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Send the Little Ones Happy to Bed.

Send the little ones happy to bed
When closes the troublesome day—
Let no harsh invective be said
To ruffle their mind while they pray.
Sore trials and trouble so soon
The sweet sleep of childhood will ban;
And let them lie joyously down
And cherish bright dreams while they can.

Send the little ones happy to bed,
Though they may be mischievous and wild—
Nature seldom bestows a wise head
On a rosy-cheeked, sight-hearted child.
Then let their glad spirits have play,
And brighter and stronger they'll grow,
Like a stream that runs free on its way,
And suffers no check in its flow.

Send the little ones happy to bed—
You know not what ill may be near—
Ere the morning your pets may be dead—
Then vain the regret or the fear.
So let them lie down with delight,
And fail not to give and to take
A kiss when they prattle "good night,"
And a kiss in the morn when they wake.

The Farmer's Spring Song.

The red buds are tinting the soft-maple trees;
The wood-peepers chirp where withered vines cling;
Full laden, to-day, is the breath of the breeze,
With the blackbird's ballad of welcome to Spring;
The cowslip is blending her blossoms of gold,
With the violet's blue, in shallow and swale,
And peewits are piping good-by to the cold,
From brook-willow branches that swing in the gale.

Come farmer boys now,
With harrow and plough
Turn the brown turf in good cheer!
Old Winter is gone—
There's dew on the lawn—
'Tis time to be sowing the seed of the year.

The rills so long silent 'neath deep forest leaves,
Are learning to warble their gamut again;
And the purple-winged swallows are searching the eaves
To find a retreat from the chilly Spring rain;
Unrobed of the snow, earth bareth her breast;
Inviting the toil of the husbandman's hand;
And he that sows early reaps plenty and rest!
His certain reward from the generous land.

So farmer boys now,
With harrow and plow
Turn the brown turf in good cheer!
Old Winter is gone—
There's dew on the lawn—
'Tis time to be sowing the seed of the year.

While savage December was lashing his team
Of tempest and snow-storm, in fury along,
You storied and sang till rafter and beam
Shook down the light echoes of mirth and of song;
For your larders were loaded—bursting your bins—
Your granaries glowing with Autumn's ripe yield.
But now the new season of labor begins,
And April is calling her ploughmen afield.

Ho, farmer boys now,
With harrow and plow
Turn the brown turf in good cheer!
Old Winter is gone—
There's dew on the lawn—
'Tis time to be sowing the seed of the year.

THE VERIFICATION.

We had a very good crew on the *Lively Sally*, and there was no prettier fellow ever walked a deck than Bob Small, who was a sailor from a love of the profession, and who had run away from his home in New Hampshire three years before, from which he had not heard a word since, and which he had resolved to return to after the present voyage. He was in my watch, and often, under the lee of the long-boat, he would open his heart to me regarding the hopes and fears.

We were, one night, walking the deck in the moonlight; the sea just moved to a ripple beneath the tropical air, when he caught my arm suddenly, and cried:

"Look there?"

"Where?" I asked.

"There," said he, "in the wake of the moon. Don't you see?"

There, sure enough, swam an immense shark, just above the water, within a boat's length of us, and we felt that his evil eye rested upon us as we stood there gazing on him. I felt a sense of uneasiness as I saw the monster so near us, and was sensible of a violent tremor in Bob as his hand rested on my arm.

"Jack," said he, impressively, "that chap is after me. I can read my fate in every wrinkle of the water as it plays around him, and I know very well that he will be my tomb."

"Nonsense," I said; "what is the use of indulging in such a feeling as that? It is no unusual thing to see a shark, and what if every sailor should take it into his head that he was to be eaten, do you think he would be?"

At that, the monster gave a great swirl in the water, and the ripples flashed in the moonbeams.

"You see that, Jack," said he; "he knows what we are talking about, and it's a settled thing. His mind is made up to have a pick at me, and he will do it."

"Why do you believe so?" I asked,

"Oh," he said, "I have been too happy. These joyful anticipations of seeing home again, and getting the forgiveness of the old folks if they are alive, and seeing my little sister Myra, have filled me full. Jack," he contiuned, turning me around, and looking me squarely in the face, "do you believe that a man who disrespected his father so much as to shut him down cellar and run away, has a right to anticipate happiness? I served mine so. See that shark; he seems to be laughing at what I say, the infernal beast, if I may be allowed the expression."

I comforted him by telling him he had no reason for his gloomy fears, but he mournfully shook his head. The calling of the "larboard watch" interrupted our conversation, and we turned in. I laid awake but a little while, and could hear Bob sigh deeply as he lay in his berth.

The next day, the shark was not visible, but night found us again looking over the lee rail, and, as before, right in the wake of the moon, was the huge fish swimming along with his fin out of the water, a boat's length from us.

"He's after me," said Bob in a whisper.

"Nonsense," I replied; he's after me as much as you.

That night Bob turned in his berth, and his sighs were piteous. He looked so haggard and worn the next morning, that Mr Goodenough, the mate, noticed it.

"Ah, Bob," said he, "what's the matter?" You look like a sick hen."

Bob simply replied that he did not feel very well, and turned his attention to his duties.

"Time's most up Jack," said he in a whisper; "and look there!"

Sure enough, there, scarcely a boat's length from the brig, was seen the ominous fin, the black flag of the bucanneer of the finny tribe, and I was for a moment shocked.

"This can't last another day," said he seizing the rail; "and you believe it; I see you tremble. You must go up and see the old folks, Jack, and tell 'em how patient I died, and that my life was not thrown away, though I was a runaway. Give them my chest, and give little Myra the sea-elephant's tooth, with the carving upon it, to keep as a memento, and Heaven bless you, Jack."

The poor fellow wept like a child.

The whole crew were now attracted along the vessel's side, to see the great fish that was so desirous of our company, and various were the comments made upon it, none of which were of the somber character of poor Bob's though they all looked upon it with a feeling of dread.

Our cook finally seemed to arrive at a very decisive, though comical, conclusion. He darted into his caboose, from which he reappeared again in a few moment's with something rolled up in an old red shirt, that seemed to send out a steam.

"What have you got there?" asked the mate.

"Brekfus for shark, sir!" was the reply, with an expansive grin.

He said no more, but threw his bundle far out into the water, before the nose of the shark, which, waking from its supineness, darted forward, and immediately swallowed the object. For an instant the monster resumed his pace alongside the brig, but this was succeeded by an evident feeling of uneasiness, and a moment after he leaped his length from the water, falling upon the surface with a crush that sent the spray flying in our foreyard. Then he swam furiously in a wide circle about the vessel, leaping occasionally from the water, and turning upon his back. Soon his notions ceased; and, rolling over, he lay a silent mass upon the water.

"Golly?" said Curacoa, "he got his brekfus, shur. Hot brick warmee tummak."

"Did you give him a hot brick?" said Mr. Goodenough.

"Yes, massa," said Blackey, with a grin, "and guess he don't 'gree wid 'em."

There was a loud laugh at the cook's experiment, and, turning to speak to Bob, I found he had left my side.

"Where's Bob?" I asked.

"Don't know. I saw him here a minute ago."

I went round to the other side of the boat. He was not there. We called him and searched for him, but he was not to be found. Then it seemed sure enough that poor Bob's misgiving had been verified, and I mourned his loss, thinking of my own melancholy mission into New Hampshire to inform his weeping friends of the loss. It in fact cast a gloom over all the vessel, and we could never understand how he disappeared so suddenly, supposing, however, that his mind, becoming morbid, had lost its balance, and he had leaped overboard while we were absorbed by the cook's adventure with the shark.

The vessel arrived in about eight days; and, after I had got clear of her, I set about the performance of the duty that had been charged upon me by Bob. I embarked for New Hampshire, having stowed Bob's chest in the baggage-car, and thought all the way, what I should say to mourning friends. It was something that I was not accustomed to, and I went on the voyage with much misgiving.

I stopped at the pretty little station of Spruceburg, among the hills, at which a coach was waiting to carry passengers to Rimmer, a town some four miles distant, which was the place of my destination. Upon this coach Bob's chest was hoisted, but when I attempted to enter I found it entirely full, and the driver's seat was also occupied by two besides himself. I therefore looked for some other means of conveyance. The depot master proved my friend, and after a few minutes informed me that a young lady from Rimmer was in town with a wagon, and would return alone in a short time, and that she would be happy to accommodate me with a seat. So I gave directions that the chest should be left at the hotel, as I was informed that there was one, in order that Bob's friends might not see it, and await for my fair companion.

The wagon was pointed out to me, and the young lady soon came along, to whom I introduced myself, and, helping her in, I sat beside her; she insisted upon driving, of which I was very glad, and I was more familiar with a hawser than a horse. She was exceedingly pretty, about seventeen years old, and was in all respects interesting, being one of those bright and sparkling little fairies that are continually surprises to those who are predisposed to believe that all country productions of the kind are awkward and disagreeable, one of which, however, I was not. I found her chatty and pleasant, full of piquant remarks, in which she did not spare me, and I was perfectly delighted with her. The conversation at last turned on Rimmer.

"Do you reside there?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then, of course, you are acquainted with all the people there. Do you know a family by the name of Small?"

"Oh, yes, very well!"

"Is the name of one of its members Myra?"

"Yes, Myra Small and myself are very intimate; we sing in the same choir."

"She had a brother?"

"Yes; Bob Small. He was a wild fellow, and went away to sea, years ago."

"Have they mourned him?"

"No, not much; he locked his father in a cellar when he went away, and this rather set them against him."

"Well, I have sad news for them. I have just returned from a voyage with him, and he was lost at sea."

"Bad news, indeed, that will be. But he will never shut the old man down cellar again; nor torment poor Myra, will he?"

"No, but he thought of her at the last, poor fellow, and I have a parting gift for her, from him."

I inquired about the old folks, and about Myra, and the conversation lasted until we arrived at the hotel, where she was to put me down, which I chose rather than to go to the house of Bob at once. I waited till the evening before I went on my melancholy errand. It was a fair night in September, the air just beginning to grow a little chilly, and I walked very slowly, almost reluctantly, to an encounter that I very much dreaded. My duty to Bob alone sustained me in the effort.

The homestead was a substantial farmhouse, with a lane leading up to it, and turning into which I proceeded on my errand, my heart beating a loud alarm on my ribs. The windows were all ablaze with light, and a strain of music floated to me, from the house, auguring a scene of happiness and peace within, that I, fiend-like, was going to interrupt. Should I go on? Yes, duty to Bob impelled me.

I approached, and rapped upon the door. All was still in a moment, but nobody came. I rapped again, and fancied I heard in response a titter on the inside. This time, however, there was the sound of turning a key or removing a bolt, the door swung open, and there, in the light of two blazing lamps held in the hands of my fairy of the wagon, who "sang in the choir with Myra Small," stood my old shipmate Bob, in apparently excellent condition, and with an expression upon his face altogether unlike that which any ghost wears that I ever heard of!

"Bob Small, by all that's rascally!" said I, for a moment regretting that he was not at the bottom of the sea.

"Yes, Jack," said he, after I had entered, "the very same. I hid away in the run on board the brig, ashamed of my wild prognostic when the cook killed the shark, and I determined that even you should not see me till you saw me here, as I knew you would, because I knew you would comply with my dying request. So Myra has been down to the depot every day for a week to watch for the big chest, and the fellow along with it, thanking her stars to-day at the fortune which gave you her company. She knew you from my description and the chest."

"Well, Bob," I said, "I suppose I ought to rejoice that you are alive, though hang me if I would undergo so much inquietude on any account again. And Miss Myra must accept my apology for not recognizing her by instinct."

Then the old folks came in, and we had a good time all round; the old gentleman informing me of the trick put upon him in shutting him down cellar, which he seemed to relish, as he recalled it, and the old lady looked as pleasant as an October evening, while Myra beamed ineffably on all.

Perhaps I ought to finish my story by falling in love with Myra and marrying her; but I found no chance for that, because she had a good-looking printer who was booked for her good graces, though she liked me as the friend of Bob; and I gave her the elephant's tooth, which, years after, I saw her youngest baby cutting its teeth upon.

Bob is now one of the most successful shipmasters out of New York, and I am—the reader's very humble servant.

A GOOD MOVE.—The farmers of Hillsborough Country, N. H., held their last meeting for the season, at Milford, and discussed the important question: "How can we make our farms so attractive as to retain our young men and women at home?" It was generally and sensibly agreed upon that the farm residence should be made pleasanter; and much was said of the probable good influence of local libraries, the cultivation of music, with a fair allowance of time for recreation, and for escape from daily drudgery. Unquestionably, the New-England farms require hard and pretty constant work at certain seasons, but there are several months of comparative leisure, a rational improvement of which would render rural life a good deal more tolerable to the young. If "the occupation of a farmer be the noblest of all labor," it would be a great pity if it were necessarily dull.

English Postal Savings Banks.

It is just ten years since the establishment in Great Britain of what is called the Post-office savings bank system. Its success has been decided from the outset, and both Government and people have found advantage in frankly conceding its usefulness. The plan was not adopted and legalized until after weary years of argument and obstinate opposition; but, once introduced, it so rapidly grew in favor that deposits to the amount of $89,000,000 were made by over 850,000 persons during the first five years of its operation. At first only three hundred Post-offices were designated for savings bank purposes, but within the period named others were added, as the demand increased, until, in 1866, the number of Post-office savings banks in the United Kingdon reached 3,369, three-fourths of which were located in England and Wales.

Deposits are received from one shilling upward, and the operation is thus described: Depositors leave their money at the nearest money-order Post-office, receiving a bank-book, properly numbered, on which their names, address, and occupations are written. The amount of the deposit is entered in the book, attested by the signature of the Postmaster, and stamped with the official stamp of the office. This is a sufficient voucher for the depositor, the Government being responsible for its safe transmission to the General Office. The Postmaster sends an account daily to the money-order office in London of each transaction, with the original signature of the depositor. It is there properly entered, and an acknowledgment is sent to each depositor. The last precaution insures the honesty of Postmasters, because, if the depositor does not receive his acknowledgment within ten days, he must apply for it, which he may do free of postage. Additional deposits go through the same form, and may be made at the same or any other money-order office in the Kingdom. The plan is so systematized that one person might go the whole round of the three or four thousand Post-office savings banks, and deposit money in each without causing any confusion or embarrassment.

If money is to be withdrawn, the process is equally easy. The depositor has only to call at any money-order office, and fill up a blank form with the number of his book, the place where deposited, the amount wanted, the place where he wants it paid, his name, address, and occupation, and then mail the form, post-free, to the Postmaster-General. When received by that official, the order is compared with the account, and if the facts agree with each other a warrant is sent to the depositor, drawn upon the Postmaster where the payment is desired, and a duplicate is sent to the Postmaster by way of advice. When this warrant is presented, all that remains to be done is for the official to be satisfied of the identity of the party and take his receipt for the money. The interest paid in England is only two and a half per cent. on all sums of from £1 to £30. The latter sum is the limit of receipts from a single depositor. There certainly is something in this project which can be utilized in our own country.

Dressed in their Sunday's Best.

Lady readers may be interested in the following account of the dresses worn by the royal family at Queen Victoria's last reception—the description being furnished by the Court Newsman:

The Queen wore a black silk dress with a train trimmed with crape and jet, and a headdress of pearls and diamonds over a long white tulle veil. Her Majesty also wore a pearl necklace and a diamond and pearl brooch, with the Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter, the Orders of Victoria and Albert and Louise of Prussia, and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha Family Order.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wore a train of mauve satin trimmed with ruches of the same and bows of violet velvet; a petticoat of violet velvet with ruches and bows of mauve and a tunic of white Brussels lace. Headdress—a tiara of diamonds, feathers, and veil. Ornaments—a corsage, necklace and earrings of pearls and diamonds. Orders—Victoria and Albert and the Danish Order.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Christian wore a train and a petticoat of pale gray satin, with flounces and trimmings of Irish lace, bordered with swansdown. Headdress and ornaments — feathers, pearls, and diamonds. Orders—Victoria and Albert, St. Isabel of Portugal, and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha Family Order.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise wore a dress of rich white silk and a train of the same trimmed with ruches of silk and fringe. Headdress—a wreath of Narcissus, with diamonds, feathers, and veil. Ornaments—diamonds. Orders—Victoria and Albert, St. Isabel, and the Coburg and Gotha Family Order.

A WAR STORY.—The Fort Wayne (Ind.,) *Journal* tells a little story of war. When Gen. Price was on one of his raids into Missouri, it says, the militia of a neighboring State were called out by the Governor to protect the border from invasion. A Colonel in one of the frontier cities ordered his regiment under arms, and without giving the men time to change their clothing and prepare for a long march, he ordered them to the front. They marched about twenty-five miles the first day, and the next fifteen. Many of the soldiers dropped out of the ranks on the way, and what few arrived at the place of destination were worn out. They complained of the long and tedious marches, and looked over the records, and coming to the conclusion that the march was unprecedented with regard to length and time, charged their Colonel with tyranny, and inhumanity, and finally mutinied and started for home, and actually walked the whole distance back, forty miles, in a single day.

Horse thieves in Michigan are practising a new dodge, four men being required to carry it out: Two of them go in advance with a horse and buggy, and, when an opportunity presents itself, the horse is sold, and the two hire another horse and proceed to the next neighborhood in search of another purchaser. On the following day, the other two arrive in hot haste, inquiring for the two who had left, representing them as horse thieves; learn that they have sold the horse; one claims it, proving ownership by the other, and gets possession of the horse as having been stolen from him; then they pass on to the next neighborhood, to repeat the process on another victim.

WHO OWNED THE DOG.—Mayor Cobb, of Lynchburg, Va., before whom several negroes claimed the ownership of a dog, left the decision of the doubtful matter to the dog himself. Several of them called the intelligent animal pathetically, but he regarded them not; finally, one yelled out *Buster*, and with a bark of joy the dog rushed toward him, and decided the matter.

PAY.—The lawyers who defended the men who robbed the express train on the Central Pacific Railroad last Fall, took part of the stolen property for defending them; now the lawyers are in jail for receiving it. The property was hid in the mountains, and the lawyers were watched and detected when they went for and recovered it.

Falling from the Trapeze.

Last night (says a recent number of the Kansas City *News*,) the theatre was crowded to repletion to witness the daring and graceful performances of the Maratta Sisters upon the trapeze. Many of those who attended the night before came again to see the little Rosalie in her perilous leap, and scarcely a chair was empty in the house.

The preliminary songs and dances were gone through with, and the sisters were at last in mid-air, whirling from bar to rope, and hanging by hands, knee, and foot, amid the applause of the audience. Finally the older ascended to the upper swing, and then commenced the more showy and perilous feats. The little one—a bright, pretty child of only thirteen years—twined her feet about her stronger sister, hanging in every variety of posture, and suspended as if by mere volition at such a perilous height above the floor.

They had just recovered from a mazy intertwining of hands and limbs, and the elder one, seating herself upon the bar of the upper swing, leaned backward, balancing herself while the child slid forward from her lap and lay, with folded arms, resting upon her feet. The performance is not so difficult as it seems, but depends for safety entirely upon the nerve of the one upon the bar. The proper way for it to end is for the child to extend her arms, grasping the bar, and then fall, hanging by her hands, as the other removes her feet.

Still, though not difficult, it is dangerous and most exciting to an audience. As they saw the slender, child-like form lying with folded arms upon the feet of her sister, way up towards the roof, and calm as if within her cradle, a roll of spontaneous applause was breaking forth, when of a sudden it was changed to an involuntary shriek of horror! The elder girl, thinking that the other had already grasped the bar, removed her feet, and down from her perch, near the high ceiling—down like a falling star from its fearful height—went the child.

Such sublime nerve as she exhibited it has never been our fortune to witness in a child before. The arms remained folded over the chest, the limbs never changed their positions, not the faintest cry escaped her compressed lips, and the face was calm as that of a sleeping babe, without the least expressing of fear. In just the same posture in which she left her sister's feet she struck the floor, with a dull, horrible thud, that was echoed by a shriek from the audience, and a stifled moan from the little sufferer.

She was immediately picked up, and borne behind the scenes by one of the actors, while the agonized sister descending quickly from the trapeze and joined her. In a few minutes it was announced to the audience that her hurts were but trifling, and that she trusted to appear again to-night, and such report is confirmed this morning.

Considering the height of the fall, and the dangerous position in which she struck—full upon her back—her escape was almost a miracle.

A Strict Law.

The importance of placing the business of dispensing drugs and medicines in competent hands is fully recognized in Prussia, where the most stringent regulations are enforced in regard to the qualifications of apothecaries. To become an apothecary's apprentice there, an applicant must first pass an examination in Latin, physics, botany, and other natural sciences, before a board comprising the district physician and a notary; and if this is satisfactory, he gets a permit to serve as an apprentice for four years in a pharmacy, during which he is allowed to compound drugs in the laboratory, but not to put up prescriptions until the fourth year, and then only under the strict surveillance of the proprietor or of a responsible drug clerk. At the expiration of this term he has an examination as drug clerk, under directions of an examining board composed of two physicians, two apothecaries, and a notary. Success entitles him to a diploma as a drug clerk; and after this he must serve as a clerk solely, and in different pharmacies, four years more; four years in one place will not fulfill the requirements of the law. After this the clerk must spend one year in the university to complete his studies, and then comes still another examination, after which, if he comes out of the final examination with credit, he receives his diploma as an apothecary, and is allowed to buy an established stand or to become a member of a firm already in existence, if he can; but he cannot set up a new pharmacy, as the number of these is regulated by law, one being allowed for every 5,000 inhabitants. The price of medicines are also regulated by law, and are the same in every drug store in Prussia. An apothecary may give away medicines if he sees fit; but he is not allowed to sell them for either less or more than the established price. No man can buy a pharmacy in Prussia unless he has gained an apothecary's diploma. So arbitrary a system would never be tolerated in this country; but we need such a law as will put an end to the practice of intrusting the preparation of prescriptions to ignorant boys, who can have no knowledge of the effects of the powerful drugs which they are allowed sell.

TROUBLES AMONG THE TYPOS.—For some weeks a bad feeling has existed between the proprietors of the *Daily Sun* and the Memphis Typographical Union, growing out of a strike. The printers published a small paper called the *Moon*, making personal attacks on the proprietors and attaches, to which the *Sun* responded. As W. A. McClay, the proprietor of the *Sun*, was passing through the park for the purpose, as he states, of asking protection for himself and office from the Recorder, he was attacked by Henry White and Henry Mooke, secretary of the Typographical Union, who opened fire on him with revolvers. McClay fired once, but was shot through the thigh and slightly wounded on top of the head. The two men then attacked him and beat him with their pistols, until the keeper of the park came to his assistance. They waived examination, and gave bail for their appearance before the Criminal Court to answer a charge of assault, with intent to commit murder in the first degree.

"NERVOUS CHILDREN suffer untold agonies from fear, when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonesome room to such children. A little, delicate boy, whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone, used to cry violently every night, and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook his pertinacity for obstinacy, and thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said: 'Why do you always scream so when you know you shall be punished?' 'Oh, father, father!' said the little fellow. 'I don't mind your whipping me, if you only stay with me.' The father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or an animal."

THE MEANEST MAN has gone to Selma, Ala., and has been calling upon washwomen, representing that he is authorized to contract for the washing of five hundred soldiers, to arrive in the city in a few days, and engaging each one to do a portion of it. From each he demanded fifty cents for his trouble, and they all paid him.

A Romance in Turkey.

The Levent *Herald*, of Constantinople, has the following story: Some thirteen years ago a Greek in Constantinople saw reasons for becoming a Mussulman, and took the name of Mehemet. Shortly afterward he brought to his father's house a pretty little Circassian girl about four years of age, called Asli-Melek, whom he said he had received from a Turkish lady in satisfaction of a debt due to him. The renegade's sister, a Christian of the Greek rite, grew to love the child, and brought her up in the precepts of the Christian religion. So matters went on quietly in this humble household until about two years ago, when Mehemet, who had married a Turkish woman and taken to the trade of a dealer in female slaves—which he still carries on, presented himself to his father's place and claimed the young Circassian girl Asli-Melek. His sister Boxandra refused to give up the child, but yielding at length to Mehemet's persistent demands and menaces, the father consented to hand her over to him. Boxandra, however, apprehensive of the results, kept watch over her brother's movements and those of the child. She at last succeeded in getting a stolen interview with her, and learning that she was suffering and unhappy, contrived to get her out of Mehemet's house, and to take her to Syra. There Asli-Melek formally embraced Christianity, and was baptized under the name of Angelica.

Eight months afterwards Boxandra returned with her adopted charge to Constantinople, where they remained unmolested for about a year. In the meantime Mehemet beset the Turkish authorities with importunities. He declared that his brother, Miltiades, having fallen in love with Angelica, and desiring to marry her, had coerced her against her will, in concert with the rest of his family, to abandon the Mussulmen faith, in which as a Circassian she was born, and profess the Christian religion. The Mussulman authorities at length gave ear to these statements, and determined to take proceedence against the Christian members of Mehemet's family for the purpose of transferring the girl to the charge of Mehemet himself. Accordingly, on the 21st of January last, the young brother, Miltiades, was arrested by the Turkish police. Angelica, warned in time, sought and found refuge in the Russian Embassy; the police hunted in vain for her, but, in addition to Miltiades, arrested Mehemet's old father, aged seventy years, Boxandra, and her young sister, Ariste, who were all incarcerated in the Zaptieth.

The houses of all relatives and friends of this quiet Greek family were searched, and in some instances, it is stated, in a very brutal manner. The houses of other respectable people were also entered, and in one of them a young lady who was seriously ill, was so alarmed by the threats of the police that she died in a few days after their visit. At this stage of the proceedings General Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador, took up the matter with his usual energy. On his representations, all the persons so uncermoniously arrested by the Turkish police were set free and restored to their homes. His Excellency, moreover, insisted upon a definite and legal solution being giving to the religious status of the young Circassian. The result has been that in conformity with the procedure established by law and confirmed by custom, Angelica appeared twice before the proper Ottoman authorities, and declared each time her firm resolution to remain in the Christian faith which she had formally embraced. A few days later Angelica, accompanied by her faithful friend, Boxandra, left Constantinople for Greece.

In Jail for Debt.

The following anecdote is told of M. Wiertz, the German painter, who was sometimes called the crazy artist:

After having finished a portrait of the old aristocratic Countess de M——, who pretended to be only thirty when nearly sixty, she refused to accept the painting, saying that it did not look anything like herself, and that her most intimate friends would not recognize a single feature of her's on that piece of canvass. Wiertz smiled kindly at the remark, and as a true knight of old, gallantly reconducted the lady to her carriage. Next morning there was a grand disturbance in the Rue de la Madeline. A crowd was gathered before a window, and the following words were whispered from ear to ear: "Is the Countess de M—— really in jail for her debts?" Wiertz had exercised a little vengeance towards his noble but unfair customer. As soon as she had refused the portrait, he set to work and painted a few iron bars on the picture, with these words, "In jail for debt." He exhibited the painting in a jeweller's window, in the principle street in Brussels, and the effect was instantaneous. A few hours later the countess was back in Wiertz's studio, pouring invectives on him at high pressure—to have exhibited her likeness under such scandalous circumstances. "Most noble lady," was the artist's reply, "you said the painting did not look anything like yourself, and that your most intimate friends would not have recognized a single one of your features in the picture. I wanted simply to test the truth of your statement, that is all!" The portrait was taken away, the city laughed, the artist charged double price, and gave the amount to the poor of the city.

HOW A SCHOOLBOY GOT LOST.—The Boston *Traveller* tells this story: The pet of a family, residing not far from La Grange street, is a boy who has recently passed his fifth year, and having just donned his first jacket and trowsers, is attending a primary school. The other afternoon he failed to come home at the usual hour, much to the alarm of the household, and after a long search, he was found, some time after dark, at the Providence Depot. He was sent to bed without much explanation, though it is possible his treatment was what Solomon would have recommended, in such an emergency. The next morning he was down to the breakfast table, evidently none the worse for the lesson, and perhaps the wiser. Taking advantage of a lull in the conversation customary at the morning meal, he turned his grave countenance toward the head of the table, and giving free vent to his over-charged mind he exclaimed, "I'll tell you, mamma, how it happened. After school, I went part of the way home with Mary ——, and at the corner of a street where she left me, I kissed her, and she kissed me, and then I found I was lost." There was an explosion around the table, just about that time. It is suspected this is not the first young gentleman who has been lost under similar circumstances.

IN A WESTERN village a charming, well-preserved widow had been courted and won by a physician. She had children; among them a crippled boy, who had been petted, and, if not spoiled, certainly allowed great "freedom in debate." The wedding day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling the crippled boy, the widow said:

George, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk about with you.

"I am intending to marry Dr. Jones in a few days, and—"

"Bully for you, Ma! Does Dr. Jones know it?"

Ma caught her breath but failed to articulate a response.

Mr. De Browne's Experiment.

Mr. Herbert de Browne sat in his luxurious bachelor establishment in Blank street, and pondered deeply. The subject of his cogitations was a wife, or rather how to get one. There were enough young ladies who would be glad to bless their lucky stars for the privilege of becoming mistress of his home, as he well knew; but he also felt tolerably well assured the home was all they cared for. For the fortune they would wed its owner.

"Deuce take the money!" he exclaimed; "I wish I'd never had a farthing, and then——. But, botheration, then I should have been too poor to marry anyway. Why couldn't I have had just wealth enough for all my wants and nothing more? I'll foil them, though, the mean adventuresses!"

A furious pull at the bell-rope brought the housekeeper to the room in a hurry.

"Pack up your traps, Mrs. Rinkle," he exclaimed abruptly, "for I'm going to close the house."

It was evident that he had come to some conclusion.

"Shut up the house, Mr. De Browne!" ejaculated the housekeeper, almost believing she had lost her reason. "Why such a thing has not occurred since your lamented uncle took possession five and forty years ago.

"That makes no difference, ma'am; I'm master here now, and I shall close it for the present. Meanwhile, your pay can still go on, and that of such domestics as you consider indispensable. Have you no relatives you wish to visit?" he inquired.

That settled it. The proffer of continued pay removed Mrs. Rinkle's scruples quite effectually. She then remembered she had some friends she had not seen for years.

Three days latter, Mr. Herbert de Browne was safely domiciled in a quiet lodging-house, and shortly afterwards he began to sell his diamond rings and seals, and other paraphernalia of fashionable life, as well as dress himself in plainer clothes. A rumor that his property had been lost through an unlucky speculation was soon afloat.

He lost friends rapidly. By twos and threes they ceased to know him as they met him in the street. He only laughed and snapped his fingers at them behind their backs.

Had his adversity been real he would not have felt like laughing.

Then came the time when this circle of acquaintances got narrowed down to three. But three of his former friends still clung to him, true in adversity.

It is no wonder he grew misanthropic.

Out in the street one day he met a carriage containing some of his former acquaintances, who had been absent from the city since he had closed his house. He thought they would not notice him, but each inmate of the carriage bowed politely as of old.

"They have not heard the news!" he muttered, cynically.

He was mistaken. That night the owner of the carriage came to see him.

"Rather close quarters, my friend," he said, as he took a calm survey of Herbert's not very pretentious surroundings.

"Pretty close, that's a fact," said Mr. De Browne, icily. "But since I lost my property—of which I suppose you haven't heard—I have become quite economical!"

"But I have heard!" cried his auditor, abruptly, "and that is why I came. I knew you needed friends now, if ever, and the fact is—well—my daughter, sir—I mean I came to offer you the position of head clerk in my counting house. Will you except it?"

"Ahem! Well, I'll think of it. But it is a long way from my lodgings."

"Deuce take your lodgings! You can board in my family as a—well, as a sort of guest, you know."

Herbert looked him over closely. John Brandard was a wealthy man—very wealthy, he was called—and in his face there was nothing to warrant the suspicion that he had learned Herbert's secret and wished to curry favor, aiding him while under an apparent cloud—so that idea was speedily dismissed.

Once cosily snuggled in the Brandard mansion, it was not long before he wondered why he had not noticed Susie Brandard before.

She did not seem to feel above him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their positions, and treated him as cordially—more cordially, he thought—than before the change in his fortunes.

He would not have been human had he not learned to love her.

The climax came when she gave a grand party. Then, before the elite of the city, she did not hesitate to receive attentions from him, on which but one construction could be placed. He thought her quite a heroine, and asked for no further proof than could she love him. The next afternoon they met in her father's library, where he had waited to see her.

"Susie," he said, as soon as the usual courtesies had been exchanged. "I come to you this morning to learn my fate. I know the difference in our positions, and would not urge you—only let your heart decide. My heart I lay before you."

She blushed prettily, and seemed confused for a moment; then she gave him her hand.

"I have loved you oh, so long!" she said, "and I feared that you would never love me. You were so jealous before you lost your wealth, that all women were mere adventuresses. I was heartily glad when papa said you had lost it, and I——"

"You sent him to negotiate with me," cried Herbert, finishing the sentence intuitively, and giving it labial emphasis.

"I loved you so!" she murmured, deprecatingly.

"I do not doubt it, dearest!"

And Mr. Herbert de Browne believed himself the happiest of men.

They were married. The wedding was very unpretentious, as became the bridegroom's straitened circumstances; and he was in a constant ecstacy as he thought of her surprise when he should tell her that his fortune still remained. He sent for Mrs. Rinkle to come and reopen the house, and to put it in condition to receive its mistress. Meantime, they tarried at her father's.

"Herbert," said his wife one day, "I haves favor to ask. Will you grant it?"

"I will, if in my power, Sue, darling, he exclaimed.

"Well poor papa is rather short of money; won't you lend him ten or fifteen thousand pounds?"

"Me! Why you know——"

"Oh! I know what you have been pretending," was the quick reply. "But, then, it wasn't so; you never lost your money."

Herbert de Browne was dumb with astonishment and chagrin.

"How did you find that out?" he gasped.

"I knew it all the time. When I heard that you were penniless, papa went directly to your banker and learned the contrary. I think we managed pretty well."

"I think you did," cried her husband desperately; "but do you think I'll endure it?"

"How can you help yourself? We are married now. You can't apply for a divorce."

"No, I can't; but——"

"Then what will you do?"

"Answer me one question: Do you really love me?"

"Yes I do."

"Well, if you love me, we will drop the subject."

"I think you had better," she said quietly; "and lend papa the money."

And like a sensible man, he lent it.

Italian Adventurers and Heiresses.

A letter from an Italian correspondent says:

There is an ingenious coolness about the Italian people which is delicious, and which I am, as yet, at a loss to consider as an effluences of simplicity or of impudence. Examples are not lacking in all grades of society, from the goat-herd, who shakes water from the bottle in his sleeve into the tumbler while he draws your milk in the twilight, to the fashionable young gentleman of good family who unblushingly puts *Marchese* before his name, when he lays siege to an American heiress. An eminent citizen of Chicago was waited upon the other evening by one of the managers of his hotel, who said that an Italian gentleman wished leave to present himself. Having no Italian acquaintances, he naturally inquired closely into the nature of the desired visit, and after a bit of cross-examination, elicited the fact that the visitor wished to make an application for the hand of his daughter, a very pretty and interesting girl.

As may be imagined, the application was promptly dismissed, and the young lady, upon her father's repeating the, to him, inexplicable and astounding circumstances, could not remember having ever exchanged a word with an Italian gentleman since entering the country, or having even received any of those *soto voco* compliments which even well-bred young men think it no impropriety to address to the attractive stranger whom they chance to meet in walking or shopping. So the matter dropped for the nonce; but a morning or two later, a young Italian walked into the United States consulate and inquired of the Consul if he knew an American whom he named. The Consul replied in the negative, adding that he had never heard of any such man.

The young man left the office, but soon returned, bringing in writing the name of the gentleman I have referred to above, and the consul affirmed his own acquaintance with both the name and the bearer of it. Then the inquirer desired to know particularly the social standing of Mr.——. This being handsomely vouched for, he proceeded to say that his investigations were on behalf of a cousin who desired to marry the daughter; and now that the matter of family and position was satisfactorily defined, he wished further to know if Mr.—— would give a dowry of 100,000 francs to balance an equal sum which his uncle would furnish to his son as a marriage portion.

At this point the consul naturally suggested that, the business being purely a family one, the admirer would do best to conduct it directly, and asked what the young lady's sentiments were, and if such round-about dealing were to her taste. To all which the ambassador calmly replied that his cousin had never exchanged a syllable with the young lady, but had only happened to see her at a glover's, having then and there decided to make her his own if the family and the funds were up to his standard; that, having failed in advancing himself by the interview sought with the father, he had had recourse to the consulate, hoping that some avenue of communication might be opened for him by official intervention. His touching confidence was, alas! misplaced, and the messenger went empty away.

A Paris Mob.

A correspondent speaks as follows of a Parisian mob: In the scenes of monkery and savagery combined women and *gamins* bore a conspicuous part. I saw a woman rush up to a carriage and snatch a manuscript from the hands of an officer, whereupon the officer knocked the woman headlong, and a soldier snatched the document from the women. This happened in the midst of a squad of cavalry, and the wonder was that the woman was not trampled to death. She scrambled up and made off. I saw a feeble old man beaten almost to death for handing his snuff-box to a German soldier. He was knocked over and jumped upon, but succeeded in scrambling into the ranks of his friends, "the enemy." Several saved their lives by the same tactics. Among them were two correspondents, one of whom was dragged along the pavement by the legs for some distance, before he could get free from his "enemy." He was recognized by a German officer with whom he had campaigned in the provinces. A few minutes after his interview he was surrounded and well-nigh murdered. One of the victims of his revengeful mania was an Englishman who had brought the English food for starving Paris and had just given a food ticket to a poor woman. And but for this woman's fib that she had known the gentleman for several years he might have been sacrificed on the spot to the noble rage of the grateful Parisians. When the Germans clicked their needle guns or brought their bayonets to the charge, you should have seen the mob skedadd