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Poetry.

DEACON JONES' EXPERIENCE.
(Arkansas Conference, 1874.)

BY BRET HARTE.

Ye're right when you lays it down, Parson,
Thet the flesh is weak and a snare;
And to keep yer plow in the furrow
When yer cattle begins to rare—
Ain't no sure thing. And between us,
The same may be said of Prayer!

Why, I stood the jokes on the river,
Of the boys, when the critters found
That I'd jined the Church, and the snicker
Thet, may be ye mind, went round.
The day I sat down with the mourners,
In the old camp meetin' ground!

I stood all that, and I reckon
I might, at a pinch, stood more—
For the boys, they represents Baal,
And I stands as the Rock of the Law,
And it seemed like a moral scrimmage,
In holdin' agin their jaw.

But thar's crosses a Christian suffers,
As hez'nt got that pretense—
Things with no moral purpose,
Things ez hez got no sense;
Things ez, somehow, no profit
Will cover their first expense.

Ez how! I was jist last evenin'
Addressin' the Throne of Grace,
And mother knelt in the corner,
And each of the boys in his place—
When that sneaking pup of Keziah's,
To Jonathan's cat giv chase!

I never let on to mind 'em,
I never let on to hear,
But drove that prayer down the furrow
With the cat hidin' under my cheer,
And Keziah a whispersin' "sic her!"
And mother a sayin' "you dare!"

I asked fer a light for the heathen,
To guide on his narer track,
With that dog and that cat jest waltzin',
And Jonathan's face jest black,
When the pup made a rush, and the kitten—
Dropped down on the small of my back.

Yet, I think, with the Lord's assistance,
I might have continered then,
If gettin' her holt, that kitten
Hed'nt dropped her claws in me—when
It somehow reached the "Old Adam,"
And I jumped to my feet with "Amen."

So, ye'r right when you says it, Parson,
That the flesh is weak and a snare,
And to keep yer plow in the furrow
When yer cattle begins to rare
Ain't no sure thing. And between us,
I says its just so with prayer.

Miscellany.

Women as Medical Practitioners.

It is remarkable that in the somewhat warm discussions of the last few years as to the fitness, claims and propriety of the special education of women for the various offices of medical ministration, at least to their own sex, so little reference has been had to past usages and experience in that matter. Bating the fact, that it is only within the last two centuries that anything worthy of being called a medical education, anything better than a merely tentative and empirical initiation into the blind and superficial methods of established practitioners, was offered to students even of the male sex, no claim has recently been advanced in behalf of female physicians, which would demand more of actual professional service for them than has been in their unchallenged possession at many periods in our present civilization, and in some of the most advanced regions, relatively, of Christendom. The fullest admission of the rights and functions now urged for women would be only a recurrence to the usages of the past.

Any one who should take the pains curiously to investigate the teachings of history and of social customs in this respect might readily trace an unbroken series of female physicians in high repute, and follow the ministrations of thousands of canny and skilful women, whose names have not got into the public annals, but who served their generations in every rural hamlet of Christendom.

This research would begin and would be most richly rewarded in the local gleanings from Egyptian, Roman and Grecian history. True, more emphasis of evil fame has been laid upon the names and deeds of women in classic times whose skill lay in the concoction of poisons and love philters, and who began the dark doings which monopolized the application of the word witch to the female sex. But it might be successfully established that in classic times full two-thirds of all the medical service rendered, direct and indirect, was performed by women—for the most part, too, from their own wits and experience.

But chiefly would a minute search into the histories of the old hamlets and secluded villages of Germany, Scotland, England and Ireland expose the almost exclusive dependence of the simple population, in their straits and diseases, upon the skill and care of those too lightly called "old women." Many have been the places and occasions in which a wise, gentle and conscientious woman has been the ministering and healing blessing of a wide neighborhood, in the prevalence of infantile, climatic and epidemic disease, as well as specially in the needs of maternity.

Every intelligent country physician will tell us, in broad contrast with the experience of cities in this respect, that the difficulty and expense of obtaining the aid of professional doctors develops in many women, in their remote homes, a self-dependence, helped by a knowledge of simples and the traditional female lore which supplies the place of his presence and the resources of the apothecary shop.

The famous Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, whose religious notions and teachings caused such consternation and excitement in the infant settlement of Massachusetts in 1638, became first known, trusted and warmly loved here because of her freely rendered offices of care and skill to sick of her own sex.

In the western corner of the old burial ground in Charlestown is a solid and well-wrought slate monument, erected more than a century and a half ago, to the memory of a notable woman "who was ordained and commissioned by the Lord Bishop of London to act as midwife in his Majesty's Province of Massachusetts Bay." The original inscription probably credited her with "1200" babies as the trophies of her skill; but some roguish hand hid in the grass has interpolated two ciphers in the broad spread characters of the inscription, so that it reads "1200 children."

The Golden Rose.

It is reported that the Pope, in accordance with a custom dating from the sixth century, has this year blessed the "Golden Rose," to be sent to that prince or princess, who has been most distinguished for devotion to the Holy See. It is difficult in these times, so trying to the soul of the venerable Pontiff, to say who is likely to get it. There has not been a notable rush of Princes and Princesses to the support of his Holiness, this year. The ex-Queen Isabella of Spain received the last.

MY COUSIN OLYMPE.

Two years ago, having attained my twentieth year, I concluded to leave Provence, and reached Paris, proposing to study law. I knew no one in the great city, but remembered to have heard that I had an aunt residing there, and I determined to seek her out, as my parents had requested me to do so before I left home.

One fine afternoon I started out on my voyage of discovery, and at last reached my destination. I found the house of my unknown aunt, and by the concierge was told to mount the stairs, three long flights, to the third story. This I hastened to do, and the door was opened by rather a good-looking woman with piercing black eyes.

"Who do you want?" she inquired.

"Mme. Thibaudier," I responded.

"I am that person," was the sharp retort.

"Madam, I am your nephew, Adolphe Guevin."

The woman looked at me as though I had fallen from the moon, and then extended her hand, saying:

"My dear nephew, pray come in. I hope I see you well."

"Quite well," I said, "and you, aunt?"

"So, so. How long have you been in Paris?"

"Only a few days. I have come to study law."

I followed my aunt into the parlor. It was miserably lighted and in great disorder. The most cheerful object was a young girl, who, in the midst of the general confusion, was seated sewing.

"Olympe," said Mme. Thibaudier, "here is your cousin, Monsieur Guevin."

The girl immediately arose and extended me her hand familiarly:

"Good day, cousin," she said with a pleasing smile of welcome.

"Olympe," continued the mother, "get a better light, and carry in some fresh wood for the fire; it is actually freezing in this dull room. How is your father?" she continued, turning to me. "Tell me, have you not a brother? But first come nearer the fire."

I complied, answering each question.

"Everything is in great disorder here," she resumed. "The fact is, we only receive on Thursdays, and, of course, expected no one to-day."

"I must ask pardon for my intrusion," I said. "Had I known——"

"My dear fellow," she interupted, "you are, of course, welcome at any time. So you propose to study law. Well, I happen to know some prominent men at our bar, and will present you."

I thanked her cordially.

"You will dine with us, will you not?" continued Mme. Thibaudier.

"Why, mamma, we have nothing for dinner," exclaimed Olympe.

"My nephew will excuse all ceremony. Go order a fire and do not forget the newspapers. While we are gone you can look over these books and albums, Adolphe." With these words both disappeared.

At last, after considerable running to and fro, I was informed that dinner was prepared, and Olympe waited upon us.

In course of conversation the topic turned upon public amusements.

"Oh, do let us go to the theatre," exclaimed Olympe.

"What are they playing?" asked my aunt.

At the Opera, Trovatore, I replied.

"Have you ever heard it?" questioned Mme. Thibaudier.

"I was obliged to confess that I had not, owing to my Arcadian life.

"Then to the opera we will go. Be quick, Olympia," added my aunt. "Put the desert on the table, and while this is being done you, my dear fellow, can run and engage a carriage."

Oh, mamma, let us first eat the cream," said Olympe.

I seconded the suggertion, and the cream was eaten to the satisfaction of the party of three, and off I started in quest of a carriage.

On my return I found the two ladies arrayed in exquisite toilets. They were scarcely recognizable. Olympe looked as pretty as a picture, and her mother was equally fine.

We had a delightful evening, I was charmed with the music, and much pleased to find that my little companion had won general attention—was, in fact, the cynosure of all eyes.

After this propitious evening, I often returned to my aunts, but seldom saw Olympe alone. Among those who visited the house I was surprised to see a certain Monsieur Grumelot received with every appearance of satisfaction. He was a man of at least sixty years of age, fat, bald headed, and short in stature. I determined, if possible, to obtain some explanation respecting the pronounced favor accorded him. The truth became even apparent to myself. I had fallen in love with my cousin.

One day I found Olympe alone, and after a few introductory remarks, I said:

"Answer me frankly, does the life you lead render you happy?"

"What life do you allude to?" she questioned.

"This hum-drum, monotonous existence, and perpetual round of soirees, where you meet so many uncongenial people and not one real friend."

"It is fatiguing and uninteresting, but one must keep up a certain circle, you know."

"Could you not find happiness elsewhere?"

"Who can tell?"

"Suppose, for instance," I continued, "that one man in particular loved you, and would devote his existence to you, would you not sacrifice these empty pleasures for him?"

"I understand you," she said, laughingly, "a cottage with plenty of bread and milk, a heart and a life of love. Why, how young you are, Adolphe!"

"Not as young as you may imagine; I am older than yourself; I am twenty-one."

"Twenty-one," she repeated with a smile.

"Yes," I said; "tell me, can you not iove me just a little, Olympe?"

"You shall know later. Now, answer me, how long will it be before you have completed your studies?"

"Three years, at most," I replied.

"I know you are not rich, so let me advise you. Should you marry, try to find a girl with a *dot*. I could not wait three years. *Entre nous*, I will tell you I am twenty-one myself. As I have said, I cannot wait so long, and yet, if I listened to my heart, it would probably plead in your favor."

"Darling Olympe!" I exclaimed, "pray let it do so."

"No," she continued, "I know myself too well. I would grow weary of a life of deprivation. When I marry I wish to have handsome toilets and a carriage. I must be surrounded by luxury. I am weary with the life I lead, working forever, and wearing out my sight and health. No, my future must promise and offer better things than the past. Now, Adolphe, that you know my views and I yours, I will not hesitate to tell you that in eight days I am to marry Monsieur Grumelot, and yet I love only you."

I listened to her in surprise. I could scracely realize the full meaning of her words.

"Explain, for heaven's sake," I said; "you love me, and yet you marry——"

"True, I intend to marry Monsieur Grumelot."

"Who advises such a step?"

"My mother."

"But, remember, his years are double your own," I urged.

"I do not care," she responded wearily.

"He is deaf," I added.

"So much the better for me."

"Moreover, stupid."

"So much the worse for him."

"Then his only attration consists in his fortune."

"Certainly. And now, Adolphe, we must shake hands and say adieu."

Without another word I left her, and a length of time elapsed before we met again. At last I was seized with an irrepressible desire to see her. On reaching the house I entered the parlor unanounced, and, to my surprise, found Olympe extended upon the sofa and weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter?" I inquired much alarmed at her distress.

"You know the news of course," she replied.

"I informed her that I did not."

"Then you have not heard that he is dead?"

"Dead! Who is dead?" I questioned.

"Monsieur Grumelot. He died six days ago from an attack of apoplexy."

"Then, Olympe, you will listen to my love," I said quickly.

"You do not seem to understand," she said, coldly, "that my fortune is again blank, that I must return to my misery. The very thought of it drives me wild. Why did Providence take from me a man who was willing to make me his lawful wife, and give me the riches I so crave?"

"Olympe!" I exclaimed.

"I tell you," she continued, "poverty is abhorrent to me. Whatever be the means held out, honest or not, I will grasp them, happy to escape, and if I do wrong, the fault is not mine, for Heaven deprived me of Grumelot."

I could scarcely believe that my ears did not deceive me.

"Unhappy girl," I said, "what has so perverted your heart and mind, and thus rendered your beauty dangerous to yourself."

"Oh! Adolphe," she replied, weeping bitterly, "your heart is pure and true, and your nature too honest to comprehend the strange and cruel waywardness of mine. Dream on in your own pure and better life-of one holier and more blessed than me, and when tempted to censure one you once loved, turn from bitterness to pity a weakness which is too often a wretchedness beyond the hope of redemption."

The words were spoken sternly, there was a brilliant light in her dark eyes, and a bright flush covered her pale cheeks. Ere I could speak she had glided from the room, leaving me alone, with sad thoughts.

On the stairs I met Madam Thibaudier; she was dressed in deep mourning, a long crape veil enveloped her, almost hiding her face; but I recognized her, and learned she had just returned from the funeral. I did not stop to condole with my aunt, but hurried out into the air and sunshine, appressed by my disappointment and anxious to find relief.

Some weeks passed. I had completely recovered from my infatuation, and was one day taking my usual promenade in the Bois, when I perceived two ladies at a short distance from me. Both were conversing in a most lively manner; they were seated beneath the spreading shade of a large tree, and beside them was an old man of impressive appearance. Olympe was, if possible, more beautiful than ever. Her exquisite profile, brilliant eyes, and small, perfectly formed mouth, had never seemed to me more attractive, and I felt absurdly weak. For a time I stood and watched them. Each one that passed gave her an admiring glance, which she failed to observe, her entire attention being given to the old man beside her. His age I judged to be about seventy-five, but many efforts, painfully apparent, had been made to disguise the fact. Saddened to witness another proof of Olympe's folly, I turned away.

The following day I again occupied the same post of observation, and soon saw Mme. Thibaudier and her daughter; they were almost immediately joined by the gentleman. Meeting a friend, I inquired the name of Olympe's companion.

"He is the Count de Tracy, a man of immense wealth, who lives in the Rue de Gredelle in a grand mansion, with his name blazoned above the door."

"Is he married?" I questioned.

"He is a widower with two children," was the repiy. "I have, however, never seen them with him. At present he is particularly attractive to those two ladies who, perhaps do not know that he is considered an old roue."

For two weeks I watched Olympe daily, but resisted the temptation to join her. One morning I received a letter. It ran as follows:

MY DEAR ADOPHE—Congratulate me. Olympe is about to be married to the wealthy Count de Tracy. Inclosed you will find an invitation to the ceremony, which will take place to-morrow, at the Church of Saint Clothilde.

Your affectionate AUNT.

Curions to witness the ceremony or from some motive I would not acknowledge even to myself, I went to the church, and found a large crowd of aristocrats awaiting the arrival of the bride. At length the organ pealed forth, the centre doors were thrown open, and I saw Olympe approaching, more lovely than the most beautiful of dreams. Her dress was a mass of the most exquisite lace and silk. A veil of the finest texture fell like a cloud around her, and her small and classic head was crowned with natural flowers. Olympe leaned upon the arm of an old friend, her mother was beside her, and the Count de Tracey followed. In passing, my cousin caught sight of me, and I saw a faint smile of recognition. She did not speak, but walked firmly and proudly up to the altar. The ceremony commenced, the bride and groom received the holy benediction, and no longer able to control my agitation, I rushed from the church, longing for the silence and seclusion of my own room. Two days after I learned that Olympe and her husband had gone to Italy to pass their honeymoon, and that it was their intention to winter a Nice—the Count hoping the climate would alleviate, if it did not restore his shattered health.

I turned my attention to study, eager to pass a brilliant examination, and incessant application enabled me to overcome the return of my past fancy, and conquer the remembrance of my foolish love affair.

I visited Provence and saw my parents and again returned to Paris. and one year after the marriage of Olympe Thibaudier, I had the satisfaction of laughing at my folly and her heartlessness, thanking Providence for my escape. Nor did my heart give a throb when I one day read in the paper the announcement of the death of the Count de Tracey; he had died at Nice. That same day, a letter, with a huge black seal and elaborate crest, was handed me. I recognized instantly the arms of the Tracey family, and opened it with much curiosity. It contained these words:

MY DEAR COUSIN—I returned to Paris to-day. My life is saddened by the death of the Count. To see you would be a consolation. Come, then to me in my retirement, and believe me now, as in the past, lovingly yours.

OLYMPE, COUNTESS DE TRANCY.

In return the wealthy widow received this answer from me:

MADAM—The past is dead, and the ashes scattered by the winds. You have riches. Your dream is realized. Mine is yet to come. Farewell.

ADOLPHE GUEVIN.

The Ghost in Society.

The newly fashionable manifestation of that mysterious power, whatever it be, that lies back of the perplexing medley called Spiritualism, is the appearance of spirits clad apparently in the flesh and the garments of the flesh; a phenomenon for the want of a better word christened materialization. The little spiritualistic circles all over the country have been experiencing keen delight in such partial exhibitions at their seances as the sight and grasp of warm, healthy, human hands, no further privilege of appearance having been accorded any spirit in this country until now, at Philadelphia, one of the most remarkable entertainments ever offered in this line is open to a select, invited few at one dollar each. The performances are so extraordinary as to compel attention, especially as, while they are of the class most sure to captivate the imagination and convert the credulous, they have yet borne some tests of scientific examination, and have been largely influential in gaining to the belief in spitual intercourse the strong support of Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, the associate of Darwin, and other men of close research and high reputation in matters of science.

During the past winter a special interest was excited in London in a new power acquired by Florence Cook, a young woman who, for some years, has been a medium of rare gifts. While she lay entranced, in dark clothing and securely bound, sometimes in a cabinet, sometimes in an adjoining room, a female form, barefooted and in white flowing robes, would suddenly appear to the waiting spectators in the common parlor of a most prosaic house. For some time, there was no little skepticism, spiritualists as well as unbelievers suspecting, from the facts that the two could not be seen at the same time, and that the spirit bore a vague resemblance to Miss Cook, that they actually were one and the same—that Miss Cook in some way escaped her bonds and and doffed her dark robe for a white one. Finally, there were scientific tests tried. Varley, the eminent electrician, by means of a galvanic battery and cable testing apparatus, passed a current through Miss Cook's body by fastening sovereigns soldered to wires to her arms; an apparatus so delicate that it indicated every movement. Yet the spirit form appeared, as free as ever, spoke, wrote and touched the persons present. For nearly an hour the electric circuit was unbroken and Miss Cook was found at the end in a deep trance. This was not in the medium's house, but that of a gentleman of repute. Prof. Crookes, a chemist of note and an F. R. S., went with a phosphorus lamp into a dark room, accompanied by the spirit, and there saw and felt Miss Cook, in black velret, while the apparition in white robes stood beside her. Mrs. Ross-Church, the novelist, went behind the curtain at the spirit's invitation, touched the warm, breathing body of Florence Cook lying on the floor, and then placed her hands inside the loose robe of the "spirit" standing at her side, felt the heart beating rapidly beneath her hand, and testifies that, if this spirit were of "psychic force," then psychic force is very like a woman.

This professed visitant from another world introduced herself as Katie King, the daughter of John King, a pirate in the days when Kidd sailed the Spanish main; and announced that her truculent papa accompanies her now, though unable to materialize. She tells no more of herself, except what she reveals in her conversation, and that, though copious enough, is hardly valuable. After some months of successful star performances in London, Katie announced, one evening, that her mission there was ended, and she should depart to a higher sphere. That sphere, it proves, is America, for she has made her advent in Philadelphia as the familiar spirit of Mrs. Jenny Holmes, a medium of some distinction. At Mrs. Holmes' she proves how much higher our sphere is than that of London, in that the medium is not bound and laid in a trance, but gossips and converses easily with the guests, and does not, to the casual eye, appear to have anything to do with the affair.

There is a board partition across one corner of the room, making a shallow, triangular cabinet. Suddenly the door of this recess opens, and an indefinite luminous cloud appears, which grows into the shape of a young and comely woman, with dark, waving hair, bright eyes, a lace scarf on her head, and wearing a white robe in the Greek fashion, low in the neck and caught at the shoulders with a knot, leaving the arms bare and sleeves flowing. This bewitching apparition walks, not glides, around the room, touches with her cool, magnetic hand the persons present, kisses a favorite woman now and then, seats herself (though with difficulty) and pours forth a continual flow of small talk, such as any silly, flattered damsel, yet in her teens, might do. She takes boquets, fans, or any other trifles offered her, one night, and reappears with them, the next. Sometimes it happens that she does not need to have the cabinet door shut in order to vanish; one describes how, "while the door stood wide open, she gradually faded away, seeming to retire slowly into the depths of a space only just large enough to hold her at first. The bouquets, and all other material substances about her, disappeared at the same time, and, when nothing was left but the hem of her white dress shimmering on the floor, she came again, seeming to gather herself from thin air and to grow, like a foaming cloud, more and more distinct, until she again stood in mortal guise."

This is the spirit photograph no longer hid in the camera, but revealed in full presence; this is the shadowy ghost alive and tangible—if it is anything spiritual at all. But, after all, what tests have been applied which show that? It has been undoubtedly proved that this Katie King is not identical with her medium, but has it been proved that she is not a flesh and blood woman of to-day, dowered with peculiar gifts, but claiming the freedom of the spirit-realm through mere trickery and optical illusion? All who have attended her receptions testify that her arms and hands are soft and warm as any woman's; the audacious person who seized her in London did not find her elude his grasp like air, but struggle with him like a thing of ordinary earth; Mrs. Ross-Church felt her heart beat and passed her hand through the hair on her head; moreover, when she vanishes, the diamond on her pretty throat, the bouquet or fan in her shapely fingers, vanish also. She disappeared in London, to re-appear in Philadelpia about the time it would require to cross the ocean and rest from the fatigue of the voyage.

And were she really an undying spirit, there comes the old question, Cui bono? She tells nothing of that infinite realm of spirits she but momentarily quits for these evenings in society; utters no wise or poetic saying, skipping around a drawing-room, full of keen, childish enjoyment and buoyancy, addressing one as "stoopid" another as "nice," tapping old men on the head and calling them "father," pleased alike to have the Lord's prayer or a negro melody sung, displaying pretty kittenish ways and baby prattle—this is all! And yet Dr. Child, her chief apostle in Philadelphia, considers this "the strongest possible evidence of the immortality of the soul," and the venerable Robert Dale Owen sits through these seances with uplifted soul, looking to the day when he shall be freed, to share a condition that furnishes no higher representatives than this!

Hair and its Uses.

The Dublin University Magazine, in a discourse upon human hair, says:

It is not the less useful because it is ornamental. It is a bad conductor of heat, and keeps the head warm in winter and cold in summer. It wards off the effect of the sun; and we find negroes exposing themselves without head covering to its burning rays in tropical climate without the slightest injury, and some tribes of wild Arabs, who wear neither tarboosh nor turban, are said to rely solely on their bushy heads of hair as protection against sunstroke. The moustache is a natural respirator, defending the lungs against the inhalation of cold and dust. It is a protection of the face and throat against cold, and is equally in warm climates a safeguard for those parts against excessive heat. The moustache of blacksmiths show by their color the dust which they stopped as a natural respirator, and which, if inhaled, would have been injurious. The moustache is beneficial to those who follow the trades of millers, bakers, masons, to workers in metals, etc. Full beards are said to be a defense against bronchitis and sore throats. It is asserted that the sappers and miners of the French army, who are noted for the size and beauty of their beards, enjoy a special immunity from affections of this nature. The growth of hair has been recommended to persons liable to take cold easily. The curling nature of the hair is attributed to a large proportion of oily substance, which prevents the absorption of water. The effect of dampness in destroying the curl of the hair is well known, but it is not so well known that the state of the hair participates in the state of the general health. In many instances, strong curly hair becomes straight if the possessors be out of health and the condition of the hair with them is as great a test as the condition of the tongue. The state of the hair depends much on that of the general health. In perfect health the hair is full, glossy and rich in its hues, in consequence of the absorption from the blood of a nutritive juice containing its proper proportion of oily and albuminous elements. In persons out of health it may lose its brilliancy of hue, and become lank and straight, from the presence of imperfect juices; in others, again, there may be a total absence of such nutritive elements, and the hair constantly looks faded and dead. Climate exercises great influence on the curliness of the hair, as may be illustrated in the difference in this respect between the natives of the North and of the South.

About Smoking on Death Beds.

A reverend gentleman of Worcester propounds the conundrum: "Would you smoke on your death-bed?" There is a gallant officer in this city, a general who fairly earned his rank on the battle-field, who admits that he smoked on the bed that he supposed to be his death-bed, and he attributes his recovery to that smoke. His arm, shattered by a ball at Cherubusco, or some other well-won field of the Mexican war, had been amputated; but the symptoms were unfavorable, and the surgeons plainly intimated that the brave soldier had fought his last battle. As the case seemed incurable they made no objection to his request of being permitted to smoke a cigar. Whether it was a coincidence, or whether, as he insists, the soothing influence of the tobacco wrought a beneficial change in his nervous system, he fell into a calm sleep for the first time in several days, and from that hour grew better until completely restored to health. Then, again, there is the well-authenticated case of old General Herkimer, who puffed away at his pipe until the life-blood gushed from the several arteries of his leg, torn by a cannon shot. No doubt, sensibly remarks the New York *Daily News*, as a rule, people in their death agonies have no apetite for tobacco; but neither as a rule do they crave for roast beef and plumb pudding. As an argument against smoking the reverend gentleman's remark has no significance; if it had, it might suggest a conclusion quite opposite to the purpose, for many a dying drunkard on his death-bed has longed for a glass of rum.

Buried Alive in a Bird's Nest.

There is a bird in New Guinea called the Megapodius, which in the size of its eggs and its manner of hatching them, must be considered extraordinary. It is not larger than one of our ordinary fowls, but its eggs are three inches long by two and a half in diameter. It does not attempt to sit on them. A colony of birds lay their eggs together in a large mound, in the hottest part of the year, from September to March, and leave them to be hatched by the sun. The mound is made of sand, loose earth, and sticks and leaves, which latter by their decay increase the heat. The mounds are wonderfully large, being ten feet high and about sixty feet in circumference at the base. The young birds come out at a hole in the top. The mother birds wait on the trees around till their chicks are hatched, and then each leads off her own brood. How each knows its own is a mystery. The eggs are much relished by the natives, but not at all by Europeans. A native of Cape York ventured one day into a nest for eggs, and while he was exploring the hidden riches of the large mound the upper part fell in and he was smothered. He was afterward found in the very act of digging—buried alive in a bird's nest.

Three cables are now in working order across the Atlantic, and a fourth, and also a fifth one will soon be laid. One is led to hope that the incidental competition will reduce the rates of transmitting messages very materially.

Life in Vienna.

The best cup of coffee to be had in Europe is in Vienna. On the principal business streets there is a coffee-house in almost every block; they are not located down in a dark and dingy basement, but on the street floor. Beer is rarely sold in them; wine may be had. But coffee and cigars, with a newspaper and a little bread-roll, constitute the commodities of the place. Sitting around scores of little metallic or marble tables, within the room or on the sidewalk, may be seen groups of persons, of both sexes, sipping coffee, with bread and newspaper; and, if the sipper be of the male persuasion, a cigar is added to the entertainment. The next establishment may be a beer saloon, equally filled with persons of both sexes within and without. The Vienna people have a great penchant for taking their beer or coffee out of doors, under the shade of a tree or an awning. In the public parks there are whole acres of metallic tables placed under the trees, and thousands of all classes arrange themselves around every fair evening, Sunday inclusive, to drink coffee or beer—and a few wine. The use of coffee in Vienna was first introduced in 1683, by one Kulcziski, a Pole, who, being the interpreter of a Constantinople trading company, and perfectly familiar with the Turkish language, was employed by John Sobieski, King of Poland, during the siege of Vienna by the Turks in 1683, as a spy; in which capacity he went freely through their lines, penetrated into the city, and conveyed messages to the besieged, and from them to the relieving army of Poles. After the Turks were routed they left behind them in their camp vast quantities of coffee. Kulcziski asked for the coffee, and the privilege of opening a coffee-house in Vienna, as the reward for his hazardous and most valuable service. The request was granted, and he immediately opened a coffee-house and prepared the beverage in the Turkish way. The venture proved a success. The citizens soon acquired a taste for it, and from that day to this they have been the greatest coffee drinkers in Christendom.

Swiss Marriage Laws.

The Swiss government finds it necessary to issue a special proclamation, bringing to the notice of all citizens, and especially of the cantonal administrations, the full bearing of that part of the revised constitution which deals with the law of marriage. There have been already, it is stated, numerous appeals made to the central authority under this article, which prescribe that no impediment whatever, founded on religious considerations, or on supposed want of means, is to be put in the way of those "about to marry," and which forbids any government, tax or fee of any kind on the ceremony. It also confers on the wife a share of her husband's settlement rights in his parish and canton; and, imitating the Scotch law, it legitimatizes children born before wedlock. Lastly, it renders legally recognizable marriage contracted by Swiss persons anywhere, if it be valid according to the *lex loci*. As certain cantonial governments have hitherto refused to recognize any such marriages when celebrated without previous sanction from the authorities of at least the husband's canton; while others have required caution money from those who had no real property, and continue to exact it ever since the constitution passed; again, a few object to acknowledging mixed marriages except under special ecclesiastical sanction; they are warned that all such obstructions are illegal, advised that any deposits of money received since the 29th of May, when the constitution came into force, should be restored, and further are informed that a special law is being prepared designed to carry out the intentions of the constitutional act in full detail. As the first decided interference of the central government with cantonial practices under its new powers, this proclamation has made a considerable sensation in certain parts of Switzerland.—*Exchange.*

A Good Deed.

Stories of good deeds and compensating fortune are good to tell. They are pleasant to read, besides, affording excellent examples to the rising generation. They always happen a long way off, like the generality of eclipses, transits and other events of high character, but the lesson is all the same, and we willingly take the narrator's word as the truty. Osborn went to California fifteen years ago. He was one of the unfortunate. He found no gold and was helplessly sick into the bargain. A fellow adventurer, who had struck a lead, thought there was something in the sick man worth saving, so he tended him, and brought him out, and gave him $250 to buy tools and find some place to go to work. The nurse told his patient he needn't trouble himself about the payment and get sick again from hard work. He could pay when he had the money to spare. The two separated. In eighteen months Osborn sent his nurse $1,250 as interest on friendship, and the other day he met the old friend who had saved his life, and handed him a package, with instructions not to open until they separated again. The package contained a deed for one sixth of a rich silver mine, which the receiver sold for $80,000 cash.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Gossiping.

It is not alone in small neighborhoods that scandal exclusively operates. Out in the world it interferes with a thousand things, causing unbounded troubles in trade, in friendship, in politics, its effects are seen, and half the evil of life that one encounters is caused by the obtrusion of some hand in his dish besides his own. How much heart-burning is caused by it, how much bitterness, how much hatred, how much annoyance! And yet those who meddle most are very good people who would not do any harm for the world and are quite shocked at the result which abominable interference has brought about. Everything is heard to be repeated, and suggestions are made by them which become afterward affirmations of your own, that do all manner of harm. And yet the meddlers do not know what the have done. They might, indeed, weep with you over crushed hopes that their very propensity has caused, and bear no malice in their hearts towards anybody; as an excess of lovingness, kick his owner's and best friend's brains out.

If people would mind ther own business, there would be less bankruptcy of comforts in society, and machinery of life in all its departments would run smoothly.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself. As to the pure all things are pure, even so to the impure all things are impure.

Youths' Column.

Only a Grave.

Only a little lonely grave,
Out on the hillside' drear,
Only a childish voice hushed,
That once made music here.

Only a Mother's sad, sad face,
Pressed close to the window pane,
That she might see that lonely grave,
Where her darling long had lain.

Her darling still, tho' years have passed,
Since she laid her away to rest;
And others have come but failed to fill
That void in her aching breast.

But she patiently waits her summons home,
With a smile that is tender and fond,
As she dreams of the bliss so surely hers
When she enters the 'Bright Beyond.'"

I HAVE been watching a little fellow—a very little fellow—setting up blocks in long, crooked rows, and then mowing them down by giving the first one a very slight push. It is a delightful experiment to him, and he never can quite get over wondering at the way one block knocks over the whole regiment. It makes me think of so many things that are being tried every day, and that always turn out just the same. No one falls down, or is pushed down, who does not carry a good many others with him, whether he means it or not.

I have been going to tell you a story of a splendid little English boy, very poor, and without father or mother, who wandered away from Cincinnati to our little suburban village, and crept up, just at dusk, to the lighted windows of a pleasant home, to listen to the music inside. He was cold and hungry, and he thought, "These people seem happy—perhaps they will give me something to eat."

So he told his sad story, and was taken in and washed and clothed, and warmed and fed, and cared for in every way. He was so bright and intelligent, so eager to learn, every one said he would make a grand man. After a while he was sent away to a pleasant home on a great fruit-farm; and letters and excellent reports came back from him.

I have been thinking I would tell this to show how much good a little generous kindness might do. But yesterday our minister, with a sad face, told the boys how it had ended: that early habits and evil influence had carried the day, and the boy had broken into his benefactor's house, rifled and robbed it, and run away. The minister told the boys that the worst of it was, that this bad boy had robbed all other boys of their chance of being helped, by making people afraid to trust them. Just like the blocks, you see: knocking down the whole row with the first one.

"I know boys," said a man, shaking his head; "they're all alike. Trust 'em as far as you can see 'em!"

"Well, I think I know boys," said a lady smiling, "and I find almost all boys can be trusted, if you come at them from the right side."

When you do a mean thing, or a tricky thing, or a dishonorable thing, just remember that you are injuring not only your own character and standing, but the character of others; and every boy in the world has a right to call you to account for damages.—*Little Corporal.*

THERE are two stories of famous lighthouses which are worth remembering. Smeaton, who built the Eddystone Light-house, is said to have conceived the idea of moving his light-house to the rocks from seeing how an oak, which withstood the tempest while all around it were torn up, had its roots firmly grasping a ledge of rock. While it was being erected, the workmen were seized by a party of French marauders and thrown into prison. But Louis XIV., on hearing of it, ordered their prompt release, saying:

"I wage war against England, but not against mankind."

This was in 1759; but centuries before that the Roman writers tell us of the famous tower of Boulogne, built by the Emperor Caligula, and carefully guarded down to the days of Charlemagne, lest the lightning should strike it. But they never thought to inquire what the great creeping sea, that washed against the foundations, was doing, or the little springs down deep in the ground, that were mining a way to the sea; and one day the fortress, the light-house, and even the cliff itself, went down and were swallowed up. That was not the end of it. The city of Boulogne had paid to the owner of the soil a yearly rental for the use of his barren land, which paid better in light-houses than in any other crop. So now he sued them for damages, since his whole farm was gone. The suit went up to the Royal Parliament, which in 1656, decreed that the city should pay the rental of two thousand herrings a year, or put the land back where it was before. And as they could not easily rebuild the cliff, they paid the herrings down to the days of the French Revolution.

"YOU TOLD ABOUT THE EEL."—The Chevalier de la Tour Landy, in a book of counsel to his daughter, written some time in the latter half of the 14th century, thus makes use of a magpie in a tale which has a moral to it. "I will tell you a story," he says, "in regard to women who eat dainty morsels in the absence of their lords. There was a lady who had a magpie in a cage, which talked of everything which it saw done. Now it happened that the lord of the household preserved a large eel in a pond, and kept it very carefully in order to give it to some of his lords, or of his friends in case they should visit him. So it happened that the lady said to her female attendant that it would be good to eat the big eel; and accordingly they ate it, and agreed that they would tell their lord that the otter had eaten it. And when the lord returned, the magpie began to say to him, 'My lord, my lady has eaten the eel.' Then the lord went to his pond, and missed the eel; and he went into the house, and asked his wife what had become of it. She thought to excuse herself easily; but he said that he knew all about it, and that the magpie had told him. The result was that there was quarreling and trouble in the house; but when the lord had gone away, the lady and her female attendant went to the magpie, and plucked all its feathers from its head saying, 'You told about the eel.' And so the magpie was quite bald. But from that time forward when it saw any people who were bald, or had large foreheads, the magpie said to them, 'Ah! you told about the eel.'"

The Dry Rot in Man.

Chales Dickens said that "The first external revelation of the day rot in man is a tendency to lurk and lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason, to be going anywhere when met to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, but to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow or the day after.

Varieties.

Undertakers' motto—Circumstances alter burial cases.

There is only one way in this world after all—the right way.

A Washington widow who is known to have $10,000 is reported to have refused eight offers of marriage from discharged clerks in one day and two nights.

A friend invited Horace Greeley to call and see him, ending the invitation with, "If I am not at home you can always see my wife." "Oh," said the philosopher, "I don't think it's well to make a practice of that." And it isn't.

Russia produces annually, 195,000 tons of flax; Austria, 45,005; France, 40,000; Belgium, 20,000; Great Britain, 18,000; Italy, 12,000; Bavaria 9,000; Saxony, 3,000; other countries, 8,000; the total European productions being 350,000 tons. Why is linen so dear?

While New York city has 950,000 inhabitants and 470 places of worship, Berlin, with a population of 850,000 has only sixty churches and chapels, yet for the most part costly edifices. In the United States there are 72,000 houses of worship—68,000 Protestant and 4,000 Roman Catholic, or 600 people to a Church.

A careful review of the fields and markets of Europe shows an average wheat crop in regard to quality and growth; but an immense amount of it is yet unharvested, and a heavy rain would do serious damage. A great diversity of opinion prevails with respect to the crops in France and Belgium.

During the late war, Dr—, entering the hospital surgery, met Paddy Doyle, the orderly, and asked him which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Paddy as with an indicative jerk of the thumb, he pointed to where on the table, lay a case of surgical instruments.

The London *Spectator* notes the singular fact that with the increase of culture the ghosts have become as conventionally wellbehaved as their surviving relatives. We no longer hear of ghosts prancing around in the old fashion, playing malicious tricks upon people; but they have become as staid and wellbehaved as a young lady fresh from a convent school, and make their exits and entrances with the graceful *sang froid* of well-bred people.

Bayard Taylor, writing from Aberdeen, Scotland, speaks thus