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KNITTING.

"With a blooming maiden sitting,
While she nimbly plies her knitting,
Pleased—I gazed upon her beauty,
While I fill my happy duty,
"Paying out" the zephyr double,
Richly paid for pleasant trouble
Just to watch her nimble fingers,
And her ruby lips where lingers
Many a beauty in her smiling,
All my loving soul beguiling.
Just to feel the wond'rous thrilling,
Of my heart with rapture filling.

While beside the maiden sitting,
"Paying out" while she is knitting,
I'm thinking—how our knitting
Is an illustration fitting
Of the real life we're living;
Of the mercies God is giving
In the active world around him.
When to woman—man has bound him,
Then—are love and labor making
All the joys our souls are taking,
His to labor are supplying.
"Paying out" life's thread, and trying
Ever to undo its tangling;
His—to give life's thread and hold it;
Hers—in love to gently mould it
Into forms of use and beauty,
Thus they link their love and duty."

The Blind Man's Ward.

Gleasonwood was the name of a magnificent castle, half ruinous, yet picturesque and very beautiful, with its turrets and towers, jutting abutments, long corridors, leading one scarce knew whither. It was surrounded by grounds once in the highest state of cultivation, but now sadly neglected.

In the drawing-room, furnished with almost Eastern splendor, sat Mr. Gleason, the master of all this wealth; the crimson cushions of the couch he occupied brought into bold relief the handsome profile. A grand face it was, with the midnight eyes and raven hair, the broad white brow and mouth tender as a woman's. But the face had lines of care, as of one who had learned to suffer and be strong; the light of the beautiful eyes had gone out years ago, and all had been darkness thenceforth. He was betrothed to a lovely woman, and their marriage was soon to take place when the darkness fell, shutting out the beautiful world; and the haughty belle, refusing to walk in the shadow which had fallen upon his life, left him in his desolation.

With a heart embittered, and faith outraged, he had retired to his country-seat, resolved to mingle no more with the world. Here he had dwelt for three years with only his servants—his faithful valet, Lewis, being his only companion, except when a few friends sought him out, which was seldom, for the dark, silent rooms, and the cold, reserved master chilled them. In part he had learned forgetfulness, and the old pain had died out of his heart, while the picture so long enshrined there had become indistinct, and had not the power to move it as of old.

He was thinking of all this as he sat waiting the arrival of his ward, Grace Moore, whose father, dying, had appointed him her guardian, and he could not refuse, though he shrank from the change which her coming must make in the quiet of Gleasonwood.

"Miss Moore has come. Shall I show her up?" announced Lewis, breaking in upon his train of thought.

"Certainly, show her up immediately.

And he waited with a little flutter of the heart until a soft footstep sounded on the carpet and a little hand was laid in his, and a voice of sweetest music said, "Mr. Gleason, my guardian, I believe?"

"The same. And this is my ward, Grace Moore?" he said, clasping her hand warmly.

"Rather a troublesome one, I fear you will find me. I can't be dignified, so you must not expect it. I am so glad that you are not old and ugly, as I imagined all guardians were. I know I shall like you, and you must love me a little. Won't you?"

"I think that will be an easy matter, Miss Moore."

"Oh! please call me Grace. Papa always did."

"Well, Grace it shall be. But pray be seated. How do you like Gleasonwood? Is is not a rather pretty prison?"

"'Tis beautiful! more so than anything my imagination ever pictured. I should be contented to stay here always."

"I used to think it very beautiful; but now—"

He sighed and left the sentence unfinished.

"I am so sorry for you!" said Grace, with a quiver of tears in his voice, while a tear fell on the hand of the blind man.

He started quickly, while his face flushed and paled alternately; and when he spoke his voice was strangely husky.

"No tears for me, Grace; I do not need them. It was hard at first, but I do not mind it so much now. I have rare pictures stored away in my memory of the blue sky and sunshine, the green fields and Gleasonwood as it was then. I miss my books more than I can tell."

"It will be a pleasure to read to you, if you will permit me."

"I shall be happy to have you. But 'tis near our dinner hour, though 'tis scarcely worth while to dress for dinner when you will only meet a blind man."

"Oh, but is it though? I will dress, and Lewis will tell you how I look. So *au revoir*!"

And the little witch tripped up stairs to her room, humming a gay air.

"How handsome he is! I do wish he could see," she said with a little sigh as she surveyed herself in the mirror.

A pretty reflection it was of a slight form, a fair, sweet face framed in curls of golden brown, clear truthful eyes of the same hue, the sweet mouth with its twin rosebuds revealing the pearly teeth, and over all the picture of a kind radiance, an emanation of the purity within. Changing her heavy traveling dress, for a fairy like texture of blue, and twining a few roses in her curls, she descended to the drawing room and stood a little proudly waiting for Lewis to give his opinion.

"Well, Lewis, what is it? Surely you have made a decision," said Mr. Gleason, laughingly.

"I scarcely know, sir. The young lady is more like a picture of the Madonna than anything I can liken her to."

"Thank you," said Grace; and she took the arm of Mr. Gleason, and guided his steps to the dining room.

A pleasant companion she was, with her cheery, sunny nature and sweet voice; she was, withal, intelligent and well informed, winning that grave man from his gloomy sorrow ere he was aware of it, and his happy laugh rang out as in the olden time.

A very sunbeam she was, charming all in the house. Her bird-like voice rang through the long, silent rooms, making sweet music for the blind man, to whom she was fast becoming dearer than life. The broken tendrils of the old love had twined around this fair young creature with a true, fervent love, beside which the old seemed but a weak passion. Into every fibre of his heart she crept with her sweet ways; and, well content, he cherished the image as the most sacred thing in life. Very tender and kind she was, reading and singing for him, guiding his steps through the cool recesses of the beautiful forests surrouncing Gleasonwood, painting the beauties of earth and sky, until he could almost see them through the sightless orbs.

One gloomy day, when the clouds shut out all sunshine, and the rain precluded the hope of an outdoor ramble, she asked him to go with her to the picture gallery. A grand, gloomy day it was, with the portraits of his ancestors looking dark and stern in their armor, and paintings of rare beauty from the hands of the old masters, that he had collected in his ramblings. He had forgotten none of them, and gave her the history of each.

"This is my mother. A perfect woman, I can hardly think her earthly. Ah! if she had lived, my life would have been different."

It was the picture of a fair, delicate woman; her beautiful face was surrounded by rich waves of raven hair, the blue eyes full of a tender light—such a face as one would want for a home angel.

"Who is this?" asked Grace as they passed before a dark, brilliant woman, with a face proud as June, but a rare beauty.

"What do you think of her?" he asked, with a kind of tremor in his voice.

"I do not like her, for all her wondrous beauty. She lacks soul, and would crush in the way of ambition, even her own heart. Who is she?"

"Come to this window seat and I will tell you her history."

Seating her beside him, with one arm thrown carelessly about her waist, the little hands clasped in his, he told her the story of his love and its betrayal, keeping back nothing except the new love that had blossomed into life. As he proceeded he felt the hands nestled in his grow cold, but he could not see the pallor of the bright face, or the look of pain that crept into the brown eyes, as she looked into her heart and found how dear this handsome guardian had become—dearer for his blindness and dependence upon her. But the light came back to her eyes as he told her how his love for the false syren had died a speedy death, and peace had come back to him once more.

"It was your hand, Grace, that led me back to the sunshine, giving me a new hope in life. I can never repay you for your kindness, and the sweet blossoms you have cast over my life. What shall I do without you? For, if I remember rightly, you are to return to school in a few weeks."

"I will not go back to school. You need me, and I am happier here than elsewhere. Please let me stay;" she said pleadingly, with an earnestness that was hard to resist.

"I cannot, Grace," he said, drawing her closer to him. "I must not be selfish. I will try to be content until your school life is ended, when you must stay with me until you are married."

Swiftly sped the intervening weeks, bringing the time of separation. Mr. Gleason determined to execute a plan long thought of, to visit Germany, and hear from a skilful oculist there if there was any hope of restoring his sight. If so he would try to win this sweet flower that had shed so much fragrance over his life; if not—but he would not think of that.

Seating himself at the piano one evening, he drew forth a few rich notes; then as his thoughts wandered back to the past, he gave them utterance in an improvision. As he closed the piano, he turned to her, feeling her presence intuitively.

"Grace, you here?"

"Yes, I have been listening to your music. What is it that pains you so?"

"Nothing now. I can have no pain while you are with me, my sunbeam."

He drew her to a seat beside him, and clasping her closely, as if to defy the world to separate them, said: "Grace, Grace, I cannot let you go. I love you so— with love that is more than love. I know that you cannot return it. I could not ask you to link your sweet young life with that of a poor blind man. Forgive me, darling, I did not mean to tell you this, but in the thought of separation I forgot all but the pain it would bring. Only tell me this, Grace. If we had met earlier, ere the darkness came, could you have loved me?"

Her face had grown very white, as she listened; but the crimson tide rolled in rosy waves over neck and brow as she answered softly, "I have loved you from the first. More precious than anything else in life is the love of Henry Gleason."

"Grace, do not deceive me. I could not bear it. Tell me truly. Do you—can you love a blind man!" he cried, with a face whiter than her own.

"You obdurate mortal! Can't you tell that I love you, since every action proclaims how dear you are to me? Dearer far, on account of the darkness shrouding your life," she said, creeping closely into the shelter of his arms.

With a low cry of intense joy, and face radiant with this new found happiness, he gathered her to him, pressing kisses on the dewy lips, calling her by every sweet, endearing name that comes so readily at such times.

"I am going to Germany to-morrow. I have faint hopes that my sight will be restored. If not, and I come back blind still, will you be mine?"

"Yours always. The greatest happiness of my life will be to make the sun. shine of yours."

* * * * *

Six months sped quickly by on golden wings, freighted with joy and sorrow, sometimes sunshine predominating. At Gleasonwood all was bustle and preparation, servants tumbling over each other in their zeal to have all prepared for the coming of their beloved master, who was returning home, but whether with restored sight he did not say, and his silence they attributed to disappointment.

What a state of excitement Grace was in, fluttering from one room to another, like a humming bird, and glancing down the long line of road to see if he were coming. She had donned a dress of white with clustered forget-me-nots embroidered over it, the delicate lace sleeves looped up with sprays of the same, while a cluster, nestled in green leaves, trembled in her bosom. She had changed little, save that her face had grown fairer, with a loveliness that seemed scarcely earthly, and the white brow expanded, as the thoughts and aspirations found fulfilment.

She had grown weary of waiting, and nestled in Henry Gleason's chair, drawn in the shadows of the crimson curtains, where she could see the arrival of the carriage, had fallen asleep. A beautiful picture she made, with the white lids veiling the brown eyes, the little hands, like twin snowflakes, quietly folded. So thought Mr. Gleason as he openen the door noiselessly, as he stood with brimming eyes, gazing upon the sweet sleeper.

Fairer than ever his fancy had painted her, was the face that had been his guiding star, the one sweet hope in life. He kissed her softly. The brown eyes opened, and rested upon his face a moment in bewilderment; then as she recognized him, they grew radiant with joy, and with a glad cry she was folded to his heart.

"But you do not ask me about my eyes? Can you still be the wife of a blind man. I will release you if you wish."

"I see you want to get rid of me. But I will not accept my freedom. You are dearer to me than all else in life. Will that content you, unbelieving mortal?" she asked placing over his mouth one little hand that soon grew rosy with his kisses.

"More than content, my sweet song bird, for heaven has given me the best treasure in life in your love and also restored my sight."

And the dark eyes gazed down into her own with a radiant joy that almost blinded her. For a moment she could scarcely comprehend her great happiness; then a glad cry went ringing out into the darkness, as the strong arms that were to be her protection henceforth enclosed her, while a grand thanksgiving swept up to the golden portals from two grateful hearts.

So we leave them, knowing that their lives will be full of a perfect joy and love that casteth out fear, and that after the darkness a glorious drawing came, promising a blessed fruition.

Wonders of the Waters.

Among the most wonderful fish to be found in the world is the blind Proteus, which is found only in the subterranean lakes of Krain, in Austria, Six fine specimens of this creature have just been received at the Aquarium in New York city, with a consignment of submarine wonders from Europe, and with proper care it is hoped they will live for a considerable time. In color they are yellowish pink, which, however, on exposure to light, becomes mottled and subsequently turns to a dark brown. They have long flat heads and four short slender legs, the fore feet ending in two nailless toes and the hind feet in three. Strange to say, coming as they do out of utter darkness, the creatures have eyes. They are small, however, and are ordinarily completely hidden beneath the skin. Somewhat similar to these fish is the Mexican Axoboth, another strange creature just received. "Lang Tsing Yee" is the name of a beautifully colored fish, two specimens of which have just been sent from China. These are of a bright golden yellow, tipped on the fins with black, and they have each four lace-like tails.

A Historical Pair of Scissors.

Among the relics loaned to the Old South exhibition by the town of Concord are a pair of scissors of which the following interesting story is told: A young English staff officer was frequently sent to Concord to the house of Colonel James Barrett on business connected with the commissary department, and while waiting for a reply would amuse himself by talking loyalty with James Barrett's oldest daughter Millicent, to hear her rebel replies. He asked her what they would do if it should become necessary for the colonies to resist as there was not a person that even knew how to make cartridges. She replied that they would use their powder horns and bullets just as they shot bears. "That," said the young man, "would be too barbarous. Give me a piece of pine, and I will show you how." After whittling the stick to the proper form, he took the scissors and cut the paper for the pattern cartridge. The sequel shows how apt a scholar she was, for all the cartridges were made under her superintendence by the women of Concord, her only male assistant being her youngest brother, the later Major James Barrett, who drove the last load of cartridges from the house after the British came in sight on the 10th of April 1775.—*Albany Free Press.*

The Law of Kissing.

London papers make mention of a Glasgow widow who has brought suit against a man for kissing her, with damages laid at $2,500. There is of late an alarming frequency of this class of actions, which seems to demand that our codes should be so extended as to include and properly describe and limit the offence. It cannot be the intention of the law to put an end to all osculatory exercise; for there are occasions when kissing is as legitimate as pleasant. What is needed, then, is such statutory regulation as shall inform the anxious man, accustomed to set his face resolutely against every labial temptation, just whom he may kiss and whom he may not, and what shall be the measure of damages in case the law is broken. One of the ancient despots was accustomed to have his laws written in the smallest hand and posted in out-of-the-way places, so that there might be more punishment for those who unwittingly broke them. But such a barbarous practice is not to be followed nowadays—let our lips know the danger that threatens them.

It is quite clear that damages cannot be levied on kisses in the abstract, for they differ as widely as do fishes in the sea. For "the kiss snatched hasty from the sidelong maid," for example, only the smallest possible damages should be awarded. The word "sidelong," as we interpret it, means that the maiden was not altogether averse to the process, and it is doubtful if even an action for trespass in the case could be sustained. Replevin, perhaps, would lie; at all events no man of honor who had stolen a kiss from a "sidelong maid" could hesitate to return it when informed that she was indignant at the theft.

But referring to the authorities most quoted on this interesting question of law we find frequent record of kisses of a much graver character. In the case of Paris vs. Helen (Marlow on Faust) it is laid down that Helen in the process of kissing was guilty "of sucking forth his soul"—a practice so reprehensible as to merit the heaviest damages. A case is mentioned in Shakespeare also where the plaintiff alleges that the defendant "then kissed me hard, as if he plucked up kisses by the roots, that grew upon my lips." Here we have both trover and trespass, and it is not clear that criminal indictment for highway robbery could not be had. In the case of Donna Julia vs. Don Juan there was "a long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love," wherein specific damages might be demanded, on the principle that time is money and that a gret deal of it was wanted. In the famous case of Fatima, also pleaded by Tennyson, counsel for the crown, the prosecutrix testified:—

O love, O fire! once he drew
With e'er long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

For this explanative process we should presume the heaviest damages would lie. Of another line of kisses, similar to that of the monkey who married the baboon's sister, Mr. Swinburne has treated so long and ably that we may suppose the court to be familiar with the principles laid down in his interesting work. It is related of the author, Mr. Swinburne himself, that some years since, at an English dinner party, so entrancing and seductive was the bloom of a fresh cheek close to his own, he could not help but "print with velvet lip upon her cheek such language as the tongue has never spoken." Speedy judgment was rendered in the case for the suminary ejection of the criminal, but execution was stayed on the plea of emotional insanity, the consequence of too much sherry.

But it is useless to multiply instances—it will strike the reader at once that there are kisses and kisses, and judgment ought not to be rendered on the face of the certificate. No fair estimate of damage is possible without going behind the returns to ascertain the character of the act. It might be necessary in particular cases to permit the jury to view the premises, or, perhaps, by testative experiment, to determine the quality of the article stolen. In this Glasgow case, for example, it is difficult to understand the ground upon which so large a claim as $2,500 is made—widows being ordinarily so familiar with precesses of that characteras not to be taken by surprise, and to be open in such a case as this to suspicions of resistance after the fact. But, after all, perhaps, the best plea to the jury which counsel for defendant could make would be that cited by the Rev. Charles Kingsley in the case of Pelagia:—

Lips are made only to kiss:
Hands are made only to toy;
Eyes are made only
To lure on the lonely,
The loving and lonely, and drown them in joy.

Bear Hunting in India.

BY A HUNTER.

The common black sloth-bear of the plains of India (*Ursus labiatus*) is very plentiful in the hills on either side of the Narbada, between Jubbulpur and Mandla. Indeed, there are few parts of these highlands where a bear may not at any time be met with. They are generally very harmless until attacked, living on roots, honey and insects, chiefly white ants, which they dig out of their hillocks. The natives call them *adam-zad*, or "sons of men," and considering them half human, will not as a rule molest them. Really, their absurd antics almost justify the idea. Sometimes, however, a bear will attack very savagely without provocation—generally when they are come upon suddenly, and their road of escape is cut off. As a rule, in frequented parts they do not come out of their midday retreats, in caves and dense thickets, until nightfall; but, in remoter tracts, they may be met with in the middle of the day. I was once charged by four bears all all at once, which I had come upon near the high road between Jubbulpuhr and Domoh, feeding under a mhowa tree. I had two guns and hit three of them, but had to bolt from the fourth, who chased me about a hundred yards, and then dived into a ravine. Returning to the scene of action, I found one sitting at the foot of a tree, bewailing his fate in the most melancholy whines, and finished him with a ball in the ear. The other two had gone down the slope of a hill, and I started off to head them. The ground was rocky and very slippery, and I had not gone far when I fell, my rifle sliding away down the hill, to the considerable damage of its stock and barrels. I picked myself up, however, and by dint of hard running arrived above and parallel to the bears, and commenced a running fight with them, in which my chances would have been a good deal better had I had a breach instead of a muzzle loader. At last one of them came round up the hill at me, rising on his hind legs, pulling down branches and dancing and spluttering in so ludicrous a manner that I could scarcely shoot for laughter. When I did, he got both barrels through the chest, and subsided. I never got the other, as it had sufficient headway to escape into some hollow rocks near the river road. A wounded bear will often charge with great determination. He comes on like a cannon ball; and the popular idea that he will rise on his hind legs in time to give a shot at the "horseshoe" mark on his chest to penetrate which is fatal, is, as a rule, a mistake. But a shot, when he is ten or fifteen yards off, will nearly always turn, if it does not kill him. The most successful way of getting bears is to get up very early, and go up to some commanding position that overlooks the pathways taken by the animals on their return from the low ground, where they go nightly to feed. They can then either be intercepted or marked into some cover, and afterwards beaten out. It is a sport of which a little is great fun; but one soon tires of it, the animals being generally so easily killed, and furnishing neither trophy (an Indian bearskin being a poor affair), nor food. Most sportsmen ere long come to agree with the natives and let the adam-zad alone, except when they turn up by accident.

About Jockeys.

In England the chief jockey is *par excellence* the manikin of the period Petted like a prima donna and made a companion by sporting lords, his services are intrigued and paid for with a power of diplomacy and at a rate of remuneration known only on "the turf." His movements are chronicled as carefully as those of a prince of the royal blood. His *cartes de visite* are in constant demand. Moreover, he earns a larger income than a Prime Minister.

To readers not versed in the ways of racing it may be explained that when a jockey is so fortunate as to win a race he is paid for his work with a fee of five guineas, but when he is not successful in achieving the first place he only receives three guineas. He is likewise paid two guineas for riding in trials on occasions when it is desirable to ascertain the power of some horses to win a particular race. A few jockeys seldom heard of as winners of races, earn a great deal of money by riding trials. Payment for trials is sometimes, however, included in the retainer a jockey gets from his master. Jockeys of celebrity are often retained by noblemen and gentlemen specially to ride their horses in preference to those of other competitors, for which they receive a handsome wage or retaining fee, in addition to the usual payments for their services in the saddle, win or lose.

The fees earned by a successful jockey, speaking roundly, form the least portion of his income, as the presents given him by owners of horses and numerous "admirers" in the shape of betters, who have backed his mounts are frequent and valuable. Gold watches, diamond rings and breastpins set with rubies, riding horses, dog carts and yachts, as well as suits of clothes, new hats, boxes of cigars and cases of champagne, are frequently bestowed on jockeys who win important races. A noted professional horseman of ten years ago received in two seasons as many boxes of cigars as would have stocked a modest shop. The same lad was also presented in the course of his career—which, although of short duration, was exceedingly successful—with eleven gold watches (he always used a silver one) and seven finger rings set with diamonds, as well as with other valuable jewels. Money gifts to successful jockeys are now, however, the order of the day, and that such gifts are often of great magnitude there is abundant evidence to show. It is well known, for instance, in turf circles that the jockey who rode Rosebery (the chief jockey), the winner of the last Cæsarewitch at New-market, was presented by the owner of the horse with a check for £1,000; a similar sum was given to the jockey who rode the winner of the Cambridgeshire, which race was also won by Rosebery. Such sums, large as they undoubtedly are, extravagant as they may indeed appear in the eyes of non-racing people have been more than once bestowed for work well done on the race course. So far back as the year 1824 Benjamin Smith was presented with a testimonial of nearly £1,000, subscribed for by a number of persons, on the occasion of his admirable riding of Jerry in the great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster. Ten years ago the jockey who rode the winner of the sensational Derby of that period was presented by the owner of Hermit, the winning horse, with a sum of £3,000. Another gentleman gave him what in racing parlance is called a "monkey," which is £500, while a present of £100 was bestowed by a third person. Numerous offerings of lesser value, as also some gifts of jewelry, were likewise sent to the hero of the race, who is said to have netted over £4,000 by his exertions on that one occasion, which is about double the sum paid to Sir Walter Scott for writing his celebrated poem of the "Lady of the Lake."—*Temple Bar.*

Cheap Butter.

Commercial enterprise in England takes many forms. A soap-boiler, sitting in his counting-house a short time since, was waited upon by a drummer, and was asked what use he made of some peculiar refuse from his factory. "Get rid of it," said the soap-boiler, "in the easiest way I can. I generally pay to have it taken away, and am very glad to get rid of it on those terms." "Well, then, I suppose," said the traveler, "you would have no objection to let me have it upon a contract for three years, at a small payment?" "Certainly not," said the soap-boiler, "If you will guarantee to take it away at my time." The two came to terms and the contract was drawn up and signed in due form. Payment for the first quarter was made, and over a glass of sherry the soap-boiler asked his visitor out of mere curiosity, what he did with the rubbish. "Well, in confidence," said the traveler, "I don't mind telling you, We want it to make cheap butter."

—Cincinnati boasts of a centenarian in the person of Mrs. Angela Onetto, better known as Podesta, who is in the 109th year of her age. This venerable lady is probably the oldest person in Ohio.

The Pretty Market Girl.

"Dear me! I'm sure I don't know what to do; if ever anybody was in a fix I'm in one now."

"What is it, auntie, can't I help you out of your fix?"

"Sakes alive! no, Lutie dear, you can't help me one bit."

"Now, don't say that, auntie; I'm certain I can be of service to you if you will only allow me. Why, I've been here a whole week, and I've done nothing but dress, read, eat and sleep, and I'm as useless as the stuffed owl upon the bookcase in the library, and more in the way.

"Why, child!" and good Mrs. Bently stopped in her work of preparing a turkey for the market, and looked lovingly upon her neice. "I don't like to hear you talk that way. Why, bless your dear heart, the loved child of my dead sister can never be in my way."

"Well, auntie, I shall not feel like coming out here to spend another Thanksgiving if you will not allow me to be of some service during my stay. Come, tell me all about your fix and see if I am not worth something besides running around and amusing myself while other people are making themselves useful."

"Oh, Lutie! there is nothing you can do, although I'll tell you all about it to pacify you. You see, all this poultry and a lot of butter and eggs were to be delivered to-day in the city for the day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving; and Jones, our hired, man is sick with a cold, and can't leave his bed; your uncle is away, and won't be till to-morrow night, and how under the sun I am going to deliver these things according to contract, is more than I can tell."

To Mrs. Bently's surprise, Lutie clapped her hands and danced around the room crying—

"Just the thing! capital! capital!"

"What on earth do you mean, child? she managed to say, at last.

"Why, that I will go to the market and deliver the goods myself. Now don't say one word, auntie," she continued as her aunt elevated her hands and opened her mouth as if to give vent to an "Oh!" "Don't say one word; the idea just suits me, and I am determined to go if you will allow me" she added.

"What, you! the daugther and heiress of Judge Haines? You, the belle of the city, going to market with turkeys, butter and eggs!"

"Yes, auntie, and I can do it just as well as Jonas would. Now don't oppose me? That's a good, dear soul."

Mrs. Bently really felt distressed to know how to fulfil her contract, and was thankful for the prospect of assistance, but she could hardly reconcile herself to the idea that her niece, the beauty and heiress of whom she was proud, should perform the role of a market girl,

Lutie's arguments, however, prevailed, and she went to her room to prepare for her expedition. Borrowing a short dress from the "help" she donned it and then folded a shawl in the shape of a mantle across her shoulders, and with her rich tresses hanging over her shoulders, she looked like a lovely country girl. Placing a dainty hat upon her head, she tripped down to the kitchen for her aunt's inspection.

"Well, I do declare!" exclaimed that worthy lady "whoever would know you? Why, Lutie, If I had met you face to face I should never have guessed it was you if I hadn't known."

"I am glad to hear you say so auntie for I don't propose to be recognized by any one, Oh, 'twil be rare fun," and with a gay laugh she waltzed out of the room. "Are the things all ready?" she asked, stopping to take breath.

"Yes, but the old horse must be harnessed; can you do it?"

"I don't know, auntie, I think so; at least I can try."

She skipped away to the stable, and after a half hour's patient toil she led old Billy up to the door, all harnessed and attached to the wagon. In a short time the said wagon was filled with the important articles for somebody's Thanksgiving, and Lutie climbed to the high seat, took the reins and whip with a flourish which would have done credit to a coachman.

"Have you got some warm gloves?" asked Mrs. Bently.

"Nothing but kid, but they will be warm enough."

"No, indeed, they won't; wait a moment." She hastened into the house and brought out a pair of woolen mittens. "Here, put those on, Lutie, you will need them, for it is very cold."

Lutie obeyed, and the plump little hands looked exceedingly "funny," as the young lady expressed it. In a few moments more, having received her instructions, Lutie drove away.

"Don't forget to deliver those four largest turkeys at Colonel Ormsby's," called out her aunt.

"Oh, no; but you haven't told me where he lives," said Lutie, stopping and waiting for the information.

"I declare, I don't know, but you can find out at the market where you are to deliver the rest."

"I think I can find it," replied Lutie and drove off.

In due time she arrived at the market. Explaining the cause of her coming, she delivered the articles that were to go there, and then inquired for the residence of Colonel Ormsby.

"I cannot tell you miss," replied the proprietor; but if you'll step into that restaurant on the corner, I think you will find out."

Lutie hesitated; should she allow herself to enter a third-class saloon, where she would be likely to come in contact with low fellows who make such places their daily resort? In a moment she decided to go.

Lightly she tripped across the street, and of the slovenly looking girl behind the counter she made her inquiry.

"I don't know, myself,' miss, but if you will wait a few minutes I'll go into the kitchen and ask one of the girls who used to live there."

Again Lutie hesitated. She disliked the idea of remaining here even for a few minutes. What if some of her acquaintances should chance to pass, and looking in, recognize her? Seeing she hesitated the girl said:

"If you don't like to wait here, you can step into the sitting room."

Lutie confessed she would rather go in, so the girl threw open the door of the sitting room and Lutie entered but started back and almost fainted, for there, seated at a table, with a bottle of some kind of liquor before him, and a half-emptied glass in his hand, she beheld Leon Lancaster, her affianced husband.

"Ho! ho! my pretty one," he cried, rising and coming toward her with a drunken leer upon his face which made him actually loathsome. "What do you fear that you look so alarmed? I will not harm you; come, give me a kiss."

"Back!" she cried, raising her hand. "Ah! the little beauty is going to be dignified, isn't she? but you must be more kind; give me a kiss."

"Back, I say! or I will call assistance. I merely came to make an inquiry of one of the servants, and did not expect to meet a drunken villain."

"How spirited she is. I like that," he said, stooping and picking up a mitten she had dropped. "Ah!" he continued, starting back, as he noticed a magnificent ring she wore upon her forefinger, "where did you get that ring? Let me see it, won't you?"

"No, I will not."

"Where did you get it?"

"It matters not now, since I came by it honestly. I will give it to you the next time I see you?"

"But I must see it now," and he stepped toward her.

"Stand back!"

"I will see that ring."

"You shall not, sir!"

"We will see."

So saying he caught her by the shoulder, but as quick as wink the little hand came down with a smarting blow upon his cheek.

"I'll have a kiss for that, I swear!" he cried; and holding her fast, he pressed kiss after kiss upon her lips.

At length, by a violent effort, she freed herself from his grasp and rushed from the room, when he called after her:

"I shall keep the mitten, my dear, until we meet again."

"The girl now entered the front shop whither Lutie had fled from the embrace of Leon Lancaster. She received the desired information and hurried away.

She completed her business and drove home minus one mitten, but she was so thoroughly angry that she did not notice that one hand was numb with the cold when she got there.

Thanksgiving day arrived, and with it numerous guests came to enjoy the good old festivities at Farmer Bently's. Lutie had taken a fancy to spend the week with her auntie, and when she left her city home for that purpose, it was understood that Leon Lancaster should come out and take dinner with her on Thanksgiving Day. As he was Lutie's affianced husband, he was of course a great favorite of Mr. Bently.

Before the dinner hour arrived Lutie went to her room to dress.

"Hurry down, Lutie," said her aunt for the company have nearly all arrived and I wish to introduce you before dinner to those with whom you are unacquainted."

"I will, auntie; and here let me beg of you not to find fault with my dress when I come down," said Lutie.

"Of course not, child; wear what pleases you; only be quick for Leon will soon be here."

Lutie bounded away wearing a queer expression upon her beautiful face, and Mrs. Bently bustled away to watch the progress of the preparation for dinner.

In a few moments a stylish turnout drove up to the door, and Leon Lancaster, looking strikingly handsome, in elegant attire, sprang out, and after being cordially greeted by Mr. Bently, entered the house, where Mrs. Bently met him, escorted him into the parlor and introduced him to the guests a'ready there assembled.

"Where is Lutie?" he asked, showing the least particle of annoyance that she had not been there to greet him when he first came.

"She is in her room finishing her toilet, I suppose. She will be in in a minute," replied Mrs. Bently.

As she left the parlor and passed through the hall, Lutie came tripping down stairs. Mrs. Bently gave one glance at her attire and exclaimed:

"Why, Lutie Haines, are you crazy?"

"Never more sane in my life, auntie. Will you present me to your guests now?"

"What do you mean, Lutie?"

"Never mind; I'll explain after a while," said Lutie.

She wore the same costume in which she had gone to the market two days before. Upon one hand she wore one of the mittens which Mrs. Bently had urged her to wear upon the occasion referred to.

Mrs. Bently offered no further opposition, and led the way to the parlor, followed by Lutie, whom she introduced to the party assembled.

A portion of them looked with surprise upon the costume of Lutie, and others noticed only the rare beauty of her face.

She greeted them with a queenly graceful bow, and advancing to Leon Lancaster she said:

"Mr. Lancaster, I think I promised at our last meeting that when next we should meet I would exchange this ring for the mate of this mitten," and she removed the gemmed circlet from her finger.

He started to his feet.

"Great Heaven!" he cried, turned pale, "what does this mean?"

"It means, sir, that I am the person whom you met in a low restaurant on ——street, and whom you so grossly insulted, mistaking me for a poor market girl. It was a freak of fancy which prompted me to assume this dress and take some things to market for auntie, as uncle was away and her hired man was ill. I shall always thank my lucky stars that I was led to do so, for thereby I learned your true character," she replied, her beautiful eyes flashing looks of withering scorn and contempt upon him.

"Lutie, there is some mistake about this. I—"

"Say no more, sir; I am not mistaken; I saw you there in a state of intoxication and you grossly insulted me; aye, you even dared to lay violent hands on me. Here is your ring; take it; I never wish to see you again!" and she flung the bauble at his feet and swept from the room.

When she returned in a short time after, dressed in her becoming attire, and looking regally beautiful, the seat which Leon Lancaster had occupied was vacant.

She entered with zest into the festivities and rejoiced that she had been saved from marrying a man wholly unworthy to bear the name of husband.

The Prussian Wends.

This title describes the remnant of a people once numerous, warlike, and powerful, and the region where they a refuge centuries ago from the conquering arms of the Germans. It is, indeed, the only colony which retains any thing of the ancient speech and habits. Elsewhere the Wends accepted the German religion, language, and laws, and gradually lost their distinctive character, as in Pomerania, Mecklenburg, and other provinces; or, as in the Mark of Brandenburg and in Lausitz, they fought almost to the point of extermination, and offered a moral resistance when that of arms no longer availed. The Northern Wends accordingly cease to have a history of their own after one or two centuriss. Those of the Elbe and the Spree alone survive in the little colony of the Lausitz swamps, and in the memory of a brave but useless struggle for altar and home. Their strange repugnance to the new civilization, the brave, prolonged, and desperate warfare which they waged against it, the sullen and apparently organic incapacity to discard their peculiar habits and character even after they ceased to defend them by force, suggest so many points of resemblance to the North American Indians; and in the fate of both people there is the same element of plaintive and romantic sadness which appeals to every generous heart.

The Wends were carried into Northern Germany by the vast movement of peoples which took place in the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era. As fast as the Suevi, Franks, and other original German tribes swept over the Rhine and down upon the fair domains of the Roman Empire, their places were filled by other barbarians from the vast plains of Asia. In the adjustment of these races in the West it happened that the Sclaves or Sclavonians acquired nearly the whole region from the Elbe eastward, including Silesia, Poland, Prussia, and much of what is now Russia. These were not, indeed all Wends. This term seems to have been given by the Saxons to such Sclaves as were their immediate neighbors in Northern Germany, and was hardly derived from any corresponding distinction made by the Sclaves themselves. The Wends were also further subdivided into local families, such as the Lutritans and Abotritans.

By the fifth century the Wends were firmly settled in their new homes. In culture and refinement, in the arts and conveniences of life, in agriculture, trade and other industries, they were not behind the Saxon, their neighbors. They lived in towns and villages, and possessed a rude system of civil government. Their domestic institutions revealed but too often their Oriental origin, and in no respect more painfully than the position given to woman. She was little more than a menial. Polygamy prevailed. Mothers often strangled their female infants to save them from a more painful life; and in the same way decrepit parents were put to death by their sons, as in More's *Utopia*, because they were burdens upon the public, and a violent end insured a happier life beyond the grave. But they were a remarkably honest people, abhorred a thief or a liar, and were kind to the poor.

They were no less warlike than their German predecessors. On land or sea, mounted or on foot, in the open field, in the swamps, or behind their fortified towns, they fought clumsily, but bravely and desperately. Their weapons were not unlike those of their neighbors in style and quality.

Their religion was a species of polytheism. They believed, indeed, in one supreme God—Belbog; but he seems to have been a Sclavic Jove among lesser divinities, such as Czernbeog, the evil spirit, and Radegast, the god of war. Other branches of the Sclaves had other gods, for no universal system existed. The priests enjoyed great honor and power, and they were the most resolute in opposition to the Germans. That which the latter first demanded was conversion to Christianity—a demand which could not be agreeable to the interpreters of the rival religion.

During two centuries the Wends and Saxons lived at peace, and even in friendship. The commerce of the former, which began with petty local traffic, rose to a scale almost imposing along the Baltic coast. It is said that three hundred ships were sometimes seen in their harbor of Wenita. Traders flocked thither from Denmark, from Germany, from other Sclavonic lands, and even from the Orient, bringing metallic wares, cloths, jewels, and coins, and carrying away amber, furs, and similar goods. In the middle of the eleventh century the city of Wenita was captured by the Danes, and Wendish commerce then rapidly decayed and died.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Thieving Mania.

Dr. Gall mentions having seen a person in prison at Pesburg, who had set fire to his house four times in succession, and who, after he had set fire to it, tried to put it out. Some have an irresistible desire to steal, without any other mark of insanity. Gall says that the first King of Sweden was always stealing trifles. Instances are mentioned of a German who was constantly pilfering, and of another who, having the desire to steal, entered the army, hoping the severe discipline there would restrain him. But he gave way to the propensity even there, and was very near being hanged. He then became a friar, with the same hope; but he still felt the same desire, and carried all the things he could to his cell; but as he could only get trifles, he was not noticed. Gall also mentions that a person at Vienna, in the habit of stealing, hired a lodging in which to deposit his thefts; and when he got a stock, he sold them. He stole only household matters. The wife of a celebrated physician at Leyden never went into a shop to buy anything without stealing; and a countess at Frankfort had the same propensity. Another lady, notwithstanding all the care with which she had been brought up, had the same desire to pilfer. You will find it related of a physician, that his wife was always obliged to examine his pockets in the evening, and restore to his patients the things she found there. He always took something as well as his fee. Meritz speaks of a criminal who, at the moment he was about to be executed, stole the confessor's snuff-box. Dr. Burner, who was one of the physicians to the King of Bavaria, speaks of a person who enjoyed abundance, and had been well educated, but who, notwith