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AT THE WINDOW.

FROM THE BOHEMIAN OF ECKS.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I saw him through the window—
The new moon was in sight—
Come stealing down the garden,
One balmy summer night.

He tapped upon the window;
"Give me a kiss," he said:
And straightway I was hidden,
Like a little mouse, in bed.

One eye above the bed-clothes
Was—oh, so fast asleep—
But the other beneath—'twas lucky
He was not there to peep!

He called again, as eager
As the stag for cooling brooks,
Or the bee that in the lilies
For golden honey looks!

The silence of my chamber—
It almost made me start—
For nothing there betrayed me,
But the beating of my heart!

He knocked and called, and called me,
And his voice, so clear and sweet,
It pulled away the bed-clothes,
And stood me on my feet!

It drew me to the window;
"He must be gone," I thought;
I raised the window softly,
And, peeping out, was caught!

Was caught, and showered with kisses:
How many did he get?
As many as my blushes,
For I am blushing yet!

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

How it Was.

"Folds of the silk and cream-colored roses. You will have the hats just alike, then?" asked Miss Lucinda Smith, milliner.

"Just exactly alike. It will please Hermione, and there is nothing I like so well as to please my pretty step-mamma," answered Linly Thetford, lifting her sweet eyes for sympathy to the precise countenance of Miss Lucinda.

"Umph!—so you are very fond of her, Linly?"

"Yes, indeed! She is my best friend since poor papa died, and being so near of an age we are constant companions. I don't know what I should do if it weren't for Hermione; Ryelands has changed so since papa's death."

"You have Mr. St. Charles' company a great deal, I hear."

A flash like sunrise dyed the beautiful brunette face.

"Of course; he is Hermione's cousin, and—and like a brother to me," answered Linly, stooping over a box of silk violets to hide her confusion.

"Umph! yes—well, it's all right, of course," remarked Miss Lucinda, pinching out a brier-leaf, and setting the little rose more firmly on its stem. "But didn't it ever occur to you that folks would talk?"

"About what?" asked Linly, lifting her clear hazel eyes to Miss Lucinda's profile.

"His being at Ryelands so much so soon after your father's death. Poor man! dead but six months; I should think your stepmamma, as you call her, would have more respect for his memory than to——"

"Than to what?" asked Linly, her bright orbs growing large and bright with indignation. "What have you to say against Hermione—against my father's wife, Miss Lucinda?"

"Say—oh, I say nothing. It's what other people are talking about. But I must add that it is strange you are so blind, Linly. Now I have known you since you were a child—used to come to Ryelands every spring to make caps in your grandmother's days, and your own mother always bought her bonnets of me—and you were always bright enough about other things. It's strange you can't see."

"What?" with a thrill in the young voice.

"Why, of course, your stepmother married your father for his money, and to have a home and position. She was only a district school-teacher, down in Marshfield, when he married her, and everybody knew she did pretty well for herself when she married Dr. Thetford. But she was dead in love with her cousin, Rupert St. Charles, and he with her; but they were poor, and he working his way so slowly through college that she thought there wasn't much chance there, and so gave him up for your father. And now he's a promising young lawyer, and she mistress of Ryelands, what is so likely?—Lord, you ain't going to faint, are you, Linly?"

"Faint? No! The day is warm, and your store is close. It is foolish for me to stay here listening to this gossip. I do not feel in the least indebted to you for repeating it to me, Miss Lucinda. My beautiful stepmother loved my father dearly when she married him—five years of utter devotion to his interests, and her crushing grief at his death proved it for me—nor do I believe she loved any one else when she married him. And if she chooses to marry Mr. St. Charles now, she is at liberty, for all in Circleville;" and bowing with the barest civility to Miss Lucinda, Linly left the shop.

The cool air of the village streets cooled her burning cheeks; but how her loyal young heart ached in her burning bosom! Not for worlds would she have had Miss Lucinda confirmed in her suspicion that she loved Rupert St. Charles; but it was the cruel truth. He was so kind and fine in his nature, so handsome and unspoiled by his rapid success in life, no wonder the girlish heart worshipped him. She had never believed that there was anything between the cousins but cousinly kindness and freedom. But perhaps others knew better; may be she was "blind."

A feeling of bitter desolation fell upon her as she entered the broad gates of Ryelands, whence her beloved father, whose pet she had always been, had been carried scarcely half a year before. She loved Hermione, and had believed that Hermione loved her best of anything in the world, but now it seemed as though she had no home in any heart.

Mr. Courtot's beautiful mare Sultana stood tied to a tree. For the first time the slight gaze Linly gave him instead of usual. She did not wish to meet him, and she turned away from the door and took the garden path.

The grounds of Ryelands were old and fine. The doctor's large practice and open-hearted hospitality had formerly kept much state here, but of late all was very quiet.

She saw no one, as her path wound among the shrubbery; but soon she heard voices, and pausing to learn what direction they were in, the following conversation forced itself upon her:

"I hardly know what to say."

"But, Hermione, surely you trust me?"

"Yes; entirely. But, Rupert, wait a year. My husband has been dead such a short time, and I shrink from such a responsible act.

"I cannot wait a year. You know how lonely I have been, and now that I love one woman with my whole soul—and she is free, and I can at last take care of a wife—surely, Hermione, you will not refuse?"

"Poor Rupert, I love you so much, how can I?"

"Then you give your consent?"

"I do."

Breathless and wild with pain, Linly tore herself from the spot. She sought the house now, and fleeing to her own room, cast herself across the bed, writhing with anguish. Lost! Lost! They had all left her! She had not one.

The tea-bell rang; she did not heed it. Inquiring voices called her name; she covered her ears with her hands. Twilight and darkness filled the pretty white room; the whip-poor-will's call came on the dewy air, and the piano sounded softly in the room below. It was Hermione's touch, and Rupert St. Charles was bending happily over "the woman he loved with his whole soul," no doubt. Poor Linly! She wished she could creep into her father's grave, and be out of the sight of their happiness.

By-and by, in the stillness, she heard steps on the stairs. Was Hermione coming? Yes, the door opened, and Hermione's voice syllabled: Dear, are you here? Why, we thought you had not come from town."

She advanced into the room, putting the light she carried under a shade in the corner.

"You have come home with a headache, I know—the day has been so hot; but you ought to have drank some tea, Linly, dear."

The graceful fragrant form pressed the couch by the girl's side; a tender arm stole around her neck.

"I am glad we can be quiet. I have something to tell you. Did I hurt you, Linly, with my ring? Why did you wince so?"

"No, Hermione, no," feebly.

"Linly, something has happened to-day, which gives me great hope and pleasure. Shall I tell you?"

There was a little pause—such a hard little pause.

"Yes."

"You have known my cousin, Rupert St. Charles, a year, and you feel quite well acquainted with him, do you not?"

"Quite well."

"He is all he seems to be, Linly, I think you like him."

No answer.

"I hope you do, dear, for he is just what a young man ought to be—honorable, pure and steadfast—and the woman who has won his love is fortunate, indeed—blessed, if she returns it—for he will make a devoted husband. She could not have a better fate than be the wife of Rupert St. Charles."

Hermione Thetford heard her step-daughter's quickened breathing, but could not see her face.

"I walked with him this afternoon in the garden, and—surely, dear, your head must be very bad. I heard you moan."

"Very bad. But never mind, Hermione."

"He urged me to a promise which I was reluctant to give."

"Yes."

"I hesitated to take the step he urged upon me, because your father has been dead such a short time, and others might think—"

"You need not care what others think if you are sure of your own feelings, Hermione."

"It is because I am sure of them, Linly, that I at last yielded. I have known Rupert from a child, and he is one in a thousand. So, dear, surely you will forgive me if you are averse to this—"

"Forgive? What should I forgive, dear Hermione."

"I yielded, and gave my consent that he should tell you his love, and try to win yours, dear. For nothing could make me happier, my dear girl, than for you to marry my cousin."

Hermione's voice died away. There was no sound in the darkened chamber. She listened anxiously for Linly's response, but the girl realized nothing but the feelings of her own heart.

"Will you speak, dear?"

"What shall I say, Hermione?"

"Are you pained or pleased by what I have told you?"

"Hermione, I have been told that you and Rupert St. Charles used to love each other."

"I have always loved Rupert as a cousin—nothing more. It was your father whom I loved, dear, and so you are next nearest my heart. I have promised Rupert to urge you to give him a little sign of encouragement, and so he has sent you this blush-rose. If he may speak to you, wear it in your hair when he comes to-night; if you have no hope for him, you need not see him at all, dear, as it may be painful to you, and will surely dash his dearest hopes to the ground. So I will tell him as gently as possible."

"Give me the rose."

Hermione unfastened the cool, fragrant thing from her own dark hair, and in the darkness saw its whiteness lifted to the girl's lips.

"I will wear it."

Soon at Circleville all knew of Linly's engagement, and this is the way it was.

—Daniel C. French, the sculptor of the minute man at Concord, Mass., is now at work in Washington on a group representing Peace and War, for the St. Louis Custom House. The figures, 14 feet in height, will be cut in granite.

California Lumber Flumes.

Lumber flumes in the Sierras are generally constructed of planking, thirty inches wide and sixteen feet long. There are nailed together at the sides, making a V shaped trough or box. They are then fixed in brackets, thus forming a continuous channel for the passage of water which is let into the flume from a diverted mountain stream. In the flumes constructed two or three years ago but two brackets were used to a box. In those now building by the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company, three are used, thus adding to the strength of the flume. The rapidity with which the lumber is transported varies of course with the fall. With a down grade of one inch to the box (sixteen feet), or twenty-seven feet to the mile, the lumber travels from two or three miles per hour. With a grade of two inches to the box, or fifty-five feet to the mile, the rate is about trebled, and the increased velocity is in a similar ratio where the grade is augmented. Thus a grade of five or six inches to the box ensures a velocity of from 18 to 20 miles per hour. On the Blue Ridge division the thirty miles from the mountains to the dump on the Sacramento River is made in about three and a half hours. On the Chico branch lumber put in at the Arcade mills reaches Chico, a distance of 40 miles, in less than four hours. As showing the capacity of this kind of transportation, I may state that during the past season the Chico flume has carried over it an average of 110,000 feet of lumber daily. Of course it is necessary to have men constantly engaged in watching the flume to prevent the lumber from bunching, as it is called. For this purpose a walk plank is constructed its entire length. But an ingenius contrivance does away with much of the labor formerly necessary to keep the lumber in motion and prevent its blocking the flume. It consists of a sluice gate which occurs at intervals on the line of the flumes, and which is operated by simply moving a handle. The water is thus turned from the regular flume into a siding, without any grade, when the lumber is rendered motionless. Men are stationed who take up the lumber which has bunched and throw it over into the regular flume to commence the journey anew.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Marriage.

But marriage, if comfortable, is not at all heroic. It certainly narrows and damps the spirits of generous men. In marriage a man becomes slack and selfish, and undergoes a fatty degeneration of his moral being. It is not only when Ladgate misallies himself with Rosamond Vincy, but when Ladislaw marries above him with Dorothea, that this may be exemplified. The air of the fireside withers out all the fine wildings of the husband's heart. He is so comfortable and happy that he begins to prefer comfort and happiness to everything else on earth, his wife included. Yesterday he would have shared his last shilling; to-day "his first duty is to his family," and is fulfilled in large measure by laying down vintages and husbanding the wealth of an invaluable parent. Twenty years ago this man is equally capable of crime or heroism; now he is fit for neither. His soul is asleep, and you may speak without constraint; you will not wake him. It is not for nothing that Don Quixote was a bachelor, and Marcus Aurelius married ill. For women there is less of this danger. Marriage is of so much use to a woman, opens out to her so much more of life, and puts her in the way of so much more freedom and usefulness, whether she marry ill or well, she can hardly miss some benefit. It is true, however, that some of the merriest and most genuine of women are old maids, and that those old maids, and wives who are unhappily married, have often most of the true motherly touch. And this would seem to show, even for the women, some narrowing influence in comfortable married life. But the rule is none the less certain; if you wish the pick of men and women, take a good bachelor and a good wife. I am often filled with wonder that so many marriages are passibly successful, and so few come to open failure, the more so I fail to understand the principle on which people regulate their choice. I see women marrying indiscriminately with staring burgesses and ferret-faced white-eyed boys and men dwell in contentment with noisy scullions, or taking into their lives acidulous vestals. It is a common answer to say the good people marry because they fall in love; and of course you may use and misuse a word as much as you please, if you have the world along with you. But love is at least a somewhat hyperbolical expression for such lukewarm preference. It is not here, anyway, that Love employs its golden shafts; he can not be said, with any fitness of language, to reign here and revel. Indeed, if this be love at all, it is plain the poets have been fooling with mankind since the foundation of the world. And you have only to look these happy couples in the face to see they have never been in love, or in hate, or in any other high passion, all their days. When you see a dish of fruit at a dessert you sometimes set your affection upon one particular peach or nectarine, watch it with some anxiety as it comes around the table, and feel quite a sensible disappointment when it is taken by some one else. I have used the phrase of "high passion." Well, I should say this was about as high a passion as generally leads to marriage. One husband hears after marriage that some poor fellow is dying of his wife's love. "What a pity!" he exclaims; "you know I could so easily have got another!" And yet that is a very happy union. Or again: A young man was telling me the sweet stories of his loves. 'I like it well enough as long as her sisters are there,' said this amorous swain; "but I don't know what to do when we're alone." Once more: A married lady was debating the subject with another lady. "You know, dear," said the first, "after ten years of marriage, if he is nothing else, your husband is always an old friend." "I have many old friends," returned the other; "but I prefer them to be nothing more." "Oh! perhaps I might *prefer* that also!" It must be owned the god goes among us with a limping gait and blear eyes. You wonder whether it was so always; whether desire was always equally dull and spiritless, and possession equally cold. I cannot help fancying most people make, ere they marry, some such table of recommendation as Hannah Godwin wrote to her brother William about her friend Miss Gay. It is so charmingly comical, and so pat to the occasion, that I must quote a few phrases. "The young lady is in every sense formed to make one of your disposition really happy. She has a pleasing voice, with which she accompanies her musical instrument with judgment. She has an easy politeness in her manners, neither free nor reserved. She is a good housekeeper and a good economist, and yet of a generous disposition. As to her internal accomplishments I have reason to speak still more highly of them; good sense without vanity, a penetrating judgement, without a disposition to satire, with about as much religion as my William likes, struck me with a wish that she was my William's wife." That is about the tune—pleasing voice, moderate good looks, unimpeachable internal accomplishments, after the style of the copy-book, with about as much religion as my William likes; and then, with all speed, to church. To deal plainly if they only married when they fell in love, most people would die unwed; and among the others there would be not a few tumultuous households. The lion is the king of beasts, but he is scarcely suitable for a domestic pet. In some way, I suspect love is rather too violent a passion to make in all cases a good domestic sentiment. Like other violent excitements, it throws up not only what is best, but what is worst and smallest in men's character. Just as people are malicious in drink and brawling, and virulent under the influence of religious feeling, some are moody, jealous, and exalting when they are in love, who are honest, downright, good-hearted fellows enough in the everyday affairs and humors of the world.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

Fourteen Little Things.

Life is mainly made up of trifles. A pin-hole will in time sink a large ship. A small saving per day or week will speedily amount to a large sum. An extra production of a small thing, as an extra egg per day or week, a good hill of corn in each row, a bushel of wheat, or corn, or potatoes, extra per acre, will in the course of years make one comfortably rich, or what may be better, will buy many convenient or useful things as one goes along, and such extra production is easily secured by trifling thought, care or labor. To illustrate what the *weekly* saving, or the extra production will amount to in *a single year*, we select the following common items:

1	Egg a week.....at 3½c per doz.....	$1 60
2	Eggs a week.....at 18⅔c per doz.....	1 60
1	qt Wheat a week.....at 90c per bu.....	1 60
1⅛	qts Corn a week.....at 66c per bu.....	1 61
3	qts Corn a week.....at 33c per bu.....	1 61
2	qts Potatoes a week...at 50c per bu.....	1 62
4	qts Potatoes a week...at 25c per bu.....	1 63
1	cabbage a week.....at 3c per head.....	1 56
1⅛	qts Milk a week.....at 3c per quart.....	1 56
1⅛	oz Butter a week.....at 25c per pound....	1 56
⅛	pail Coal a week.....at $4.92 per ton.....	1 60
1	ft of Wood a week.....at $4 per cord.....	1 66
2	ft of Wood a week.....at $2 per cord.....	1 66
¼	lb Sugar a week.....at 12c per pound....	1 76
¼	oz Tea a week.....at 96c per pound.....	1 56
1⅛	oz Coffee a week.....at 32c per pound....	1 56
1	P'o Stamp a week.....at 3 cents.....	1 56
1	poor Cigar a week.....at 3 cents.....	1 56
	Total.....	$22 17

A practical suggestion is that any *one* of the above items saved or produced extra, will just about pay for this paper a whole year which will place before your family over fourteen columns of reading, contain multitudes of hints, carefully gathered and prepared, that can hardly fail to be of use to yourself and others in developing thought, and suggesting modes of doing many things. Would it not be well to pass the above along to your friends and neighbors at this time?

Being Sociable.

A great deal of the calling and twittering and my-dearing have no more real connection with sociability than the flowers and feathers on a woman's hat have with her head. They are purely artificial, and tacked on by the milliner. There is a vast deal of social millinery, however, which passes for Nature's hand work; and people are often praised for their fine social qualities merely because they are adepts in the art of saying pretty nothings by the hour, and exhibiting themselves in other peoples' drawing rooms in an entertaining way. And on the other hand, those who are eminently social in nature and spirit are often condemned as unsociable because they say little, and do not care to exhibit themselves and turn their hearts inside out for other people to admire. Perhaps they are deficient in the graces of cultivated society; they may not have the gift of rapid utterance or repartee; they may find it hard to intrude their thoughts and feelings upon others while more variable natures make the air vocal with their incessant buzz. Behind their reticence, and beneath the disguise of modest and unattractive ways, are all the elements of the truest sociability, which it requires but the least penetration to discover and the fit occasion to bring out.

Being sociable requires something more than ceaseless chattering and gadding about. It requires the culture and expression in all proper and helpful ways of those thoughts and sentiments which are unselfish, generous, sympathetic and humane. It means a pervading interest in others and the general good. It means the lively commerce of mind, and communication of heart with heart, by listening as well as speaking; by large respectively as well as generous giving. And this sociability is just what is wanted to redeem our social intercourse and make our coming together helpful, stimulative, and ennobling.

Cultivated Women.

Sheridan said, beautifully: "Women govern us; let us render them perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

Homes for the Birds.

Several years since we were so situated as to be able to rear from the nest some of our native birds, and the experience so obtained gave us ideas which may be useful and interesting to our readers. The occupation is not only most delightful, but is useful as well. Pleasant it must prove to all, and useful to many. In no way can an incipient naturalist better acquire correct ideas of the habits of many of our feathered friends, and aside from its usefulness in this respect, a more pleasant engagement, and more sympathetic and affectionate pets, it would be hard to find. Of course, time and place are important factors, which oppose themselves to many who may be desirous to start on a venture. One must be a rural inhabitant, in the first place; no successful private aviary could be kept up in a city, fresh air, sunshine, and nearness of healthy food being requisites. Time to devote to our birds, particularly while growing, is especially necessary. We have sometimes given food to very young birds as often as every hour of the day. This is, perhaps, not absolutely essential, but the aim should be to follow nature as closely as possible, and parent birds in their native state devote almost their whole day to progeny when quite young, excepting perhaps the two hours of noonday heat. You must remember that you stand wholly in *loco parentis* to the nestlings, and should make yourself entirely familiar to them. As to the construction of the abode, naturally it depends on your allotted space. Of course the larger the better. The sides and top of the aviary should be of wire netting, that of half inch square much the best; the shape square, built on a wooden platform, elevated an inch or more from the floor of the room, and placed on wooden castors so as to be movable for purposes of cleaning away the dust which will accumulate underneath it. The platform or floor should extend beyond the sides of wire a foot at least—we are speaking of an aviary seven or eight feet square—to catch sand and feathers that are scattered about; the floor should be covered with sheet zinc, and coarse sand strewn upon this to the depth of an inch. It seems to us hardly practicable in so small an affair, costing not more $40, to make arrangements for nesting, and more elaborate provision would be necessary for such an undertaking. No deciduous trees can be kept alive in an indoor aviary, as the birds will soon strip them entirely of their leaves. We should suggest a full branched, leafless tree of small size, for a centre piece, and as many evergreen shrubs, arbor-vitæ, spruce, etc., as possible, both within and without upon the projection of the platform, to give seclusion and places of concealment for the inmates. A low door, say four feet in height, should be cut on one side for ingress and exit.

Now, with what birds can we populate their future home? Those most easily reared are such as we see most abundant about us—the robin, bluebird wood thrush, brown thrasher or red thrush, golden winged woodpecker, Baltimore oriole, red-winged blackbird, bobolink, and various birds of the finch tribe. All of the above are reared from the nest with little difficulty. While young, the greater variety of food given the birds the better they will thrive. For the thrushes some portion should be animal food. Worms and minced meat together, with biscuit crackers soaked in milk or water, Indian meal, fruit and vegetables in season, strawberries, cherries, young green peas, etc. For the orioles, bits of rasins, figs, green peas and fruits. Prepared mocking-bird food can be purchased at any druggist's, and is a good diet for almost any bird. During the winter, worms and fruit are scarce or wanting, and at this season your birds may be fed on minced meat, Indian meal, the prepared food and canary seed, for any finches you may have, as indigo birds or song sparrows; raisins and figs should never be wanting. The bluebirds, thrushes, hi-holes, make the most congenial pets, and often in years gone by have we stood the delighted center of an interesting circle of the above birds, performing in most approved fashion the office of parents to them, woodpeckers creeping up the quasi tree-trunk, our body, bluebirds sitting jauntily on shoulder, head or arm, robins and thrushes clinging to whatever foothold they could reach, and with quivering wings and plaintive appeal beseeching for a mouthful of their morning fare.—*Forest & Stream.*

Russian Strongholds on the Black Sea.

A contributor of the Allgemeine Zeitung gives some information as to the fortifications on the shores of the Black Sea. The first of the naval fortresses in southern Russia is Nicolaieff, and no pains have been spared to make it as strong as possible. The extensive arsenals and ship-building yards are incessantly employed in producing the requirements of naval warfare, and Nicolaieff now possesses depots of ammunition and a park of artillery which will enable the director of the coast defences to strenghten any required point at very short notice. The entrance into the Bay of Kherson, from which one passes into the Bug Liman, and then to Nicolaieff, is defended by two naval forts. The first of these, Otchakoff, is on the Bessarabian coast, and is tolerably protected on the west by swamps; the other is Kluburn, lying opposite on the Nogai steppe, and surrounded by creeks and canals. From Otchakoff to Odessa along the coast is about eighty versts. Odessa is surrounded by a series of fortifications which extend to Akermann, on the Dneister. This chain of works, armed with guns of heavy calibre, supplemented by submarine torpedoes, would make an attack from the sea very difficult. But the line of defence extending from Odessa to Nicolaieff has one weak point, at Perekop, where the Crimean peninsula is connected with the Nogai steppe. The whole of the northern and western coast of the Crimea is almost unprotected, though Russia has little to fear on that side, as any invading army which wished to circumvent the line of fortifications between Odessa and Nicolaieff would be obliged to cross the isthmus of Perekop. When the Tartars ruled over the Taurian peninsula they blocked this isthmus with a huge wall, similar to that of Trajan in the Dobrudscha, and fortified the adjoining hills of Kara-Djanai, Kulla, Utch-Djilga and Urmemskol-bazar. This wall has now been repaired, armed with guns, and protected by intrenchments. The southern coast of the Crimea has also been strongly fortified. Large sums have been expended in strengthening the works round Sebastopol. Torpedoes have been laid down in the bay of the Tchernaya, and also at Cape Khersonese and Balaklava, which harbor is protected by a fort. There are other fortifications at Sudak, in the bay of Takkieh, near Feodosia, and on the hill of St. Elias near the latter town, which is also protected by torpedoes in the bay above mentioned. Kertch is fortified by works on the western extremity of the peninsula of Taman, on the hill of Takil, at Kertch itself, and at Yenikaleh. Cape Fanar, on the other side of the Kimmerian Bosphorus, is also to be fortified. On the Caucasian coast the following named are the principal forts: Djemiter, Novorossiskaya, Gelendtchik, Tenpinsk, Lazarevsk, Golovinsk, Doucha, Soukhoum, Kaleh, Ilori, Rebout Kaleh, Poti and Nikolaya.

An Idle Word.

How inadvertently spoken, and yet how frequently with serious and painful results? How many hearts has an idle word severed—how many broken? For true is it that a thoughtless expression will make a breach between those that fate, in its visitations, could not divide; hearts that would have struggled together through the storms of life, that would have clung to each other for strength when its buffetings had almost overwhelmed them—that would have braved all the changes of fluctuating fortunes, and still see in their own unchanging love a gleam of brightness through the blackest cloud. And yet an idle word—one—has separated hearts like these. The breach once made, others step in to make it wider and wider; false pride, mistaken feelings, the sudden bitterness the heart can feel even toward those it loves, all aid the work of cruelty; the distance increases day by day, until, finding it impossible to return, like the wrecked mariner, they give up in despair, and sit down to mourn over their fate, careless, it seems, whether they live or die. And this is not the romance of youthful affection, though there is perhaps more suffering from the early disappointments of the heart than the more serious ones in after-life produce. No, it is witnessed in the experience of every one; in the friendships of life, in the family circles, in business; what misunderstandings, what ruptures, what bickerings, strife and irreconcilable differences, have arisen from one idle word; it may have been spoken in jest, in a spirit of levity, in an attempt to be witty, or it may have been said innocently or inadvertently, with no motive and no intent, and still, for some cause of which you were totally ignorant a certain party applied the remark, and in a moment a firebrand was kindled. Jokes are dangerous articles to play with; they are a sort of mouth grenades that are apt to explode before you are aware of it. A joker should understand their nature, and the nature of his company well, before he introduces them. He may suppose they will recommend him to favor, but he is frequently mistaken. The man who labors to be witty, loses his breath and is considered to have rather a weak mind. Never was there a truer sentence written, and one which view it in every way, must result in the same conclusion, that "A silent tongue showeth a wise head."

Teaching the Baby.

You must take your baby just where he is now, not much more than a little animal, and educate his physical nature so rapidly developing. For instance, he has just reached the climbing age: every chair and a stool is a worry to you, and a pair of stairs is a perpetual terror. Now show him how to get up and down the stairs, how to place his feet when climbing up into chairs. Let him tumble a little; it will only make him more careful. It is but a foretaste of the hard schooling which experience gives us all our lives. Better a little fall with you close by to stop it at the right place, than a great one when you are "off guard" some day. (Remember that too, when he is in his teens.) But I beg of you, if you want to see him grow up active, strong-limbed and agile, do not keep his white dresses too clean, nor tie his sashes after the present uncomfortable fashion, so that he isn't conscious of any legs above his knees. Then, let him feed himself. He'll make a miserable mess of it at first, but protect him well with bib and tin tray, and he'll soon teach his spoon the way to his mouth. Let him burn his fingers a little some day when the stove is not very hot; he wont touch it when it would be dangerous.—*Scribner.*

Familiarity.

There are one or two proverbs that contain more truth than falsehood; and one of them, unhappily, is that familiarity breeds contempt. Though mystery is a good key, it is a bad lock; it does very well to open the door of a heart, but it is by no means well adapted to keep it safe and secure. This must be done by sheer strength; and of sheer strength, over-much talk about love and art, and the youthful affectations of long locks and mild wickedness, are in no wise symptoms—at least not of the sort of strength that is required to hold forever a woman who has opened her eyes to the fact that the good things of the real world are by no means to be despised.

How To Make a Pickle.

Take your youngest male child when about three years old. Let him have everything he wants; let him make as much noise as ever he likes; let him eat and drink as much and whatever he has a fancy for; give strict instructions to his father, his big brothers, visitors and servants that he is never to be punished in any way for anything he may do, and never even contradicted in anything he may say. By the time he arrives at the sweet age of seven, your youngest male child will be a very nice pickle.

French Land-Owners.

In France, an area about half as large again as the United Kingdom is owned by nearly 5,500,000 proprietors of agricultural land, of whom 5,000,000 of of peasant farmers own one third of the whole area, with what result is every day becoming better known and more fully recognized in this country. The industry and thrift of these peasant owners are marvelous, and spread their effect through the whole society of France. The gross farming produce per acre of France may not be so great as in England, but this is equally observable when comparing the large farms of France, of which there are more than 130,000, with the large farms of this country. As compared with the small farmers of France, hiring the land of others, the small owners unquestionably are vastly better in every respect, and they hold their own even beside the large farmers. There may be some defects in the system of small owners; the process may be carried too far in France; but at least it has raised the status of the lower classes there, has almost abolished pauperism in the rural districts, and has endowed the people with such universal habits of thrift as are almost unknown in the people of the same class in this country. It is not the fact, as commonly stated, that the peasant proprietors of France are loaded with debt; the average mortgages on these farms are known to be no more than 10 per cent. on their value; while the best evidence that they are able to accumulate money, is to be found in the fact that the peasants have been the main subscribers to the great loans which have been raised in France, and that at the present time the French debt to the amount £1000,000,000 of our money, is held by 4,000,000 of persons, while British Consols to the amount of £700,000,000 are held by not more than 250,000 persons. It will be said, of course, that the climate and soil of France differ from England so much that no comparison can be drawn between them. This may be admitted as regards the central and southern parts of France, where the cultivation of the vine and olive is specially suited to peasant owners; but its northern and western provinces are in no way different from the greater part of England. The garden of France is unquestionably Normandy, the climate and soil of which differ in no essential quality from those of the south of England, and which especially resemble such counties as Kent and Somersetshire. In Normandy there is a greater variety in the ownership of property than in any other part of France; large estates with resident owners are numerous, but still more so are small properties; there are immense number of peasant proprietors, but they do not monopolize the land as in some parts of France. "If I had to point out the happiest part of France," says Monsieur de Lavergne, "I should not hesitate to select Normandy." Population there increases slowly in proportion to wealth; while its wealth has increased four-fold since 1789 its population has increased by one-third only. In many rural commune's there is not a single pauper. The writers adds: "*La plupart des Normands n'ont pas lu Malthus, mais ils pratiquent instinctivement ses conseils.*" The case of Normandy is especially instructive, as it shows what is the result of a happy combination of every variety of large owners and small owners, of land farmed by tenants, and of peasants farming their own land. In the more northern provinces of France property is even more divided, and gives admirable results, though perhaps the net produce after taking into account the number of cultivators is not so great.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Two Institution of Breslau.

Yes, many old things have passed away even in Breslau, but many still remain in this transition period, so that the picturesque and the antique have not wholly vanished. First and foremost come the hearses, horses and hearse are still draped in black; a beadle with severe mien and three-cornered hat, walks in front; and such melancholy strains as are discoursed—discoursed is the proper term—by the musicians, that the deceased, in whose honor the display is arranged, is to be congratulated that he does not hear the sweetly-soothing, nerve-exciting strains. The goose still remains the tutelary divinity of the town. It is no wonder that the animal has become grossly conceited, and its countenance is far more prepossessing than that of a New York goose. The Breslau animal is conscious of the fact that he receives extra attentions from the cook, and decks the dinner-table in every variety of form and preparation. The animal is held in such estimation that it is fairly worshipped in winter months, and after February the era of stuffed geese begins. Naturally throughout winter the streets witness many a goose-chase, and it is a common thing to see boys, men, and women carrying geese in their arms, or tied to their shoulders; sometimes the animals are secured in baskets, and sometimes they are held tied together in the hand. But in all cases can be heard such a cackling of geese, barking of dogs and shouting of bystanders that the pen is unable to describe the scene.

The Probabilities of Sickness.

Dr. Reginald Southey has recently been delivering a course of valuable lectures on "Individual Hygiene," in London, and in one he introduced a table of "Expectations of Sickness," which he had prepared, and which is as follows:

At twenty years of age calculate on four days of sickness, yearly.
At twenty to thirty, five or six days.
At forty-five, seven days.
At fifty, nine or ten days.
At fifty-five, twelve or thirteen days.
At sixty, sixteen days.
At sixty-five, thirty-one days.
At seventy, seventy-four days.

Of course this refers to people of average good health, and not to those who may be affected with an irradicable or chronic ailment.

—It is stated that the Central Railroad has expended over $500,000 during January in paying snow-shovelers.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Williamsport, Pa., is furnishing a colony for settlement in Texas.

—An expert Chinaman in New York can rattle off 2,500 cigars a day.

—Whalebone which formerly sold for eleven cents a pound, is now worth $2.

—The Jubilee singers who are now in England have earned $40,000 on the present trip.

—The *Scientific American* estimates that the East river bridge will cost twenty millions.

—There are one hundred and twenty prisoners in the Charleston, S. C., jail. Only twelve of them are white.

—The four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into England is to be celebrated in London next June.

—The catch of smelts this winter on the Massachusetts coast is the best ever known. Some of these fish weigh as much as half a pound each.

—The fund for the family of Haywood, the bank cashier who was murdered at Northfield, Minn., has reached $17,000.

—In a Cambridge, Mass., evening school, is a man of fifty-seven learning to read, and one of forty working at arithmetic.

—The losses by fire in the United States during 1876 were $64,630,600. The losses in Massachusetts amounted to $5,481,400.

—It is proposed to enlarge the London Zoological Gardens. The collection continually increases, and the authorities contemplate several new buildings.

—The Minnesota farmers have taken hold of the business of planting trees in earnest. Over ten millions of cuttings were set out during the past year, most of which are doing well.

—Forty thousand volumes is the estimated annual increase of the grand library of Paris. The whole number of volumes now in the library is, by the latest report, 2,157,571.

—Minneapolis, Minn., put about $1,000,000 into buildings last year. The flour mills there turned about 5,500,000 bushels of wheat into 1,100,000 barrels of flour.

—Baltimore's city hall has already cost over two and one-half million of dollars, and an additional outlay of $300,000 is about to be made for the improvement of one of its fronts.

—A number of gentlemen, residents of the Pacific coast, have formed a company with a capital of $10,000,000, gold coin, to get out lumber in Alaska for ship building and other purposes.

—General Hawley, president of the late Centennial Exhibition, has, according to rumor, been tendered the presidency of the American Commission to the Paris Exhibition in 1878.

—Miss Kate Field has returned to the editorial profession. She is regularly engaged upon the staff of that literary and political weekly, *The Examiner*, in London.

—The executors of the late Duke of Galliera have paid in one check the enormous sum of £100,000 sterling, probate duty on his property in France alone.

—Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, proposes to honor the memory of Robert Fulton by making a ten-acre park, and erecting in it a colossal statue of the inventor.

—The Louisiana orange crop of last year is estimated to have been 32,000,000 o. nges, which would represent about 70,000 trees, and worth about $200,000 on the trees.

—A collection of old clocks and other bric-a-brac made by the late Sylvester Bonaffon, of Philadelphia, at a cost of $50,000, was recently sold at auction for $4,833.

—Queen Victoria is given to small liberalities. She recently sent a pound sterling for the poor people of Methold, when the Lancaster estate there yields her an income of about £35,000.

—But 11 miles of railroad were built in Iowa last year—nine by the Chicago, Clinton and Western, carrying the line into Iowa City, and two by the Davenport and St. Paul company.

—J. C. Jacobson, a wealthy Copenhagen brewer, has given a million of crowns to his Government for the promotion of mathematics, natural science, the science of language, history, and philosophy.

—John F. Chamberlain, well known to the sporting world as the keeper of a first-class gambling house in New York and also at Long Branch, has gone into bankruptcy. His liabilities are $215,000 and his assets $17,100.

—In the early part of the present century John Alsop, a rich, eccentric Englishman, left his daughters as a legacy, their weight in one pound bank notes. When weighing day came the eldest got £51,200, the youngest £39,344.

—Joseph Bonaparte had a farm in New Jersey, and the descendants of Murat in Florida. Prince Napoleon sojourned for a time in New York, and Garabaldi kept a soap boiler's shop on Staten Island.

—Sunday school newspapers have become fashionable at the antipodes. One of these in China has 3,000 subscribers, twenty-five of whom are mandarins in the city of Nankin, and it is supposed the paper is read by fifty of that class.

—The old fort at Marblehead, Mass., built during the war of the Revolution for the protection of Salem harbor is now garrisoned by a large bull terrier. He never strays beyond the line of earthworks, and is so fierce that all who approach the fort are compelled to beat a hasty retreat.

—The bride at a wedding recently celebrated in Wareham, Mass., was a first cousin of the bridegroom's deceased first wife, one of the bridesmaids was a daughter of the bride and wife of one of the grooms, who was a son of the bridegroom, while the other bridesmaid was a daughter of the groom and wife of a son of the bride.

—The *Virginia* (Nev.) *Enterprise* o Jan. 3., acknowledges the receipt from the Mt. Pleasant fruit and berry ranche New Castle, Placer county, Cal., of a box of fruit containing luscious strawberries, grown in the open air, and rarer still at this season of the year fresh, ripe tomatoes, with the blossom still clinging to them.

—The *Journal of Commerce* states that the largest gold piece in England is the five sovereign piece, weighing 25 pwts 16⅜ grains; the largest in France, the 100 franc piece, weighing 497.742 grains, and worth in our money $19.2956; in Germany there is the Brunswick 2 Wilhelms d'or piece, worth £1 12s 6½d, but the ten thaler piece, is the largest in ordinary use. It weighs 204.960 grains, and is worth in our money $7.99. The double eagle is the largest United