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POSSESSION.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

"It was our wedding day
A month ago," dear heart, I hear you say.
If months, or years, or ages since have passed,
I know not; I have ceased to question Time.
I only know that once there pealed a chime
Of joyous bells, and then I held you fast,
And all stood back, and none my right denied,
And forth we walked; the world was free and wide
Before us. Since that day
I count my life; the Past is washed away.

It was no dream, that vow;
It was the voice that woke me from a dream,
A happy dream, I think; but I am waking now,
And drink the splendor of a sun supreme
That turns the mist of former years to gold.
Within these arms I hold
The fleeting promise, chased so long in vain;
Ah, weary bird! thou wilt not fly again;
Thy wings are clipped, thou canst no more depart,
Thy nest is builded in my heart!

I was the crescent; thou
The silver phantom of the perfect sphere,
Held in its bosom; in one glory now
Our lives united shine, and many a year—
Not the sweet moon of bridal only—we
One lustre, ever at the full, shall be:
One pure and rounded light, one planet whole,
One life developed, one completed soul?
For I in thee, and thou in me,
Unite our cloven halves of destiny.

God knew his chosen time,
He bade me slowly ripen to my prime,
And from my boughs withheld the promised fruit,
Till storm and sun gave vigor to the shoot.
Secure, O Love! secure
Thy blessing is: I have thee day and night;
Thou art become my blood, my life, my light;
God's mercy thou, and therefore shalt endure.

A Pawn-Broker's Incident.

As a pawn-broker in a populous suburb of London, I have had occasion to see painful, and sometimes not unpleasing phases of society. Just to give an idea of what occasionally comes under the notice of persons in my profession, I shall describe a little incident and its consequences. One evening I stepped to the door for a little fresh air, and to look about me for a moment. While I was gazing up and down the road, I saw a tidily-dressed young person step up to our side-door. She walked like a lady—and let me tell you that in nine cases out of ten it's the walk, and the dress, which distinguishes the lady from the servant-girl—and first she looked about, and then she seemed to make up her mind in a flurried sort of way, and in a moment more was standing at our counter, holding out a glittering seal in a little trembling hand covered with a worn kid glove.

My assistant, Isaacs, was stepping forward to take the seal, when I came in and interposed. The poor young thing was so nervous and shy, and altogether so unused to this work, that I felt for her as if she had been my own daughter almost. She couldn't have been more than eighteen years old; too frail and gentle a creature.

"If you please, will you tell me," she said timidly, in a very sweet, low voice, trembling with nervousness, "what is the value of this seal?"

"Well, Miss," taking the seal into my hand and looking at it—it was an old fashioned seal, such as country gentleman used to wear, with a coat-of-arms cut upon it—"that depends upon whether you want to pledge it, or to sell it outright."

"I am married, sir," and she said the words proudly, and with dignity, though still so shy and seeming ready to burst out crying; "and my husband is very ill—and—and——"

And then the tears wouldn't be kept back any longer, and she sobbed as if her poor little heart would break.

"There, there, my dear," I said to her; "don't cry; it will all come right in time;" and tried to comfort her as well as I could in my own rough and ready way. "I will lend you ma'am," I said to her at last, "a sovereign upon this seal; and if you wish to sell it, perhaps I may be able to sell it for you to advantage."

And so I gave her a pound; it was more than the thing was worth as a pledge; and she tripped away with a lighter heart, and many thanks to me, and I thought no more of the matter at the time

The very next day, the day before Christmas, there came into our place of business a very eccentric gentleman, who had called upon us pretty often before, not for the sake of pawning anything, though he was generally dressed shabby enough, too. But he was a collector, one of those men who are mad upon old china and curiosities of all sorts.

"Anything in my way to-day, Mr. Davis?" he said, in his quick energetic manner, with a jolly smile upon his face, and putting down the cigarette he was smoking upon the edge of the counter.

The Rev. Mr. Broadman is a collector of gems and rings and seals, and in fact of any stones that have heads or figures engraved upon them, and I had been in the habit of putting aside for him whatever in this way passed through our hands, for he gave us a better price than we should get for them at the quarterly sales.

"The fact is, Davis," he used to say to me, "these things are invaluable. Many of them are as beautiful, on a small scale, as the old Greek sculptures, and some of them even by the same artists, and they are made no longer, you see, for in this busy nineteenth century of ours time and brains are too precious to be spent on these laborious trifles."

Now, although I had no stones of the kind he wanted just then, it entered into my head that I would tell him about the seal which had come into my possession the evening before.

I told him the story somewhat as I have just told it to you. He listened attentively to all I said. When I had done, he looked at the seal, and said:

"I observe that it has the heraldic emblem of a baronet."

He then congratulated me upon the way in which I had acted. He asked, too, for this young lady's address, which she had given me quite correct, and then he left the shop without another word.

You must give me leave to tell the rest of the story in my own way, although it may be a very different way from that which the reverend personage employed in relating it to me afterward.

It seemed that it was a runaway match. A country baronet's son who had fallen in love with the clergyman's daughter in the village where his father lived, and they had run away together, and got married. Then they came up to London, these two poor young things, for neither his father nor hers either, for the matter of that, would have anything to say to the match—he full of hopes of getting on in the literary and artistic line; and she, poor creature, full of trust in him.

The project of living by literature did not turn out what was expected. The young fellow, without experience or friends, spent much time going about from one publisher to another and sending his writings to the editors of the various magazines—which, I need not say, were all "returned with thanks." And then he fell ill; typhus, I fancy, brought on by insufficient nourishment and bad drainage and disappointed hopes. The registrar-general doesn't give a return of these cases in any list that I am aware of. But we see something of them in our line of business nevertheless.

It was just at this time that Mr. Broadman found out Mrs. Vincent; for that was the name of the young lady who came to my shop with the gold seal. Cambridge terrace is not very far from the Angel at Islington, and there was little back street of small respectable houses, inhabited by junior clerks, with here and there a lodging house, in one of which Mr. and Mrs. Vincent lived.

They were rather shy at first of a stranger, and a little proud and haughty perhaps. People who have seen better days, and are down upon their luck, are apt to be so. But the parson, with his pleasant ways and cheery voice, soon made it all right; and in a jiffy, he and Mr. Vincent were talking about college, for they had both been to the same university. And there was soon even a smile too—a wan smile enough—upon the poor invalid's sharp-cut, thin face, with the hollow, far-away eyes, which looked at you as if out of a cavern. He was the wreck of a fine young fellow, too; of one who had been used to his hunting and shooting, and all the fine country sports which make broad-chested, strong-limbed country people the envy of us poor, thin, pale townfolk.

Mr. Broadman came directly to me when he left them. I did not live far off, and he thought that I might lend them a neighbor's help. "Davis," said he, "that poor fellow is dying; I can see death in his eyes."

"What is he a-dying of?" I replied.

He looked at me steadfastly a moment, and I could see a moisture in his eye, as he said, slowly and solemnly: "Of starvation, Davis—of actual want of food."

"A gentleman starving, in London, in Islington, a baronet's son, too! why, it's incredible."

"Not at all," said Mr. Broadman; these are the very people who do die of starvation in London, and in great cities. Not the poor, who know where the workhouse is, and who can get at the relieving officer, if the worst comes to worst; but the well born, who have fallen into destitute poverty, and who carry pride with them, and dive into a back alley like some wild animal into a hole, to die alone. Mr. Vincent wants wine and jellies, and all sorts of good things, if help hasn't come too late. No, no, my friend," he continued, putting back my hand, for I was ready to give my money in a proper cause. "No, no; I have left them all they want at present Davis. But I'll tell you what you can do; you can, if you like to play the good Samaritan, go and see them, and cheer them up a bit. Mrs. Vincent hasn't forgotten your kindness to her, I can assure you, and I think her husband would like to thank you too, and it would rouse him up a bit, perhaps." And then Mr. Broadman told me, shortly, something of what those two poor things had gone through—she, loving and trusting him so; and he, half mad he had brought her to this pass, and could do nothing for her.

Mr. Broadman wrote that very day to the baronet; a proud, hard man, I'm told. But the letter he wrote back was soft enough, and melting to read; it was so full of human nature, you see—the father's heart swelling up at the thought of getting back his son; and bursting through the thick crust of pride which had prevented him from making the first advances. And the parson says to me:

"Well, Mr. Davis," he said, "there are many people kept asunder only for want of somebody to go between them you see, and make peace."

And I said; partly to myself:

"Why shouldn't Christianity itself be such a general peacemaker as that?"

"Ay," replied Mr. Broadman, "if people only believed in it properly."

That very day we got the baronet's letter, I was on my way, in the afternoon, to Cambridge Terrace, to pay my respects to Mrs. Vincent—and I'd had sent a few bottles of good old port wine from my own wine-merchant—at least as good as can be got for money or love. When, when I got near the door, I saw an old gentleman walking up and down, a little disturbed, apparently, in his mind at finding himself in such a queer locality, and as if looking for something or somebody. A short, rosy-faced person he was, clean shaved as a pin, and very neat and old-fashioned in his dress; and with that sort of an air about him which marks an English country gentleman, wherever he may be. Well, we soon got into talk, for I'd spotted the baronet in a moment, and he was anxious to find out something about his son, as soon as he heard I knew a little of the young couple.

"And you do not think sir, that my—that Mr. Vincent is dangerously ill?" said the old baronet; and there was a sob in his voice as he spoke, and his hand trembled as he laid it upon mine.

"Here is the house, sir," I said, "and you will be able to judge for yourself."

We went in. At least the baronet went into the room, trembling in every limb with the excitement of seeing his son. But when he set eyes on him the poor old man was so startled that he could scarcely speak. His son saw him and tried to rise, but fell back feebly into his chair. "Dear father," he murmured, stretching out a thin, trembling hand, "forgive."

But the father was on his knees by the chair, in a moment, clasping his son's head in his arms, and fondling him as he had done when the man was a baby.

"What have I to forgive? You must forgive me for being so hard, my dear boy, and get better soon; Wilford, my son, my son!"

"I too had come into the room; I could not help it, I was so interested and excited. But I saw that in the young man's face which made my heart sink in my bosom like lead.

The young wife saw it, too, and gave one, two, three sharp screams, as if a knife had been thrust into her side.

Mr. Broadman saw it, and quietly kneeling down, commended to God—as well as he could, for sobbing—the soul of His servant departing this life.

And I—well, why should I be ashamed to confess it? I knelt down too, and cried like a child; for the young man had died in his father's arms, at the moment of reconciliation.

A Danbury Man Tries to Reach a Woman's Pocket.

The most difficult thing to reach is a woman's pocket. This is especially the case if the dress is hung up in a cupboard and the man is in a hurry.

We think we are safe in saying that he always is in a hurry on such occasions. The owner of the dress is in the sitting room, serenely engrossed in a book.

Having told him that the article he is in quest of is in her dress pocket in the cupboard, she has discharged her whole duty in the matter, and can afford to feel serene. He goes at the task with a dim consciousness that he has been there before, but says nothing.

On opening the cupboard door, and finding himself confronted with a number of dresses all turned inside out, and presenting a most formidable front, he hastens back to ask "Which dress?" and being told the brown one, and also asked if she had so many dresses that there need be any great effort to find the right one, he returns to the cupboard with alacrity, and soon has his hands on the brown dress.

It is inside out like the rest; a fact he does not notice, however, until he has made several ineffectual attempts to get his hand in it.

Then he turns it round very carefully, and passes over the pocket several times without being aware of it.

A nervous movement of his hands, and an appearance of perspiration on his forehead are perceptible.

He now dives one hand in at the back, and feeling round, finds a place and proceeds to explore it, when he discovers that he is following up the inside of a lining. The nervousness increases, also the perspiration.

He twitches the dress on the hook, and suddenly the pocket, plump and exasperating, comes to view.

There is the pocket in plain view—not only the inside, but the outside—and all he has to do is to put his hand right in the inside and take out the article. That is all. He can't help but smile to think how near he was to getting mad.

Then he puts his hand round to the other side. He does not feel the opening. He pushes a little farther—now he has got it; he shoves the hand down, and is very much surprised to see it appear opposite his knees. He has made a mistake.

He tries again; he feels the entrance and glides down it only to appear again as before. This makes him open his eyes and straighten his face.

He feels of the outside of the pocket, pinches it curiously, lifts it up, shakes it, and after peering closely about the roots of it, he says, "By gracious!" and he commences again.

He does it calmly this time, because hurrying only makes matters worse. He hauls up breadth after breadth, goes over them carefully gets his hand first into a lining, then into the air again (where it always surprises him when it appears), and finally into a pocket, and is about to cry out in triumph, when he discovers that it is the pocket of another dress.

He is wild now; the cupboard air almost stifles him; he is so nervous he can hardly contain himself; and the pocket looks at him so exasperatingly that he cannot help but "plug" it with his clenched fist, and immediately does it. Being somewhat relieved by this performance he has a chance to look about him, and sees that he has put his foot through a band-box and into the crown of his wife's bonnet; has broken the brim of his summer hat, which was hanging in the cupboard, and tore about a yard of bugle trimming from a new jacket.

As all this trouble is due directly to his wife's infatuation in hanging up her dress inside out, he immediately starts after her and impetuously urges her to the cupboard, excitedly and almost profanely intimating his doubts of there being a pocket in the dress anyway.

The cause of the unhappy disaster quietly inserts her hand inside the robe, and directly brings it forth with the sought for article in its clasp. He doesn's know why, but this makes him wilder than anything else.—*Danbury News.*

Sayings of Che-Foo-Tsin.

I dreamed last night that I had three friends. How crazy we are in our sleep.

Since my eyes became dim, and I do not read any more I find myself growing daily in wisdom.

We knew a man who did not like to have his name in the newspapers. I have not seen him since he was a boy. I think he is dead.

When I was young I had thoughts of marrying, when I began to look for a wife whom all women would speak well of; but I never found her. I have wasted my time.

There was a place set apart in heaven for good wives who could judge a wicked thing as harshly when a man did it as when a woman did it. But it has never been occupied, I believe.

I foolishly applied myself to the study of the laws. It is fortunate that I gave the study up for I should have been sorry to lose all sense of justice.

I am told that our breath poisons the air and that the trees have to keep it pure by sucking the poison out. It seems to me that a great many people are put into the world for nothing but to make hard work for the trees. I do not understand it.

There is an awful catastrophe that I am in dread of. I am afraid that we shall some day learn to read one another's thoughts. That will be the end of society, and of marriage, and we shall have to live alone after that.

I should like to see a world peopled with men alone, just to see what kind of creatures they would become, but I never expect to. There could not be but one man in it at a time. He would have eaten all the rest.

I should like, too, to see a world peopled with women alone, but I never shall—I would not dare go near it.

I have some ambition to be a perfect man—but not till after I am dead and in another state of existence, for it is a sad thing to have no character among one's fellows.

I wish I had ingenuity enough to steal without being caught, because it is pleasant to acquire reputation and respect in the world.

The Duchess' Watch.

When Queen Victoria was about thirty years younger than she is now, she was inclined to be very exact in the way of business, and more especially in the way of promptness to appointed times and places. Seven years a queen; four years a wife; and three years a mother, she felt probably a more weighty dignity resting upon her than she has felt since; And yet, no crust of dignity or royal station could ever entirely shut out her innate goodness of heart. At the time of which we speak, the Duchess of Sutherland held the office of mistress of the robes of the British queen, and on public occasions her position was very near her royal person, and deemed of great importance. A day and an hour had been appointed for a certain public ceremony in which the queen was to take part. The hour had arrived, and of all the court the duchess alone was absent, and her absence retarded the departure. The queen gave vent more than once to her impatience, and at length, just as she was about to enter the carriage without her first lady of honor, the duchess, in breathless haste, made her appearance, stammering some faint words of excuse. "My dear duchess" said the queen, smiling, "I think you must have a bad watch." And as she thus spoke she unloosed from her neck the chain of a magnificent watch she herself wore, and passed it around the neck of Lady Sutherland. Though given as a present, the lesson conveyed with it made a deep impression. The proud duchess changed color, and a tear which she could not repress, fell upon her cheek. On the next day she tended her resignation, but it was not accepted. It is said that ever afterwards she was, if anything more punctual than the queen herself.

Faithful unto Death.

BY ELLEN C. MOWBRAY.

"*Look out, Frank, for heaven's sake!* Can you hold on a few minutes longer?"

"*You bet.*"

The words were shot out, rather than uttered, as the speaker suddenly sank upon his knees, and reaching down grasped a firmer hold of the rope upon which depended the lives of a score, whose blanched faces were upturned appealingly. The face that looked down was rigid as stone, and almost as colorless; the bared arms absolutely frightful in their tension. The sinews stood out like whip-cords; hands, arms, head and shoulders were as motionless, as rigid as the iron frame which held this picture out to the terrified crowd below.

The great iron pillar settled, and swayed; the eyes below expanded with terror. The pillar dropped at least half an inch, and those beneath it measured their existence by a hair's breadth! A simultaneous groan arose. The face above grew a shade paler; the teeth were shown a trifle plainer; but no sound issued from the lips!

A craven spirit crouched out of sheer dread; the studding post suddenly relieved of his pressure, snapped like a pipe stem; in an instant the lower end of the massive pillar crashed through the frail framework beneath it, and three human lives were blotted out utterly; two miserable wretches were writhing in mortal agony beneath the irresistible, crushing weight of the frame-work that pinned them fast to the earth. Still five others were held fast among the timbers, where they wriggled helplessly as rats in a trap.

The cry of horror that rose upon the calm morning air carried dismay to the hearts of the villagers. Doors were flung open in blind haste; men, women and children, in response to the cry, congregated swiftly, only to raise their weak hands aloft, while others beat the air helplessly and broke out in sobs.

Out of all this disorder and frantic terror arose the voice of a single woman, tense with feeling:

"Are there no men here to help save the lives of those in jeopardy? Bring posts! fetch boards! anything that will give them a chance to escape from beneath the cracking timber."

And instantly men, and women, too, brought together, as if by magic, old posts, girders, boards and iron rods.

Simultaneously, those who were helping and those who were looking on weakly began to encourage those who were in the death trap, with hopeful and comforting words. For those who were already dead there was time only for a sob that was more like a gasp; the poor wretches that quivered in the long-drawn death agony were incessantly commended to their merciful Maker.

If any among all those present gave a moment's thought to the criminal negligence which brought death to the door of five families, it was unuttered. When all was over, and a coroner's jury placed the responsibility upon the proprietors of the new factory, platitudes vented upon the murderous greed of money which caused the accident were plentiful.

"Frank!" said a woman's voice—the same whose words stirred up, and whose presence sustained the workers, "Bob is held fast. *If you can only hold on a few minutes or seconds longer.* The rest are all free—that is, all that ever will be."

Then the eager, hopeful faces of the workers below were upturned again appealingly to the window. But only for a moment. The sight that met their gaze sent a shiver throughout the group.

What with the sudden jar, and the strain upon the single remaining rope, which was attached to the upper portion of the iron window frame, the last, which towered nearly half its height above the new brick work, was slowly but surely giving way. It required but a glance to see that the yielding brick work around it would be torn out by the weight of the cast iron pillar. The marvel was that one pair of arms, however well braced their owner might be, had managed thus far to hold the pillar in its upright position.

But the hands that grasped the block and tackle line seemed to be endowed with supernatural power. As the awe-stricken crowd gazed up at him, the voice of Frank Kennedy responded to his sister in hard, level tones, his eye meanwhile taking in the crowd at a single sweep.

"Get Bob free. I can't hold out much longer. Something or other must give soon."

Upon hearing which, the work of freeing Bob Kennedy was resumed frantically at the risk of death to the workers. Men worked with the frenzy of despair, not to free one brother alone, but to save the lives of both. Could Bob be freed, there remained a chance for Frank. It was ten chances to one, but by exerting a powerful effort, if the worst came, he might spring clear of the falling wall.

"Work for your lives!" shouted Frank, suddenly.

Such as looked up at him then saw the blood trickling from his lower lip down upon his beard. Several drops fell upon his bare arm. The veins over his temples swelled and knotted; his eyes, like his face, took on a stony expression; the blood receded from cheek and lip, and the features suddenly became as distinct and sharp in their set expression as though they had been cast in bronze.

"All right! *Spring for your life, Frank! Jump!* Why don't you jump!"

Bob's frantic cry, wrenched from him by the quick sense of the appalling danger which threatened his brother, came too late. Those who were watching Frank, breathlessly observed a swift change in his countenance. A red flush stretched up over his temples, the set eyes wavered, the arms relaxed, and at that moment the massive pillar swung outward with a crash, dragging down with it the heavy iron window frame. There was a cloud of dust, the snapping and grinding together of timber and iron, in the midst of the horrible hush that fell upon the villagers. When the dust cleared away, the form of Frank Kennedy was found lying half covered with the debris of the fallen brick and mortar.

"Six lives lost for want of a ladder and a trifle of common sense," said the coroner's jury.

"Death in this instance ensued from the bursting of a blood vessel," gravely said the physicians who examined Frank Kennedy's remains.

"Faithful unto death!" said the villagers, with one voice.

A Few Facts About Suicides.

A recently reported table of vital statistics of the Irish people offers some curious facts concerning the prevalence of suicides there, and some interesting comparisons may be made between these and our American record. For the ten years closing 1871, the total suicides were in Ireland 791. No decade but that which included the year 1848, has ever known such a large number, and for the last year of the record the rate was as 1 to every 6,842 of population. This shows a much greater tendency to suicide than we in this country manifest. Here by the '70 census the suicides that year were as one to every 28,700, or only about one-quarter so many, relatively considered, as in Ireland. A singular change, however, has developed there in the temperaments of the men and women. Thirty years ago the decennial census showed that of every hundred suicides fifty-nine, that is considerably more than half, were of women. Since then the women have been growing more contented with life; or men correspondingly more dissatisfied, for the last revision shows that, out of every hundred, only thirty-six are women. From being three-fifths of the suicides the gentler sex has subsided to undertaking only about one-third of the business.

In America the last report shows that two out of nine, or even less than one-third, of the suicides, were females. Taste seems to run in the same channels in both countries, and it may be characteristic of the sexes all through civilization; men prefer to hang themselves, women prefer to work with poisons. This is the case in Ireland; and in this country the greatest number of male suicides were by hanging, and of female by poison. And, what is quite remarkable, among the two sexes the desire for these two methods was in almost exactly the same ratio. Among the men who killed themselves, five out of every eighteen did it by hanging; among the women who killed themselves, five out of every nineteen did it by poison. This is certainly sufficient information for founding the theory that man's bravery equals woman's timidity; for hanging is external and elaborate and requires a fixed purpose, while poisoning is internal and does its own work so soon as the preparation is swallowed. Another notion might be that people use methods not strange to them. Women, all their lives cooking and addicted to the preparation of tea and other decoctions, take naturally to such a device; while men, accustomed to handle ropes, razors, and pistols, are more prone to use those on the occasion. The evil tendency is said to be increasing rapidly and such being the case it is well to know the general law of its methods. That the men exceed so much the women is singular evidence of the exceeding patience of the latter in their many trials.—*Hartford Courant.*

The "Seven Stars."

Early in the days of our childhood we learn one important fact—that there is a "man in the moon;" and straightway we proceed to ask our mother a number of pointed questions about the matter. She satisfies our youthful curiosity by telling us that he was placed there long ago, for stealing a bead of cabbage, and there he has ever since been kept at hard labor "pulling brush," or collecting branches of trees, as they are trimmed off by the axeman, preparatory to burning them out of the way. And when we look at the moon, and see a dark figure upon its disc, somewhat resembling, in outline, the shape of a man, and near it an additional dark spot, which might or might not be a pile of boughs, we go a great deal farther than our mothers—we believe the story; and, having believed it, we secretly resolve, in our minds, never to commit a theft, lest a similar fate should be ours. And thus the silly fable at once becomes an important engine in forging and forming the character of the man.

The Indian mothers have a story somewhat like that of the "man in the moon," which they tell their children as our mothers tell the story to us, with this difference, however, they believe the story themselves, while our mothers do not. Here it is:

Very long ago seven little boys took it upon their heads to have a feast after the manner of their fathers and they went to their mothers, praying for permission. Their mothers refused them; after which they decided to rebel, and have the feast anyhow. They procured a little white dog to sacrifice; and, having placed it upon the fire, they commenced dancing around, as they had seen their fathers do on momentous occasions. While they were thus engaged, they were suddenly caught up by some invisible power, and carried off thro' the air. Their mothers heard their cries, and came forth from their lodges, only to see them mount higher and higher, until they took their place among the stars in the sky, to dance on forever and ever.

When the Indian mother tells this story, she points out the seven stars of the Pleiades; and the embryo warrior trembles to think what an awful fate might befall the youth, who was so thoughtless as to disobey his mother.

Notes for the Ladies.

Plaited waists return to favor with the light materials used for summer.

The novelty in jewelry consists of exquisite cameo sets cut in conch-shells.

For summer morning dress in the country there are neck-ties of Scotch gingham, blue, gray, pink or brown.

There are no women in the world, says Jenny Jane, who contrive to dress fashionably upon so little money as Americans.

The pretty, soft neck-ties now in use are sometimes made to serve a double purpose by twisting as a scarf around the crown of a hat.

The small pin-head checks of black and white, known as shepherd's plaids are the compromise settled upon by ladies of quiet tastes who object to plaids.

Sleeveless jackets are made of long puffs of organdy muslin, sloped in to follow the outlines of the figure and separated by rows of valenciennes insertion.

White tissue veils are among the latest importation. These are of a soft creamy white silk tissue, and are shown both plain and striped in narrow bayadere lines.

New corsets are made with straps on braces passing over the shoulders, in order to have all the weight of the clothing suspended from the shoulders instead of the hips.

The Depth of American Lakes.

There is mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only 60 or 70 feet deep; but lake Ontario, which is 700 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; and the bottom of Lake Huron, Michigan and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the probable portion carried off by the evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawrence, but no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lake without some subterranean river; more over, any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

Forecasting the End of Epidemics.

In the year 1866 Dr. Farr foretold the impending decline of the cattle plague in England, from a discussion of the weekly list of cases. The number of weekly cases was still increasing at the time, but he noticed a decrease in the rate of weekly increase, and as the continuance of this would soon bring the number of attacks to a maximum, he concluded that the turning point was near. Dr. Evans has lately been investigating the behavior of cholera and scarlet fever in London, for the purpose of ascertaining whether this method of prognostication was not capable of more extensive use, and what were the best weeks in the course of an epidemic for forming an opinion. He constructed charts of the weekly reports of these diseases, and found that there were several coincidences between these charts and the calculated progress of the diseases. But he was not able to determine what was the best period for basing calculations upon. The rate of increase was found to vary very much in the earlier and later stages of an epidemic, and he could only say that the rate varied most irregularly in the earlier weeks, and that therefore the later weeks offered the best grounds for predictions. This result is disappointing, as it shows that the significant period of an epidemic is confined to tolerably strict limits, and if these are exceeded at either end by even one week, considerable inaccuracies in the results may follow. Especially is it unfortunate that the early weeks of an epidemic do not permit of safe prophetical calculations.—*Gazaly.*

Wet and Dry Bathing.

If any one in these days will exercise in the open air, so that each day he will perspire moderately, and if he will wear thin under garments, or none at all, and sleep in a cold room, the functions of the skin will suffer little or no impediment, if water is withheld for months. Indeed, bathing is not the only way in which its healthful action can be maintained by those living under the conditions at present existing. Dry friction over the whole surface of the body, once a day or once in two days, is often of more service than the application of water. The reply of the centenarian to the inquiry to what habit of life he attributed his good health and extreme longevity, that he believed it due to "rubbing himself all over with a cob every night, is significant of an important truth. If invalids and persons of low vitality would use dry friction and Dr. Franklin's "air bath" every day for a considerable period, we are confident they would often be greatly benefitted. Cleanliness is next to godliness, no doubt, and a proper and judicious use of water is to be commended; but human beings are not amphibious. Nature indicates that the functions of the skin should be kept in order mainly by muscular exercise, by exciting natural perspiration by labor; and delicious as is the bath and healthful, under proper regulations, it is no substitute for that exercise of the body, without which all the functions become abnormal.—*Purple Press.*

Care for Daughters.

Would you show yourself really good to your daughters? Then be generous to them in a truer sense than that of heaping trinkets on their necks. Train them for independence first, and then labor to give it to them. Let them as soon as ever they are grown have some little money, or means of making money, to be their own, and teach them how to deal with it, without needing every moment somebody to help them. Calculate what you give them or will bequeath to them, not, as is usually done, on the chances of their making a rich marriage, but on the probability of their remaining single, and according to the scale of living to which you have accustomed them. Suppress their luxury now if need be, but do not leave them with scarcely bare necessaries hereafter, in striking contrast to their present home. Above all, help them to help themselves. Fit them to be able to add to their own means rather than to be forever pinching and economizing till their minds are narrowed and their hearts are sick. Give all the culture you can to every power which they may possess. If they should remain among the million of the unmarried, they will bless you in your grave, and say of you, what cannot be said of many a doting parent by his surviving child: "My father cared that I should be happy after his death as well as while I was his pet and his toy."

English Railroad Accidents.

In England last year 1,175 persons were killed and 4,468 were injured by railroads, including, we presume, all the employes and passengers, and possibly some of the tramps on the track. This is nearly five times as many as the *Railroad Gazette's* figures charge upon the American railroad service for the same year; our mileage also is four times that of England although the number of miles run by trains is not so disproportionate. The proportion of passengers killed in England in 1867 was about 1 to 5,000,000, or the same as in Massachusetts in 1873, but in this State in 1874 only 1 passenger was killed to 42,000,000 transported. The proportion in this country has been steadily diminishing; in England it has been rising with frightful rapidity. In 1864 only 12 passengers were killed; in 1868, 39; in 1870, 61; in 1874, 68. This indicates that the English railroad apparatus is being put to a strain which it can stand no longer with safety to the public. English rolling stock is certainly inferior to American in stability. The English model sacrifices strength to lightness, and is very defective in other respects.

A Dandy at the Gallows.

The first Earl of Holland was a great dandy, who played a prominent and not altogether reputable part in the history of his time. He was a favorite at the courts of James I. and Charles I., but when the civil war broke out, he at first sided with the parliament against the king. In an unlucky hour he went over to the royalist side, took up arms against the commonwealth, was defeated, made prisoner, put to trial, and duly sentenced to lose his head. He appeared upon the scaffold in a white satin vest and cap, trimmed with silver lace. His costly garments were the lawful perquisites of the executioner, to whom the earl said, as he approached the block, "Here, my friend, let my body and clothes alone. There is ten pounds for thee; this is better than my clothes, I am sure. And when you take up my head, do not take off my cap." Then, laying his head upon the block, he added, "Stay, while I give the sign." After a brief prayer he stretched out his hand, saying, "Now, now!" The word had hardly left his lips when the axe fell, and the head was severed from the body at a single stroke.

Genius.

Some one asked a man who was counted a great genius, to define genius, and he said, "Genius is industry." Things never come about of themselves. The man who writes a great book never wrote it in a day or a week. The man who has worked out a great invention did not combine wheel and piston in an hour or a month; but it was industry of inquiry, the industry of application. Industry is the first law of success.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

The Little People.—The first breeze raised in Eden was a hurry Cain.

The best Sunday-School scholar in Dubuque is George Thomas Renshaw Pettigrew. His parents thought he might never make a name for himself, and so they sat up two nights and made a name for him.

A little girl reading the history of England with her mother, and coming to the statement that Henry I. never laughed after the death of his son, looked up and said, "What did he do when he was tickled?"

"You in the post-office?" said a father to his son. "Nice party you'd be in the post-office. What could you do in the post-office except to stand in the door-way with your mouth open for folks to wet postage stamps on your tongue?"

"If I was a horse now," mused a big boy as he straggled up Griswold street yesterday, "I'd be stabled, rubbed down and fed; but I'm a boy and I've got to go home, clean off snow, bring in the wood, tote water and rock the durned old baby for an hour or two.

"Ma," said an intelligent, thoughtful boy, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" "Why the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own."

"Herbert," said a perplexed mother, "why is it that you are not a better boy?" "Well," said the little fellow, soberly looking up into her face with his honest blue eyes, "I suppose the real reason is that I don't want to be." We think the child gave the real reason why all of us, big as well as little, are not better than we are.

In a certain school in Maine, recently, the teacher announced that on a given afternoon the girls might bring sewing materials to receive instructions in needle work, but when they came with them the larger boys came, too, with shaving benches and drawing knives, requesting that they might practice hoop-shaving at the same time. That was the last day of the new wrinkle.

The Farmers Parrot.—One beautiful spring, a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of the largest fields in corn; but the neighboring crows committed sad havoc with it. The farmer, however, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed by either fair or foul means, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded his rusty gun, with the intention of giving them upon their next visit a warm reception.

Now, the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and, being very tame it was allowed its freedom to come and go at pleasure. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without much caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged in the farmer-like occupation of *raising* corn.

The farmer with his gun sallied forth. Reaching his cornfield, he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Levelling his gun, he fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows, and an agonizing scream from poor Poll.

On looking among the murdered crows, great was the farmer's surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping bad company."

On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed:

"What did it, papa—what hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company." With these words the farmer turned round and, with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrat was as lively as ever, but never forgot its adventure in the corn field, and if ever the farmer's children ngaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry, "Bad company—bad company!"—*Christian Weekly.*

My Dog.—I have a dog, and his name is Don. He is nine years old. His master is in Boston, and I call Don my dog, because I like to have him here. He is a black-and-white dog, and measures six feet in length, and about two feet in height.

When I go errands, Don takes the basket or pail, and trots away to the store; and sometimes I have to pull him, or he will go the wrong way.

He is a lazy old fellow, and he likes to sleep almost all the time, except when he is asked if he wants to go anywhere; and then he frisks around, and seems as if he had never been asleep.

When he wants a drink, he goes around to the store-room door, and asks for it by looking up in our faces; and I dare say he would say, if he could speak, "Please give me a drink?"

I have a little brother, and he sits on my dog a good deal. And I have a cousin of whom the dog is very fond and when she is at the table, he will put his paw on her lap, and want her to take it.

My little baby-brother tumbles over the dog, and sits on him; and sometimes when I am tired, I lie down and take a nap with my head on Don's back. He likes to have me do it, and he always keeps watch while I am asleep.

A Sagacious Trout.—Some years ago, as we are told, a trout was kept in a large water-vat at the San Francisco water-works. It was the custom of visitors to feed the fish with pieces of bread and meat, which it would readily take from their fingers. One of the clerks, with less humanity than love of fun, one day attached a hook to a piece of meat, caught the trout and pulled it out of the water, but immediately put it back again. From that day forward the trout would never take anything from the hand of that clerk, although it would readily feed from the hands of any other person while the clerk stood by. This is a fact.

One evening about seven o'clock, after the shower retired toward the east, a splendid rainbow appeared. It was unusually brilliant, and many spectators stood to look at it. A little six-year-old fellow asked a gentleman near him what it was made of. "It is made of candy," said the gentleman. "By gosh, I guess it must be candy, but it's a mighty big stick," remarked the childish inquirer.—*Exchange.*

Unhealthy Foods.

A recent article on food reminds us that though a singular accident there is nothing ● the food or drink line actually healthful. Tomatoes produce cancers, water distends the bowels, bread sours the stomach, cake destroys its tone, rice depletes the blood, fish shrinks the muscles, fresh meat produces biliousness, and salt meat skin diseases. And so you can go through the entire list without finding, according to medical authorities, a single article but what is in some degree hurtful. It is unfortunate, but it is too late now to help it.—*Danbury News.*

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Conductors on Chattanooga railroads are paid seventy-five cents a day.

—There are 73,849 farms in Virginia, of which 45,028 are under one hundred acres.

—The widow of the late Prof. Benjamin Silliman has just died at New Haven.

—Southern papers state that the general crop prospects in that section were never better.

—Mr. Pullman is making arrangements to introduce his palace cars on the Italian railroads.

—It is said that the Appleton's have offered General Sherman $60,000 for the copyright of his book.

—"Mr Variegated Narrative" is the latest name for the distinguished Sioux chieftain, Spotted Tail.

—A half interest in the New Pacific Hotel, San Francisco, is said to have been sold for $1,750,000.

—Boston's taxation, this year, will be four hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars less than last year.

—The total number of hogs packed during the last twenty-five years is, in round numbers, 74,000,000.

—Hon. Asa Packer has been app