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The Seasons.

The little snowflakes come
When the singing birds are dumb,
And fill the empty nest;
And the frost upon the pane
Mimics ferns and bearded grain,
And the blossoms we love best.

The pretty wind-flowers rise
With an air of sweet surprise
When the laughing spring
Calls the crocus from its sleep,
Bids the grass begin to creep,
And the sparrow sing.

The daisies' lint-white flocks
Push and jostle; and the locks
Of the barberry shine,
When the mosses' fringes spread,
And the dodder's jewe'ed thread
Make the meadows fine.

When the autumn walks abroad,
Torches of the golden-rod
Burn the livelong day;
And the birds are flying far
When witch-hazel's yellow star
Lends its little ray.

—*Mary A. Prescott.*

STRATAGEM.

I am a spinster, aged—but no, I will not tell you my age—and I live in a little white house on the side of the hill, surrounded by fruit trees and lilac bushes, while in the front of the house is a little garden with hollyhocks, marigolds and a plentiful supply of spearmint, which is so nice for soup, and a sprig of wake-robin, which is very good for weak eyes. I am plagued with **weak eyes some.**

Here I live alone by myself—not alone either, for haven't I Towzer, a big black dog, with a face that is a mixture of gray and white, and great brown eyes with a look almost human in them, and a great deal more expression than has that simpering Sarah Smythe. She says I am a conceited old maid, only waiting for a chance to get married—the ninny! Why shouldn't I, if I have a good chance? It would be handy to have a man bring water, chop kindlings and stretch clotheslines on washdays I may be out of the market now before she is, the little goose; for when I turn my cup over after drinking tea—I always do—the grounds say a long journey with three dots at the end, which stands for a crown; and if that isn't marriage I'd like to know what is?

If nothing happens to intercept fortune I shall have him call me Sillie; it is so much more loving an l affectionate than Priscilla. Now my name is one of those things that never can be accounted for; for why should they name such a loving person Priscilla Nettleton? And to tell the truth the man who gets Priscilla might do worse. I don't want to brag, but the man or woman who finds any dirt in my house has got to hunt for it; and I can make piecrust that would melt in your mouth, and rhubarb tarts and huckleberry hollows that would do your soul good. In my mind a man's love has a great deal to do with the condition of his stomach.

Then I am not very bad-looking; I have a sweet disposition, dress young—and that makes me think of Sarah Smythe again; that girl is a brier in my flesh. She says, coming home from meeting the other Sunday—so I could hear her, too:

"If old Miss Nettleton hasn't got a pink gingham just like mine, and made just like it, with three flounces!"

Says I:

"You good-for-nothing little minx, why shouldn't I have a pink gingham with three flounces if I pay for it? Your father is in debt to everybody in Thomasville!"

Don't you think she got mad just my saying that—folks don't get mad as easy as that unless you bit them pretty close—and says she:

"You're a meddlesome, interfering **old maid!"**

Just think of calling me an interfering old maid! Now that is a downright fabrication. I don't want anybody to be wicked, but if they are I want to **know all about it**, and I won't uphold anybody in their wicked ways by withholding my opinion, and if Abby Nicholas is going to have a light in her front room until half-past 10 Sunday evenings, I have a right to call in there about that time if I want to. And if Sara Perkins and her husband don't get along I want to know that, too. I knew they wouldn't; why, Sara can't make brown bread fit for my Towzer to eat; and that soggy white bread is what has given poor Perkins the dyspepsia, and in my mind it has something to do with his rheumatism. You have to be very careful about raising white bread, for if it stands three minutes too long or too little it is spoilt—just spoilt.

There comes Mary Green's sassy boy. I must go out and tell him to wipe his feet before he comes in—and if he hasn't got a letter! Now a letter always sets me shivering like, for they are almost always trimmed with black; but this one isn't. I most wish it was, though.

"DEAR MISS NETTLETON: —I wrote you some time ago informing you of the death of your kinsman, John Vance. I now feel it incumbent on me as his friend and the guardian of his only child, Dolly, to say that, as she has no permanent home, it might be pleasant for you to have her come to you. If I receive no answer by next week I shall take silence as consent, and you may expect her the first of the week after.

"Very respectfully,

"W. KELLER."

Isn't that cool, though? Why, she will be as much trouble as was Towzer in his juvenile days, dancing in and out, and I shall have the doors to shut after her, and my kitchen will have to be washed twice a day, and she'll want to sit in the front room and have the curtains up, and my rag carpet will be all faded out; and I shall never know where to find nothing. Now if I lay a thing down it stays there till I pick it up again. Why, I could darn my stockings in the dark, and lay my hands on the right number of cotton to darn them with. Number sixteen is in the right hand corner, number eight is wrapped in paper, number twelve is in a rag.

Things will be mixed in the family circle. Now I have my corner, Towzer has his and Nepenthe hers. Did I tell you about Nepenthe? Well, she's a remarkable cat of three colors, is double-pawed and has great yellow, moon-like eyes. But it is no reason because there are four corners in the room that I want Dolly Vance set up in the fourth. I don't want her, but I suppose she will have to come. It's my misfortune to have relations.

She came. Now if I don't tell you how she looks you will be wondering what she is like, and think her eyes are like sunshine and her hair like spun silk. They aren't neither one nor the other. She has brown eyes that have such a queer way of shutting together whenever I say anything, and then she puts her handkerchief over her mouth. I suppose she shuts her eyes to take in better what I have to say, and puts her hankerchief to her mouth to keep the idea in; as if people heard with their mouths! And then she has brown hair just the color of her eyes, which she wears braided down her back with the end curled; and the time she wastes twisting that one curl would knit a pair of shell stockings. But Dolly don't like to knit nor scour tin pans, nor to learn any accomplishments. However, she does well enough, and we get along nicely; anybody could get along with as amiable a person as I.

One day Dolly says:

"Cousin!"

Then she makes a long pause and says I:

"Dolly, if you have got anything to say, say it, and don't wait till that dishwater gets cold and the grease settles around the edges of them boilers."

"Well, cousin, I was going to say that if you had no objections, I have a friend from Sweetwater, Mr. Howard, that I would like to have come here once in a while; it is so very lonely."

"Lonesome for them that's got nothing to do," says I. "Now, Dolly Vance, after all the good advice I've given you! Why, I've talked to you hours and hours about the frailties and disappointments of this world, and I've just wasted my breath. As if we didn't have work enough to do now! There's more than forty chips about that chopping block to be picked up, and there's that rising sun bedquilt to be set together, and squash pies to make, and that old speckled hen's come off with sixteen chicks; of course she'd hatch every one if she stole her nest. I shouldn't think you'd have thought of such a thing as a bean. Wait until you get a little older—say my age, now."

I think she will remember that, for she clapped her hands right over her mouth so as not to forget it.

"But I know it would come to this—I told you so. If it was a deacon or a minister, or some kind of a religious man, I wouldn't have minded so much."

"But Mr. Howard is just as good as—"

"Don't tell me! I know he is just good for nothing, or he would want some girl that knew something about work, and not one that burns her hands every time she turns a pie round in the oven."

After this there was a calm in our mill-pond of an existence—I have read of life's being like a river, and why not like a mill-pond, which is much smoother and more poetical?—and nothing occurred to disturb my sweet, serene disposition, until I saw Tommy Green coming over again with a letter. I declare it set me in a perspiration all over! I hoped no more cousins had died and left their orphans as legacies to me.

DEAR MISS NETTLETON:—I am a minister in somewhat poor health; have a disease of the heart; and the doctor says I must have quiet and rest for a while. Hearing of your little Eden of a place, I hope and trust it may be my good fortune to engage board there for a few weeks. Will pay seven dollars per week. GEO. RUSHING."

Of course I would take him! It would be flying in the face of Providence and fortune not to. Poor, dear man! he had the heart disease, but I'd cure him of that—that is if he would take the catnip tea and thoroughwort. Seven dollars a week, too! If he stayed four weeks that would be twenty-eight dollars; twenty-five to lay up in the old tea pot, and three left to spend. I decided to buy me a red feather for my bonnet with a dollar and a half, and with the rest get Towzer a new brass brass collar, with a little padlock and key on it

"Dolly," says I, as she came in with her cheeks as red as one of them red hollyhocks—I don't like red cheeks myself—"I've got a letter from Parson Rushing, and he wants to come here to board a few weeks at $7 a week."

"Of course you won't take him," says she.

"Of course I shall!" says I.

The next week the same one-horse chaise that brought Dolly fetched the parson, and now he's quite at home. He is real nice looking; his hair and mustache is gray, but his eyes are black and bright, and he is not the least bit of trouble, and I think after a while he will get over the dyspepsia and that hacking cough of his. It is some better now. He takes long walks in the morning for his health and also in the pursuit of science (he is very learned), and brings home lots of bugs and beetles—ugh! the nasty things! Not that exactly, either, for Parson Rushing says some of them are very curious and quite rare, so of course they are.

After the sun has gone down they take a row on the river; yes, they, for Dolly doesn't steady herself down to anything, and so she is always ready to set out when the parson is, while I never, or scarce ever, go with them, as I have the dishes to wash in the morning and the pans to scour and the floor to scrub; Parson Rushing does so like to see a white floor! At night there is the bread to toast, and he is so particular about that.

One night I did go rowing, and if it wasn't a blessing I got back again and alive! Why, that boat pitched and rocked and dove, till my head buzzed and my stomach felt so queer, all because I was physically bilious, and disinclined toward rowing, the parson said. But he did his best to make it pleasant and rowed until his face was red; and he would go from one side of the boat to the other as quick as lightning to see if there was a fish at my line, and then the boat would give one of them lurches, till I was afraid it would take in water at the sides; and I had to pretend it was delightful, when it was so horrid. It was like a nightmare chasing you over a stony pasture.

It was the thankfullest moment in my life when Towzer came down toward us and I knew I was on Trilla Frilla (that's French) once more. But my troubles weren't but half over, for when we got home Dolly had scorched the toast and burnt the bread, and the tea wasn't steeped, and the elder said if he drank such weak tea as that he was afraid it would set him in the dyspepsia again, and looked reproachfully at Dolly. But don't you think that instead of looking meek and being sorry as she should, the heartless girl just laughed and laughed until she jarred over the tea in the elder's cup. I always fill his cup full. There are some people who never do care about other people's feelings!

Now I am not one of that kind, and I felt very much for the parson; but at the same time I thought it would do him good, for he would now know better than ever how to appreciate my good cooking; not but what he did, dear man! but now he would come to a fuller knowledge of it by experience; and, too, he'd know I'd given Dolly a chance, and not kept her in the background.

The other day he was saying that it was a very excellent thing for young ladies (that's me) to have a thorough knowledge of housekeeping, and he did not see what some people could be thinking of to bring their daughters up in idleness—now Dolly was brought up when she came here, so that isn't me—nor what men could be thinking of to take such girls as wives.

Parson Rushing had been here three weeks to a day, and an awful hot day it was, to my thinking, and I had just made up my mind that when I finished washing the floor I would refresh my mind with Dr. Watts' hymns for an hour or so, and rest my weary brains. Parson Rushing says the mind must have something to feed on as well as the body. Well, I had just got comfortably settled down in my corner, with my feet placed carefully on a cushion, but had not got down to the bottom of the first page when in Towzer came in with—oh, horrors! He had scalped Parson Rushing, for there were his lovely gray curls, and the dog came and laid the trophy at my feet.

I took it up and walked tip-toe to the sitting-room, where Parson Rushing and Dolly were taking notes of their morning ramble. Having arrived at the door I paused—why or for what reason I cannot say; it must have been a presentment of the great sorrow that was already over my head. Having, as I said, come to the door, I paused. Now this door had a aperture—a crack—that extended the whole length of it; unto this aperture I applied my eye, and—but words are inadequate to express my thoughts, letters are not black enough to convey my feelings. There sat Parson Rushing (for it was he) minus the gray curls, bereft of gray whiskers, which were in a chair, and in their stead were short black side whiskers and mustache and close cropped black curls; his eyes and nose, which had a little scratch on it from Nepenthe's claws—I wished she scratched more affectionately!—were the same.

Well, there he sat, looking as cool and comfortable, and beside him that little witch, Dolly—I always knew there was something deep about her—and he was talking away, and she a-chattering. By-and-bye he took one of her hands, and, bending over—would you believe it? I can, hardly—kissed it!

At this sign of love, unreciprocated affection burst in from the door.

"How dare you thus trifle with a confiding maiden's love? How dare you—"

"I am not trifling at all. I was never more in earnest in my life. Allow me to introduce you to my affianced wife."

Saying this he arose and took Dolly by the hand; she began with:

"Cousin, this is the friend I spoke to you about when I first came, but you would not allow him to visit me unless he was a deacon or a minister. Accordingly he adopted the latter role. To-day the weather was so unbearably warm that he was forced to take off his whiskers and wig. I hope you will forgive us, cousin."

"That I never will!" said I. "A girl who will deliberately steal the affections of a man from such a loving, trusting woman as I—"

"But, cousin,"—with a very peculiar smile—"I had his affections before he ever came here. Had I not, George?"

"That you had, my darling, and always will have."

Then he said a lot more of foolish stuff that I don't remember. But the short and the long of it was they went to the city and were married and settled at housekeeping in no time at all. I occasionally drop in and have a cup of tea when I go to the city shopping. But I never will forgive them. Towzer has his brass collar, padlock and all.

Our Agricultural Army.

Just now the farmers all over the land are astir. Think of it! during the current year in the United States as many as 120,000,000 acres will be under grain! So many acres to be plowed, to be harrowed, to be sowed and planted, and cultivated and reaped. How vast the army of our American farmers; and no standing army either. Does the heart almost grow sick at the thought of such an amount of plodding, plodding, plodding toil, toil, toil, involved in all this? But think, too, how all this measureless labor is by no means a prosaic affair; it is capable of being cheered by all the hope that comes of nature's annual prophecy, and all the subtle gladness that springs from the felt poetry of earth and sky and the advancing ever changeful seasons.—*Exchange.*

FOOD FACTS.

Maize, or Indian corn, is one of the most nutritious of the grains, and contains more of the fatty elements than the others.

The substitution of from four to six drams of glycerine for the amount of sugar usually added to cream, milk or water, is recommended in preparing food for infants.

The better qualities of flaxseed contain about thirty per cent. of oil, and if well masticated may be eaten freely by those whose system requires more fat—such people as are recommended to use cod-liver oil.

Beans contain all the elements of true aliment excepting fat. To obtain this it is not necessary to bake beans with pork. A fat piece of corned beef is an excellent substitute and is extensively used by those who entertain a prejudice to pork.

During the first two months of an infant's life it should not be fed oftener than once in two hours. After this the interval between meals may be length. ened with advantage, and at the end of six months farinaceous or starchy food may be allowed in small quantity.

A writer in the *Laws of Life*, speaking of pork parasites, tries to make the swine-eaters flinch by stating that an ounce of flesh may contain a quarter of a million of the infinitesimal larvæ of the trichinæ, and that a pork eater may with a few mouthfuls fill himself with 50,000,000 vermicularis.

One who has made the calculations finds that as a flesh-producing food eggs are equal to meat; that they surpass it in ability as a heat and force, producing agent; and that a pound of corn will be more than twice as valuable if transformed into eggs by means of the hen, as when put into the form of meat by feeding to pigs.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

The Use of Bank Checks.

In the reign of William old men were still living who could remember the days when there was not a single banking house in the city of London. So late as the time of the Restoration every trader had his own strong box in his own house, and when an acceptance was presented to him told down the crowns and caroluses on his own counter.

But the increase of wealth had produced its natural effect, the subdivision of labor. Before the end of the reign of Charles the Second a new mode of paying and receiving money had come into fashion among the merchants of the capital. A class of agents arose whose office was to keep the cash of the commercial houses.

This new branch of business naturally fell into the hands of the goldsmiths, who were accustomed to traffic largely in precious metals, and who had vaults in which great masses of bullion could lie secure from fire and from robbers. It was at the shops of the goldsmiths of Lombard street that all the payments in coin were made. Other traders gave and received nothing but paper.

The great change did not take place without much opposition and clamor. Old-fashioned merchants complained bitterly that a class of men who, thirty years before, had confined themselves to the proper functions and had made a fair profit by embossing silver bowls and chargers, by setting jewels for fine ladies, and by selling pistols and dollars to gentlemen setting out for the Continent, had become the treasurers, and were fast becoming the masters of the whole city. These usurers, it was said, played at hazard with what had been earned by the industry and hoarded by the thrift of other men. If the dice turned up well the knave who kept the cash became an alderman; if they turned up ill the dupe who furnished the cash became a bankrupt.

On the other side the conveniences of the modern practice were set forth in animated language. The new system, it was said, saved both labor and money. Two clerks seated in one counting house, did what, under the old system, must have been done by twenty clerks in twenty different establishments. A goldsmith's note might be transferred ten times in a morning, and thus a hundred guineas, locked in his safe close to the exchange, did what would formerly have required a thousand guineas, dispersed through many tills, some on Ludgate hill, some in Austin Friars and some in Tower street.—*Currency Controller Knox.*

Wit of the Little Ones.

"What is that man yelling at?" inquired Tommy of his younger brother. "At the top of his voice," replied the little one.

A little girl read a composition before the minister. The subject was "a cow." She wove in this complimentary sentence: "A cow is the most useful animal in the world except religion."

"Ma, am I all made now?" said a little miss of three and one-half years at the breakfast table yesterday morning. "Why, dear?" said the fond mother. "Because I have had my ears pierced and was vaccinated yesterday," said little Tot.

Nellie has a four-year-old sister Mary, who complains to mamma that her "button shoes" were "hurting." "Why, Mattie, you've put them on the wrong feet." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer: "What'll I do, mamma? They's all the feet I've got."

A lady was singing at a charity concert in England and the audience insisted upon hearing her song a second time. Her daughter, a little child, was present, and on being asked afterward how her mamma had sung, replied: "Very badly, for they made her do it all over again."

A young lady having "set her cap" for a rather large specimen of the opposite sex, and having failed to win him, was telling her sorrows to a couple of her confidants, when one of them confronted her with these words: "Never mind, Mollie, there as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." "Mollie knows that," replied her little brother, "but she wants a whale."

Amsterdam, the chief commercial city of the Netherlands, is to have an international exhibition from May to October, 1883.

FOR THE LADIES.

Language of a Fan.

Beaconsfield writes: A Spanish lady with her fan might shame the tactics of a troop of horses. Now she unfurls it with the slow pomp and conscious elegance of the bird of Juno; now she flutters it with the languor of a listless beauty, now with all the liveliness of a vivacious one. Then, in the midst of a very tornado, she closes it with a whirr, which makes you start. Magical weapon! It speaks a particular language and gallantry requires no other mode to interpret a Spanish woman's most subtle conceits or her most unreasonable demands.

Perils of Dressmaking.

The occupation of dressmaking is by no means so safe as is generally supposed. A dressmaker admitted into the Leeds dispensary, in England, was found to have a distinct blue line on her gums, with simultaneous symptoms, such as furred tongue, inflammation of the lips, and general debility—all signs pointing to the probability of poisoning by lead. The doctor in attendance on her for some time failed to discover the source, and was beginning to think the blue line had been caused in some other way, when he accidentally learned from a merchant that silken thread being sold by weight and not by length, is sometimes adulterated with sugar of lead. He then questioned the patient, and she informed him that it had been a common practice with her at work to hold silk, as all other kinds of thread, in her mouth, and, that she had done this the more readily with silk, inasmuch as it had a sweet taste. This characteristic is a sure indication of the presence of lead, and all thread possessing it should either be rejected or used with caution. It will be found that the silk thread of the best makers is tasteless, whereas some inferior threads are sweet.

Fashion Fancies.

Colored red-spreads are fashionable.

Polka dots, specks and circles are all the rage.

Polka dotted neck wear is as fashionable as ever.

A feature of new walking jackets are v-shaped waistcoats.

Back draperies are not so elaborate in the looping as formerly.

There are beaded laces worked in dark rich colors on a black ground.

Gilded paragon frames are placed over the linings of handsome parasols.

Chenille-spotted, silvered and shaded tulles appear among ball dress fabrics.

Navy blue asserts itself in all the new goods, silk, woolen, cotton and linen.

There is a revival of the taste for oriental colors and designs in all kinds of goods.

Open work embroidery of black silk on net will be used as a trimming for grenadines.

A large pouf bow, with wide ends, trims the backs of some of the new mantles.

Maroon or Egyptian red in combination with porcelain blue is much admired in lawn tennis goods.

A silver fly with wings o Rhine crystals and ruby eyes, on a golden leaf, is a late design in hairpins.

Among the model bonnets from Paris are poke-shaped Panamas, lined with velvet and trimmed with handsome satin ribbons, trails of the most exquisite flowers, and aigrettes and pompons in soft and beautiful tints.

Dresses of fine French lawn will this summer be made in short princesse style, the upper part formed of perpendicular shirrings and bands of insertion, and the lower portion of flounces embroidered twelve inches deep.

Boots laced up the front are coming into fashion for the promenade. They are in kid or morocco, faced and finished with patent leather. The Henri Deux shoe in black satin nearly covers the instep and is embroidered in a fine close pattern with jet beads.

For spring and summer wear fancy silks are in great demand. In taffetas, Louisine, glace, chene and other light silks, are found some novel and attractive patterns and combinations. These fabrics make inexpensive and dressy costumes which, with care, will last two seasons, especially if a thin lining is used in making them up.

Bustles are worn quite below the waist-line in the back, and do not reach over the hips as in the past, the bouffant effect here being produced entirely by the pannier-draperies, to which are added huge sashes of moire, satin or silk, which are draped and tied above the low-set bustle, the ends falling very often to the foot of the skirt in the back.

Death from a Tower.

Four suicides during the present century have been committed at Bologna Italy, by jumping from the top of the famous leaning tower, Asinelli, the climbing of which involves a toilsome journey up more than 400 worn and dusty stairs. The first case occurred in 1833, when a shoemaker, while sitting astride one of the battlements, drank a flask of wine as he was singing, and then allowed himself to fall backward into space. The second was in 1874, a young man, aged twenty-three, allowed himself to fall, with a handkerchief tied round his eyes, leaving his coat, hat, sleeve cuffs, and two letters behind him. The third happened two years later; an old man went up with his boy nephew, and while the boy was obeying his directions to write the word "infamy" on the wall, threw himself over the battlement. The fourth suicide has just taken place. A young man who had failed in a certain examination, ascended the tower with the keeper, lighted a cigarette, and while the keeper was showing him the bell, jumped off. Two ladies and gentlemen came up just after he had jumped, and found that the keeper had fainted from fright.

Centre of gravity—The letter V.

Saved from Cannibalism.

On Christmas day, in the Pacific ocean, three boat loads of people put off from the hopelessly burning coal ship Milton. Last evening, says the San Francisco *Call* of recent date, the survivors of the second boat load heard from arrived in this city by the steamer Newbern from Mazatlin. The survivors were Captain McArthur, his wife, two children and one sailor. They had been taken from a Mexican coasting schooner by the Newbern on her down trip. Two days before that the schooner had picked them up, the captain and his family looking little better than bronzed skeleton, one sailor a gibbering maniac, the other senseless. A two-year-old child of the captain's was dead. All had been in an open boat forty-six days. For many days they had subsisted upon a mouthful of food and a spoonful of freshened ocean water. When the Mexicans schooner took them on board one sailor overcome all restraint and drank himself to death with the water furnished.

"For the love of God give me passage to some place where my wife and child can have proper care," the wrecked captain said to Captain Huntington of the Newbern, when the steamer was approached by a boat from the coasting schooner.

The survivors were taken aboard. "There is a white man among them for I can tell by his voice," an English lady on the Newbern said, "but how dreadful that poor squaw looks." It was the captain's wife, her exposed flesh burned to a darker hue than an Indian's, that the lady thought was a squaw.

The maniac sailor died from the effect of the water, which he hoped would give him new life, soon after he was lifted on board the steamer. The others were tenderly cared for.

The captain's little boy, only four years old, looked wildly strange and unnatural. "But, bless you," an officer of the Newbern said to a *Call* reporter, "we could just see him grow fat and natural-like from meal to meal." The little fellow, who had stood what killed three of the strong sailors, was soon a great favorite with every man on the steamer.

The captain's wife, when Mazatlan was reached, after being on the steamer three days, gave birth to a son. It was two weeks old when the steamer arrived at the wharf, and a lively, bright infant. Such is the story of their rescue. Words cannot picture the sufferings they endured in the forty-six days in an open boat; days when the mother saw one babe waste away to death for the lack of even such scanty nourishment as had to be dealt to all; days when the clear-headed captain had to tie to the thwarts two of the crazy sailors to prevent them from feasting in fact upon the weaker ones, upon whom their delirum-lighted eyes flashed hungrily, longingly; days when distant sails would loom up, wildly revive sinking hope, disappear, and drive hope into a greater, blacker distance; days when the sufferings of all were nearly ended by drowning, when the crazed man's wild plunging nearly capsized the boat. It was a terrible picture, and one which the imagination alone can attempt feebly to paint.

"Ah!" the wife and mother said one day on the steamer, as the passengers were at dinner, "if my dear baby boy had had each day a mouthful of the water so lavishly dealt out here."

Popular Resorts in a Spanish Town.

The people (of Toledo) generally were very simple and good natured, and in particular a young commercial traveler from Barcelona whom we met exerted himself to entertain us. The chief street was lined with awnings reaching to the curbstone in front of the shops, and every public doorway was screened by a striped curtain. Pushing aside one of these, our new acquaintance introduced us to what seemed a dingy bar, but by a series of turnings opened out into a spacious concealed cafe—that of the Two Brothers—where we frequently repaired with him, to sip chiccory and cognac or play dominoes. On these occasions he kept the tally in pencil on the marble table, marking the side of himself and a friend with their initials, and heading ours "The Strangers." All travelers in Spain are described by natives as "Strangers" or "French," and the reputation for a pure Parisian accent which we acquired under these circumstances, though brief, was glorious. To the Two Brothers resorted many soldiers, shopkeepers and housewives during fixed hours of the afternoon and evening, but at other times it was as forsaken as Don Roderick's palace. Another place of amusement was the Grand Summer theater, lodged within the ragged walls of a large building which had been half torn down. Here we sat under the stairs, luxuriating in the most expensive seats (at eight cents per head), surrounded by a full audience of exceedingly good aspect, including some Toledan ladies of great beauty, and listened to a zarzuela, or popular comic opera, in which the prompter took an almost too energetic part. The ticket collector came in among the chairs to take up everybody's coupons, with very much the air of being one of the family; for while performing his stern duty he smoked a short brier pipe, giving to the act an indescribable dignity, which threw the whole business of the tickets into a proper subordination. In returning to our inn about midnight, we were attracted by the free cool sound of a guitar duette issuing from a dark street that rambled off somewhere like a worm-track in old wood, and, pursuing the sound, we discovered, by the aid of a match lighted for a cigarette, two men standing in the obscure alley, and serenading a couple of ladies in a balcony, who positively laughed with pride at the attention. The men, it proved, had been hired by some admirer, and so our friend engaged them to perform for us at the hotel the following night.—*George P. Lathrop, in Harper.*

As no roads are so rough as those that have just been mended, so no sinners are so intolerant as those who have just turned saint.

Hands.

A little hand, a fair, soft hand,
Dimpled and sweet to kiss;
No sculptor ever carved from stone
A lovelier hand than this.
A hand as idle and white
As lilies on their stems;
Dazzling with rosy finger-tips,
Dazzling with crusted gems.

Another hand—a tired old hand,
Written with many lines;
A faithful, weary hand, whereon
The pearl of great price shines.
For folded as the winged fly
Sleeps in the chrysalis,
Within this little palm I see
That lovelier hand than this.

—*Harriet Prescott Spofford.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Arabella—No; powder will not make your hair bang.

Circus jokes are generally served up like boiled mutton—with caper sauce.

Moonbeams are the strongest timbers used in building castles in the air. —*Picayune.*

The contribution plate passed about in a fashionable church is apt to come back nickel plated.—*Picayune.*

Fashionable ladies with short sleeves wear their bracelets above the elbow. Policemen continue to put theirs on the wrists.

He who courts and goes away
May live to court another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still,
May get in court against his will.
—*Salem Sunbeam.*

An Italian glass manufacturer is making a great success with ladies' glass bonnets and hats. Thank heaven! We will now have something transparent.—*Rome Sentinel.*

Our Continent says that marriage is on the decline. That may be, but the ladies who are over fifteen and under sixty years of age are not much on the decline.— *ecus Siftings.*

A little boy who wouldn't run to the store for his mother until he had a drink of water, pleaded in extenuation of his disobedience that "even a river couldn't run when it was dry."

A man does his courting in private and seclusion. John Henry, as a boy, goes behind the wood-shed to suck his orange. Not because he is ashamed of it, but because he wants it all himself. —*Hawkeye.*

A scientist says that every adult person carries enough phosphorus in his body to make at least 4,000 of the ordinary two-cent packages of friction matches. That is a scientific fact that is of very little value to a man who comes home in the night, smashes everything on the bureau in searching for a match, and realizes that all the 4,000 match-power phosphorus concealed inside of him will not light the gas.—*Siftings.*

A Sailor Coon.

A correspondent of the *Forest and Stream*, who used to sail a fast yacht, the Decoy, describes one of his crew, a pet coon, caught when young and raised in the boat-house. The yacht never sailed without him. He was "forward man." Often when the sea was heavy it would wash him from the deck into the boiling foam, but in an instant he was again at his post, and gave us all to understand by a peculiar guttural sound that he meant business. He delighted to sit on the end of the bowsprit, and when we would cross a boat's bow, or take the wind out of her sail, he talked. Sometimes a coming sea would chase him up the jibstay a foot or two, but he never failed to regain his old position. In moderate weather, and the water smooth, he would come aft, and looking at me knowingly, would mount the tiller; and with one paw placed affectionately on my arm, would sail the boat for miles. Then he did talk. He had been shot at several times from rival boats, and he knew them all as well as we did. Once he was badly hurt, and falling from the end of the bowsprit into the water, I picked him up as he drifted by. The ball had passed through his intestines. He was a sick coon, almost unto death. We ran into Gloucester, where a surgeon, a friend of ours, attended his wound. How often he thanked that man for his kindness the God that has given life to all can only tell, for he was then to weak to talk. We all loved him, and it was reciprocated. How our hearts warmed and throbbed in sympathy for that innocent, unoffending atom of the great creation. He got well, but he never ventured out on the bowsprit any more. Quiet afternoons in the boat-house he would climb up gently into my hammock, and softly comb down my beard with his paws, and brush the flies away until I snored; then he knew I was dead to all earthly things, and in a minute he would have my watch and money down to the last cent, and, in fact, everything about my clothes. Unlike, however, the genus man—with all his godlike gifts—he gave his plunder back, and told me plainly he could have robbed me if he liked.

Punctuation.

Punctuation is an art, and one that has been learned in comparatively modern times. The Greeks did not know the meaning of it, and left no space between their words. The Romans put up a kind of division without any apparent method. Up to the end of the fifteenth century only the colon and the comma were introduced, and the latter at that time only as a perpendicular figure. We are indebted to Aldus Manutius, an eminent printer, for the comma as we have it now, and in 1790 he introduced the semi-colon into printing, and published a set of rules for the guidance of writers. It is not known by whom notes of interrogation or exclamation were first used, but inverted commas (") were brought into common use by a French printer to supersede the use of italics, but the English adopted them to specify quotation.