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Poetry.

REGRET.

BY MARY E. BRADLEY.

He offered a kiss in the morning—
I coldly turned away,
For an idle word that I overheard
Had rankled a night and a day.
I knew, in truth, it was nothing
That he would have blushed to own.
That point and sting of the trifling thing
Grew out of my heart alone.

But a vexed, unquiet spirit
Weighs no matter aright,
And the sore smart of a jealous heart
Puts reason out of sight.
I let him go in the morning
Without the kiss he sought;
And the day was long, but I nursed my wrong
With many a bitter thought.

One bitter thought, God help me!
Did not enter my brain,
That kiss of mine, by word or sign,
He would never seek again.
But as evening shadows gathered,
My heart began to burn
With a quickened sense of his influence,
And I longed for his return.

Leaning against the window
That overlooked the street,
I strained my ear his step to hear
In the crowd of hurrying feet.
Far off, in the dimmest distance,
I should have known it well;
But there came instead a muffled tread,
And the sharp alarm of the bell.

Some griefs, though deep and bitter,
Find at last their cures,
But some retain the old, old pain
As long as life endures.
I did not know in the morning
When I coldly turned away,
That I should miss and mourn that kiss
Down to my dying day!"

Miscellany.

Southey's Life.

All Southey's thoughts, all his wishes all his hopes, were centered within the four corners of his library. This library was all in all to him. Coleridge called it his wife, and De Quincey has given a description of it which is too well known to need quotation. Southey knew all his books by heart, kept them all in perfect order, well classified, marked, and indexed; and here, with these books for his companions, "the pride of his eye and the joy of his heart," he spent most of his time. "Imagine me in this great study of mine, from breakfast till dinner, from dinner till tea, and from tea till supper, in my old black coat, my corduroys, alternately with the long worsted pantaloons and gaiters in one, and the green shade, and sitting at my desk, and you have my picture and my history." This is Southey's own description of himselt at work, in a note to his brother, and it tallies to a T with De Quincey's account. "I rouse the house to breakfast every morning, and qualify myself for a boatswain's place by this practice; and thus one day passes like another, and never did the days appear to pass so fast. * * * My actions are as regular as those of St. Dunstan's quarter-boys. Three pages of history after breakfast, (equivalent to five in small quarto printing), then to transcribe and copy for the press, or to make my selections and biographies, or what else suits my humor, till dinner time; from dinner till tea I read, write letters, see the newspaper, and very often indulge in a *siesta;* for sleep agrees with me, and I have a good substantial theory to prove that it must; for as a man who walks much requires to sit down and rest himself, so does the brain, if it be the part most worked require its repose. After tea I go to poetry, and correct and rewrite and copy till I am tired, and then turn to anything else till supper; and this is my life, which, if it be not a very merry one, is yet as happy as heart could wish." I take these sentences from his letters at thirty and forty, but they may stand for a description of his life at forty-five, at fifty, and even within four or five years of his end; for although his tasks varied from year to year, his habits were as fixed as the habits of a pundit. What they were at fifty they had been at thirty, and you may take his own account of his life at thirty as a representation in miniature of his whole career and of all the habits of his life.—*Temple Bar.*

Female Taste.

A cultivated taste marks a woman of elegance and refinement as decidedly as a knowledge of classical literature does a gentleman; and there is nothing in which female vulgalarity is more clearly shown than in want of taste. This is an axiom that we think will not admit of dispute; but it is a question how far taste is natural, and how far it may be acquired. A delicate taste must, to a certain extent, depend upon the organization of the individual; and it is impossible for any rules to be laid down which will impart taste to persons entirely devoid of it. But this is very seldom the case with women, as it is one of the few points in which women naturally excel man. Men may be, and probably are, superior to women in all that requires profound thought and general knowledge; but in the arrangement of a house, and the introduction of ornamental furniture and articles of bijouterie, there can be no doubt of the innate superiority of woman. Every one must have remarked the difference in the furnishing of a bachelor's house and one where a lady presides; the thousand little elegancies of the latter, though nothing in themselves, adding, like cyphers, prodigiously to the value of the solid articles they are appended to.

Ancient Firearms.

An exhibition of ancient and modern weapons has been opened at Birmingham. They date from the fourteenth century. Among them is a breech-loading air-gun, made by Nock, an Englishman, somewhere about 1760, which has seven barrels, all of which explode with one blow of the hammer. There is also a beautiful breech-loader, bearing the name of Aquafresca Borgia, 1694. There are many exquisite breech-loading pistols of ancient dates, with ingenious mechanisms, and the first attempt at the revolving principle, in the shape of a double-barreled gun, the barrels turning on a pivot. Many of the guns have reservoirs in the stock for ammunition. One curiosity is a single-barreled gun to hold two charges. One charge was rammed home and several wads inserted, after which the second charge was placed in the barrel. The top charge was exploded by a hammer about a third of the way up the barrel, and a hammer at the breech then discharged the second.

PARKE MOULTRIE.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES HOWARD.

The finding of Randolph Rhett dead in his library, on the evening of October 29th, 1853, gave rise to considerable excitement. The sudden taking off of so prominent a member of the Carolina Legislature as Mr. Rhett, was to be deplored by the entire State, and when it became known that he had been murdered, a thrill of horror shot through every heart.

Mr. Rhett's library was situated on the ground floor of his spacious and magnificent mansion. The eastern windows looked out upon a beautiful palmetto grove, while the southern ones revealed the loveliness of a flower garden.

The legislator had never married, but his roof sheltered a lovely girl who bore his name. His nephew, a young Georgian named Parke Moultrie, resided with him. The youth was reading law under the Colonel, as Mr. Rhett was called throughout the State, and it was he who had found him dead among his books and legal papers.

When the student entered the room at 8 o'clock on the fatal morning, he found his uncle bowed upon the desk, very like a person napping. He did not manifest any surprise at this, for the Colonel often rose at four; read or write till seven, to fall asleep again in the position I have, in a word, described. Moultrie—I am writing from his testimany elicited at the inquest—took a legal volume from the book case and threw himself into a chair near one of the southern windows, the sash of which was raised. He opened the volume at a page where several slips of paper had been placed by some one, and a sudden breath of southern breeze lifted them from the book. One piece alighted directly beneath the Colonel, and the youth thought to recover it without discommoding his relative. He left the chair and was putting his hand beneath the *fauteuil* when he noted a dark red spot on the carpet.

As it looked like blood, he started and tried to waken the Colonel. Failing to do so by gentle shaking, he raised his head and saw the unmistakable stare of death in his eyes. There was a red stain on his well-ironed shirt front—it was the wound of the life-destroying dagger. The Colonel had been dead several hours. Parke Moultrie could see this at a glance.

He did not rouse the house until he had examined the room. The colonel's money had not been touched; his papers were intact. Then what motive prompted the murder! Revenge! Colonel Rhett had no avowed enemies who would stoop to the level of the midnight assassin. He did not fear the stealthy blow.

"My foes are chivalrous," he was wont to say. "When they want revenge, like gentlemen, to the field of honor they will call me."

Parke Moultrie found a bruised daisy leaf on the window sill. It bore the imprint of shoe-nails, and it told the youth that his uncle's assassin had gained the house through the flower garden. He had preserved the leaf, and exhibited it to the coroner's jury. I have said that the papers of the deceased were found intact. But a mystery now bothered the minds of many. A will, which the colonel was known to have written, could not be found, though the mansion was searched thoroughly a dozen times. At last, deeply buried among seme old letters, a codicil was discovered. It was dated a year before the murder and read thus:

"Codicil to the will of Randolph Rhett: I bequeath to my nephew, Marion Rhett, who, when last heard from, was in Richmond, Va., the sum of twenty thousand dollars, on condition that he takes charge of my plantation and manages it for my child, Viola. I appoint him executor of my estate, and the guardian of my child. The other items of my will, namely, five thousand dollars to Parke Moultie; the remainder of my property, exclusive of the bequest to Marion Rhett, to Viola."

This codicil was properly signed with the well-known autograph of the distinguished Carolinian, and it was thought he had misplaced the will.

"I do not know much about this cousin of mine," said Viola to Parke Moultrie several days subsequent to the funeral. "I have heard father speak of a Rhett who has disgraced the family by marrying a traveling actress; but I have forgotten his Christian name. Marion sounds like it, though I do not think that is it. Shall I write to Richmond?"

I would advise you to do so," said the student. "It is proper that your father's affairs should be attended to at once," and he added as he turned away:

"I am curious to see this Marion Rhett—this unknown cousin of mine."

That night Viola dispatched a letter to the capital of the Old Dominion, and a week elapsed before a reply came.

The letter which she received was signed "Marion Rhett." The writer expressed sorrow at the colonel's sudden death, and much surprise at the fortune that had befallen him. "I am coming down in a few days," he wrote, 'and I will haae no rest till the assassin is hung."

"I adjudge him a young man," said Parke Moultrie, studying the chirography of the Virginian letter. "A young man about my own age—four and twenty. I had expected to see a man in the neighborhood of thirty-six."

One evening, several days after the reception of the letter, Marion Rhett reached the plantation.

That he was a genuine Rhett could not be disputed. He possessed the intellectual forehead of his revolutionary ancestors; he could boast of the Rhett eyes, the Rhett mouth, and the ringing melody of the Rhett voice.

'What do you think of him!" Viola found time to whisper to Parke Moultrie.

He is the person he represents himself—Sumpter Rhett's son," was the student's reply. "But there is something about him I do not like, Viola. I cannot explain myself now."

Marion Rhett, gradually assumed the reins of government on the plantation. He treated Parke Moultrie deferentially for a fortnight, when he suddenly began to wax cold towards him. He hinted that there was a good opening for law students in Richmond, and, unable to bear his ruling longer, and unwilling, for Viola's sake, to resist after the manner of the Carolinian, he quitted the estate.

"I shall feel lonely while you are away, Parke," Viola said to him on the night prior to his departure. "I do not like my cousin. He treats me kindly: he is very entertaining; but there is something about him I do not like."

Parke Moultrie started at her last words. He had made use of them while addressing her shortly after Marion Rhett's arrival on the plantation.

"What have you discovered, Viola?"

"Nothing, Parke—only there is a something about him I do not like. I cannot explain myself."

Parke Moultrie kissed Viola Rhett before he went away, and a week later a letter informed her that he had opened a law office in Petersburg, Virginia.

Occasionally, during the year that followed the departure of the student, Viola heard from him, and he from her.

To his repeated advice to watch the doings of Marion Rhett she at last began to turn evasive replies, and one evening the contents of a certain letter startled him.

Viola was about to become the wife of Marion Rhett!

This announcement, made by the fair girl herself, drove Parke Moultrie from the chair, and he started at the letter, unable to credit the evidences of his senses.

"He has fascinated her with those baleful eyes of his!" he cried, crunching the letter in his hand. "I love the girl; she loves me, or did. I know this! By heavens! his plans shall amount to nothing. I will baffle him, if I am compelled to kill him on the field of honor. They are not fitted for one another; the angels in Heaven above revolt at this match, and the demons down under the sea rejoice. He has charmed her, as the serpent charms the bird. He drove me from the plantation that he might work with none to molest, nor make him afraid. I will not give Viola up without a struggle. With the spell broken she will return to me. She is not sinning—no! no! Marion Rhett has done it all!"

Maddened almost beyond control, Parke Moultrie stood over his law tables, with bloodless lips and clenched hands. The room was growing dark, and the lamplighter was making his rounds.—The lawyer's form was not visible from the street, but his door, flung wide, told passers-by that he had not deserted the office.

While he stood in the dusk, slowly recovering from the excitement into which Viola's letter had thrown him, he heard a boy's voice at the door.

"This is the place, ma'am, but I guess Mr. Moultrie's gone out."

"No, I am here," said the lawyer, hastening to the door. "If the lady will step in, I will light the gas."

He saw the door darkened by a form, clad in female attire, and turned the gas on. The next moment, he closed the door, and turned to his visitor.

He found a woman who had not passed her twenty-second year. She was very beautiful, fragile in form, intellectual in countenance, but there lurked the fire of passion in her dark Southern eyes, and it heightened her loveliness.

She dropped into the chair which the lawyer pushed to her, and looked him in the face.

"Do you listen to clients after office hours?" she asked, in a rich voice, which rippled over a smile that played over her coral lips.

"Yes, Miss—or Madam."

"Madam, if you please, Mr. Moultrie," she said, her eyes flashing hatefully, and then she laid a white, ungloved hand on the table. "That hand," she murmured, "you must separate forever from the hand it grasped before the altar five years ago. Do you understand, Mr. Moultrie?"

"I think I do. You seek a divorce."

"And I must not seek in vain," she said, firmly.

Parke Moultrie drew some paper from the drawer, and sharpened his pencil.

"Please state your case, madam," he said, glancing at her.

"Five years ago, come the tenth of next October, I, as Maud Raymond, better known to the playgoing world as Mademoiselle Beauchampe, was united in marriage to Marion Rhett."

At mention of his rival's name, Parke Moultrie almost dropped his pencil.—The woman did not seem to notice his emotion, and continued after a brief pause.

"I don't know why I married him. I never loved him. He had no money."

"Perhaps he had prospects?" suggested the lawyer.

"Prospects!" echoed the petitioner, with a smile. "Ah! he had prospects. He had a rich uncle—Randolph Rhett I think his name was. He expected money there, but his marriage with me ruined all his prospects. His uncle cursed him in a long letter, and told him that he had cut him off without a cent. I hold the letter. After that, Marion Rhett soon tired of me. He basely deserted me in Mobile. That was three years ago. I have spoken to him but once since. It was in Harrisburg. I was playing my last engagement there. It was the night of the 20th of October, 1853."

"What!" cried Parke Moultrie, starting again.

Marion Rhett's wife repeated the declaration.

"Are you confident of the date?"

"I am. I can swear that I talked with him then and there."

"Mrs. Rhett, on what grounds do you petition for a divorce?"

"On the grounds of desertion; but there is another charge which I would to God the court would hear."

"Will you make it now?"

She rose to her feet, and looked the lawyer in the eye. All the passions of a Cenci burned in her eyes, and her voice was cuttingly vindictive and emphatic.

"I charge the man who charmed me to the altar with the basest of crimes—the crime of murder" she cried.

"Can you prove it?" cried Parke Moultrie springing almost triumphantly from his chair:

"I do not know," she said slowly. "Oh God, if thy angels could speak in the courts of men! He slew Colonel Rhett, his uncle. The dagger he carried would fit the death wound which I have seen so minutely described in the papers. I know he killed him, for I have heard him swear that he would do it. What sweet revenge if I could prove it!"

"Hold!" cried the lawyer. "One of his lies shall furnish the missing link. I have a letter which he wrote to the colonel's child one week after the murder; In that letter he declares that he was in Alexandria the night of the twentieth."

"He was not! On the morning of the 11th of October, 1853, I left Harrisburg for the South. I was obliged to retire from the stage on account of my health. I reached Cloyden on the 28th. That night I rambled among the suburbs of the town. I saw a man approaching, and I shrunk into the shade of a palmetto. He passed me, and I saw the face of my husband. He went toward Colonel Rhett's plantation. The next day he was not in Cloyden. I have not seen him since. Mr. Moultrie you can draw your own conclusions.

Parke Moultrie was not slow in drawing them.

The next day he left Richmond, and one night suddenly confronted Marion Rhett. A gentleman whom he made known as Mr. Swails, of Pittsburg accompanied him.

"Where were you on the 20th of October, 1853," inquired Mr. Swails, during the conversation that followed the introduction.

The answer came after a moment's thought.

"In Alexandria and Washin gton."

"Ah! a fine old town, Alexandria," said the questioner; and then the conversation fell upon the murder at the plantation.

"I was in Richmond that night at the Spotswood," said Marion Rhett.

The last word was still quivering on his lips when Swails rose to his feet.

"Marion Rhett, in the name of the Commonwealth of South Carolina, I arrest you for the murder of your natural uncle, Randolph Rhett."

The accused laughed.

"Well, well, this is a joke. Mr. Moultrie, I suppose I am indebted to you for its perpetration. So I am to exhibit a clear alibi to a dozen men. We'll drink over this."

With forced good humor Marion Rhett ordered wine, and astounded the officer and his friend.

But, alas! for his precious life, his alibi was not a good one. The lie in his letter to Viola hung him. The evidence of his wronged wife he could not overthrow. Before he died he confessed to another crime. Entering his uncle's chamber that fatal night, he found him at the desk. There, before the old man could recognize him, he drove the little dagger to his breast, stole the will, and wrote the codicil found among the letters.

The spell of Marion Rhett's fascination dissolved. Viola returned to the love of Parke Moultrie, and became his wife.

"You do not need a divorce now," said the lawyer to the deserted actress, after the villain's condemnation.

"But I must have it! The world shall never point to me and say, 'Her husband was hung by his own lies.' The court must separate us before he dies."

On the morning of Marion Rhett's last day on earth, certain papers were placed in his hands. They told him that the ties that had bound him to Maud Raymond were broken.

The intelligence embittered his last moments; but he met his fate with the courage of a Rhett. It was Marion Rhett who left the daisy leaf in the library, as is related in the first part of this story; it was Marion Rhett who was hung by his own lies.

The actress committed suicide four years since in New York. On her person was found the decree that separated her from a murderer.

Parke Moultrie and his wife are happy. Over his desk hangs a sword and faded uniform. True to the teachings of his father—true to the spirit of the Rhetts—he wore them nobly for the "lost cause."

Twenty Marriage Maxims.

Husbands need not pass these maxims by, for they are designed for wives; and wives should not despise them, for they are addressed to husbands:—(1.) The very nearest approach to domestic happiness on earth is in the cultivation on both sides of absolute unselfishness. (2.) Never talk at one another either alone or in company. (3.) Never both be angry at once. (4.) Never speak loud to one another—unless the house is on fire. (5.) Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other. (6.) Let self-denial be the daily aim and practice of each. (7.) Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed, and always speak lovingly. (8.) Never taunt with a past mistake. (9.) Neglect the whole world besides rather than one another. (10.) Never allow a request to be repeated. (11.) Never make a remark at the expense of the other. (12.) Never part for a day without loving words to think of during absence. (13.) Never meet without a loving welcome. (14.) Never let the sun go down upon any anger or grievance. (15.) Never let any fault you have committed go by until you have frankly confessed it and asked forgiveness. (16.) Never forget the happy hours of early love. (17.) Never sigh over what might have been, but make the best of what is. (18.) Never forget that marriage is ordained of God, and that His blessing can make it what it should be. (19.) Never be content till you know you are both walking in the narrow way. (20.) Never let your hopes stop short of the eternal home.

How Frederick the Great Resumed Specie Payments.

It was just exactly a century before our war that Frederick the Great, already so called, was involved in the seven years' war, a most tremendous conflict and one which promised to strip him utterly of his vaunted title, if not of his kingship. He was beaten on every hand, and perhaps the fortunate death of the Empress of Russia alone saved him from annihilation.

Paper money was then unknown on the continent, and Frederick for ways and means melted down all the silver in his possession, including the immense silver ornaments which his prudent father had placed in the palace at Berlin with a view to just such an emergency, rather than to the culture of art. His policy was not to increase the taxes a dollar. He soon saw that the barrels of silver bullion and the silver chandeliers and balconies would not hold out forever, and there was no help for it but to debase with copper, just exactly as we debased the currency with paper, a century later. But all this, like our emission of paper, was done solely as a war measure.

But after the war, and when Frederick came to undertake those measures for the restoration of the country which its wasted condition required, let us see if he inflated or debased his coinage. The seven years' war closed with the peace of Hubertsburg, February 15, 1763. It was the 1st of April before Frederick reached home, Berlin, interviewing people on the way and taking prompt measures for the relief, out of his well-nigh empty treasury, of the communities flat with war. Three weeks afterward he decreed a new coinage just half way back in degree of debasement toward the pure standard.

The degree of alloy was moreover marked upon it, and ample warning given that before long even that should be set right. A year later (March 29, 1764) a new decree heralded a new coinage, of the old degree of purity, which did indeed appear and go into circulation as the only legal tender on the 1st of June following, fourteen months after the treaty of peace. "The way to resume is to resume," thought Father Fritz, a man who failed sometimes and bitterly in the administration of war, but almost never in the administration of peace.

The secret of fashion is to surprise, never to disappoint.—*Bulwer.*

Donnybrook Fair.

All those who were ever present will bear witness that an Irishman "all in his glory was there"—but not exactly for the reasons generally supposed. In the first place, the song, which makes the "shillelah" the all in all, refers to a traditionary period. A few fights and broken heads, inseparable from all English as well as Irish fairs, of course always took place, but the crowd was too dense to allow of much damage being done. There was not only no room for "science," but no room to strike a blow of a real kind—from the shoulder, and "using the toes." We saw no blood flow. Something else in abundance we did see flow, whisky. As for the interior, or main body of the fair, it presented no features materially differing from others previously mentioned; but the outskirts certainly presented something very different—indeed unique. The fair, as to its great shows and booths, was held in a large hollow, or basin of green ground, on descending into which you found the immediate skirtings occupied by a set of very little, very low-roofed, hut-like booths, where a busy trade was carried on in fried potatoes, fried sausages, and oysters, cold or scolloped. Not a bad mixture; but the cooking, in some cases, seems to be performed by individuals who had never before seen a sausage or an oyster, and who fancied that smoke and peat-ashes improved the one, and sand and saw-dust the other. But cookery is by no means the special characteristic alluded to. It is this: and I will defy the world to produce anything like it. Donnybrook is a village a few miles only from Dublin. The houses are all very small, the largest generally rising no higher than a floor above the ground floor rooms, and every house being entirely appropriated to the use of the fair-coming people. The rooms below were devoted to whisky-drinking, songs, jokes, politeness, and courtship, with a jig in the middle; and the very same, but with more elaborate and constant dancing, in the rooms above. Every house presented the same scene—yes, every house along the whole village; and when you came to the narrowest streets the effect was peculiar and ludicrous in the extreme. For observe, the rooms being all crowded to the last man and woman and child they could hold, and the "dancing"—especially above stairs—being an absolute condition, there was no room left for the fiddler. We say there was no room left for him—and yet he must be among them. There was room for him, as a man, be it understood—but not as a fiddler. His elbow required space enough for another man, and this could not be afforded. The problem was, therefore, solved by opening the window up-stairs; the fiddler sat on the window sill, and his elbow worked outside. The effect of this "elbow" playing outside the window of every upper floor, and sometimes out of both upper floor and ground floor of every house in a whole street, and on both sides of the way—and playing a similar kind of jig—surpassed anything of that kind of humor in action it has ever been my fortune to witness. If that is not merry fun, show me what is. The elbows all played so true to time that if you had not heard a note you would have known that it was an Irish jig by the motion of all those jaunty and "knowing" elbows. A last word on Donnybrook shall be devoted to one other custom, characteristic of the kindness as well as the humor of the nation, which was manifested in a way never seen elsewhere. Once every hour or so, a large police van was driven through the fair to pick up all the very drunken men who were rolling about unable to govern their motions. They were at once lifted into the van, and here many of them again found their legs, and you heard the muffled singing and the dull thunder of their dancing inside as the philanthropic van passed along. As they got sober they were set free.—*The Saturday Journal.*

Happy Husbands.

It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can be to an attentive husband, and a more exceptional one who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself wilfully neglected. It would be very easy to hate a man who, having bound a woman to him, made no effort to make her happy; hard not to love one who was constant and tender; and when a woman loves she always strives to please.

The great men of this world have often been wretched in their domestic relations, while mean and common men have been exceedingly happy. The reason is very plain. Absorbed in themselves, those who desired the world's applause were careless of the little world at home; while those who had none of this egotism strove to keep the hearts that were their own, and were happy in their tenderness.

No woman will love a man the better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be first among men she will only be prouder, not fonder; and if she loses him through this renown, as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and her king. No less a hero to her thought he is not one to any other; no less a king though his only kingdom is her heart and home.

Eating Before Sleeping.

It is a common mistake to suppose that eating before sleep is injurious. Not at all unfrequently does it happen that people are sleepless for want of food, and a little taken either when they first go to bed or when they thus awake sleepless, will be generally found far more efficacious, and of course infinitely less injurious than any drug in the chemist's pharmacopia. These are the physical remedies for sleeplessness which have the best recommendation. As for the moral ones, there is certainly a good deal more to be said. Perhaps the most stringent of all rules are: "Avoid anxiety!" and "Don't go to bed owing anybody a grudge!" Chewing the bitter cud of a quarrel is a thousand fold more injurious to repose thax swallowing a whole teapotful of the very greenest of green tea!

A Mennonite Divorce.

A curious episode in the railroad depot at Lincoln, Nebraska, the other day, was a Mennonite divorce. The man was anxious to go to Dakota, and his wife equally anxious to remain, so, after a long argument in Russian and German, they sat down upon the floor, and, opening a bag containing $2,000 in gold, counted it out, piece by piece, the man taking one-half and the woman the other. They then shook hands and separated, the man jumping upon a train bound for Dakota.

Most of the shadows that cross our path through life, are caused by our standing in our own light.

A Dog Collar Story.

A correspondent writes to the London *Times:* "The Paris police lately received intelligence that a young man of Polish origin was journeying through the suburbs of the capital, and endeavoring to pass off a quantity of forged Russian notes, and last week this interesting wayfarer was apprehended in a cafe at Sceaux. He was a man of about thirty years of age, who had been flitting rapidly through the towns and villages on his route, accompanied only by a large mastiff, that never left him. When arrested he put on an air of injured innocence, protesting that he was an honest dealer in imitation jewelry, producing a box of samples, and growing more and more defiant as the strict search made upon his person proceeded, without bringing to light anything of a nature to inculpate him. At length his captors, fairly nonplussed, were on the point of dismissing him, when the eye of one of them fell upon the mastiff that had remained at the door. He noticed that the animal's neck was encircled with a collar of very unwieldly thickness, and, on taking it off and inspecting it he discovered that it was hollow inside and stuffed with counterfeit notes to the amount of £300. In the face of such proofs the man ceased to deny the facts imputed to him, and began to moralize pathetically upon the flagrant unfairness of Providence, and the cruel absence of anything like even-handed distributive justice in the apportionment of the prizes and blanks of his profession, whose chiefs and magnates invariably came off scot free and millionaires, whereas the poor toiling underling drudges never reaped anything for their pains but the prison and the hulks. These gloomy metaphysics he proceeded to fortify with an anecdote, which, whether authentic or not, is certainly very remarkable. It appears that during the Crimean campaign one of the principal regimental canteens in the Russian army was suddenly closed in the faces of officers and men without notice or warning. Prince Gortschakoff, furious, rode up the purveyor and demanded an explanation, whereupon the latter replied that instead of yielding him, as was commonly supposed, £20 of clear daily profits, his business was landing him in downright ruin, inasmuch as the greater part of his receipts consisted of false bank notes. The General, at his wit's end, telegraphed to the Emperor, and, on receiving a reply, told the purveyor that if he would open his canteen the spurious notes in question should be cashed by the bank as if they had been genuine. Armed with this assurance, the purveyor briskly resumed his business, and labored in his vocation with such zeal and diligence that at the end of the war he had the satisfaction of being able to present for payment to the Imperial bank £40,000 worth of counterfeit paper, scarcely any of which had really been received by him in the course of his dealings with the army."

Washing.

Muslin dresses, even of the most delicate colors can be cleaned in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour without losing their color. Melt half a pound of soap in a gallon of water, empty it into a wash-tub, place near two other large tubs of clean water, and stir into one a quart of bran, Put the muslin in the soap, turn it over and knead it a few minutes; squeeze it out well, but do not ring it, lest it get torn; rinse it about quickly in the bran for a couple of minutes. Rinse again well for a couple of minutes. Squeeze out dry and hang it between two lines. A clear, dry day should be chosen to wash muslin dresses. Half a dozen may be done this way in half an hour. This last rinse may be prepared in the same way as the rinses for woolen fabrics. A colored pattern on a white ground must not be blued. The bran may be dispensed with. When the dress is dry make the starch; for a colored muslin white starch, for a colored muslin white starch, and unboiled but made with boiling water, is best for muslin dresses. Stir the starch with the end of a wax candle; dip the dress; hang it to dry again. When dry rinse it quickly and thoroughly in clear water; hang it to dry again; sprinkle and roll it up; afterward iron it with very hot irons. Hot irons keep the starch stiff. This rinsing after starching is called clear starching none of the stiffness, but much of the unsightliness of the starch is removed in this way. The advantage of thus cleansing dresses instead of washing them is, first, if colored, the process is so rapid that there is not time for the colors to run; secondly, the fabric is not rubbed, and therefore not strained and worn out; thirdly, the process saves nearly all labor, and is so quick done that any lady may manage it for herself in the absence of a laundry-maid or a lady's maid.—*Household Guide.*

A Serious Objection.

Personal cleanliness is not invariably a "passion," even with individuals in the upper ranks of society. We have heard of a British General, whose antipathy to ablution was a matter of notoriety among his friends and acquaintances. Meeting one of the latter one day, the General complained of being unwell. "What seems to be the matter?" enquired the gentleman. "Can't tell," said the General, "but I don't feel exactly well." "Allow me to prescribe,' said the gentleman. No objection being raised, he advised the General to lose no time in procuring "a convenient tub, half-filled with tepid water, and" (in addition) "a big-sized lump of brown soap. Apply the soap and the water liberally," said the gentleman, and repeat the experiment again and again." "Why," said the General, "that simply amounts to washing myself." The gentleman (putting on a very serious look) remarked, "It is liable to that objection."

Female Hats.

Happy is that human being who has the tact to do a disagreeable thing beautifully. Here are the men of America continually a-babbling concerning the aggravating height of feminine hats in theatre audiences. And yet no manager in the land has had the wit to remove these torments in the simple manner adopted by the functionary of a French provincial theatre. He made no boisterous observations; he gave no stern orders; not he. He merely printed in large letters on his play-bills this master-piece of genius: "The manager begs that all good-looking ladies will remove their hats for the accommodation of the rest of the audience. The Aged, the Bald, and the Plain are not expected to comply with this request." From that auspicious night the soaring bonnet and the mountainous hat were invisible at that wise man's theatre.

The darkest and most contemptible ignorance is that of not knowing one's self; and that all we have and all we excel in is the gift of heaven.

Youths' Column.

A LITTLE TALK TO THE GIRLS AND BOYS.—It is very hard for boys and girls between 10 and 20 years to believe what older people tell them concerning the selection of reading matter. If a book is interesting, exciting, thrilling, the young folks want to read it. They like to feel their hair stand on end at the hairbreadth escapes of the hero, and their nerves tingle to the ends of their fingers at his exploits, and their faces burn with passionate sympathy in his tribulations—and what harm is there in it? Let us see what harm there may be. Ye know very well that a child fed on candy and cake and sweetmeats soon loses all healthy appetite for nutritious food, his teeth grow black and crumble away, his stomach becomes deranged, his breath offensive, and the whole physical and mental organization is dwarfed and injured. When he grows older he will crave spices and tobacco and alcohol to stimulate his abnormal appetite and give pungency to tasteless though healthy food. No man who grows up from such childhood is going to have the first positions of honor and trust and usefulness in the community where he lives. The men who hold those positions were fed with milk and bread and meat when they were young and not with trash.

Now, the mind like the body grows by what it feeds upon. The girl who fills her brain with silly, sentimental, love-sick stories grows up into a silly, sentimental, lackadaisical woman, useless for all the noble and substantial work of life. The boy who feeds on sensational newspapers and exciting novels has no intellectual muscle, no commanding will to make his way in the world. Then, aside from the debilitating effect of such reading, the mind is poisoned by impure associations. These thrilling stories have always murder or theft, or lying or knavery, as an integral part of their tissue, and boys while reading them live in the companionship of men and women, of boys and girls, with whom they would be ashamed to be seen conversing, whom they would never think of inviting to their houses and introducing to their friends, and whose very names they would not mention in polite society as associates and equals. Every book that one reads, no less than every dinner one eats, becomes part and parcel of the individual, and we can no more read without injury an unwholesome book or periodical than we can eat tainted meat and not suffer thereby. Just as there are everywhere stores full of candy and cake, and liquor and tobacco and spices, so there are everywhere books, newspapers, and magazines full of the veriest trash, and abounding in everything boys and girls should not read. And just as the healthful stomach, passing all these pernicious baits, will choose sound aliment, so the healthful mind will reject the unwholesome literature current everywhere, and select such only as is intrinsically good.

A WORD FOR BOYS.—Truth is one of the rarest gems. Many a youth has been lost in society by allowing falsehood to tarnish his character, and foolishly throwing it away.

If this gem still shines in your bosom suffer nothing to displace or diminish its luster.

Profanity is a mark of low breeding. Show us a man that commands respect; an oath trembles not on his tongue. Read the catalogue of crime. Inquire the character of those who depart from virtue. Without a single exception you will find them to be profane. Think of this, and don't let a vile word disgrace you.

Honesty, frankness, generosity, virtue—blessed traits! Be these yours, my boys, and we shall not fear. You will claim the respect and love of all. You are watched by your elders. Men who are looking for clerks and apprentices have their eyes on you. If you are profane, vulgar, theatre-going, they will not choose you. If you are upright, steady and industrious, before long you will find good places, kind masters, and the prospect of a useful life before you.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—Do animals love each other?

Certainly. The cow lays her head over the back of her calf as tenderly as a human mother folds her arms about her baby. And there is a look of gentle content and pride in her face, as if well satisfied that her own child is the very prettiest and best in the world; this, too, is very like a human mother.

Suppose we take away the calf—does the mother suffer? Does she express that suffering by all the means in her power?

We know that she does.

If, then, the animal creation is bound to us by that strongest and sweetest element of our own nature, which we call affection, shall we not do well to follow the good example so long ago set us by St. Francis, who used to call the birds his "brothers and sisters," and who treated all animals as a part of the great brotherhood of the earth?

INSECT WORK.—Red coral is formed very slowly, and in deep water, so that it is never found in large pieces. When fishers are in search of it, they row a boat over that part of the sea where the coral insect works, and then drop a large wooden cross with a net at each end, into the water; this is dragged along, and gets tangled among the rough branches of the coral deep down in the water, and breaks off branches of it which fall into the nets, and are picked out and sold to jewelers, who fashion it into the many pretty ornaments which are so popular with the ladies.

A DOG'S GRIEF.—A writer says. My father had a dog who took care of sheep and cows in the pasture for years.

My brother went to pay a visit to his grandmother a few miles away, and while there was taken sick and died. The dog went to see him every day, and would steal up stairs into his room and when driven out would sit and cry for him. After my brother's death, he would revisit the place once a week, until some one beat him, and he came home scarcely able to walk, and soon after died.

ONE morning I found Dora busy at her ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings.

"Isn't it hard for the little arms f" I asked.

A look like sunshine came into her face, as she glanced toward her mother who was rocking the baby.

"It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

How true it is that love makes labor sweet.

An Abbess is on trial in Moscow for forgeries to the amount of $60,000. The case causes a profound sensation in Russia.

Varieties.

That is true plenty, not to have, but not to want, riches.—*St. Chrysostom*

Defect in manners is usually the deficiency of finer perceptions.—*Emerson.*

Classical quotations is the parole of literary men all over the world.—*Dr Johnson.*

Do not speak of your happiness to a man less fortunate than yourself.—*Plutarch.*

Working and thinking should go together the, thinker working, and the worker thinking.

Talking of Southern outrages, Virginia, Tennessee and North Carolina have raised 720,000 bushels of peanuts this year.

"How many people," says Jeremy Taylor, "are busy in this world" gathering together a handful of thorns to sit upon.

Man's real friend is industry; it keeps him in health and brings him wealth, if systematically conducted, and kept within due compass.

Write your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you may come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

Do not pride yourself upon your wealth, for riches have wings; if there is anything upon which you have a right to be proud of, it is, your good conduct and your readiness to extend.

Discontent is a sin that is its own punishment, and makes men torment themselves; it makes the spirit sad—the body sick—and enjoyments sour; it arises not from the condition, but the mind.

A poor vagrant was about being condemned to imprisonment for that he had no "visible means of support." "Wisible!" cried the astonished defendent, as he pulled from his pockets a section of moldy sausage and a hard old crust of bread; "Wisible! Judge, sin't them wisible?"

It is a weakness of some good men to speak of man as miserable rather than guilty. Indeed it becomes one who has obtained mercy to pity rather than condemn, Yet compassion should be mixed with a holy indignation; for we may indulge a tenderness to offenders till we lose sight of the abomination of sin.

The semi-barbarous tribes along the Amoorn river, in Asia, are said to have a curious mode of performing capital executions. They give the culprit Chinese brandy until he becomes unconscious, and they then bury him alive. Before he recovers consciousness he is, of course, smothered by the earth, and so it is a merciful plan.

It is a good thing to believe; it is a good thing to admire. By continually looking upward, our minds will themselves grow upward; and as a man, by indulging in habits of scorn and contempt for others, is sure to descend to the level of what he despises; so the opposite habits of admiration and enthusiastic reverences of excellence impart to ourselves a portion of the qualities we admire.

It is commonly said, and more particularly by Lord Shaftesbury, that ridicule is the best test for truth; for that it will not stick where it is not just; I deny it. A truth learned in a certain light, and attacked in certain words, by men of wit and humor, may, and often doth, become ridiculous, at least so far that the truth is only remembered and repeated for the sake of the ridicule.—*Chesterfield.*

Ministers of religion see people at their very best. When a visit is expected the Bible or some pious book is found on the parlor table, and all seems serene and fair. Lawyers see people at their worst, and good legal advisers have a task to resist the angry feelings that would hurry them into their bitter lawsuits. But doctors see people just as they are. From them few wish to hide their real condition.

A Genesee County man, says the Detroit *Free Press,* who w