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The Castle by the Sea.

There stood a castle by the sea;
Brave, and massy, and strong was he,
And though the waves beat mightily,
They could not shake his wall.
And from his rocky throne cried he,
"I scorn, I scorn you all."

Then said the cruel, hungry wave,
"Come! we must have this warrior brave
Here where he scorns shall be his grave;"
And they leaguer'd him around,
And cried, "Oh, Castle! Who can save!"
But the Castle stood his ground.

Then treach'rous ocean ceased his roar,
And dashed against the walls no more
But playfully caressed the shore,
And the noble tow'r was glad,
And said, "We make no longer war."
But the wind moaned and was sad.

He saw, while in security
The veteran smiled on the sea,
The wicked waves worked silently;
He saw it all too well.
They undermined him treacherously,
And the mighty Castle fell.

I saw his stones as there they lay
Wreathed by the sea in weed and spray
In sign of victory.
The waves roar through his empty halls
And I said, "Tis thus a good man fall,
Before base calumny!"

The Seasons.

Spring am I, too soft of heart
Much to speak ere I depart;
Ask the Summer-tide to prove
The abundance of my love.

Summer looked-for-long am I,
Much shall change, or ere I die;
Prithee, take it not amiss,
Though I weary thee with bliss.

Laden Autumn, here I stand,
Worn of heart, and weak of hand;
Say the word that sets me free;
Nought but rest seems good to me.

Ah! shall Winter mend your case?
Set your teeth the wind to face;
Beat the snow, tread down the frost!
All is gained when all is lost.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Sonnet.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings—quick with its "Oh, list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. Oh, beyond meed,
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purpie state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

I WILL WALK WITH YOU.

Vesey Welles stood upon the hearth-rug in the long, low drawing-room, awaiting the coming of herguests. Ordinarily she might be a trifle pale—quiet, possibly—though with depths quickly stirred by the dropping of a careless stone. To-night she was flushed, tremulous, excited.

"By the way," said her father, pausing at the door as he passed through the hall, "I met that young minister—Hayes, you know—this morning, and asked him up to dinner."

"But I don't know," responded Vesey, as he passed on, her eyes growing wider and wider in dismay: "I don't know him at all. And to-night of all nights!" she half-sobbed, pulling at the flowers in the porcelain vase before her, until the one red rose dropped all its petals at her feet.

It was to be the last of the pleasant evenings that had brightened all the winter. Darrel Winslow and his mother were coming to dine with them once more before going home. They had been boarding at the hotel just above, two or three months. Vesey had built so many hopes upon this evening. But now—

She was fastening a bunch of daphne—sweet-scented, velvet-leafed—into her belt, when Paul entered the room. "Passing fair!" he said to himself, at a glimpse of the bent head.

"The Rev. Paul Hayes!" announced the servant. She turned quickly, not catching the name, hearing only the sound of feet and the opening of the door. But the flush upon her face was not for him.

"I—I am Miss Welles," with rather unnecessary frankness. "My father will be down in a moment. He was unusually late from town to-night."

"But haughty and cold," Paul added mentally, as he turned away to meet her father.

Then, at last, Mrs. Winslow and Darrel came.

"Who is this man?" looked out of Darrel's eyes.

"And you really go home to-morrow?" Vesey said, sitting down beside Mrs. Winslow.

"Yes. There is nothing to wait for now; and Darrel does not care to stay. The opera season is over, you know."

So it was for the gayeties of the town he had lingered week after week, she thought, with a sudden sinking of the heart. Oh, how blind she had been! His careless laugh came across the room just then, as if to mock her.

"You'll not come back before another season?" She could not hide the pain that quivered in her voice.

"No," she replied, simply, "I suppose not."

The gentlemen joined them.

Vesey was thinking how pleasant she had hoped it would be, with only Darrel and his mother here—they four around the fire in the twilight, Darrel by her—of the words she had thought he would speak. There was a ring hanging upon his watch-chain. It fitted her finger. He had tried it once in jest.

She turned away from him to Paul. And yet what should she say? What do people say to ministers? she asked herself helplessly. And to young ministers above all? Oh if he had not come! If he would only go! If they would all go, and leave her alone with her disappointment.

How she passed that long dinner hour she never knew. She talked of trivial things, as we all do, though beneath the outward calm our very souls are seething. When they were back in the drawing-room, and the others fell into the quiet, desultory chat that follows a dinner, she alone could not be still. Her cold hands refused to lie quietly in her lap, as shapely white hands should. Her feet beat an impatient waltz under her gown. She glanced at Darrel. He had thrown himself back in an easy chair, his hands under his head. There was no feverish glitter in his eye. He yawned furtively. She pushed her chair back. "How stupid we are! It's the fire, I think. It always dulls everybody but itself. Will not some one sing or play?" And she sat down herself before the piano.

She struck a quick, sharp chord. "I could dance to-night!" She had forgotten the young minister and his probable prejudices. He caught a glimpse, just then, of the flushed, intense face. But in an instant with the minor chord that followed, it changed. Tears rushed into her eyes. Her back was to the others. Only Paul saw the sudden saddening of the face, the fall of the wet eye-lids.

"Such wonderful spirits!" exclaimed Mrs. Winslow. "So light-hearted Vesey always is!"

"Ah!" responded Paul. But he fell into a revery.

Darrel leaned over her. "What has come to you?"

"How? Why?" She did not pause in her playing.

"You're simply glorious now. You hardly need a crown."

Her hands went wrong. A quick clash—a discord—then she went on. She was growing strong; equal to the strife. There is nothing so deathless as a woman's pride. It had risen at last. Her hands flashed over the keys, throwing off sparks of the wildest, gayest music.

"Good-night! and good-bye, it must be," he said, detaining her hand when they separated. "We shall take the early train."

The flush had died out of her face. She looked worn and tired. Upon the whole he was not sorry he had decided to go.

"Good-bye," she said quietly.

"You'll come and make us that visit in the summer, Vesey?"

"I don't know. Perhaps so."

"Of course you will."

"To be sure," added Darrel. "I shall come for you myself."

They were gone at last. She turned away.

"But Mr. Hayes! Vesey!"

She had forgotten his existence.

"I'm afraid I am rude." And she put out her hand. "Good-night; but indeed I may confess now that I have a wretched headache, and—and—" That was all she said. The play was over.

The spring and early summer wore away. One letter came from Darrel. A letter such as he might have sent to any chance acquaintance, full of hints of gay doings here and there—nothing more. One little note Vesey wrote his mother, to say she could not make the promised visit. Darrel had said nothing in his letter of coming for her. "And tell Darrel"—at the close of her note—"that I am saving any amount of gossip against writing him some day." But the "some day" never came. Absence, like a strong light, brings out hidden defects, and Vesey knew now that he was a man selfish and vain, who had played with her heart. He had held it in his hand, weighed and measured it and her, and had cast both aside as worthless. She thought of it with burning cheeks.

With another winter came the Winslow's. If she had dreaded it, if she had feared for herself, would it have been strange? But the spell was broken. Looking back, she wondered.

Outwardly the old intimacy was resumed. Darrel came and went as he had come and gone the year before. But to Vesey it was only a shell—a hollow, heartless thing that never had been friendship, and could never now be love. Paul, plodding along day after day in the round of his duties, saw—as though a great way off—Vesey and Darrel flying up and down the icy streets to the tinkle of silver bells.

One night, Vesey, glowing in crimson, with white chrysanthemums in her hair, passed through the hall. The outer door was open wide. Paul stood outside. The wind, raw and wet with the breath of the sea, caught at her hair—at the silken ruffles of her dress.

"Oh, is it you? But you are coming in?"

She little knew how her words tempted him—how the vision tempted him, as she paused with clasped hands under the gas-light, and with the warm, bright room beyond.

"I cannot, I am waiting for your father. There is a family at the lower end of the town starv——"

The words choked him. "Thank you, not to-night," he said. He had longed to meet her again, like this—alone and face to face. But her light manner, her dainty dress, angered him to-night. He had come from such a different scene. Only a woman of the world, after all, he thought. And yet so sweet, so bitterly sweet, he owned, when he had turned away and plunged into the cold and darkness. Darrel was waiting for her in the drawing-room.

"You're like a poem to-night, in all that ruby-red—like an Eastern song."

"Thank you," Vesey said, dreamily.

"I couldn't imagine you in gray," he went on, half to himself, or in anything sombre, or worn, or poor." He had begun to study the girl in earnest now. "Yes, you are made for the rarest and best, Vesey; to shine in satin and diamonds."

"Is that *all?*" she asked wistfully.

"All? Is not that enough? It would satisfy most women."

But to-night it did not satisfy her.

Down at the beginning of the long street was a black, low-browed house, like many others here, with a shop in the lower story, or, more properly, two, since one window was occupied by a watchmaker, and the other displayed pins, needles, spools of cotton, and such small wares. Above were two or three rooms with slanting sides, where a deformed girl—a pitiful object to look at—lived with her mother, earning enough by sewing to put bread into their mouths and scanty covering upon their backs—no more. Vesey employed them; from pity mostly, since her work could have been better done elsewhere. She stepped out of the sleigh here at dusk one night, and ran up the stairs, a roll of work in her hand. She had to wait a moment, so she sat and talked with the girl, who was young like herself, and yet not like herself at all. It made her happier in the happy lot that had sometimes wearied her. It made her thankful for her strong, young life, which she had never named among her blessings, and it shot a gleam of pleasure through the girl's dark days.

It was a poor room, with paper torn, and soiled, and of many patterns, upon the walls; with the bare boards of the floor yawning, rising and falling unevenly; with the dim light struggling through uncurtained windows that peered from under the eaves like eyes from overhanging brows. A low voice in a continuous murmur fell upon Vesey's ear. It seemed to come from the next room.

"What is that?"

"That 'm?" The girl's pale face grew bright. "It's the minister, Mr. Hayes. He comes and prays with mother, now she's sick."

The voice ceased. She heard his step upon the stairs. It was but a second; he could not have reached the street, when a shriek came from the room he had left. The girl sat like one paralyzed. Vesey threw open the door. A swift line of light ran all adown the bed. It burst into a flame, in the midst of which the sick woman struggled. The overturned candle at her head told the story. It was an instinct—there was no time for thought—which made Vesey drag the square of carpet from the floor and press it down upon the flames. They shot out into her face. They seemed to catch away her breath. They licked her arm. They strove and fought, and well-nigh overcame—all in an instant, that seemed hours to the girl, who threw herself upon the bed, smothering the flames with her own weight.

They were conquored at last. The silent, breathless struggle was over.

"If some one would only bring a light! Oh dear! what shall I do? Don't," to the deformed girl, who shrieked and called upon her mother. Vesey had not heard the strong step springing up the stairs—the opening of the door. Some one stood beside her in a moment, lamp in hand. It was Paul.

"Is she dead?" gasped Vesey, shrinking from the bed.

He threw back the scorched blanket that hid the motionless form. "No, not dead; but I think she has fainted. Or the flames—I must go for a doctor. Stay here, if you are not afraid. Oh hush! hush!" to the frightened girl; "it is nothing, I hope. Get some water for the lady; and sprinkle her face," he said to Vesey. Then he was gone.

She did as he had told her—waiting, watching the blackened mass, she dared not touch. It was frightful, with that still, white face shining out of the darkness. Was it death? No; there was a faint quivering of the eye-lids—that first sign of returning consciousness—a feeble moan. Then Paul came. Oh! the rush of joy, of blinding tears, of sudden faintness, that overpowered her when she heard his step. The grim-faced doctor behind him walked straight to the bed.

"There are no deep burns, I think," he said at length. "The blanket saved her. The shock has done more than the fire. A sponge—ah, that will do. Now some water, and some linen rags." There were none. Vesey quietly held out her dainty handkerchief. "H-m!" he said, and tore his own into strips.

"And now *you?*" He turned to Vesey.

"I have no burns." Indeed she felt no pain. The doctor raised her hand, and held it out to Paul. The sleeve was cut away from her wrist as by a jagged knife with a blackened edge. The flesh was like a flame. Paul's teeth shut tight and quick together. Something sprang into his eyes—not tears alone.

Then Vesey began to tremble; and, conscious at last of the cruel pain that bit and tore her hand, she sobbed like a hurt child.

"Don't mind," she tried to say. "Don't look at me. It's only—only——" The sobs swept all her words away.

Paul bathed her hand. She remembered afterwards how tenderer than any woman's had been his touch.

"Let her cry," said the doctor, in a voice that must have been given by mistake to the grim face. "And now she'd better go home." He rose from the bed. He took the unharmed hand in his. "She's a brave girl." He looked away from her to Paul; but still he held her hand tight in his. "God bless you, child. Now go home and go to bed."

Paul lifted her into the sleigh and wrapped the robes about her.

It seemed suddenly as if they had known each other a life-time—*she* and *Paul;* as if they could never be strangers to each other again.

She held out her hand. It was the one he had bound up. He took it tenderly in both his own. "The brave, strong hand!" he said, bending over it in the darkness—"the hand that saved a life to-night."

There was to be a bazaar, to raise money for the poor. It opened the next evening. The winter had been hard and cruel, and charity—somewhat exhausted—needed a spur.

Vesey had promised to tend a booth.

"You must not think of going," her father exclaimed. Darrel—too, who foresaw a quiet hour with her alone, if she remained at home. He had something to tell—something to ask for, and a ring to give. Alas for him! He had kept his words too long. A year ago they would have been manna to her heart.

"But I am quite well," she pleaded, "except my hand; and that has ceased to pain me." Indeed her face was radiant.

So she dressed herself with quaint simplicity in something soft and gray that wrapped her like a cloud, with only the braids of her heavy hair for ornament; only her shining eyes for gems. Then she went and took her place.

The evening was half over. Darrel had been her shadow. She was tired; tired of his eyes that followed her whichever way she turned; tired of his flattering words; tired of him. He moved away at last. Then, and not until then, she saw Paul. He came straight to her.

"Are you well enough to be here?" without a word of greeting, as though they had not parted. "You frightened me with your white face just now."

"I was tired. I wanted to go home."

"Will you go now?" he asked quickly. "Are you strong enough to walk?"

"Oh yes."

"Then come."

It was strangely pleasant to be bidden; to follow meekly.

They had reached the stairs descending to the street when they met Darrel Winslow.

"Vesey! where are you going?" He scowled and nodded at Paul.

"Home."

"But it is beginning to rain, and you have no cloak. Go back and I'll get the carriage." He laid his hand upon the wrap over Paul's arm. Paul looked at Vesey. What did he read in her face?

"Let Miss Welles decide," he said in a hard, strange voice. He was trying to be calm—to keep his hands from this man who had suddenly come between them. He turned to Vesey again. His face was very pale; his eyes were full of pleading. "Think a moment. Will you ride with him, or will you walk with me?"

She did not speak. She only smiled and laid her hand within his arm.

He would have been more than human to have kept back the triumph in his eyes.

Darrel stared; then wheeled and left them.

"But think a moment." Paul's voice grew more gentle now. "It will be a long, long road—a road that has no turn."

But still she smiled.

"A rough way perhaps, and your feet are tender."

"I will walk with you," she said.

Scribner's Monthly.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT FOOD are very widely spread. Many of the lower races believe that a man partakes of the quality or characteristics of the animal of which he eats. Thus the Malay pays large sums for pieces of the tiger, in order to make him brave. For the same purpose lion's and elephant's flesh are eaten in Africa and the flesh of the black bear among our own red-skins. The craft of the serpent was very early noticed, and hence this reptile was eaten by all, or nearly all, branches of the human family. Even now it is said that its flesh is used as food in parts of Siberia, in Northern Hindostan, in China, and in Japan, in order to make the eaters wise. The serpent, too, was noted for living long, and in order to be a participant in this very much-desired quality many of the nations of antiquity in both Europe, Asia, and Africa used its flesh as a medicament in sickness. Hence, no doubt, the fact that everywhere—in the Wilderness of Sin, where Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, in the Groves of Esculapius was situated, on the banks of the Orontes, in Phœnicia, in Northern Africa, and to the present day in Abyssinia and parts of Lapland—the serpent was regarded as the healer and life-giver. In parts of Africa, along the gold coast, small harmless serpents live in the houses and are used, as they were anciently at Pella, the capital of Macedonia, as playthings for the children. Even Mahomet made it a sin to kill "genil," for he said that some of them had believed in the prophet. Hogs, it is well known, are the great enemies of these pets. Might not the antipathy of many nations, notably the Jews and Japanese, to swine have arisen to this fact?

River and Harbor Bills.

The River and Harbor bill, now before Congress, appropriates, in bulk, $4,194,500, divided as follows:

Wisconsin	$253,500	North Carolina	$95,000
Michigan	310,000	South Carolina	13,000
Ohio	65,000	Texas	20,000
Illinois	150,000	Alabama	50,000
Indiana	15,000	California	200,000
Pennsylvania	10,000	Connecticut	69,000
Vermont	30,000	Massachusetts	151,000
New York	335,000		
Maryland	55,000	Total	$1,812,500

For Rivers the appropriations are as follows:

Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas Rivers, $517,000; Ohio River and Louisville Canal, $300,000; Rivers in Michigan, $353,000; Pennsylvania, $10,000; Hudson and East Rivers, New York, including Hell Gate, $290,000; Rhode Island, $92,000; Connecticut, $65,000; Massachusetts, $60,000; Maine, $208,500; Missouri, $25,000; Tennessee, $30,000; and Virginia, $115,000; making a total for River improvements of $2,061,000.

For surveys and examinations of harbors in the Northern and North-Western lakes and on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, $175,000 is appropriated. Examinations are ordered of various rivers and harbors in Alabama, Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, Michigan, Louisiana, Georgia, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Virginia and Vermont, and of the ship canal route from Sturgeon Bay to Lake Michigan.

A DONATION VISIT ended very oddly and somewhat disastrously at Wynantskill, N. Y., the other evening. Just as a portion of the company had retired from the dining-room to the main hall, the entire floor of the hall gave way, and some forty or fifty persons were precipitated into the cellar. A scene of great confusion followed, but none were dangerously hurt. Rev. Mr. Tomb, the beneficiary, found his donation party anything but advantageous to him, as the cellar was full of various things taken there from above, to make room for the throng.

Of the forty-four professorships of Harvard University, twenty-four bear the names of the individuals who founded them or in whose honor they were designated.

MR. CADY'S BAD HABIT.

Mr. Cady had fallen into a very bad habit.

It was the habit of undervaluing whatever his wife did—of speaking with censure either decidedly expressed, or implied with regard to all her household management. Other people could appreciate her, and often had the remark been made, "How strange that one so dull as Joseph Cady should have won so fine a woman!" But Joseph Cady never imagined he had not laid sweet Phoebe Ross under lasting obligations to him by conferring upon her the honor of his name. The vanity of woman is a proverb, but surely it can not exceed the vanity of most men, who imagine themselves the great prizes in life's lottery.

Mr. Cady considered himself an excellent provider for the wants of his family. But he never ordered new supplies without such cheerful remarks as—

"What, is the flour gone again so soon? It is a mystery to me where such an amount of breadstuff is consumed. Not in our house I am certain. Some women look after servants a little sharper, and are not afraid to speak their minds."

"Sugar again, Mrs. Cady? We are certainly very extravagant in the item of sugar."

"Another new broom? Well, our house ought to be a little cleaner than it is," and he glanced down at some saw-dust he had just tracked in from the wood-yard, "when we have a new broom every week."

It was useless to say that it was three months since the last one was bought, for

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,"

and Phoebe was growing too life-weary to care for a dispute, in which he was likely to resort to a man's expedient, of raising his voice, when he saw the argument was going against him.

The excellent breakfast was smoking hot on the table, as the family gathered about it one chilly morning in Spring. The fire was burning brightly in the polished open stove, and everything about was cheery and "heart-some," as Bridget would term it.

But the autocrat took his place at the table with a frown.

"Carrie, don't ever come to the table with your hair looking like a crow's-nest again," he remarked sternly.

"Go to my room, Carrie, and I will brush your hair again presently," said mother, as she poured out a cup of coffee for her husband. The hair was brushed, and Carrie resumed her seat. But there was no approval, and scarcely any notice, of her improved appearance, only the half-sneering remark, "Charley's hair is not much better."

He might have been gratified by seeing the weary mother ascend the long flight of stairs a second time to arrange the lawless curls which a frolic with his baby sister had disarranged, but just then a new source of discomfort presented itself. He had spoiled the meal for the rest, but it seemed by no means to damage his own appetite, judging by the manner the feathery cakes disappeared before him. But one came on a shade or two darker than the orthodox hue.

"I wish, Mrs. Cady, you could instruct Bridget to bake cakes without burning them. Other women manage to have orders obeyed by servants. A little more decision would be of great service to us."

A visit to the kitchen followed, and by the time mother was ready to eat her breakfast she had no appetite for it. She took no nourishment all day, though she drained the ice pitcher more than once. Nothing seemed to satisfy the raging thirst which was consuming her.

Supper was farther from perfection than breakfast had been, and his wife's silence and apparent indifference to all he said, irritated Joseph more than usual. Some sharper remarks than common were made on her general shortcomings, but it was like hurling darts against marble; her heart seemed turned to stone.

With a burning brow she laid her head upon her pillow, and when morning came no mother came with it to brighten and cheer the family-room. Mother was tossing in delirium, unmindful for once of the voices of even her beloved children. O, what confusion that household was thrown into! Joseph had never realized what she was to them before. All the light seemed put out. The children came down stairs after the rough toilet Bridget's hands had given them, and huddled shiveringly over the dull fire, so different from the cheerful blaze to which they had been accustomed.

The family physician came, and also a kind neighbor. Mr. Cady stood at the foot of the bed, waiting anxiously for the doctor's opinion.

"This sickness comes more from the mind than the body," said the old man gravely and slowly. "I have always found this phase of it to spring from mental trouble. If you will listen to her wanderings, Joseph," he said, as he fixed his piercing gray eyes upon him, "you may get a clew to the trouble"

Joseph winced at the good doctors' words, for had he not heard that very morning the moan—

"O, I can do nothing to please him, all is wrong whatever I do. There, he is bringing a viper now to throw into my bleeding heart;" and then the maniac shriek which followed darted like a burning arrow through his brain.

Joseph's eyes were opened as by a lightning flash. He saw his own wretched, cowardly, treatment of the frail, defenseless woman before him, and he could only wring his hands in agony.

"How will it end, doctor?" he asked in anguish too deep for expression.

"That is more than I can say," said the doctor. "Sometimes the disease is very short and violent, sometimes it leaves the patient in a state of settled melancholy and derangement."

Either alternative seemed too terrible to contemplate. Just then Bridget came to call him to breakfast, but he declined going, as he could not eat.

"Then come and mind the children, ay ye plaze, for I've my own work to do," and Bridget walked away with an air that said she was not to be trifled with.

How cheerless and diggy the room looked! how forlorn the appearance of the uncombed children! Was it her hand that wrought such magic in her household? And yesterday he had found fault over a single disarranged ringlet! The memory was like a pointed arrow now to his awakened heart.

"What muddy coffee, Bridget," he remarked, in disgust.

"Then settle it yourself," muttered Bridget, as she angrily slammed the door.

For days the struggle for life went on. Mrs. Cady was still unconscious of all that was passing around her. Often, in the lonesome midnight, her husband had stood beside her, praying with a depth of feeling he had never fathomed before, for one look of recognition, one smile of forgiveness. But if she should be restored to him, could a life-long devotion win back to him the heart he felt he must have so widely estranged? How little he knew of the depths of woman's love, of her readiness to forget all the past, in the blissful present, when once she realized that she was be loved and appreciated!

Joseph Cady had been subjected to many humiliations from the temper of Bridget, who never lost sight of his unkindness to her mistress, not to speak of sundry reflections on her honesty he had made in time past. He would gladly have discharged her, but it was not easy to find a new domestic, and he knew he must bear with her whims. The lesson was useful to him. He went down many degrees in his own self-esteem, and that is never hurtful to one. It is the great lesson we have to be learning all our lives, "Not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think."

He was never disposed to find fault again about the mismanagement of servants after his three weeks' experience as head of the house. He only wondered by what magic his wife had ever been able to get so much cheerful, valuable service out of such a "stubborn, ignorant machine." Something whispered to his bosom, "It is the magic of kindness, a grace you need yet to take deep lessons in."

At last the cloud rolled up its dreary curtains. Pale and emaciated the mother came forth from her chamber to resume once more her duties as mistress of her house. But though so weak she needed a strong arm to lean upon; there was a happy light in her eye, and a glad song of joy forever in her heart or on her lips.

"This is something like home again," said Joseph tenderly, as he folded her shawl about her, and placed her chair by the table. It seemed a year since it had been filled before. Bridget came and went, her broad face radiant with smiles, and she had outdone herself in her efforts to have everything as near to the old-time order as possible. The supper excelled any she had placed on the table, for weeks, but the household were so happy they would cheerfully have supped on a crust.

Years rolled away, but the blessed lesson learned in that season of darkness was never forgotten. "That blessed sickness," Phoebe often called it in her heart, when she thanked her Heavenly Father for it. It gave her back her husband. It brought light and peace to a dwelling over which the gloom of despair was settling.

Over the Falls of St. Anthony.

The following story is told in the Minneapolis (Minn.) *Tribune:* In 1852, while I kept the ferry across the river here—there were no mills and no dam on this side of the river then—there came one June night, about midnight, a well-known character named Michael Hassan, who desired me to get up and ferry him across the river. He was quite drunk, and I refused. I heard nothing more of "Mickey," as he was called, that night. In the morning, however, I went to the shore to look for the row-boat, and found it missing. It immediately occurred to me that Mickey had taken it, but nothing could be found of it on either side of the river. A search was instituted, which did not result in finding poor Mickey, until he was finally discovered below the Falls on a very small stack of logs, midway between the cataract and Spirit Island. The next question was as to how he was to be rescued, as no boat and no man could succeed in reaching him over the rapid current. A long rope was firmly fastened to a barrel and floated down stream until it reached him. His rescuers told him to fasten the rope around his body and they would haul him ashore. Mickey deliberately made a noose and slipped it over his head. After more instruction he finally succeeded in properly fastening it around his body, and plunged into the current, which was so strong as revolve him around a score of times before he reached the shore. After clearing himself of water, he coolly put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a partly filled bottle and remarked: "B'ys 'll yees have a dhrink?" Taking a comfortable dose himself, he told the story of his having detached the boat and rowed as he supposed to the opposite shore, but when he alighted he found himself upon a jam of logs in the middle of the river and his boat slowly gliding away. He sprang for it and succeeded in getting into the end which was pointed up stream, a few seconds before the other end broke over the precipice and cast Mickey far over the undertow, into which, if he had been cast, he would have been crushed by the force of the cataract. He was somewhat bruised, but no bones were broken, and he lived many years to retell the story to his fellow-countrymen over many a wood-pile.

THE RESULT of fifty-two years' newspaper labor is touchingly told in the following letter to Mr. Hilliard, of Boston, dated January, 1865, copied from a little volume edited by the daughter of the late Wm. Winston Seaton:

The parting with my old paper is painful in the extreme. But the untoward circumstances of the times had reduced it to the point of extinction, and no alternative was left me but to see it expire or to transfer to some younger men who thought that, by withdrawing it from the arena of politics and converting it into a news and business sheet, they could make it pay. I would, I confess, have preferred for it the dignity of death; but justice to a few friends around me, who had engaged me to sustain it during three years of vainly hoping for peace and better times, compelled me to part with it. Pride and hope induced me to struggle on against the difficulties which beset me, and that sacrifice of every thing I possessed; but I was at last obliged to succomb. In the high character of the friends like yourself, who have stood by the old journal in its adversity and cheered its editors by their approval and support, I find a consolation which I would not exchange for better fortune, although I end fifty-two years of labor with nothing.

A HORSE AUDIENCE.—A Prussian officer relates that shortly after the retaking of Orleans by the Germans he happened to be passing through a deserted street and on coming in front of what had formerly been one of the most popular *Cafe Chantants* of the town, but which was now supposed to be closed, he heard the deep, vibrant tones of a grand piano, played upon, apparently, by some master hand. There was also heard in the intervals a trampling as of many feet, betokening a large audience. Curious to know how such a thing could happen so soon after the confusion into which the town had been thrown by the recent battle, he entered and found seated on the music stool a Prussian train soldier, while all around him in the vast audience hall—which had been brilliantly lighted up for the occasion—and pressing close up to the platform, were his charges, a great troop of horses, who filled the house and stood with pointed ears and erect heads eagerly listening to the music!

SCRIBNER'S.—Persons in need of pleasant reading can hardly find it more readily at hand than in *Scribner's Monthly*, the March number of which contains matter of all sorts—science that will not strain attention, and therefore is at home in a magazine, literary and historical sketches, poems, illustrations, serials, all are there. There are, moreover, some clever etchings by G. C. Bush, which, curiously enough, recalls the work of Wilhelm Busch in the *Ueberland und Meer*, being very like it in feeling and subject, and hardly inferior in execution. Some of the illustrations on the article "King Gambrinus and his Subjects," are admirably well done, one of them notably in the style of Dore's "Holy Abbot of Marmovstiere." Most of the articles are very pleasant reading, and some of them yet more than that.

An eccentric wealthy gentleman, stuck up a board in a field on his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant. "Well, sir, are you a contented man?" "Yes, sir, very." "Then what do you want with my field?" The applicant did not stop to reply.

Robbing the Mail.

Charles E. Bacon, at attache of the New-York Post-office, was arrested at New-Haven in the act of opening a letter which had been taken from the Boston mail. In order to facilitate the distribution of the letters in the Eastern mail which usually arrives in New York at an early hour in the morning, it has been the custom to detail two clerks, one of whom was Bacon, to proceed to Hartford, and there intercept the owl train bound west. Upon entering the postal car of the train they would find a bag containing all the New-York City letters, which had been assorted out by the clerks of the postal-car. These letters would be again assorted, and those directed to boxes were placed in one package, while those for general delivery were placed by themselves. When the mail arrived at the Post-office the letters would be ready for immediate distribution, and thus a great deal of time was saved to the merchants. Complaints have been made, from time to time, that letters containing money were lost, but all efforts to detect the robber were unsuccessful. For some time past the proprietor of the Florence House, in New-Haven, has noticed that on the arrival of the owl train, about 2 o'clock in the morning, Bacon, leaving the train, would enter the hotel, get a drink at the bar and then go into the water-closet for a few moments, after which he would get on the train again and proceed with it to New-York. On one occasion, quite recently, some parties who were outside the closet heard a sound as if letters were being torn open while Bacon was in there. Suspecting that all was not right, they notified the proprietor, who in turn communicated the facts to the special agent of the Post-office Department, who detailed Detective Camp to work up the case. On Monday night Bacon, entered the closet, opened a letter, and put some money which he took from the letter into his vest-pocket. Mr. Camp at once arrested him, when Bacon confessed his guilt, and acknowledged that he had been robbing the mails for some months. He was committed in default of $2,500 bail. Bacon has been in the employ of the Post-office Department about six years, and for the past two years has been detailed to this duty. He is about thirty-five years of age, and has a wife and an aged father residing in New York.

A Magnificent Description.

We lay leaning over the bows, now looking up at the mist blown in never-ending volumed sheets, now at the sail swelling in the wind before which it fled, and again down at the water through which our boat was ploughing its evanescent furrow. We could see very little. Portions of the shore would now and then appear, dim, like reflections from a tarnished mirror, and then fade back into the cloudy dissolution. Still it was growing lighter, and the man who was on the outlook became less anxious in his forward gaze—less frequent in his calls to the helmsman. I was lying half over the gunwale, looking into the strange-colored water, blue dimmed with undissolved white, when a cry from Charles made me start and look up. It was indeed a God-like vision. The mist yet rolled thick below, but away up, far away and far up, yet as if close at hand, the clouds were broken into a mighty window, through which looked in upon us a huge mountain peak, swathed in snow. One great level band of darker cloud crossed its breast, above which rose the peak, triumphant in calmness, and unutterably solemn and grand, in clouds as white as its own whiteness. It had been there all the time! I sank on my knees in the boat and looked up. With a sudden sweep the clouds curtained the mighty window, and the Jungfrau withdrew into its Holy of Holies. I am painfully conscious of the helplessness of my speech. The vision vanishes from the words as it vanished from the bewildered eyes. But from the mind it glorified it has never vanished. I have *been* more ever since that sight. To have beheld a truth is an apotheosis. What the truth was I could not tell; but I had seen something which raised me above my former self and made me long to rise higher yet. It awoke worship, and a belief in the incomprehensible divine; but admitted of being analyzed no more than, in that transient vision, my intellect could—ere dawning it vanished—analyze it into the deserts of rock, the gulfs of green ice and flowing water, the savage solitudes of snow, the mysterious miles of draperied mist, that went to make up the vision, each and all essential thereto.—*Scribner's Monthly for March.*

The Lenten Season.

The following regulations for the Lenten Season, are issued by the Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey of New York. The Archbishop also directs that every day after mass, and every evening at the close of the Lenten exercises, five Peter Nosters and five Hail Mary's be said for the Holy Father.

1. All the week days of Lent, from Ash Wednesday till Easter Sunday, are fast days of precept on one meal, with the allowance of moderate collation in the evening.

2 The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat. But by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this diocese at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesday, and Thursdays of Lent, with the exception of Holy Thursday.

3. There is neither fast nor abstinence to be observed on Sundays of Lent.

4. It is not allowed to use fish with flesh meat at the same meal in Lent.

5. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter, or cheese, provided the rules of quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with.

6. Lard may be used in preparing fish, vegetables, &c., &c.

7. The church excuses from the obligation of fasting, but not of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like, the following classes of persons: 1st, the infirm; 2d, those whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character; 3d, persons who are attaining their growth; 4th, women in pregnancy or nursing infants; 5th, those who are enfeebled by old age.

CHEAP SILKS.—So many importers were "stuck" with large stocks of cheap silks, the articles are now a drug. The prices of these ranges in New York from one dollar to one dollar and a half per yard, and Japanese silks from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a half per yard, light French striped prints at forty-five cents per yard, English striped at twenty-five cents per yard, and very pretty new wide American striped prints at fifteen cents per yard. Fine black French cashmere for costumes can be purchased at two dollars per yard.

ON THE OTHER FOOT.—It will not do to laugh at Colonel John Baxter, of Tennessee, any more, for the number of his libel suits against newspapers in that section, which are no less than half a dozen. He has just gained his case in one, and the verdict gives him twenty-seven thousand dollars for the piece of his character taken away by one newspaper.

A mountaineer, with $2,005, combatted the hosts of faro in Kansas City till he had only $5 left. He lit a cigar with that and coolly walked back to Denver.

Please to let us Alone.

Germany desires to be let alone in her difficulty with France. An official declaration comes from Berlin in effect as follows:—

"Germany is victorious, but she has suffered greatly; she cannot afford to part with the prize of a victory so dearly bought. Nor is this a quarrel in which right and wrong being equally divided between the belligerents, as is so frequently the case, a third party has a moral right to step in and to endeavor to settle the matter by an equitable compromise. Germany has been invaded for the mere sake of gratifying the the inordinate appetite of a reckless and conceited populace. So natural appeared to the French their supposed right to commit homicide in a neighbor's country that they did not even care to wait for a plausible pretext, but invented a frivilous cause of war such as the 19th century had not seen before. Again however, much we have been provoked, all we ask for is what is required to protect us from a repetition of the same affront. If we were carried away by passion we might avail ourselves of the present opportunity to cripple and dismember France; but we will do nothing of the kind, and are satisfied with securing comparative immunity from future attacks. Europe has done nothing to prevent France from undertaking this wicked campaign. Nay she has not even declared against it in solemn form, which might have done something towards deterring the offenders. Having evinced such complete indifference in the introductory phases of the war, it is not likely we shall permit her to constitute an Areophagus to screen the guilty from punishment; for France and no other, would be the object of mediation in the present state of affairs. Europe shuddered, but left us in the lurch when the Turco crossed our frontiers; the Turco is down, and we mean to bring his employers to book. The military strength displayed by France in this prolonged campaign is another reason why we must insist on recovering our ancient and secure frontier. A large, populous and martial country, France has hitherto enjoyed the advantage of being unassailable, except along a small strip of her eastern borders. Her southern frontier is protected by the Pyrenees, her western and northern coasts are washed by the sea, and the southeast is covered by the neutral kingdom of Belgium and the adjoining principalities of Luxemburg. The east, which is alone to attack, has the strongest natural defences a country can wish to possess. The Rhine, the Voges, and Moselle are so many tactical lines of the highest importance. To render them still more formidable, a whole wall of fortresses is erected at their back, and when all these obstacles are overcome, Paris, the largest fortress in the world, and which with a little more foresight might have been provisioned for a year instead of four or five months, defies every comer. Taking all this together, we arrive at the conclusion that to vanquish France on her own soil will, under the most favorable circumstances, always require a great effort, even on the part of United Germany. But no attack of so rich and ambitious a force as the French can be effectually warded off unless the war is transferred to their own soil. To defend our frontiers without following the French into their own country would be merely to give them time to collect a fresh army and renew the attack. Such being the case,