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B. F. SCHWEIER, — THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. — Editor and Proprietor.

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UNDER THE SNOW.

The brown old earth lies quiet and still
Under the snow;
The furrows are hid on the broken hill
Under the snow;
Every twig is fringed with mossy pearl,
The drooping cedars bend to the ground,
The rose-bush is drifted into the mound,
And still from the silent sky to the ground
The white flakes noiselessly whirl.

The roads and fields are buried deep
Under the snow;
The hedges lie in a tangled heap
Under the snow;
And the little gray rabbits under them creep,
While the twittering sparrows cunningly peep
From the sheltering briers and cozily sleep
Under the snow.

The rough old barn and sheds near by,
The mounted straws of the wheat and rye,
Are covered with snow;
The straggling fences are softened with down,
Every part is white, with a beautiful crown
Of drifted snow.

And I think, as I sit in the gloaming here,
Watching the objects disappear,
How many things are folded low
Under the drift of the fallen snow!

There are hearts that were once full of love
Under the snow;
There are eyes that glowed with the seal of love
Under the snow;
There are faded tresses of golden hair,
And locks that were bleached with the frost of care—
There are lips that were once like the rose,
There are bosoms that were stung with woes,
There are breasts that once were true and strong,
There are forms that once were praised in song,
O, there's a strange and mighty throng
Under the snow!

Another mound will soon lie deep
Under the snow!
And I will with the pale ones sleep
Under the snow.
O, God, transform my soul with grace,
That in the lovelight of Thy face
I may stand pure when death shall place
My pulseless heart and body low
Under the snow.

A Narrow Escape.

Fair Haven was a peaceful little fishing hamlet on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts. Yet even in this quiet-looking place Love and Hatred, Pride and Jealousy were as actively at work in men's hearts as in the more crowded cities.

There is no place so poor but that it can afford at least one wealthy inhabitant. The magnate of Fair Haven was Richard Devine. Powerful by reason of his wealth, he was also universally feared and hated. Men knew him as a grasping, close-fisted, and avaricious man. The women of the place hated him because of his excessive insolence and freedom of speech toward them. Still, as Devine owned the greater part of the houses in which they lived, and as he was quick to avenge any fancied insult, they bore it all in silence.

Of Devine's previous history they knew nothing. He had come among them some three years before, and brought with him a sweet young girl as his wife. The latter, under his harsh and cruel treatment, had pined away and died. The husband had not appeared to greatly grieve over his loss.

It was only six months, now, since his wife had been laid away, and the sharp-eyed gossips of the place were prophesying that he was looking around for another wife.

The belle of the place at that time was Nancy Sheppard. Who her parents were nobody knew. She was the only survivor of a wreck that had been cast upon their shores. The only thing about her which seemed to hold a possible clew was a small gold locket, with the initials "N. S."

She had been adopted by the childless wife of a sturdy fisherman named Tom Sheppard. She had named the infant Nancy, and so it remained.

The infant had now grown into a finely-developed, mad-cap girl of eighteen. There was not a young fisherman in the place but would have been happy as a king to have won Nancy for a wife.

Her choice, however, seemed to be made. Joe Crawford was her escort at all the merry-makings that transpired, and he successfully defeated all projects to "cut him out" of her favor.

It was on a pleasant July morning that she and her lover were engaged in raking up sea-weed for the cottage garden in which she lived. While talking over their prospects, they were suddenly interrupted by the sound of an approaching horseman.

The next moment Richard Devine reined up his horse close by the girl's side.

"Good morning, Nancy," he exclaimed, chucking her under the chin with coarse familiarity. "Seems to me you've been particularly careful in keeping out of my sight lately."

The girl's black eyes flashed fire, and her hand was raised as if to strike him for his presumption.

In an instant, though, she had regained self-control.

If she angered the man, her lover would be persecuted for revenge. Controlling herself as well as she could, she replied:

"I did not know that my movements were of any consequence to Mr. Devine."

"Ha! ha! you're a sly puss," chuckled the man. "Well, I'll tell you something so there will be no chance of your making such a mistake again. I'm coming down to Widow Sheppard's to-night on purpose to see you. So remember and stay at home."

"You may save yourself the trouble, then," replied the girl with spirit. "Mr. Devine can have no business with me of any consequence, and my way is free to go as I please."

"Ha! you're a spirited lass," rejoined the man, with a scowl. "Well, it's all the better, so long as you don't fly into a temper with me."

As he spoke, he again attempted to lay his hand familiarly on her shoulder.

"Hands off her, you hound!" exclaimed Joe Crawford, every nerve in his body tingling to avenge the insult.

"Hands off, I say, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The horseman's face grew black with rage, and he raised his heavy riding-cane threateningly.

The blow was never delivered. With a sudden bound, Joe wrested the weapon from his grasp.

Breaking it in a dozen pieces, he threw them contemptuously in Devine's face.

"Now leave!" he shouted, "or by all the powers, I'll do as I threatened! If I hear of you attempting to persecute Nancy again with your insults, I'll have your life!"

"An ugly threat, that, my man," said Devine, scowling blackly. "I see how the land lies now, and I'll make this town too hot to hold you in less than twenty-four hours."

With these words he rode off.

"Oh, Joe," exclaimed the girl, bitterly, "you've ruined yourself now! You can do nothing against such an enemy as Richard Devine."

"The world is large, Nancy," he replied. "We can go away and begin life somewhere else."

But not without money."

"That is true," he answered, gloomily. "I need two things first—money and revenge."

Fearing to say more lest she might further excite her lover's anger, the girl remained silent.

Soon afterward Joe made some excuse and left her. By twelve o'clock the quiet little hamlet was in a state of intense excitement.

Richard Devine had been found badly wounded on the roadside. In answer to their inquiries he denounced Joe Crawford as his assailant and would-be murderer.

The village physician was hastily summoned, and pronounced the case a critical one. There was one chance in a hundred for Devine's recovery, he said, and he might not live until midnight. The wounded man was informed of his danger, and a wicked glitter came in his eyes.

"Bring Nancy Sheppard here while I make my dying statement," said he, "and let a few of the villagers be called in as witnesses."

Terror-stricken at the accusation resting upon her lover, and dreading it to be the truth, she came. Richard Devine then said that he had met Joe Crawford that morning, and that the latter had uttered threats against him. About an hour afterward he had been suddenly attacked at a quiet spot upon the road by his enemy. He had defended himself to the best of his power with the butt end of his broken riding-whip, and had succeeded in leaving some bad bruises upon his assailant's face. The latter, finding himself molested, had drawn his knife and stabbed him, leaving him for dead on the road. There was a sudden commotion at the door, and presently the accused murderer, guarded by two men, was brought into the room. His face was discolored with blood, and severely cut. He attempted to speak; but such a storm of execration broke upon his ears that he folded his arms and was silent.

Another witness now stepped forward in Devine's behalf. It was a man who had long been suspected of being a spy in Devine's interest. He had overheard the conversation that had passed between the parties in the morning. He also testified that Crawford's last words before leaving the girl's side were, "I need two things—money and revenge."

Richard Devine glanced toward the girl with looks of malignant hatred. "If I do die, as I think I shall, my murderer shall not escape," said he, grimly.

Then he signed his name to the statement which the doctor had drawn up at his dictation.

"Will you solemnly swear, in the presence of this company, that all you say herein is true?" asked the doctor gravely.

"I do," was the decisive reply.

"And that you accuse Joe Crawford as being your murderer?"

"Yes."

"You are a perjurer and a double-dyed villain!" exclaimed a wrathful voice, and a stranger strode into their midst.

His clothes were stained with blood, and his face was as pale as death.

Richard Devine's eyes opened wide in terror.

"The dead have returned!" he gasped.

"Aye, to avenge the living!" was the stern reply. "You would sacrifice a man on the gallows, and perjure yourself on your death-bed for revenge! Listen, men, to what I have to say:

"Years ago Richard Devine, as he calls himself, was my partner in business. By lies and trickery he gained my confidence. One bright morning I awoke to find myself a beggar. Every dollar had been stolen from me by that scoundrel, who suddenly disappeared.

"So poor was I that I was compelled to send my wife and child to their distant home on the coast of Maine, until I could obtain a footing. The vessel was wrecked with all on board. From that hour I, Roger Sherwood, lived only for revenge.

"For years I have been engaged in my search for this villain. To day I met him. He was then engaged in an angry conversation with the man he now charges as his murderer. At last he struck the young fellow savagely in the face, and galloped off.

"I watched where he went, and suddenly presented myself before him. He knew me in an instant, and divined my purpose.

"Before I could reach him, he drew out a pistol and shot me. I retaliated with a knife-thrust, and then fainted from pain.

"When I came to my senses, I found myself lying among the rocks on the sea-shore. Richard Devine had thought me dead, and thus disposed of my body.

"I managed to stagger to the nearest hut, and there learned that my enemy was dangerously wounded, and had denounced Joe Crawford as his murderer.

"Speak, Richard Devine, and tell me, do I not speak truly?"

The man cowered in terror, and replied abjectly:

"You do. Joe Crawford is innocent. Give my fortune to Nancy Sheppard—it is only justice. She is——"

He died, leaving the sentence unfinished.

"I have lived long enough to see justice done," said the stranger, sinking to the floor.

They picked him up, and laid him upon the lounge. Then the doctor hurriedly examined his wound.

"No use," he said, shortly. "He is bleeding internally. He cannot live."

Nancy, filled with compassion, had forced her way to his side, and stood looking pityingly upon him.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed the wounded man, in agony, "is it Nora Sherwood my wife, or am I dreaming? I fancied she was lost in the 'Sea Wave.' There is a mystery here. She had a locket upon her neck—I mean my child—with the initials of her name upon it. Do you know——"

It was a disjointed sentence, for the man's mind was evidently wandering.

Nancy was shaking with emotion.

"Is this it?" she asked, drawing it from her bosom, and handing it to him.

"*It is!* Great Heaven! I have found my daughter only to——"

"To lose her," he would have said, but Death finished the sentence for him.

In his pockets were the papers that showed that he had spoken truly. Nancy Sheppard was, indeed, his daughter.

They buried the avenger and his victim in the quiet graveyard, and Nancy assumed the fortune that was rightfully hers.

Joe Crawford did not leave the place to seek his fortune afterward. He had found it already in Nora Sherwood, in loving whom he had so narrowly missed being hung as a murderer.

The Antarctic Regions.

In a lecture at Glasgow Sir Wyville Thomson discussed the Antarctic regions. He said on coming near the area of icebergs in the Southern Hemisphere the bottom of the sea was found to consist of clay mixed with very fine particles of gravel, and in some cases mixed with larger pebbles, and sometimes with large masses of stone. There was no doubt that all those deposits were due to icebergs, the matter falling to the bottom as they melted. The bergs they saw to the south, and breaking down and melting a little further to the north, were prismatic blocks riven from the edge of the great Antarctic ice sheet. The stratification of the icebergs, he believed, was due to successive accumulations of snow upon a nearly level surface. Taking the area within the parallel 70. south, they had no evidence that the 4,500,000 square miles were continuous land; the presumption would seem to be that the area was gradually broken up, or at all events was rendered less compact, at the places where the warm currents were diverted to the southward. The curious question arose, would they ever be able to reach the South Pole? He thought the answer must be unhesitatingly in the negative. Ross' southernmost point was upwards of 700, and Graham's Land, 1,200 miles from the South Pole. The remainder appeared to be a perpendicular cliff of ice, 230 to 250 feet in height, without shelter, kept in motion by the gales, and a great portion of it subject to high winds and incessant falls of snow. They had now learnt that the North Pole, if not actually inaccessible, was much more difficult of access than was imagined, and they could anticipate disasters a hundred times multiplied should the South Pole become the goal of rivalry among the nations.

Largest Musical Box in the World.

Mr. Samuel Troll, *fils*, of this city, has just finished for the Khedive of Egypt certainly the biggest and finest, and, probably, the handsomest musical box ever made. Its beautiful ebony case is buffet-shaped, as large as a full-sized side-board, and inlaid with zinc and brass-work, and ornamented with bronze chasings and plates. The interior of this remarkable box is a perfect marvel of mechanical ingenuity; it includes all the latest improvements for selecting tunes, a patent moderator, &c., and is finished with flute, flute-basso, drum-bells, and castanets. The repertoire consists of 132 tunes supplied by 11 cylinders (which can be exchanged at pleasure,) each of them being 6 inches in diameter, and 25 inches long. Notwithstanding its Brobdignagian dimensions, this instrument, like others of its kind, performs automatically—when the Khedive desires to treat himself to a concert he needs only to touch a spring, and if his Highness should grow weary of the monotony of his 132 tunes he has but to communicate with the ingenious and enterprising manager of M. Troll's establishment—Mr. George Baker—who can speedily supply him with the materials for a few hundreds. To complete our description we ought to mention that the price to be paid for the box is 30,000, francs.—*Geneva Continent.*

Eating vs. Drinking.

If you would keep from drinking so great a quantity of ardent spirits, eat, eat more. Eat nutritious food. Eat something whenever you take a drink. The drunk, in all cases, comes from the stomach full of whisky and no food. There is a simple lesson yet to be learned by many, and that is, they do not eat enough of blood, bone, nerve and tissue-making food. You may half starve to death on salt fish, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, fried liver, stewed kidneys, and a score of other dishes which please the taste, but add little or nothing to the body force. Eggs, the best of steak, mutton and bread are what one requires for strength. It is this unconscious half-starved condition which causes so much of the craving for a temporary increase of strength, and that is quickest gained through a glass of whisky. That gives, for a few moments, spasmodic impulse to the wheels of life, sending them whizzing and spinning around for a few moments; then comes reaction, and they turn more sluggishly than ever. The best spirits in the world reside in good blood, the worst in bad. It is that which sends false imaginings, suspicions and despondencies to the brain.

Indolence is the paralysis of the soul.

Albinos.

Albinos are frequently met with. We find them, says the *Turf, Field and Farm*, in the human race as well as in the animal races of lower order. They are always what we call white. By some defect in their organization the substance which gives color to hair, skin and eyes is absent. The eyes are red, owing to the deficiency of the black or blue hazel pigment which in normal cases conceals the network of blood vessels and the intense hue they diffuse over the surface. In the ranks of men the albino has a peculiar harshness of skin which suggests a diseased organization. This absence of color it would seem is not hereditary. At least, there is a case on record where two albinos married and had two children who were not albinos, but of a brown color. An instance is given where every alternate child of a large family was an albino; but commonly when parents begin producing albinos there is no departure in the progeny to the end of the line. The defect makes itself apparent to the close of the chapter. We often hear of albino birds and albino deer being killed. As we write there is before us a partridge which is half albino, and which the taxidermist has made to assume the outward proportions of life. In the Eagle hills of Kentucky Tom Marshall has an albino squirrel in a cage. He caught it when it was quite young, and, although he has had it for more than a year, has not succeeded in taming it. Its nature is thoroughly savage. Attempt to caress it and it will jump at you with the greatest fury, its two red eyes glowing like balls of fire. It is of the large-tailed fox tribe, and keeps fat and hearty, although sour-tempered in confinement. It evidently was one of a family, as albinos are frequently seen in the woods where the capture was made. Naturally, Tom prizes highly his unruly pet. In all countries the albino is regarded as an object of curiosity and interest. In India, the white elephants are venerated by the natives. These mammoth albinos are believed to be animated by the souls of ancient kings, and so it is not surprising that they should be looked upon with awe and guarded with the tenderest care. Humboldt has expressed the opinion that albinos are more common among nations of dark skin and inhabiting hot climates, and doubtless he is right.

Skating.

A novice, looking on while some adept is performing his mazy evolutions upon skates, is apt to be oppressed by a sense of hopeless inferiority. The circumstance seems especially annoying if the skilled performer is recognized as a youth that has never shown ability in anything else; perhaps one who is always getting out of employment because of general unfitness, and who is consequently often a burden to his friends. Not by any means that such ne'er-do-weils are always good skaters, or that the best skaters belong largely to that class; but that such people usually have much spare time, and are consequently better able than their busier fellows to devote leisure and practice to the art of skating. And so the unskilled observer goes off discouraged; he knows that there are some things that, at all events, he can do well; as for skating, it is not worth while to try. There is many a man in this city who believes that he skated tolerably well in his youth, but is now afraid to trust his long-untested skill upon the ice of our public ponds. He is fearful of being laughed at for his awkwardness by procient but beardless boys. And therefore he denies himself the health-giving pleasures of the ice and gliding steel.

To the unskilled ones, at a season when there is more than the average prospect of hard-frozen ponds during the winter, a few suggestions may not come amiss. There have been very great improvements in skates in recent years, and several of the most modern patterns nearly approach perfection. It is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that a person who is awkward on skates is more likely to have a fall on the new-fashioned ones than on the old, deeply-guttered runners. In purchasing skates it is best to buy the best. In the modern devices the old toe strap is almost wholly unknown. A generation of boys and girls is growing up that will never go through the sad experience of their elders, of having their toes pinched by straps fastened with buckles. These happy youths will never know the misery of the squeezed foot when it became needful to tighten the straps and draw them till the buckle tongue would enter one hole higher. They will never experience the mingled feelings with which their fathers used to limp home from the skating pond—the relief because the feet were no longer squeezed by the straps, the distress that still remained in the cramped and half-frozen extremities. If perchance a man of middle years has the skates of his youth laid aside in some dusty lumber room, it is far better that he should leave them there. No greater mistake could be made than to take them now to a skating pond. Let him buy new skates to be clamped to the boots or shoes which he is accustomed to wear; and if he does not succeed as a skater he will, while on the ice, at least have comfortable feet.

The fantastic performances of skating experts are not so difficult to learn as many people imagine. Nerve and strength of limb are required, but neither need be in excess. After the skater has acquired the ordinary capacity for straightforward skating, he most needs a practised knowledge of what is called outside and inside edge. At this stage many persons waste their time in trying to acquire skill in skating backward. They would save time by first training themselves in skating forward alternately on the edges of their skates. The simplest method of such practice is what used to be called "chopping bark" in a circle. The centrifugal force in this movement helps the novice; he soon learns to incline his body off the perpendicular, with his head toward the centre of the circle. The art of using outside and inside edge for either foot being thus acquired, there is little difficulty with the long sweep of the "Dutch roll"—the most graceful of all the larger movements in the art. In fact, where the pond is not too crowded, there is nothing nearer akin to luxury on skates than the "Dutch roll" with a good partner. The confidence thereby acquired proves of great service when skating backward is afterward attempted, and if that be also practised in a circle, the outside and inside edge backward may be readily learned. After that, all else is comparatively easy, depending more upon the time and patience that the skater is willing to expend than upon any intrinsic difficulty in the performance. Skating proffers to Americans in general the most healthful exercise that they are willing to undertake at the smallest cost. The dangers are few in comparison with nearly all other out-door sports. Already there are not a few of our citizens that have noted the fact that their health in spring and summer has been on a higher plane than usual when they have had more than the average of skating the preceding winter.

The American Baby.

Save your pity for the unhappy little traveler, American born and white, who is abandoned to the tender mercies of nurses. He will be dressed too tightly perhaps, drugged with soothing-syrup (or worse), slapped if he cries, and left alone in the dark. He will ride in his carriage with the sun in his eyes, if it is sunny; and with arms and hands uncovered and half frozen, if it is cold. Flies will be allowed to tickle his fat little nose, and pins to stick into his tender little back. The strings of his absurd lace cap will choke him till he is black in the face; and he will nearly break his neck falling over the arm of Bridget when she wants to gossip with a crony. His troublesome clothes will be twitched down and jerked around; and he will be laid down, set up, turned over, and arranged any way convenient to her. Above all, if he dares open his mouth to complain of these tortures, his delicate little body will be trotted on her hard knees till it will be nothing short of a miracle if his precious little life is not worried out of him.

The calm Oriental baby in his tray or basket; the Chinese baby in his cage; the baby of Burmah, naked or wrapped in silks, smoking at two and married at ten; the baby of the "Cradle" and the Foundling Asylum of Paris; the Lima baby in its hammock, and the stolid Indian papoose on its boards,—each and every one is happier and better off than our poor little mother-abandoned American baby, left to ignorant and careless nurses.

The "mother-baby,"—the happy little traveler who is not left to the mercies of a nurse, whose throne is his mother's arms, whose pillow is soft, and whose needs are wisely met,—he is the happiest of all. Fair, fat, and hearty, the sorrows of babyhood come not near him. He truly is the one "born with a silver spoon in his mouth."—*St. Nicholas.*

Power of Sight in Birds.

So keen is the sight of the condor of the Andes that if a carcass be exposed where the naked eye can detect none of these creatures in the horizon, yet in a few minutes they are seen streaming from all directions straight towards their hoped-for meal. But though birds be long sighted, it is also highly necessary that they should see minute objects at a short distance. No entomologist will deny that an insectivorous bird must have keen eyes for short distances if it is to get its living with ease. A microscopic sight is scarcely less requisite for a grain-feeding bird. The swallow, which plunges with such reckless impulse through the air will nevertheless seize a small insect as it dashes along with almost unerring certainty. Usually the prey is so small that the monderful powers of the bird displayed in the chase cannot be observed; but sometimes when the insect has large wings, this dexterity may be seen. The writer has seen a swallow seize, while in a headlong flight, the beautiful, scarce swallow-tailed butterfly, and shear out its sapid body from between the wings, and let them float severally down; and then not satisfied with a feast so little proportioned to the splendor in which it was dished up, glance round and seize the several pieces before they reach the ground. How, then is a long sight and a keen short sight to be obtained from the same eye? This is done mainly by the aid of bony plates so disposed that the edge of one is capable of sliding over the edge of its neighbor; so that when the fibres of the muscle which unites them contract they compress the eye all around and make it more tubular, while the humors of the eye, thus subjected to pressure, cause the cornea to protrude more, also the retina to be removed further from the lens.

Sleep as a Medicine.

A physician says that the cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most healthy and efficient. Sleep will do to cure irratability of temper, peevishness and uneasiness. It will restore vigor to an over-worked brain. It will build up and make strong a weak body. It will cure a headache. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow. Indeed, we make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure. The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to promote weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room; a clear conscience and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are over-worked, nervous, haggard, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as will secure sleep; otherwise life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.

—Miss Von Hillern, of Boston, is the prevailing pedestrian bore. Weston and Bates are outdone.

Selling his Birthright.

"Poor fellow, he is selling his birthright; it makes my heart ache to see him."

"Selling his birth-right, Mr. James! What do you mean?" said I to a friend with whom I was walking. "George Norton is a noble fellow; he is only sowing a few wild oats; he will come out of it all right; only give him time."

"I repeat it, Stanley," answered my friend; "that the young man is selling his birthright. Let me try and explain what I mean to you, and we will take for an example George Norton, by way of illustration."

"Here is a young man who has received many presents at the hand of God. A noble and vigorous physical frame, youth, beauty, manly-vigor, intellectual capacity far above mediocrity; a generous nature, frank, affectionate, tender-hearted, liberal to a fault, filled with noble impulses, and yet, though endowed with all these gifts, he is very spendthift of these blessings, frittering them all away for present pleasures and mere worldly amusements.

"When such a young man gives himself up to his social companions, gives time to this idle fellow and money to that spendthrift, passes one evening in the billiard room, and another at a card-table is the 'hail-fellow, well met' at the drinking saloon, he will go from bad to worse, wasting and scattering the riches of God's blessings, and before he reaches middle life he will be a mere nonentity in the society of which he might have been an ornament, a frequenter of drinking-saloons and gambling dens, and may at last become a drivelling idiot or fill a pauper's grave. Is not this selling his God-inherited birth-right, and where is the place for repentance here? It is not an overdrawn picture. I have watched this downward progress, rapid and fatal as it is, in many a young man; misdirected, misguided ultimately and irretrievably lost."

How many of our young men, and women, too, are daily and hourly bartering away their birthright, most of it for less than Esau's mess of pottage. Some for wealth, some for worldly emolument, but oh! how many just for present pleasure!

And when at last, with physical frame enfeebled by excesses, opportunities for improvement utterly thrown away, mind weakened and imbecile, nothing but a wreck of all the noble manhood with which God had endowed them; then—do they try to find a place for repentance. We leave them in the hands of Him whose mercies cannot be numbered, but yet who has said: "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." There may be for them "no place for repentance, though they seek it carefully and with tears."

The Drum and Fife.

Drums and fifes are probably the most ancient, as they are certainly the most familiar, of all our musical paraphernalia; and they have been through many ages associated with scenes of warlike interest and diplay. Whatever be their origin, there is a charm which is alien to all other instrumentsd an which makes the music they produce more applicable to military purposes than any other. It would be difficult, if not wholly impossible, to describe the cause of this, but it is certain that on the line of march men find it easier to keep step to the lively tones of the fife and the brisk roll of the drum than to follow a brass band, which cannot be heard further than about half the length of a batallion. It is a singular thing, however, that it is only the English speaking people who make this kind of music national, for the French and other continental armies generally march to the sound of the drum and bugle, when their brass bands are not playing. But this kind of music has never found favor with our British regiments, though many attempts have been made to introduce it. It has a foreign ring about it which makes it unpleasant to English ears, and it is of a very monotonous character, there being no more than five notes on the common bugle, consequently the few tunes that can be played upon it have a sameness about them which is exceedingly wearisome to the ear. But this does not prevent its being used occasionally, as a change to the music of the trombone or the fife. The chief glory of the drum lies in the crispness of its sound and the beauty of its appointments, though of late years the instrument has been sadly used, by being cut down to a mere skeleton, composed principally of bolts and screws, with scarcely any body to it at all. The handsomest specimens of the drum which have been familiar to us from childhood and to preceding generations are those born by the drummers of the Guards, which are beautifully emblazoned with the royal coat of arms and the names of the battles in which each regiment has been engaged; and the bearers take a pride in keeping the plain brass brilliant, while the emblazoned part is always well polished with beeswax.

Rummaging.

Who does not love to rummage, especially in an old attic of some house in the country? There is quite a fascination in running away by yourself, of a dull day, and looking over things which have been put away for future reference, and some things which have had their day, but will be useful never more; yet are endeared by so many pleasant reminiscences and remembrances that we haven't the heart to destroy them.

We sit by the low window, against which the rain is pattering while we rummage over a big pile of old almanacs, with their quaint spelling, coarse paper and wonderful predictions which never came to pass, except by accident. We wonder how we would like to have lived in those old times when the postman arrived but once a week, and folks were sound asleep just about the time we commence our modern balls and routs. Then the wretched attempts made at wood engraving, that *adorn* each page, cause us to laugh, for we cannot tell whether men are scattering seed or throwing snowballs. Yet, I verily believe, an almanac was as great a treat in days of "auld lang syne" as is an exciting novel to a modern belle; it was as much consulted as the family Bible. I can imagine the old farmer, with his spectacles on his nose, reading to the assembled family group these lines: "About—this—time—look—out—for—rough—weather," and grandma answering, "I thought we should have a spell of it soon, for I've felt it in my bones for some days past."

Next we come across some old fashion books, and we wonder if anybody ever *did* dress in such an outlandish manner, and how they could consent to make such guys of themselves. We wonder if the boys didn't hoot at them as they walked through the village street, all the while forgetting that fashion was fashion as much in those days as it is at the present time, and we also forget that posterity will look on the fashion-plates of to-day—some fifty years hence and ridicule our fashions as much as we ridicule those of fifty years ago.

What can be in this paper which sends forth such an agreeable aroma? Nothing but some of Aunt Hester's dried "yarbs," so good in case of sickness, and "just splendid" to stuff the Thanksgiving turkey or the Christmas goose.

The rain still patters overhead, some what melancholy, I know, but the drops seem like footsteps of those who have passed many a Thanksgiving and Christmas beneath the roof of this old homestead. Have not the owners of those feet been in this old garret many a time and oft? Have they not rummaged as much as I am rummaging now, and has not this old attic rung with many a peal of laughter from young, innocent and happy beings? That old clock—now useless—has ticked away the merry hours—has told the time for meals, for school, for bed-time, for "meetin'" and Sunday-School; its hands are useless now; it is fast going to decay like many who have noted its workings, and yet the shell is kept just as we carefully inclose the shell of some loved one in the casket.

Old clothes, old shoes, old playthings are here to rummage over. Cannot you imagine that sometimes, in the quiet night, while all are sleeping, that shadowy forms come to this old chamber of past remininiscences and clothe themselves in the old garments they used to wear, set the old clock ticking once again, con the pages of some ancient book, and live over the days of their mortal life, with its hopes and fears, enjoyments and disappointments, loves and hates?

These attics it always seems to me should be kept sacred to the memory of the days gone by; the articles they contain do not appear to belong to us, and it looks like sacrilege for us to take them away. I grant you they are old, useless and shabby, but from association they are endeared to others, and many would not part with them for five times their weight in gold, and I do not blame them one bit.

The rain has ceased, and my rummage is over. My musings have made me feel better. They have taught me that it is better to love those whom I have left, than wish I had loved them better when I find them gone.

A Laugh a Good Thing.

What a capital, kindly, honest, jolly, glorious good thing is a laugh! What a tonic! What a digester! What a febrifuge! What an exorciser of evil spirits! A hearty laugh, which is ever in order, stirs up the physical man from the centre to the circumference, and tends to improve the whole physical and spiritual being. It promotes animal health and spirits, and is to the man what the tides are to the ocean; it stirs up the sluggish depths, prevents stagnation, and keeps the whole system fresh and wholesome. It is what the Gulf Stream is to the ocean—a vivifying and warming element. The convulsion produced by hearty laughter penetrates to the minutest blood vessel, and causes the blood to flow with a freshened impulse. Laughter shuts the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness. Whether it discovers the gums of infancy, or age, the grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty; whether it racks the sides or deforms the countenance of vulgarity, or deep lines the visage, or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, contorting, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form in happy shaking and quaking, a laugh is a glorious thing. There is no remorse in it. It leaves no sting, except to the sides, and that soon goes off.

A Speaking Automaton.

The latest marvel (says a London correspondent) among mechanical automatons—beating even Mr. Maskelyne's card-playing Pyscho—is a lay figure which actually speaks. A French professor named Fabre has spent twenty years in constructing the ingenious mechanicism of this talking Frankenstein, and the "counterfeit presentment" of a man, which it completely resembles in appearance and voice, is being exhibited in Brussels. The figure has organisms corresponding to the arrangements of the mouth, the larynx, and chest, and, strange to say, there are keys arranged behind the figure so as, when pressed, to produce a kind of vocal piano, each key representing a vocal sound and the operator being able to "play upon words in the manner of the human articulation. This talking Pyscho can, in fact, carry on a conversation; and the movements of its mouth are so like nature that the machine is to be used for teaching the deaf and dumb how to carry on a system of speech by imitating the lip movements of the talking figure.

Ridicule.

Remember, that the talent of turning people to ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of small minds and ungenerous tempers. A young person with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. So said Addison, long ago, and it is as true to-day as ever.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Forty English towns take their name from the elm.

—Salem, N. C., had thunder, lightning and snow, all in one night.

—The government university at Paris teaches 9,250 students.

—Seven men married for the fourth time in New York last year.

—There are six women in the Black Hills and only one milliner's shop.

—Two hundred and thirteen American horses have trotted faster than 2.20.

—There are forty-eight millions of dollars in the Brooklyn savings banks.

—Italy now possesses 1,126 periodical publications, including 387 diurnals.

—Oranges on the tree bring but a cent a piece in Tampa county, Florida.

—It is reported that 400 national banks are preparing to retire their circulation.

—There are 1,623 newspapers and periodical publications in the German Empire.

—A prismoidal one-rail railroad is now in successful operation in the Sonoma Valley, California.

—Paris has 35 theatres and places of amusement, exclusive of the skating rinks and concert halls.

—One of the Boston letter carriers was given over $250 by the people along his route on Christmas Day.

—The Academy of Music at Baltimore, has been sold under a foreclosure of mortgage for $165,000. Its original cost was over $400,000.

—President-Congressman Seelye says that after the 4th of March he proposes to give his life to the College of Amherst.

—The dial of the clock constructed for the crystal palace, Sydenham, England, is forty feet in diameter; the minute hand is nineteen feet long.

—The growth of Protestantism in Palestine is rapid. There are now 250 Protestant Churches in the Holy Land, and the schools there have 7,600 pupils.

—The Hon. Wm. M. Evarts is a brilliant success as a raiser of corn. This year he added to the wealth of the country 2,200 bushels.

—The number of dogs in the State of Iowa is given at 197,509. That odd nine gives to these figures an appearance of accuracy which we suspect is delusive.

—A walnut tree in the Crimea is a thousand years old, and yields eighty thousand nuts a year. It is greatly cracked up by the Russian press.

—Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was Commodore Vanderbilt's favorite book, and he sometimes carried it with him when he had a long journey before him.

—Miss Eliza Powers, a maiden lady of Boston, who amassed a fortune in the millinery business, died lately, and left by will $50,000 to the American Unitarian Association.

—The roof of the Palmer House, Chicago, (weighing about 4,000 tons,) is being raised by means of numerous jack-screws, to give an additional height of 30 inches to the rooms below.

—It is reported that a new glass company, composed of foreign capitalists, will shortly build glass-works in the lower part of the city of Jeffersonville, Ind.

—Bankruptcy in England must be profitable for somebody. In a recent case the assets were $4,495 and the expenses $4,330 leaving $165 to be divided among the creditors.

—The slate business in Northampton county Pa., is very prosperous at the present time, after years of depression. Large quantites of slate are now shipped from Bangor to England.

—On the 23d of April the anniversary of Shakespeare's death, Prince Leopold will lay the corner-stone of a new memorial Hall at Stratford-upon-Avon.

Between 17,000 and 18,000 alligator skins are tanned yearly in the United States, which are consumed by boot and shoe manufacturers, and many are exported to London and Hamburg.

—A Glasgow firm manufactured a number of enormous umbrellas to be presented to African chiefs. Three were about thirty feet in circumference, and the remainder about eighteen feet.

—The savings banks of Sacramento, Cal., having more money in their vaults than they can profitably invest, have decided not to receive any further deposits on interest for the present.

—A few years ago the State debt of Pennsylvania amounted to upward of $45,000,000 The existing funded debt is only $22,885,021, having been reduced more than one-half.

—Susan Fletcher Smith, an American lady has bequeathed her body for dissection to the Royal College of surgeons, London, only asking that women students shall have the first chance.

—A young woman in Rochester, N. Y., has sued for damages a man who had kissed her. A man who can't kiss a woman without damaging her ought to pay for his awkwardness.

—There are 640 monasteries and convents in Russia, the revenues of which amount altogether to $6,500,000. The cost of maintaining a monk or nun during one year amounts, on an average, to about $110.

—The Jesuits expelled from Germany some month ago have taken refuge in India. A large number of them have joined the University at Bombay, and an additional college has already been founded there with 600 students.

—A citizen of Massachusetts, whose name has not been made public, has offered to give $30,000 toward finishing the monument to the pilgrim fathers at Plymouth, Mass., if the town authorities, will give $5,000 toward improving the grounds.

—"My son," said Mr. X., kindly, to his youthful heir, "accustom yourself to be polite to the porter, the servant girl, the coachman, to all the servants; thus you will come in time to be courteous to all people, even to your parents."

—Mr. W. Haywood, the city of London engineer, states as the results of his observation and experience with London streets that a horse would travel 132 miles before a fall took place on granite, 191 miles on asphalt and 446 miles on wood.

—A line of the American steamship company, to run from New York to Liverpool, is in prospect. The line from Philadelphia will be sustained; but it is in contemplation to put on four or five ships from New York also, so as to dispatch a vessel weekly to Liverpool if on a careful examination of the field it seems feasible.

—The Newsboys' Lodging House in New York has sheltered during the year 7,301 boys. The evening school connected with this lodging-house has had an average attendance of 120 pupils. Of the number of newsboys taking advantage of this lodging house 5,320 were orphans, 3,208 half orphans and only 773 had parents.