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POETRY.

HEARTS-EASE.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve moons together,
This little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once,
Who used to give me posies;
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses,
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me loyally
His biggest plums and peaches,
And always at the door would wait
To carry home my books and slate.

"They couldn't see"—with pout and fling—
"The mighty fascination
About that little snub-nosed thing
To win such admiration;
As if there weren't a dozen girls
With nicer eyes and longer curls!"

And this I knew as well as they,
And never could see clearly
Why more than Marion or May
I should be loved so dearly.
So once I asked him, why was this?
He only answered with a kiss.

Until I teased him—"Tell me why—
I want to know the reason;"
When from the garden bed close by,
(The pansies were in season,)
He plucked and gave a flower to me,
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
"With lilies pale and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And fuchsias' purple splendor;
But over and above the rest,
This little hearts-ease suits me best."

"Am I your little hearts-ease, then?"
I asked with blushing pleasure;
He answered yes! and yes again—
Hearts-ease, and dearest treasure;
That the round world and all the sea
Held nothing half so sweet as me!

I listened with a proud delight
Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed what sudden blight
Would come to chill my rapture.
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of pansies round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover,
And I've had other losses since
I lost my little lover;
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

—*The Aldine.*

THE STORY-TELLER.

AUNT MEHITABLE'S VISIT.

BY CAROLINE F. PRESTON.

"Good gracious, if there isn't Aunt Mehitable!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth Coverly, looking out of the drawing-room window at an old-fashioned woman who was descending from a cab, with a bandbox in each hand.

"Is it possible?" ejaculated her sister Sarah, in equal dismay. "She couldn't have come at a worse time."

"True enough. What if the count should see her?"

"We must try to keep her out of the way."

"If we only could! But you know what an inquisitive mind Aunt Mehitable has. She wants to know everything and everybody, and you may depend upon it she won't be kept in the background."

"At any rate we must try what we can do. It won't do for the count to know that we have such vulgar relations."

"No, indeed, what would he think of us? Now, he considers us fashionable, and *comme il faut*, and allied to the highest aristocracy. It would be frightful to have him suspect that there was any relationship between us and Aunt Mehitable."

While the above conversation was going on, Aunt Mehitable, after an energetic dispute with the cab-driver, whom she defrauded of a part of his fare, declaring that it was scandalously high, had got into the hall. Her two nieces went out to meet her with forced smiles which covered very little real cordiality, as may be judged from the conversation which had already taken place.

"How-dy-do, Betsy?" said Aunt Mehitable to her eldest niece.

"My name is not Betsy," said Miss Elizabeth, rather sharply. "Why will you call me so, aunt?"

"What's the difference between Elizabeth and Betsy, I'd like to know? In my young days they were always the same."

"Well, they're not now, at any rate."

"And how do you do, Sally?" asked the aunt, turning to the younger niece.

"Sally! Horrors, aunt, what makes you call me by such a frightful name?"

"Hoity, toity! Sally's as good as Sarah."

"Well, as my name is not Sally, I don't want to be called so."

"Well, well, here's pride!" ejaculated the old lady. "I don't think much of gals who ain't willin' to be called by good Christian names."

"They're not Christian names, aunt. They are heathen."

"I'm ashamed on ye both. But can't ye give me a cheer, either on ye? I'm a'most tuckered out. It's kind of hard to travel at my time of life. I suppose you're wonderin' what brings me here so sudden like?"

"Why, yes, aunt; you generally write to tell us you're coming."

"Well, you see your cousin Jerusha's agoin' to be married soon, and I want to give her six silver spoons to set her out. I want to get her some good ones while I'm about it, so I came up to the city. Kind o' took ye by surprise, didn't I?"

"Yes, aunt, we were not expecting you."

"Well, I kind o' like to surprise people now and then. But I'm a'most famished. I didn't eat nothin' before I started. Hain't ye got some doughnuts, or somethin' that I could eat?"

"We have no doughnuts, but if you'll come up into the sitting-room, we'll send for some cake and wine."

"Why, Betsy Coverly, ain't you ashamed! Do you mean to tempt your old aunt to become a drunkard at her time of life? I'd give all the wine in the world for one good cup of strong green tea."

"You shall have it, aunt."

"Wait a minnit. I don't like to leave my bandboxes down here. Your help might open 'em."

"Our servants are honest, aunt. And even if they were not," thought the young lady, "the contents of these bandboxes would not tempt them much."

So the old lady found her way into the sitting-room.

"Do you call this a sitting-room?" she asked. "It's nicer than the squire's parlor."

"Oh, well, aunt, you know there's a great difference between the country and the city."

"Well, so there is. I wouldn't live in the city on no account," said Aunt Mehitable.

"I hope not," thought her niece.

"Well, gals," asked the old lady, after having partaken of refreshments, which made her feel considerably better, "have you either on ye got any beaux yet?"

"La, aunt, how can you ask such a question?"

"'Cause I think it's high time. Le'me see, you, Betsy, must be twenty-six."

"Oh, aunt, how can you say so? I'm only twenty-one."

"That's a fib, Betsy. You was born the very day your Uncle Abijah sold the brindle cow. I 'member it well, and Sally is just two years younger than you. That makes her twenty-four."

"Oh, aunt, you are very much mistaken. You are growing forgetful."

"Old and forgetful, am I? Well, seems to me that's just what's the matter with you. But what's that picter up there?"

Aunt Mehitable pointed to a painting hanging over the mantel-piece.

"That, Aunt Mehitable, represents the ancient Greek foot-racers. And that building with columns is a Greek temple."

"Lor, is it? Well, I thought it might be the town hall. Them runners are dressed outlandish, ain't they? Seems to me the head one looks like a woman, in the face. How much does such a picture cost?"

"Father paid five hundred dollars for it."

"Land's sake! Five hundred dollars! Why, you can a'most buy a house for that up to Huckleberryville! Well, well, a fool and his money is soon parted, so they say. But I didn't think your father was such a fool as to pay five hundred dollars for such a picter as that."

"It is considered very fine, aunt."

"I don't care if it is. It ain't worth more'n five dollars at the outside. You'll come to want yet, mark my words!"

"What would she say if she knew I had a prospect of becoming a countess?" thought Elizabeth. "But I must not speak of that, or she will want to be introduced to the count, and that will spoil all."

About three o'clock the young girls succeeded in inducing Aunt Mehitable to lie down.

"You must feel so tired, aunt," they said.

"Well, I do feel tuckered out," said Aunt Mehitable. "I guess I'll foller your advice."

"And don't be in a hurry about getting up, aunt. Be sure and get your full rest."

"You're good gals to be so keerful about your old aunt," said the old lady, suspecting nothing. "I guess I'll go."

About half an hour after Aunt Mehitable withdrew to her room, the bell rang, and Count Stromboli was announced.

The girls received him with radiant smiles, congratulating themselves that they had got their aunt off just in the nick of time."

"So glad to see you, Count Stromboli," they said. "Were you at the opera last evening?"

"Oh, certainly, of course; I adore the opera."

"And then, being in your native language, you have the advantage of us in more perfectly comprehending it. We are so tied to the libretto that we only half enjoy it."

"Very true," said the count. "You can have no idea of the divine beauty of the original, from the villainous translations."

"I wish I understood Italian," said Elizabeth.

"Some day, perhaps you may," said the count, in a significant tone.

Elizabeth blushed with pleasure. She felt that the count meant something serious by this remark. As for Sarah, it must be confessed that, being her sister's competitor for the count's good graces, she would have preferred to have had the remark addressed to herself.

Half an hour passed, when, to the dismay of both the young ladies, the door opened, and the figure of Aunt Mehitable presented itself.

"Excuse me, gals," she said, "I didn't know you had company. I couldn't sleep 'cause of the plaguey noise in the streets, so I thought I'd come down. Who is this gentleman? Is he your beau?"

"Oh, aunt!" exclaimed Elizabeth, in dismay, bitterly regretting a moment later that she had let slip the fatal word revealing the relationship.

"Can't you introduce me?" asked Aunt Mehitable. "Seems to me you ain't got manners."

"This is Count Stromboli," said Elizabeth, reluctantly. "Count, let me present my aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Coverly—an eccentric woman, but immensely wealthy," she added, behind her fan.

The count arose and made a profound inclination. Aunt Mehitable responded by an old-fashioned courtesy.

"Lor," she said, "dew tell if he's a count. Where do you come from, Mr. Count?" she asked.

"I am a countryman of Garibaldi," said the count, "and, I am proud to add, his intimate friend."

"Dew tell! Somehow your voice sounds familiar," said Aunt Mehitable. "Let me put on my specs."

She adjusted her iron-bowed glasses, and looked at the count intently.

"Well, I vow," she said, "I thought I knew you! You're the man that came down to Huckleberryville, and opened a barber's shop, and boarded to Miss Pratt's, and ran off without paying your board. You're a fine count, I vum."

"Oh, aunt," ejaculated the young ladies in a breath. "How can you tell such awful stories?"

"Look at him, if you don't believe it," said Aunt Mehitable.

Thus adjured, they looked, and perceived that the count had changed color, and looked very much confused.

"Excuse me, ladies," he said; "I feel a little faint. I never was so insulted in my life."

He seized his hat, and bolted out of the room, and never reappeared, thus confirming Aunt Mehitable's charge. The young ladies both lived to be married respectably, though neither became a countess; and in after life they felt grateful to Aunt Mehitable for her visit, though at first their feelings were quite the reverse.

Every Mind Has Its Special Capacity.

I am of the opinion that every mind that comes into the world has its own speciality—is different from every other mind; that each of you brings into the world a certain bias, a disposition to attempt something of its own, something *your* own—an aim a little different from that of any of your companions; and that every young man and every young woman is a failure so long as each does not find what is his or her own bias; that just so long as you are influenced by those around you, so long as you are attempting to do those things which you see others do well instead of doing that thing which you can do well, you are so far wrong, so far tailing of your own right mark. Everybody sees the difference in children. They very early discover their tastes. One has a taste for going abroad, another for staying at home; one for books, another for games; one wishes to hear stories, another wants to see things done; one is fond of drawing the other cannot draw at all, but he can make a machine. This difference, as you advance, becomes more pronounced. You are more distinct in your conception of what you can do—more decided in avoiding things which you cannot and do not wish to do. Now, I conceive that success is in finding what it is that you yourself really want, and pursuing it; freeing yourself from all importunities of your friends to do something which they like, and insisting upon that thing which you like and can do.—*Emerson.*

Where the Gold Goes.

In the reign of Darius, gold was thirteen times more valuable, weight for weight, than silver. In the time of Plato it was twelve times more valuable. In that of Julius Cæsar gold was only nine times more valuable, owing, perhaps, to the enormous quantities of gold seized by him in his wars. It is a natural question to ask—what became of the gold and silver?

A paper read before the Polytechnic Association by Dr. Stephens, recently, is calculated to meet this inquiry. He says of our annual gold product, fully fifteen per cent. is melted down for manufacture; thirty-five per cent. goes to Europe, twenty-five per cent. to Cuba; fifteen per cent. to Brazil; five per cent. to Japan, China and the Indies; leaving but five per cent. for circulation in this country. Of that which goes to Cuba, the West Indies and Brazil, fully fifty per cent. finds its way to Europe where, after deducting a large percentage used in manufacturing, four-fifths of the remainder is exported to India.

Here the transit of the precious metal is at an end. Here the supply, however vast, is absorbed and never returns to the civilized world. The Orientals consume but little, while their productions have ever been in demand among the Western nations. As mere recipients, these nations have acquired the desire of accumulation and hoarding, a fashion common alike to all classes, among the Egyptians, Chinese and Persians.

A French economist says, in his opinion, the former nation alone can hide away $20,000,000 of gold and silver annually, and the present Emperor of Morocco is reported as so addicted to this avaricious mania that he has filled seventeen large chambers with the precious metals. This being the passion of princes, it is not surprising that the same spirit is shared by their subjects, and it is in this predilection that we discover the solution of the problem as to the ultimate disposition of the precious metals. This absorption by the Eastern nations has been uninterruptedly going on since the most remote historical period. According to Pliny, as much as $100,000,000 in gold was, in his day, annually exported to the East. The balance of trade in favor of those nations is now given as $80,000,000.

An Odd Proposal of Marriage.

Pitts is a sharp business man; and, when Pitts goes into a store to trade, he always gets the lowest cash price, and then says,—

"Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits better, I'll call and take this."

Now, quite lately, Pitts said to himself, "I'm getting rather along in years, and guess I'll get married." His business qualities won't let him "wait;" so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Pitts, I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated; and, finally, as Pitts was very well-to-do in the world, and morally and financially of good standing in society, she accepted him; whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded—,

"Well, well, I'll look about; and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

One of the Most Extraordinary Revolutions on Record.

On the 11th of December, 1754, at eight o'clock in the morning, the Dey of Algiers was distributing pay to his soldiers in the courtyard of his palace. The Grand Treasurer was with him, beside his secretaries and the usual divan; and the number of soldiers was about three hundred. It was understood that these were all unarmed, and it was their custom to be on such occasions (though there was no suspicion of any disaffection among them); and when one of them, after receiving his pay, and kissed the Dey's hand, suddenly drew a dagger, it produced a great sensation in the court. When, instead of repenting him of his indiscretion, and putting it back into his girdle, he proceeded to sheathe it in the Dey's breast, and then to shoot him with a pistol, the excitement redoubled. Yet, seriously enough, nobody stirred, except himself. He rose, and "walked a few yards"—I will recollect the bald description of the writer in that gazetteer—"calling out to his attendants: 'Among so many of you, can yeu not destroy such a villain as this?' and then dropped."

If his Highness could not do more, it is scarcely imaginable to conceive how he could have done much less. But his assassin was as prompt in action as the other was slow; he no sooner had his victim on the ground, than he snatched off the Dey's turban, clapped it on his own head, and seated himself on the throne.

In the meantime a friend of this audacious character had lodged a pistol-ball in the High Treasurer's collar-bone, given him two sabre cuts over the head, and cut his right hand off; while four more conspirators—for they were only six in all—were "hard at work with their pistols and sabres" among the company generally.

In a recent American description of a free fright, we read that "crowbars and other sedatives" were used; and pistols and sabres seemed in this case also to have had a narcotic influence, for the company actually listened with patience, during all these anarchial proceedings, to a speech from the throne, a sort of programme issued by the new Dey, respecting the system of government that would be pursued in future (for the man on the throne had an idea that the virtue of sovereignty lies in what it sits on, and really imagined that he was firmly seated in that supreme power which he had himself shown to be so precarious even in a legitimate possessor of it). He told them that he was henceforth about to govern the country on good principles, and especially that he would declare war against a good many people who fancied that no danger was hanging over their heads. "The country is at peace," said he, "with a good deal too many;" and he especially bade them to take notice that he was a sovereign "who would do justice to all," at which observation he brandished his sword about his head in what was, doubtless, felt to be a significant manner.

Then he ordered the drums to beat, and the cannon to be fired, to give notice to the city of a changed dynasty. While this was being done, one of the chiauses, or messengers, of the palace took heart of grace, and suddenly snatching up a carbine, shot the usurper dead, at which action everybody seemed to recover from their stupor, and the work of cutting his five accomplices to pieces, after the Eastern manner, at once commenced. Even Ah Bashaw, the new Dey, acknowledged that if this audacious rebel had kept his seat but a few minutes longer, and until the cannon were fired, the Government would have been subverted. Never was treason on such a humble scale so near a success. These six men were the sole conspirators, but the inaction of the surrounding soldiery (to whom they themselves belonged) is explained by their ignorance of the evtent of the plot, and their fear of being supposed to be mixed up in it. As it was, the chief rebel was the shortest Dey on record—a King for an hour.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Leap Year.

It is remarkable how the ladies keep leap-year here, says a New Orleans correspondent. The usual form is gone through with on the streets as well as in the parlor. On Saturday I attended the matinee at the new Varieties Theatre, and was much amused with the witty freaks of the ladies. Several who had invited gentlemen to accompany them stepped up to the ticket office, purchased tickets, offered their arm to their company, and seated them in their proper places. The performance over, the lady again offered her arm, and, after a promenade along Canal Street, the usual courtesy would be extended by the lady paying the fare in the street cars. The other evening, in one of the Baronne Street cars, just about the time there is a great rush and the cars crowded, an elderly gentleman entered the car. Every seat was occupied, and, as he turned to leave, a lady left her seat, and taking the venerable gentleman by the arm, said, in a low, sweet voice, "Pray, be seated, sir: take my place." As he was about to decline, she said, "No, sir; I insist upon your taking it. This is leap-year, you know." This little action caused many a compliment to pass from the lips of the male passengers.

PROVERBS.—Waste nothing—neither time, money nor talent.

Always tell the truth; you will find easier than lying.

He who gives a trifle meanly is far meaner than the trifle.

A heart full of grace is better than a heart full of notions.

Men looking at the faults of women should shut their eyes.

If we seize too hastily, we have to drop as hastily.

The Supreme Court of Illinois having refused to grant the application of Anna M. Huletts, the female aspirant for legal practice, the lady intends to lecture about it.

School and Recess.

Although the country boy feels a little joy when school breaks up (as he does when anything breaks up, or any change takes place), since he is released from the discipline and restraint of it, yet the school is his opening into the world, his romance. Its opportunities for enjoyment are numberless. He does not exactly know what he is set at books for; he takes spelling rather as an exercise for his lungs, standing up and shouting out his words with entire recklessness of consequences; he grapples doggedly with rithmetic and geography as something that must be cleared out of his way before recess, but not at all with the zest he would dig a woodchuck out of his hole.

But recess! Was ever any enjoyment so keen as that with which a boy rushes out of the schoolhouse door for the ten minutes of recess? He is like to burst with animal spirits; he runs like a deer; he can nearly fly, and he throws himself into play with entire self-forgetfulness, and an energy that would overthrow the world if his strength were proportioned to it. For ten minutes the world is absolutely his; the weights are taken off, restraints are loosed, and he is his own master for that brief time—as he never again will be if he lives to be as old as the King of Thule, and nobody knows how old he was.

And there is the nooning, a solid hour, in which vast projects can be carried out which have been slyly matured during the school hours; expeditions are undertaken, wars are begun between the Indians on one side and the settlers on the other, the military company is drilled, (without uniforms or arms), or games are carried on which involve miles of running and an expenditure of wind sufficient to spell the spelling-book through at the highest pitch.

Friendships are formed, too, which are fervent if not enduring, and enmities contracted which are frequently "taken out" on the spot, after a rough fashion boys have of settling as they go along; cases of long credit, either in words or trade, are not frequent with boys; boots on jack-knives must be paid on the nail: and it is considered much more honorable to out with a personal grievance at once, even if the explanation is a sneaking revenge on some concealed opportunity.

The country boy at the district school is introduced into a wider world than he knew at home in many ways. Some big boy brings to school a copy of the Arabian Nights, a dog-eared copy, with cover, title-page and the last leaves missing, which is passed around, and slyly read under the desk, and perhaps comes to the little boy whose parents disapprove of novel-reading, and have no work of fiction in the house except a pious fraud called "Six Months in a Convent," and the latest comic almanac. The boy's eyes dilate as he steals some of the treasures out of the wondrous pages, and he longs to lose himself in the land of enchantment open before him. He tells at home that he has seen the most wonderful book that ever was, and a big boy has promised to lend it to him.

"Is it a true book, John?" asks the grandmother. "Because if it isn't true, it is the worst thing that a boy can read."

(This happened years ago.)

John cannot answer as to the truth of the book, and so does not bring it home; but he borrows it nevertheless, and conceals it in the barn, and lying in the haymow is lost in its enchantments many an odd hour when he is supposed to be doing chores. There were no chores in the Arabian Nights; the boy there had but to rub the ring and summon a genus, who would feed the calves and pick up chips and bring in wood in a minute. It was through this emblazoned portal that the boy walked into the world of books, which he soon found was larger than his own, and filled with people he longed to know.

Ladies' Leap-Year Privileges.

According to a time-honored legend the ladies have been accorded certain privileges and prerogatives during leap-year which they are supposed not to enjoy every year. They do not always, of course, avail themselves of these liberties, but they all know what their rights are, and do not fail to mention them even when they do not claim them. They hold them in reserve as a sort of menace of what they could do if they chose.

In our searches the other day through the musty records of the past we found a privilege accorded the ladies which perhaps all do not know. The young ladies may be interested in knowing that the privilege of "popping the question" is not the only one leap-year accords to them, but there is a penalty attached to refusals.

If in the course of the present year, a young lady should so far forget herself as to suggest a union between herself and a bachelor acquaintance, who should be uncivil enough to decline her proposals, she could thereupon demand of him the gift of a new silk dress. But to claim this dress with propriety she must, at the time of asking, be the wearer of a scarlet petticoat, the lower portion of which she must exhibit to the gentleman, who, by the law of leap-year, is compelled to present the lady with a dress that shall cover the petticoat and assuage her displeasure at the rejection of her proposals.

This may be the reason why scarlet skirts are being worn so much within the last few days, and perhaps we may infer that the ladies propose to insist on their rights and inflict the penalties prescribed by the law.

These penalties are somewhat expensive, and we advise any gentleman who believes he is selected as any lady's victim, to give her a wide berth, and make it convenient to disappear around the nearest corner when he sees her approaching.

Bachelors will have to fight shy this year.

Mason City, Ill., is so healthy that it offers its cemetery for sale.

A Word About Home-Training.

"To be good and disagreeable, is high treason against virtue," yet how many people expect an agreeable manner will come of itself, or else think nothing about it and take no care to make their ways pleasing to those about them! The most tiresome, disagreeable people have no idea that they are so, and our dislike to their society is often caused by little things entirely in their power to avoid or correct, little things by which they themselves are annoyed when practiced by others. "Handsome is that handsome does," too often is interpreted to refer to *what* is done, not *how* it is done. It should mean both.

Household training should include the culture of manner and taste. No one wishes to see affectations and artificial ways in children, but we make a mistake if we suppose they will always be agreeable if they are simply natural. Nature in the ideal is charming; nature in the real life of common humanity is often uncouth and unattractive, and needs to be carefully trained into ways of beauty.

Appetites and propensities are indulged in uncouth and selfish ways, and ignorance and bashfulness and curiosity form awkward and rude habits. Now and then we meet a rare and gracious nature, which in childhood and maturity is pleasing in all its outdoings, but few people have that inward beauty and outward grace which make the unrestrained expression of themselves always agreeable to another. We have little peculiarities, obliquities, physical defects, personal habits, which obtrude themselves unpleasantly unless we keep guard over them. We are not naturally unselfish; we have not sympathetic judgment, quick perceptions, and tact that is keen and tender, so that we may trust to our instincts to make us winning and agreeable in our intercourse with others. How many talk incessantly without questioning whether others enjoy it! How many are silent and moody without recognition of any social claims! How few are thoughtful to avoid touching roughly another's sensitive points, to be tender of their weaknesses, and considerate of their egotisms! Suggestions, cautions, and restraints must be continually used in the home education to form the "second nature," which shall be as unaffected as that of the untrained child, and far more unselfish and attractive. Some things must be repressed, others developed, the tastes and comfort of other people must be studied to create such a spirit within, and manifest its outgoings in such ways that a courteous, considerate bearing shall be a natural expression, that the forms and graces of manner shall be as spontaneous as the kindly feeling.

A winsome address, pleasant tones, genial feelings, responsive thoughts, are well worth cultivating. They constitute the sweetness of politeness. It is a wondrous power, the power to make another happy. Rightly trained and used, it develops a personal influence wide and strong, a marvelous force, centered in the individual, and radiating in ever-increasing circles.

The desire to please may degenerate into personal vanity and selfish love of admiration, but sanctified by Christian consecration it rises into a heavenly grace.

It is a shame to Christian households that it is often urged as a reason for sending children to dancing-schools "that they may improve in manners and learn how to appear in society." Is there no refined and gracious womanhood, no gentle and courteous manhood, no good breeding in the household? Are there no polite social forms, no etiquette, culture, and taste, in Christian homes? Shall the children go out to the world to learn the *forms* of that charity, gentleness, forbearance, and unselfishness which are the essentials of the Christian character they seek to attain?

Many good people ignore the necessity of painstaking in this direction. They even think the desire or effort to be pleasing is a sin or a weakness. They think it is sufficient if they are good.

Such should study the *beauty* of holiness. Goodness must seek agreeable forms of expression; virtue must wear a winning face and clothe itself in the garb of gracious manners. Because one is earnest and sincere, he has no right to be rude and uncouth. There are barriers behind which individual reserve hides itself, there are secret places where reticence guards the entrance. We may not intrude here unbidden or unwelcome. Another's personality must be recognized, social formalities must be remembered, the restraints of common politeness must be observed in our Christian zeal. The good man, because he is good, has no right to set these aside. The Christian should not except himself from anything that makes the true gentleman or lady. He, above all others, should feel *noblesse oblige.*

We shudder at the barbarous code of honor which settled personal matters with sword or pistol; but it is a pity we do not hold more loyally a chivalrous fealty to a true honor and knightliness of character. We do not wish to be taught how to maintain respect for ourselves and for our neighbor at the mouth of a pistol, but we ought to learn it nevertheless.

A better code the Apostle gives us in both duty and motive: "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification."—*Hearth and Home.*

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* states that the poison from the bite of a mad dog can be eliminated from the system by vapor baths. He quotes from an article printed in a Paris medical journal by Dr. Bulsson, a celebrated French surgeon, who says: "If the disorder has declared itself, I prescribe a single bath, and leave the patient in until a cure is effected. Hydrophobia may last three days. Experience has proved to me that a cure is certain on the first day of the outbreak; on the second day, doubtful; and on the third, hopeless, on account of the difficulty of conveying the patient to the bath and keeping him in. And as hydrophobia never breaks out before the seventh day, there is time to perform a long journey to obtain a bath.

Facts and Figures.

Josh Billings remarks that "sekrets are darned poor property eanyhow; if you cirkilate them yu lose them, and if yu keep them yu lose the interest on the investment;" and adds, "Don't undertake tew live with yure mother-in-law, but if wus comes to wusness, let yure mother-in-law live with yu."

The word "shyster," strangely omitted by lexicographers, has at last been clearly and comprehensively defined. Mr. James Newby having sued the *Alta California* for $50,000 damages in the application of that hitherto vague epithet to his legal character, it became necessary to ascertain what it really meant, and the philological editor of the *Alta* phrasing its signification as implying "everything contemptible in the practice of a profession," the jury, doubtless out of gratitude for this enrichment of the English language, incontinently rendered a verdict for the defendants.

The Georgetown, Ky., *Times* says that a fancy farmer of Scott County has built a $2,000 hog-pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmed with steam and lighted with gas. There is a fine library, where can be found Cobb's Elementary Works, the works of Bacon, Inquiry Regarding the Descendants of Ham, Hogg's Poems, Cobden on the Corn Laws, and the popular little poem, "Root Hog or Die." The troughs are of mahogany, inlaid with ivory, and furnished with Phelan cushions. Whenever a hog is led out to execution, chloroform is administered.

The royal plate at Windsor, which is kept in a tolerably sized room, and an adjoining closet, is valued at £1,750,000 sterling. There is one gold service, formed by George IV., to dine 130 guests. Some pieces were taken from the Spanish armada, some brought from India, Burmah, China. There are thirty dozen of plates which cost twenty-six guineas each plate. This is only a portion of the royal wealth of England in this one item of domestic necessity. In the Tower of London are all manner of gold salt cellars, drinking cups, spoons, etc., which in value represent an additional million or so.

The latest invented building material is marbleized glass. It is said to require the closest examination to detect it from genuine marble. It can be made plain, white, or variegated, to suit any taste or requirement, and it is claimed that for ornamental house fronts, floors or pavements, this marbleized glass is superior to marble in durability. It will maintain its colors, they being indestructible. A patent on this invention has been taken out, and it is thought that the great cheapness of this marbleized glass, as compared with marble, will bring it into general use for house fronts, floors and ornaments.

There is a needle factory in New Haven where the whole process is done by a single machine, without the manual labor of any person. A coil of steel wire is put in; the machine cuts it off at the required lengths; it cuts the steel pieces consecutively, punches the eye-holes, countersinks the eyes, and grinds the points—and, in fact, does everything until the needles drop out completely formed. Another machine picks them up and arranges them heads and points together, and a third piece of mechanism puts them into papers. One of these machines occupies no more room than an ordinary table, and each of them turns out from 30,000 to 40,000 needles a day.

A miser named Husbed Hobby died lately at Greenwich, Conn. He was a cattle drover, and by shrewdness and penuriousness had accumulated a fortune of $100,000. He never had any washing done, but put on an undergarment and wore it till it wore out. One day last week a neighbor went to the house and knocked, but got no answer. He forced the door and found a hideous spectacle. Hobby was lying on a dilapidated sofa almost dead. On the floor was a calf which had evidently died from hunger, and the body had been partially eaten by several hogs which were also in the room. The pantry was used by chickens as a roost. An undressed pig was found in the stove oven, and little bits of flesh had been cut out. Hobby was in a dying condition from a stroke of paralysis, and was taken care of by the Selectmen at his death.

Life would be less miserable than it is if we were incapable of taking cold, and if so much of it were not necessarily devoted to coughing and sneezing, the spring-time of the year would be perfectly bharming if people did not so frequently make such terrible mistakes in prematurely taking off their flannels. It is now suggested (in the Cleveland *Leader*) that the Signal Service Bureau at Washington might make itself a blessing to the nation by letting us know when we must wear wool, and when we may with impunity discard it. It would add greatly to the interest of the Washington predictions, rendering them much more entertaining to the ordinary reader, if they were interspersed with such warnings as these: "Don't forget to take your umbrella!" "Remember your overshoes for the next twenty-four hours!" "Put not your trust in spring overcoats!"

The Somerville, Tenn., *Falcon* has the following: "Last Tuesday a wagon drawn by three animals of the bovine species passed through our town bound for Texas. The driver was a red-headed, lantern-jawed, bow-legged Hoosier, six feet in height, dressed in brown jeans and wearing No. 14 brogans. Two oxen and a cow, geared like horses, were drawing the vehicle. The wagon was filled with a wife, a few little bare-headed urchins, and other valuables. The family hailed from Polk County, East Tennessee, and said they were 'gwine to Texas with that'ar team of it tuk em all year.' The cow, that worked on the off side, they said gave milk for the whole family. In the rear was a second wagon, drawn by a stout mule and a horse. This concern was packed full of moutain girls in large numbers, though it was impossible to count them in the short space of thirty minutes."