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FORGET ME NOT.

When Flora first her kingdom knew,
Went forth to call each flower that grew,
One tiny thing of snowy hue
Stood, with its crown of glist'ning dew,
Forgotten there.

To Heaven it raised its tearful eye,
Sent out a humble, timid sigh,
That, wreathing with its fragrance there,
Wound upwardly a silent prayer,
Forget me not.

And Heaven, blue, unclouded, mild,
Breathed smilingly upon the child
A Benedicite—from above
Of Heavenly grace and constant love,
For e'er and e'er.

The floweret bowed its tiny head,
Content to rest within its bed;
The dew drop caught Heaven's sparkling hue,
Then faded, and the flower was blue.
Forget me not.

Thus blest and christened by the hand
Of Heaven, it blooms all through the land;
Its gentle air, wee, modest face,
Beseech for only humble grace,
Forget me not.

Aunt Jemima's Jealous Lover.

"What did I hear you say, Emma Matilda—that you didn't believe there was any real love without a shade of jealousy? Well, that shows what a real silly, light-hearted, uncalculating young goose you are."

Aunt Jemima drew a long breath, and shook her head and forefinger with great gravity at her demurely pretty niece and then went on:

"You're not content to let things go smooth and easy, though, goodness knows, that Edward Marshall is as nice a young gentleman as I ever knew, and you ought to be thankful—since you are a woman and can't pick and choose for yourself, but must wait till some young man asks you—that you're lucky enough to be his choice without picking flaws in him and trying to spoil the happiness that so few have the good fortune to enjoy."

"I am not picking flaws in Edward Marshall, Aunt 'Mima," protested Emma Matilda, her niece. "I'm only saying how sorry I am that he isn't poetical and more like a story book lover. Why, he never goes into raptures, or tantrums, or anything nice, but just keeps calm and good-natured all the time. I wish I lived in the days when men were knights and wore swords, and fought for the ladies they adored—that would be nice! And then they would not even let any one look at the objects of their devotion. But Edward Marshall seems to think it real nice to have me taken off his hands once in a while; and when I go out walking with a gentleman friend, hoping to make him wretched, he only smiles and says he hopes I've been enjoying myself."

"Which is a clear proof that he has good sense and knows enough not to make a fool of himself!" exclaimed Aunt Jemima with an air of conviction. "Now, just listen to me for a moment, Emma Matilda, and I'll tell you something that ought to make you serious: If it had not been for jealousy I should not have been your old maid Aunt Jemima! Yes; my dear, it's no joke to be an old maid; you may well become solemn when you think of it, and now I'll tell you how it happened."

There had suddenly appeared a gush of tears in Aunt Jemima's spectacled eyes, and her nose had become alarmingly red while she spoke. "It is natural emotion," she observed, in excuse, "and very likely you may indulge in the same forty years from now, if Edward Marshall's image rises before your mind, and you have succeeded in getting rid of him through some nonsensical freak of jealousy.

My dear, I wasn't just like I am now, when I was your age; indeed, some folks called me handsome, and I know my cheeks were red and my eyes were as bright as the common run of girls' eyes.

I had a sweetheart, too—a likely young man as I would care to see—Cuthbert Jones by name, and if you'd told me in those days that Jemima Rodgers would have been on my gravestone I shouldn't have believed it.

Cuthbert was warm-hearted agreeable and polite, but he was awfully jealous.

It may have been his hair—it inclined a little to the sandy; or it may have been his eyes—they had a kind of greenish tinge. But Cuthbert was mighty sharp if any one looked at me, and we used to quarrel every time he saw me smile at another young man, even if it was his brother.

After we had made up—and at first it was so nice to make up our quarrels that they didn't seem so bad—he used to say it was because he set such store by me that he was raving angry when he saw me with any one else; and I used to feel sort of pleased and flattered, and forgot his black looks and mean suspicions. But, by-and-by, I got spunky, and I vowed I would not stand such tyranny—that I'd never tie myself to a Bluebeard, and have my head snapped off if I did not mind every word he said.

Cuthbert's beard was not blue, though I must say it was rather on the reddish, which must have accounted for his being fussy in his disposition.

The girls in our village got to teasing me a good deal about his temper. When we were out on picnics, they'd find an old hat and hang it on a bush near me, and then call for him:

'Mr. Jones—Mr. Jones! Miss Rodgers is in danger!'

It used to mortify him awfully, for he was easily flustrated,; but it didn't cure him. Nothing could do that, it seemed.

One evening, Cousin Sarah Jane Brown came over in a sleigh from Peltonville, and brought her young brother Abe with her.

They were going to stay all night at our house, and then start next day over to Norwood, to spend a week with their grandparents there. Now Abe, he was only 14 years old, but the most overgrown fellow you ever set your eyes on. He was nigh as tall as his father, and broad accordingly, but he had the softest, sawney kind of look, being red and brown, like a baby, and having real flaxen hair.

I don't know who started the nickname, but everybody called him 'Sissy Brown,' and he was just as clever and good-natured as could be, and never took the least offense at it.

I was quite sorry that Cuthbert was not going to spend the evening with us, as usual, for Sarah Jane was first-rate company; and I thought he would like Abe, too, though he had never met either of 'em before.

But Cuthbert had gone to the city on business, and said he would not be likely to get back before next day; and so, to amuse the folks, I started the idea of having a candy-pulling. They were in the humor of it, and so we had fun, I tell you.

Abe was up to all sorts of capers, and could pull candy equal to any one. My hair wasn't this color, then; some folks called it golden, but I reckon it was a sort of yellow, that looked well enough when it was fixed up with blue ribbons.

Well, Abe he pulled and pulled till he got and matched my hair, and then twisted it up into a curl and vowed he was going to hang it to my head.

I declared he shouldn't and ran away, but he chased me clear out on the front porch, where it was bright moonlight, and we had a kind of tussle, in which I came off best, for I stuck up his tow hair so that he had to wash it in hot water to keep it from standing out in horns.

While we were laughing and struggling, I heard the gate click, and when I looked up after awhile, it clicked again, and some one went out.

If I hadn't known Cuthbert was out of town, I should have said it was him that I saw walking off, but as he had gone to the city, I concluded I was mistaken.

Next day I found out different. I had seen Sarah Jane and Abe off, and was going on an errand to the store, when I met Cuthbert, and he passed me, scowling just as if I was his bitterest enemy.

I was so astonished that I just stood still and looked thunderstruck.

He turned, looked back at me, and finally retraced his steps.

'I have no right to address a young lady who has promptly secured a new lover in my absence!' says he, in his loftiest manner, while his face became a blazing scarlet and his eyes almost glared.

'Are you addressing me in this way, sir?' I said; for I had a spirit of my own, and he knew it.

'Yes. I am alluding to the gentleman you were so familiar with, last evening, that you arranged his hair for him on your front porch.'

For a moment I stared at him, and then I took to roaring and laughing, for it really seemed too good fun.

'You're jealous again, Cuthbert,' says I; 'and this time it is of Abe Brown, who won't be fourteen years old for a month or two!'

Somehow this thing got out, and Cuthbert was plagued about it a good deal.

The Browns stopped on their way back from Norwood, and when Cuthbert saw what a baby-faced chap his rival was, he felt awfully silly, though we had made it all up by that time, on his solemn promise never to be jealous again."

Aunt Jemima heaved a deep sigh.

"I suppose it was his nature," she continued. "The leopard's spots and the Ethiopian's skin are hard to change, and so was his jealousy.

He'd been just as good as ple, never finding fault with me about glancing at any one else, or taking me to task for speaking to any of the beaux, for nearly a month, when one day Rejoicing Peters, an old maid who made dresses for most of the families in our place, and who was a fat, clumsy, queer-looking old soul, came to our house to do a weeks' sewing.

She was a dreadfully lively critter, considering her age and figure, and we used to have a good deal of rollicking when she came around.

Mother was always ready to laugh at Rejoicing's capers, and never minded how much she cut up in the evening, after sewing hours were over.

One night father was away, and Rejoicing says to me:

'Mima, I've a mind to dress up in the deacon's clothes, and pretend to your mother that I'm a stranger come over from Bungtown on particular business, and see if she asks me to stay all night.'

'Go ahead,' says I; 'I'm in for fun.'

And so I was, little thinking how it would turn out for me.

I wish you could have seen Rejoicing Peters in my father's Sunday suit! He was rather a short and middling stout man, but Rejoicing looked like a waddling old lubber in his clothes.

She came to the front door and, would you believe it, mother never knew her, but took her tale for Gospel truth, and invited her in, and asked her to stop all night.

She called me down to entertain her, while she went to find some supper and see that the spare room was in order.

'This is Brother Snooks, of Bungtown, a friend of your father's, Mima, she says. 'Try and make him welcome while I see to things.'

I was looking for Cuthbert every minute, and I thought to myself how he'd laugh to see Rejoicing's figure, when into the room he walks and makes a bow to her, never suspecting that she was dressed up.

I was just going to laugh and tell him, when that mischievous old maid ups and makes him a bow in return, and says she:

'Since Miss Jemima doesn't seem to want to introduce me, I'll do it myself. Your servant, sir, Isaac Snooks of Bungtown, deacon and storekeeper, and a great admirer of this young lady here, who I hope to win for my bride.'

With this she plumps herself down beside me, puts one of her short, fat arms around my waist, and gave me such a hug and a sounding smack on my cheek that poor Cuthbert fairly turned green.

'I have been deceived,' he stammered. 'I—I have been basely deceived.'

'Of course you have, if you thought you had any chance of winning this lady. She's bespoke sir—she's mine!' cried Rejoicing, snuggling up closer, and hugging me tighter than ever.

I never saw anything like Cuthbert's face! From green it turned deadly white, and he tried to speak but couldn't.

'Stop!' cried I getting alarmed. 'I can explain this all. It is only—'

'There is no need of explanation!' thundered Cuthbert. 'Actions are stronger than words.'

And he pointed to that mischievous critter's arms which were like a vice around me.

Then he tore from the house as if he was mad, and Rejoicing Peters rolled over on the floor, laughing ready to choke herself.

I've done you a good turn, Mima,' she cried. 'I've cured Cuthbert Jones of jealousy; for when he hears a little, ugly, fat old maid roused the green-eyed monster in him this time, he will be so mortal ashamed of his folly that he will reform for life, depend upon it!'

Aunt Jemima paused and sighed again, this time more deeply than ever.

She was wrong, Emma Matilda—wrong in one thing. She had not done me a good turn. I received a short letter from Cuthbert, but I never saw him again.

Rejoicing had a long tongue. She spread the story everywhere, and it met him at every turn.

He believed that it was a plot between us, and wrote some bitter things in reproach to me before leaving the town, where every one was laughing at him.

I had a spirit of my own, as I told told you, and I wouldn't condescend to defend myself when accused in such a way; and so we parted.

Heigho! it's a good while since that day, and I've got over the pain of it, but I can remember it well enough to want to spare you from doing such.

No, no, Emma Matilda! thank heaven for giving you a kind, even-tempered lover, and don't you long for a jealous one.

It may seem nice, as the apple did to Eve before she ate it, but don't try it, my dear, or you may live to rue it, as she did. And so she ought; for, if it hadn't been for her, we women would have had a better show in the world. That's my opinion.

Health and Godliness.

The truth that man is half animal has too often been ignored by divines and moralists. The health which is dependent upon a good digestion has much more to do with a man's piety than has generally been supposed. Every minister of the Gospel has to grapple with cases of conscience which baffle all ordinary spiritual treatment, and which turn out at last to be simply cases of physical disorder whose remedy is in the pharmacopeia, or more frequently in the larder or cook-book. Constitutional, hereditary, and occasional diseases are constantly at work, modifying men's opinions, feelings, and practices. Dr. Mason, used to say that the grace that would make John look like an angel would be only just enough to keep Peter from knocking a man down. If the house of this tabernacle be shattered, and in constant need of props and repairs, its sympathetic tenant is apt to be like its crazy dwelling-place. There are only two bad things in this world, said Hannah Moore—sin and bile. Was she ignorant that a large part of the sin springs from bile? The doctrine that health has a great deal to do with godliness may not be very flattering to our pride; but we must accept our natures, as the transcendtalist did "the universe," and, accepting them, we must bow to the plain fact that a ladder reaching to Heaven must, if we are to climb it, have its feet upon the ground, and that to reach to the highest degree of spiritual excellence we must begin with physical and mental soundness. It is an indubitable truth that a man not only reasons better, but loves more warmly, gives more generously, and prays more fervently when well than when ill. A man of unquestionable piety once said that he could not worship God until he had eaten his breakfast. It is equally true that a man who is well fed, clothed and housed is a more amiable being than one who lacks the comforts of life. A man before dinner may talk scandal or write scathing criticism; may crawl like a horsefly over the character or the writings os a neighbor; but after he has well eaten and drunken the thing is an impossibility. There is something in a generous meal that exercises the devils of disparagement and calumny, and substitutes therefor the spirits of good-fellowship and philanthropy. It may be doubted whether half of the suicides, murders, heresies, false philosophies and apostasies that have stained the annals of our race have not had their origin remotely in a disordered stomach. Voltaire affirms that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was primarily due to the utter incapacity of the King to digest his food. Had Josephine been a good cook, perhaps history might have been spared one of its saddest scandals. It is not the "fat, sleek-headed man," but the "lean and hungry Cassius" that is dangerous.—*Hours with Men and Books.*

Indifference at Home.

Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence and throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in progress of time the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature has burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over the household.

Be Agreeable.

"Make yourself agreeable to every one." I know that seems a hard precept to carry into practice. If we cannot please *every* one, is that any reason for us not to *try* to see how many we *can* please? A cheerful disposition will go a great way toward rendering one's self a desirable companion. A merry heart will carry sunshine into many a dark and desolate home. A kind act done willingly, and not grudgingly, will help many in need of aid.

When we go visiting those who are poor and in need of help, I don't believe in putting on a doleful face and talking about resignation, and making them have the dumps ten times worse. I believe in helping to mend their clothes and tidying up their place a bit, for I don't believe that poor folks love dirt any better than the rich do, and they don't have so much time to attend to these household duties. You'll find more of a welcome if you bring food than if you deluge them with tracts. It isn't so hard to preach about bearing ones burden's bravely and submitting to a higher power after we have just risen from a hearty dinner, but it's not so easy to listen to it on an empty stomach, and I wouldn't blame any one for yawning and going to sleep over such a homily.

We often leave off endeavoring to be agreeable because we think we can do so little in that way that it isn't worth while trying. That's folly. You'll be just as agreeable if you wound some yarn, darned up somebody's "footings," or rocked the cradle for some tired, weary mother.

If we were to neglect these trifles how little there would be done in this world!

Why cannot storekeepers be more agreeable to those they employ? If I were dependent on this sort of a work for a living, I'd want to feel that I had a friend in my employer, and not that he only thought as much of me as he did of one of his signs. I grant you that these storekeepers are agreeable to their customers, because it is to their interest to be so; they are extremely urgent, they—the customers—should have a soft seat, but these storekeepers compel their women help to stand long and weary hours behind counters, and do not allow them to sit at all during work-hours. Such task-masters cannot be agreeable personages, and their society is not such as I would wish to court.

You say you wouldn't submit to such treatment. I should not wan't to, and I don't believe that the female clerks are of a different opinion; but we are sometimes *compelled* to do things we do not wish to, even though this is a free country. Some of these girls would be thrown out of employment, and that often means a harder lot than you or I would care to have, if they refuse to obey rules. I pity the girls, but I blame their employers for making such arbitrary orders, and for being bugbears when they might be agreeable human beings.

If you chance to be a school-teacher, you might as well be an agreeable as a disagreeable one. You might make your pupils love and not hate you. Kindness will win you more friends than severity. Let your scholars deem you a friend and not an enemy. Take an interest in them and in their lessons—praise and encourage more than scold and depress. A great many teachers fail because they dislike youngsters. I wouldn't engage such persons for teachers, because I know their hearts cannot be in their work. There is another reason that preceptors fail, and make their school-room more like prison-houses; they carry so little sunshine into them that they crush out all ambition the children may have to learn. Give children an agreeable teacher, and one who has a sunny disposition, and they will turn out better and brighter scholars, But you let youngsters have a cross, disagreeable and storm-cloud of an instructor, and such youngsters will grow into sour and discontented individuals.

Let your situation be what it may, whether master or man, mistress or maid, high or low, rich or poor, you can make yourself as many friends by being agreeable as by being otherwise. Cheerfulness cures the blues; kindness takes away half the pangs of suffering; sympathy relieves the disappointed, and good-nature banishes trouble. Don't put on airs because you happen to possess a little money; it only makes you appear ridiculous, and you don't gain any more friends by this assumption of pride and arrogance. One doesn't like to be laughed at, but you will certainly be so if you do not cast aside your foolish pride. Do what you can to aid your fellow-man and be agreeable to all.

Water in the Walls of New Houses.

I need not call to your mind the first steps in a building operation, and how soon a connection is made with some abundant source of water, and that a great deal of water is required for making the mortar, etc. Let us now try to come to an estimate of this quantity of water.

Suppose that 100,000 bricks were used for a building, each weighing ten pounds. A good brick can suck up more than ten per cent. of its weight in water, but we will put down at five per cent. what gets into it by the manipulations of the bricklayer. We will assume that the same amount of water is contained in the mortar, a quantity certainly much understated, although the mortar forms only about one-fifth of the walls; we have thus 100,000 pounds of water, equal to 10,000 gallons which must have left the walls of the house before it becomes habitable.

The two principal ways in which wet or damp walls are injurious are: 1. By impeding ventilation and diffusion of gases, through their pores being closed up or narrowed by water; 2. By disturbing the heat-economy of our bodies. Damp walls act as bodies abstracting heat in one direction; they absorb heat by their evaporation, and act like rooms which have not been warmed thoroughly; they are better conductors of heat than dry walls, just like wet garments, and considerably raise our heat losses by a one-sided and increased radiation. Diseases which are known to be often caused by cold are particularly frequent in damp dwellings—rheumatism, catarrh, chronic Bright's disease, etc.

What can we do to get rid of that immense quantity, of these 10,000 gallons of water, before we remove into the new house? All this water—we cannot make it run off, we cannot squeeze it out, we cannot boil it away—it must take its leave in one way, a very safe but rather long one, that of spontaneous evaporation into and by the air.

The capacity of the air for receiving water depends on the different tension of the vapor at different temperatures, on the quantity of water already contained in the air flowing over a moist body, and finally on the velocity of that air. For the first two moments let us assume the average temperature of the year to be about 50 degrees Fahr.' and the average hygrometric condition of the air to be seventy-five per cent. of its full saturation. Under these conditions, one cubic foot of air can take up four grains of water, in the shape of vapor, but as it contains already seventy-five per cent. of these four grains, which amounts to three grains, it can only take up one additional grain. As often, then, as one grain is contained in the 10,000 gallons of water mentioned above, as many cubic feet of air must come in contact with the new walls, and become saturated with the water contained in them; or about 700,000,000 cubic feet of air are required to dry the building in question.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Galleys.

It was by a revival of classical strategy that England was, in the seventeenth century, put into extremest peril. Louis the Magnificent's galleys in Torbay were a more real danger than the fleet with which De Ruyter had burned our ships in the Medway. For however great the alarm caused in London by the sullen roar of the Dutch guns, the Hollanders had not a single regiment to disembark, whereas the French King had sent to the Devon coast a formidable force of whitecoated grenadiers, to co-operate with the expected Jacobite rising. The galleys were an especially French, as they had been an especially Roman institution. The force had been patronized by several Kings, nor was it until the reign of Louis XIII. that the General of the galleys was made subordinate to the high Admiral of France. For harassing an enemy's coast, and for the transport of troops, this fair-weather flotilla was unsurpassed. But a galley of Louis XIV.'s time, rowed by wretches chained to the oar, the vilest felons mingled with runaway Protestants, whose sole crime was their attempt to escape to Holland or England, was the nearest approach to a floating pandemonium ever devised. To every ten convicts was allotted a Turkish or Moorish prisoner of war, whose knotted cord fell on the bare shoulders of all who flinched, while boatswain and officers patrolled the narrow space between the row-benches, and plied rattan and lash unsparingly. It was by sheer fear of physical suffering that the chained rowers were urged to keep the great oars rising and falling with such mechanical regularity. The galley-slaves were not expected to fight; there were soldiers on board to do that. But they were expected to row, and no plea of illness or exhaustion was admitted. So far from the sick or weary being sent to an infirmary, they were deliberately beaten to death. Fainting bleeding, the miserable wretches were to the last regarded as so much mechanism, to be stimulated by cuts of the whip, and when they died, their bodies were unchained from bench and oar, and tossed into the sea.—[*All the Year Round.*

Reveries of Josh Billings.

For ages past the philosphers hav been crying aloud on the street korners and hous-tops, but the phools hav alwuss run the world and alwuss will.

The only spiritualism that haz succeeded yet, iz the kind that haz the most fraud in it.

Dandys are a queer studdy; after yu hav lookt one over, yu hav got the size ov the whol lot.

After a man gits to be 38 years old he kant form enny nu habits mutch; the best he kan do iz to steer hiz old ones.

It iz time enuf for a man to laff at his own wit after others git thru.

There is a grate deal ov spekulashun that spends its time trieing to untwist the untwistable; this is like setting down in a wash tub, and trieing to lift up the unliftable.

Heaven governs all mankind with 10 short and simple laws, and yet mankind kant even run a base ball klub, without at least 20 edikts, and a perlice offiser to enforce them.

It iz eazy enuff to play munkey, but to play it good iz the most difficult ov all profeshions.

If you expekt to hav yure opinyuns respekted mutch among men, you must keep them backed up with, at least a quarter of a millyun.

Children who are very remarkable for what they kno at ten years old, are generally more remarkable for what they don't kno at twenty-five.

After a man haz past the age ov seventy, about all he kan find to talk about, or brag on, iz that he haz got more rumatiz to the square inch than enny man in the naiborhood.

The grate mistake that menny make, they seem to think they waz made before the world waz, instead ov since.

The dog that will follow everybody aint worth a cuss.

Thoze people who are trieing to git to heaven on their kreed will find out at last that they didn't hav a thru ticket.

Natur seldom makes a phool; she simply furnishes the raw materials, and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself.

Space is the statue of God.—*Joubert.*

Osculation.—How and When the Ancients Kissed.

Kissing (for that is the every-day rendering of the high-sounded word "osculation," which forms the title of this paper, and which is derived from the Latin word "*os*," the mouth, and therefore meaning a "little mouth," illustrative of the puckered-up shape of that organ when bestowing or receiving a kiss) was an act of religion in ancient Rome. The nearest friend of a dying person performed the rite of receiving his soul by a kiss' supposing that it escaped through his lips at the moment of expiration. Spenser, in his "Pastoral Elegy on the Death of Sir Philip Sidney," mentions it as a circumstance which renders the loss of his illustrious friend more to be lamented that

None was nigh his eyelids up to close,
And kiss his lips.

A little after he introduces the lady, "the dearest love" of the deceased, weeping over him:

She, with sweet kisses, sucked the wasting breath
Out of his lips, like lilies pale and soft.

The sacredness of the kiss was inviolable among the Romans for a long time. At length it was degraded into a current form of salutation. Pliny ascribes the introduction of the custom to the degeneracy of the Roman ladies, who, in violation of the hereditary delicacy of the females of Rome, descended to the indulgence of wine. Kissing was resorted to by those gentle, "good easy" husbands (who knew better than to risk the tumbling of the house about their ears) as the most effectual and courteous process to ascertain the quality of their wives' stolen libations; and Cato the Elder recommends the plan to the serious attention of the heads of all careful families. The kiss was, in process of time, diffused generally as a form of salutation in Rome, where men testified their regard and the warmth of their welcome for each other chiefly by the number of their kisses. Among the early Romans the higher magistrates gave their hands to be kissed; and, under the first Emperors, the monarchs did the same. This, however, was soon thought too familiar to be an act of true homage, so only the superior officers kissed the hands, while the inferior were forced to be content with touching the royal robe. Sometimes the Emperior kissed the mouth and eyes of those whom he wished signally to honor; but this was a very rare privilege, and persons whom he wished to disgrace he kissed with marked coldness. Agricola complained that, when he returned from his victories over the Saxons, Domitian gave him a "frigid kiss," and left him otherwise unnoticed. In later times the Roman Experors exacted the same homage accorded to the gods, their subjects being required to kiss their feet, and still later to kiss even the ground before them. Diocletian was the first to demand this servile manner of salutation. Christianity, too, did not disdain to borrow of heathendom even such things as were opposed to its inner spirit and intention. Thus, the Popes required the baser laity to kiss their feet, and in 710 Pope Constantine I., on entering Constantinople, caused the Emperor Justinian to kiss his foot. Valentine I. made the custom permanent; and ever since 827 the laity has crouched and crawled up the steps of St. Peter's chair to kiss the toes of the great fetich enshrined thereon.—*Appletons' Journal.*

The Cook's Story.

Yes, my dear, it was Eliza Murphy, was her name, and she was up-stairs girl, my dear, and came with a good character as ever you read, my dear, though, to be sure, my missus did say as it was singular it was spelt so poorly by a lady as lived in the Fifth avenue and had gone to Europe for her 'elth. But that's something I don't know anything about, my love, for even bad spellin' always did come hard to *me* on account of a dizzinness in my 'ed as I'm subject to; but the character was good, I know, and it said as how Eliza was a good worker and handy and obliging, and very pious, and, why, bless your 'art, I happroves of piousness in this wicked world where there's such need of it—a wicked, wicked world indeed, as you can't buy a pound of beef in without being cheated; and measure your calico, after you fetch it home, why it will turn out 'alf a quarter short; I gives you my word, my dear.

Well, 'owever that may be, it was of a Monday night as Eliza brought her box, and there she sat opposite me, as serious as you please, with a blue worsted stocking to knit, when she had nothing else to do, and her hymn-book and Bible on the dresser.

Well, she was as neat as a new pin, was Eliza, and we all liked her; and there was her character, as I said, but she 'adn't been in the 'house a week, my love, before things began to go mysterious like and now it was a napkin and now it was a 'ankerchief, and now it was my hapron and missus's cuffs, but you couldn't suspect Eliza. She was halways the first to find out the loss, and it was, "Ho, dear! whatever shall I do? this is gone;" or "Ho, dear! what will become of me, new to the 'ouse and sich things 'appening!"

And she'd think it might be the soapfat man was a thief, or maybe the iceman wasn't honest—and though the things did go we never laid it on Eliza. Missus said such a good, pious person, and so steady, she couldn't suspect.

So we turned away the man that came to fix the heater, and woman that did old scrubbing, but change didn't 'elp us—things kept a goin.'

At last, I know it was Wednesday evening, because that was the evening as Eliza always begged to go to meetin' when, all of a sudden, things having been going so fast that I was quite upset in my wits, I heard Eliza calling out:

"Oh, cook, cook, what have you done with the clock?"

And I, being at the refrigerator at the time, came flying in, and says I:

"With the clock! and whatever should I do with it, Eliza?"

Says she: "Say you've hid it to frighten me, cook."

Says I: "Far be it from me to do sich an action; but the clock is not there on the wall, Eliza and where is it?"

It was a little round clock as you could put anyway without stopping it, and it was hanging on the wall at six, for I'd looked at it.

But now it was gone, and the door fastened and all, and it frightened me so that I went off into hysterics, and missus heard them, and down she came, and there she stood in her black silk, with a big panier, and there was Eliza, with her gray merino and as big a panier, and her hat and shewl on, all ready for the meeting.

"And what 'as 'appened," says missus.

And says I: "Oh, "I believe the kitchen is bewitched, mum?"

And says Eliza:

"Saving your presence, mum, I believe Satan is abroad, mum. And, however will you believe me honest, comin' into this house a stranger, when thing go like this. The clock is gone, mum." Missus looks at the wall and looks at me.

"Them's the keys of my box, mum," says I, handing them out.

"And there's mine, says Eliza.

"And if you'll do me the favor to look in my pocket, mum, I'll feel obliged, for my conscience is clear, and they'll speak of me as knows me."

"Oh, dear," said missus. "I don't suspect any one—but who has been here?"

"Not a soul," says I.

"Not a soul," says Eliza.

"And I'm so glad," says Eliza, "it 'appened afore I went out. I might have been suspected. But when a body does right why I think the angels watches 'em, mum. And may I go out as usual, mum, for ef I don't have my evening at meeting I shan't be able to control my evil passions as I'd like when cook scolds me."

"Oh, yes; go, Eliza," said missus. "I'm glad you're so anxious to improve yourself; but about the clock. Do you think—hark!"

"I said "hark!" too; for hall of a sudden we heard a kind of a whirr—and—one—struck a clock somewhere.

Eliza turned pale, and sat down on a chair.

"Two," says the clock—"three—four—five—six." It was our clock.

I knowed its voice—for a clock has a voice of its own, as you may say, like a human being—but where did it come from? "Seven," says the clock, and all of a sudden I knew where it was. It was under that Eliza's dress, my dear, tied onto the panier, and when she stole it, my love, she'd forgot about the striking. I'm a strong woman when I'm aroused, and have a will of my own. Eliza didn' take my taking off that panier very quiet, but I took it all the same, and I set it before missus, and I says, "Let your own senses convince you, mum, of depravity sich as has no equal," before I went off again in hysterics.

And that's why Eliza is gone, my love, and why missus wants an uptairs girl again. And it's upset me so, my dear, that I'm obliged to strengthen myself a little, and that's why you see me putting a little of the best in my tea. Will you have a cup?

French Home Industries and Morals.

During the time of general prostration of business, chiefly caused by the withdrawal of capital from its usual industrial channels, there is perhaps no more powerful aid for the nation than home industry. Perhaps in no country in the world is this so extensively practiced as in France and neighboring Switzerland. These industries consist of such occupations as those wherein all the members of a family can and do take part. The head of the family organizes this labor and frequently invents special labor-saving arrangements for his own use, and delivers his products to large manufactories, instead of sending his children there. As labor is the source of all wealth, that nation must be the wealthiest in the end where they are the greatest number of workers; and in this, France has a great advantage. The working at home by children, especially girls, has another incidental advantage over the English and American customs of sending them into large factories—namely their moral character, and for this the latter custom is most ruinous, and from this cause, no matter how much England may sneer at French morals, the average French girls, the daughters of the working class, are far more virtuous than those of other nations, among whom immorality is often most sadly diffused and much more generally than is suspected by the uninitiated. In France, however, this immorality is more confined to certain classes, who do not hypocritically disgrace their true character, as they do in other counties; and this undoubtedly has, more than anything else, contributed to the unjust prejudice generated among foreigners against French morality.—*American Builder.*

St. Petersburg and Moscow.

Between St. Petersburg and Moscow there exists an antagonism of long standing. Ever since its foundation St. Petersburg has striven to be a European city, and to adopt all the products of West European civilization. Moscow, on the contrary, strives to be distinctively Russian, and affects to look down on her younger rival as a half-caste *parvenu.*

Abandoned by the Imperial family and the heads of administration, she glories in her ancient monuments and her ancient spirit, and boasts that she still holds the first place in the veneration and love of the Russian people. All Moscovites are more or less imbued with this Platonic hostility to the capital on the Neva, and love to reproach its inhabitants—the Ministers and other official dignitaries not excepted—with gross ignorance of Russia and the true Russian character; but when they come to discuss the present and future of their country, they are by no means unanimous.—*London Examiner.*

Roasting Ears in England.

The acclimation of Indian corn in England seems to have attained success after a long period of experiment and selection. For it is nearly or quite fifty years since Wm. Cobbett took some of the earliest sorts then know from this country to England, and soon had "Cobbett's corn" in everybody's mouth. Not actually in their mouth either. That has only lately come to pass. Green maize, as they call our "roasting ears," is becoming a very popular vegetable there and they have developed sorts that ripen in the southern counties and yield "green maize" further north. An English garden writer, in treating upon the enthusiasm with which garden hobbies are often pursued, says: "As to the Indian corn, the more it was suggested that it would never do, the more the devoted amateur persevered in growing it, and faith, with work, was, as it always is, in due time rewarded. Who shall paint the anxiety with which each swelling stem was watched, the delight with which the appearance of the plume of male flowers on the top of the plant was greeted, the admiration that accrued as the tender silken feminine filaments—heralds of the coming grain—were first seen hanging over the enwrapping leaves! But enthusiasm reached its culminating point when the fully ripened cobs rewarded the cultivator, and proved that maize may be successfully grown even in our unsunny climate." Why does this writer call the produce "cobs" when the word "ear" is used in the Bible? They use the word "cob" over there in a very reputable sense. Their best filberts and hardiest ponies are "cobs." They can't use the word "corn" for maize because with them it is a generic term for all sorts of grain. Other enthusiasts there are as usefully introducing tomato culture. This "berry" is grown against walls, and is trained, stopped, and generally treated as we treat a choice grape-vine to induce it to yield its finest possible bunches.

Good Manners Illustrated.

Much jewelry is vulgar.

Do not smack while eating.

Do not cut your nails in public.

Do not run after famous people.

Cheese should be eaten with a fork.

Feeing waiters is paying blackmail.

Unsweetened coffee cures bad breath.

Short nails make the finger tips grow broad.

In going up or down stairs precede the lady.

A formal call is very long if it lasts half an hour.

Only a haughty brunette should wear yellow colors.

It is impolite to keep a musician constantly playing.

Address your wife as "Mrs.," your husband as "Mr."

A girl should not stroll away with a gentleman at a picnic.

A lady should not stretch her feet out in company.

Let the wife deal with the female servants.

Some of the most renowned men I have met were not nice at table.

A pink ribbon under the chin makes a pale woman look brighter.

No man respects a girl who flirts, though he may flirt with her.

The lady of the house should receive the guests at a formal reception.

Always take the last piece of anything. There is supposed to be more.

Never pull out your watch in company unless actually necessary.

An engagement of marriage is little less sacred than an actual marriage.

Never cross knife and fork on your plate. Lay them nearly and carelessly parallel.

If it is necessary for you to use your handkerchief sonorously, leave the room quietly.

If you meet a gentleman friend with a strange lady on his arm, salute both.

You need not call on newly-married persons unless you were invited to the wedding or reception.

A gentleman may render assistance to a lady, but while doing so should say as little as possible.

Some men think they may be "broad" in their talk before a lady who is married. Knock them down.

A well-bred English or French girl will not go to a theatre or concert alone with any other gentleman than a near relative or her accepted suitor.

Before introducing two persons be sure that both desire the introduction, unless they are both your guests.

If a gentleman is making a formal call he may keep his hat in his hand, but there is no necessity for doing so.

No gentleman will smoke in a lady's presence without permission,

At a party a gentleman is never justified in touching a lady, even her hands, unless she accepts an invitation to dance.

If the friend on whom you call is out and you leave your name or card, you are to wait for the return before you call again.

Do not talk much during a musical or theatrical performance. It disturbs your neighbors who did not pay to hear your voice.

A man's mother-in-law should be careful in using the influence she has with his wife to bring discord into the family.

A married man has no right to be familiar with another lady, not a relative.

If you play the piano or organ, do not wriggle your body, or sway, or sprawl over the keys, or get your head down over your hands.

Be careful what you talk about at the table. I once heard a woman describe where she got her false teeth made, and to illustrate took them out at the table.

A lady will never call upon a gentleman, unless professionally, and not then without a companion, if possible.

Glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, until, by broad spreading, it disperses to naught.