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For Others' Sake.

'Tis happiness to love our work
For its own sake,
And could we always, none would shirk,
Or dread to wake.

But life is long, and we may cease
To love our tasks;
Illusions pass, the sober days
Throw off their masks.

They front us with averted eyes
And faded bloom;
The spirit quails and almost dies
Before their gloom.

Ah! then we learn work has no worth
For its own sake;
And sordid are all tasks of earth
Till love partake.

For, truly, only love our lives
Can worthy make;
And he is happiest who most strives
For others' sake.

The Changed Cross.

'Tt was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and felt the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end, I should endure.

And, thus, no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, 'we walk by faith and not by sight,'
Doubting, and almost yielding, to despair,
The thought arose, my cross I cannot bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be,
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels, on silvery wings, seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then, one more fair, than all the rest to see;
One to whom all others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trustingly lay,
And, 'follow me,' he said, 'I am the way.'

Then speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one that was most beautiful to behold,
A little one with jewels set in gold;
Oh! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair they were to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me,
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;
Sorrowing, I said, 'This cross I may not bear.'

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my guide gently said, 'no cross, no crown.'

At length to him I raised my saddened heart,
He knew its sorrows, did its doubts depart.
'Be not afraid,' He said, 'but trust in me,
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee.'

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness, I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best;
The only one of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized my own old cross again!

But oh! how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see,
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Oh, no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me,
And so what e'er His love sees good to send,
I trust its best, because He knows the end.

Song from Goethe.

Many thousand stars are burning
Brightly in the vault of night;
Many an earth-worn heart is yearning
Upward, with a fond delight.

Stars of beauty, stars of glory,
Radiant wanderers of the sky!
Weary of the world's sad story,
Ever would we gaze on high.

A WIFE'S SECRET.

"The Lawrences are going abroad," said Robert Dana to his young wife one evening. "I met Tom to-day, and he said he and Carry would sail on the 26th, and the furniture be sold at auction."

"Oh, how we shall miss them! and what a pity to have that handsome old furniture scattered among strangers! We have had many happy times there, Robert."

"Yes, Annie; it was there I first saw you, do you remember; you were playing chess on that old Chinese chess-table, so absorbed that you did not see me come in; and I stood wondering who that little maid in blue could be. I don't like to have that table sold at auction, dear; I wish it would occur to Carry to send it to us as a farewell present."

"That would be very nice; but as she is not at all romantic, she has no idea how or why we value it."

"I suppose if I offered to buy it, Tom would not accept any pay; and then we should feel as if we had begged a present."

"Yes; and, besides, we can not afford it, Robert."

"How much is it worth?"

"It must have cost a hundred dollars when it was new; but I presume it will go for fifty, as it is somewhat defaced. We must not think of it, though, dear. You know the last of our 'luxury-fund' went for the Dickens reading, and we agreed to have no more treats till fall. I dare say we should not play very often if we had it—reading aloud is so much nicer."

Thus the brave, conscientious little woman turned away from the tempting theme, and it was not resumed between them. Annie Dana, however, had a great fund of that tough quality which is now blamed as "obstinacy," then praised as "firmness." The more she told herself the chess-table was unattainable, the more did a persistent inner voice reply, "I must have it!" But how? Dozens of schemes occurred to her, but none that seemed practicable. When she awoke in the night, the weary question flashed back, and with it, like an inspiration, its answer. She would write a story for the ——— *Magazine*, and so earn the needful money. Had she not at school, several years before, sent two or three anonymous stories to a country weekly, just for the frolic of it, and had they not been printed? To be sure, they were not paid for. She would almost have scorned money then, so deliciously sufficing was it to see her own words in print. But there must be the sordid reality of payment now; and how delightful to surprise Robert with the table, show him her article, and enjoy his appreciating praise! But before this dizzy climax could be reached, much must be done. What should she write about? When find time? How bid for the table? And all without Robert's knowledge? Absorbed in these questions, she appeared sadly absent during breakfast, greatly to her husband's surprise and mystification. After she had put two spoons in his saucer, asked for butter when already supplied, and poured maple syrup over her steak, he began to be alarmed, insisted on feeling her pulse, and inquired if she had slept well. Annie disclaimed sickness, but admitted that her night had been restless; and finally, to please him, promised to take a nap during the day. Never having concealed any thing from him before, the weight of a secret was far from pleasant; but she consoled herself by thinking how well it would all end. For the first time since she knew him, she was glad to have Robert go, so eager was she to be free to plan, perhaps to write, her story. Her usual duties about the house were faithfully performed; but the outline of a romance was flitting through her head all the time, and she was glad when free at last to sit down at her desk.

For an hour her pencil flew busily: ideas thronged at her bidding; words came freely to express them. The first sentence only troubled her. Five or six beginnings were made only to be scored out: this seemed too formal, that too abrupt, another too sentimental. She feared she must resort to the charming old formula, "Once upon a time." But the right words came at last, and then all went on bravely, till a neighbor came in, and the already-beloved heroine had to be exchanged for Robert's afghan and every-day chat. Then came other interruptions and duties; no more writing that day. The promised attempt at a nap occurred about half an hour before Robert's return, having been entirely forgotten till then; and though Annie lay on the sofa, with her eyes conscientiously closed, for fully fifteen minutes, her thoughts were on her heroine all the time, and once she sat up and made pencil memoranda on the back of a letter, hastily pocketed as her husband's step was heard. By the second night her plot was fully sketched in her mind, and it only remained to put it upon paper. Sometimes a whole day would pass, and not a moment of time could she find for writing, though exactly in the mood for it. Again, she would have leisure, but an almost unconquerable aversion to her pen; and if she tried to rally her powers by reading what was already written, it sounded like arrant nonsense; certainly no sane editor would accept it. The native persistency of her character, however, enabled her to finish her task, in defiance of many interruptions and discouragements, and the rough draft of her story was completed in two weeks. It was a funny-looking affair, on no less than twenty-three pieces of paper—half sheets and whole sheets, backs of envelopes and concert programmes; white, brown and tinted paper; some in pencil, some in ink—a most disreputable medley; but she was a happy little woman as she scrawled the last line, straightened her cramped shoulders, pushed her hair back from her flushed cheeks, and whispered, "Done at last!" A timely term of bad weather gave her leisure to copy it promptly. She was arranging her neat pages when Robert's step was heard on the piazza. She nervously crushed the MS. into her portfolio, and was just turning the key as her husband entered; but she looked so guilty and confused that he exclaimed,

"How, scared you look, Annie! Did you take me for a burglar?"

"Oh no; but aren't you early? There's no bad news, is there?"

"No, no, little woman; nothing of the kind. Been writing to mother? She'll be glad to hear from you. Are you going to let me read your letter?" Annie was in the closet getting his slippers, so he did not see her troubled face as she made some evasive answer, and changed the subject. Robert referred no more to her writing, and Annie believed his suspicions were not excited—that he would think of it no more. This was far from being the case, however.

The day before the Lawrences sailed Annie mailed her precious MS., under the *nom de plume* of "Cynthia Sullivan." She was very uneasy on her errand to the post, for fear some one might suspect her mission, and was glad to start on her way homeward, thinking herself unseen; but she was mistaken, for although her husband's office was in another part of the town, he saw her, and wondering at her strangely-agitated face, his jealous heart instantly suggested that she came from the direction of Tom Lawrence's office, as Tom had been an old and ardent admirer of hers. But he sought no explanation, and grew moody and sullen; his wife attributing his conduct to his old enemy, the dyspepsia.

As days went on she had her own inward anxiety to bear, for no reply came from the editors. Every other day she inquired at the post-office for "Cynthia Sullivan," but without success, till, at last, during the third week of suspense, an envelope bearing that name was actually handed out to her. Well was it that the postmaster was boxed in behind high wooden barriers, or he must have observed Mrs. Dana's strange agitation over the letter. She lost all sense of the ground beneath her feet as she hurried through the village, and out on a by-road, where, seated in a gap of the wall, behind a tangle of clematis vines and barberry bushes, she read, through happy tears, these beautiful words:

"*Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan:*

"DEAR MADAM,—Your MS., 'Stella's Summer by the Sea,' is accepted for ——— *Magazine*, and we herewith inclose for it our check for forty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Yours, etc."

There was the crisp, orange-lettered check, the more than realization of her wildest hopes! She felt that these editors were her dearest friends, and longed to do something to express her gratitude to them. It was almost too good to be true! and, as she walked happily home, one hand in her pocket clasping the wonderful letter, she feared she should wake and find it all a dream. Going in, she found on the table her husband's hat and an unopened letter, with a Liverpool post-mark, addressed to her in Tom Lawrence's well-known handwriting. Of course it was from Carry; she never *would* direct her own letters. But where was Robert? She went through parlor and sitting-room seeking him, tearing open the letter meanwhile. Not finding him, she was about going up stairs, but, remembering the precious check in her pocket, turned back, smiling happily as she recalled its contents, and locked it safely in her desk, quite unaware that Robert was watching her from behind the bay-window curtains. Yes, he had seen her come in, more joyously than for weeks past, with Tom's letter open in her hand; seen her look carefully about the rooms, hastily secrete a billet in her desk, and pocket the key. She never used to lock that desk, or have any secrets. To be sure, she showed him her letter afterward—but *that* was from Carry; the inclosure, so carefully hidden, was doubtless from Tom. And yet, while all his worst fears were thus revived, Annie's eyes were so pure and true, her manner so loving and happy, he could not doubt her long. After a night of reflection he resolved that if she had a secret it could not be an unworthy one: he would trust her and respect it. If her heart ever *did* regret its choice, he would win her back by patient tenderness; for he well knew that if man had a guardian angel, his little wife was his.

Now followed many happy weeks, during which Annie showed no absence of mind, made no mysterious journeys, received no private letters. Robert's resolutions were easily kept, and he almost forgot the perturbations of the summer. Coming home by an earlier train than usual, one frosty evening in November, as he turned up the hill from the station he saw his wife, a few rods before him, coming from the post-office with a letter in her hand. She went slowly homeward, reading as she walked, too much absorbed to hear him behind her. "What can interest her so?" he wondered. Just then the envelope, a common yellow one, fell from her hand and fluttered down the icy path toward him. He picked it up, intending to laugh at her carelessness, but one glance at the address drove all color from his face, all jesting from his mind. "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan," in a strange, masculine hand. For a moment Robert stood still; the November night seemed to close dark and cold around him with a chill that penetrated to his heart. Looking up at last, he saw his wife's light figure for an instant on top of the hill clearly traced against the lowering sky, then it turned into their own avenue and disappeared. Sintram-like the husband stood listening to the demon within him. Every half-forgotten mystery rose as an accusation against poor Annie, carrying all good resolutions away like a flood. "A secret correspondence! A feigned name! What could it all mean?" Crushing the hateful envelope in his hand, he strode fiercely on, determined to show it to her and demand to be told all. He reached his gate just as Annie entered the house. The light from within gleamed down the path a moment, then the door closed, and all was dark and cold.

"She does well," muttered Robert, bitterly; "she shut me out of her confidence long ago."

Suddenly the door re-opened. Annie came quickly out and down the avenue toward him. Does she see him? Oh no! She is searching for the lost envelope. Her husband drew back into the shadow of the hedge, watching unseen her flurried motions.

"What *shall* I do?" she exclaimed, in a low, troubled tone, close beside him.

His jealous mood swept over him like a wave; he stepped suddenly out before her, saying, in a cold, hard voice, as he thrust forward the envelope.

"Perhaps *this* is what you have lost!"

His unexpected appearance, passionate gesture and rude tone gave Annie a terrible shock. Starting backward, catching her breath with a gasp of fright and pain, she lost her footing on the icy slope, and fell down an embankment of several feet on to the carriage drive below. Terrified and remorseful, Robert was beside her instantly, only to find her lying, white and silent, on her side, her left arm broken under her. Neither of them ever knew very clearly what happened during the next half hour. Robert took his wife into the house. The doctor came, set her arm, prescribed for a disposition to fever, and ordered entire quiet. Annie scarcely spoke. The doctor was surprised to see one usually so bright and brave now apparently entirely subdued by pain. How could the good man know that the husband, whose loving concern was shown in every look and movement, had been the cause of the accident and of the mental distress, beside which the physical pain was as nothing? Annie had been perfectly aware of her husband's state of mind when he sprang out upon her. She knew that he suspected her of something wrong; that he was angry; had prejudged her cruelly. With all her sweetness of temper and warmth of heart, she had a good share of personal dignity and womanly pride; and to be condemned unheard, on a mere mystery of appearance, was more than she could well brook. She was too much hurt to offer any explanation. How could she when he had asked none? No; she lay perfectly still, submitting passively to all they did. Robert was more wretched than she, for he felt guilty. The white patience of his wife's face, her silence, and the bandaged arm across her breast reproached him horribly. He showed the doctor out, and returned to the chamber. Annie did not look up. Martha, the cook, who was very fond of her young mistress, was sitting beside her.

"If you please, Mr. Dana, I'll stay with her while you has your tea. It's all ready below, Sir."

Annie did not speak; so he went down and made a forlorn attempt at a meal. How empty the room was without its queen! how utterly desolate! He kept trying to think what he had said in that wild moment at the gate. He knew he had called her by every loving name while he was bringing her in, but he could not remember that she had returned one kiss, one loving word. She had only said, "Take care, Robert; it is broken;" and afterward, "Don't mind; it does not hurt much;" but her eyes had been averted, and her voice had a repressed tone he had never heard in it before. By-and-by he went back, sending Martha away. Annie's eyes were shut, but he felt sure she was not sleeping. Her cheeks were brightly flushed, her breathing rapid.

"She is as unhappy as I am," thought Robert. "How can she have the perfect repose the doctor ordered till we understand each other and are reconciled? This silence is killing us both. Somebody must speak first. It is she who is in the wrong, surely it is; and yet why can not I look at her and believe it? Why do I feel myself the guilty one?"

He leaned over his wife and studied her sweet face eagerly, as these thoughts agitated him. She felt him near, and yet how distant! Hot tears sprang to her closed eyes, hung on the thick lashes, ran over her burning cheeks, but she dared not look up. Pride was afraid of giving way. Robert saw her lip tremble, her tears fall, and he broke down.

"Oh, Annie, my wife, speak to me! look at me! I am afraid I have been harsh and cruel to you; but why, why do you have a secret from me?"

Wide open, honest, fearless were her eyes then.

"Robert! Robert! it was no harm. Could you not trust me? But I will tell you every thing. I never will have another secret. I have hated myself all the time. But it was only a story, for a surprise; and I am so glad that I need not be sly any more!" And then she burst into such wild sobbing and crying that Robert was fairly frightened.

He had never seen her beyond her self-control before, and, like all usually quiet and serene persons, her giving way was entire, and most distressing. It was a long time before she could tell her story coherently. In vain Robert begged her to wait till morning, assuring her that he was perfectly satisfied. She felt she could not sleep till every cloud was cleared away; so at last—interrupted by her own tears or laughter, by his tender caresses and self-reproaches—the whole history of the manuscript, the table, and letters was told. How the husband felt, as every link in the chain proved her so tender and true, can not be described. Suffice it to say that he, in his turn, laid bare all his heart before her, and that upon these hours of suffering and confession, of humiliation and joy, their mutual confidence and love were rebuilt upon a tried and perfected foundation. The next morning a reply was mailed to the editor's letter, the innocent cause of the trouble. It had contained merely a request for "permission to alter the name of Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan's story;" and, with Annie's acquiescence, the correspondence ceased, and "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan" was known no more in the literary world.

A few weeks later, on the evening before Robert's birthday, his wife failed to meet him at the door on his return from the city, but in the parlor he found her, blushing and radiant, sitting at the dear old chess-table, trying in vain to keep up the traditional look of absorption in her game. The only drawback to the correctness of the picture was the sling in which she was still obliged to carry her arm. Perhaps it was this which sent the rare tears to her husband's eyes as he kneeled beside her and held her close to his heart.

Thus the quaint old Chinese table became one of the most cherished of their household gods, the companion of many a cozy winter evening, the silent preacher to Robert against all impatience and suspicion—to Annie against any concealment or disingenuousness. When February's magazine was published, Annie's arm was entirely strong again, and she enjoyed to the full the long-desired pleasure of hearing her story read and praised by the voice dearer to her than all the world beside.

A HORRIBLE CASE.—A negro on the Gibraltar plantation, in Jamaica, aided by a woman, seized a little boy, cut his body, and drank his blood, then cut off his upper lip, which was roasted and ate. The child's cries were finally heard by a man in the neighborhood, who rescued the boy. The little fellow retained his senses, and lived long enough, notwithstanding the entrails protruding, to give the particulars of the manner in which he had been treated. Intense excitement prevailed in consequence of the terrible act.

Massachusetts Farms and Farmers.

According to the last census returns, the cash value of the farms in Massachusetts was $116,000,000, with more than $5,000,000 worth of farming implements and machinery. The chief of the Labor Bureau for that State reports that more attention is each year being paid to manufacturers and less to farming interests. The general complaint seems to be that farmers have to pay high wages for all the help they employ, much higher, in fact, than the prices received for their crops warrant. The result is, that money invested in farming does not pay as well as it would in some manufacturing industry. The head of the Labor Bureau, in discussing this question, says that the price of labor cannot come down and the result will be a change of investment. The concluding portion of the report of this official takes a somewhat discouraging view of things, more so, the Springfield *Republican* thinks, than the circumstances warrant. The report says: "The methods of agriculture are yet crude, though growing year by year more and more into accordance with the demands of the age. Neither capital will invest, nor intelligent labor work, at a business that yields so grudging a pittance. Small farms, like small workshops must yield to larger enterprise. Aggregate capital will therefore call for congratulated labor, and as the wages of a people cannot be permanently reduced, machinery must and will be introduced to cheapen products, and make farm labor, as it has all other, more expensive; for in farming, as in every other productive enterprise, cheap labor is dearest, and dear labor cheapest. We have said that the foreign laborer is getting possession of our badly located or sterile farms. This is doubtless true; and if the former owners migrate westward, or bring their skill to the better lands nearer the markets of cities, making such change of culture and crops as the change of market demands, it will be better for all concerned."

An Inextinguishable Signal Light.

A new signal light possessing most remarkable qualities, has now been brought out in England. Its peculiarities are, that it is self-igniting when placed in water or thrown out on the sea. Contact with water being the means of igniting the lamp, it is inextinguishable when once ignited; neither wind nor storm has any effect upon the flame. The light is of intense brilliancy, and of great duration, and can be seen for a distance in the open air. Photographs may be taken by it. Experiments were tried on the evening of the 25th of April, at ten o'clock, in the presence of some scientific gentlemen, to determine its brilliancy as a signal. A lamp was placed in a bucket of water on the top of Primrose Hill, London, and the light was so intense that one could see to read a newspaper at a distance of seventy feet, notwithstanding that the night was dark and foggy.

This light will burn forty minutes. In construction, the lamp is exceedingly simple, and so contrived that when once burnt the whole may be thrown away. The chemical preparation contained in the lamp is a solid, hard substance, free from danger; not affected by heat, and also non-explosive; and the signal is comparatively inexpensive. Its applications for marine signals are numerous. In case of shipwreck, a few lamps thrown on the sea would illuminate the entire scene, and enable assistance to be promptly and efficiently rendered. For rocket-line apparatus it is equally valuable, as, bursting into a flame on falling into the sea, it would indicate the position of the rocket-line. In connection with life buoys, it would be a mark to the drowning sailor.

"Nothing in the Paper."

The Richmond *Examiner*, has a spicy chapter on the subject of newspapers, elicited by the stereotyped remark of indifferent readers after scanning the "miniature world" of a daily issue of news, that "there's nothing in the paper." It says: "And men are always grumbling about their papers, and insinuating how much better they could do it. They talk as flippantly about "fine-articles" on every imaginable subject as if they could effect such a change. Let some of these over-running philosophers try it for one hundred and fifty days in succession. And then they think it is nothing to "select" for a newspaper, you have merely to run the scissors through a half dozen exchanges, and you have got matter enough. Now this is the most important, and the most difficult department to fill on a newspaper. Very few men have the slightest idea how to do such work. It requires a thorough newspaper man—who knows the public appetite well—who knows what is going on in the world—and who knows how to re-write and pack a column into a dozen lines. Men who skim a newspaper and toss it aside little reflect how much brains and toil have been expended in serving up that meal. Busy heads and busy hands have been toiling all day to gather and prepare those viands, and some vast building has been lit from cellar to garret all night to get the paper ready for the newsboy by crack of dawn. "Nothing in the newspaper?" Nothing in your heads, that's what's the matter."

Church Building in New York.

"Burleigh" writes to the Boston *Journal*, from New York: It is a perilous thing for a minister to undertake to build a church, in this region. One or two things usually happen, either the minister breaks down, or a new hand is required to fill and pay for the church. A pastor down town was several years getting his people to consent to move. The thing was fought vehemently, and was carried finally by a rupture through the centre of the church. The new house is approaching completion. It is commanding in position and large. One of the leading men in speaking of it casually down town the other day, said: "Yes, we have got a fine church, and we mean to have a star to fill the pulpit." When a lecture-room costs $80,000, the full church, with all its appointments, is rather an expensive matter. It is quite common to have a church cost from $200,000 to $300,000. One place of worship in New York has a loan upon it of a quarter of a million, As the insurance company that gave the loan take no security at over half the value, the cost of the church may be conceived. It takes from $15,000 to $25,000 to run a fashionable church. Seven thousand for the pastor; choir, $6,000; sexton, $2,500, with other corresponding expenses. The test of a man is his ability to fill the pews, and raise the pew rents. If he can do this he can stand on his head, and people won't complain.

THE OLDEN TIME.—The first meeting house in Wheelock, Va., was built in 1789. A curious vote was taken by the town for the purpose of selling off the pews. The record of it reads as follows: "Voted that the town be at the expense of rum for the venduing of the meeting house pews."

The prophecies from Deleware and Maryland are that the peach crop will yield 3,500,000 baskets—about half a million more than were gathered in 1869, which was the champion peach year.

"Cornering."

The operation of "cornering," as the term is, is played by brokers in the following manner: Four, five, six, or ten (as the case may be) brokers enter into an arrangement with each other to buy and get control of the entire stock of some company. They commence by depressing the stock as much as possible. To do this, they must all appear to be sellers, and cry down the price, representing it to be worth less and themselves heartily sick of everything pertaining to it. While they are publicly selling lots of one or two hundred shares, their agents or tools are buying all they can get hold of. As soon as they can buy all the cash stock they find in this way, they turn suddenly around and begin to buy on time. Parties not in the secret, of course, are willing to sell on thirty, sixty or ninety days—even though they do not possess the stock—thinking that before the expiration of that time they would be able to buy at a less price than they sell it at. In this way thousands of shares are sold, to be delivered at a future day, to the very men who own every share of the stock that has ever been issued. When the time arrives for delivery the sellers discover that there is no stock to be had but of the men to whom they has sold it. Of course they must pay whatever the owners choose to demand. If the game is well played, the cornerers will make as much in selling as they did in buying them. Should every one of the party prove true to his comrades, they will soon manage to get rid of the whole stock to outsiders at a high price. It will be readily seen that this is a very dangerous game unless well played; for should any of the parties interested "let fly" without letting the others know it, the game is up, and although he may make a fortune, it will be at the sacrifice of all the others.

Flowers and Children.

In an article on the influence of toys in educating and forming the tastes of children, Blanchard Jerrold writes charmingly on the subject of flowers. He says: I would have flowers crowded in the school-room windows of the very young. I would build broad open balconies for the baby scholars; where, during every daylight moment of fair weather, they might have fresh air, and bits of beauty, flowering under their inquiring eyes. I would have the Pouponniere of Brussels copied; making elementary education begin—not when a child has been already erected into a little monster by bad parents and evil surroundings; but in its protected cradle, in the first shaking of its rattle, and the first pointing of its fingers to pictures and plants. We should—or our children would—see the good results of such cradle teaching; of æsthetics thrown into the alphabet, into the toy-shop, the play-ground, and the adornments of the school-room. For the child that is alive to the simplest lessons and beauties of the field, that can delight in striving to imitate—if only with straw or paper—a beautiful form placed before it, is farther on the way to a higher education, even should subsequent events prove untoward in its path, than the creature of dull, unformed sight in infancy, who may be kept well at school under good masters. A feeling for the beautiful, a delight in it, which at present is almost unknown in England, is that which we shall strive after, not in art academies, but in infant schools and nurseries. The roughest Dutch doll is the Venus de Medica to the child that nurses it. We give the ugly thing to the child, and so make for ourselves the after-difficulty of proving that dolly is ugly. The remark applies to nearly all toys; certainly to all that are English.

New York Market.

The supply of vegetables in New York market is steadily improving, and prices are not exorbitant. Fine Bermuda potatoes sell at 60 cents a half-peck, string beans at 40 to 50 cents, cauliflowers at 25 to 50 cents, and other things in proportion. Fruit is plenty at moderate prices, strawberries bringing from 15 to 25 cents per basket; shortleberries, which have just made their appearance, sell for 25 cents per quart, and cherries from 15 to 25 cents. The meat market is not active. Porterhouse steak commands 30 cents a pound, sirloin steaks 20 to 25 cents, beef for roasting, 16 to 25 cents, and soup meat, 8 to 10 cents. Spring lamb sells for 20 cents, and mutton for 10 cents. Veal sells from 12 to 15 cents, fresh pork from 12½ to 13 cents. Butter brings from 20 cents for ordinary to 35 cents for prime; eggs, 20 to 25 cents per dozen. The prices of fowls are 25 cents per pound for turkeys, $3 to $4 per pair for geese, $1.50 per pair for ducks, $1.25 for Spring chickens, and other fowls $2 to $3 per pair.

HOW PANAMA HATS ARE MADE.—The process of making Panama hats is as follows: The leaves of the Pandamus, or Seren pine, from which these hats are made, are gathered before they unfold, the ribs and coarser veins are removed, and the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf, is reduced to shreds. After having been put in the sun for a day, and tied into a knot, the straw is immersed in boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place, and consequently bleached for two or three days, after which the straw is ready for use. The plaiting of the straw commences at the crown and finishes at the brim, and is a very troublesome operation. The hats are made on a block placed on the knees, and require to be constantly pressed with the breast. The coarser hat may be finished in two or three days, but the finest may require as many months.

THE LOCUST.—The Albany *Argus* throws some light on the invasion of the West by the "seventeen year locust," which the West so much dreads. It appears that the "locust" is no locust at all, but is the *cicada septemdecim*; nor yet is it harmful, for it cannot devour vegetation, as it has no jaws for eating, but merely a haustellum for sucking, which, however, it seldom or never uses. Its life lasts only from ten days to three weeks, and during this time it does nothing but fly about, then it deposits its eggs and dies. The only injury done by these insects is noticed when they hurt trees by piercing them in order to deposit their eggs. They appear every year in some parts of the country, but not in the same locality, as the eggs are not hatched until they have lain for seventeen years.

New cheap cabs have lately been introduced by Dodd's Transfer Company, New York City, and are received with much favor. Fifty have been ordered and ten are already in use. The carriage is called the "Crystal," the whole upper portion, except the top and corners, being of glass. The door is in the rear, and the seats, on the sides, accommodate four persons. The interior is substantially upholstered with morocco, and top is frescoed. Each cab costs about $1,600, horses and harness included. The drivers are uniformed with blue coats and navy caps. The rate of fare will be about $1 an hour for the use of the vehicle.

THE amendment to the Connectiout Constitution, submitting to the people the question whether there shall be one capital or two, was defeated in the House by 145 to 87.

Under the Bark.

Taken roughly, all the creatures which are found under the bark may be divided into two classes, namely, those which have resorted there for shelter during the cold months of Winter, and those which feed upon the bark or the substance of the tree itself. The former can always be found under the bark of old trees, especially oaks and willows. The latter, however, are the most prolific in insect life. In many old willows the bark is slightly separated from the trunk for many feet, and although no external sign be given of this fact, the hollow sound which is returned when the outside of the tree is tapped is a sufficient proof. On carefully removing one of these sheets of bark from the tree, a most extraordinary sight is often presented.

The space between the bark and wood is a vast camp of insect armies, their white and glittering tents being set so closely together that there is not room for a finger's tip between them. Under the bark also flourish certain colonies of flat white cryptogams, which spread themselves in fan-like rays, and almost rival the silken insect tents in whiteness. Now and then comes a circular tent, through which can be seen a quantity of little yellow globular objects. The character of the silk tells us that the nest is certainly that of a spider, and we just pull off a little of the cover to get a better view of the eggs. Scarcely has the tip of the forceps stretched the silken roof, than a simultaneous stir becomes apparent through the eggs, and all at once they suddenly start into life, unpacking in some mysterious way the limbs which had been folded round their globular bodies, and all running about busily and aimlessly as the inhabitants of a disturbed ants' nest. In fall the seeming eggs are not eggs at all, but very young spiders, which have only just been hatched, and are waiting for warmer weather before they make their appearance in the world. This same space between the bark and the wood is a favorite resort of many moth caterpillars. Led by instinct they proceed to the tree and climb up the bark, seeking for some recess in which to pass their short period of helpless existence. In comparatively young trees they content themselves with the crevices formed by the rugged and knotty bark, but in old trees, such as have been described, they manage to discover some aperture through which they crawl into the large sheltered space and there spin their silken home. Careful investigation shows that however safe such a retreat may be for the insect while in its pupal or chrysalis condition, it is little more than a trap for the perfect insect. For not only are spiders' eggs to be found "under the bark," but spiders themselves also take up their residence there, and find ample subsistence in the many insects that have found their way under the bark and cannot find their way out again. Of all the insects which hibernate in the crevices of the bark, by far the greater number seem to be the chrysalides of various moths, which, as a rule, hide themselves so well that they need a practiced eye to see them, and even though the greatest care be taken, are often accidentally destroyed. It is extremely provoking, after selecting an apparently safe spot for the chisel, to see a white creamy fluid run along the blade, and then to know that the tool has passed through the body of a chrysalis which has hidden itself so cleverly as to escape observation. The most successful of these hiders is the Puss Moth, (*Cerura vinula*,) the chrysalis of which lies hidden in a singularly ingenious cocoon. When the caterpillar is full fed, it crawls to the trunk of the tree and looks about for a crevice in the rough bark. Into this crevice it insinuates itself, and begins at once to nibble the bark into tiny chips, which it fastens together with silk-fluid discharged from its spinerets, and so makes a cocoon which completely shelters it. Owing to the materials of which the cocoon is made, it exactly resembles the bark, and can scarcely be distinguished from it; and as the caterpillar took care to retire into the crevice before spinning, the surface of the cocoon does not project beyond that of the bark in general. Very often when the eye fails in detecting a cocoon, the touch succeeds, the material of the cocoon being soft; but this is not the case with the Puss Moth, whose cocoon is much harder than the bark of which it was made, the silk-fluid forming a wonderfully firm and tough cement.

As for the woodlice, millipedes armadillos and centipedes, they swarm under the bark, especially the woodlice, whose dried and white skeletons can be seen by hundreds, showing at once their crustaceous descent. Earwigs, also, are sure to appear in great force, and, as is their wont, do not lose their presence of mind when disturbed, but make their way instinctively for the nearest crevice, and wriggle their little bodies out of reach almost before they have been seen. —*The Dark Blue.*

Superstitions of Vampires.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "From a case now before the high tribunal at Berlin we learn that the superstition of vampires—corpses who are supposed to rise from their graves at night and suck the blood of those with whom they have held intercourse in life—is still general among the Poles and Magyars. A Polish gentleman died at his country seat at Roslasin in February last, leaving his family in excellent health. A few weeks after his death, however, his eldest son was suddenly and unaccountably taken ill, his short sickness ending in death. Similar cases, though not fatal, occurred among his near relatives. It was at once agreed that the deceased must be a vampire, and that his visits were the cause of this repeated illness. To save himself from the fate of his brother, the second son determined to apply the supposed only remedy, viz.: to exhume the body, cut off his head, and lay it with the feet, while another person was to collect the blood issuing from the wound to give the remaining relatives a drink. He obtained the assistance of a laborer, naturally at a heavy price, but was prevented on his first expedition by the interference of the parish priest. The next attempt proved more successful, and the deed was accomplished. It had been observed, however, by some person in the village, and was thus brought to the knowledge of the authorities. The absurd superstition threatens to cost the descerator of the churchyard a three months' imprisonment. That was the verdict in the first instance, and though the Court Appeal has cancelled the sentence, the High Tribunal seems resolved to confirm it."

BE CAREFUL.—The Jackson (Miss.) *Pilot* says: "Five persons have recently been found dead in the southern part of this State, under mulberry trees. Death in all these cases have been attributed to eating mulberries which had been impregnated by locusts. 'In the stomach of one colored boy,' says the Woodville *Republican*, 'were found a quantity of mulberry seeds and the locust eggs.' Two children in Wilkinson County are also reported to have died from eating plums similarly impregnated.

"Look here, boy," said a nervous old gentleman to an urchin, who was munching sugar candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No, I ain't; I'm a-gnawing this sugar candy," replied the urchin.

Clipping Polish Beards and Trowsers.

According to the *Breslauer Zeitung*, whose authority on such matters we can not doubt, the Russian ukase prescribing a change of costume to the Jews in Poland has not met with as ready obedience as was expected. The long coats have, indeed, been easily disposed of; whenever the owners refused to shorten them the police obligingly took the task off their hands. The curls have undergone similar treatment. But as the myrmidons of the law are not as skillful in handling the needle as the shears, the trowsers have for the most part remained as short as before. The provision exciting most resistance is that ordering the chin to be shaved; barber's work seems a ticklish matter for policemen to undertake; the Jews, on the other hand, venerate their beards almost as a sacred thing; they would as soon think of cutting their throats as their beards. The Warsaw police still allow the latter, shunning all application of force as apt to produce disturbances; but in provincial towns a crusade has been opened against them.

At Goica the police began the campaign by an experiment on an old man of about eighty, who was perforce spoiled of his beard in the public market-place. The old man's cries speedily attracted numbers of fellow-creedsmen anxious to rescue their Nestor. No better opportunity could have been desired. As fast as the men arrived they were seized, forced into chairs, and shaved in rather too hurried and rough a manner to be pleasant. The lamentations of the helpless victims are described as touching. The authorities are, however, mightily pleased with their success, and are said to intend adopting the same method in other towns, until the law imposed by the paternal Government shall have been everywhere complied with.

Ingenious Thieving.

The London *Daily News* says: An example of the action of the Detective patrol is given by the Paddington Superintendent. One evening, Detective Urben and Police Constable Smith saw two respectably-dressed women loitering in Westbourne Grove. They were soon joined by a grey-haired gentleman, who carried a great coat on his arm. In a few minutes he left them and returned wearing the coat. The three sauntered along until they came to a considerable group of ladies who were around the window of a print shop. The police went into an opposite shop and watched. Presently the man came out of the group and stood where he could command a view of the street. After awhile one of the women joined him and handed him something, which he put in an inner pocket of the great coat; she then returned to her female companion, and the two placed themselves one on each side of a lady who was looking in at a print shop window. In a few moments, one of them came out to the man, and again handed him something, very much like a purse, which he put in his pocket. The policeman followed the lady, ascertained that her purse was gone, and then, with the detective, arrested the women and their companion. Two purses were found upon them, they were all three proved to be old offenders, and they were sent off for seven years' penal servitude. Such occurrences as these are happening frequently.

Trimming with Laces.

Very fine white muslin dresses, which are to be worn only on dressy occasions, are trimmed with point duchesse lace. The lace resembles Honiton, and at three and four inches in width, ranges in price from seven to nine dollars a yard. For black silk and black grenadine, black dutchesse enjoys an equal degree of favor. Valenciennes retains popularity, though such good imitations are made of this favorite lace, that it is sometimes difficult for even a connoisseur to tell the genuine French article from the Italian and German imitations. In the latter the patter