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HER ANSWER.

All day long she held my question
In her heart;
Shunned my eyes that craved an answer,
Moved apart;
Touched my hand in Good-night greeting,
Rosier grew—
Should I leave to-morrow?—early?
Then Adieu!
Bent her head in Farewell courteous,
Onward passed,
While a cold hand gripped my heartstrings,
Held them fast.
Still I waited, still I listened;
All my soul
Trembled in the eyes that watched her
As she stole
Up the stairs with measured footsteps.
But she turned
Where a lamp in brazen bracket
Brightly burned,
Showed me all the glinting ripples
Of her hair,
Veiled her eyes in violet shadows—
Glimmered where
Curved her mouth in soft compliance
As she bent
Toward me from the dusky railing
Where she leant.
Ah, my love! * * * One white hand wanders
To her hair,
Slowly lifts the rose that nestles
Softly there;
Breathes she in its heart my answer
Shyly sweet,
And Love's message mutely flutters
To my feet.

—*Belgravia.*

Mort's Dream Picture.

"It was a dream within a dream, I tell you, Charlie. I was asleep in my bed in the next room, and there I dreamed that I was visiting the Randolphs over in Berkshire county. I thought I had been up pretty late, playing billiards with Cale Randolph and some of the boys. I remember distinctly scoring seventy-eight on a run—four-ball games. Well, I went to bed tired out, dreamed I did, fell asleep, and dreamed this which I call a dream without a dream."

"Well, Mort," said I, "the thing is not so extraordinary after all. It is a common enough psychological phenomenon."

"I beg your pardon," quoth Mort Amerman, satirically, "would you be good enough to reel me off a little of that last again, please? Say a couple of fathoms, or so."

"None of your chaffing now!" laughed I, "but tell me what has all this Chinese dream-puzzle to do with the picture you promised to show me?"

"Much, O Sahib! for on the silent yet speaking canvas have I depicted the scene whereof I speak, and now *le rideau*;" and with that he threw the cover from the painting on his easel, and left me to examine it at my leisure, while he went to his bed-room. The easel was of course in the best position in the studio for viewing the picture, and the soft, delicate light of the autumn afternoon lay full upon it; mellowed, however, by an artful arrangement of screens and shadows, to gain the precise effect desired.

The painting was of the ordinary cabinet size, and appropriately painted, being also relieved by heavy maroon drapery, gracefully festooned behind and around it. I am not of those who believe that a truly master-work of art may be described aptly in words, yet I must essay the task this once, and if I render only the bald outlines of the artist's thoughts, it may be, perchance, that I shall still be enabled to convey some glimmering of his meaning.

What first fastened itself upon me was the murky darkness of most of the scene. There was a dense and gloomy forest filling up the entire background and much of the middle distance. Out from among and under the trees streamed a wild torrent, and plunged over ragged rocks and through and about the gnarled roots, and between rifts in the solid stone, and so down to a leaping cascade that disappeared at the extreme right in a black and gloomful pool. Stretching back from the right, a broad expanse of gray moor extended in prospective sight to the base of a range of blue-gray hills, that towered aloft into the clouds; a narrow path wound through this moor into the dim distance, and was lost, apparently, in the shades of night, which were fast falling.

On the very edge of a bold rock that jutted over the pool, and on the very boundary of the water-fall, was the only seemingly living object of the picture.

A young man prostrate on his knees, shading his eyes with his two hands, and gazing intently into the pool beneath.

There was that in the attitude of the figure, so deftly and truthfully expressed, that sense and meaning grew upon me as I gazed. He was agonizing—distraught. His whole soul was looking forth from his eyes, and seeking in the dim twilight, now fast fading, to wrest from the obscurity beneath him some terrible secret. So clearly was the story told, that my gaze instinctively followed his, and tracked, as his must have, the secret of the black pool.

Twining about the base of the rock, upon whose crest the young man knelt, a meshed and tangled wrap of roots and fibres first met the eye. But now, clinging with a death grasp to the largest of these, I saw the round, fair arm of a young girl—and then—as though I should have seen it, and nothing else, from the first, so completely did it now fill the picture—I saw the white figure, limp white garments clinging to the body, and the fine white face, with rich olden hair floating and tangled, on the water and among the roots, and could almost note the swaying to and fro of the soulless form, as it was caught by the eddies, and dragged hither and thither; still held, however, by that trusty dead arm that clung so determinedly to the slimy and black root above.

A touch on my shoulder so startled me that I cried out; it was only Mort, who had entered the room unnoticed, so intent was I in my concentration.

"Well, what do you think of it?" was the first and most natural question.

"You never could have dreamed that!" said I.

"Just as you see it, dreamed I it, doubter. Now let me cover it up, and let us go and have some lunch."

"But don't be in such a hurry!" I said, seeking to stop him, as he again shrouded the painting beneath its cover. "I have not half seen it yet."

But muttering, "Some other time," he persisted in hiding it from me, and we presently went to lunch together.

Now I was in nowise satisfied with my friend's reticence, and experienced a very vivid curiosity to hear the particulars of his wonderful dream, which he had so graphically lined upon the canvas, but no effort of mine could induce him to say more concerning it than that it occurred to him just as he had painted it.

The painting was sent to the Academy for exhibition that season, and was sold to a particular friend of mine for a goodly sum—for so much, in fact, that I often joked Mort on his dream-picture and the fortune it brought him; for it really seemed as though its sale was the beginning of a season of great prosperity.

The winter and spring passed, and as summer came and began to empty itself by the carloads and steamboatsful into the country, Mort and I, with a party of other artists like him, or idlers like myself, made up a trip to the Adirondacks. It is needless for the purpose of this story that I should detail our sundry adventures during the weeks we passed among the lakes and hills, nor need I relate our experience with fish and flesh, in our numerous hunting and fishing excursions.

We met many acquaintances, and made many new ones, and among the latter were the family of Mr. Sanfield, a merchant from Montreal, who, with his wife and daughter, with the affianced husband of the latter, was passing a few weeks in search of rest and relaxation from his customary labors.

Alice Sanfield was beautiful, a pet of Canadian society, wealthy in her own right as well as by prospective heirship, and altogether a "catch." Her lover was an officer in the British army, stationed at Montreal, and now on leave—a fine-looking and gentlemanly young fellow, of good family, and apparently desperately in love with Miss Sanfield.

Captain Rowland had, however, one peculiarity, which he displayed on several occasions very prominently, and which led Mort to remark to me one day, when it had been more than usually manifest, that he thought the captain would lead Miss Alice rather a lively dance when she became Mrs. Rowland. He had, in fact, about the most uncontrollable temper I ever saw displayed in a man. So violent was he at times, that I commonly wondered why he had not long before got himself shot for intemperate insolence in one of his fits of passion. Another peculiarity of his was evinced in frequent lonely wanderings quite away from the hotel, from which journeys he would not return for days together. These disappearances were accounted for by the captain by various sporting excuses, and we certainly should have felt no interest in them had it not been for the incident which I will now relate.

One day Mort and I started out on a trip on our own account, ostensibly for fishing purposes, but really for my friend to obtain a sketch of a charming vista which had not as yet been discovered by his lynx-eyed associates. Our journey led us some twenty miles from the hotel; we traveled a portion of the way in an open wagon, and footed it toward the point desired.

On our route we passed a pretty farm house, which we eyed with the satisfaction which such rural scenes always afforded us, and should have thought no more of it, had we not suddenly espied Captain Rowland, accompanied by a young lady, engaged in earnest and apparently excited conversation.

The lady was seated on a little knoll a hundred yards from the house, and the captain stood beside her, leaning with one hand on the tree beneath whose shades she sat listening to his words. We were out of sight of them in a moment, and with a few remarks as to Miss Sanfield's probable appreciation of the scene if she had witnessed it, we continued on our way.

Guides had preceded us with a tent and sundry appurtenances, and on reaching the spot selected for encampment we found these duly arrived and in order, and located ourselves for the night, Mort intending to make his sketch the next morning.

It was a bright starlit evening; we were located just on the edge of a pretty brawling brook, and as we sat, after a delicious trout supper, smoking our pipes lazily, we felt about as comfortable as was practicable. Twilight had faded suddenly, and just as the stars became rather necessary for illuminating purposes a shrill scream startled us from our seats on an old log, and thrilled us to our very marrows.

One of our guides said:

"That was a woman's scream, and near by."

Then we dashed in the direction of the sound, which led us straight down the cour of the brook. A few moments brought us to the outlet of the little stream, and as Mort and I turned a projecting rock we came upon a thrilling scene indeed.

Mort saw it first, and crying, "My dream! my dream!" he fell flat on his face in a dead faint. And as I stood over him, leaning forward, the moon shone full upon the original of the painting I had seen in Mort's studio in New York.

Here was the cascade and the black pool; there were the gray moor and the distant mountains. The gnarled roots and fibres twisted together far beneath me, in the clasp of a fair white arm, and the white figure rose and fell with the rise and fall of the running stream. And on the bank opposite, prostrate on his knees, shading his eyes with his hands, while he peered into the rocky chasm, was Captain Rowland.

Even as I looked, he rose to his feet, and throwing his hands wildly in the air, fled from the scene. The noise of the falling water had prevented him from observing our approach, and it was impossible for us to reach him. It took us a full quarter of an hour to reach the bottom of the ravine, and longer yet ere our united efforts could draw the poor young creature to the bank. We took her to the little farmhouse, which was about a quarter of a mile away, and then leaving the guides to follow with our traps, we pushed rapidly on to our wagon. The next evening we reached the hotel, Mort nearly crazy with excitement, and I in a not much better condition.

Now I had not informed the farmer and his wife of having seen Rowland. Neither had I told the guides, who had come up too late to see him.

To each and all of these I simply related the finding of the body of the young lady, who proved to be from Montreal, visiting the old farmer, who was a connection of hers.

I acted thus on both reason and impulse, which worked together in this wise:

Impulse and reason both agreed that as no human being but Captain Rowland knew how the young lady came to her death, any story which he—Captain Rowland—saw fit to tell must necessarily be accepted. Impulse alone suggested to me a possible means of discovering the truth of the occurrence, and as Mort had not seen the captain, but only the body and its surroundings, which so recalled his dream, I had only to keep my own counsel, and I did. The farmer and his wife assumed that she must have wandered into the woods, as was her custom, and fallen accidentally into the pool, and I did not attempt to change their opinion. They knew nothing of her having had any visitor that afternoon, and I left them mourning for the sad accident, and the painful duty which had fallen upon them, of communicating the awful tidings to the young lady's friends in Montreal.

At the hotel, the first persons whom we saw, were the Sanfields, accompanied, as usual, by Captain Rowland. He seemed in his customary frame of mind, and, as I started a messenger with a telegram for New York, I ground my teeth in rage that time must elapse before I could expose him.

Two days later a package came to me by private hand, and that same evening I invited a number of gentlemen including Captain Rowland to come to my room and examine a rare painting. They came, the captain in excellent spirits, holding his eye-glasses in readiness.

The painting stood upon an easel, and was shrouded with black velvet. Candles, with reflector, arranged in front of it, threw a brilliant light upon the gloomy covering. The gentlemen were arranged in a semi-circle in front of the easel, Captain Rowland in the center, and I drew aside the velvet covering.

I saw Rowland start as though he had been stung; he gave a yell which was positively inhuman and sprang for the door. There he found me with a revolver pointed at his face, and in two minutes he was in the custody of two detective officers from New York.

That evening he confessed everything. Entangled with the poor girl, he had vainly tried to buy her silence, that he might marry the rich Miss Sanfield. Failing in that, he had lured the girl to accompany him in a walk through the woods, and had either pushed her into the pool.

I hoped to have the pleasure of seeing him satisfactorily executed according to law, but, in this he defeated justice. He bit a hole in his arm while confined in the prison awaiting his trial, and bled to death.

Thus Mort's dream-picture turned State's evidence, but as to the secret power by which this silent but sufficient witness was created, months before the incident had occurred—I give it up.

Falling in Love.

There is nothing—no moral or intellectual phenomena—more strange than falling in love. What is it; whence it originates; how it is brought about; those things are among the hidden mysteries of our nature.

A girl has reached the age of eighteen; a young man that of twenty-one. They have lived at home; traveled a little; pursued their studies; attended parties, and been a good deal in society of other young people; yet they never took a very deep interest in anything in particular; neither of them ever cared very much for any other person.

They meet, and lo! of a sudden all is changed! Each sees the other in a different light from what any other was seen in; the world seems changed. Life itself seems changed; their whole being is changed, to be like what it was, again, nevermore!

Love is often as sudden as this, but not always.

Sometimes it is of very slow growth.

Persons have known each other for years, and been much in each other's society, and been intimate all this time, but never thinking of a tie stronger than friendship; when some incident or event—a temporary parting, or the intervention between them of a third person, friend or stranger—reveals to them, for the first time, the great truth that they are mutually in love.

Yet this love, springing up gradually and imperceptibly, is no less mysterious and unfathomable than that which is sudden and at first sight.

It is not mere friendship grown strong; it is a more absorbing more violent, more uncontrollable sentiment.

Whether a person can fall in love more than once is a mooted question.

Some people appear to fall in love many times.

It is not unusual to see widowers, who have been very devoted husbands, marry again and seem to love the second wife as well as the first.

The Camel as a Scape-Goat.

A very singular account of the use to which a camel is sometimes put, is given by the traveller Bruce. He tells us that he saw one employed to appease a quarrel between two parties, something in the same way as the scape-goat was used in the religious services of the Jewish people. The camel being brought out, was accused by both parties of all the injuries, real or supposed, which belonged to each. All the mischief that had been done, they accused this camel of doing. They upbraided it for being the cause of all the trouble that had separated friends, called it by every opprobious epithet, and finally killed it, and declared themselves reconciled over its body.

A Festival in Antwerp.

There comes sometimes a day in the summer season when the peasants from the meadows press close upon the burning, white pavements of Antwerp, and gaze in wonder at the beauty of the show. The whole life of the city becomes one vast homage to the deities in which all the thoughts and traditions of the people centre—their Virgin and their Rubens. The joyful voice of the cathedral calls out over the meadows and the gala-decked streets: "Arise, O ye burghers of Antwerp, for this is the great day of the year! The procession of Our Lady forneth below!"

Soon the house fronts and the peaked roofs are alive with round Flemish faces and fair hair and white caps, and the people swarm out of the houses and stand packed together on the sultry sidewalks. In all the windows great waxen tapers are flaring, and garlands of paper roses hang over all the doors. The old women tell their beads, and mutter a prayer for themselves and their city and their homes and their trades.

Within the cathedral, the peasants, in their blue blouses, and brown kirtles, are kneeling about the chancel and the sacrament-chapel. They are tired and careworn with the miles they have walked this morning. Their work-knotted hands are folded patiently over their umbrellas, and their faces, brown, honest, and humble, are upturned in reverent adoration to the glory upon the altar and the walls. They are still with dumb instinct of the beauty and grandeur that lie so far above their simple lives of sowing and reaping, and yet reveal themselves to them, dimly, imperfectly, it may be, in every gleam of the silver vessels, in every breath of the vaporous incense.

The black veils have been drawn away from the great passion-scenes, and a blaze of scarlet and a shining of yellow hair and a large white patch of shroud and the fiery eyes of a great brown horse and a suggestion of grief-lined human faces look down upon the kneeling worshipers through the dim twilight of the nave.

About the chapel hang old Flemish altar-pieces, with grotesque faces and monstrous heads, and a leer of mockery that breaks the solemn symmetry of the edifice like a flippant laugh. From over the great door streams a flood of rosy and purple light that deluges the dark pillars, and rests now on the gilded vestments of the priests, now on the low, gray tombs of the burgher-princes. A torrent of sound rushes from the organ-loft down the arches to the dome, like a loud chant of victory with a wailing undertone of grief for the dead.

In the body of the cathedral is an altar erected for the festival, and great white lilies and forests of oleanders grouped about it. The priests stand before it, with jeweled incense-vessels in their hands. Above, against a drapery of deep-scarlet velvet, stands the Madonna with the Child in her arms. She wears a train of cloth of gold embroidered with roses, and a petticoat of solid silver studded with diamonds. Her sceptre is set with rubies and emeralds, and there is a high-jeweled crown upon her head.

See how the old traditions of the land have been handed down! She is no Virgin, this royal dame with the scornful plaster face, but one of those proud burgher-queenes who rustle about the streets in stiff brocades and jeweled coifs—one of these haughty Princesses that made an annual progress through their liege domain of Flanders.

But they are proud of her those Flemings! She represents to them the old-time splendor and pomp and luxury that once filled their land with color and wealth. They bow their heads reverently when the priest rings the bell, and the proud figure moves toward the door, with the white robed acolytes pressing about it. She passes, this haughty doll, beyond the canvas, from which the Mother and Son look down in their agony upon the hurrying people, and reaches the pure daylight of the flower-decked street.

A low murmur sweeps through the gathered crowds. Children come out from the houses, and strew flowers along the path of Our Lady of Antwerp. On she moves, amid the chanting and incense, and the blaze of gold and silver, and the splendor of painted silken banners, to the great Place, where, above the mighty sea of faces, is raised another altar, on which sits a pale marble image, life size, of the Mother of Sorrows. It is thrown out in ghastly relief by the sheaves of arms and trophies behind her, and the dark-green curtain above her head.

Here the procession halts. A breathless silence falls upon the crowd. The incense smokes afresh. The priests ascend the altar steps, and bare their heads to the streaming sunlight, and say a mass for the welfare of the good city of Antwerp during the coming year.

Ay! it is well that there where the fires of the Inquisition blazed, and the gallows reared their corpse-hung crests, the people should kneel to-day, with bowed heads and folded hands, and wait with due humbleness and gratitude for the benediction that the bright robed priest, who stands there among the gold and silver vessels at the feet of the pale statue, shall shower upon their contrite heads with one wave of his jeweled hand.

Beyond the surging multitude and the chanting priests and the stately altar, a great white house rises in the distance. There is a marble bust high up on the roof, dark against the sky. It is the head of Rubens. Fluted columns are on the marble front of the building, and cherubs and garlanded flowers about the windows, and there is a princely air of welcome about the great square pile which tells the stranger that here the life of Rubens culminated. It is well that his face should look down upon the people with its old, genial smile! It pleases him well to hear the chant in the distance, and see the flashing banners and the shining vestments, and to mark afar off the multitude gathered about the shrine! It was from such gorgeous shows as this that he drew his color inspiration. Small wonder that his spirit should hover about such scenes to-day!

On the morrow there is a grand cavalcade of all the the mighty personages of Spanish history and fable. The marble Rubens gazes down unmoved upon the great horses he loved so well, and the graceful figures in satin and velvet and waving plumes and golden chains and ermine bordered robes, and the great painted pasteboard ships and castles, and the sturdy yeomen and the dainty pages. All pass him by, and he looks down unchanged upon the dazzling life beneath.

Suddenly the white face seems instinct with life. Behold! there goes the car of the Guild of St. Luke, which he himself designated for the color feasts of his city. It is a florid triumphal chariot, all faded blue and gilding, supported by cherubs and wide mouthed dolphins, and wreathed with fruits and flowers. High on the summit is his own beautiful head, with the broad, plumed hat. About it young painter lads stand grouped, their faces flushed with the pride of their high charge.

Behind them, on foot, saunters a group of figures in quaint dresses. There is old Quintin Matsys, in his long, dark robe, with a turban upon his head; and Snyders, in deep-blue velvet, with his trusty spaniel by his side; and young Vandyck, with his pale poet-face upturned to the sky, and the long, white plume of his hat sweeping the ground. They glance up at the white face on the house top, and their hands rise instinctively to the motley coverings of their heads. It is a supreme moment. The great master looks down so silent and yet so sentient! Surely, he is not dead! He walks by their side to day as in the olden time.

There is a moment's pause. The great soul has cast down his blessing upon them, and they are satisfied. The divine promise of art's eternity has entered their hearts.

They know that his body lies under the marble pavement of St.-Jacques, by the side of those he loved, with the glory of his own handiwork shining down upon him from the walls, with the purple light of the stained windows streaming over his resting place, and the silence of the church all about him. But they know that his soul hovers about Antwerp, stands by their side in their dark studios, shines through the young hopefulness of their lives, and moulds the city's revels and shows of holidays into unconscious glory and magnificence of color.—*Appletons' Journal.*

Mistaken Advice.

Dickens tells us that his friends dissuaded him from undertaking a work to be issued in monthly parts, price one shilling, because it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which he would ruin all his rising hopes. Macaulay, in his essay on Addison, has recorded a few of the instances in which the friends of an author have adjured him not to undertake the particular work by which he raised himself to that eminence which now makes him widely known. Herder entreated Goethe not to take up so unpromising a subject as Faust. The History of Charles the Fifth gave Robertson immense reputation, and put forty-five hundred pounds in his pocket; but Hume tried to persuade him not to choose such a period for the exercise of his historical talent. Pope advised Addison to print the tragedy of Cato, but not to run the risk of its being hissed from the stage. One of Scott's best friends predicted the failure of Waverley, and urged him not to peril his reputation by publishing it. The list might be indefinitely extended of intelligent persons who, with the most cordial good will to an author, have advised him not to think of doing the special thing which his taste or genius prompted him to do.

Boy Coachmen in Russia.

The Russians are the best coachmen in the world. In order to acquire the great skill in driving to which they attain they begin their training early—in fact, when quite children. It is wonderful to see the boy coachman driving a carriage-and-four over rough and dangerous roads, at full gallop, for ten or twelve miles at a stretch. Russia, as all know, is a country of vast extent, being 11,000 miles at its greatest length, with an average width of 1,500 miles, and containing, as some estimate, 7,000,000 of square miles. The ordinary carriage roads are nearly the only means of communication; but these are of very inferior construction. Huge hollows and large stones continually intercept the the traveller's progress; frail bridges of wood, without any battlements or outside protection whatever, stretch across wide and rapid rivers; and over the dangerous roads, and the still more dangerous bridges, the Russian coachman dashes at the fastest gallop. It seems a miracle that travellers do not, as a rule, lose their lives and break their limbs and coaches every journey. The latter often takes place; the coach being stopped for repairs sometimes half a dozen times on the road.

Very Visible.

A London letter has the following: There lives in this city a lady, a well-known authoress, who believes, in ghosts, spirits, vampires, and anything else of the sort you please. Among other hallucinations, this worthy soul cherished a belief that she possessed the power of making herself invisible, and one sultry summer day a gentleman friend of hers met her taking the air of a suburban road in a light and airy costume composed of her nightgown only. It was very early in the morning; therefore, happily, that dreadful imp, the London boy, was snoring in his bed instead of forming a multitudinous and noisily-rejoicing train at her heels. Which fact probably inspired the gentleman with courage to act a chivalrous part instead of meanly slipping out of sight round a corner. "My dear Mrs. C.," said he, stripping off his coat, "what in the name of all that's respectable are you about?" "My dear sir," said she amazingly, "you don't mean to say you can see me?" "Of course, my dear lady, I can. You're as large as life, and twice as natural. Here, put on my coat, and I'll send you home in a cab!" Which he did.

Hoax of Charles Mathews.

In his youthful days Mathews prepared a hoax as daring as Hook's Berner street affair. He and some friends were in the habit in summer of making pleasure trips to different places about London. At the time of the excitement about Ferdinand of Spain, it occurred to them that Mathews should make an excursion as the Spanish Ambassador. His "suite" was disposed in two carriages; Hill, the proprietor of the Monthly Mirror, acted the part of interpreter. They halted at Woolwich where his "Excellency" sallied out on foot to view the place; he was dressed in a bright green frock coat, covered with ribbons and orders, and wore an enormous cocked hat with "Viva Ferdinand" stamped in gold letters upon a purple ribbon; of course he was followed and loudly cheered by all the little boys; he went into shops, bought various articles, speaking a wonderful jargon, which his interpreter translated. By and by there came a message from the Arsenal that it was open to his Excellency's inspection and that all the employes were at his command, an offer of which he had the impudence to avail himself. At the inn where they dined the scene was the most ludicrous; the landlord and his satellites were tucked up in their best, the whole neighborhood was ransacked for plates to adorn the table. The interpretor informed the landlord that his Excellency required everything in great profusion—vast numbers of napkins, spoons, forks and plates. His bed-chamber was an illumination of wax candles, and twelve dozen towels were placed for his use. Everything he did and required was the reverse of ordinary rules. Next morning they went for a water excursion on board a fishing boat. The master was greatly astonished by the doings of his distinguished passenger. Amongst various other refreshments he was shown a large can of lamp-oil for his excellency's exclusive drinking, and was equally astonished to see him devour what he believed to be a candle-end, but which was really only a piece of apple cut into that form, and wash it down with what he was told was a glass of the lamp-oil.—*Temple Bar.*

The "Odd Come Shortly."

"Odd come shortlies never do well," said an old lady to me one day.

"Will you please tell me what odd come shortlies are?" I asked.

"Well," said the old lady, "I mean any odd acquaintance that you pick up in an irregular manner—haven't been properly introduced—and know nothing about their antecedents. They never turn out well. Did you ever know them to do so? Think my dear."

I thought. I had at first dashed at the conclusion that the old lady was wrong, but to the question I replied laconically, "No, ma'am, they do not."

Yet to whom does the confiding heart of woman turn as to an "Odd come shortly?" You travel in the car with her and she borrows your magazine and lends you her traveling cup, and you confide to each other that it does not make you ill to ride backward, and likeing the color of her eyes, you cement a friendship, because of the surprising coincidence that her little boy is the same age as your little daughter, and that they both like cream cakes! Why is she more likely to turn out badly than if she were your second cousin's daughter. I can't tell you. I don't know; but she will. After she has called on you, and borrowed your waterproof and your silk umbrella, and begged a letter of introduction to the pastor, and hopes you will call to see her, and wondered that such congenial souls never met before, strange things will happen; your waterproof and silk umbrella will be that were te you, and you will miss the little *verde antique* from the etagere, and never see the purse that was lying on the table again.

These people do not always vanish so mysteriously. It is the mission of many of them to become bores—to come, on the strength of the "fancy" they have taken to you, to breakfast and to stay to lunch and afterward to tea—to look over your shoulder while you write or read and to ply you with questions until you could shriek—to be always "communicative without having anything to communicate," and to become as unbearable in the end as was Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea.

"Know her!" cries some long suffering friend, "How I pity you! How did she get introduced!" Then you remember she was not introduced at all. She called one morning to hope that "her canary did not trouble you by singing so much, because if it did, she would send it away, much as she loved it."

So sweet of her, you know. Yet to-day, when you look at her, you repeat the old lady's Yankeeism and say, "Odd come shortlies never turn out well."—*Exchange.*

Positive People.

Of all the trials appointed by the way of discipline in this sublunary sphere, is not the greatest that of being forced into the perpetual companionship of a positive individual? One who is so eminently and distressingly respectable that he never did or could do a wrong act in his life; yet who constantly jars upon your little harmonies and ideal dreams, who darkens your rose-colored atmosphere with a glance, and jars every chord of life into a discord. To be able to discover a flaw in the character of such a person would be more refreshing to your mind than that "one vote" would be to a defeated presidential candidate; but no! from his immaculate and appalling respectability there is no appeal. Defenceless and silent you must listen to his oracular opinions on every conceivable subject. His ground is staked out in right angles, around which your feet, long accustomed to wander at will in their own secret paths, must walk circumspectly.

Oh for the grace of adaptability! Like charity it covers a multitude of sins. Though your friend be more wretched than a Patagonian, more uncomfortable in disposition than the furies of old, yet shall his coming ever give you pleasure and his leaving pain.

A great virtue in machinery is that it is easily adjustable to different work and different operators. It is no less a virtue in life. The gauges of actual living must meet widely various and widely different demands. Unforeseen exigencies are ever arising. Crystalized opinions are not available for the needs of to-day. The best of all things lies in a capacity of progression. The persons who pride themselves upon their being always the same—yesterday, to-day and forever—are not only most tiresome, but detrimental to the true interests of society. "Don't be *consistent*, but be simply *true*," says Dr. Holmes. If you change your mind, you are doubtless wiser than before, and console yourself with the truth that the "consistent" people who never change their minds have no minds to change. A sweet and gracious adaptability, a mental pliability, lends a charm that cannot fail to be recognized, if not analyzed. It is the slight and unassimilated culture that repels. The genuine article attracts and, unconsciously to itself, draws all around it upwward. It is the perpetual life of beauty gracing everything it sees with the "beauty of its thought." It is the little learning, the little culture, the little thought that is a "dangerous thing," not the broad and sure foundations, increasing every day. Positive people do not grow higher and wider in range of life, but crystalize, petrify, and stand dwarfed monuments of an age gone by. The rich, mellow years that should ripen and perfect them into golden maturity leave no impress upon their narrow, positive lives. At twenty years of age they may be bright and shining lights of the circle in which they move, full of divine possibilities; but see if at sixty they are not hard, unyielding and uncomfortable.

About Buttons.

When buttons were first invented is a problem that very probably cannot now be solved, but it is a question whether they were used in the days of Isaac. Silvio Manaigo, however, evidently thought such to be the case; for in his picture of the sale of Joseph to the Ishmaelites the coat of one of the brothers is not only fastened, but even decorated by their means. Lucas van Leyden, too, was bold enough to put a chignon on the head of Jael, the wife Heber the Kenite, and not content with this he surmounted the edifice with a beautiful coal-scuttle bonnet. Salvator Rosa is another trespasser in the matter of head dresses. An exquisite work by this master represents the Baptist preaching in the wilderness; but the whole effect is spoiled by the presence in the background of some jaunty spectators in slouch hats and flaunting feathers. Van Dyck himself represents one of the apostles in sea boats in his picture of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," which is now in the National Gallery, and Paul Veronese paints some Italian peasants in felt hats and plumes calmly contemplating the Adoration of the Magi. Agostino Caracci, in a picture of "Tobias Anointing His Father's Eyes," puts the two men in shoes; and N. Poussin, in his celebrated "Passage of the Red Sea," introduces Roman armor of the time of the emperors regardless of the well ascertained fact that the Egyptians, about the days of the Hyesos, did not indulge in metal armor at all. In one of Raphael's best works the Transfiguration monopolizes the upper part of the canvas, while in the lower portion the man possessed of an evil spirit is being simultaneously healed; and in a Flemish painting of some note several corpulent boors, with clay pipes in their mouths, are gazing in wonder at David who is carrying the head of Goliath. Indeed, the history of the poet king is made a frequent medium for anachronism, for in another picture of the death of Goliath the giant wears no armor except a plumed helmet, and in a third David is hurling at his adversary a rough stone instead of a pebble. At his subsequent triumph, according to yet another painter, David is received by Greek maidens in front of an Italian building surmounted by flags, while two pyramids in the background vainly do their best to lend harmony to the scene.

Homely Maxims.

Take care of your pennies. Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in if more goes out you will always be poor. The art is not in making money, but in keeping it. Little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make a great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage, and drop by drop the rain comes in the chamber. A barrel is soon empty if the cask leaks but a drop a minute. When you begin to save begin with your mouth; many things pass down the red lane. The ale jug is a great waste. In all things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than your legs will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing, never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it takes a wise man to spend it. Remember that it is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one going. If you give all to the back and board, there is nothing left for the saving bank. Fare hard and work hard when you are young, and you will have a chance to rest when you are old.

Go to Sleep.

Many children instead of being as fresh as a peach are as wrinkled as last year's apples because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This we cannot say, certainly; but we do know that those little folks who sit up late at nights are usually nervous, weak, small and sickly. The reason you need more sleep than your parents is because you have to grow and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking and walking, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with. Very few clever children excel, or even equal other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy; so that they cannot sleep, rest and grow strong in body and brain.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Six California sweet-potatoes weigh one hundred and fifteen pounds.

—Lord Beaconsfield was 71 on the 21st of December, and Gladstone 67 on the 29th.

—Sims Reeves has been engaged for fifty concerts in Australia, at the modest terms of $75,000.

—A monkey's skull was found recently, in a sack of Rio coffee opened in a grocery at Raleigh, N. C.

—At John Roache's ship yard at Chester, there are five ships building, giving employment to 1,500 men.

—Over eight millions of people, nearly one-fifth of our entire population, have visited the Great Exhibition at Philadelphia.

—Senator Sharon of Nevada, has been assessed on $200,000 as the value of the furniture in the Palace Hotel at San Francisco.

—Jacksonville has grown faster than any other city in Florida, the population increasing within a few years from 2,000 to 12,000.

—The Supreme Court of Massachusetts decides that Israelites must keep the State laws regulating the observance of Sunday.

—The Indiana insurance commissioner estimated that outside companies have $50,000,000 at loan at 9 and 10 per cent. in that state.

—Governor Colquitt of Georgia is a very zealous Baptist, and preaches every Sunday to the negro workmen whom he employs.

—The Naval Commission reports in favor of abandoning the naval establishments at New London, New Orleans, and Brunswick, Ga.

—During 1876, 317,698 head of cattle were driven from Southwestern Texas to Kansas and Colorado, which is considered a neat business.

—The corporation of the city of London has agreed to borrow a million and a half of money, in order to make all the London bridges free from toll.

—The *London Telegraph* shows an average circulation for the last six months of over 200,000, the largest ever attained by any daily newspaper in the world.

—Great Britain paid over $700,000,000 for intoxicating drinks in 1875. It cannot be told how much America paid in the same time, so much of it was charged.

—The school population of Indiana, according to the Superintendent's report, numbers 689,230; of these 162,960 have not attended the schools during the year.

—A Roman chariot race between two young women, Misses Virginia Mason and Jenny Duplan, took place on Christmas day at Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

—Marshall P. Wilder, of Massachusets, is proud of the fact that he has witnessed the inauguration of every Governor of that Commonwealth during the past four years.

—Agricultural Hall, at the Centennial, is to be taken apart and shipped to Spring Lake, near Sea Girt. Out of its wood a hotel, a railroad depot and eight cottages are to be built.

—Trinity church, now nearly completed in Boston, will cost in the vicinity of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and on the day of its consecration it will be free from debt.

—Among the relics recently added to the Revolutionary collection in the Old South, Boston, are a pair of spurs which were given by General Washington to Thomas Lamb, at Valley Forge in 1778.

—The death rate of New York city per 1,000 people is larger than Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Boston, Baltimore, and Chicago, a result arrived at by the Sanitarian, taken from the best sources of information.

—Firmin-Gerard's "Paris Flower Market," intended for A. T. Stewart, but not finished before his death, has been on exhibition in New York. It has been sold for $20,000 to a well-known connoisseur.

—Before 1870 there were no horse railroads in London. There are now twenty-four routes in running order, and the traffic has increased from four million passengers in 1871 to twenty-seven million in 1876.

—The Cincinnati *Commercial* gives nearly seven columns of ghastly statistics under the head of "American Killings in 1876." The summary shows that the number of killers was 632, and the number of victims 735.

—The Rothchilds are said to be worth—all of them together—the agreeable sum of 3,400,000,000. One of them, Baron Edward, has just purchased at auction a curious bit of furniture, covered with plates of Sevres, for 700,000 francs.

—The recently deposed Egyptian Treasurer, Ismail Sadik, might have been able to retire on a competency if he hadn't persisted in spending $1,500,000 a year. He owned 50,000 acres, and $4,000,000 in jewels and money were found in his palace.

—The English revisers of the Old Testament have held forty-one sessions. They have carried their revision as far as Ezekiel xliv., 14. The English revisers of the New Testament have held sixty-five sessions. At their last meeting they reached the sixth chapter of Hebrews.

—The manufacture of cigars is becoming an important industry in Cincinnati. In 1870 there were 150 manufacturers in the city, who turned out 25,000,000 cigars, upon which they paid a tax of $125,000. In 1876 there were 400 manufacturers, who turned out 100,000,000 cigars and paid a tax of $500,000.

—There is now living at Norwich, Eng., an old lady who was present at the Battle of Waterloo, and took a passive part therein. She was the daughter of the gardener at the chateau of Hougoumont, and at the time five years of age. Her father did not leave the chateau until it was shelled by Jerome Bonaparte.

—The most expensive newspaper published in Paris is the *Art*, the yearly subscription to which is $24 gold, and the cheapest is the *Bonne Pensee*, a religious weekly, which costs only 12 cts. a year. The oldest of Parisian journals is the *Journal General des Affiches*, which is now in its two-hundred and forty-seventh year of publication.

—Italy has declared its seventeen universities open to women. The like action has been taken by Switzerland, Norway Sweden, and Denmark. A ministerial order has been issued in Holland, opening every university and gymnasium to women. France has opened the Sorbonne to women, and Russia its highest schools of medicine and surgery.

—George Eliot's earnings by literary work: "Scenes of Clerical life," £1,000; "Silas Marner," £1,500; "Adam Bede," £3,500; "Felix Hart," £4,500; "Spanish Gipsey," £5,000; "Middlemarch," £8,000; "Juhal," £400; "Daniel Deronda," £6,000, making £32,400 in all, or about $165,000 in our currency. This is an average of $9,000 a year for the eighteen years in which she has been writing.