NUMBER 8.

## VOLUME III.

# RIDGWAY, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1873.

Miscellaneous Selections. FORESHADOWINGS.

When the fair mother of our race Stood on the verge of Hiddekel, And plucked, with bent and thoughtful face, The six-rayed stars of asphodel,

Did any prescient fancy burn Upon the tablet of her fears, A shape of dust-encircling urn, Dark with those twined and hollow spears?

Ensanguined amaranth, or scent Of myrrh, or willows' shivering gloom With strange incitement may have bent Her thought to some dim sense of doom

She heard at times the turtle-dove Moan from her height; the forest throng Lay silent, while his hopeless love He sang, who is the lord of song.

Ah, sorrow! loth to wait thine hour, Didst thou that happy bower invade, And through a sound, or shade, or flower, Suggest the ruin thou hast made?

If sad was Eve, in lightest trace— If drooping cypress bough and cone, And boding yew, obscured her face, By shadows deeper than their own—

Perchance, from mist of coming years, A voice, not mine, but sweeter far, Glanced backward to her strained ears, And, soft as sylvan murmurs are,

Breathed vaguely o'er her 'wildered thought; A wandering wind, from distant seas, Stirred her long tresses, as she caught A music set to words like these:

"Take heart, O! thou divinely fair! Death is the root of life; and we, Through hope from thee, ascend the stair That elimbs to domes of victory.

"We, too, look forth, and long to know And win some glimmering sight of things, That from a higher future throw Their blent and faint foreshadowings.

"Yet what we dimly see, we teach But dimly. 'Death' and 'conquest' seem To thee the idlest breath of speech That whispers through a morning dream,

"And since thy spirit has the gate Of every sense thrown back so wide, That coming ills, importunate, In shadow o'er the threshold glide,

"Let Nature still be Nature's key,
For her own pain supply her balms;
To bays look thou from funeral tree,
And catch the murmured laugh of palms

"Turn from one sad nocturnal lay
To notes that take their choral birth
When birds upspring to half the day,
And gird with song the rolling earth."
—Overland Monthly for April.

### CATCHING A BUTTERFLY.

KATE, love, who do you think contempates a visit to us, next month?"

"If it please heaven, not your Aunt Emily, with her five unruly cheruts!"

replied my wife, upsetting her work-box in her consternation.

"No, my dear," I replied, with an in-ward shudder at the suggestion. "That at least is spared us. This letter is from Cousin John Durham. "What! our scientific relative!-O,

"What! our scientific relative!—O, Harvey!"

"My dear, consider—we havn't seen him for over five years."

"And consider, Harvey, how much more scientific and absent-minded he will be than he was five years ago; he was dreadful enough then. Do you recollect his wiping his mouth with Mrs. Dean's point-lace handkerchief, mistaking it for a napkin? Or, how he salted his coffee instead of his egg, remarking afterward, with a surprised countenance, that the with a surprised countenance, that the coffee had a 'somewhat peculiar flavor' Eccentricities of genius my love, as

Mr. Pickwick says.' And O, his room!" pu unheeding the interruption, "think how it will look all the time he's here, swarming with snakes, and toads, and bugs with dreadful Latin names, spitted

Why, I thought you were really fond of

"And so I am. He's a dear old fel-low after all. But here's the rub, Harvey-Cousin Floy is coming at the same time. Now, to bring a beautiful, fashion able young lady into collision with such a queer genius as John Durham— they'll certainly clash! And John is so absurd with young girls; treats them as if they were children, not worth his no-It's riniculous, for he's scarcely thirty-eight himself."

Well, my love, I can only advise you to get your rooms ready, and—trust to Providence!"

Three weeks after arrived our charming Cousin Floy. One winter of bellehood in New York had left the roses still unfaded in her cheeks, and her eyes as bright a blue as ever. There was a rustic freshness and piquancy about her savoring rather of the woods and fields than of crowded ballrooms and unhealthy hours. She laughed merrily as Kate related her tribulations.
"Why, Kate, I'm delighted—what a
queer genius he must be. I'm going to
try and make a conquest of him."

Kate shook her head, laughing. wouldn't attempt it, Fley; you might as well try to flirt with an elephant,"
"We shall see," said Floy.

Next day, about tea-time, John ap-peared. A fine-looking, although not handsome fellow; massive, and broadshouldered, with a pair of very dark-gray eyes looking out from black, overhanging eyebrows; black hair curling thickly over his head, and a complexion deeply em-browned by his long sojourn in a southern land; rather careless in his dress, and dreadfully absent in his manners—such

was John Durham, the hero of my story.

Floy, looking her sweetest, in white
and blue, her blonde ringlets falling over her shoulders, awaited us in the drawing-

"Our cousin, Mr. Durham, Floy," says
Kate. "John, this is a dear little cousin
of mine—Miss Florence Bird."
"Good evening, sir," says Floy, as she
glanced upward in timid admiration at
this tall, broad-shouldered genius.
"How dive do sissy "says John shake "How d'ye do, sissy," says John, shak-ing her little hand very kindly, though

scarcely glancing at her as he does so.

Kate laughs—I laugh—Fløy, despite her
vexation, laughs too. John stands grave and puzzled, regarding us with wonder-

ing attention.

"My dear John," says Kate, at length,
"were you aware you were introduced to
a young lady? Miss Floy has been 'out'

"I beg her pardon, most sincerely," re-plies John, bowing low, with a degree of grave irony in his tone, for his second plance has scarcely convinced him.

And so we all sit down—Floy pouting a little, Kate rosy with the laughter she

"Well, Cousin John, we were all deeply interested in your last article in the
Monthly," said I, after a pause. "Except me, if you please," said Miss Floy, pertly, "for I never took the slight-est interest in flies, and grasshoppers, and

such disgusting creatures. I looked at the little damsel in astonishment; she tossed up her hands disdainfully; John eyed her as he would a very

saucy child.
"Have some bread?" he asked, coolly. "Thank you," said Floy, "perhaps you will have the kindness to pass my third cup of tea without drinking it, Mr. Dur-ham; you have disposed of two cups of tea that were on their way to me, already."

spoke. John, really coloring, begged her pardon, and passed her cup. Then, by way of conciliation, he addressed a few words of conversation to her.

"What school are you attending at present, miss—Miss Flora?"

"I have completed my education, sir," in a frigidly dignified tone.

"In feed! I wish I could say as much, Miss Floy," is John's dry rejoinder, as with an amused smile he turns away from her to direct his conversation to Kate and me. When John chooses to talk, his conversation is truly delightful—even Floy sits en-

had seen.
"Well, what do you think of your 'conquest' now?" whispered Kate, a little maliciously, as, tea ended, we enter the

maliciously, as, tea ended, we enter the parlor together.

"Who wants to make a conquest of such an old bear" asks Floy, shortly.

But next morning, lo and behold! appeared Miss Floy, in her simplest dress, her pretty fair hair braided round her head, and an air of demure propriety diffused all over her little person. She greeted John with dignified humility.

John, who had quite forgotten yesterday's little passage-of-arms, returned the greeting kindly, but took slight notice of her otherwise. She tried to talk profoundly to him, and bored him terribly; and when that evening she approached him, bearing a ponderous geological work, one passage of which she innocently asked him to "explain." John, I am sorry to say, lost patience, and "snubbed" our little cousin shamefully.

"My dear Miss Floy," he said, very blandly, "II were not afraid of offending a young lady who has 'completed her education, I would advise you not to attempt at present a work of this profound nature. Kate has in her library a book entitled 'Short Lessons in Natural His-

nature. Kate has in her library a book entitled 'Short Lessons in Natural History for Youthful Beginners,' which if you really desire to learn, you will find both amusing and instructive."

you really desire to learn, you will find both amusing and instructive."

"Thank you, sir," said Floy coloring scarlet, and making him a sweeping courtesy, "I'm sorry I disturbed your sublime meditations, even for a moment."

From that time, Floy, throwing aside her little pedantic mask, resumed her curls, her petulance, her sarcastic onslaughts. One day, she wrote a parody of his last article—very cleverly done it was, too, with most laugh-provoking carleatures—and left it in plain sight on his study-table. Her little sarcastic speeches were as stinging as the wasps'-nest she service uninjured. Scarcely pausing for breath, she bounded to John's side.

"O, Mr. Durham, are you much hurt?" she asked, in tremulous tones, as she knelt beside him. John opened his eyes again, and fixed them on her with a bewildered stare, a moment. Then, with sent.

"Don't move—don't move?" entreated Floy. "O, your poor head—how it bleeds! There's a brook near by; I'll be back in a moment."

Taking up his cap, she bounded off in were as stinging as the wasps'-nest she hired our little frish boy to deposit in his coat-pocket. The good professor, though usually indifferent to her attacks, manifested at times the irritation of a great dog when a fly tickles his nose too incessors that the strength of the strength antly; at which time Floy's exultation was excessive.

"Now, John, I'll take no denial, you

must go to the picnic with us."

"O, my dear Kate—."

"You needn't talk if you don't want to; but go you must. It's very bad for you to confine yourself to the society of flies, and cockroaches, and such 'pesky version's issued to the society of the society of

John looked really hurt for a moment, as he glanced across the table at his savage little opponent. Kate gave her a cross look that appalled her somewhat.

Hersh, coof water had somewhat revived him "O, don't thank me," said Floy, hurriedly. "You are in dreadful pain, aren't you?" "Yes; it's my ankle," muttered John.

the remainder of the breakfast. Two hours later we were on our way-

merry party of thirty or forty at the east. A ride of several miles brought us to Sylvan Falls, a place whose wild and romantic beauty rises before me and romanic beauty rises before the now, like the memory of a delightful dream. Plunging into the woods at once, we followed the narrow path that led to the falls, the distant music of which soon resounded in our ears. On we scrambled, often "Indian file," over the narrow up-hill and down-hill path that led through the woods; shouting and screaming as we clambered over the huge rocks that often strove to arrest our way. The music of the falls grew louder and louder, and at length a sudden turn in the path prought them to our view. Down scemed a huge stairway hewn in the solid rock, they plunged, bursting into a white fury of foam over the detached pieces of which here and there strove to inter-

cept their mad career. Here we paused to rest, admire the scenery, and cat our luncheon, for which the most poetic mind was by this time ravenously anxious. With two excep-tions, we were all in the best of spirits. One of these was John, who, never much one of these was John, who, hever much at his ease in such a gathering, began to feel excessively "bered," and took the earliest opportunity to slip off, unperceived. The other was Floy, who, for such a naturally bright little body, appared to the such a naturally bright little body, appared to the such a naturally bright little body. peared uncommonly dull; and after awhile, she too slipped away, deserting several youthful admirers, who had been trying to entertain her. The history of subsequent adventures I received

Floy, when she set out, had no intention of roaming to any distance; but, absorbed in her own rather sorrowful reflec-tions, she wandered on insensibly. Poor little coquette! She now suspected, I think, that she was becoming entangled in the net she had cast for another, and was by no means so insensible to John's ss as she would have had us imagine. It was not till she had wandered some distance that a feeling of loneliness oppressed her, and she turned to retrace steps. But that was no light matter; it was easy, very easy, to lose one's self in these old woods. Amid all the crooks, and turns, and de-vious pathways, the poor child soon found herself bewildered, and began to cry in sad earnest. Then she called for help, but no voice answered her. Plung-ing desperately at last into a path she had a vague hope might lead her in the right direction, she followed it for some dis-

tance, pausing, all at once, with a violent start, as in a little thicket on the side of the hill she saw—John Durham!
Floy's first feeling was one of intense relief; the next instant she shrank back into the shelter of the trees. "I'll follow at a distance," she muttered, "but not let him see me for the world-the pomp-

Still she count and she putting out her little what the "pompous old prig" was dome with the she lightly extended in his hand, an expression of mingled rapture and anxiety on his face, he was stealing cautiously toward the edge of the bank. There, evidently, in the center of that wild rose tapestry, swinging so gracefully from tree to tree, had settled the many more questions are you going to ask, you inhuman man, before coming to his assistance? I tell you, his leg's broken."

Well, I swan!" said the farmer, turn well, I swan!" Still she could not for the life of her help putting out her little head to see what the "pompous old prig" was doing. With his hat lightly extended in his hand,

"There, now! one would think the whole world depended on his catching that butterfly. I hope you'll lose her, Mr. Pompous, Good!—she's fluttered off. tea that were on their way to me, already."

Florence, despite her displeasure, could not avoid a little hysterical giggle as she

Mr. Pompous. Good!—she's fluttered off. Now, he follows her, all excitement. ing, "to bring some help. He won't be gone long; he's got the wagon, and the if I'm imperlite, sir; but it strikes as successfully as ever.

wouldn't thank me—O!"

With a piercing shriek, Floy sprang from the thicket where she had concealed herself. John, in the hurry and excitement of the chase, had set his foot upon a rolling stone. The consequences were disastrous. Over the steep bank he went, clutching vainly at the brambles for support. An appalling slience followed.

Floy stood one instant, white and almost stunned with the sudden shock. Then she rushed forward, gained the

When John chooses to talk, his conversation is truly delightful—even Floy sits entranced, listening to his animated descriptions of the new and strange countries he had seen.

"Well, what do you think of your 'conquest' now?" whispered Kate, a little maliciously, as, tea ended, we enter the parlor together.

"Who wants to make a conquest of cleenthy of the sudden shock. Then she rushed forward, gained the bank, and, kneeling on its edge, looked down, with an agonized shrinking glance. There he lay, poor fellow! quite pale and still, his head dangling back ward a little, while over those sable locks a narrow, crimson stream slowly wound its way. His arms were thrown out, his hands still elementhy depended convictions of the new and strange countries he had seen.

"Well, what do you think of your 'conquest of the park had seen."

"Well, what do you think of your 'conquest of the park had seen."

"His arms were thrown out, his hands still elementhy dependent of the park had seen."

ignominiously the rest of the way. John uttered a brief ejaculation, but Floy was up in an instant, scratched and bruised. her white dress black with mud, but oth-

back in a moment."

Taking up his cap, she bounded off in the direction of the stream. Dipping her handkerchief in the water, and filling the cap, she darted back to John's side.

"Now, let me see this poor head," she said; and, sitting down, she took it gently on her knee. Poor child; she was little used to wounds and bruises; the very sight of the flowing blood made her tremble from head to foot. But she controlled herself bravely, and, with what simple skill she possessed, bathed his head and face, and bound up the former carefully "You needn't talk if you don't want to; but go you must. It's very bad fer you to confine yourself to the society of flies, and cockroaches, and such 'pesky varmint'—isn't it, Floy, darling—mustn't he go?"

"I wouldn't urge him," said Floy, with a haughty shrug, "the flies, and cockroaches, and the other pretty little creatures, would shed more tears over his absence than we are likely to. I dare say."

"Come, John, you'll go with us."
"Well, yes," John assented at last, with a sigh of resignation; but to Floy he addressed n ither word nor look during her little hands in distress. "Hurry, Kate help, O help!"

"It's of no use," she said, after waiting a moment. "I must go in search of them again. But first let me look at this poor ankle, Mr. Durham."
"No—no," said John, a little fretfully.

"What can you know about broken bones, child! "But I might make it feel a little "If you could slit the boot down from

moved the remains of the boot. "Ah, that is a relief!" said poor John. Great drops of agony were standing on his brow, and Floy softly wiped them away. He looked up gratefully into her face, smiling for the first time. "What a

nice little nurse you are, Miss Floy !" Floy rose, blushing a little, and folding her soft white shawl into a sort of pillow, placed it under his head. "And new I will go for more efficient help," she said,

will go for more efficient heip," she said, turning away.

"But take that path on the opposite side of the bank," said John, eagerly; 'it is safer. And, O, Miss Floy, would you first do me one more favor, please?"

"Certainly," said Floy, returning.

"What is it?"

"Just see," said John, with a faint coan. "If that butterfly is anywhere about. I'm sure I had my hands on it. only hope it isn't crushed to picces."

"The ruling passion!" muttered Floy, as she turned away. "Lying there half dead, with a broken ankle, and he can still think of that miserable insect."

"Here he is," she said aloud, coming round to John's side. "Horrid little thing!" she could not help adding, with vindictive look at the innocent insect she

placed in John's open palm. John gave her a slight surprised look but smiled with pleasure as he surveyed the treasure in his hand. "It is very lit-tle injured," he exclaimed, in almost child-like delight. "And so, after my long search, I have obtained it at last." "And a broken ankle into the bargain,

thought Floy turning away, in mingled vexation and amusement. "Now I must "Hilloa!" cried a shrill voice above them. Floy looked up, and saw a man standing on the bank opposite the one from which John had fallen. He was evidently a farmer-a tall wiry-looking specimen-dressed in coarse, blue clothes.

specimen—dressed in coarse, blue crothes, and an immense straw liat. "What on airth's the matter?" shouted he. "O, sir," cried Floy, springing joyfully forward, "do—do bring some help, and take this gentleman away from here!" The light-blue eyes stared blankly

bank. Shall I call? Nonsense; he's big enough to take care of himself. He wouldn't thank me—O!"

With a plercing shrick, Floy sprang to be patient for John's sake, mildly enhere."

Floy groaned in spirit, but, resolving to be patient for John's sake, mildly entreated the farmer to seek out "their

friends."

"Friends? Yes, marm; so soon as I examine this here leg. It's broke jist above the ankle, marm."

"Knew that before you told us," snapped Floy.

"You seem kind o' riled, marm. Yes,

"You seem kind o' riled, marm. Yes, as I was sayin', it's broken jist above the ankle—bad job, marm!"
"Well, I must try and make him a little more comfortable; this hot sun shines right in his face," said Floy, with a compassionate look at the poor tortured fellow. Pressing Farmer Stokes into the service, she made him strip several armfuls of green branches from the adjoining trees. Sticking her parasol in the ground, she disposed the branches over and around it, in such a manner that it formed a shady bower above her patient's head.

it, in such a manner that it formed a shady bower above her patient's head.

"Ah, how refreshing that is!" gasped poor John. "And now, do go under the shade of the trees, Miss Floy; your poor little face will be burned to a coal."

"O, no; I have on my broad-brimmed hat," said Floy. Seating herself near the entrance of the green tent, she waved a long bough to keep away the flies. John watched her, a dreamy tenderness in his half-closed eyes. What a darling she was, after all, with her round, child's face, and sweet, womanly ways!

after all, with her round, child's face, and sweet, womanly ways!

"You are too kind to the cross old bear, Miss Floy," he said, suddenly; "too good to him, altogether."

"O, don't speak so," said Floy, coloring violently. "I wanted to ask your forgiveness for all my impertinence the last two weeks."

John's answer was a second of the control of the color of the colo

John's answer was prevented by the re-turn of Farmer Stokes, who, after a very short and ineffectual attempt to find "their friends," again obtruded upon them his

"Can't find 'em, nowhar," he said.
"Keep that ankle well kivered up, miss; and here's a drop o' somethin' 'll put a leetle life into him, maybe."

John drank from the farmer's flask, and seemed somewhat revived by the draught. Floy resumed her ministrations. The froy resumed her ministrations. The farmer, lying back upon the grass, watched them both with speculative eyes. "Darn it all," he suddenly burst out, "how did you git down here, mister? I'm hanged if I ken make it out at all."

"Well, if you must know," said Floy, petulantly, "he was looking for something."

thing."
"Pocket-book, eh?"

"Gold-headed cane?" "Gold-headed cane?"
"No, no; a specimen," said Floy, impatiently producing it. "This gentleman is a naturalist, and, in trying to secure this, he lost his footing and fell."
She held the "specimen" out on her little, soft palm. The farmer surveyed it in blank amazement.
"That?" he asked, incredulously. Floy

nodded. Mr. Stokes sat silent a moment, while a broad grin slowly overspread his leathery countenance. "A miller!" he exclaimed, at last, with a long, low

"It's a butterfly," said Floy, indig-"It's a butterfly," said Floy, indignantly.
"So I perceive, marm," said the farmer.
"Wal, I swan!"

After this brief ejaculation, he bent forward, and, pointing to John, whose eyelids had again closed, he said, in a low whisper, "How long sence he lost the use of his wife, marm?"

of his wits, marm?" 'He hasn't lost them at a'l," said Flov. staring. "You do ask me the queeres questions." ' Why, you jist said he was a nat'ral didn't you?"

"No; I said a naturalist," said Floy, choking down a little laugh, as she anresponded the farmer, after "Wal." pause, "I don't 'zactly take your meanin'. But chasin' butterflies does seem rayther

loony ecoppation for a man of his age, "You don't understand," said Floy, indignantly. "It's a very curious spec-

the top," said John, his brow contracted with agony. "Here's my knife." "No, miss, I don't understand," said the with agony. "Here's my knife."
Floy took the knife, and, following his directions, carefully slit the boot from the top to the bottom, on both sides. Then, with a hand still slightly tremulous from the operation, she gently relief to the operation, she gently relief to the operation. The dry tone in which he eyed them both as he rose to his feet, nearly upset they's gravity again. And, glancing at

Floy's gravity again. And, glancing at John, she saw the corners of his pale mouth twitching suspiciously, too.

"Wal, I reckon I'll try and find your friends agin." His tone said plainly,
"I think you need friends to look after

you."
"O, there they are now!" cried Floy, springing to her feet. "Harvey—dear Harvey—how glad I am to see you!"
Her voice broke in sobs. She was fairly her voice broke in sobs. overcome with her long excitement and the sudden relief of my presence.

"Katy, dear, don't you think John and Floy are growing quite good friends, Well, I shouldn't wonder, love," said

Kate, with a little peculiar smile, as, leaning upon my shoulder, she surveyed the pretty scene below. There, in our rustic arbor, sat John Durham—a slight pallor and a cumbrous cruten the only tokens of his late illness. By his side sat our pretty Floy, examining with him the huge portfolio spread upon his knees, and listening with childlike interest to his entertaining descrip-tions of the "specimens" he unfolded to

"A pretty tableau," said Kate: there comes an interruption, in the shape of Mr. Stokes. Come, Harvey; we'll "Good morning, Mr. Stokes," said I, meeting him at the entrance of the arbor;

"you find our patient pretty well recov-ered, sir," "O, yes; I shall soon be in condition to hunt the 'pesky millers' agin," John re-

plied, with a humorous glance at Farmer "Humph!" said that worthy, con-temptuously, "It does seem a pity a strong, able-bodied young man like you can't find a better business than that." "That's a fact, Farmer Stokes," said I

gravely.

"He won't git no sensible gal to tackle herself to him, in a hurry—eh, Miss Floy?" the old man went on. "I'm sure I don't know, sir," said Floy, assuming an air of supreme indifference. "Ef he ever axes you, Miss Floy, you bid him fust quit this varmint business. You can't make grasshoppers an' sich serve for wittles, as they did in John Baptist's firm."

tist's time."
"A delicate way of putting the matter, farmer," said I, as Floy, her cheeks like bramble-roses, vanished with Kate; "but I must inform you that this 'varmint bu siness,' as you call it, is really quite a profitable thing for our young friend

"But does it really pay?" asked the farmer, staring. John, shaking with laughter, followed Floy into the house, while I strove, by my explanations, to en-lighten a little the farmer's bewildered But I found it a difficult as well as a thankless task.

find out somethin' to 'tarminate 'ein, now —somethin' like Lyon's powder for in-

"1'll try to impress it upon his mind, farmer," said I solemnly.
"Do, sir—do," replied the old man, earnestly. "It really concerns me to see a smart young man like that throwin' away

all his charges of usefulness."

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

Our story grows too long. Three years have passed since that eventful summer, during which time great changes have taken place. Near the dear old mansion which facts and inhabit still has risen. which Kate and I inhabit still, has risen a rustic cottage, overgrown with vines. There lives John Durham and his pretty wife, who, with her little daughter, Florence, makes sunshine in his heart and home. You see, dear reader, in spite of Farmer Stokes' prediction, John Durham did succeed in capturing our Floy, the prettiest little butterfly that ever fluttered across a mortal's path .- Overland Monthly for April.

## GENERAL ITEMS.

COTTAGES by the sea are going up in all the New England towns that pretend to be summer resorts. THEY have a girl at Searsport, Maine, thirteen years old, who weighs 220 pounds,

and is growing nicely.

LITTLE ebony barrels, with gold hoops and silver hunting horns, are the latest in chatelaine vinaigrettes.

chatelaine vinalgrettes.

Light brown is a very fashionable color just now among the Parisian ladies, especially for out-door costumes.

In Buffalo, New York, the newspaper owners run to fast horses, and seeing which office can do the best job work.

"Old Probabilities" is a descendant of a Connecticut family. Probably that's what makes him so good on a guess.

A Bostonian asked a few friends around

A Bostonian asked a few friends around to a strawberry supper the other night. About twenty went, and there was one

A Young woman was recently taken from Burnham, Maine, to the asylum at Augusta, who was rendered insane from mpure vaccine matter. Bosron editors care very little for dress and wear paper collars, but their ambition is to own the finest library and have eggs

strawberry.

brance.

very morning for breakfast. An aged couple in Delaware celebrated their diamond wedding, recently, receiv-ing diamond Tennysons, Longfellows, etc., in token of their friends' kin! remem-

A MAINE girl lost one of her ear-rings on the road in a recent snow storm, and a day or two after a neighbor's horse picked it up, and it was found in a snow-ball knocked from his hoof.

Good society seems to be waking up to a sense of its duties. Two well-known belles have recently been sent to Coventry for bad behavior in the way of flirting with other girls' intended. The "Vanderbilt University," according to the Nashville Union, is to be the name of the Methodist university soon to be organized in Tennessee upon the fund of \$500,000 donated by Commodore Vanderbille

Ing two Titusville, Pay editors live in hopes that lightning will strike the other office, and thus give their own a lift. Their chief employment consists in relating confidentially er paper" is.

A REMARKABLE collection of china and

pottery, illustrating the history of the va-rious kinds of work in ceramics carried on than a hundred years ago has just been Since the breaking of Foster's neck the opponents of capital punishment have come en masse to the front, showing up

dead Casar's wounds to excite the and disgust of the populace for such barbarous cruelty. It was a Hartford swell who attempting to cross the Connecticut river, recently. broke through the ice, and when a rope was thrown to him, requested those who were trying to save his life to be careful

not to tear his coat. Hars of "cereal disposition," made of coarse straw and bedecked with ears of wheat and other agricultural emblems, are already displayed by the wholesale dealers, foreshadowing that rural simplicity is going to be fashlonable the com-

ing summer. A YOUNG woman, while eating a stew. in Middletown, Conn., the other evening, complained that one of the oysters was full of bones, and careful, if not attractive, examination showed that it contained for ty-five pearls, varying in size from a pea to a pin's head.

A WESTFIELD (Mass.) whip maker's wife appeared in person at one of the shops, rently, to explain his absence, saving "Jim is not well; you must excuse him; he and I had a little difficulty at the breakfast-table this morning, and he won't be able to work this week. A NEW style of rouge has made its ap-

pearance. It consists of a tablet of what looks like green tinsel, which, when rubbed with a damp cloth gives a red pig-ment, which seems very natural when transferred to the cheek of metropolitan beauty. It is a Chinese invention. THE title of the new hair-dressing is horrible in its associations. "A la guil-lotine," it is called, because the hair of the female victims of the French revolu-

tion was arranged on the very top of the head, as imitated in the present fashion, in order that it might be out of the way of the knife of the guillotine. MR. WHIPPLE says women, to the end of time, will never be tired of gazing on those insipidly handsome faces, and those perfectly but impossibly fitting garments, which gladden their eyes when they look at plates of the fashions. Mr. Whipple stands a good show of being snatched bald-headed by uttering such sentiments

INSTEAD of regarding the letter of the law they are going to make the law regard a letter-or rather two letters—in Baltimore. In that city there is a man by the name of Green indicted for embezzling, but upon this little error he is likely to "get off." The indictment should charge him with having "fraudulently embezzled," but because the two letters "ul" were omitted, and the word left to read "fraudently," the indictment has been musched because there is no such word in quashed because there is no such word in the English language, and Mr. Green profits by the mistake.

Some time ago a New Hampshire farm-er discovered a large toad near his bee-hive, actively at work catching and devouring bees. With that wonderful for-bearance and kindness of heart characterbearance and kindness of heart characteristic of New Hampshire farmers, he tenderly picked up that frog and carried him a half mile away from the hive. The next morning that identical frog was back again at the old stand, actively at work as before. He again took him up, carried him a long mile away, and dropped him. But in twenty-four hours he was back again, reducing the number of bees as successfully as ever. h up, you think there is any difficulty in getting the subject to be patient and tractable under the test, I advise that he be mesmerized bees lized before proceeding. I have not tried the experiment myself, but I think that

ABOUT five years before the fall of Paris and banishment of Napoleon III., the Empress Eugenie discovered one day, among a lot of old laces which had been transferred to her as souvenirs of the Empress Josephine, and which her daughter, Queen Hortense, had religiously preserved as relies of her illustrious mother, about a quarter of a variety of leve floures of a a quarter of a yard of lace flounce of a most singular and beautiful mesh and pe-culiar design. The ex-Empress is a dilet-tante and connoisseur in laces as well as in many other fine arts. She saw at a glance that she possessed an art treasure, the more valuable as it was yellow with age, broken and mutilated. She sent at once for M. De Lisle, the President of the Compagnie des Indes, lace manufacturers

of Paris, and spreading her treasure be-fore his admiring eyes, said:

"Monsieur, I wish this lace reproduced, mesh and design, in full lace dress for myself. Can your lace makers do it?"

Bowing low before the beautiful woman,

the manufacturer replied:

"Your Royal Highness gives me a difficult commission, one, I fear, impossible to perform. Your remnant is real old point de Venise, of which there are but few samples in existence, and the art of making it is less." making it is lost.
"Can we not revive it?" asked the Em-

press. "I give you carte blanche in making the experiment, and another carte anche for my dress when finished."
"Madame, I will see what can be done If possible it shall be accomplished," and bowing again he retired from the royal

oresence, taking with him the old piece of point de Venise. When an Empress commands every-body hastens to obey. So the President of the Compagnie des Indes lost no time. He first submitted the sample of Queen Hortense's relic to his own adult experi-enced lace makers. None knew the mesh. He placed it under powerful lenses—no better success. Its intricacy baffled them all. No instrument, however fine, nor fingers the most skilled, under eyes the most practiced, could tell how it could be reproduced. Our manufacturer was perplexed, but not in despair. His next step was to ransack the whole empire for the oldest lace makers living. About forty old women, sexagenarians and octogenarians, were taken to Paris. They were received the fact that much of the shaping of it is faulty, if not bad. There is little ground for the growls of our British correspondent. The world was not made for the exclusive use and provided with the best of glasses and most was to ransack the whole empire for the oldest lace makers living. About forty old women, sexagenarians and octogenarians, were taken to Paris. They were provided with the best of glasses and most powerful hand lenses. One after the other examined the old flounce. Alas! not one knew the mesh. M. De Lisle was almost desperate. He had tried adult ingenuity and the expresses of age now be must and the experience of age, now he must resort to youth. He selected from his resort to youth. He selected from his young girls twenty of the most intelligent workers—those with the strongest eyes and deftest fingers. To each he gave a section of the old sample. He provided them with lenses and every appliance for work. In the mean time they were secluded and given every necessary comfort, so that their eyes, their fingers, and their minds might be in perfect working order. He watched the work from day to day and week to week; still no progress seemed week to week; still no progress seemed to be made. At length he left the house one evening almost persuaded to give up the experiment. This was about one year after the Imperial order had been given. The next day he was late in reach-

successful young worker was bending over her lace cushi n. He seized a lens, examined the work in her hands, compared it with the original, and a quiet mile stole over his features.

he exclaimed softly, " Il at acheve!" Turning to the successful discoverer he rewarded her with the place of teacher to the others and ceneral superintendent of the work, and communicated with the Empress, who among all her engagements had kept diligent watch of the progress of affairs.

Now the work was begun in earnest. It was four years before it approached completion, but from time to time the Empress visited the manufactory, showing the greatest joy and pride that a lost art had been restored by the lace weavers of France in her reign. Before the dress was finished Paris was in ashes and Eugenie an exile. But the lace weavers escaped the general destruction and Eugenie's dress was spared. The generous and noble woman did not forget M. De Lisle nor her order. She wrote to him from England saying that "though no longer an Empress nor enjoying the income of royalty she would take the dress

when finished if he should be a loser by keeping it."

The manufacturer, not to be outdone in nobility or generosity, laid the case as stated in the Empress' letter before the directors of the company. They were touched with the misfortunes of the beautiful woman, and unanimously decided to release her from her engagement. This now historic dress is to be exhibited at the Vienna Exposition as the first specimen of point de Venise manufactured in more than a hundred years .- N. Y. Sun.

# A Test for Phrenology.

SCIENTIFIC tests are now all the rage. and are applied to a locomotive boiler as well as to a plowman's prayer; I therefore venture to lay before you a test of phrenology, which I believe to be both novel and scientific. Its infallibility rest on the fact that the brain of man, as well as his body gives off more heat when in a state of activity than when in a state of rest; and that this surplus heat can, and has been, measured in both instances by means of the thermo-electric multiplier.
The modus operandi is as follows: you get
a subject, or a patient, or what is better a
person who is willing to be both, and set him to read a novel, or to do some light work, such as shelling peas, etc., which requires no thought or exercise of brain power. You then apply a delicate ther-mo-electric pile (which is connected with multiplier) to one or more of his bumps (having previously seen that there is no local inflammation of the parts). You then carefully note the degree of heat shown on the multiplier in each instance (say of the bumps of imitation and constructiveness). This being done, you set the subject to copy a drawing or some writing, and again apply the electric pile to the bump of imitation. Now if the interest of the subject was an excess of heat above strument shows an excess of heat above that noticed in the first instance, or even if it shows any excess of heat, in the par-ticular spot known as the bump of imitation, above that of the surrounding oumps; I think, sir, that we may conclude that phrenology is not altogether a farce, and that the bump in question is the seat of the greatest activity in the brain during the action of imitation. We can also

ome of our scientific readers may be induced to pursue the investigation, the re-sults of which L feel confident, would be interesting, not only to the readers of the Scientific American, but to the world at large.—Cor. Scientific American.

### The Next Century.

Nor that which Bulwer Lytton described with most sarcastic fascination and exquisite irony. We are too busy to waste breath upon impossible situations and persons who are always coming but never arrive. It is the American man and woarrive. It is the American man and wo-man of the next generation we are think-ing of. Rev. Dr. Osgood, of this city, re-cently gave a thoughtful and scholarly lecture entitled "Guesses at the Twentieth Century." It will be the blossom of which this century is the bud, if not the bulb. It will contain plenty of felicities and at-tractions, without doubt. But what sort of men and women will it have? Its schools, art, literature, music and social life may be grand; but we are more con-cerned in its persons than in its mechani-cal products or artistic triumphs. The question that concerns us most is not how arrive. question that concerns us most is not how people will travel and what they will eat and where they will live, but what kind of men and women will eat the dinners and wear the clothes and build the homes of the continent, and fill the century with their acts and aspirations, their sorrows

their acts and aspirations, their corrows and their songs.

The question is easier asked than answered. The progress of the race is no longer a speculation. It is an unquestionable fact. But the progress is not a steady ascent on straight lines. It is made in spite of temporary depressions and regressions. It is impossible to predict that the next plunge of the ship on the stormtossed sea will not be into a deep trough, or across a current that shall sweep her out of her course. It is the next generaor across a current that shall sweep her out of her course. It is the next generation we are concerned in. And the next generation will be made by this. It is making to-day. In the streets, the schools, the nurseries of to-day, we see the material out of which the men and women of the future are being shaped. And, however excellent the material may be, it is impossible to conceal the feet, that much

was not made for the exclusive use and enjoyment of grown-up people. Children have rights, and are entitled to consideration. They may properly claim a place and play-room in a world they are in from no fault of their own. We have no sympathy with these selfish, sensitive, fussy, fretty people, who are always scoldings of the constant of the consta honorable and happy people. It is a seri-ous question whether our forcing schools, fast ways and unlimited indulgence are calculated to create a race we shall take pride in or care to have write our epitaphs. Our manufacturers stamp their names upgiven. The next day he was late in reaching his office, but as soon as he arrived the superintendent of the lace workers met him with the long wished for, welcome, but almost incredible intelligence that one of the young girls had discovered the old point de Venise mesh. The President hurried to the room where the received hurried to the reaching on their wares; but we are not sure that the parents who are petting and pampering all the vigor and virtue out of their wares; but we are not sure that the parents who are petting and pampering all the vigor and virtue out of their wares; but we are not sure that the parents who are petting and pampering all the vigor and virtue out of their wares; but we are not sure that the parents who are petting and pampering all the vigor and virtue out of their wares; but we are not sure that the parents who are petting and pampering all the vigor and virtue out of their wares; but we are not sure that the parents who are petting and pampering all the vigor and virtue out of their wares; but we are not sure that the parents who are petting and pampering all the vigor and virtue out of their wares; but we are not sure that the parents who are petting and pampering all the vigor and virtue out of their wares; but we are not sure that the parents who are petting and pampering all the vigor and virtue out of their wares. speculation. It is the most intensely practical question we shall have to deal with. And whether that race shall be a curse or blessing to itself and the country depends on what our people choose to make it .-N. Y. Graphic.

# An Immense Newspaper.

THE New York Herald of April 6, appeared in quintuple form, with twenty pages and one hundred and twenty columns, a feat never paralleled in the histo-ry of the delly press. The *Herald* cele-brates this extraordinary event by a description which our readers will thank us for reproducing:
"The Herald contains to-day one hun-

dred and twenty columns of matter, of which seventy-eight are occupied with compact, solid advertisements. There are in these one handred and twenty columns about one million ems. To stereotype to-day's edition one hundred and forty-eight plates are cast, each plate weighing thirtyeight pounds, thus making a total weight of five thousand six hundred and twentyfour pounds of metal used in stereotyping this single edition. The paper is printed on five Hoc rotary eight and ten cylinder presses and two Bullock perfecting presses, being seven presses in all, which enables us to issue the edition at the rate of one thousand sheets per minute, taking two hours and a half to issue one hundred and fifty thousand papers. As this work is all done within the space of twentyfour hours, the labor can readily be imag-ined even by those not familiar with the business. Day and night the endless round of work goes on. While men in ordinary occupations rest and sleep, the ceaseless task of journalism knows no intermission. Click, click, click go the types into the sticks day and night, night and day, until the one million ems have been set up and the matter proved and corrected. Day and night, night and day, the telegraph is at work bringing us intelthe telegraph is at work bringing us intelligence from all quarters of the globe; the corps of correspondents, reporters and editors are busy obtaining news, putting it into shape or commenting upon the events of the moment; the proof-readers are at their post, pursuing their onerous and weary task; the stereotypers, pressmen and assistants are awaiting the least at their services are to be pressmen and assistants are awaiting the instant when their services are to be brought into requisition; for there can be no delay, no pause no rest, until the daily paper is off the press and ready to go into the hands of its readers. All this for each day's paper, and all to be done within the space of twenty-four hours! Day and night, night and day, the press, the great engine of civilization, the educator of the people, the bulwark of our free institupeople, the bulwark of our free institu-tions, labors and toils for the people, and the appearance of the Herald to-day is sufficient proof that the people appreciate the work when it is well and faithfully done, and are prepared to extend to it a commensurate reward."

Boston papers say that the banks of that city have done a profitable business during the past six months, and the high price for money has enabled them to keep up their rate of dividends. The fifty-one banks in the city pay semi-annual divi-dends in April aggregating \$2,432,500. Three pay seven per cent., ten six per cent., twelve five per cent., two four and a half per cent., and fifteen four per cent.; one passes its dividend.

Timber prepared with any of the poisonous mineral-preserving solutions needs to be used with care. In building a bridge on a Western railroad, of timber prepar with a solution of corrosive sublimate and arsenic, several of the men were taken sick and some died. The contractor is now sued by one of the workmen for \$30,-