VOL. VII.

After Marriage.

We used to walk together in the twilight, He whispering tender words so sweet and low, As down the green lanes when the dew was falling, And through the woodlands where the birds

were calling, We wandered in those hours so long ago. But now no more we walk in purple gloaming

Adown the lanes-my love and I-ah, me ; for such romantic roaming He holds the haby while I'm getting tea. We used to sit, with lamp turned low, together;

And talk of love and its divine effects, When nights were long and wintry was the weather: Far nobler he than knight with knightly feather,

And I to him the loveliest of my sex. Now, oft when wintry winds howl round the gable,

Immersed in smoke, he pores o'er gold and stocks, The fact ignored that just across the table

The loveliest of her sex sits darning socks, Oft when arrayed to suit my hero's fancy,

I tripped to meet him at his welcome call," He looked unutterable things-his dark eve glowing In fond approval at my outward showing

His taste in laces, dresses, jewels-all! Now if perchance we leave the house together, When friends invite or prima donna sings, He scans my robes, bought new for the occa-

And foots the bills-and looks unuttorable things!

Oh, bygone days! when seventeen and single, He called me angel as he pressed my hand ! Oh, present time! wherein that self-same fellow So that same angel, grown a trifle vellow

Calls out : "Matilda, do you understand?" Ah, yes ! I understand, one thing for certain, Love after marriage is a beauteous myth. Which they who once have passed behind the curtain.

Turn up their noses-disenchanted with!

MAKE YOUR OWN WAY

David Speers was taking his afternoon smoke Perhaps the long clay pipe looked a little in-congruous with the handsomely furnished room and the massive silver plate on the mah-gany side-board. But, for that matter, he was an sade-noard. But, for that matter, he was an incongruity—a little, common-looking man, not very well dressed. Certainly a very wide contrast to the handsome, stylish-looking young fellow who intercupted his reverie by a very feath and redeed. frank and noisy:
"Good-evening, uncle. Can I talk awhile

"That depends, Robin, on what you're gaun to talk aboot." to talk aboot."
"You know, uncle, that Aleck Lang and I have long been friends."
"I have heard so; I don't know it,"
"Well, we have. To-day Aleck came to tell

me that he is going into the carpet-weaving business in Kilmarneck. He intends to buy Thomas Blackie out."

"He'll need some bawbees for that."

"His father will help, and he asked me to join him. What do you think about it?"

"How long have you been wi' Hastle?"

Five years.

"And how much have you saved?"
"Well, to tell the truth, uncle, nothing at
b. What with Jessie marrong last year and
can this, and the presents I had to give, and
the extender, my savings all went away."
"Humple"

'I thought, perhaps, that as the business was such an old one, and as both the Langs would be interested in it, you would lend mo two thousand pounds for such a wonderfully good chance."
"I have made it a rule never to lend,"money

to young men."
"A very unkind rule when it touches me, "A very unkind rule when it touches me, before," You were never unkind to me before, am not unkind to you now either, Robin.

Only two thousand, uncle! And such a "Guid heavens, hear the lad! 'Only two thousand!' Did ye ever earn twa thousand pounds? Did ye ever save twa thousand pounds? When ye have, Robin, come to me, and I'll talk wi'ye about lending ye hat sum."

But, uncle, the thing is not a new venture; it is sure to pay."
"It is gaun to have new masters; an' men at sixty are na sae sure about things 'paying' as

saty are in suc sure about finings 'paying' as lads of five-au'-twenty are,"

So the young man went away much disappointed and not a little angry; but other friends looked more favorably on the plan.

The £2.900 were borrowed, and Robert Rae and Alcek Lang bought the old-established

carnet-weaving house. The first year the concern, in spite of falling prices, did very well. Robert's share of profits not only gave him a good living, but paid his interest, and allowed him to lay by nearly £100 toward clearing off his borrowed capital; and the next year things were still brighter. In the fourth year of the enterprise Robert

Good-evening, uncle."
Good-evening, Robin, How's business? First-rate. I don't come to-night about What for, then?"

"I am going to be married. I wanted to That's a mair kittle risk than Blackie's

"I think not, uncle,"
"Wha's the lassie?"

What fortune has she?"

Just her beauty and her noble nature; she good family, too, and has had the best of retions. Why, uncle, she can do 'most ching—jaints, draws, plays the harp, sings an angel and '-'I'm feared she'll be a kind o' matrimonial

luxury, Robin. But she's a bonuic lassie; I ha'e soon her. Yet I doubt if she's fit for a puir man s wife.

You'll come to the wedding, uncle?" Surely, surely,

It was a very grand wedding, and David Speers made quite a sensation by giving the bride a check for £500. Indeed, Jessie seemed to have quite captivated the old bachelor, and he soon legan to spend a great many of his evenings in her pretty home.

Three years passed happily away.

In Robert's home there had been some pleasant changes; and his nucle danced a pretty baby Jessie occasionally on his knee, or looked admiringly and wonderingly at his own wee namesake in the cradle. Down at the mill things were apparently equally prosperous.
All the looms were at work, and the very welfare of Kilmarnock as a community-was s nsi-bly connected with the business of "Lang & Rae's Carpet Mill." But a great deal of this success was only apparent, for it hung upon chances entirely beyond the control of the young partners in it.

They had been compelled to borrow largely, and had big interest accounts to meet, and a great deal of their paper being from houses unknown to local bankers, had to be cashed at very beavy discounts. All these things were much against them, yet so great was their in-dustry and energy that they might have turned them all into "happy circumstances," and won in spite of the odds against them, if yarns had not suddenly taken a tremendous and quite ooked for fall.

This, of course, was followed by a number of failures, in most of which they suffered. Not all their efforts could now gather together

Not all their efforts could now gather together their numerous lines of anterprise, and they found it equally impossible to curtail them, and so, after a few months of desperate, anxious struggle, the firm became bankrupt.

Old David had long foreseen, and resolutely refused to meddle in the matter. A coolness had, therefore, grown up between uncle and nephew, and when the end came David was not smong those who offered Rolert and Aleck

RIDGWAY, ELK COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1877.

advice and sympathy. The young men behaved well. They surrendered everything, but creditors did not fail to stigmatise as dishonerable and unbusiness-like and speculative and risky the nature of the trade done by the broken firm. Aleck at once sailed for Sydney, where he had a brother, and Robert took his wife and children to her father's, while he endeavored to find a situation. But week after week passed, another winter was approaching, and nothing had been done.

had been done.

Once again David was interrupted. This time it was his pretty niece Jessie. His face softened wonderfully when he met her large, tearful eyes.
"Oh, uncle," she said, "we have sore need

of you."
"My puir little woman, sit down and tell
Davie what he can do for you."

Jessie's tale was soon told—her tears told it

Jessic's tale was soon told—her tears told it best.
Robert's heart had quite failed him; they were almost penniless, and they had worn their welcome out at her father's.
"Then you'll come here, you and Robert, and Jessie, and wee Davie; an' we'll see what your man is fit for. If he canna find his feet wi' a wife like you, I'm sorry for him."
So the next day the family moved, with their small belengings, to David's house, very much to the annoyance of Mistress Janet, David's housekeeper. This lady, indeed, soon made things so unpleasant that it was evident to all parties there could be no delay in a decision, and Robert, almost in desperation, Tesolved on trying his fortune in the new world. David, pressed by his housekeeper's grumbling and pressed by his housekeeper's grumbling and by his affection for his nephew, knew only of one other way—he could advance Robert money

for a new effort.

"But it would be the ruin o' the lad," he said, thoughtfully. "I'm doubting if he's learned his lesson yet; he e'en go to school

learned his lesson yet; he e'en go to school again."
So he praised Robert's suggestion, and offered to pay the passage of the whole family and give him £100 to start life with. The offer was accepted, and in a few days they were on the ocean, not one of them aware of the real interest and affection which followed them.

"But they'll write to me," said David to himself. "They'll write, for they ken I ha'e plenty o' siller."

himself. "They'll write, for they ken I ha'e plenty o' siller."

Once on a new track, all Robert's energy returned. Provided with a letter to the proprietors of the Mattatoot Carpet Mills, he found his way there, and readily obtained work. A part of his hundred pounds was used in furnishing a little cottage, and Robert enjoyed a degree of peace and comfort to which he had long been a stranger. The next spring a lucky event gave him a special prominence. A large mill in the neighborhood imported some machinery for weaving a peculiar kind of rug, and no one could be found in the locality able to make it run smoothly.

aske it run smoothly.

Robert heard of the dilemma and offered his Robert heard of the dilemma and offered his help. The loom was familiar to him, his success easy. He had found his place, and he knew it. Day by day he made his skill and energy felt. He rose to be overseer—business manager—partner. Still he varied very little the quiet simplicity of his home. Jessie and he had found how little they really needed for happiness, and so, year by year, whatever they saved was invested in land which grew in value while they slept and worked at other things, and ten years after Robert's first investment he found hunself, by the simple growth of the and ten years after Robert's first investment he found hunself, by the simple growth of the village, a very rich man. Just about this time David sent them a very urgent request to come and see him, and as he offered to pay all expenses, it was accepted. The old man was now nearing eighty, yet he was wonderfully hale and bright, and met them at the steamer, apparently little older for the ten years that had slapsed since he bid them "good-bye" on the very same spot. Ho liked Robert's way at the first glance.

"He has the look of a man wi' siller, an he bears himsel' well."

bears himsel' well,"

Another thing made a still more favorable

impression on David. Robert was not anxious speak on business. Indeed, David had at last to speak bluntly You'll ha'e done weel. I suppose?"

"You'll no be needing ony help now?" "Thank you, uncle; but I have £10,000 ving idle myself. I thought of investing it here, if I can find just the machinery I want."
"You're going to manufacturing again?"

'Yes : I know all the ins and outs of the trade -there is a good opening in our town. Yes, I on thinking about it." You'll no be wanting a partner, ch?" · If I can get the right kind.

"Would I do?"
"You. Uncle."
"Well, yes, laddle; an' you needn't scorn at
me. I'll put a hundred thousand to your fifty,
an' we'll ca' the firm 'Bae & Speers."
"You could not leave Scotland, uncle."

"You could not leave Scotland, uncle."
"Was I thinking o' sic a daft thing? I'll
trust my interests i' you hands. I'll ha'e my
full rights, mind; an' you shall ha'e a fair
allowance for doing my wark as well as your
ain. We'll put everything on paper, and I'll
hold you strictly to the bargain."
The proposal, made half in barter, finally assumed a very real shape, and it was agreed that when Robert returned to America, he should start a new manufacturing firm under

very different auspices to bis first venture.

But the past was only once alluded to, and then David introduced the subject. "You'll be thinking, Robin, very likely, o' the day when I wouldna lend you the thou-

sand pounds."
"You were quite right, uncle; no man ought to borro'v money until he knows the difficulty of making it—and of saving it; young men can't know these things; they belong to ex-

You had that lesson to learn then, Robin "You had that lesson to learn then, houn, an' I thought ye might as weel learn it o' ither folk as o' me. One fool whiles teaches anither fool, an' both grow wise thegither. Sandy McClure lent ye that twa thousand, and he was nane the waur o' the lessons ye gave him.
There would be fewer young fools if there
were mair wise elders."
So Robert's visit was a great success, and
the old man shed the last tears he ever sted

the old man shed the last tears he ever seed on earth when he bid the children good-bye. "You take care o' wee Davie for my sake, Robin," he said, tenderly, holding the lad proudly by the hand, "for when I'm no longer to the fore, you'll let my name stand i' the firm, till he's ready to take my place: so then the hundred thousand will age be in David Spects'

And to-day the house grows and prospers though old David has long been gathered to his fathers. Robert's early failure has brought forth a late and splendid success.

On the Rampage.

There was a great big woman who came into a business office in Baltimore recently and asked for a gentleman whom she presumed held out there. He was in, and after a few words had passed between the pair she thought she would whip him anyway, and forthwith she began to carry out her avowed intention. Off came her bracelets, then her earrings and breastpin, and she pronounced herself ready, like Pelham, for "either issue." Then she pranced around lively. Over went the table, and a chair was thrown against the washstand with damaging effect, by which time the object of her wrath had made his escape, and she proceeded forthwith to demolish another occupant of the office, but he, with Falpart of valor is discretion, and fled. Then the woman got mad. Furniture, books and ink stands and such trifles, in one confused mass did not appease her wrath, and she sailed in to take the window glass out of the sash, which she did with fine dramatic effect, produced and aided by oaths quite loud and shrill, which woke the neighborhood to wild excitement and brought the police to the rescue. A hack was called, and the irate having been bestowed within, started homeward with the avowed intention of knocking seven kinds of grace "out'n" her husband, and the end is

Seenes at the St. John Fire.

The second day of the fire which partially destroyed St. John, N. B., the firemen were so exhausted and food and drink so scarce, that they asked for nourishment at any door they chanced

Hour after hour went by and yet no abstement of the fury of the fire tiend. The revivals of the infernal regions seemed to have been visited upon this unfortunate city. Human power was unavailing to stay the awful doom that swept from house to house, laying one home after another to ashes, driving families of little children into the streets. The sick, the aged and infirm were obliged to seek refuge in parks or any open space that was considered reasonably safe by those who kindly assisted them out of the burning buildings.

A panic seized the people. No spot seemed safe from the infectious foe. Men reeled in the streets who were known to be of temperate habits, and followed the crowd even to the verge of scorching, eager to see whose house would be the next to go. Food was not to be had for the poor outcasts. Even the pantries of the few rich whose houses were spared, were soon emptied for those who came to

their doors to be fed.

It seemed as if the elements had leagued with the fire fiend to prolong the torture until the city lay in ashes, The wind tore the dust from the streets into the air, and combined with hot smoke to blind the multitude, who waited in agony for the flames to spend their fury. There was a great deal of intoxication. Men drank to sustain their strength and to drown their suf-

Along the principal business streets, a crowd of loafers, or human vultures, would pour into liquor and cigar stores to help themselves. Those in charge who were trying to save the property, would throw out box after box of cigars, and bottle after bottle of liquor to them, and beg them to go away and make room

for them to work.

When the jail became in danger, the prisoners were all in the main corridor waiting to know their doom. A young man called there to speak with a prisoner on business. He was not permitted to enter; but spoke through the bars. Ellis, the forger, asked him "if they would be allowed to roast alive." The jailor stood waiting orders, and when one end of the jail caught fire it was reported that a number were set free. This terrible suspense must have been a sore reminder of their offenses and possible penalties. They acted like a lot of caged animals, so this gentleman said.

Girl Graduates' Frocks.

Margaret E. Sangslee, in the Christian

Intelligence, tells the school girls what they should wear, as follows: Now, we are not in sympathy with that rigid economy which on girls the wearing of calico on commencement day. Calico is too plebeian to suit our ideas of the fitness of things, in that relation. It is suitable for the anndry, the kitchen, and the every day business of the household. She who sweeps, she who bakes, she who goes to pienic, she who sits on the veranda with her mending of a summer morning, is neatly and appropriately dressed in a calico gown. Elaine, in her faded silk, was not so pretty or so picturesque as some lily maids we know when they came down to breakfast on a blithe June day, arrayed in graceful prints, with bows of ribbon at their neck and a spotless apron tied around the waist. the prints and the apron would not please us if worn to church or to an evening company, or on the crowning day of a young girl's hopes, at the reception of her diploma. Something more is needed, then, to meet the require-ments of fastidious fancy. That some-thing is not far to seek. A white dress of plain muslin, simply trimmed, is within the reach of every school girl, and rich in her youth and beauty she needs nothing more elaborate. The students of the most conspicuous and influential seminaries should set the fashion in this particular.

Words of Wisdom. He who talks only of himself is soon

left without an audience. Resist it as firmly, despise it as proudly as we may, all studied unkindness, no matter how contemptible it may be, has a stinging power in it which reaches to the quick.

The silence of a person who loves to praise is a censure sufficiently severe. Adapt your food to your constitution and employment.

A passionate temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great and noble in his nature, makes him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

The man who is true to himself will be true to the rest of mankind. The man who is taught in the school

of experience will never forget the lessons learned there. Whenever the wandering demon of drunkedness finds a ship adrift he steps on board, takes the helm and steers

straight for the maelstrom.

Fruit Protectors. The cheapest and best of these I ever employed was a tame hawk, says a correspondent. The summer before last it was tethered by the leg in the strawberry quarter, with a large stone for a perch, and neither myself nor others ever saw a bird near the fruit. The black birds and thrushes got so accustomed to the staff, agreed with himself that the better sight of him that they perched on the wall a bit off, flapping their wings, and uttering that peculiar "te-whip" they often give in the presence of danger; but they ventured no nearer. The hawk was tame, but never familiar with any one, except a black cat which had been brought up in the same basket with It was fed with birds caught in the but did not deign to pick the bones which the cat, in a general way, polished The hawk which was singularly timid when it got dark, was last winter

THE ORIGIN OF MONTENEGRO.

Early History of the Brave Serbs Who Revolted from the Turks and Carried a Printing Press Into the Mountains with

It is sometimes said in relation to in-dividuals that the world does not know its greatest men. It might at least as safely be averred, in speaking of large numbers, that Christendom does not know its most extraordinary people. The name of Montenegro until the last two years was, perhaps, less familiar to the European public than that of Mexico, and little more than that of San Marino. And yet it would long ere this have risen to world-wide fame had there been a Scott to tell the marvels of its history or a Byron to spend and be spent on its behalf. For want of the vates sacer it has remained in the mute, in-glorious condition of Agamemnon's predecessors. I hope that an interpreter between Montenegro and the world has at length been found in the person of my friend Mi. Tennyson, and I gladly accept the honor of having been invited to supply a commentary to his text. In attempting it I am sensible of this disadvantage—that it is impossible to set out the plain facts of the history of Montenegro (or Tsernagora in its own Sclav-onic tongue) without begetting in the mind of any reader strange—and nearly all are strange to the subject—a restless suspicion of exaggeration or of fable.

The vast cyclone of Ottoman conquest,

the most formidable that the world has ever seen, having crossed the narrow sea from Asia in the fourteenth century, made rapid advances westward and blasted, by its successive acquisitions, the fortunes of countries the chief part of which were then among the most civilized, Italy alone being excepted, of all Europe. I shall not here deal with the Hellenic lands. It is enough to say that Bulgaria, Serbia (as now known), Bosnia, Herzegovinia, Albania gradually

gave way. Among the Serbian lands was the flourishing principality of Zeta. It took its name from the stream that flows southward from the mountain citadel toward the lake of Scutari. It comprised the territory know as Montenegro or Tsernagora, together with the seaward frontier, of which a niggardly and unworthy jealousy had not then deprived it, and with the rich and fair plains encir-cling the irregular outline of the inhos-pitable mountain. Land after land had given way; but Zeta ever stood firm under the Baiculd family. At last, in 1478, Scutari was taken on the south, and in 1483 the ancestors of the still brave population of Herzegovina on the north submitted to the Ottomans. Ivan Tehernoiveitch, the Montenegrin hero of the day, hard pressed on all sides, applied to the Venetians for the aid he had often given, and he was refused. Thereupon he, and his people with him, quit-ted, in 1484, the sunny tracts in which they had basked for some seven hundred years, and sought, on the rocks and amidst the precipices, surety for the two gifts, by far the most precious to manand—their faith and their freedom. To them, as to the pomaks of Bulgaria and the Bosnian Begs, it was open to purchase by conformity a debasing peace. than otherwise; Richard the Third had Before them, as before others, lay the a great number of good points in his trinoda necessitas-the alternatives of death, slavery or the Koran. They were not to die, for they had a work to do. To the Koran or to slavery they preferred a life of cold, want, hardship and perpetual peril. Such is their Magna Charta; and, without reproach to others,

it is, as far as I know, the noblest in the To become a center for his mountain nome Ivan had built a monastery at or not in regard to metals and stones, it Cittinie, and declared the place to be the metropolis of Zeta. What is most of all in respect to the bird's digestion of flimsy remarkable in the whole transaction is trifles. His interior economy may be a capable, perhaps, of converting door-a knockers into food, but it is altogether that he carried with him into the hills printing press, This was in 1484, in a petty principality; they were men worsted in war and flying for their lives. Again, it was only seven years after the earliest volume had been printed by Caxton in the rich and populous metro-polis of England, and when there was no printing press in Oxford or in Cambridge or in Edinburgh. It was only sixteen years after the first printing press had been established (1468) in Rome, the capital of Christendom; only twenty-eight years after the appearance 1456) of the earliest printed book, the first born of the great discovery.

Then and there they voted unanimously their fundamental law, that in time of war against the Turk no son of Tsernagora could quit the field without of three lace collars. Soon after partakthe order of his chief; that a runaway ing of this light meal that feathered should be forever disgraced and banished from his people; that he should be dressed in woman's clothes and pre-sented with a distaff; and that the women, striking him with their distaffs, should hunt the coward away from the sanctuary of freedom .- Mr. Gladstone, in the London Nineteenth Century.

The Flag.

On the occasion of the celebration of the "Centennial of the Flag" by the New York Historical Society, an interesting paper concerning the origin of the flag was read by General Hamilton Schuyler. Among other reminiscences, it was mentioned that the stars and stripes, as a flag, was first displayed in battle by Col. Peter Gansevoort at Fort Stanwich, since Fort Schuyler, near the city of Rome, in New York, when besieged by St. Leger and attacked on the ninth of August 1777. The blue of the union of the flag was made out of Captain Swartwout's cloak, and the white stars and stripes out of pieces of his shirt sewed together, and the red stripes were furnished by the scarlet closk of one of the women of the beleaguered garrison, such cloaks being much worn at that time in this the Ranger, demanded and received from the French admiral in Quiberon the Kenton friend could not be traced. A few days after her disappearance her mother received this note, written in a bay, coast of Brittany, the first salute to the stars and stripes as adopted 100 years ago, gun for gun, it having been before that event the usage of Europe to salute the flag of a republic with four guns less than were fired to salute the flag of a net on the gooseberry quarter, and it made nuccommonly short work of them, first adopted by Congress in 1777, it was the design to add a new star and stripe whenever a new State was admitted to the Union. But in 1818 Congress decided that only a star be added. There truth seems to be that she was murdered killed by a rat, during the night, in one of the greenhouses where it took shelter, Colorado recently admitted to the Union.

The Mosques of Constantinople.

There are mosques in Stamboul that rival St. Sophia in magnitude and splendor. The Mosque of Suleiman is considered one of the most glorious monuments of Osmanli architecture. The court facing the entrance is surmounted on three sides with colonnades, which are covered with twenty-three domes. A fountain with a cupola stands in the center of the court; the minarets spring from the four corners of an outer court. The effect is very striking and elegant. Attached to this mosque are numerous endowments—three schools, four acade-mies for the four sects of the faithful, and another for the reading of the Koran, a school of medicine, a hospital, a kitchen for the poor, a resting place for travel-ers, a library, a fountain, a house of refuge for strangers and a mausoleum. Several of the imperial mosques are as richly enclowed. Mohammedan charity begins at mosque, and all good Mussulnans are very much at home in their houses of prayer. The fourteen great mosques are built upon the self same plan. The mosques measure 225x205 and or reaching home are wakeful from feet, and are inclosed on the entrance the unnatural excitement, the miserable side by a forecourt, and in the rear by a garden or cemetery. Besides these imperial mosques there are about 220 others, built by individuals of inferior rank, and 300 or more chapels, some of which are chiefly frequented by women.
The Doves' Mosque, or the Mosque of
Bajazet II., in Stamboul, has a special
charm. The building was completed in The court is exceedingly beautiful. You enter by gates elaborately decorated in anabesque; the cloister that surrounds the court is inclosed by

air with soft, floating down.

The Digestion of an Ostrich.

All our fond old beliefs are disappear

ing one after the other. Nero was, it

now appears, a rather estimable monarch

means what people imagined. The bird is generally considered capable of enjoy-

ing life heartily on a diet of tenpenn

nails and copper bolts. In fact he is

supposed to possess the happy faculty o

or soft, without the trouble of mastica-

non-effective with lace and fine linen

This povel fact in natural history is es

tablished by a correspondent of Land

and Water, who, about eight months

ago, brought home an ostrich from

Buenos Ayres. The interesting pet was duly established in a garden, where he

had the run of everything, including the

green crops and wall nails. Perhaps these supplies fell short for a time, or

the bird may have wished to vary his

diet. At all events, he began to commit

depredations on whatever garments were

placed out to dry on washing days in the

garden. The cook's Sunday cap was the

first article missing; afterward other ar-

ticles vanished, the final theft being that

gournet began to show signs of indispo

sition, and, in spite of the best medical

advice, he gradually wasted away, until

death relieved from further suffering.

On a post mortem being held, it was

discovered that the lace collars, coupled

with two baked potatoes, had proved too much for the bird's digestive power.

His death was thus due—like many human misfortunes—to the love of dainty dress. In a primitive state of society,

such as ostriches are accustomed to

purposes of lace collars, and beads are

digestible enough—by ostriches. How, then, was the poor bird to have known

that the means which serve civilized

belles for the enslavement of men are

not equally innocuous? For the future,

when it is said of any man that "he has

the digestion of an ostrich," it will be

necessary to understand that the simile

only holds good in regard to substantial articles of dietary.

A School Girl's Fate.

Mary Ella Harrington, a Boston school

girl, went to visit a friend in Newton.

and her family never saw her afterward.

masculine hand : "I send you this so

found a friend and I am never coming

public interest in the case was thorough-

ly aroused. Her body was found in th

river at Lowell, the other day, and the

by the man who sent the note, whoever he is.

back any more, at least for a good long

strings of beads generally fulfill

tion.

a range of columns of porphyry and verde antique, with capitals of white mothers with young children obtain seven hours of quiet sleep? If by chance they and many others could secure eight hours they ought not to be charged with marble ornamented in arabesque. In the center of the court is a marble fountain under a canopy, and sheltered by a cluster of fine trees. As you enter the court, you hear the roar of wings, and for a moment the air is darkened with the sudden flight of myriads of doves. These birds-the offspring of a pair purchased from a poor woman by Sultan Bajazet, and presented to the mosque—are as sacred as was the ibis of old. A grave and reverend fellow, with a huge turban, sits under the cloister and sells grain to the faithful and the fickle. The former feed the doves for charity; the latter for fun. While the fountain is knee-deep with swarming birds and the trees clogged with them, and all the eaves of the cloister lined, and even the high galleries of the slender minarets not unvisited by these feathered der-

vishes, you throw a handful of wheat into the court, and, like a thundercloud, robbed their youth. A sleep which is but a pretense-half the whole tribe swoops upon you with sleeping half waking—is indicative of the rush and the roar of a storm. some unnatural strain upon the nerves. A healthy, sound sleep, which gives perfect rest to all the functions of the brain They crowd one another, and heap them-selves together and stand on their heads in their eagerness to get a morsel of and the entire nervous system, will regrain. In a moment some one enters the store the vigor used up through a day of court, and the birds take flight, stirring active mental or physical labor, and the wind in the cloister and filling the mind and body thus refreshed and

comes a pleasure. Infants need a 1 the sleep they can be induced to take. Sleeping and eating are all that can be expected of them, Their rapidly developing bodies demand character, and now we are informed that this and if healthy will secure it, and all the digestion of the ostrich is by no the way up from infancy, through child-hood, there is little fear of their sleeping too much. But when the body is fully matured, from seven to eight hours, according to the nature of the daily avocations, is a fair supply for good health if assimilating any substance, whether hard taken at the proper hours for sleep, after the "early to bed, early to rise" Whether this theory holds true rule. There are exceptions to this rule, now appears to be a complete delusion

> Mental labor demands more sleep than physical labor; but from mature youth o past middle age more than eight hours in bed is debilitating. If some peculiar temperaments and some avocations require more than that amount of sleep, better a half hour or an hour even in the middle of the day. When old age draws near more sleep will be required, of

> As a general rule if the body and mind have full exercise through the day, if the supper is light, and the evening is spent in a happy, quiet and sensible manner; if one retires to a well-ventilated chamber, and keeps it so through the night, a sound and healthy sleep will be the natural result almost as soon as the head touches the pillow; on the contrary, if the evenings are spent in work or amuse ments that require late hours, the same excitement which compels that will follow one to the bed, and fevered, fitful dreams will be the result, from which one rises more languid and weary than when he retired .- Woonsocket Patriot.

Kalgan commands one of the passes through the great wall of China. there built of large stone, cemented to-gether with mortar. It tapers toward the top, being twenty-one feet high and twenty-eight feet wide at the foundation. At the most important points, less than a mile apart, square towers are erceted, built of bricks. It winds over the crest of the mountains, crossing the valleys at right angles, blocking them with fortifi-The Chinese estimate its cations. length to be about three thousand three hundred miles, but in parts more remote from Pekin the wall is of inferior construction. There is nothing but a dilapidated mud rampart, as Colonel Prejevalsky saw it on the borders of Ala-shan and Kansu. It is said to have been built upward of two centuries before Christ, protect the empire against the inroads of the neighboring nomads; but the periodical irruptions of the barba-Her movements after she pacted from rians were never checked by this artificial barrier.

NEVER DESPAIR .- One of the Scotch udges rather noted for his light treatthat you needn't worry for me. I have ment of serious punishments had once sentenced a man, convicted of sheep-stealing, to be hanged on the 28th of the while. My friend is writing this because I have burned my hand." The police searched thoroughly for the girl, but did not find her. This was last fall, and then current month. The prisoner when being conducted out of the dock, turned round to the judge, who was busy arranging his papers previous to leaving the court, and cried out : "My lord, my lord, I haena got justice here the day The judge looking up from his occupa-tion with a twinkle of grim fun in his eye, consolingly answered : "Weel, weel, my man, ye'll get it on the 28th."

ABOUT SLEEP.

How Many Hours are Needful in Different

Cases. It is often seid, "better wear out than rust out." Very true, if one were com-pelled to choose between the two; but what necessity is there for doing either? Our American people are certainly in little danger of "rusting out," and such a nervous, wiry, restless people may be too lough to wear out easily. The num-ber of long-lived persons to be found in almost every town would indicate that, as a people, we are hard to kill. But it is not the loss of life that is to be apprehended from the hurried, energetic way in which our countrymen rush into and dash through everything they undertake as the wear and tear of the nervous

system. Too little sleep is an evil injurious to old and young which is little noticed by those who should have carefully guarded the health of those under their influence. Those who frequent places of fashionable amusements—parties, balls, theaters or concerts—are invariably kept up late, and or reaching home are wakeful from practice of late suppers, and the tea and coffee, if nothing stronger, that is provided. But, though they seek the bed at most unseasonable hours, if they are people of business or compelled to attend to household cares they cannot afford to regain lost sleep by late rising; or if young, and with no cares that are imperious, a long sleep after the sun is up is not half so refreshing or healthful as if it was secured in the night—the natural

time for sleep.
Some foolish king once said; "Six hours are enough for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool." How many folly. The amount of sleep supposed to be necessary to secure good health and steady nerves depends much upon the nature of the occupation through the day, but still more upon the constitution. Some are so nervously active that they consider a few hours' rest sufficient; and even in sleep they find no respite in their dreams. If one expostulates with them for giving too few hours to rest and sleep they will assure you that they need no more, and that they are as fresh and bright in the early morning and through the day as they would be if they had "wasted" double the time in bed. Such people are sure to pay heavily in later years for the rest of which they

ness will spring up elastic with the first blush of morning light eager for renewed work, which after such a healthful sleep

of course, occasionally, after some season of great excitement or exhaustion, such as cannot always be avoided.

The Great Wall of China.

NO. 21.

Familiar Voices. Down in the deep, up in the sky, I see them always, far or nigh, And I shall see them till I die-The old familiar faces. They have long forgotten mine-But I remember every line, The old familiar faces, Ah! nothing e'er replaces

The old familiar faces. And all day long, so close and near, As in a mystic dream I hear Their gentle accents kind and dear-The old familiar voices. They have no sound that I can reach-But silence sweeter is than speech : The old familiar voices! Nothing my heart rejoices

Items of Interest.

Like the old familiar voices.

Slaves of the ring-Engaged maidens. A beastly storm-When it rains cats and

He that would put money in his fob, must do the work or boss the job.

Nevada's the place to live in—everybody nines his own business out there. Crockery dealers always delight in seeing ther people do a smashing business. Thus far in 1877 thirty-seven persons have been executed in the United States for murder

The mind wakes from its ambrosial dreams of lowers and spicy zephyrs and poetic sunsets to he consciousness of a first boil. A New Englander writes home from the Black Hills that there are as many wise men going out every day as there are fools coming

If any potato bug believed that the fashion-able color this year was to be yellow, he has been badly disappointed. It is green—paris

After a boy is tired out hoeing potatoes, nothing seems to rest him more than to dig over a few square rods of green sward in search of bait.

A politician who was a great stickler for equality in all things, perceiving two crows fly-ing side by side, exclaimed: "Aye, that is just as it should be: I hate to see one crow over another."

The longest sentence on record was constructed by a Western judge. He sentenced a murderer for life, and afterward slapped two more years to the sentence because the prisoner called him "no gentleman." "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back," as the fellow murmured when his girl said she would have cake with her ice cream, and the consciousness dawned upon him that he had only twenty cents in his pocket.

he had only twenty cents in his pocket.

At this season of the year there is something discouraging to the heaven born genius which despises conventionalities, in the spectacle of a man who wears a winter hat and endeavors to secure the recognition of his friends.

An Irish gentleman parting with a lazy servant woman was asked, with respect to her industry, whether she was what is termed afraid of work. "Oh! not at all," said he; "not at all; she'll frequently lie down and fall asleep by the very side of it."

Now is the time for lovers to get spoony over

Now is the time for lovers to get spoony over ice cream, she taking a few pretty dabs at his vanilla, and he borrowing a taste of her chocolate. This process inspires confidence in the day when they will be throwing corned beef and cabbages across the table. The song of the jail bird is in many bars.— Herald P. I. Man. So is the song of the soap

maker,—Detroit Free Press, So is the song of the toper,—Rochester Democrat. So is the song of the Mississippi pilot.—New York Graphic. So is the song of the mosquito. During a late storm one of Burlington's best

young men was struck by lightning. But fortunately escaped serious injury. The bolt struck one of the points of his standing collar, but long before it could get down to the young man's neck the electric fluid gave it up and curled up exhausted, about half way down the collar, used up.

Musings by the Blue Danube.

A war correspondent writes: Notwithstanding the fatigue of the day, I have sat quite late in my solitary room writthis letter. There is no postal service between here and Constantinople, All letters are sent privately to the British consul at Varna, who forwards them to the English postmaster at Pera. It is a beautiful moonlight night, and there is a hush everywhere like that which precedes the storm. From my window I can hear the low, sullen swash of the swollen Danube, and can see the dull outlines of the Turkish gun-boat lying above the town. Anon it will move down to where its mate is patrolling for Russian pontooniers, and will steam back before daybreak. I am told that the Turks have thirty thousand troops here, armed mostly with Henry-Martini rifles. They all appear to be good soldiers. I saw one of the best regiments this evening that I have seen in Turkey. It was composed of stalwart fellows with their headsshaved in the Mussulman style, with the tuft of hair on the apex for the angels to seize them by and lift them from the battle-field to Paradise. There is a strangeness in my situation, which I cannot help realizing. It is indeed odd, that I have traveled seven thousand miles, to sleep here to-night in this historic spot-the advance position and central point of the great war, and under the very nose of a Russian battery. I am the only bona fide American newspaper correspondent lying on this edge of the Danube to-night, and that is something. I shall sleep some, I know, for I am tired and well nigh worn out with sight-seeing and excitement. But it will not be the sleep of one who gathers the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams, for I can't dismiss the unpleasant reflection. that at least two of those somber guns in that Russian battery over the river are pointing toward the second story of the Hotel Islah-hane.

Possibly a Good Speculation. A California millionaire, whose daughter will shortly marry a French count, is

to pay the groom \$100,000 cash down, before the ceremony takes place, that being the price demanded by the conde-scending foreigner for consenting to share his title with an American born young woman. The figure seems high, but the investment may not prove to be such a bad speculation after all. A good many of these European counts turn out to be very clever cooks or stylish hair-dressers, and should the ambitious papa's mine incontinently peter out, or he get swamped at the stock board, a firstclass foreign ortist in victuals or hair will be found mighty handy to have about the house. Such fellows com-mand fabulous salaries in San Francisco when times are flush, and they are al-ways able to make a pretty good living when they are willing to set about it. They are a little too much given to beating their wives, however, when the day of adversity comes, to make desirable sons-in-law as a general rule.