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HOW TO LIVE.

So should we live that every hour
May fall as falls the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself a seed
Of future good and future need;

Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

—*Lord Houghton.*

UNCLE PAUL'S WIFE.

It had rained all day; and at night, with the same dull, monotonous sound, the rain still fell on the gravel walk beneath the window, while through the dark old pines at the back of the house went the continual mournful soughing of the east wind.

I was weary of all indoor occupations, and I could not resort to invectives against the weather, for I had no listeners.

My uncle, Dr. Paul Eastman, had gone three miles through the wind and rain to visit a patient in the almshouse, a little boy whose life was nearly ended, and Mrs. Eastman was visiting her friends in a distant State.

In an idle, half dreaming mood, I lay on the sofa in the pleasant library to await my uncle's coming.

The cheerful firelight sending its warm bright glow over the geraniums and roses in the deep bay window, over the few pictures on the walls and the well filled book shelves, banished all thought of the wintry desolation without. Above the shaded lamp, on the little study table, was a portrait. It had hung there for many years, the old housekeeper said. I cannot describe that pictured face, so nobly, so serenely beautiful. Would you try to describe the look which the one you love wears for you? Neither will I try to paint with words that face, which was the full realization of my thought of those messengers who come from the unseen world to strengthen and bless the weak and suffering among mortals.

Was she Uncle Paul's first love—the fair young girl whose loss has darkened all the years of his early manhood? I had heard something of the great sorrow which had clouded those years, and of one whose life of beauty had kept her memory fresh in the hearts of many. I had heard, two, of the tenderness with which Uncle Paul took to his home, which should have been hers, her invalid mother and little brother, and cared for them till the mother went to join the daughter and the boys were fitted for commercial or professional life. But there was a mystery in his life. If he had loved and lost the one whose face was pictured there on the canvas how could he ever have given the place that would have been hers to the respectable, commonplace person whom I have known for five years as Mrs. Eastman?

The longer I watched the sweet face looking down upon me the greater seemed the mystery, and so thinking I fell asleep.

A voice awakened me. "Ah! Miriam, dreaming?"

"Yes, uncle; dreaming of that face above your study table."

He walked across the room and stood silently before it a long time. Then he came to me. "It is very like her, Miriam; and she was as pure and good as the angels."

"Can you tell me of her, uncle? What was her name?"

Then, after a short silence, he told me his early sorrow and revealed the secret of the mystery that perplexed me.

"Her name was Grace Hyde. She was eighteen and I was twenty-one when she promised to be my wife. I was just finishing my professional studies, and had my own way to make in the world, but I was strong to do my work and to fight my battles, for Grace was awaiting the result. Her love would strengthen me and her hand would reward my victory.

"'I will not fetter you, Paul,' she said; 'I know how the promise of many young lives has been unfulfilled because the daily needs of life and the necessity of a practical answer to the questions: "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" have wearied the spirit not yet ready for its life-work, crippled its energies, and chained it to an ignoble service, while the nobler work it might have done, waits for another. Give all the time you need to the highest culture, the fullest development of your intellectual strength, find for yourself a fitting sphere of labor, and then, Paul, I will go with you, and together we will make life beautiful.'

"I could not combat her resolution. She was firm, and her father said: 'Grace is right; in the future you will acknowledge it.'

"So I finished my studies in the university and went to Paris. Grace, pale and tearful, with her little hands in mine, said: 'Be worthy of your best self, and may God forever guide and bless you, dear Paul.' And then we parted.

"I had not been away three months, when a letter from Grace announced her father's attack. 'An attack of apoplexy,' she wrote. 'Poor mother, it is a terrible blow to her; I know not how she will bear it. I pray that I may help her, and that God will give me power to comfort her.' After that her letters were not sad, but there was a subdued cheerfulness, or it might have been an effort to be cheerful, and there was an impatient looking forward to my return. She had such trust in me, such a noble ambition for me, I was always stronger and better after reading her words. Her influence was around me continually, and the temptations of Paris life were all powerless. I could not disappoint her trust. I would try to be worthy of her.

"I had been in Paris nearly two years, and was preparing to return, when one day a letter, directed in an unknown hand, was given to me. I opened it hastily, with a presentiment of coming ill, for I had heard nothing from Grace for many weeks. There were these words from Dr. Merton, the family physician of the Hydes:

DEAR PAUL: Grace does not wish to alarm her mother, and therefore wishes me to write. Her days are numbered. Come quickly, if you would see her.

"You can imagine the slow passing of the days that were bearing me to Grace. She was dying; she might be gone before I could reach her; and, as if in mockery of my impatience, the dull, monotonous ticking of the clock sounded in my ears, and the minutes passed so slowly. At last we reached New York. A few hours' ride in the cars and I was in A——. I went immediately to her house, but there was a strange name on the door-plate. I rang, and inquired where Mrs. Hyde had removed. The servant gave me the street and number. I soon found the house, a small cottage, in a retired street. 'What was the cause of this removal?' I asked myself. 'Why had they left their old home? and why had Grace never mentioned it in her letters? Was it possible that poverty had been added to the sorrow of that great bereavement and Grace had concealed it to avoid giving me pain?' Absorbed in these thoughts, I stood at the door of the cottage, just as Dr. Merton was passing out. He grasped my hand. 'Welcome home, Paul,' he said. 'They are all expecting you. Grace is quiet; she does not suffer now. I tell you, Paul, there is no use in trying to keep her here. She belongs to a better world. Angels like her are not given to us for a long time. They do their work quickly and then go home.'

"He had led me into the little parlor, and in a few words told me all that Grace had concealed from me. Mr. Hyde had died insolvent. His creditors had seized upon everything. Mrs. Hyde had rented a small house, and furnished it plainly with the little remnant of the estate which was left them. Few, even their most intimate friends, knew how very small this remnant was. Grace obtained a large class of pupils in music, and at night, when she returned, weary from her lessons, she taught classes in French. With a brave heart she worked, sustained by the consciousness that her mother was saved from toil and her little brothers were unconscious of the loss they had sustained.

"The constant, wearying toil was too much for one so wholly unused to it. While the spirit was very strong and the heroic young girl found peace in living for others, the warning came. She must rest. A little longer she struggled, then sank, and there was no help for her. Her earthly work was done. * * * The old man wept like a child. I could not weep. In my heart a rebellious voice was saying: 'It must not be. Grace shall not die. Life is worthless without her.' * * *

"That evening she was my wife. I begged that it might be so; that I might not lose sight of her while she remained. How beautiful she was—my Grace—in that hour, with the dark hair brushed back from the pale forehead, the unnatural brightness that shone in her eyes and the burning crimson in her cheek.

"'To love and cherish till death do us part.' Are those words uttered with a full feeling of their significance when hopes are bright and life seems only to have commenced? To us they were full of solemn import. Death might come to do his work in one week, one day, one hour, and I should have no Grace, no wife.

"But she was mine, mine! and together we waited the summons that should separate us. In the few days that remained she told me of the bright hopes of the future—our future—that had sustained her in the days of trial, and of the faith that had made all things easy to bear.

"'If I had known it would end so, Paul, she said, 'I would have told you; but I thought I was stronger, and would work bravely without telling you anything that would pain you, and you would soon come. But it is all right. I shall be yours in the other home. Walk worthily here, Paul. Consecrate yourself to a noble life; remember all the dreams of your life, and perhaps in the home to which I am going I shall know it all.'

"Thus the days passed till the messenger came, and Grace went with him."

My uncle sat a long time, with his head on the table before him, before he spoke again. Then he continued: "It is thirty years since Grace's mother and brothers came to my home. Mrs. Hyde lived but a few years, and one by one the brothers—there were three of them—made homes for themselves, and I was left alone.

"In this room I kept the books and plants she loved, and her portrait hung always above my study table; and so I almost lived in her presence. But there were times—when my loneliness seemed insupportable and life was a weary burden—I would gladly lay down that I might go to her.

"Once I have seen her. Do not doubt it, Miriam. Five years ago I was very ill for many weeks. Grace's portrait was taken from the library and carried to my chamber, that during the long days, when I had only servants for attendants, I might have her face continually before me. The disease gained ground, and my physician insisted that I must have some more suitable attendant. I had at that time no near friend or relative within many miles' distance, and so Dr. Ives brought Jane Hope to the house. I had met her frequently in the homes of my patients, and I knew her as a faithful nurse.

"In my half-dreaming moods I had fancied that Grace was with me, and it was not always pleasant to be awakened by the touch of a hand larger and rougher than hers, and to bear a voice that had precision and hardness in its tones, when I had been dreaming of the voice so long silent. But I learned to know Jane better and to value her practical knowledge.

"One night the narcotics I had taken, instead of producing their usual effect, had brought on a state of feverish wakefulness. Strange, shadowy forms floated around me, sometimes taking to themselves the faces of friends I had known in boyhood. I could not drive them away. I rubbed my eyes, and said: 'There is the table, and there the window. There is nothing between me and them;' but the next minute the space would be filled with my ghostly visitors. Stephen Grant, who in college bore the name of Euclid Grant, from his devotion to his favorite study, and something of a mathematical precision in every action, stood at the foot of my bed, in the dim light, wearing the same look of imperturbable gravity, his head covered with triangles, and his hands filled with circles and squares. In a low, monotonous voice he was reciting the causes of my disease, and prescribing for its cure: 'Let AB be the disease, and CD the time. Then to the square of—' He was interrupted by the dancing entrance of the young girl, who thirty-five years before had taught him his lessons with which Euclid had nothing to do. She came with the freshness of springtime around her, bearing in her hands arbutus flowers, violets and daisies, which she threw upon our Euclid. They fell upon him and wreathed themselves around the angles, circles and squares in which he had buried himself. Then a violin on the table commenced playing a lively strain, and tables, chairs and ghostly forms in wild confusion mingled in the dance, and I saw no more.

"When I awoke the light still burned dimly, and the portrait of my lost Grace looked tenderly, pityingly upon me, and I knew that through all the long years of loneliness thus had she looked down upon my desolate home. When my sorrow had seemed greater than I could bear one thought had strengthened me—the thought that in the home to which she had gone I should never more be lonely; she would be mine forever.

"But that night the earthly future seemed so long and the way leading through it so weary and desolate, in my agony I cried: 'How long! oh! how long!' Then the face changed. It became a living face, as full of tenderness as before, but wearing a cheerful, hopeful look; and—you will think it a dream, Miriam, but I was not sleeping—I saw her as plainly as I see you now. She seemed to step down from the canvas and noiselessly to approach me. I tried to rise. I stretched forth my arms to clasp her; but the waving of her hand repelled me, and her upward look seemed to say, 'Not here, but there.' She drew nearer, and then I saw Jane Hope, my kind, faithful nurse, by her side. Then she took Jane's hand in her own—that little pale hand—and holding it a moment she placed it in mine, and said, in those low, sweet tones, thrilling my whole being: 'Take her, Paul, my Paul; she will comfort you till you come to me. I am waiting for you Paul; in his time you will come, and then, my own—' I knew nothing more of that strange night, nor of many following days and nights.

"During the days of convalescence the portrait had such a happy look; and when Jane brought me the tempting delicacies she could so well prepare, there was a smile of sweet contentment on the face. So I learned to watch for her coming, and to be very happy when she sat by me, busy with her sewing, or when I could watch her moving around the room, giving those indescribable touches to its arrangements which do so much to please the eye.

"When I was well enough to go out Jane came one morning to tell me she was going away. I told her all, and asked her to stay with me always. The next week we were married, and my kind, good nurse has proved the kindest and best of wives."

A strange ending to all of Paul Eastman's early hopes; a strange awakening from his early dreams. From Grace, the beautiful and gifted Grace, purified by suffering, whose saintly life was a holy memory in the hearts of all who loved her, to cold, stern, practical Jane Hope, the faithful housekeeper, and alas! nothing more, how great the change!

Did the young wife, looking down upon his earthly needs, send a messenger to give Paul Eastman a wife who should mend his stockings and keep his house clean; make his gruel and his bed; nurse his gout and prescribe for his rheumatism; or was it an overdose of morphine that did the work? Who shall say? He firmly believed that Jane was sent to him by Grace, and so he is content; while I—I only "tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

An East India Version of the Flood.

In East India there is a legend that ages ago mankind became so very bad that God determined to destroy all except just enough to begin with anew. The exceptions were mostly preserved along with pairs of all sorts of animals, in a golden palace on a mountain top. A boy and a girl, born of parents who were "neither good nor bad," had been previously carried off by an angel from their respective homes on the day of their birth, and were brought up in a crystal palace suspended in mid-air, where they were tended by a mute female figure of gold. When they grew up they were married, and a girl was born to them. The destruction of the wicked having been effected by fire, the earth was thereby greatly smirched. So giants were sent to wash it clean. They used so much water that a deluge was produced, and the water rose so high that the golden palace and its inmates were in danger of being submerged.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

A locomotive lasts about thirty years.

Red snow covers the summit of a mountain near Sacramento, Cal.

The second-hand pins sold in boxes are picked out of rags by women who make about five cents a day by the work.

Experiments made by M. Muntz with various kinds of water—spring, river, sea and rain water, also snow—prove that alcohol may be found in all except in pure spring water.

Paper bottles, the material for which is one part rags, two parts straw and five wood pulp, are largely used in Germany. They are made water-proof by a coating of defibrinated blood, lime and sulphate of ammonia.

The young men of this country spend annually $32,000,000 in confectionery for their sweethearts. According to the census there are 10,000,000 youths who purchase candy, making an average of only $3.20 for each.

The returns made to the proper officers show that last year only thirty-eight persons in all Great Britain held licenses for vivisection, and that only fifty-five experiments were made without anæsthetics, and that these were simple inoculations.

The mortality of the whole globe has been computed by a continental publication at the following figures: Sixty-seven per minute, 97,790 per diem, and 35,-639,835 per annum, whereas the births are 36,792,000 per annum, 100,000 per diem, and seventy per minute.

Toward the close of the seventeenth century "clipping and coining" had developed to a very great degree in England, and incarcerations and hangings were constant for these offenses. In 1602, it is recorded, there were 300 coiners and clippers dispersed in the city. So bold were the coiners that they made their counterfeit money even in Newgate. To show their skill they struck a medal of Newgate, which is still to be found in English collections.

WISE WORDS.

Choose brave employment with naked sword throughout the world.

Genius follows its own path and reaches its destination scarcely needing a compass.

That state of life is the most happy where superfluities are not required and where necessities are not wanting.

Discretion and hardy valor are the twins of honor, and nursed together make a conqueror; divided, but a mere talker.

When Fortune comes smiling, she often designs the most mischief. When Fortune caresses a man too much, she is apt to make a fool of him.

Old age is the night of life, as night is the old age of day. Still, night is full of magnificence; and, for many, it is more brilliant than the day.

He is poverty-stricken who is so absorbed in the little inclosures of which he holds the title deed that he loses his grasp on the bending universe.

Self control is promoted by humility. Pride is a fruitful source of uneasiness. It keeps the mind in disquiet. Humility is the antidote to this evil.

Money and time are the heaviest burdens of life, and the unhappiest of all mortals are those who have more of either than they know how to use.

Immense Continental Armies.

Colonel Hennebert, a French professor, has compiled some appalling statistics in regard to the immense continental armies that could be put into the field in case of a European war. Not mere armies, but armed nations, he says, will hereafter meet on the battlefield, and the battles of the future will be gigantic massacres.

By the law of the 2d of May, 1874, the German government is authorized to call out, in case of war, 6,000,000 men. By the ukase of January 1, of the same year, Russia is permitted to arm nearly 13,000,000. Of course, these numbers are only on paper; but, deducting everything, taking the real number available in the two empires, and it is positive that Germany can put into the field 3,-800,000, and Russia 2,500,000 fighting men, thoroughly drilled and disciplined, while, as Austria, by her law of December 5, 1868, is permitted to put on a war footing 1,265,000 soldiers, an Austro-German-Russian alliance represents, in round numbers, 7,500,000 combatants.

Join to these, as may be considered certain, Italy's contingent, assured by her laws of 1875, 1876 and 1872 at 2,-570,000 men, and the quadruple league can dispose of a mass of troops of all arms exceeding 10,000,000, with 1,600 batteries of field guns.

A Pathetic Incident.

A pathetic little incident connected with the celebrated case before Congress regarding the reduction of fifty dollars per month from the pension allowed by the government to the late General Ward B. Burnett, for gallant services rendered his country, occurred on the day of his death. The congressional committee were seated in their room discussing the case, hotly arguing for and against the brave old soldier, whether or not to restore the special pension, which to them personally could mean so little, but to him was fraught with such weighty interest, when suddenly all were startled by the unexpected entrance of Mrs. Burnett. Gazing around for an instant with a dazed, sorrowful air, she advanced a step nearer, and exclaimed, with a wondrous pathos in her voice, "Gentlemen, you can fight him no longer, he is gone," and then the brave-hearted wife, who, through all the years of trial and sorrow, never once faltered in that helpful allegiance to her husband, which was the bright spot in the closing years of a once brilliant career, burst into tears.—*Washington Capital.*

CONCERNING KING COTTON.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT A GREAT INDUSTRY.

The Sacred Shrub of India—Production of Cotton in Oriental Countries—Primitive Machinery.

The traveler in the far East sees growing about the temples of India a purple-blossomed shrub, over which the Hindu priests watch reverently. It is the sacred cotton tree from whose ripe bolls is made the tripartite thread, the Brahmin symbol of the Trinity. Although in no other clime and by no other race is this plant held in such peculiar and reverent regard, all the civilized world pay homage and tribute to the king whose throne is in the sunny cotton fields. And so they must from necessity. This king clothes fully one-half of the human race in his own fabrics, and a large share of the remainder are indebted to him for an essential part of their raiment. In his employ a thousand "heavy-laden argosies" pass to and fro across the seas; at his bidding cities rise vocal with the sound of whirring spindles and throbbing looms; Merrimacs and Willimantics do his will; and all around the world from the Himalaya slopes to the Carolinas, millions of human beings toil their lives away in his servitude. The time is not known in history when cotton did not form a part of the clothing of mankind. It is said that the "blue hangings fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble" in the palace of Ahasuerus, at Shushan, described in the Book of Esther, were made of this material. Herodotus put it on record, 450 B. C. "The wild trees of that country (meaning India) bear fleeces as their fruit passing those of sheep in beauty and excellence, and the Indians use cloth made from these trees." The Institutes of Menu, written some 400 years earlier, contain many allusions to cotton and cotton cloth under various names. The cultivation of the cotton plant in India is traced back more than 1,000 years before the Christian era. The calicoes and muslins of that country have been famous for centuries. All the inventions and mechanical skill of the present day have not been able to produce such fine and durable fabrics as are woven on the rude and clumsy machines used in Oriental countries.

A French traveler, writing of the calicoes of Surat, says they are "so fine that you could hardly feel them in your hand, and the thread when spun is hardly discernible." Muslin has been made in Bengal so extremely thin that when spread upon the grass and moistened with dew it is almost invisible. A single pound of this thread has been spun out to the length of a hundred and fifteen miles. Cloth made of these delicate threads has been poetically described as "webs of the woven wind."

In China and Egypt the production of cotton began at a remote period, although it was not until recent times that it assumed commercial importance. It was considered worthy of record by Chinese annalists that the Emperor Ou-ti, who ascended the throne in 502 A. D., wore a robe of cotton on that occasion.

The early explorers of America found the Cotton king already established here. Cortez received cotton garments as presents from the natives of Yucatan; and Spanish historians describe it as forming the chief article of clothing among the subjects of Montezuma. Garments made of this material were found in exploring the most ancient Peruvian tombs, and there is evidence that it was cultivated in that country as early as 1532.

The process of weaving cloth seems to have been one of the first arts practised among mankind. It has been found to exist among the rudest and most savage people, long anterior to the dawn of civilization. And although performed with the simplest and rudest implements, the same that are used to this day in many Eastern countries, the product of these primitive machines often surpassed, in many respects, the textures now woven in the mills of Manchester and Lowell. With the aid of a few sticks and the dexterous use of hands and feet, the native of India constructs a fabric of marvelous fineness and beauty. Down to the time of the introduction of improved machinery weaving was chiefly done in the homes of the people, and the weaver's art descended as a heritage from generation to generation. It was everywhere held in high repute as a most useful and honorable employment. The distaff itself became the sign of thrift and industry.

The first manufactories of cotton goods in Europe were established in Italy, chiefly at Venice and Milan, whose fustians and dimities were highly valued in the households of early times. The Netherlands was the next country to adopt the art, which from thence was translated into England by the Protestant refugees from Flanders, after the capture of Antwerp by the Duke of Parma in 1585.—*New York Observer.*

Why He Was Afraid.

"Johnny, go up to bed now. It's after 9 o'clock."

"Oh, pshaw! You come along, mother, and hold the light; I'm afeard."

"Why, child, what are you afraid of? You went up to bed many a time without a light."

"But it wasn't when I had chapped lips, like I got now, and can't whistle any; I could whistle then."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

A famous Prussian general was inspecting some military stables. "What do I see there," he said, in tones of thunder, to a sergeant—"cobwebs?" "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply; "we keep them there to catch the flies, and prevent their teasing the horses."

BELLES ON THE BEACH.

See the dainty, darling belles,
Diving belles!
How the music of their merriment melodiously wells!
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of splashing rhyme,
To the motion of old ocean as his bosom proudly swells
With delight,
In his might,
At the soul-ensnaring sight
Of the beautiful and bounding bashful belles,
Of the belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles, belles,
Of the splashing, dashing, never "mashing" belles!

See the garments of the belles,
Bathing belles!
What a world of ingenuity each charming costume tells!
Some are red, white, blue,
Divers colors, every hue,
While the many vie in brilliancy with any of the shells
Which below,
As they go,
Vainly try to kiss the toe,
Of the sweetest and the neatest of the belles,
Of the belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles, belles,
Of the natty and the natatorial belles!

See the antics of the belles,
Frisky belles!
How they frolic in the foamy waves, while flirting with the swell!
O'er their skill they gayly gloat,
As they dive, swim, float,
Giving vent to their enjoyment with exasperating yells,
While the sea
Smiles with glee
At the girlish jubilee
Of the jolly, jaunty, jubilant and ever joyous belles,
Of the belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles, belles,
Of the streaming, gleaming, screaming, beaming belles,
The ne'er subdued, the rainbow-hued, the dainty diving belles.

—*New York Journal.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The king of Greece—Oleomargarine.—*Philadelphia Call.*

The family nursery is generally a big bawl room.—*Chicago Sun.*

An anxious inquirer asks: "Where is the best place for salt-water bathing?" In salt water, dear friend.—*Boston Post.*

A lobster always blushes when he gets into hot water, but man, less sensitive, presents an unaltered front.—*Boston Budget.*

"There is something crooked about this," remarked the teacher, as he took a bent pin away from a scholar.—*New York Journal.*

"Hard lines," muttered the tramp when he tried to cut a clothes rope and found it made of wire.—*New York Journal.*

A medical journal takes two columns to tell wakeful people how to go to sleep. Hah, we know a good way; try to keep awake.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Come into the garden, Maude, with a hand rake and a hoe. Here are the biggest weeds you ever sawed, growing in the onion row.—*Pittsburg Democrat.*

The latest boarder in an uptown establishment recently offended his landlady by pointing at the fish-balls and asking the waiter to pass him another hand-grenade.—*Puck.*

In some respects a mouse is far superior to a man. A mouse could make a woman rustle around and climb on the table and squeal, while a man couldn't make her budge an inch.—*Pittsburg Democrat.*

"Don't you admire the range of my mind?" asked a literary woman of her husband. "No," was the frank reply; "the kitchen range possesses a great deal more attraction for me."—*Burlington Free Press.*

A young man or a young woman in love is as blind as a bat, and the beloved object might be as full of faults as the Platte valley is of toads without the one who is principally interested ever finding it out.—*Philadelphia Press.*

"How will my love come back to me?" asks a poetess. Well, it is a mighty hard question to answer in these trying times of a presidential campaign. He may come back all right, and then again he may not. You stand a good chance to win either way you bet.—*Peck's Sun.*

Nature is guilty of some strange freaks. For instance; throw a ten-cent dog that has never seen water into the river, and it will immediately swim to shore; but when a $50,000 man, whose education in the natatorial art has been neglected, falls overboard, he incontinently sinks to the bottom.—*Norristown Herald.*

CURE FOR TRAMPS.

A hungry gleam in his eye,
He says he's sought work o'er and o'er;
Oh, if he'd but a chance to try,
He'd work his bones and muscles sore!
But just, ere listening to his cry,
Point to the wood [illegible] the door—
He'll turn away with weary sigh,
And you will never see him more.

—*Philadelphia Call.*

A writer in a scientific journal says a black eye is simply a "severe contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with great extravazation of blood, and ecchymosis in the surrounding cellular tissue, which is in a tumefied state." And here all this time we have supposed that a black eye was simply the result of a little man calling a big man a liar.—*Norristown Herald.*

Seven of the jury who condemned John Brown to death are still living, and their ages average seventy years.