy, rich people who are criminal. These wretched houses would not be kept open for such as he. Shut up, the weak would not be fascinated, and such as Decarni driven to evil deeds."

"Countess, your lesson has been a serious but effectual one."

"I believe it. Mr. Melville. I knew I had not misunderstood you; so let me ease the pain you now suffer. Lina has not lost much in her husband's death.—Living, he would ever have kept her poor. She is good and industrious, and with your kind munificence and my help will soon have once again a comfortable home.

I dined with the Countess that day; and this year we are both in London.—She is married—so am I; that is, she is my wife. Lina is also married. When we go to Italy we make it a point to call on her, and when I see her bright smiles and rosy, laughing, children, I cannot but contrast them with those other faces I had first beheld in that wretched attic. I think, too of the ghastly face of her first husband, I stick more firmly to my motto, which is—save in a quiet social rubber—"No Cards."

HEPSY HARROW'S RETICULE.

—o—

After mother had gone to bed I went up stairs and brought down my writing desk. There were some sheets of paper and delicate envelopes, which had been for months stored within, and a silver pen and pen handle, which had been a birthday present in my school days.

I took them out, and the ink-bottle also. The ink was thick, for we did not write much, either of us, and I brought the vinegar cruet from the closet and thinned it by liking. Then I sat down and looked at the paper. Then I went to the stairs and listened to see if mother was not coming. Then I actually seated myself, squared my elbows and began to write. This is what I wrote:

DEAR MISS HARROW:—I am a coward. Not, I hope, in one sense, but certainly as regards you. For a year I have loved you. Yet, I would, had you been a queen. Perhaps I am a coward because I do not cherish a hope that you like me.

To-morrow you and I will ride together. To-morrow I had made up my mind to try my fate, but I know I shall not dare to speak, so I write. I will give you this letter to read at home. If the answer be "No," it will be easier for both of us. Will you try and think enough of me to be my wife one day?

I love you better than I love my life, and will do all I can to make life happy for you. With a little hope I can make my way in the world as other men do; I am young and strong, and not utterly ignorant. If I am to have that hope, give me some sign—give me a line, your name only, anything to show me what you mean. If I am to be miserable—well then make me no answer. Silence shall mean "no." I could not bear to see you or speak to you after that.

ALMON CRAIG.

I sealed the note in the daintiest envelope I possessed, and wrote Hepsy Harrow's name on the back and hid it in the desk from mother's eyes—sharp eyes, that looked after me anxiously as I drove away with old Dobbin the following evening.

It was a pleasant drive, and a merry dance and supper, and as time went on I felt glad that I had written the letter.—For I could not have said what it said for me. It was at that moment when we were driving homeward that I mustered courage to ask for the little reticule that she carried, as the other girls did, with a brush and some flowers in it, for they had to touch up the curls and braids after the windy ride before the dance.

"Why do you want it?" she asked curiously.

"To put something in it which you must not look at till you reach home," I said.

"You arouse my curiosity, I shall look the instant I have a lamp," she answered.

And as she spoke I had dropped the letter and snapped the clasp.

Not a word more could I speak, but at the door I tried for the first time to kiss her. Her lips eluded mine, and I dared not repeat the attempt.

I drove home and waited, waited hopefully, as I knew afterwards, for an answer. None came—a day, a week, a month. She had given me a little, cold smileless bow. I am certainly rejected.

"Mother," said I that night, "we must, have some one to farm the place. I am going to some city."

"Why?" said she.

"To make my fortune," I said.

"For that girl, the schoolma'am?" asked my mother, bitterly.

"No, never for her," I said.

Mother knelt down beside me as I sat on a low stool. She put her hand on my shoulder and looked straight into my face.

"She did not accept me," I said coolly.

"The haughty minx!" said my mother.

"I—" then she burst into tears.

"And that's to part us?" she said.

"Not if you will go with me," I answered.

But she would not leave her home, so I went alone. In the frosty morning, as I turned to look back at the little village from the top of the old stage, I saw the little children filing in at the schoolhouse door, and caught a glimpse of Hepsey's dress beyond—only a fold of her dress, but I knew it. The school bell rang; but it did not say "turn again turn again," to me, as it should have done, had I been such a prophet as Whittington.

I made my fortune. I had a cousin in Philadelphia who was deep in the mysteries of Third Street. He helped me; so did Luck or Fate. In five years I was a moderately rich man. My mother wanted nothing but my presence. She would not come to me, but she urged me to come back to her.

At first my heart was too weak to be trusted among those old familiar scenes. To have met Hepsy would have been too much to bear. But time helps all. At the end of five years during which time I had not visited home, I wrote to my mother:

I am coming home again, since you will not live with me. Expect me to-morrow.

And on the morrow I went. My mother had not changed much. But I had grown a long light beard, and was a youth no longer—a fact which troubled her. There were changes in the place, too.

Girls were married—old people dead. The tallest, handsomest man I remember, had met with an accident, and crawled about a wretched cripple. The church was rebuilt, and the huts in the hollow had been burnt. A factory had risen and the factory people's houses were about it. Instead of the old frame school house was a brick building with many windows.

Who was the teacher now? Was she there—Hepsey Harrow? I dared not ask.

Idly I sauntered about the house, painted and refurnished now: and idly in the evening of my second day at home I went out to the shed where the little, old carriage stood—the old shabby thing, with a green patch on the cushions.

"It ain't been touched since you left, Almon," said my mother. "Poor old Dobbin! How smart he used to take it round! I felt as if I'd lost a friend when he died. Remember me patchin' the cushion?"

She lifted it as she spoke. From behind it dropped something. What? Of leather, blue with mold, crushed by its long lying under the cushion, but a reticule for all that. Hepsey Harrow's reticule! I opened it. There lay a comb and a brush; an artificial rose—how well I remember it in her hair!—and my letter, that she had never read, never seen, never known of.

"What's the matter, Almon?" asked my mother.

For a few moments I did not know.—At last I spoke.

"It is Miss Harrow's reticule."

"She must have lost it when you took her a riding," said my mother. "Just like her, to lose it and not know it: extravagant critter. She's teaching yet, likely to—she ain't married: no doubt she'll be an old maid, and serve her right."

The rest my mother said to herself for I waited for no more

I took the reticule in my hand and went over the long-forgotten path toward the schoolhouse. School was over. A figure stood alone in the gate. I did not know it at first. But on a narrower view I found it was a mature edition of Hepsey Harrow's slender frame—not so slender now, but pretty, just as pretty in the face, and fresh and buxom.

I walked up to her. She gave me a puzzled look. Then her cheek flushed.

"Mr. Craig," she said.

"Yes, Miss Harrow," I answered. "I am here to restore your property. You lost a reticule five years ago. To-day I found it. There's something in it which I asked you to look at when alone. I make the same request now. May I see you this evening?"

She bowed. I walked away. That night I went once more to see her. She had been weeping; the letter lay on her knee.

"Such an old relic of those foolish old times," said she.

I took her hand. "You never answered it, Hepsey," I said. "Will you answer it now?"

"After all this time?" she said.

"Yes," I said.

She said nothing, and I kissed her.—She did not resist me this time as she had before.

Our wedding day was a quiet one, and our lives have been quietly happy from that very day to the present hour.

A fellow who hid under the sofa at an informal Boston missionary meeting, says that the thirty five ladies spoke twice of the down trodden heathen and more than a hundred times of a new kind of hair dye.

Teacher—"Peter, you are such a bad boy that you are not fit to sit in the company of good boys on the bench. Come up here and sit by me, sir."

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

[For the DEMOCRAT.]

A PICTURE.

How gladly I turn from my couch of pain,
While wearily tossing this aching brain,
Where the cheering sunlight is streaming through
My half-curtained window, a lovely view
Of heaven and earth is pictured to me;
Shall I write of the beauty my soul can see?

For a while I forget all material things,
This heavenly light seems of balmy wings
That waft me afar from this sick close air,
Away from life's weakness, its sorrow, and care,
Up, up, through the blue and the golden so near,
Till it seems heaven's gate to me will appear.

'Tis Indian Summer, a calm soft glow
Encircles the earth, and mountain's brow,
And nature at rest—while she basks in the sun—
Seems to dream of a glorious future begun.
All hazy and peaceful, soft, dreamy, and still,
Is the impress of beauty, on each purple hill.

Nearer my vision, but softened in hue,
Are moss-grown rocks, of a grayish blue;
Reaching far out and above all these
Are branches of grand old forest trees;
Embracing the whole, is a pearly sky,
And the smiling earth yields a sweet reply.

Down on one side of my window frame,
Are maple leaves—red and yellow—like flame,
The other has branches, gracefully hung,
Of small pretty elm leaves, tastefully strung;
And part of the seam'd, dark, trunk can be seen,
With delicate mosses strewn between.

This elegant tracery, brown and gray,
Of tiny moss cups, and emerald spray,
Can scarcely be seen where I recline,
But the beauty is there in every line.
So if I have failed to reveal it to thee,
'Tis a lovely picture mine eyes can see.

[For the DEMOCRAT.]

SPECULATION.

BY D. H. C.

In cold or warm weather, men are accustomed to inform each other of the fact, when they meet; as if the very speaking of their suffering would bring some measure of relief. So, in these hard times, conversation among all classes turns upon business, as if talking of the dullness would make business any better. There would be a great deal more sense in such talk if business men would go a little beneath the surface, and discuss the terrible cause of this dullness, and more good sense still, if, when searching for the causes they did not rest with false and inadequate ones, simply because it has become a habit.

It is all well enough to talk of patience and to advise men to practice it. Probably none of us will gain too much of this excellent virtue; but it would be much more to the point to tell us how to avoid the recurrence of such occasions, for its exercise in the future.

The railroads, which happen to be so unfortunate, as to bear so much of the blame, have proved unprofitable, not half so much because they are premature, as that the money to build them has cost such high rates of interest, and the towns and cities overburdened with debt for their sakes, would not feel the heavy burden if it were not for such high rates. Even as it is, the railroads have advanced the value of property all along their lines to such an extent, that the towns and cities, are by no means the loosers. What the railroad and the agricultural interest, as well as the mining, mercantile, manufacturing, and all other honest interests, in this country needs is lower interest, and a currency of stable, invarying value; and if all would combine their efforts to secure this, we should have a great deal less occasion to talk of business being dull as well as all other business men.

And at the present time the miners, coal operators, merchants, all manufacturers, and the farmers have a hard time to maintain their business and themselves. They have a struggling fight on their hands, against the evils growing out of abuses of credit and speculations. They find the danger of being overcome by demoralization begotten by the past was and the dishonest currency, by debts and taxes. Now, what do they gain? They are in the enemy's hands, and it is their business to know the strength of their enemy. The policy of puffery and falsehood, which answered so well a few years ago, will not do in such times as these In its day it was a curse, and now it is an insult. The truth is always salutary, and never more so than when the land is covered, as with snow, with the wreck of once successful frauds. To tell the truth is not to croak. Truth is the very article wanted now. The progress towards better times is none the less real because it is not instant and on the surface. Consider only the magnitude of the evil of investing, in the course of two or three years, millions of dollars in railroads which are paying nothing on the capital expended on them. Look at the next link in the chain! The iron works constructed and the coal mines opened to supply the material for railroads—all now prostrate together. Consider the towns and cities over-loaded with debt incurred to build railroads. The stock jobbers who formerly held the seats of honor, where the voice of the "croaker" was not heard. But why go on in this manner? Is it not plain enough that such a waste of productive power, such a wide departure from the true course of industry, such demoralization in all classes of society, cannot be recovered from in a single day? Are we going to let things go in this way, feeling certain that we shall recover from our long debauch? Are they all "croakers" who refuse to believe this? We judge not.

It is not sufficient that we are praised by the good; we have failed in our duty somewhere if we are not cursed by the bad.

Unbelief is the confidence of all sins, and binds them all down upon us.

READERS AND WRITERS.

Reading without purpose is sauntering not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.—Youths who are destined for active careers, or ambitious of distinction in such forms of literature as requires freshness of invention or originality of thought, should avoid the habit of intense study for many hours at a stretch. There is a point in all tension of the intellect beyond which effort is only waste of strength Fresh ideas do not readily spring up within a weary brain; and whatever exhausts the mind not only enfeebles its power, but narrows its scope. We often see men who have over-read at college, entering upon life languidly as if they were about to leave it. They have not the vigor to cope with their own generation. for their own generation is young, and they have wasted the nervous energy which supplies the sinews of war to youth in its contest for fame or fortune. Study with regularity, at settled hours. Those in the foremost are the best, if they can be secured. The man who has acquired the habit of study, though for only one hour every day in the year, and keeps to the one thing studied till it is mastered, will be startled to see the way he has made at the end of the twelvemonth. He is seldom overworked who can contrive to be in advance of his work. If you have three weeks before you to learn something which a man of average quickness could learn in a week, learn it the first week not the third. Business dispatched is business well done, but business hurried is business ill done. In learning what others have thought, it is well to keep in practice the power to think for one's self When an author has added to your knowledge, pause and consider if you can add nothing to his. Be not contented to have learned a problem by heart; try and deduce from it a corollary not in the book. Spare no pains in collecting details before you generalize but it is only when details are generalized that a truth is grasped. The tendency to generalize is universal with all men who achieve great success, whether in art literature or action. The habit of generalizing, though at first gained with care and caution, secures, by practice, a comprehensiveness of judgment and a promptitude of decision, which seem to the crowd like intuitions of genius

THE LENGTHENING YEARS OF MAN.

In an interesting paper by Dr. Edward Jarvis, in the fifth annual report of the Massachusetts Board of Health, the following vital statistics, past and present, of various countries, strikingly show how the advantage of civilization has prolonged life: In ancient Rome in the period of 200 to 500 years after the Christian era, the average duration of life in the most favored class was thirty years.—In the present century the average longevity of the same class is fifty years. In the sixteenth century the average longevity in Geneva was 21.21 years; between 1814 and 1833, it was 40.60, and as large a portion now live 70 as lived to 33, 300 years ago. In 1693 the British Government borrowed money by selling annuities on lives from infancy upward, based on the basis of average longevity. The treasury received the price, and paid the annuities regularly as long as the annuitants lived. The contract was mutually satisfactory and profitable. Ninety seven years later Mr. Pitt issues another tontine or scale of annuities, on the basis of the same expectation of life as in the previous century. These latter annuitants, however, lived so much longer than their predecessors that it proved a very costly loan to the Government. It was found that while 10,000 of each sex in the first tontine died under the age of 28, only 5,772 males and 6,416 females in the second tontine died at the same age 100 years later. The average life of the annuitants of 1693 was 20.5 years while those of 1790 lived 33 years and 9 months after they were 90 years old. From these facts, asks Dr. Jarvis, it appears that life, in many forms and manifestations, and probably in all, can be expended in vigor, intensity and duration under favorable circumstances. For this purpose it only necessary that the circumstances amid which, any form of life is placed, should be brought into harmony with the law appointed for its being.

The days of Summer grow longer as we go Northward, and the days of Winter shorter. At Hamburgh, in Germany, the shortest day has seven hours and the longest seventeen. At Stockholm, the longest day has eighteen and a half hours and the shortest five and a half. At St. Petersburgh, the longest day has nineteen hours, and the shortest five. At Finland the longest has twenty one and a half hours. At Wandorbns, in Norway, the day lasts from May 22d to July 1st, the sun not getting below the horizon during the whole time, but skimming very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts for three months and a half.

To prevent choking, break an egg into a cup, and give it to the choking person to swallow. If the white of one egg does not answer the purpose, try another. The white is all that is necessary.

Greatness stands upon a precipice, and if prosperity carries a man never so little beyond his poise, it overbears and dashes him to pieces.—*Seneca.*

It is not miserable to be blind; he only is miserable who cannot acquiesce in his blindness with fortitude.

When a noble life has prepared old age it is not the decline it reveals but the first days of immortality.

The three things most difficult are to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and make good use of leisure.