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Poetry.

Heartsease.

Of all the bonny buds that blow
In bright or cloudy weather,
Of all the flowers that come and go
The whole twelve months together,
This little purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the sweetest, saddest things.

I had a little lover once,
Who used to give me posies,
His eyes were blue as hyacinths,
His lips were red as roses,
And everybody loved to praise
His pretty looks and winsome ways.

The girls that went to school with me
Made little jealous speeches,
Because he brought me royally
His biggest plums and peaches,
And always at the door would wait
To carry home my book and slate.

They couldn't see—with pout and shrug—
The mighty fascination
About that little cushioned chair
To win such admiration;
As if there weren't a score of girls
With silver eyes and longer curls.

And this I know as well as they,
And never could see clearly
Why more than Martha or May
I should be loved so dearly.
So once I asked him, why he chose
He only answered with a kiss.

Until I teased him—"Tell me why—
I want to know the reason,"
When from the garden bed close by
(The pansies were in season)
He plucked and gave a flower to me
With sweet and simple gravity.

"The garden is in bloom," he said,
"With lilies pale and slender,
With roses and verbenas red,
And fuchsias' purple splendor;
But over and above the rest,
This little heartsease is the best."

"And your life heartsease, then?"
I asked with blushing pleasure:
He answered yes! and yes again—
Heartsease is all dearest treasure;
That the round world and all the sea
Hold nothing half so sweet as me!

I listened with a proud delight
Too rare for words to capture,
Nor ever dreamed what sudden blight
Would come to chill my rapture.
Could I foresee the tender bloom
Of pansies round a little tomb?

Life holds some stern experience,
As most of us discover,
And I've had other losses since
I lost my little lover;
But still this purple pansy brings
Thoughts of the saddest, sweetest things.

Miscellany.

Filthy Lucre.

"There's no such thing as money in this country!" was the exclamation of an Englishman a few years ago after a brief sojourn in New York. It happened in this way: The Englishman, in the course of his business, found it necessary to obtain an advance on some merchandise. He made the usual arrangements with a large commercial house to accommodate him. On going to consummate it and receive the cash, he was a good deal surprised when, in lieu of it, the senior member tendered to him the acceptance of the firm payable at ninety days' date. "What am I to do with this?" he inquired. "Take it to B, B. & Co." (naming some well-known bankers) was the reply. "They will give you the money at the legal rate." The Englishman did as directed. He met with no difficulty. The paper was acceptable, and although our hero did not touch the cash, he received a check for the proper amount on a neighboring bank. Thither he repaired in the full confidence of having something tangible. He was mistaken. The individual at the bank to whom he presented the check for payment seized it nervously, and, in a rapid, incoherent manner, scrawled some hieroglyphics on its face, and thrust it back into the hands of its astonished owner, motioning him at the same time to stand aside for the comer. The check had been duly "certified." That was what the scrawl across its face meant. In a state of suspense and anxiety the Englishman betook himself to the person to whom he was indebted, and timidly exhibited what he had to offer. To his surprise his friend's countenance brightened. "Many thanks!" he exclaimed. "By the way, this amount is too large; there will be someting over a hundred dollars coming to you," and he proceeded to fill a check for it. The Englishman groaned in spirit. It was only another "piece of paper." And then it was he exclaimed, "There is no such thing as money in this country!"—*Galaxy.*

An Odd Genius.

An Irishman died, a few weeks ago, in London, whose career and attainments entitle him to a niche in the annals of literature. The deceased was about fifty years of age, and was as odd a figure as one could meet in a day's ride. He was small, but firmly knit, generally wore a white hat and a dress coat, and always had an old volume under his arm. He was a confirmed book-worm. Mezzofanti was hardly a more accomplished linguist. Mortimer was a graduate of the University of Dublin, and deeply versed in classic lore, but he added a polish to his erudition by his intimacy with at least a dozen modern tongues. He spoke French, German, Russian, Polish, Spanish, Italian, Modern, Greek, Turkish, Arabic, Irish, and Danish with fluency. In his youth he had been cabin-boy in an American bark, and subsequently became a medical student in Paris, but had to leave it on account of his connection with the June insurrection of '48.

He was a very strong man, and utilized his strenght by taking an engagement as a Hercules in a circus in Australia. By turns he gave lectures on Shakspeare through Germany, was a Greek professor at Hamburg, had a troupe of Spanish ballet-dancers in Holland, and was a companion of Sir William Don, the baronet actor, in his wildest continental frolics. In his time he had been tutor to Charles Lever's children at Florence. He came to the surface one day in the employment of Tom Thum; another in the company of Murphy the Irish giant, who was a distant cousin. He had been in London since the Franco-Prussian war, which ruined him in fortune. His learning was of little profit to him, for he died very poor in a ward of a hospital, and is buried in a nameless grave.

A ludicrous incident occurred at Haymarket Theatre, London, recently. Miss Edith Gray appeared as *Juliet*. She was about to pledge *Romeo* in poison, and was exclaiming, "I drink to thee!" when a soda-water bottle burst with a loud explosion in the gallery. *Juliet* had enough presence of mind not to heed the formidable interruption, but the public went into convulsions.

A BETTER COUNTRY.

Joe Trestle was very drunk. Day passed over him, and night begun to howl around, while he lay motionless as a mummy on the low bank of Ramp Run, under a sycamore tree. All its leaves quivered with the storm's breath. The storm came roaring over hills and tramping through woods; blotting out twilight and drenching the ground. It washed Joe Trestle as he had not been washed for years. Ramp Run rose to the storm as a willing child springs to its mother.

Water, we know, is rum's foe to extermination. Water pursued rum through Joe Trestle's jaws, his boots, his skull. By continued dashes and shocks it brought him back to the world. He sat up in a broad glare, and saw the world as it were on fire. But instant darkness buried him. He heard the long, whistled sound of falling trees, the roar of air and water, and also, he thought, a child's cry.

Joe, suspected it might be the judgment; but being a stolid fellow, he clutched the sand and made no remarks. If it were the judgment, he "didn't feel prepared." But he never expected to "feel prepared," like less soaked sinners. He was altogether vile. There was no spot in him whereon character might be started, except a faint desire, hid and aching somewhere, to be better than he was. Joe had staggered past his best years. At this period, he was willing to sell his ancestor's tomb-stones, his own ears, or even his wife's chignon—if he had had a wife—for a satisfactory drink. Boys patronized him on the streets, and played tricks on him, when he tucked himself up like a chrysalis under stairway or fence. People looked forward to Joe Trestle's making a morning item by getting ground under trains or frozen to the gutter over night, when he could at last be utilized by the community, and utilized thus: "See there, my son, Joe Trestle went to school with me; he was a bright boy, and everyone expected he would make his mark. *That* is all the mark Joe Trestle has ever made. What is the cause of this? Rum, my son;—drunkenness!"

When churches revived their zeal, and Christians began to polish their armor, all denominations seized on Joe Trestle and tried to reform him. They voted at elections to license liquor traffic; and at ordinary times this victim of it was too mean for their notice; but when they turned from business to religion, he was in demand. He felt it, and took a sly pride in being hassoed from all the pulpits, exhorted and prayed over. They gave him money and old clothes, which he spent at saloon backdoors. Thus they tried to inject a life through his veins which had never touched him inwardly.

Joe had married a wife, and beaten her with many stripes; when the poor thing could bear it no longer, she crept from his sight and died. The knowledge that he had a child, a daughter, somewhere, touched his brain; but as she never crossed his way, it was jostled aside by the more pressing affairs of his business—getting something to drink.

A young people's temperance society once took Joe in hands. He signed the pledge faithfully every week, and was sure to get out of the ditch to be reinstated at lodge. But even they, young and hopeful, gave him up. Joe Trestle was a wreck that could not be reconstructed. No religion nor respectability could reach him. He must go his own way, drink his last drink—die like a brute, and go—where? Lord have mercy on Joe Trestle's soul!

It was a child's cry, human and reaching, so that it cut across the winds.

Joe stood up in the deluge. He didn't know just what to do, but bent on doing something for aid, he put both fists to his mouth and roared like a gorilla.

Again the child's cry—"Oh! oh!"

"Where air ye?" hooted Joe.

But his voice, lacking the sharp tenor of childhood, was drowned. Wandering nearer him, came the pitiful wailing—"Oh!—oh!"

"Maybe the Banshee, that the Irish tell about, thought Joe, "or Ad Fox's ghost, what killed himself down in the crick holler!"

The sky burst and split a broad, awful glare, in which Joe saw woods, and muddy expanse of waters, and shining earth, forming background for a little girl; who, as she thus saw him, put more terror and despair in her crying, and flew blindly against bushes.

"Come yer!" bawled Joe, "I won't hurt ye! I'm nobody but Joe Trestle! Come yer and tell me what's the matter!"

Strangely, as soon as she heard his name, the child dropped her fears. She groped and called: Joe groped and called: till she got his hand and stood with him under the tree.

Another flash revealed her a sad-faced child, with hair like rag-weed, and dress of pauper home-spun. Her eyes were lifted to him. She must have seen he was bloated; unreliable. But her hand crutched his; she staid her faith and safety on his company.

"Was ye skeert?" yelled Joe.

"Yes, most to death. And I couldn't git acrost, and she said if I didn't git back 'fore dark, she'd put me in the house where the crazy folks is!"

"*Who* said?"

"Miss Smith, what keeps the poor-house. She sent me on an errant. I just ran till I couldn't breave; and it turned black and commenced to storm! I couldn't find the footbridge; every time I started out where it was, I'd git into water. Its washed off, and now how'll I ever git over, and she aiming to put me in the crazy house if I stayed till after dark!"

Joe was so sober he began to think.

"Come back nere a bit. See if there ain't a holler in this tree. *Is* too! And its a tol'able sized trunk. Crawl in there, and it'll kind o' shield ye from the wet. Powerful watery spell! That's comf'table, hey?"

"Its wet in here, but tain't so chilly."

"That's better. Now you just take it easy, sissy. Miss Smith or none o' them poor-house red-tapes is goin' to lay a finger on ye. She never put ye in the crazy-house, did she?"

"Yes—oh—h—h!" shuddered the child.

"What for! and did it skeer ye?"

"She said it was for sassin' her. She was tellin' a man what my father was, and I said he *wasn't neither*! And she—"

"What's your father's name?"

"Joe Trestle."

Joe gulped a throat full of air.

"And she ketched me by the arm and put me right in their hall. Oh, you don't know how awful 'tis! They're behind iron winders; but they look into the hall and yell and make faces, and grab like they'd tear yer to pieces! I got down in a corner with my dress over my head, and said over and over to myself what grandma Lane teached me."

"What was that?"

"'For we look for a better country!' Its in a big book she calls the Bible. It tells a heap of things, but she says that over the most. So, says I—'we look for a better country!' and it made me think of another kind of a place."

"What's your name?" asked Joe tremulously.

"Sylvie Trestle."

"I'm your father, ain't I?" put in Joe humbly.

"Yes, I knowed it."

The storm was at full height. It was autumnal equinox, and full of fury. The little girl shivered. Joe crouched nearer and felt for her shaggy head. He got it against his shoulder, and cooed softly to his child.

"Do you hate me?"

"No," said Sylvie, "I *like* ye!" cuddling her hands under his neck, thus reaching and wringing Joe Trestles' heart.

"And I've got a little girl! And that woman 'buses her! And I might be puttin' as good a house as any of 'em over her this minute, instead of bein' like a pig! There's nothin' and nowheres for us now!" he muttered to himself; the child caught his last words; to them she answered, turning up a quick face—

"Yes, there's the bettur country!"

The better country had seized strongly on her imagination.

"Oh! that ain't for nobody but religious folks, and *they've* got to die on the square to git in! That's nowhere for me!"

"Grandma Lane said," propounded Sylvie, rising to her subject and her parent's ear, "that the better country's for the people of God, and them's whoever come to Him!"

"Yes, I know, church folks. They've had me up and tried to religious me. But it comes on me to drink, and drink I must! Wish there was a place where I could do better! I think thoughts, but that didn't mend me. Ain't clean enough for this world, and what show is that for gittin' into a better one?"

Joe Trestle saw himself sneaking before the Lord of Worlds!

Sylvie laid out her simple creed. It was a rope of only two strands: "We look for a better country through Him who died for us. And though no unclean thing may enter there, He washes the unclean, making it fit to enter."

It penetrated Joe Trestle to the quick. And the deluge penetrated to his bones.

"Seems to me we're gittin' swamped, Sylvie! don't you feel as if you was settin' in water?"

"Yes,"—and with quick perception, "its the Run! its over the banks!"

"And we're hived here on the low side with an arm of the stream 'twixt us and the bluff! I was so drunk I forgot! Oh Lord, child, we're hemmed in by water!"

Sylvie began to cry fearfully; Joe fondled her and felt courageous. Holding hands they groped round the tree; such a current washed their ankles, they dared not venture far. Lightning showed them they were in the midst of a multitude, the roar of which filled their ears.

"We've got to climb for't!" said Joe.

It seemed hours before he got his little girl above the gathering wave, and hours again before his lax muscles dragged him after her. They sat on a sycamore limb, he gripping her to him, and watched the waves through flashes, like two refugees from Noah's flood.

"What is it about your better country?" asked Joe.

"We look for a better country!"

It was a long night. His child was very heavy on his arm. They were both stupefied with chills, and Joe was no wiser, no stronger, than Sylvie. He had weakened his flesh and softened his courage; but he held on, and the strong desire to save his child cleared the mists of drink away.

"Wake up, girlie!" begged Joe under his wing, "'fraid this holler trunk is going to be swept off!—Did ye say ye did'nt like your good-for-nuthin' father?"

"*Liked* him!" corrected Sylvie, clinging feebly.

"*Lord bless my little 'un, and look of me!*"

A twist—a crack! The Run was flowing like a mill dam!

These two were alone—far from help. People were housed and happy, in towns and farm-houses, sleeping under the wing of the good God who keeps all His.

"What is't ag'in, girlie?" breathed Joe

"We look for a better"—

Then the world came to an end to these two; when breaking timber, cold, fast water, bruising logs, confused their battling souls, Joe kept tight hold of his little girl. He struck out for support, but could not see—was whirled and blinded. It was not for long, though.

For presently, still clasped to one another, they floated down stream, and into a better country!—*Household Magazine.*

Manners.

I make it a point of mortality never to find fault with another for his manners. They may be awkward or graceful, blunt or polite, polished or rustic. I care not what they are, if the man means well and acts from honest intentions, without eccentricity or affectation. All men have not the advantage of "good society," as it is called, to school themselves in all its fantastic rules and ceremonies, and if there is any standard of ceremonies, and if there is any standard of manners, it is one founded in reason and common sense, and not upon these artificial regulations.

Manners, like conversation, should be extemporaneous, and not studied. I always suspect a man who meets me with the same perpetual smile on his face, the same congeing of the body, and the same premeditated shake of the hand. Give me the hearty—it may be rough—grip of the hand—the careless nod of recognition and when occasion requires, the homely but welcome salutation—"how are you, my old friend!"

The Gods are Hungry.

Never did war, among either savage or civilized peoples, assume so sinister an aspect, as when it was carried on under the guise of religion, to furnish those human banquets which some peoples have thought it necessary to lay before their gods. That "the gods were hungry," was the cause of wars among many ancient races, but notably so among the Mexicans. The object of wars among the Aztecs was far less territorial or personal aggrandizement than the procuring of human victims to place before their deities. More than two thousand of such victims, upon a moderate estimate, were annually sacrificed in the Mexican temples, and in some years more than a hundred thousand human beings are believed to have perished in this manner. They also had a yearly sacrifice to one of their idols, in which the victim was a beautiful youth, who was worshiped as a god for a whole year before he was killed.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Character of Southey.

Southey went rarely into society; scarcely knew by sight any of the country-people living near him; never rode on horseback; took no outdoor exercise save that of walking, and this often from a mere sense of duty, and with a book in his hand; and, although living in one of the loveliest spots in all England, and not insensible to its charms, preferred the shelves of his library to the finest prospect in the world. He found his relaxation where he found his daily labor, within the walls of his study. "I can't afford," he wrote, "to do one thing at a time; no, nor two neither; and it is only by doing many things that I contrive to do so much; for I cannot work long at any thing without hurting myself, and I do every thing by heats; then, by the time I am tired of one, my inclination for another is at hand."

Southey was an affectionate husband and a fond father; and whenever, in his correspondence, he alludes to his home happiness, it is with a tenderness and warmth of feeling that are eminently beautiful. Moreover, he was a constant, and, at all times, noble friend, ready even when in straits himself to help with money or with his pen those who were more straitened. No one ever acted better the part of the good Samaritan, and while he never forgot a benefit received, it would seem as if his own magnanimous charity had no place in his memory. The story of his life abounds in instances of the most generous self-denial, and of a steadfast goodness of heart which never shrank from the demands made upon it. Heavily burdened as he was with work, he was continually accepting fresh literary labor in order to benefit others; nor was this all, for he received, under his own roof, his wife's widowed sister, Mrs. Lovell; and when Coleridge, in that strange waywardness of mood which his vice of opium-eating can alone explain, deserted his wife and children, it was with Southey that they found a home. There is a beautiful anecdote given by Lockhart of a poor music-master offering Scott all his savings in the hour of his adversity; a similar story may be told of Southey, who, when his friend May, an early benefactor of the poet, fell into difficulties, sent him more than six hundred pounds, which was all the money he possessed. If the poet had strong and generous affections he was also a good hater, but this feeling was shown to principles rather than to persons, and if, which was not seldom, political animosity led him to write bitterly against his antagonists, there was not one of them for whom, after the moment of writing, he retained an unkindly feeling. It is said that he seldom spoke harshly of any man with whom he had once conversed; he had too large a heart for petty animosities, and he was wholly free from envy. At the time when a whole year's sale of a ponderous epic failed to produce the poet five pounds, Scott was gaining his thousands, but not a word of bitterness falls from Southey on this score; and the praise he bestowed on his contemporaries, a few of them more distinguished than himself, but the larger number men of far inferior power, is frequently more generous than just. Although not, as we have said, a sociable man, he had the good fortune to know intimately most of the illustrious authors who made the early part of this century so famous, and, long before Wordsworth had received the public recognition which was his due as the greatest poet of the age, Southey, like Coleridge, expressed his admiration of his friend and neighbor in no niggard terms. This noble trium virate, by-the-way, reminds us that probably not since Shakespeare's day have three men of equal mark lived together on terms of intimacy and affection. Landor called them "three towers of one castle," and, as all the world knows, they have been absurdly classed together as forming a school of poetry.

Southey had but little ear for harmony, and it was therefore all the more unfortunate for his fame that he elected to write his "Thalaba" in a novel metre, which is without the dignity of heroic blank verse, or the soothing, satisfying charm of rhyme. Landor saw his friend's mistake in this respect, and observed, very justly: "Are we not a little too fond of novelty and experiment, and is it not reasonable to prefer those kinds of versification which the best poets have adopted and the best judges have cherished for the longest time?" But Southey, on the contrary, was well pleased with his experiment, thinking that, while it gave the poet a wider range of expression, it satisfied the ear of the reader. So far is this from being the case, that no one familiar with the lovely harmony of Shelley's verse, or with the delicate music of Coleridge, to say nothing of earlier and later poets, is likely to gain delight from the strange and fitful, and sometimes jarring notes of Southey. But there is strength in his verse, if not harmony, and "Thalaba," while it has its wildernesses and arid deserts, can also boast, as indeed all Southey's epics may, many a fair scene of richness and beauty. Splendor of diction and felicity of description occur frequently, but frequently also the action halts, the verse drags, and the reader feels inclined to resign himself to slumber. On the whole, perhaps, the erudition lavished on the poem is more striking than its poetical wealth, and it is sometimes a relief to turn aside from the text to the curious and highly-entertaining notes which serve to illustrate it. Southey himself judged "Roderick" to be the finest of all his poems, and Landor, in writing to him, said: "There is no poem in existence that I shall read so often." Charles Lamb, however, an admirable judge, and Wordsworth also, preferred "The Curse of Kehama," and, without endeavoring to compare the value of the two works, there can be no doubt that they are the poet's greatest and least wearisome efforts. It is singular that in none of Southey's epics are there passages which lay hold of the memory, and become, as it were, a part of one's life. No doubt, the first consideration of the poet should be to have a worthy action, and the more he strives after this object, the less will he concern himself with the beauty of particular passages, but the lack of what may be called "beauties" in Southey's poetry is due, we think, less to the severity of his taste than to the diffusiveness of his style, which has, as it were, no points for the memory to lay hold of. With all their deficiencies, however, the student of English poetry can never pass by with indifference these elaborate productions but he is not likely to agree with Macaulay that Southey's poems, taken in the mass, rank far higher than his prose works.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

"Did you ever go to a military ball?" asked a lisping maid of an old veteran. "No, my dear," growled the old soldier; "in those days I once had a military ball come to me. And what do you think it did? It took my leg off!"

The Tomb of a Lovely Lady

Anna Brewster writes that the gem of monuments in the Lucca Cathedral is "by Jacopo delle Quercia (1388-1428), the master of Donatello. It is of the wife of one of the rulers of Lucca in the early part of the fifteenth century. Her husband was that Paolo Guinigi who gave premiums to every peasant that planted a chestant tree in the Lucchese Province. The Guinigi was a powerful family that ruled Lucca wisely from 1380 to 1480. This tomb is of the second wife of Lord Paolo, and the figure on it is said to have been a portrait. Her name was Ilaria del Carretto. The figure, life-size, lies as if sleeping on a couch, dressed in the costume of the day. The gown, a long robe which covers the pointed shoes, is bound in at the waist by a belt; it has a high ruff, buttoned by a long row of small buttons, which run from the pretty chin down, following the slope of the throat to the breast; the cuffs at the wrist are buttoned in the same manner. The head-dress is very peculiar; it is a turban or thick fillet, divided off by narrow bands of little flowers. I fancy this thick roll must have been covered with some sort of rich stuff, velvet or satin, and that these bands of flowers were gems, a sort of chain or band of jewelled flowers wrapped around the roll. But the beauty of the face is enchanting; the features are delicate and refined; the mouth and chin delicious; the eyelids soft and exquisitely shaped; the brow almost infantile. Part of the fine nose has been injured, for this beautiful tomb was thrown into a cellar and forgotten for centuries. At the feet is a short-haired dog who looks as if placed there to watch his sleeping mistress. Her husband must have prized her beauty as well as her memory; for, after her death, he ordered Jacopo della Quercia to make this tomb, and when it was completed he placed it in the centre of one of the great halls of the Guinigi palace. After the downfall of the Guinigi, and during other warrings and civil distractions in Lucca, this master-piece of della Quercia was, as I said above, tumbled away, neglected, into a subterranean chamber. The base of the tomb was separated, and part of it, by some chance, went to Florence, where you may see it in the Affizi gallery. It has on it a bas relief of winged genii holding a long rich garland of festoons of flowers. The Academia della Belle Arti of Lucca wish to buy back the remaining slabs of this fine base and place the tomb in the centre of the left transept of the Duomo; now it stands against the wall, with but one slab of the bas relief in front. The sacristan gave me a photograph of the monument, which I shall have framed and hung somewhere near my writing-table. I shall like to look at the face and form of the lovely young Ilaria, whose name sounds so joyful, and whose marble face and form are so graciously beautiful; and while I enjoy her beauty, I shall try to hunt out in old books something of the history of this lovely lady of Lucca."

The Spirituality of Women.

Lord Byron felt or affected the greatest honor of women with a good appetite. The *Arcadian*, although an æsthetic journal, indulges in these remarks:

"If anybody wants to believe in the spirituality of womanhood let him not visit, between twelve and two, noon, any of the down-town restaurants. His belief will be sadly shaken. Women have a right to eat, no doubt. Nature has given them stomachs and digestive organs whose demands are just as clamorous as the same apparatus in man. We think none the less of woman for going to the table with a good appetite. We have no admiration for the Blanche Amorys, who would have us believe that they subsist on air, but who take private lunches on the sly, and trifle in public with a plate of soup or a bit of pastry, conscious that the demands of nature were more than satisfied only a couple of hours ago. Only, there is a point beyond which a good appetite ceases to be a virtue, and this point is daily passed by the women who frequent public restaurants. You will ask us why we do not attack the men. Bless you! the men are not worth attacking. We gave them up, so far as eating and drinking are concerned, long ago. For their gormandism we expect no cure—until the women shall have set them a better example. We defy Tennyson and Longfellow to take a lunch at Currier's, for instance, and then write an ode in praise of womankind, deduct their inspiration from the scene from whence they have just come. The thing cannot be done. It is impossible to adore the woman who smacks her lips over a juicy chop and orders a fresh relay of steak after she has had quite sufficient. Observe the happy medium, ladies—as Charles H. Foster would say were he writing the present article. Don't eat too much. Use your digestive organs as you ought to use your tongue, and find out when to stop. A woman never looks beautiful to anybody but a restaurant-keeper when her face is flushed with a bottle of Scotch ale and roast beef 'ad libitum.' Recollect what Cornaro, that model of temperance, said three hundred years ago, and keep in mind especially when you swallow a repast before a room-full of male observers, that what we leave after having eaten heartily does us more good than what we have eaten. So shall your days be long in the land, and more pin money be accruing to you.

Prussian Trophies in France.

There are only four old Prussian colors remaining in France, with exception of two old flags on the grave of Napoleon I. To this number must be added the Prussian cavalry standards, which are in the groups of colors of the Second Battalion of the Sixty-first Regiment of Infantry, which were lost at Dijon during the last war. All other Prussian trophies which were formerly in the possession of the French were either retaken by the Prussians in 1814, or, as the French say, burned, together with all the colors kept at the Hotel des Invalides, at Paris, by the veterans resident there; as they saw that the capture of Paris was unavoidable. It is said that they collected the ashes of all the trophies burned, threw them into a cask of wine, and drank the mixture to the health of the Emperor. The sword of Frederick the Great, which the First Napoleon took from Potsdam in 1806, could not be found in 1814 and 1815, in spite of all search. It had been concealed in the cupola of the Hotel des Invalides, but it is said that it is now in the possession of some private gentleman. Whether the upper part of the colors of the Second Battalion of the Sixteenth Regiment of Prussian Infantry, which was shot off at Vionville and found on the field of battle by the French, has been sent to Paris or not has not been ascertained. Two Prussian guns lost at Gravelotte were returned at the surrender of Metz; and, in fact, only one Prussian gun lost during the late war at Beaune-la-Rolande remains in the hands of the French.

Industrial Progress in Germany.

Extensive as are many of the industrial establishments of our own country, we have no such colossal enterprise as that known as the Cast Steel Works of Frederick Krupp, near Essen, in Prussia. As described in a late issue of the *American Artisan* these works appear to be of wonderful extent. They occupy an area of a thousand acres, and of this area two hundred acres are under roof. Seventeen thousand men are employed in the various departments of Krupp's establishment, in addition to some seven hundred officers and regular employees. The workmen and officers, with their families, occupy more than 3,200 dwellings, and a large number of boarding houses are also required for the use of the unmarried laborers. There are 414 mines belonging to the firm, scattered over an area of 50,000 acres. A printing office, a chemical laboratory, a photographic and lithographic gallery, two extensive hospitals, and a benevolent fund of nearly $100,000 are also a part of this extraordinary establishment.

Among the items of detail connected with the working of this enterprise, the following will be found worthy of note:

The quantity of cast-steel produced in the year 1872 exceeded 125,000 tons. This product consisted of axles, tires, wheels and crossings for railways; rails, springs and shafts for steamers; machinery of various kinds; boiler-plates, rolls, spring-steel, tool-steel, guns, gun-carriages, shot, etc. There are in the works now in operation 250 smelting furnaces, 390 annealing furnaces, 161 heating furnaces, 115 welding and puddling furnaces, 14 cupabo and reverberatory furnaces, 160 furnaces of other kinds, 275 coke ovens, 264 smith's forges, 240 steam boilers, besides 70 now in process of construction.

There are, besides this, 71 steam hammers, 286 steam engines, 362 turning lathes, 82 shaping machines, 195 boring machines, 107 planing machines, 42 punching and grooving machines, 32 pressing machines, 63 grinding machines, 31 glazing and polishing machines, and 443 machines of a miscellaneous character.

In 1872, these works consumed of coal, 500,000 tons; of coke, 125,000 tons; of water, 113,000,000 cubic feet; of gas, 155,000,000 cubic feet, supplied by the gas works of the establishment, to 16,500 burners.

To facilitate traffic at the works, there are 24 miles of railroad track, of the usual guage, with 180 sidings, and 39 turn tables, on which run 12 tank locomotives, with cylinders 16 inches in diameter, and 530 cars. Six more locomotives are now in process of construction. Ten miles of narrow gauge track (30 inches), with 147 sidings and 63 turn tables are also in use. On this track run 8 locomotives (cylinders 6 inches in diameter) and 250 cars. Four locomotives of the latter size are now being constructed. Horses are also used on the narrow gauge road. In the carting department there are 191 horses and 272 carts.

Communication between the several workshops is established by thirty telegraph stations. A corps of 166 watchmen, and a permanent fire brigade of seventy men, who also perform police duty, are constantly employed. General supply stores, under control of the farm, supply the voluntary purchasers belonging to the works, for cash, provisions, clothing, dry goods, boots, etc., at cost prices. The present monthly receipts of these stores amount to about $55,000 gold, and are continually increasing. This department comprises one hotel, three beer houses, one seltzer water manufactory, one flour mill and one bakery, with two steam engines.

The firm also possesses important concessions of excellent iron ore beds in the north of Spain, whence it is intended to import annually up to 300,000 tons of ore for the productions of cast steel. To facilitate the importation, a railway in Spain, nearly eight miles long, as well as several steamers, are now in course of construction.

The five different smelting furnaces belonging to the firm produce, with eleven blast furnaces, nearly 10,000 tons of pig iron per month. They have 140 coke ovens in operation, and 120 in the course of construction; and steam-engines employed in them represent together nearly 10,000 horse-power.

Queens and their Charities.

In very many cases, the former queens of England have been noted for their large charities. Indeed, some of them have robbed themselves of absolute necessaries for the sake of their "poor". The unfortunate Catherine of Aragon, after her separation from Henry, beguiled her weary days by devotional acts, needlework, and almsgiving. And her more hapless successor, poor Anne Boleyn, who was in so many respects thoughtless, and in many more blamable, shows a bright side to her character by her constant charities. She laid plans for bettering the condition of the poor artisans; she gave away immense sums in alms; out of her own pocket-money had alms distributed "to every village in England," for the poor. During her brief time as queen-consort of England she accomplished much in this way. Though a spoiled beauty and court favorite, with her better instincts perverted by her early associations, as maid of honor, she was domestic and industrious, and, while she lived at Hampton Court as queen, divided her time between working at elegant tapestry with her ladies, and superintending the making of garments for the poor. It was a frequent practice of the early queens to found small hospitals, where a certain number of poor, infirm, or aged men or women should be cared for; or to make provision for a different class of the needy who should receive a daily allowance for life, so much money, bread, meat, and beer—the arrangement to be perpetual—a vacancy to be filled as soon as it occurred. Some of the charitable institutions of England owe their origin to some such kindly motive in the heart of a king or queen.

Man as a Leaf.

Man is no better than a leaf driven by the wind until he has completely mastered his great, lonely duties. If he has no habit of retiring from all that is worldly, and of conversing face to face with his inner man, if he does not draw down upon his soul "the powers of the world to come, then he is no man yet: he has not found the life of man, nor the strength of man; he is a poor, unhappy man, sporting only with shadows, and affrighted before the real and the eternal. He owns a great house, a wonderful house, but it is shut up, and he lives outside with his fellow-cattle; the inside is wholly unknown to him, and he has lived outside so long that he is afraid of the inside. Think, my good brothers and sisters, of the great, high, serene world, in which you might live and move and have your being.

Youths' Column.

The Tea-Party.

The dolls had a tea party: wasn't it fun?
In ribbons and laces they came, one by one.
We girls set the table, and poured out the tea:
And each of us held up a doll on our knee.

You never saw children behave half so well:
Why, nobody had any queens to tell!
And (can you believe it?) for badness, that day,
No dolly was sent from the table away.

One dolly, however, the proudest one there,
Was driven almost to the verge of despair,
Because she had met with a simple mishap,
And upset the butter-plate into her lap.

The cups and the saucers they shone lily-white;
We helped all the dollies, they looked so polite.
We had cake and jam from our own pantry-shelves:
Of course, we did most of the eating ourselves.

But housewives don't know when their cares may begin.
The window was open, and pussy popped in:
He jumped on the table; and what d' you think?
Down fell all the crockery there, in a clink.

We picked up the pieces, with many a sigh;
Our party broke up, and we all said goodby:
Do come to our next one; but then we'll leave
That very bad pussy to keep out of sight.

—*The Nursery.*

LETTER TO BOYS AND GIRLS.—I am going to ask you, young folks, if any of you ever have kept a diary, or a journal of passing events connected with yourself or your family affairs? You would find it very useful. I have done so for seventeen years, and never missed a day—which fact shows a methodical mind at least. And it is a good thing to cultivate a methodical mind, let me tell you. The practice of keeping a journal has been of great service to me, as it would be to you. Get a printed diary with blank leaves, and under the days of the week write whatever happens to you during the day, what the weather may be; also, any important public event; and again, if you have room, put down your good and bad actions—which will be apt to keep you in good behavior, for, if you are truthful and omit nothing, you will feel ashamed of your wrong doings, and strive to do better, when you see them every day in black and white. And then, as to the weather and passing events, you will find it very interesting to refer to these entries in after days or years, and perhaps many of them may be of great importance to you, should you wish to recall the date of some event in your family. In another part of this blank book or diary you will find a cash account where you can enter all your expenditures—that is, the money you spend every day, and also what you may receive from your parents or friends. At the end of every month you can add them up, and you will thus know at the end of the year whether you have been economical or extravagant. Now, I want you to ask your parents or friends if this would not be a very good plan for you to carry out? Suppose you ask them to procure you the blank books, and commence, say, next week; or should you prefer it, begin on the first day of the New Year, 1874.—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE NAIL.—A tradesman had once transacted a good day's business at a fair, disposed of all his goods, and filled his purse with gold and silver. He prepared afterwards to return, in order to reach home by the evening. So he strapped his portmanteau, with the money in it, upon his horse's back, and rode off. At noon he baited in a small town, and as he was about to set out again, the stable-boy who brought his horse said to him, "Sir, a nail is wanting in the shoe on the left hind-foot of your animal."

"Let it be wanting," replied the Tradesman; "I am in a hurry and the iron will doubtless hold the six hours I have yet to travel."

Late in the afternoon he had to dismount again, and feed his horse, and at this place also the boy came and told him that a nail was wanting in one of the shoes, and asked him whether he should take the horse to a farrier. "No no, let it be!" replied the Master; "it will last out the couple of hours that I have now to travel; I am in haste." So saying he rode off; but his horse soon began to limp, and from limping it came to stumbling, and presently the beast fell down and broke its leg. Thereupon the Tradesman had to leave his horse lying on the road to unbuckle his portmanteau, and to walk home with it upon his shoulder, where he arrived at last late at night.

"And all this misfortune," said he to himself, "is owing to the want of a nail. More haste the less speed!"

WHERE does the salt on our dinner-tables come from? In the first place two very strange things were joined together to make it: a silvery metal called sodium, and a poisonous yellowish gas called chlorine. This queer metal will swim on the surface of water, in little dancing globules, which soon take fire and vanish in blue flame; but no sooner is it breathed upon by the poisonous gas, than both vanish, and leave in their place the little crystals of salt, without which life could not be sustained.

Salt is found in immense quantities in the mines of Poland, Norway and Spain, where it is quarried like coal, and is quite pure; but a great deal is found mixed with clay and sand, and has to be purified by dissolving it and then evaporating the water. In Germany, and in our own country, are many valuable salt springs, which hold the salt in solution; and lakes around which the salt constantly forms in solid blocks. These solid crystals must be ground fine before they are fit for table use.

Trees and plants need salt as well as human beings; but there are great salt plains, where nothing can grow, like the great region in South America, containing more than twenty thousand square miles; and another in the heart of Persia, covered with glittering crystals of salt, and which have been thought to be the beds of great oceans, whose waters have been drained away by volcanoes.

THE BOY AND THE NUTS.—A boy once found some nuts in a jar. Like all boys, he was fond of nuts, and was glad to hear that he might put his hand *once* in the jar, and have all the nuts he could then take out. He thrust his hand down the neck of the jar, and took hold of all the nuts he could. When his hand was quite full, he did his best to draw it out of the jar.

But the neck of the jar was small, and his hand was so full of nuts, that he could not draw it out. He felt so sad, that tears fell from his eyes. His friend who stood near told him to let go half the nuts. He did so, and then drew out his hand with ease.

We shall find it so in life: men lose all, if they try to get too much.

Mr. W. P. Bush, of Monroe City, Mo., is in possession of a calf, the body of which presents a shape very similar to the letter S, its head being twisted far to one side, curving in a curious manner, and its hind-quarters drawn around to the opposite side in the same way. One eye is on the top of the head, looking up; the other is under the bottom and turns immediately down.

Varieties.

A leading couple celebrated their golden wedding on Christmas day.

To say what should be said, to say only what should be said, and to say it only as it should be said is a rare gift.

The virtues of the slippery iron plates in the sidewalks, in assisting pedestrians to an involuntary seat are becoming conspicuous.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are to be had on long leases.

A small lady, aged five, whose pa had not bought her the usual new clothes for Christmas, was heard to privately remark that she guessed "pa was holding on for a rise in the rag market."

An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party in the case of a young lady who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice.

Truth lies in character. Christ did not simply speak truth; He was truth; true through and through, for truth is a thing not of words but of life and being. None but a spirit can be true.

A lady in rapid pursuit of health at Saratoga, boasted to her physician, whom she met as she was leaving the spring: "I have just drank five glasses of Congress." "Then don't let me detain you," was the quiet reply.

"Punch" thus hits off the coal famine: "Mrs. Brown presents her compliments to