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MEETING.

A meeting of hands and a meeting of voices,
A touch and a tone where two spirits are one;
A chord that, dear heart, still rings and rejoices;
And makes you my own by the life thus begun.

A meeting of souls, where meeting were madness
If joy were not equal, and love lived alone;
When we clasped—did we not?—in the arms of our gladness,
To wonder and wake with the joys that we own.

Then speak, with that voice which, so musical mated,
Has wedded its soul to the garment of song,
And linger, O love, till, with spirit elated,
I listen and live with a life growing long.

And tell me that waiting shall never divide us,
That want shall not waste, and death shall not dim
The affection that glows, and the trust that has tried us—
The life that leaps up of the darkness so grim!

Else silence, O silence, I dare not invoke it!
In stillness to die, if your dumbness would kill;
To wait in despair, while no gladness can choke it,
And cry unto you with a want never still.

It is heart unto heart, is it not, O my Treasure?
It is life lost in life, is it not—tell me true?
Or have I but found to have lost without measure
My faith and my fortune, my heaven in you?

Then why did you smile from the eloquent dreaming
Of eyes lost afar in reluctant reply;
And why did you whisper one word of sweet seeming,
To linger in hope, and but linger to die?

No, no; till you speak I am bound to dissemble,
And say to my heart 'tis a glory but bid;
To wait on your words with a trust that will tremble,
Sustaining me still till your answer forbid.

Eve.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

She had promised that she would mend the lining of his new overcoat, if he would wear another and leave that at home. And so, as he had left it, she took it from the hall-rack and carried it into her sewing-room.

She was Mrs. Wilton, and she had been married five years, and never—never—never during that time had had one unhappy moment. Mr. Wilton had been very attentive, very kind, very generous, and never made her jealous. She often said she was the happiest woman living. Now, as she looked at the lining and compared the silk with which she was about to replace the torn portion, she was thinking these thoughts.

They had never had any children, but when people are all in all to each other, that is no very great grief. All her care was for him—all his for her

"And he is just the dearest, best, truest fellow in the world," said Eve Wilton to herself. "I'm not half good enough for him. I wonder what this is in his pocket—it bulges it all out of shape."

She put her hand into the breast pocket as she spoke and drew out a little package wrapped up in silver paper, and tied with blue ribbon.

"Something he has bought for me, I expect," said Eve. "I wonder what it is. I think I won't open it until he comes home;" then she laid the silk across the hole and cut it out, and basted it down.

"I wonder what it is," said she. "Tom did mean to give me an opera-glass, I know, but that is not the shape of the parcel. It doesn't seem like a book. It might be lace wound on a card—real lace—"

She looked at the package again.

"I do wonder what it is?" said she, and hemmed the patch down.

"There won't be much to patch after all," she said. "I thought the tear much longer. He caught it on a nail at the office, I know. Now I do wonder what there is in that package."

Eve put the coat over a chair and took up the little parcel.

"Tom wouldn't mind," said she, "I will just take a peep. I'm sure it is for me."

Then she undid the ribbon, unfolded the paper, and saw letters.

"Dear Tom," said she, "he must keep my old letters next his heart, and he never has told me."

But the writing was not hers; she saw that at a glance.

"His mother's letters," she said. "He loved his mother so."

Then she began to tremble a little, for the letter did not begin "My dear son," nor anything like it.

She cast her eyes over them. They were love-letters.

"Tom has loved some other woman before he met me," she said, beginning to cry. "Oh, what shall I do?" Then she cried out: "Oh, foolish creature that I am! Of course she died, and he only loves me now. It was all before we met. I must not mind—" but there she paused, gave a scream, and threw the letter from her as though it had been a serpent and had bitten her. It was dated the past week. It was not four days old.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Eve. "Oh, what shall I do? "Oh, where shall I go?" At every cry a thought pierced her breast like an actual stab. "Tom, my Tom! What shall I do? Tom! Tom! He to be false—Oh, have I gone mad! No. There they are! They are really there—those letters! Why do I not die! Do people live through such things as these?"

Then she knelt down on the floor and gathered up the letters, and steadily read them through. There were ten of them. Such love-letters! No other interpretation could be put upon them. They were absurd love-letters—such as are always produced in court in cases of breach of promise. And they called him "Popsy Wopsy," "Darling Darling," "Lovey Dovey," and "Gwn Sweetness," and "Angel of my soul," and they were all signed "Your own Nellie."

"It is all true," said poor Eve, wringing her hands. "And it is worse than anything I ever heard of. I trusted him so. I believed in him so. My Tom—mine!"

Then she wiped her eyes, gathered up the letters, picked them up, wrapped the silver paper about them, tied the blue ribbon, put them back into the awful breast-pocket of that dreadful overcoat and hung it on the hall-rack again.

"Tom shall never know," she said. "I'll not reproach him. I will never see him again; when he comes home I shall be dead. I will not live to bear this."

Then she sat down to think over the best means of suicide. She could hang herself to the chandelier with a window-blind cord, but then she would be black in the face and hideous. She could drown herself, but then her body would go floating, floating down the river to the sea; and drowned people looked even worse than strangled ones. She was too much afraid of fire-arms to shoot herself even in this strait. She would take poison.

Yes, that would be best, and though she would never see Tom again, he would see her, and remorse would sting him. Here she made a great mistake.

A man who is cooly treacherous to women never has any remorse. Remorse in love affairs is a purely feminine quality, and even the worst of our sex are not without it. However, it is natural to believe that remorse is possible to a man whom one has heretofore believed to be an angel in human form, and Eve, took a little, miserable comfort in the thought that Tom would kneel beside her coffin and burst into tears and passionate exclamations of regret, which she, perhaps, might see from some spiritual post of observation. So, having put on a hat and a thick vail, Eve betook herself down the street and around the corner, to the nearest German druggist.

The druggist was an old man, a benevolent-looking one, with red cheeks and a smiling mouth; and when she asked for "poison for rats," he said: "So!" and beamed mildly upon her.

"I wan't it very strong," said Eve.

"So!" said the druggist.

"But not to give more pain than is necessary," said Eve.

"To the rats?" asked the druggist.

"Yes," said Eve, "of course; and it must be quick, and not make one black in the face."

"So," said the druggist, slowly. "Well," what I shall give you shall not make de rat black in de face."

And with a grave countenance he compounded a powder and handed it across the counter.

Eve took it, paid the few cents he asked, and walked away. Once home she went at once to her room and undressed herself and retired to bed, taking the powder with her. Once or twice she tasted it with the tip of her tongue, hoping it was not very disagreeable. Then, finding it sweet, she bravely swallowed it.

"It is over," she said. "Oh, Heaven forgive me, and forgive Tom."

And then she laid herself down upon her pillow. Just as she did so, the familiar sound of a latch-key in the door below startled her. Tom never came home at noon—but there he was now; no one else but Tom could walk in in that cool way, and now he was calling her.

"Eve—Eve—Eve—where are you?"

Never before had she refused to answer that voice. Why had he come to torture her dying moments? Hark—

Now he was bounding up the stairs. He was in the room.

"What is the matter?" Are you ill, Eve?" he cried.

"No," said she, faintly—"only tired."

"Ah! You look tired, little one," said he. "I came home to get the overcoat. I suppose you've found out by this time that that in the hall is not mine. I wore Johnson's overcoat home from the office last night by mistake, and he is anxious about it. He asked me if there was any one in the house who would be apt to meddle with papers or anything in the pockets. I said I thought not. I hadn't a jealous wife—eh? What's the matter, Eve?"

"Oh, Tom!" cried Eve, hysterically. "Oh, Tom, say it again! It was not your coat? Oh, Tom, kiss me."

"Why, what is the mattter, Eve?" cried Tom. "You must be ill!"

Then Eve remembered all.

"Oh, I am a wicked woman, Tom!" she cried. There were letters in the pocket—love letters. I read them. I thought you false to me. I—I took poison, Tom. I'm going to die—and I long to live so. Oh, Tom, save me!"

"Yes, yes," cried Tom. "Oh, good Heaven! what poison?"

"Mr. Hoffman will know. I bought it of him. Perhaps he can save me!" cried Eve.

And away went Tom, as white as death, to the druggist's around the corner.

He burst into the shop like a whirlwind.

"The lady!" he gasped. "The lady who bought poison here an hour ago! She took it by mistake! Can you save her? Have you an antidote? She is dying!"

"No, no!" said the old German. "Be calm! be at rest! No, no! she cannot die of dat. When a lady ask me for poison dat will not turn a rat black in de face, I say to myself so: 'I smells someting;' and I gives her in de paper shust a little sugar and sometings. She could take a pound. Go home and tell her so. I never sells poison to womans dat cry and do not vish de rat to become black in de face. So—be calm!"

So Tom flew home again, and Eve rejoiced; and after hearing that Johnson was a single man, who admitted himself to be engaged, she did not rip the patch off his coat as she had at first intended.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—The late Sir Titus Salt, a man thoroughly good-hearted as well as wealthy, has left the sum of $150,000 as a fund to be invested for the benefit of the sick and aged poor at Saltaire and its vicinity.

—The peanut crop of Tennessee is 800,000 bushels.

PRIVATE letters—Monograms.

The Artist-Soldier

The story of Andre, as we commonly read it, tells little of Andre himself. It tells nothing of the manner of man he was, how he looked, how he dressed and what he said and did.

We read of him as the spy. He was one at the time of his death, but that he believed his military duty; he tried to serve his king as well as he could, and perhaps we cannot blame him so very much, even if we did punish him so sadly. He was something else than a mere spy, and it is more agreeable to think of him as an artist than a soldier. He did not love war as some soldiers do, and while in this country he many times tried to soften the hardships and troubles of the times. Once he found a poor little boy who had been captured by the British soldiers in Westchester County, and brought to New York to be put into the dreadful prisons the British then kept in our city. Such a little fellow could do no harm, and Andre took him away from the soldiers and sent him back to his mother in safety.

Besides painting and drawing, Andre could sing, and make charming verses, and cut out portraits in silhouette. Many of his letters and pictures are well preserved, and could you read the letters, you would see that he was a genial, lively and entertaining man. While he was in this country he kept a journal, and it is said, it was full of pictures of plants and insects and animals, people and places, bits of scenery and plans of cities and towns. He used often to give his pictures away as presents to his friends; and once, when he was a prisoner in our hands, and was sent to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, for safety, he taught the children of the village to draw. One of the Lancaster boy's pleased him so much, and displayed so much talent, that Andre offered to make an artist of him, and to take him to England when the war was at an end. The boy's father would not consent to this, though he was pleased to think the English officer should take so much interest in his son. The prisoners were afterward removed to Carlisle, and Andre had to leave his pupil. He did not forget him, for he afterward wrote a letter to the boy's father, in which he said that the boy "must take particular care in forming the features in faces, and in copying the hands exactly. He should now and then copy things from life, and then compare their proportions with what prints he may have, or what rules he may remember."

All this was during the war, and Andre himself was an enemy; but we can hardly think of him in that way. He regretted all the troubles of the times, and, unlike his brother officers, he never called us "the rebels," but the colonists. Even to this day, his letters and little pictures, his silhouette portraits, and sketches and verses are preserved in some families in remembrance of the kind, merry, and cultivated English gentleman whom we now call Major Andre, the spy.

When he was exchanged, he went back to the British army stationed at Philadelphia, and there again he displayed his many talents. He painted a drop-scene for the theatre which was thought to be very fine, and they said of it that "the foliage was uncommonly spirited and graceful." He also wrote verses to be recited in the theatre, and even took part in the plays. Once there was a grand pageant in Philadelphia—a water procession on the Deleware, with gayly trimmed boats, and bands of music, and ladies in fancy costumes—all ending in a grand ball. Andre took an active part in all these pleasurings, designed the costumes for the ladies, wrote verses, and helped to put up the decorations.

All this happened when our poor and discouraged troops were having a sad time of it, waiting and watching for a chance to strike a blow for the country At last the British were obliged to leave Philadelphia. Andre went away with them to New York, and it was there that he received the commission to treat with Arnold for the capture of West Point, and that only ended in his capture and sad death.

On the last day of his life he drew his own portrait from memory with a pen,—that is without the aid of a mirror,—and the picture is still in existance. While in New York, just before he went up to see General Arnold, he made several silhouette portraits of ladies who then lived there, and all were said to be remarkably correct likenesses, and were, of course, greatly prized afterward as the work of the young, genial and light-hearted British officer.

Those Revolutionery days are now very old, and the handsome English gentleman has been dead long, long years. We can forgive his efforts against us now, and perhaps it will be more agreeable to think of him as the artist-soldier rather than the spy at West Point.—*St. Nicholas.*

The German View of Beer.

Even in Beerland there are different kinds of beer, like the federal union, one in many and many in one. Between them are irreconcilable differences, as for example, between the white and Actiens beer of Berlin. The former is made of wheat, and is exclusively a summer beverage, and a glass of it is fondly termed a 'kleine Weisse' (a little white one), perhaps in irony for it is served in eccentric mammoth tumblers, which require both hands to lift.

Then there is the Vienna Beer, the antipodes of the Bavarian. The latter must be drunk soon after it is made while the former must lie many months n the cellar before it is ready for use. In Austria, that forcible union of States of clashing interests and nationalities, which is not a nation, but only a government reposing on bayonets, the population is divided between King Gambrinus and those of Bacchus.

As little as an artist could maintain that he was familiar with the works of the great masters when he had not visited Italy, so little could a beer drinker assert that he had seen beer rightly drunk when he had not been in Munich it is the elixir of life, the fountain of youth and happiness. It is looked upon as nourishment by the lower classes, who drink for dinner two *masses* of it, with soup and black bread. For the price of beer they could procure a good portion of meat, but they universally maintain that they are best nourished with beer and bread.

The Bavarian drinks to satisfy his "thirst, that beautiful German gift of God." If he is healthy, he drinks because it keeps his life juices in their normal state; if he is sick and in pain, because it is a soothing and harmless narcotic; if he is hungry beer is nourishment; if he has already eaten, because beer promotes digestion; if he is warm, because it is cooling and refreshing; if he is cold, because it warms him; if he is fatigued, because it is a tonic and sovereign strength renewer; if he is angry, because beer soothes him and gives him time to consider; if he needs courage, because beer is exactly the right stimulant. Where the Americans fly to their bitters "to tone up the system and enliven the secretions," the Germans resort to beer; and many are of opinion that frequent trips to the bock stalls in the spring are more healing than a visit to Carlsbad or Baden Baden, where one drinks disgusting water. In all circumstances and all moods they drink and are comforted.—*The Galaxy.*

A Sublime Egotist.

Vestris I., the famous dancer, remains on history as the most colossally, comically vain of artists. Intoxicated with applause, he considered himself the greatest genius of his time. "There are but three truly great men in Europe," he would say, "myself, M. de Voltaire, and King Frederick." To his infinite egotism, his son and successor Vestris II., added an immense capacity for rebellion against authority. Twice he was sent to prison, the second time at the personal desire of Marie Antoinnette. This is how it happened. In his efforts to display the height of his genius to the people of England, he injured one of the tendons of his right foot. The accident, though it did not betray itself in his walk, was sufficient to prevent him from dancing with the grace, the vigor and the perfection which placed him so far above all his rivals. On his return to France he found that the king of Sweden was the guest of Marie Antoinette. The queen was naturally desirous of exhibiting to her visitor the most distinguished of her artists. Accordingly she sent a message to young Vestris, begging him to dance before the king of Sweden as well as he could—she was aware of his accident—if it were only a few *pas*. The young artist returned a reply that he could not afford to venture his professional reputation by appearing when he was not at his best. The queen had seen him at the opera and observed that he walked with perfect ease, so she sent him another order—a third, to each of which a similar reply was returned. The upshot of it was that young Vestris was sent to the prison of La Force and kept there till he had completely recovered the use of his foot. The news was announced to his father. "Ha!" said Vestris I.; "then our house and the house of Bourbon are at last face to face! It shall be war!"

Something About Insects.

An old friend of mine, an enthusiastic philo-apiarian, told me that being at a friend's house one dry summer, when all the field flowers were nearly scorched up, he saw thousands of bees busy in a field of clover then in bloom.

"I wish my bees were here," said my friend.

"Probably they are," replied the gentleman.

"What, at forty miles distance?"

"Yes," said his friend. "On your return home dredge the backs of your bees with flour as they issue from the hives in the morning, and we shall see.

This was done, and his friend wrote him directly: "There are plenty of your white-jacket bees here in the clover!"

But whatever is the fact with bees, ants follow their noses much more than their eyes. In my garden I saw a train of ants ascending an apple tree; go up by one track, and descend by another. As in ascending they passed between two small shoots that sprung from the hole, I stopped their passage with a piece of bark. The ants did not see this obstruction with their eyes, but ran bump against it, and stood still, astonished. Soon a crowd of them had thus been suddenly stopped, and were anxiously searching about for a passage. By various successive starts forward, they eventually got around the obstruction and reached the track on the other side. The line of scent was renewed, and thenceforward, on arriving at the barricade they went without a moment's hesitation, by the circular track. I then took my penknife and pared away a piece of the outer bark on the open hole where the ants were descending. The effect was the same. The scent being taken away, the ants came to a dead stand, and there was the same confounded crowd, and the same spasmodic attempts to regain the road, which being effected in the same away, the scent was carried over the shaven part of the bark, and the train ran on as freely as before. —*St. Nicholas.*

What is Life Worth?

The precise monetary value of human life in various parts of the world would be an interesting subject for careful investigation. In Dahomey we probably begin at one of the lowest rungs of the ladder. A few beads or a strip of calico there will purchase a well-developed specimen of humanity. In China any criminal possessed of $15 may procure a substitute, who, having deposited the money in the hands of his poor relatives, will cheerfully undergo the operation of decapitation. Then, ascending a little higher on the allegorical ladder, we come to slave-marts, where often an elephant's tusk is worth four women. It is unpleasant to come nearer home, and ask what some phases of so-called civilized life are worth. A German professor, who rejects Malthusian doctrines, computes that, taking the whole world for an average, a woman is worth about one-eighth of a man. He thinks that there are at least 250,000,000 unmarried women in the world. As a rule, out of Europe, horses are more valuable than members of the fair sex. However, Esquimaux women are scarce, and each one is probably worth two men. In new settlements, such as many in California, a woman rises vastly in estimation—sometimes outvaluing seven men.

Bachelor and Girl.

The words *bachelor* and *girl*, the first of which, being formerly held as synonymous with "young man," or "sweetheart," may be regarded as the parallel and corresponding term to the other. We hope that the classes which bear these names will pardon us for saying that etymology gives a not very flattering account of the origin of either. As for girl, we are left, as far as its derivations, to choose between the Saxon *carl* or *churl* and the Latin word *garrula*, a garrulous female. If the latter of these derivations be the right one shall we say in this case, as in some of the preceding that the term girl has departed much from its original signification? At all events, we are certain that the parties denoted by the term will prefer the application of (sweet) prattlers to that of carls or churls, burly and surly. As for bachelors, etymology is still less kind and still less decisive with respect to the meaning of their distinctive designation. One philologist refers the term to a Greek word, plainly and plumply signifying foolish, while another derives it from *bas chevalier* (French,) a knight of the very meanest grade. By some, the word is traced to the Latin *baculus* (a staff,) because bachelors, in their old days, have nothing but a stick or cane to lean upon; and, last and least, the worthy commentator and improver upon Johnson, Mr. H. P. Todd believes "the most probable derivation to be from *acca laurus*, the berry of a laurel or bay; bachelors being young and of good hopes, like laurels in the berry. Truly this latter is even too hard a nut to crack, and we had rather the tree in question had been the chestnut or hazel. To speak the truth, in plain earnest, the French derivation of *bas chevalier* seems to be the true original of bachelor; and all, therefore, who expose themselves to the designation by remaining obstinately in a single state, must be content to rank themselves under the primitive appellation of "knights of the lowest order." The parties implicated, it is to be presumed, will shelter themselves under the plea that a great change has taken place in the meaning of words; and as this is the argument we ourselves set out with, we cannot very well gain-say the defense.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The Sick Mate.

There are, of course, innumerable points at which the views and the customs of men and women diverge more or less widely, but there is probably nothing in which the difference is more strongly marked than in their respective methods of bearing small illnesses and indispositions. Small ones, be it said advisedly; a grave malady has ordinarily so prostrating an effect that it is undergone with an almost apathetic patience born of its very severity. But with smaller ailments the case is different; and it is in their manner of bearing them that men so often raise a pitying smile on the countenances of their less robust but more long-suffering womankind. It never seems to occur to an ordinary lord of creation that it is within the bounds of possibility that one of the minor ills to which the flesh is heir should touch him, and he is as astonished and aggrieved when he finds himself suffering from a headache or a fit of influenza as if the malady were a perfectly abnormal occurrence. This is the more remarkable as, almost invariably, he scoffs at and laughs to scorn any precautionary measure—declines to change wet shooting-boots, as being "of no consequence," and persistently sits in a draught because he is overheated. But when the heavy cold comes he is all amazement, cannot conceive how he caught it, and regards himself as a victim grievously ill-treated by fate, and deserving of all possible sympathy and compassion. As a rule a woman is abundantly pitiful and sympathetic; but it must require immense command over her risible muscles to repress a smile when her lord gravely assures her that no one was ever so ill before; and that she cannot have the faintest conception of what he is enduring. She thinks of the many colds from which she has suffered, for which he has always condemned her for "coddling;" assuring her that a cold was a "mere trifle, nothing to make a fuss about." And yet, what was her fussing to his? Besides feeling ill, she is always willing to try such such remedies as experience has taught her are the most efficacious, while he can be persuaded to try nothing, though he complains sorely that no one does anything for him or appears to compassionate his evil case.

It is hardly a happy time for those brought much in contact with him. If he suffers from a headache the whole machinery of the house must be stopped, not a door must creak, nor a footfall be heard, though he is the last person in the world to respect the headaches of others, and always professes his belief that they are only another name for caprice or convenience. At the smallest derangement of his usual robust health, from whatever cause it may arise, he at once believes himself to be extremely, if not dangerously, ill; and yet, with a strange perversity, absolutely refuses to see a doctor. His feminine belongings, if they are wise, commiserate and make much of him, but are never in the slightest degree alarmed so long as he grumbles and bewails himself; when he becomes silent as to his sufferings they at once conclude that something serious is really the matter.

Perhaps the most doleful spectacle that can be presented to the imagination is that of a man afflicted with the toothache. It certainly is a most wearing and distressing pain; still, it has been endured at different times by almost every one. It is edifying to note that though, when any one else has been attacked with the same torment, he has recommended instant recourse to a dentist, and has derided any backwardness in following his advice as cowardice, he is, when his own time comes, no more eager to plant himself in the chair of doom than were his despised friends, and is fertile in inventing expedients for putting off the evil day, probably, if the pain abates to a remote date. A woman must be very near, indeed, akin to an angel, who, after her husband or some other near male relative has for years laughed to scorn her complaints of agonizing neuralgia—telling her it "is all fancy," "only nerves" (could it be anything worse?), that she would never have it if she did not think about it, or if she took more exercise, or if she did something, or other totally out of her power to do—does not, sorry as she may be that he should suffer, feel a certain satisfaction when the enemy seizes upon him, and he is made to feel what she has endured.

The absurdity of men's utterances never seems to strike them when they gravely affirm that no one can possibly gauge their sufferings from an ordinary cold in the head. There is no offence so great as to try and persuade a man that, disagreeable as it may be, it is but a temporary inconvenience, which in a very short space of time will pass away, leaving not a trace behind; he regards this simple exposition of fact as most unfeeling, and bemoans himself plaintively that no one cares whether he is ill or not. He believes firmly that he is a model of fimness under suffering. The women about him will be wise if they abstain from irritating him by any refutation of this preposterous fallacy. It may be admitted that it is difficult for them to hold their peace when they see him deliberately making himself ill by eating or drinking what he knows from experience will disagree with him. It is not easy to be compassionate to the fit of gout brought on by drinking sweet champagne, or to manifest sympathy with a headache produced by over-indulgence in pickled salmon or lobster salad. But the victim will never allow that imprudence has anything to do with the matter, and persists in regarding himself as the martyr of cruel fate. —[*London World.*

After Dinner Naps.

No wonder if half the world knows how pleasant it is to take an after dinner nap, and what a relief it is to the overburdened brain—or stomach. We used to know a lawyer who took his nap every day after dinner on three chairs, and that lawyer, if he continues the practice, will die an old man. If there is any one time when a man is forced to exert himself, whether in muscular or brain labor, to work, it is after the noonday meal. If all men could only rest, not one hour but two hours, and put the extra time on the closing hours of the day, what an improvement would be made in their health. Whether he be a farmer or a mechanic, or a professional man, a good rest after dinner leaves the man in a better condition for hard labor than even in the morning. We once worked for a farmer in harvest, who always made an agreement with his workmen to work ten hours a day, and from twelve o'clock to two no work was to be done unless in case of emergency, a threatened rain or something that required extra exertion. Didn't we have glorious times sleeping under trees after dinner! We always used up three quarters of an hour at the table and then slept one hour and a quarter during the heat of the day. The result was the men were never overworked, and the farmer got more labor from his men than any of his neighbers, though their men often worked twelve hours a day. When two o'clock came the hands were all in good trim, completely rested out, and they could do double the work with more ease than if they had commenced work at one o'clock. A single hour's rest at the proper time worked wonders with them.

English Mothers.

It is a marked feeture of social life in England, and certainly one of its especial charms, that mothers and daughters are so uniformly seen together at their own home. Not only is the mother the first lady to whom you are introduced at the house where you visit, but mistress of the ceremonies throughout; not only does she preside at the dinner table, but in the evening party she sits as queen. Whatever may be your first impression of such an arrangement—if it happens that your sympathies are with the younger ladies—you will very sooo learn to think that the mother's absence would be very sincerely regretted by the daughters. As a picture all must admit the arrangement to be perfect. The portly form and matronly dignity of the mother are an exquisite foil to the youthful beauty and maiden coyness of the daughters. And you will find nothing to mar, but everything to enhance the interest of the picture. The mother's presence never seems to operate as an unwelcome restraint. Between her and the daughters you will mark the most joyous, playful, loving freedom, without the sacrifices of a little parental dignity and authority on the one hand, or of sweet graceful filial duty on the other. It may be said of English families generally, that these two things are eminently characteristic, to wit, uniform parental authority, and the most charming freedom of intercourse between parents and their children.

Capital Punishment in Italy.

The movement for the abolition of capital punishment in Italy has already been partially successful. In France a movement in the same direction has been initiated. Some forty-odd prominent Deputies, including Louis Blanc, have submitted a bill, in which they give the following reasons for abolishing the guillotine: "That the right to inflict an irreparable punishment implies an infallible judge; that to inflict death is a bad way on the part of society of inculcating respect for life, and, consequently, of arresting the arm of the murderer; that the spectacle of the blood shed by the executioner hardens perverse hearts, and is an obstacle to that refinement of manners which should be the result and is the sign of an advanced civilization; that the punishment of death has been condemned by the greatest criminal lawyers; that the countries where it is abolished have only had to congratulate themselves on its abolition; that the punishment of death, in a word, produces effects in every way contrary to those expected by its partisans.

—A New York firm is about sending to Australia four locomotives for use on the railroads of the Government of New South Wales.

Daughters as Lady Helps.

It may be that there are households to be found in which ladies can, with advantage to themselves and their employees, undertake the duties hitherto performed by servants. There is no doubt that many well-born and well-educated gentle-women would rather cook all day long than to teach a village school, and would infinitely prefer dusting a piano to listening to a child playing scales upon it. But, after, all, the system of lady helps is a retrogressive movement, and therefore can only have a partial and temporary success. Refined women who are obliged to earn their livelihood will by degrees see that they ought to try to find employment in some sphere where their culture and accomplishments would be of value, instead of being unproductive. It is because they are not as yet sufficiently educated that they are obliged to raise the cry of having no work to do, and in despair of finding congenial occupation, take to manual labor of a not very remunerative kind. But it seems a pity to go searching for new openings in a backward direction. It is labor lost, and induces a wasteful expenditure of enthusiasm on the part of enthusiasm on the part of social reformers. There is still plenty of raw material to supply more than all the servants wanted for use, provided rich people would not keep so many merely for show. The raw material might be turned into good servants if we had any organization by which girls could be apprenticed and taught their trade. There is really no sufficient reason why young ladies of the rising generation should take to sweeping rooms and cleaning grates in strange houses, or even passing sleepless nights with teething babies not their own. Domestic service can never solve the question of "women's work," although it may for the present stop a gap and furnish a subject for conversation. On the other hand, there can be no question that many of our social difficulties would be almost entirely mastered if young ladies would consent to become lady helps in their own homes. Nothing can be more intolerable than the mismanagement and discomfort to be found in countless households where there are plenty of grown-up daughters, who have really little to do but grumble at the dreariness of their lives, and fret themselves into permanent ill-health. Perhaps they take sufficient interest in the housekeeping to wonder contemptuously how their mother can be troubled with such inefficient servants, "creatures" who cannot even make palatable coffee or keep the silver bright. They have no patience with the shortcomings of the overworked house-maid, from whom they expect as much personal attendance as if she had only a lady's maid's duties to perform. They cannot think why the gardener does not show more taste in his arrangement of the flower-beds, and why he does not cut off the withered roses. Half the young women one meets in the country sink into a state of semi-imbecility from idleness and want of interest in their surroundings. From mere thoughtlessness and ignorance they grow up exacting and unreasonable. From want of active exercise they become the ready prey of hysteria, dyspepsia, and spine complaints. They marry any one who will have them, simply because they are so bored that any change is welcome. They make bad wives, because they have never learned the rudiments of domestic economy. When the unfortunate mother of such daughter allows herself to be persuaded to add a lady help to the establishment, the height of absurdity is reached. Four or five plain commonplace stupid girls may lounge about the house—he with a piece of soiled fancy-work, another playing snatches of dance music, a third reading French novels on the sofa, while perhaps a pretty graceful lady lays the fire, dusts the room, and endeavors probably in vain, to bring order into the uncomfortable and chaotic establishment.—*Saturday Review.*

Novel Use for Spiders' Threads.

Cobwebs have been applied to various uses. The delicate cross hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are fine webs taken from spiders of a species that are specially selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material. The spider, when caught, is made to spin his thread by tossing him from hand to hand, in case he is indisposed to furnish the article. The end is attached to a piece of wire which is doubled into parellel lengths, the distance apart exceeding a little the diameter of the instrument. As the spider hangs and descends from this, the web is wound upon it by turning the wire around. The coils are then gummed to the wire and kept for use as required. About a century ago, Roa of Languedoc, succeeded in making a pair of stockings from the thread of a spider. They were very strong, and of a beautiful gray color. Other attempts of the same kind have been made; but Reaumur has stated that the web of the spider was not equal to that of the silkworm, either in strength or lustre. The cocoons of the latter weigh from three or four grains, so that 2,034 worms produce a pound of silk; but the bags of the spider, when cleaned, do not weigh above the part of a grain.

Making a Fool of One's Self.

Making a fool of one's self is with many people a part of their educational experience in life. Once brought to the experimental realization of the fact, one is apt to be wiser ever after.

A man generally makes a fool of himself by wasting his money, or believing in mines and companies, that are but traps for the unwary, or by losing his temper at a critical moment.

A woman manages to do the same thing through the means of her tongue or her heart. She talks herself into tribulation, or she gives her love to some worthless creature who becomes the bane of her life.

It is over an empty purse that a man generally stands and clenches his hands and mutters, "I've made a fool of myself." It is over her empty heart that woman usually wails forth the same words.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There are no less than fifty lady doctors studying in the Paris hospitals.

—London has nine hundred professional brokers.

—There were about 650 suicides in the United States in 1876.

—Westborough, Mass., makers have sold about 3000 sleighs this winter.

—Over 3,000,000, cigars are daily burned in this country. No insurance.

—Florida citizens are taxed, on an average, 2.50 a piece.

—The Harvard freshmen have challenged Yale to an eight-oared race.

—The coal miners of Brazil, Ind., are clamoring for an increase of wages.

—Last year the English Life Boat Institution saved 498 lives, besides rescuing 18 vessels.

—The Kindergarten system has been introduced in the Government schools for girls in China.

Domesticating partridges is a new and profitable branch of industry in North Carolina.

—At her recent Moscow benefit Patti received 300 bouquets, sprinkled with $50,000 worth of diamonds.

—Arnold, the writing-fluid man, has made $1,000,000 by it. That's the sort of an ink-come to have.

—Rev. Anna Oliver has taken charge of a Methodist Church at Passaic, N. J., which has a debt of $100,000.

—A lemon tree at Stamford, Fla., produced 6,000 lemons last year, some of which weighed a pound each.

—During the past five years California has exported nearly 6,000,000 gallons of wine valued at over $4,000,000.

—Miss Emily Peyton has been a second time elected enrolling clerk of the Tennessee House of Representatives.

Cumberland county, Va., is infested with beavers, which are busily engaged in building their habitations along the rivers.

—There are four lay preachers in the British House of Commons—Sir Watkin Williams and Messrs. Blake, Waddy and Allen.

—A magnificent vase, four feet high, and cut from a single piece of agate, has been sent to the Mikado by the Emperor of Russia.

—The gold production of Montana since the discovery of the mines in 1863, is calculated by an authority in that Territory at $110,000,000.

—A Detroit restaurant keeper hangs out a sign of "free chops," and when the old loafers come around he shows them an axe and a woodpile.

—The biggest sail in the world has just been made in Dublin. It is rectangular in shape and in size 180 by 60. It will be used in raising sunken vessels.

—Hard as the times are, one champagne firm in Rheims exported to this country last year over 38,000 dozen, on which the Government received $228,000 in duties.

—The $600 grasshopper prize offered by the Minnesota Legislature has inspired a genius who proposes to destroy the insect by raising a net by balloons a quarter of a mile apart.

—At least 500,000 tons of ice were shipped from the Kennebec and its tributaries the past year. The sales are reported to have averaged $2 per ton, and at this figure a million dollars was realized for the cold product.

—The Catholic Directory for 1877 reports the number of Catholic churches in this country as 5,202, and the number of priests as 5,297, while the congregations to whom they minister are estimated at 6,200,000.

—Jewish silver shekels have lately been found near Jerusalem, belonging to the time of Simon Maccabeus, B. C. 144. On one side they have the cup of manna, and on the other the budding rod of Aaron.

—Boston covers an area of 31½ square miles, has 364 miles of streets, and its population is 342,000. In 1860 its population was 178,000, the city covered 4¾ square miles, and had 102 miles of streets.

—Dr. C. H. F. Peters, the indefatigable astronomer of Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College, is gathering quite a family of planets about him. The twenty-seventh addition to his family circle of asteroids is announced.

Mr. George Jack of Chester county, Pa., has a drove of turkeys numbering nearly eight hundred. They were purchased in Southern Ohio, shipped by railroad to Newark, Del., and driven from there to Mr. Jack's residence, a distance of twenty-two miles.

—Edwin Booth and Sothern have each given $500 to the fund for the erection of a Shakespeare memorial hall in Stratford-on-Avon. Of the sum required, £10,000, (the land is a gift) £6,000 has been subscribed, and Prince Leopold will lay the corner-stone on April 23rd.

—Santo Monica, California, "the Long Branch of the Pacific," was laid out in town lots but sixteen months since, and now there are in the town over three hundred buildings and eight hundred inhabitants, with a $20,000 hotel, a public school building and two church edifices.

—The Queen's state saloon on the Great Western railway, England, is made entirely of boiler plate, and so lined and padded that if the carriage were to go over an embankment and roll to the bottom, the chances are that the occupants would escape uninjured.

—Mrs. Lena Orton, of Lanesville, Conn., in order to prevent quarrels among her heirs after her death, has adopted the expedient of dividing a large part of her property among them. She has already distributed in this way more than one hundred and forty thousand dollars.

—The Massachusetts census report for 1875 contains some curious findings. For instance, there are 106 "ladies" in the state and 208 "gentlemen," and there are five "old Irish gentlemen." There are nine "gamblers," three "hermits," three "loaters," ten "pedestrians," and one "prize fighter."

—Storey county, Nevada, is one of the richest counties in the United States. The bonanza mines are situated in it, and they yield their product of wealth every month with invariable uniformity. Its yield of gold and silver bullion for the quarter ending September 30th was $8,742,400.

—The Freemasons of England support three charities, one of which pays annuities to aged Masons and widows, while the other two are schools for children of Masons, one for boys, and one for girls. The sum contributed last year for their support was over $195,000.

—A Yokohama paper announces the circuit of the world by means of a correspondence in 78 days, two days less than the time consumed by Jules Verne's hero. A letter despatched via America to England, was answered after a delay of three or four days, and the reply sent to Japan via the Suez route, reaching its destination in less than 30 days.