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WORD FROM THE BATTLE-FIELD.

She rose up in the early dawn,
  And white and silently she moved
About the house. Four men had gone
  To battle for the land they loved,
And she, the mother and the wife,
Waited for tidings from the strife:
How still the house seemed! and her tread
Sounded like footsteps of the dead.

The long day passed; the dark night came;
  She had not seen a human face;
Some voice spoke suddenly her name—
  How loud it sounded in that place,
Where day on day no sound was heard
But her own footsteps! "Bring you word?"
She cried, to whom she could not see—
"Word from the battle-plains to me?"

A soldier entered at the door,
  And stood within the dim fire-light.
"I bring you tidings of the four,"
  He said, "who left you for the fight."
"God bless you, friend," she cried, "speak on!
For I can bear it: one is gone?"
"Ay, one is gone," he said. "Which one?"
"Dear lady, he—your eldest son."

A deathly pallor shot across
  Her withered face. She did not weep.
She said, "It is a grievous loss,
  But God gives His beloved sleep.
What of the living—of the three—
And when can they come back to me?"
The soldier turned away his head:
"Lady, your husband, too, is dead."

She put her hand upon her brow;
  A wild, sharp pain was in her eyes:
"My husband! oh, God help me now!"
  The soldier shivered at her sighs;
The task was harder than he thought.
"Your youngest son, dear madam, fought
Close at his father's side; both fell
Dead by the bursting of a shell."

She moved her lips, and seemed to moan;
  Her face had paled to ashen gray.
"Then one is left me—one alone,"
  She said, "of four who marched away.
Oh! overruling, all-wise God,
How *can* I pass beneath Thy rod!"
The soldier walked across the floor,
Paused at the window, at the door—

Wiped the cold dew-drops from his cheek,
  And sought the mourner's side again.
"Once more, dear lady, I must speak:
  This last remaining son was slain
Just at the closing of the fight;
'Twas he who sent me here to-night.
"God knows," the man said afterward,
"The fight itself was not so hard."

SKATING INTO LOVE.

"Make up your mind, old fellow, that a woman who understands the art of cutting pigeon-wings on skates, understands also the art of flirting. Confound it, man! whether married or single, she is a heartless coquette, and that's the English of it. More men have made shipwreck of their lives by falling in love with a pretty foot and ankle, a graceful carriage, and a bewitching manner, which the hussies pick up, most of 'em, before they are out of short clothes, than you can shake a stick at. Don't be a fool, now—don't be a fool."

The gentleman thus addressed was a decidedly good-looking individual. His features were regular—expressive, manly, and earnest. A pair of large dark eyes, into whose depths it was plain to see that love had penetrated, illumined his face with a tender light, which made them very friendly eyes to look upon, or look out of. Love is a wonderful and glorious transformer. The little god can make even a plain face handsome and fascinating. How much more so, then, one that nature has richly endowed.

"Ah, father," replied the young man, after a short pause, "you are a splendid talkist—that fact is indisputable; but, do you know, I am half inclined to believe that you have forgotten all about how it feels to be in love. This is my first experience, and, if it goes a trifle hard with me, to call a fellow a fool doesn't mend matters. You don't think well of her, and I do; but the chances are that she wouldn't incline her pretty head to such a plain, unattractive nobody. So, if you please, we will let the subject drop."

Chauncey Belknap, Sr., surveyed for a moment the vexed countenance of his son, and then laughed heartily at his discomfiture. Love, to this man of fifty, seemed a passion only distantly related to the love he used to feel and understand.

"He jests at scars, who never felt a wound," muttered Chauncey, Jr.; but here he was mistaken, for Chauncey, Sr., had undergone more than one tussle with Cupid, and had on two occasions, to the knowledge of his friends, been ignominiously beaten. It would not be strange if such an experience had blunted the finer feelings of his soul, causing him to keep his eyes for ever turned away from the contemplation of a cicatrix which reflected no credit upon his personal charms or spiritual fascination.

"Just bear in mind," said Chauncey, a little nettled at his father's manner, "that I intend seeking an introduction to this beautiful girl, and that one appreciative smile, one little word from her, will bring me on my metaphorical knees before you can say 'Jack Robinson,' and 'that's the English of that.' So, *au revoir*;" and Chuncey took his de[illegible]arture, apparently very much to the [illegible]ight of the elder, who laughed, and [illegible]tinued to laugh a good half-hour [illegible]r the door had closed upon his son.

"Zounds, this is a rich joke! Con[illegible]nd the young dog! He'll get over [illegible] What if he knew that the girl he [illegible]ves so about is my affianced bride—eh, [illegible]hat then?"

The young lady whose image had so strangely, and, after all, naturally engraven itself upon Chauncey's heart, was present with a party of friends.

"If there was only some way that I could manage an introduction to that young lady, I should be the happiest man in Brooklyn," muttered Chauncey, as Miss Preston emerged from the dressing-room, skates on, ready for fun.

No wonder the gentleman was dazzled with the picture. Dressed in a Scotch tartan picturesquely arranged, her beautiful wavy hair floating around her neck and shoulders, two tiny feet incased in neat-fitting gaiters, the little lady seemed the embodiment of harmony.

"That's what I call the poetry of motion," continued Chauncey, appreciatively. A bright thought struck him. "I'll dash out after her, and, if she has the grit I give her credit for, she'll enjoy the fun."

In a moment more Chauncey struck out. The acknowledged champions of the season all stood back, to give them room and watch the chase. Miss Preston took the cue in a twinkling. Like the steed who afar off scents the battle, the lady, with head erect and nostrils dilated, waited until she had discovered there was no possibility of mistake, then darted off, in a straight line, with the fleetness of the wind. *Such* a chase as she led him! But he kept steadily on, his face lighted up with a rare smile, as he considered how eagerly his challenge had been accepted. Up and down, around in circles, curly cues, and every imaginable figure, he followed the lovely skater. All eyes were upon them. The music from the band—a bright, sparkling galop—lent wings to both pursuer and pursued. Cheer after cheer greeted them from the delighted spectators. Without the slightest diminution of strength or fleetness, Chauncey kept steadily on. For ten full minutes the race continued. At the expiration of that time Miss Preston, tired and dizzy, waved her handkerchief as a flag of truce, and attempted to reach her friends. Chauncey, with a true lover's instincts, discovered the state of the case, and, gracefully throwing his arm around her waist, escorted her to a seat.

"Oh, I am *so* sorry!" panted the little lady. "I did so long to win this game; but I am no match for you in hold-out-ativeness."

"Please allow me to introduce myself," replied her companion. "Chauncey Belknap, at your service. Now, who are you? Please tell me," as the young lady almost gasped for breath.

"A relative of Chauncey Belknap of W—— Square?" she inquired, as pale as death.

"His son, my dear young lady. But why are you so excited? You are not *acquainted* with my father?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" she murmured. "I am Charlotte Preston, and engaged to be *married* to your father. Order my carriage, please, or your carriage, or somebody's, and take me home. I will then tell you all about it."

Chauncey was staggered, but immediately did as he was bid; and, in a few moments, had the pleasure of listening to the strange particulars.

"My father is on the verge of financial ruin, and I did it to save him. What shall I do? For the love of mercy, tell me!" and Miss Preston burst into tears.

"You do not love him?"

"No, and I told him so."

"Don't marry him, then. Do you suppose,"—and here Chauncey stopped, and raised the uplifted face wet with tears—"do you suppose you would ever learn to love Chauncey Belknap, Jr.?" and the young man again halted.

"Well, what if I could?" and a mischievous smile chased away every sign of weeping.

"Oh, only I have loved you ever since the first moment I laid my eyes on your face, and determined to win you, if possible. I have money enough to fix things, I reckon, and I *know*, my dear little girl, I can make you happy."

"And I *know* you can, too. Will you tell your father about it?" and Miss Charlotte Preston hid her head on her lover's shoulder.

"Yes, my darling; but you must accompany me. My wife must not be a shirk. We will go now."

An hour later, and Chauncey Belknap, Jr., stood before his paternal parent, with the promised bride of both on his arm. The old gentleman's consternation we will leave to the imagination of our readers, assuring them it was immense.

"I do not love you, Mr. Belknap; but I *do* love your son, and he loves me. That is all I can say; I trust you will forgive me for having, because of poverty, held out to you a promise love could never fulfil."

"All right," replied Chauncey, Sr. "Don't say any more about it. The young dog meant business, and has cut me out. That's the English of that."

A Wise Horse.

Almost every day anecdotes of horses are told us which illustrate the capacity for thinking in the equine-world. But the latest incident comes from Missouri. In a certain town in that State lives a horse of more than ordinary intelligence. His owner is a physician, and a church-going man. Recently the horse was left standing in the road. After a time he became impatient, and went in search of his owner. With logical calmness he proceeded to the favorite haunts of the doctor. Not finding him, he walked around to the church. He looked up to the dark windows, heard no singing, and then came to the plain conclusion that it was not a night for service, or there would be a flood of light from the window panes, not to mention the racket made by the choir or preacher. He turned carefully so as not to upset the buggy, and with a puzzled air marched slowly back to his master's house.

Did not this horse manifest intelligence of a high order? He reasoned calmly, and proceeded with logical clearness to find the doctor and gently remind him that it was time to go home and enjoy supper and rest. He hunted for him at his favorite resorts, and not finding him, sadly turned homeward, no doubt feeling that he had done his duty in making the search. Incidents can be multiplied without number which bespeak the reasoning powers of the horse. And in the face of facts so plain, it is idle to assert that the horse does not arrive at logical conclusions. Admitting, then, that he is gifted with different degrees of intelligence, it does not seem to us that in breeding the intellectual capacity of the ancestry should be overlooked.

The last two or three steamers at San Francisco have brought but very few Chinese—an average of less than a hundred each; and by departures and deaths the number of Chinese in America must now be decreasing. Making no account of the deaths, the increase by immigration in 1870 was 7,000. The whole number of Chinese in the country, probably, does not exceed 75,000, of whom one-half are in California.

A LADY'S TOILET.

Hair and its Horrors—Revelations about Powder, Rouge, etc.

Never since the beginning of the seventeenth century has fashion given license to so many absurdities in the arrangement of ladies' hair, or so many abominations with which to ornament it, as at the present day. The enormous pinnacles worn during the fourteenth and in the early part of the seventeenth centuries were called fontanges, and were constructed by means of illusion lace and the hair borne up by wire. These ridiculous cones were sometimes an ell in height, and made women taller than men. There is no record, however, of ornamental hair having been used in their construction.

Instead of the hair being raised in a fontange, it is now fashionable to build out the head at the back, by means of chignons, stuffed with topseys, or long rolls of curled hair, curls over this, and puffs and frizzes on the top and front of the head.

The long braids, or chatelains, as they are called, are worn by young people instead of of the chignon, and are looped in the back with curls between. Those persons possessing a reasonable amount of hair of their own, or rather, growing on their own heads, (what lady, now-a-days, has not quantities of hair of her own?) can braid and arrange it in this manner, to look very tastefully, without the addition of ornamental hair. There are few heads, however, that have undergone the "crimping process," and the constant washings to make the hair light and fleecy, that can be made to look monstrous enough, without adding rats and topseys, switches and chatelains.

THE CHIGNON.

The ordinary chignon now in vogue is a very convenient head-dress, more especially for elderly persons and those possessing but a small quantity of hair; yet it is sometimes pinned upon the head in a very absurd position by those making their toilets in a hurry, and under the circumstances is a very ridiculous appendage. It is only a few years back that those wearing false hair took the greatest care to conceal it. A "switch" coiled in with the natural hair was as carefully guarded as if it were a snake about to rattle; but in these days a lady's dressing table is strewn with curls, puffs, rats and chignon boxes, as a matter of course; and it is quite a fact that one of the fair sex not long since purchased a "charming set of fleecy curls" while accompanied by one of our New York beaux.

The young men of our city appear quite resigned to the extravagant quantities of false hair worn by the ladies whom they admire. Could they behold one of these blonde beauties before the ornamental hair has been fastened on her head, her own locks drawn straight back and twisted in a very little knot behind, it is to be feared they would be disenchanted.

PERSONAL DECORATION.

As with a gentleman elegance of costume begins at the collar and neck-tie, and with an inviting and gracefully appointed room the attraction concentrates in a neat and glowing hearthstone, so in the toilet of a lady the charm and beauty of appearance is made or marred by the symmetry of her head; by the arrangement of her hair in a becoming and elegant manner, or by its disfigurement with an untidy conglomeration of horse hair, tangled curls, rusty nets, and snarly frizzes.

There has been a great deal written and said of the many abominations of the present style of head-dress, and we are all so used to the ridiculous arrangement of ornamental hair, that outlandish head-gear and struck-by-lightning-looking chignons fail to attract a second glance. There is one kind of decoration, however, of which none like to talk, of which few undertake to write, and no one will admit the using, viz., cosmetics for beautifying the complexion. To be sure ladies will acknowledge the possession of "Baby powder," and a puff, and writers have attempted the exposition of poisonous cosmetics, but generally the subject is avoided.

There are few women in fashionable society who do not use powder or some other cosmetic for whitening the skin. There are very many who, beside this, pencil their eyebrows and blacken the edge of the lower eyelid. Rouge is not used to the extent of either the above articles for improving the color of the face; but there are great quantities of it purchased, and the truth is it is put on the cheeks with such care that it is difficult to tell in many instances who is painted and who is not.

Gentlemen are more deceived by the manufactured complexions of the fair sex than by any other of their artificial adornments. Mankind are especially averse to powder and paint, and women who are in the habit of using it generally apply it cautiously. Many married women there are whose husbands do not suspect of artificial complexion, who regularly whiten and rouge their faces, yet most carefully secrete the Oriental cream and the pink saucer.

Why is it so much worse to use the white and vermillion on the skin than it is to adorn the head with a mass of dead hair, sometimes musty and always dusty? It is certainly a more cleanly artifice; yet gentlemen will not object to fondling a long, golden curl they know to be dead hair, if they have common sense, who would fly into a rage at the sight of a box of "Meen Fun" or a bottle of "Bloom of Youth." Gentlemen, notwithstanding, have been known to return from the barber's with something looking very like powder left about their ears.

ABOUT POWDERS.

Dry powders for skins that chafe easily are almost necessary for the toilet; the liquid cosmetics, where they do not contain white lead, are very improving to the complexion, if used in moderation on occasions where one becomes heated by dancing and the face is liable to look greasy from perspiration. Powder is really a necessary comfort for some faces, especially in warm weather, and there are many ladies using it who would feel disgraced by rouging their cheeks. There is something so very vulgar in the immoderate use of cosmetics, especially rouge, that it at once stamps the person so besmeared with indecency. No loading the head with ornamental hair can produce the bad effect that an over application of powder and paint will; yet they are both artificial adornments, and the rouge is not as unhealthy for the cheek as the weight of the false hair for the head.

HAIR-DRESSING.

The business of hair-dressing has grown rapidly since the introduction of the present fashion of wearing ornamental hair.

Ladies that could dress their own heads formerly, cannot arrange the braids, curls and puffs now worn to look satisfactory on occasions where they are to appear in full dress, without the assistance of a hair-dresser.

Hair-dressing establishments generally keep three and four, and often six young women, who are proficients in the art, and who dress the heads of ladies coming to the establishment, or attend their customers at their own residences. On evenings when a large ball is to take place these girls go to five and six houses each between six and ten o'clock. The Broadway hair-dressers charge two dollars for sending to the residence and dressing a head. Those on Sixth avenue demand but half that sum, and seem to understand their business fully as well as their Broadway neighbors. The patience possessed by some of these young girl hair-dressers is really amazing, when they have to contend with a nervous customer, whose head is "So tender!"

BEHIND THE SCENES.

Imagine a room wherein is seated a young lady awaiting the hair-dresser. She is dressed for the ball, excepting that her hair is in disorder, and her dress remains to be put on, the last thing done. A little ruffled dressing sack covers her shoulders, and the long trail skirts with their snowy fluted edgings are carefully drawn aside, displaying a pair of satin boots that impatiently pat the floor. Not many minutes pass before the hair-dresser enters, short breathed from hurrying, and with cheeks scarlet from the cold. She throws off her hat and cloak, takes a pair of crimping irons from her pocket, puts them in the fire, and without stopping to warm her fingers begins her work by twisting the front of the lady's hair on long hair-pins—a process known among the fair sex as "putting the hair in crimps."

"Please be a little careful," said the lady; "my head is so tender, and I am very nervous. I promised to be all ready at nine, and every carriage I hear roll through the street I imagine is for me."

"If you will hold perfectly still I shall get along much faster, miss," replied the hair-dresser, who was growing nervous herself.

"The hair-pin in that last puff almost kills me," cries the victim. "Oh, how my head aches. I fear my hair will not look as well as the last time you dressed it."

After enduring these complaints from several during an evening, one may believe the task of the hair-dresser is not a very easy one.

It is a common expression, especially of one lady of another, "She was enamelled." Real enamelling the face in this country is not done, and it has never been accomplished with any success abroad. The most celebrated enameller in Europe was a Madame Rachel, of London, who advertised to make people "beautiful forever." Failing to apply the enamel so that it remained there was a law suit brought against her by one of her patrons, whom she agreed to make beautiful forever for a large sum of money.

In London for a long time after this, "beautiful forever" was a slang phrase.

Those who study really to beautify their heads by the arrangement of their hair, will dress it modestly and symmetrically, that it may not distract the gaze from features and expression. Those who desire a good complexion will use a recipe composed of exercise in the open air, simple food, early hours for retiring, with plenty of cold water.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Love.

Who is he in youth, or in maturity, or even in old age, who does not like to hear of those sensibilities which turn the curled heads around at church, and send wonderful eye-beams across assemblies, from one to one, never missing in the thickest crowd? The keen statist reckons by tens and hundreds; the genial man is interested in every slipper that comes into the assembly. The passion, alike everywhere, creeps under the snows of Scandinavia, under the fires of the equator, and swims in the seas of Polynesia. Lofh is as puissant a divinity in the Norse Edda as Camadeva in the red vault of India, Eros in the Greek, or Cupid in the Latin heaven. And what is especially true of love is that it is a state of extreme impressionability; the lover has more senses and finer senses than others; his eyes and ears are telegraphs; he reads omens on the flower, the cloud, and face, and form, and gesture and reads them aright. In his surprise at the sudden and entire understanding that is between him and the beloved person, it occurs to him that they might somehow meet independently of time and place. How delicious the belief that he could elude all guards, precautions, ceremonies, means, and delays, and holds instant and sempiternal communications! In solitude, in banishment, the hope returned, and the experiment was eagerly tried. The supernal powers seem to take his part. What was on his lips to say is uttered by his friend. When he went abroad, he met, by wonderful casualties, the one person he sought. If in his walk he chanced to look back, his friend was walking behind him. And it has happened that the artist has often drawn in his picture the face of the future wife whom he had not yet seen.—*Emerson.*

HINTS ON HEALTH.

Facts About Clothing and Shoes.

Next in importance to a thoroughly clean skin is the preservation of that organ from the injurious action of sudden changes of temperature. Of all terrestrial animals man is the most scantily supplied with natural protection. The necessity for artificially maintaining the animal temperature is thusforcibly put by Dr. Evory Kennedy: "Strange as it may appear, clothes are used equally in cold climates to retain the natural heat, and in warm climates to isolate the body from the surrounding highly elevated atmosphere and burning rays of the tropical sun."

Between the layers of clothes there are strata of air kept at equable temperature, which but slowly conduct alterations in it from within or without; and as they are confined by the dress, they do not freely allow of the admission of colder air. It is for this reason that, in going from a warm room into the cold, we should put on our extra clothing some time previously, so as to heat this protective stratum of air, which is actually a non-conductor.

Linen, which is so great a favorite in temperate climates, is an objectionable material for dress on account of its high conducting and radiating powers, in consequence of which it feels cold and does not freely distribute heat. It is also attractive of moisture, which it retains, and thus keeps a damp instead of a dry medium around the skin.

In warm climates cotton or thin woolens are entirely substituted for linen garments, and the only objection to them is their rougher surface, which occasionally irritates sensitive skins. Notwithstanding this objection, which habit will overcome, there is no other medium so fitted for a variable climate as this, since it preserves the warmth of the body during great cold, and prevents the conduction of intense heat.

When linen is put on a perspiring skin, the moisture passes through it, and, evaporating, still produces cold. Flannel, on the contrary, absorbs the moisture and gives out heat. Its non-conducting power is clearly useful on the cold winter's day. The wearing of flannel shirts, or those of merino, which contains about one-third of cotton, during winter or summer, is so usual in England as to realize Bherhaave's maxim, that winter clothing should be taken off at the end of midsummer's day only to put it on the following morning. Wohllens, however, should be more frequently washed, as they absorb so much perspiration.

Since the more general adoption of flannel underclothing the number of deaths by bronchial complaints is very much lessened. John Hunter's receipt for rearing healthy children was "plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and plenty of flannel." It has been stated on reliable authority that woolen clothing is a preventive of malaria. Flannel drawers reaching high on the abdomen, and a long flannel shirt, so that two layers may cover that region, are regarded as a great safeguard against cholera.

The color of dress is important. This was demonstrated by Benjamin Franklin. He placed pieces of various colored cloths on the surface of snow, and found in a given time that the snow under the black was most melted, that under the white the least. From this can be judged the proper shades for winter and summer wear.

Water-proof clothing, made, for instance, of India-rubber, should be avoided as checking perspiration. This is illustrated by Breschet's experiment. He shaved rabbits and coated them with impermeable varnish, and found that they perished in an hour or two of cold and suffocation.

Competent authorities have suggested that the reason gout so often attacks the feet is that their natural cutaneous action is impeded by the boot or shoe now in use, stating also that among the Romans these parts were less often affected, as the sandals only partly covered them. Such a covering for the foot, though not permissible by the fashion of the day, is undoubtedly the most natural, as it will allow a free perspiration for the foot, and render frequent washing needful.

The Countess de Noailles has lately written an able "Apology for Bare Feet," in which she contends that if the wretched boots the poorer children wear were cast away, the feet and ankles would become stronger, would be kept cleaner, and there would be much less liability to colds and to illness among girls.

Dr. John Brown, the well-known author, remarks that "it is amazing the misery the people of civilization endure in and from their shoes. Nobody is ever, as they should be, comfortable at once in them; they hope in the long run, and after much agony, and when they are nearly done, to make them fit, especially if they can get them once well wet. Frederick the Great kept an aide-de-camp to wear his shoes till he could put them on, but he sometimes wore them too long, and got a kicking for his pains.

The square-toed boot and those with the inner edge straight, not curved inwards, are the most natural, as they allow the expansion of the toes—a matter seldom allowed for by bootmakers, especially as they measure the foot when lifted from the ground. Great comfort is often obtained by having a last carefully shaped for oneself. It is said that the Duke of Wellington, being questioned as to the most essential requisite for a soldier's clothing, replied, "A good pair of shoes." What next? "A spare pair of good shoes;" and even thirdly, "A spare pair of soles." Most men can speak with bitter recollection of a tight and ill-fitting boot; how completely it has destroyed their pleasure in the brightest scenes of enjoyment, and how it has unhinged them both mentally and bodily.

We remark, in conclusion, that in both the extremes of life, when heat-producing power is most feeble, additional warm clothing is clearly demanded. It is the same with the young as with the old, and it is pleasant to see this truth more recognized than formerly in the fact that children are not now left half dressed from the erroneous notion of making them hardy, or to follow the dictates of an arbitrary fashion.—*The Protector.*

Curiosities of Divorces.

In St. Louis last week a divorce was granted to Britton A. Hill, Esq., divorcing him from his wife Mary Melinda. The parties were married about thirty years ago, and lived together until 1849, when on a joint petition, they were divorced by an act of the Missouri Legislature. The wife was allowed all the property—now worth nearly a million dollars—and the custody of the surviving child. In 1854 the lady was married to D. Robert Barclay, Esq., with whom she has ever since lived happily. In 1857 Mr. Hill married again, but his last union was not more fortunate than the first. Several years ago the second Mrs. Hill went to Europe and remained so long that her husband went after her; when she returned to this country he applied for a divorce, pending which the lady went back to Europe, and shortly afterward was reported to have been drowned while bathing in the Bay of Nice. Mr. Hill employed fishermen to drag the bay for the body, but it leaked out that the lady was not drowned, but had gone away with a friend. Afterward she became acquainted with King Victor Emanuel, and was employed as the grand lady of his household at Rome. Several months ago—so it is stated—she died of fever, and the suit for divorce was dismissed.

The divorce of Mr. Hill from his first wife was decided by the Supreme Court to be illegal. The matter came before the court last year on a bill filled in court by the lady's trustees to compel Mr. Samuel Simpson to purchase a certain lot of ground on Fourth st., opposite the Court House, in accordance with agreement—Mr. Simmons having refused on the ground that the legislative divorce proved to have been illegal, the trustees could not convey a clear title. To obviate this difficulty Mr. Hill brought the suit before Judge Lindley. On the decree being granted, Mr. Hill moved that the legal disability against the lady marrying again in less than five years be removed, which was granted. Under the law of the State, the children by both marriages are made legitimate.

Thus ended a case, which, for romantic detail and strange circumstances, has no parallel in the annals of the divorce courts. It is hoped that all difficulties, legal and social, are now removed, and that there will be no further trouble between any of the parties.

Contentment.

True contentment is not the being satisfied with things as they are, and wishing no change. This would prevent all improvement and reform in individuals and in society. Dissatisfaction is often a forerunner and harbinger of better things. Austin Phelps says "The unaspiring soul is a mean one." Contentment is rather a calm acquiescence in the present, while waiting for and watching for opportunities to do better for ourselves and others. It is opposed to that restless, anxious, fretful, irritable state, which makes a man chafe against his circumstances as if held there by an iron fate.

Contentment may be cultivated. If we have but few wants well supplied, we are richer and happier than with many wants ill supplied. Reduce your wants and thus increase contentment. Look at those above you, and your acquirements will seem to grow respectable, your possessions to increase, and you will live contented with comforts and even luxuries almost unknown before.

In afflictions look to those who are more afflicted than yourself. If you are sick, others are sicker. If you have lost a finger, somebody has lost a hand. If you have lost a hand, others have lost an arm or leg. If you have lost a part of your property, others have lost all. If you have a child sick, somebody has one dead. If you have lost a child, others have lost several. If you are poor, many others are poorer.

An excellent way to cultivate contentment is to make a list of your blessings. When you begin to count them up, they seem to multiply like the loaves and fishes in the hands of the disciples, or like the stars of heaven when once we begin to number them.

By these and other ways we may bring ourselves into an enjoyable state of contentment, always remembering that we never shall be perfectly satisfied in this life, but, looking into the future, we may say with David, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

A Beautiful Sentiment.

Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river. Our boat at first glides down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook and the winding of the grassy borders. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands; we are happy in hope, and grasp eagerly at the beauties around us; but the stream hurries on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated at the moving picture of enjoyment and industry passing around us—are excited at some short-lived dissappointment. The stream bears us on, and our joys and griefs are alike left behind us. We may be shipwrecked—we cannot be delayed; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens to its home, till the roar of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of the waves is beneath our feet, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and we take our leave of earth and its inhabitants, until of farther voyage there is no witness save the Infinite and Eternal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Michigan is to have a new State Capitol which is expected to cost a million dollars.

A gigantic steam scoop, called "Beelzebub's Spoon," is dredging in Devil's Lake, Baraboo, Wis.

Maine people are talking about sowing the seeds of forest trees for lumber, and especially of the white pine.

At Racine College, Racine, Wis., a billiard-table and smoking-room has been provided for the use of the students.

Auburn-haired girls in Arkansas will persist in wearing red velvet hats, under the impression that they are becoming.

The first daily newspaper printed in Virginia was printed in 1780, and the subscription was fifty dollars per annum.

Wyoming lynchers hold "neck-tie sociables" when they catch a horse-thief. The tie is made of rope and lasts a man a life-time.

The hen with fifteen dollars of gold in her gizzard has just been killed out in Wisconsin. Good chance for poultry raisers to get up "prize hens," for the market, with gold pieces, Attleboro jewelry and watches for prizes. "A prize in each hen."

Mamma—What is baby crying for, Maggie? Maggie—I don't know. Mamma—And what are you looking so indignant about? Maggie—That nasty, greedy dog's been and took and catch my 'punge cake! Mamma—Why, I saw you eating a sponge cake a minute ago! Maggie—Oh, that was baby's!

An unsophisticated gentleman lately called at the Troy Gas Works with a large stone jug for the purpose of having it filled with gas to take home, some seven miles in the country, to burn in a kerosene oil lamp. He said he had "seen the durned thing burned in the stores about yer, and it made a mighty good light."

"Now, my boy," said the committee-man, "if I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, and two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear." "The plate!" shouted a boy.

Judge C—— of Memphis was recently called to preside as chairman at a public meeting in that city. During the proceedings an exciting discussion sprung up, and amid the confusion of loud speeches, motions, and cross motions, one speaker called out impatiently to have his motion put to the meeting. "Has your motion a second?" inquired the Chair. Speaker—Yes, sir; it has fifty seconds at least. Chair—Then let it have ten more, and the Chair will make a minute of it.

A Portland paper is publishing extracts from a diary kept by Hawthorne, when a boy of ten years, of which this is a sample: "This morning the bucket got off the chain, and dropped back into the well. I wanted to go down on the stones and get it. Mother would not consent, for fear the well might cave in, but hired Samuel Shane to go down. In the goodness of her heart she thought the son of old Mrs. Shane not quite so valuable as the son of the widow Hawthorne. God bless her for all her love for me, though it may be somewhat selfish."

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes that he has seen a steam boiler advertised which saves 35 per cent. of fuel; a valve which saves 15 per cent.; a governor which saves 10 per cent.; a cut-off which saves 10 per cent.; a fire grate which saves 20 per cent.; metal packing and damper regulator which saves 12 per cent.; and a lubricator which will save 1 per cent.—making in all a saving of 101 per cent. Combining all these improvements, an engine would, he thinks, run itself, and produce an additional one per cent. of fuel, which might be used for domestic purposes.

A petition has been presented to the Massachusetts Legislature for the establishment of a young woman's apprentice association, with aid from the State to the amount of $5,000. It is stated that the proposed institution is designed to be an establishment where young women can become skilled in the various branches of industry that are so essential to the welfare of the community. One department is to be devoted to dress-making and other kinds of needlework, millinery, tailoring, etc. The household duties are to be performed alternately by the apprentices in a scientific manner, rather than to be considered mere brute labor as now. Such an institution would, no doubt, prove highly useful. At present, industrious, honest women have no protection from overbearing mistresses, while, on the other hand, kind and considerate mistresses are shamefully outraged by ungrateful, worthless women. Both classes are victimized by the system of to-day. If anything can be done to bring about a better system, certainly there should be no delay in doing it.

According to the *Economist* the alleged pecuniary indemnity demanded by Prussia from France is impossible. "France could not raise £400,000,000, or any thing like that sum. It would require her to add more than £30,000,000 to her annual taxation, which would not be possible. France is, speaking broadly, a country of great savings but of small earnings. Here people are timid in business though penurious in expenditure. She has no income tax, and she would not bear one; she is oppressed with protective duties, and she would not bear free trade. Her soil is tilled carefully and anxiously; but it is tilled at a great disadvantage, for the peasants who own it and work it have no science, little capital, and an obstinate adherence to use and wont. Such a country cannot be taxed as you would tax a young Anglo-Saxon community—as you would tax America, where the power of taxpaying is at a maximum, and the disposition to pay equally great. In France both the ability to pay and the willingness are small comparatively."