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I made my soul a song for her singing,
What time the gloaming was mellow with May,
And the whispering harehells, their curfew
ringing,
Swelled the dirge of the dying day;
And out of the depths of the spirit's passion
Love the great master, touched the keys,
And the rhyme came forth in the old, old fashion.

Half fear, half hope-and the words we

Come, my soul, let us reason together: Come, for the shadows darken ahead; Care and sorrow tighten the tether, Life's sun through the mists glows dim Come, ere the long, low light of the summer Fade to the brown of the autumn leaf; Come, lest the foot of the careless comer Lay weary in paths made rough with grief,

Soul, where thoughts like the white-win angels od in the hush of this dim, dusk eve,

Whisper to me thy sweet evangels,
Whisper and sigh, but do not grieve;
Out of the depths of thy charmed chambers
Raise me a song that shall thrill afar;
Kindle thy fires, blow bright thine embers,
Gleam on her soul like the gleam of a star Soul, my soul, that hast walked thy journey, Through winsome valleys, by height and seat Whose shield is dark from a noble tourney, Whose lance droops low with the weight

Look past yon hills, whose crest bright sunned is With the last fond glance that the dead day

gives;
Up! let the voice of thy *De Profundis*Thrill to those courts where no sorrow lives!

Soul, wilt thou love, where to love is losing?
Long wilt thou wander in ways that err;
Dally with hopes, that thy barren choosing
Finds fleeting as steps of a wayfarer.
Wilt thou not turn and say to her spirit,
Lo! I that love thee will love no more?
This is a hard thing that we inherit:
To love and to weep, lo, this is sore!

Out of the depths of the heart's despairing Comes the long, passionate cry of love; Ah, God! but the cross is hard for the bearin Ah, God! for the rest and the wings of the dove!

Ah! that in that pure, faithful bosom
The tim, lost half of my life might lie!
Ah! that the bud might inher the blossom!
Shall these things be? Who knows? Not I.

Out of the depths of the starlit distance
A pale gleam shows where the moon comes u
And here in the dregs of this strange existence
May lark the sweetness that crowns the cup, And faith and hope and the spirit's patience
Strengthen the heart and lighten the eyes.
Ah, soul! my soul! there is hope for the natio
And God is holy, and fust, and wise.

Go, then, my song, speak swiftly to her; Sing to her, plead with her late and long; Hover around her, and gently woo her; Perhaps she will hear thee some day, O Song! Out of the depths of the soul comes sorrow, But out of the depths of these days that cease, May come, like light round the feet of the morrow.

row,
Love's soft glory, our love's calm peace.
—Appletons' Journal.

"I WILL IF YOU WILL."

The Kay House is a pleasant little hotel, standing half way up the side of a mount ain in New Hampshire.

In the parlor there, one July evening, were four people—Mrs. St. John and her daughter Elly, Miss Emily May and Mr. Millburn. As Elly St. John went to the piano, these two last slipped out on the balcony, and stood listening as Elly sung:

"Could we forget, could we forget! On that Lethe were running yet, The past should fade like a morning dream, In a single drop of the holy stream. Ah! we know what you would say. But we are too tired to hope or pray; For, burt with ceaseless jar and fret, Body and soul cannot forget.

"Can they forget, will they forget

"Can they forget, will they forget When they shall reach the boundary set,-When with the final pang and strain When with the final pang and strain They are parted never to meet again? Ever to them shall rest be given, Senseless in earth, or happy in Heaven? That which has been it might be yet If we could only learn to forget; But the sturs shall cease to rise and set, And fall from Heaven ere we forget.'?

Elly sung with an intensity and pathos which borrowed none of its force from within, for she was a good-natured, inconsequent sort of a girl, who never had a trouble in her life. gift of musical expression is often quite independent of feeling or experience. Elly's music hurt Emily cruelly, and stirred and roused the old sorrow which had but just begun to fall asleep for a lit-tle. She had loved deeply and fondly a man who had grown tired of her and left her, because he was greatly her inferior.

Much as she suffered, I rejoiced when her engagement with Lewis Leighton was broken. I had known Lewis from his earliest childhood, and I had always his earliest childhood, and I had always disliked him as a selfish, conceited prig. Had Miss Mary married him, her disappointment would have been unspeakably greater than it was. As she leaned over the balcony while Elly sung, and looked out into shadows and starlight, her heart was wrung as with the first anguish of loss, the sickening sense of her own blind infatuation. "Oh God!" she said to her-self, "when will the bitterness of this death be past?" Then she became con-scious that Mr. Millburn was speaking to her; but he had more than half-finished what he had to say before she realized that he was asking her to be his wife.

He spoke at a very unfortunate mo-nent. He and Emily had been very good friends that summer. They had wandered in the woods, ascended Mount Washington, and been to Glen Ellis together. She had liked him, but she had never dreamed of him as a lover, and when he presented himself in that light ocked, and startled, and a lit-

tle provoked.
"Oh hush!" she said sharply. never can be—never!"
"Do you then dislike me so much?"
said Evert Millburn, trying very hard to

speak quietly.
"No." she said, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "I have liked you—you have been good to me; but all the love I had to give is dead and buried, and there is no resurrection. He made no answer; but she felt that

she had hurt him. "I am very sorry," she faltered; I nev-"I understand," he said quickly. "It is no one's fault but my own. Good-night." And they touched hands and

Evert went up to his room, where his friend, Dick Bush, was sitting in the dark. Dick was a boy of nineteen. He had been trying to work his way through college, and had worn himself out in the effort, and had worn himself out in the effort, and Mr. Millburn had brought him to the mountains for his vacation. Dick made a

hero of Evert, and he had been mortally jealous of Emily May. "Dick." said Mr. Millburn, after a little, "we will go over to the Glen to-mor-

row."
And then Dick understood the case, and mentally abused Miss May as a "cold-hearted flirt," which epithet she did not

nearted first, which epithet she did not in the least deserve.

Evert and Dick went away early in the morning. Emily heard the stage drive away, and turned her face to her pillow, and thought bitterly of the horrible perverseness of things in this world. She knew that Evert was good and manly, and sensible. He was in a fair to win reputation at the bar, and, if just handsome, was attractive and

"There are dozens that would be proud and happy to accept his love; and nothing would do but that he must throw it forts him now to think that my name appeal to the match and places as single match at the plate of each boarder, and should that match fail, there is no appeal to the match safe. gentlemanly.

eynic. Emily May lived with her mother, sin y May lived with her mother, in an inland town in New York. She had a little property of her own, and, with what she could earn by her pen, she managed to dress herself, pay for a summer's journey now and then, and keep her own house over her head. It was her way to look after her sick neighbors, poor or not; to visit, now and then, at the hospital and the county house, and do what her hand found to do. She made no fuss, and laid down no rules, and was under no ecclesiastical "direction" in particular; but I am inclined to think si e was as useful, and far more agreeable, than if she had made herself hideous in a poke bonnet, and committed mental

When her holiday was over that summer, she came home, and settled quietly

mer, she came home, and settled quietly down to her work.

She was busy at her desk, one day in October, when a carriage drove rapidly up the street, and stopped at the door, and Dick Bush jumped hurriedly out, and rang the bell. Emily went to the door herself, upon which Dick's hurry seemed suddenly to subside; and when he came into the parlor, he appeared to find great difficulty in expressing himself, and Emiy, greatly wondering, asked after his riend Mr. Millburn.

Dick's tongue was loosed.
"Oh, Miss May," he said, with a shaking voice, "Evert is dying."
"Where? How? said Emily startled, and

sincerely sorry.

Now Dick had been rather melodramatically inclined. He had meant to act like the hero of a lady's novel, and administer a severely inflexible reproof to the woman who had trifled with Evert; but in Miss May's presence he found this plan imprac-ticable, and wisely refrained.

"He went out shooting with a fool of a boy, and he, the boy, fired wild, and Evert was badly hurt, and fever set in; and, oh! Miss May, he keeps asking for you, and he won't be quiet; and the doctor said, if you could you ought to come, for it might make a difference. There's his note, and Mrs. Millburn's."

The doctor wrote, succinctly, that, considering the state of the case, Miss May's presence might possibly keep the patient quieter, which was all important. Mrs. Millburn's note was an incoherent blotted epistle, begging this unknown young lady

to come and save her boy. Emily could not refuse; her mother purried her off, and in two hours she was seated beside Dick, on her way to Springfield. Her reflections were not pleasant. Every one would talk, and suppose there was a romance. Elly St. John would be sure to know about it, and Elly was such a little chatter-box; and to try to make a mystery of the matter would be still

Then she had "nothing to wear." And how should she get along with Evert's mother and sisters? And who would take her Bible class on Sunday? And what was to become of her little book

promised for "the spring trade?"

"I dare say it's all nonsense his wanting me," she thought. "People never mean what they say in a fever. I remember Pat Murphy insisting that he would have a hippopotamus 'handy in the house;' and if Mr. Millburn comes to himself how hersily and have hersily and the sale of the sale. On the whole, Miss May's feelings were

rather those of vexation than romance.

They rode all night, and when Emily reached the door of the handsome old-fashioned house in Springfield, she was conscious of "looking like a fright," and wished herself anywhere else.

The door was no sooner opened than she was embraced by a little old lady in black, and a pretty girl in an elegant morning dress. Both were in tears, and had evidently been for some time on the verge of hysteries; and Emily at once set them down as "the sort of women who

"Oh, my dear! It is so good of you! So very good of you!" said Mrs. Millburn. "I am sure you will be his guardian an-

l," said sentimental Hatty.
"Not at all. Mr. Millburn and I were very good friends, and I shall be very glad if I can do him any good," said Emily, in a very matter-of-course tone; and then the doctor made his appearance, and begged her to come up stairs.

"If he could be kept quiet, there might be a chance for him," said the doctor; 'but so much depends on nursing'— and the doctor ended with an expressive ilence. Evert was moaning and sob bing, and begging that some one would send Emily May with "one drop of water."

The nurse, who, to Emily's critical eyes, looked anything but capable, was fussing over him in a way that was enough in itself to drive a sane person mad. Emily poured out a goblet of water with a steady hand, and as the ice tinkled against the side of the glass she

held it to his lips,
"There is water," she said, in her ordinary sweet cheery voice. Now if you will try to be quiet, I will stay with you." She could not tell whether he recognized her or not, but the nervous feverish distress and excitement seemed in some measure to subside; and, after a time, he was completely quiet.

Now nursing a wounded man in a fever sounds very romantic in a novel; but, in its real details, it is anything but a romantic business.

mantic business.

Emily May, at Evert Millburn's bedside, felt herself in an entirely false position; but she took care of him, for there
was nothing else to be done. The nurse
went off in a huff with Miss May and the
doctor; Mrs. Millburn and Hatty could only ery and rustle about, and overset things with their dresses. Evert would grow restless as soon as Emily left him, o that the charge, in spite of herself, fell

into her hands. Happily Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were not jealous. On the contrary, they ad-mired Emily exceedingly, and were very grateful and affectionate.

Before the end of the week, Evert came to himself. "I have dreamed you were here," he said, with a faint smile. "Now I see it is you, and no phantom."

The delirium kad gone, but the doctor

said nothing encouraging. Evert insisted on hearing the exact truth; and learned at last that he might possibly live a few days, but no longer.

Then, to Emily's wonder and dismay, Evert entreated that, for the little time there was remaining, she would take his name. His heart was set on this idea, and he pleaded, for what seemed such a useless boon, with a vehemence that seemed likely to hasten the last mo-ments. Mrs. Millburn and Hatty seconded the petition with tears, and were sure that "darling Emily" would not re-

fuse dear Evert's last request.
Emily did what nine women out of ten would have done, and consented.
"What harm can it do?" she thought. "it is only a mere form, but it gives me the right to be with him to the end, and

Miscellaneous Selections.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

BY DARTON GREY.

I made my souls song for her singing.

Away on me," thought Emily impatiently impatiently. "But it's never worth while to pity men very much. They mostly get over their troubles very easily, if there is no money lost." From which it may be inserted that Miss May was perhaps a bit of a certific. self because this silly notion had come to her unbidden, and twisted up her hair tight and plain, and went to meet the clergyman in her old black mohair, which had become considerably spotted down the front in the course of her nursing.

The rite was made as short as possible, and then Mrs. Millburn sent every one away, and for two days the bride stood over the bridegroom, and fought against death till she was ready to faint.

The doctor gave up the patient en-

The doctor gave up the patient en-tirely, and ceased to do anything; and as sometimes happens in like cases, he took a turn for the better; and slowly the balance trembled, the scale inclined, and life had won.

"I'll tell you what it is," said the doc-

or, "your wife has saved your life."

Evert turned his head on the pillow. and looked for Emily; but she had slipped away into the next room, where she sat down, feeling, for the first time, with a strange shock, that she was actual-ly married. What should she do? What ould she say? How could she tell Evert, after all, that she had only come to him as she would have gone to Pat Murphy, if he had sent for her, and consented to that marriage rite as she had lent her silver candlesticks to hold Father Flanagan's plessed candles when Judy Murphy died

The doctor went down stairs; and presently Mrs. Millburn and Hatty came presently Mrs. Millburn and Hatty came to her, and overwhelmed her with embraces and gratitude, and a point applique set, and fragmentary talk about her "things," and proposals to send for her mother, all mingled together. Emily resolutely put away thought for the time, but she could not help feeling, in an odd surprised way, that she was not unhappy, and despised herself for having a sort of above of furtive interest in those, "things." ashamed, furtive interest in those "things" which Mrs. Millburn and Hatty were

longing to provide.

A week after that day, Evert was allowed to sit up in his easy chair, white and wan enough, but with a look of returning health and life. Emily was sitting almost with her back to him, locking out into the tossing leafless branches of the great

"Emily," said Mr. Millburn at last.
"Yes," she answered quietly, but she did not turn her head.
"Emily, I did not mean to get well."

No answer from Mrs. Millburn.
"I know how much you must feel what has happened. Believe me, I will take no advantage of your goodness; I will set you free as suon as I can. My only wish is to spare you trouble; I will take all blazzers averaged. blame on myself. I know you are long-ing to be away; and why should I delay what must come at last? I dare say Dick and Mrs. Macy, the nurse, can do all I

Oh, if you prefer Mrs. Macy's attendance, I am sure it is nothing to me," said Emily, in a remarkably cross manner.

your mother now."
But here, to Evert's dismay, Emily hid her face, and began to cry in quite a pas-sionate and distressful fashion. Evert

turned away, and laid her window seat.
"What can I do?" he said, distressed.

"What can I do?" he said, distressed.
"It's too bad! Oh, it's too bad!" she said in the most unreasonable way.
"I know it, Emily. You are as free as though no word had ever passed between us. Do you want to go to-day? I will make it easy for you with mother and Hatty," he said, with a pang.

She went on crying, and then in a minute she said, in a most incoherent fashion.

ute she said, in a most incoherent fashion, "I-I didn't think I was so very disagreeable." The words dropped out one by one between her sobs. "But, of course, if you don't want me—" "Emily! What do you mean? Will you

stay? Will you really try to care for me?" he asked, with a sudden light in his eyes. "I don't know. I—did think—as maters are, we might try to make the best of she said in the faintest whisper, while the color ran to her fingers' ends. "You will 9"

"I will if you will," said Mrs. Millburn, with a sweet, shy smile.

And she kept her word.—From the Aldine for April.

The Value of Time.

Spring is nominally here. The field labors of the year will soon commence, and we should see that everything is ready for energetic, systematic work. How to make money by farming is the great question.

There are two ways of getting rich. One is to spend less than you earn; and the character of carbonic acid are properly antiseptics, and operate mainly by arresting the process of fermentation and decomposition, while agents of the nature of Condy's fluid (permanganate of potash) chloride of lime, and especially character of carbonic acid are properly antiseptics, and operate mainly by arresting the process of fermentation and decomposition, while agents of the nature of condy's fluid (permanganate of condy's fluid (permanganate of condy's fluid (permanganate of condy's fluid (permanganate of potash) chloride of lime, and especially character of carbonic acid are properly antiseptics, and operate mainly by arresting the process of fermentation and decomposition, while agents of the nature of condy's fluid (permanganate of potash) chloride of lime, and especially character of carbonic acid are properly antiseptics, and operate mainly by arresting the process of fermentation and decomposition, while agents of the nature of condy's fluid (permanganate of potash) chloride are properly antiseptics, and operate mainly by arresting the process of fermentation and decomposition, while agents of the nature of condy antiseptics. cents out of every dollar he gets is a very different man from the farmer who aims to get \$1.50 instead of \$1.00. One saves just as much money as the other. But the latter has just twice as much to spend as the former. And it will make quite a difference to a farmer and to his family, and to the community in which he lives, whether he spends \$500 or \$1,000 a year; or still more whether he spends \$2.000 incents out of every dollar he gets is a very or still more whether he spends \$2,000 instead of \$1,000. The distinction we make, therefore, is one worth considering. We believe in a conomy, but we believe still more in work. When John Johnson was plowing one hot day in his summer fallow, a butcher came to buy some cattle. Mr. J. told him his price and then started the horses, and the butcher walked by his side. He was very fat, and the land was soft and mellow, and the perspiration soon burst from every pore. By the time he got to the end of the field, he was willing got to the end of the field, he was willing to "split the difference." Mr. J. turned in again, and the butcher still walked by his side. When they got back to the starting point, Mr. J. put in the plow again and started the horses. "Hold on Johnson," exclaimed the butcher. "I'll take 'em; I would not walk up and down that field again for double the money." Here is a man who knew his own mindknew what his cattle were worth; and above all he knew the value of time. He knew that a man and his team were worth 30 cents an hour. He knew that if he stopped and went home with the butcher the men in the field would be likely to do less work while he was gone. An hour's idle talk would probably have cost him 5 cents. He was determined to save 50 cents and run the risk of the butcher not riving what the cattle were worth. this affords one reason why Mr. Johnson has lived in great comfort, brought up a large family, and made over one hundred thousand dollars by farming.—American

Agriculturist. A New England paper describes a boarding marm" whose economical tendencies lead her to place her boarders upon an allowance of matches. Every evening at tea she goes round and places

Death of a Noted Woman.

ONE of the strangest careers of modern ONE of the strangest careers of modern times has just terminated in the death of Lady Ellenborough at Damascus. Forty years ago she was one of the most noted women in Europe, and her residence in the East has long been a sort of scandalous romance. The daughter of the late Admiral Sir Henry Digby, beautiful, witty, and rich, she married in 1824 the Earl of Ellenborough who was afterward. of Ellenborough, who was afterward Governor-General of India, and who at that time was one of the most brilliant men of the day. She was about seventeen men of the day. She was about seventeen years of age at the time of her marriage, and Ellenborough, who was a widower, was thirty-four. They lived together some six years, and her dissolute conduct was a cause of scandal for some time previous to the catastrophe of her elopement with Prince Felix. Schwarzenberg, a celebrated rome, then Austrian Minister in London. The event caused an immense sensation in the world of aristocracy and fashion. Ellenborough procured a difashion. Ellenborough procured a di-vorce from Parliament and never married vorce from Parliament and never married again; but his runaway wife soon separated from Schwarzenberg, and in 1832 married Baron Venningen, a Bavarian. Tiring of him presently, and with her great wealth and personal fascinations having little difficulty in procuring divorces under the easy laws of Germany, she was married in succession to five other individuals; but as none of these unions met her expressions they were all dismet her expectations, they were all dis-solved after a short duration. In 1848 she was living in Athens with her eighth husband, a Greek colonel, Count Theodoki; but without waiting to become a widow she had this marriage also dissolved, and set out for the Levant. During a journey from Beyrout to Damascus she found a new affinity in the person of an Arab camel-driver, known as Sheish Abdul, whom she married after the Arab fashion, and who was the ninth and last of her and who was the ninth and last of her conjugal partners. For a whole year she accompanied him on his journeys between Beyrout and Babylon, faithfully fulfilling all the duties of a camel-driver's wife, even to milking the camels. Tiring of this nomadic life, she built for herself a charming palace in Damascus, where she has since lived in her own style, a great chicar of curicity to all European travel.

has since lived in her own style, a great object of curiosity to all European travelers. Abdul, continuing in business as a camel-driver, was always hospitably entertained by her whenever he came to the place. And now she is dead, having completed nearly three score and ten years, leaving a colossal fortune to her relatives of the Dishe facility is produced and the place. of the Digby family in England, and a memory of warning and of shame.—N.

Contagious and Infectious Diseases.

Dr. Symes Thompson, a well known English physician, recently lectured on the above topic in London; and from his discourse we glean the following: It is considered a settled fact that dis-Emily, in a remarkably cross manner.

"You are angry with me, but there need be no difficulty, dear. You came away from home so hurriedly that it would be perfectly natural for you to return to your mother now."

But he considered a settled fact that diseases of a contagious nature are caused and spread by influences largely within the sphere of human government and control. Every form of infectious fever has its idiosyncrasy. Enteric fever and cholera tend chiefly to disseminate themselves the extraction of the control of th selves through water, passing into the wells and fountains of daily supply, and at times traveling from house to house in

of some new victim, and so start thence upon a fresh career. Typhus fever crawls sluggishly from hand to hand and mouth o mouth, and is immersely sociable in its spirit, languishing away when condemned to solitary confinement. Typhoid fever generates itself where filth, over-

crowding and impure habits of life pre-vail; and relapsing fever glides in the track of privation and misery.

The means now known of controlling these evil ministrants are, in the main, careful isolation of the sick, the preservation of the water from which daily sup-plies are derived in uncontaminating purity, the uninterrupted ventilation alike of hospitals and dwelling houses, the immediate removal from the vicinity of active human life of all excretions of he sick, and the destruction of their morblife influence by mixing them with au-tiseptic and disinfecting agents (such as carbolic acid, sulphuric acid, chlorides of lime and zinc, permanganate of potash, and charcoal), temperate living, avoid-ance of any kind of excesses, and above

all the cultivation of an intelligent familiarity with natural laws.

In regard to antiseptics and disinfectants, Dr. Thompson states that it should be understood that agents of the character of carbolic acid are properly composition, while agents of the nature of Condy's fluid (permanganate of potash) chloride of lime, and especially charcoal, are disinfectants, and act by abother is to earn more than you spend. It sorbing the noxious products of decommay be thought that this is a distinction without a difference; but such is not the case. The farmer who aims to save 50 cessation in the evolution of gas bubbles from a fermenting solution of sugar; and the violent color of Condy's fluid was instantly discharged when combined with water in which was a trace of sulphureted hydrogen. The lecturer also exhibited remains of a rat which had been placed in a jar of charcoal six years ago. Only the bones and a few hairs were to be seen; and although the jar had been covered with but a piece of paper, throughout the lengthened period of decomposition, no trace of disagreeable smell was at any ime emitted.

Religion in Novels. It is very noteworthy how many of the best novels of the present day touch with more or less distinctiveness upon ques-tions of religious belief. We set aside, of ourse, those many stories-some excelent of their kind, others the veriest rubbish-which are confessedly stories with a purpose, written to advocate some favorite view, in which the illustration of certain theological tenets is of the very essence of the book. In these, if we only know the name of the writer—sometimes a fairly accurate guess may be arrived at by merely glancing at that of the publisher—the reader is enabled at once to fore-cast the kind of fare which is provided for if it be a Medo-Persian law in her family, him, and will proceed to read or not to read according as his bias may incline him. But even in those which assume no such didactic office, and whose writers would fairly repudiate any such design as proselytism, the great problems of religion, instead of being tacitly ignored or disguised in vague generalities, are assumed as having a momentous influence upon human life. They are not brought prominently into the foreground, perhaps, but they are evidently present to the mind of the writer as elements of grave importance. If our generation be indeed so irreverent and irreligious as it is said to be, the traces of character are not to be found in our highest works of fiction. If there is skepticism in them, it is skepticism in the better sense of the word. The doubts are those of the honest doubter; the such didactic office, and whose writers are those of the honest doubter; the what is usually accomplished in one, you will save time, temper, and health, for it is not work that hurts, but worrying over inquirer who seeks an answer. Even if work,—Hearth and Home.

prevalent forms of belief are sometimes held up somewhat rudely to the light, and shown to be here and there but threadbare spiritual raiment, it is without prejudice to the living body of truth which they are intended to clothe.—Blackwood.

The Story of Two Lovers.

Twenty-six years ago James Sanderson Twenty-six years ago James Sanderson, a respectable person residing in the Scottish Hebrides, then verging on 40 years, made court to a girl some 16 years of age, and was accepted; but a rival much younger interfered, and bore off the prize. This made Sanderson feel revengeful; and the girl's new lover having been engaged in smuggling, Sanderson informed upon him, and he had to leave the islands, to which he never came back. The people were so violent against Sanderson that he too, was forced to leave, but had married before doing so, his wife being taken to spite his old mistress, who had not got

Arriving on the American Pacific coast in safety, he bought a large tract of land a few miles north of Fort Langley, and devoted himself to its agricultural devel opment with so much energy and skill that a few years made him comparatively wealthy. Better than this, however, the new life brought with it such endearment of the woman whom he had wedded without other love than he had been able to simulate for her deception, that the in-crease of their children was his conversion nto the fondest of husbands; and when, in 1861, he became a widower, he remained so ten years, when he sent home to a sister in the Hebrides, to engage a wife for him. His old flame was selected, and said she was willing to go to him whom she had jilted twenty-five years before.

From the time of her second lover's hasty flight under the denunciation of his enemy, the smuggler's sweetheart had never heard of that individual again; and she was to proceed up the coast to her destination on a steamer in which a passage was specially secured for her, and while awaiting this vessel she was seen and recognized at a hotel by the accepted lover of her youth, who had been in California ever since his untimely departure from the Hebrides. There was a dramatic meeting, a long story on either side, and-alas, for the waiting widower-a full re-

alas, for the waiting widower—a full revival of the old love.

Both lovers, however, were much sobered by the discipline of maturer years; and the lady having explained by whose wish and means she was in America, declared that she must go onward as she had promised, and fulfil her engagement if it was still exacted. She would faithfully tell all to him who awaited her at the end of her journey, confess that she could never love him now as she had lately thought possible, and abide by his own decision. If he yet claimed her he must be obeyed; if not she would return to Sax Francisco. As the story ends with San Francisco. As the story ends with her reappearance in the Californian city a few days ago, and quiet marriage there to the former smuggler, it may be inferred that the Columbian widower was at once sensible and magnanimous under his last disappointment, and finally proved himrose with difficulty, and went to her,—it was not more than three steps.

"Do you want to kill yourself?" she said through her sobs, and she took hold of him and made him sit down, and then of him and made him sit down, and then the country with it around the throat or head that the Columbian widower was at once and, after long months, comes forth with some old and cast aside garment, to be thrown with it around the throat or head self the friend of the woman with whom fate had twice denied him relationship.—Concord (N. H.) Patriot.

Ratio of Live Stock to Population.

PROF. THEROLD ROGERS, of Oxford University, England, has compiled a curious table showing the proportion of domesticated live stock to population in the
chief countries in the world. It shows the following results:

ons; a sheep to every 2 3-4 persons; and pig to every 13 persons. Norway has a cow to 2 1-2-a sheep to 1 and a pig to 18 persons. Denmark has a cow to 2-a sheep to 1and a pig to 42 persons.

Prussia has a cow to 5-a sheep to 1and a pig to 5 persons. Wurtemburg has a cow to 4-a sheep to 2 3-4-and a pig to 7 persons.

Bayaria has a cow to 3-a sheep to 2 1-2 and a pig to 5 persons. has a cow to 6-a sheep to 8 Saxony and a pig to 8 persons.

Holland has a cow to 4—a sheep to 4and a pig to 12 persons.

Belgium has a cow to 7—a sheep to 9and a pig to 8 persons.

Austria has a cow to 6—a sheep to 2-

and a pig to 5 persons.

Switzerland has a cow to 3 1-2—a sheep to 5—and a pig to 7 1-2 persons.

The United States has a cow to 4 persons -a sheep to 6 sheep to each person-and a pig to

House Cleaning.

CLEANING is a subject by itself. Its miseries have been learned in suffering, and rhymed in song. It is the dread of masculine humanity, and is one of the things that periodically transfer some amighle women into facilities. amiable women into fretful and fault-finding ones, and make happy homes tempor-arily distressing. Now there is no need of half the discomfort and inconvenience, the headache and pneumonia and neuralgia, that come in the train of cleaning. There is urgent necessity that once a year, at least, and perhaps twice, most parts of the house should undergo the most thorough house should undergo the most thorough renovation. Let your weekly cleanings and sweepings be as faithful as possible, still dust and dirt will sift in and hide in unsuspected places, and moths will deposit their eggs in carpets and sofas. Paint will grow dingy, and ceilings become grimed with smoke. But most of our spring cleaning is done too soon, and before we can do without fires safely. The very neat housekeeper dissafely. The very neat housekeeper dis-likes to kindle the fire in the grate, when that cleaning is always to be done at a certain time, no matter what the weather, there will be days when not to have fire is to be very uncomfortable, perhaps sick. For, as our friend Warner says. "there are springs when the crocuses won't be coaxed up with a pickax, and it is almost fatal er, at least, it is to invite disease, to turn the house out of doors and windows till their rigor is abated." Begin at the top and take one room at a time. Rest between. Get Fanny's and Mary's room done first; then lie upon

your oars for two or three days, and come

down to mother's and the guest-chamber. Leave stairways and halls till you have

Gushing.

We all agree to consider "gush" un-worthy; "gushing people," whether in parlors or periodicals, are accepted objects for satire. Now, as we have known some decidedly gushing people in society and in the public prints to speak of "gush" with derision, we infer that there must se some ambiguity as to the meaning of the term. It is, perhaps, worth while to ask, "What is 'gush,' and in what does its inferiority inhere?" Usually, though not necessarily, persons who gush, admire rather than criticise; but whatever they do, they do with profusion. The they do, they do with profusion. The voice is commonly in a high key; but it

is, not that it possesses these qualities, but that it professes them, and possesses them not. Admire all you choose; you are but one little being in this boundless universe, and tle being in this boundless universe, and you have all outside of you to admire. The higher your ecstacies, the deeper your worship, the greater you are unquestionably; only be sure you don't lay claim by written word, or speech or gesture, to ecstacies which you do not feel. If you love your kind, and are "human," there is in the boundless expanse of history in the experiences of the people there is in the boundless expanse of history, in the experiences of the people among whom you move, sufficient opportunity for all the "sympathy" you can command. Your sympathies, and appreciations, and subtleties about your friends may be never so superfine, they may be quite beyond the reach of plain people, but if you are sure of their truth, you can power be justly accurated of "grash." It is never be justly accused of "gush." It is only when you follow some loose fashion, only when you follow some loose fashion, when you take some half-formed, superficially-felt impression, and in some modish way profess a depth or an elevation which you do not possess—it is only then that you may be said to "gush."

Fancy, spirituality, love, joy in the perception of beauty, all these are true: "gush" is false. Now, it may often happen that a young person, or for that met.

pen that a young person, or for that mat-ter an old one, may not have sufficient intellectual power, or sufficient depth of ex-perience, to test the truth of any effusion of the mind. George Eliot somewhere re-marks how much easier it is to be eloquent than to be true. Truth for the writer, especially when he attempts the more ambitious walks of literature and endeavors to be original, demands a power of intellect which few can command. The writer who professes spirituality, and believes himself able out of his own experience to say something which is worth the attention of men, must, of course, first, himself believe that he is truthful. Sometimes the course of the co believe that he is truthful. Sometimes he is mistaken, he often is; but, after all, the only consent which is worth anything is the writer's own certainty that he is right. He must take upon himself the responsibility of being mistaken; but in most of the "gush," we see there is no such even mistaken consent of the intellect and conscience. Really, the writer half knows he (very hust) arrival at his hotel throws all the doors and windows open to take an "air-bath;" who is very fond of money, but carries papers of immense value in a Really, the writer half knows he (very often she) is talking nonsense; if he often she) is talking nonsense; if he prized truth sufficiently, he would not speak so. "Gush," we think, therefore, is often the result of a feeble intellect, but oftener the result of a lack of dignity and the want of an instinctive love of truth. We doubt if many persons write "gush" for the love of it; but people who make a times to cover so much space with ink even when they are capable of better things, do too often acquire a way of writing from the hand instead of the head or the heart, and of approaching the deeper themes of life with levity and insinceri-ty. This is the "gush" which is utterly objectionable, whether it be written for the public or spoken in the ear of friend-

Great Britain: one cow to every 12 persons; one sheep to every person; and one pig to every 10 persons.

France has a cow to every 6 persons; a sheep to every person, and a pig to every sheep to every person, and a pig to every labeled the tendency of the times, as follows:

It is really a great wonder that every-labeled and buried, and the body is not dead and buried, and the world itself used up entirely, if the thous-andth part of what is told us about micro-scopical and other "discoveries," so called, is true. One man will have it that the glorious Union over which the stripes and stars float so proudly will soon become depopulated, because respectable people don't have children; another has discovered myriads of bugs in the chatelaines and waterfalls of the ladies, boring into their skulls and sucking out all the re-maining brains of the dear delightfuls. A German savan now tells us that every sip of tea we take is full of oily globules which get into the lungs direct, weaken them, set up a cough, and the person dies of consumption. Another man has found of consumption. Another man has found that the purest spring water, clear as crystal to all appearance, if let alone will deposit a sediment which generates typhoid fever; hence he proposes that everybody shall quit drinking water. Another says that bread has so much lime in it that it is turning us all to bone, and makes us stiff in the joints that being the makes us stiff in the joints, that being the reason we have no lithe, sprightly old men now-a-days; hence we are full of limps and rheumatics long before our time, therefore we had better quit eating bread altogether, and live on rice and sago and taploca. The water cure folk as-sure us that pork and beans and ham and eggs are full of abominable trichina, and that, if one is swallowed and gets fairly nestled into the system, he, she or it will breed a million more in a short time, and

that roast beef has juvenile tape worms in it. And here come Tom, Dick, and Har-ry, all in a row, loaded down with micro-scopes and spy glasses which show as plain as day that the air is swarming with living monsters and putrid poisons, which fly into the mouth and crawl up the nose and creep into the ear; hence it is death to breathe such pestilential air, and that the best way is to keep the mouth shut, plug up the nose, and ram cotton into the

Ever so many learned professional gentlemen have been torturing poor figures for years to make them tell the stupendous fib that everybody is either crazy or soon will be; that the annual increase is ten per cent., consequently in eleven years everybody will be crazy, and more too. The fact is that the people who spend their time hatching out these tomfooleries, ought to be put to work and be made to earn an honest living. This world has been pretty well taken care of for some thousands of years, increasing in comfort and wealth and life, the average length of which last has doubled within two centuries, and the population perhaps increased three fold; and the presumption is that the Great Maker of all will so arrange all the antagonistic forces of life for the future as eventually to make "the wilderness and solitary place to be glad, and the des-ert to rejoice and blossom as the rose," and the race be happy still.

finished the parlor floor. Only clean on bright sunny days and when you feel well. By extending over three weeks what is usually accomplished in one, you will save time, temper, and health, for it Four thousand English ministers urge the Archbishop of Canterbury to support in the House of Lords the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Why should the parsons be so partial to

Marital Responsibility.

A currous question regarding the re-ponsibility of a husband for the acts of his wife has recently been decided in the supreme Court of Illinois, and in delivering the opinion of the Court Judge Thorn-ton took occasion to make an elaborate reton took occasion to make an elaborate review of the changes which recent legislation has made in the legal relations between man and wife. The case in question was one of slander. Janet Robson had sued one John Martin for slanderous words used respecting her by Margaret Martin, John's wife, and the case had come to the Supreme Court on appeal. The decision was that the husband was not liable. The Court heid that a liability which has for its consideration rights conferred should no longer exist, when the is not wrong or unworthy to admire. "Gush" is not objectionable because it is pitched in a high key. There is very genuine and exquisite admiration. Much in literature in which the key is high has to deprive him of all rights to her property and to the control of her personnel of the control of the cont erty and to the control of her per-son and her time, every principle of right would be violated by holding him still responsible for her conduct. So long as the husband was entitled to the property of the wife and to her industry, so long as of the wife and to her industry, so long as he had power to direct and control her, and thus prevent her from the commission of tort, there was some reason for his liability. The reason has now ceased. The ancient landmarks are gone. The maxims and authority and adjudications of the past have faded away. The unity of husband and wife has been severed. They are now distinct persons, and may have same now distinct persons, and may have separate legal estates, contracts, debts, and injuries. The chains of the past have been broken by the progression of the present, and the wife can now enter upon the stern conflicts of life untrammeled. She no longer clings to and depends upon man, but has the legal right to battle with him In the contests of the forum, to outvie him in the healing art, and to climb with him the steps of fame. And as her brain hands and tongue are her own, in judgment of the Court she alone should be held responsible for any slan-ders she may utter.—New York Sun.

Paganini.

An English paper has given an inter-esting and curious account of Paganini, which it would be worth the while of any one interested, as so many people are nowadays, in questions of "temperament" to read. It is common to talk about the artistic or poetic temperament as if there were no differences between one poet, painter, architect, or musician and another—the fact being that the differences of resthetic temperament inter sese are almost as great as the differences between these again and all others. The temperabut carries papers of immense value in a pocket-book, mixed with concert tickets and letters; who seldom notices scenery or cares for the sights of foreign towns; who cares little where he sleeps or what he cats or drinks, but when he goes out to dine generally eats so much as to bring on illness; who is in the habit of remaining taciturn for days, at other times owever, of joining in conversation "freein his room in total darkness till half-past ten, when he goes to bed; who is continually mixing with men, but has no friends; who is faithful to both his parents, is at times very generous, and who, if any one mentions music in conversation, relapses into sullen silence or goes off into some other part of the room-what sort of a temperment is this, poetic, artistic, architectural, dramatic, or lunatic? It is none of these, it is the musical temperament, the traits having all been manifested by Paganini himself.—N. Y. Nation.

Rubies.

The ruby ranks third in hardness among recious stones. Its color varies from the rectous stones. Its color varies from the lightest pink of rose tint to the deepest carmine. Specimens are often found in which blue is exhibited in one part and red in another; sometimes the two colors are more of less intermingled, producing purple shades, and even greater variegations are coessionally seen from the presence. tions are occasionally seen from the pres-ence of additional colors. A ruby, either too light or too dark, is not as desirable as one of an intermediate shade. The most one of an intermediate shade. The most highly prized are those of the "pigeon's-blood" color, a pure deep red, free from the casts of either blue or yellow. This shade exactly agrees with that of the fresh blood of a pigeon as seen when dropped on white paper. The best rubies are always set transparent, but those deficient in color are backed by a foil of appropriate shade. In buying a stone set with foil the purchaser will naturally be on his guard; but where it is without a back it may be supposed that its real color is apparent at a giance. Not so. Some swindling jewel-ers succeeded in the plan of lining the inside of the band made to encircle the stone with crimson enamel of such a shade as to

lend a proper hue to a faulty gem .- Ex. A Willful Woman.

A FEMALE argonaut of fearful vitality, a tall and extremely ugly female, called at the postoffice yesterday, tendered ninety-nine coppers to the urbane clerk, and asked in lieu thereof three cent stamps. The official remarked that he could only receive four coppers as a legal tender, and at the expense of a deal of precious time endeavored to convince the female that he was guided by certain rules, and had no latitude in the matter. She waxed wroth, and remarked that when in the course of human events it became apparent that United States coin was to be refused by a United States official, she thought her forefathers had died in vain, and considforefathers had died in vain, and considered it her duty to bring the Government to account. Then she paced the corridor of the postoffice until she had made thirty-three separate tenders of the coppers and obtained thirty-three three cent stamps. During her transaction with the clerk she gave him much unsolicited advice, and otherwise contributed to the enloyment of spectators.—San Francisco enjoyment of spectators.-San Fran

DETROIT, Minn., aspires to be a health resort, and won't hear of having such a thing as a regular grave-yard, lest it should deter invalids from going thither.

A co-operative communion called the Ebenezers, of German extraction, long established near Buffalo, are attracting at-

ention. THE taxes in California-State, county and municipal-range from three to four per cent. on the value of property.

THERE is a farm in Essex county, Masachusetts, which has been in the possession of the same family for 237 years.

SHARP blades-Horse-raisers.