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BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

Life is a race where some succeed,
While others are b ginning;
'Tis luck at times, at others speed,
That gives an early winning;
But if you chance to fall behind,
Ne'er slacken your endeavor,
But keep this wholesome truth in mind—
'T s better late than never.

If you can keep ahead, 'tis well,
But never trip your neighbor;
'Tis noble when you can exce',
By honest, patient labor;
But if you are outstripped at last,
Press on as bold as ever,
Remember, though you are surpassed,
'Tis better late than never.

Ne'er labor for an idle boast
Of victory o'er another;
But while you strive your uttermost,
Deal fairly with a brother.
Whate'er your station, do your best,
And hold your purpose ever;
And if you fail to beat the rest,
'Tis better late than never.

Choose well the path in which you run—
Succeed by noble daring;
Then, though at last, when once 'tis won,
Your crown is worth the wearing;
Then never fret, if left behind,
Nor slacken your endeavor;
But ever keep this truth in mind,
'Tis better late than never.

The Magic Slippers.

If any one had wanted to find Eva Arnold they would have to look behind a shady and fragrant hedge of wild roses and grape-vines. There sat the witch, as her brother Allen called her, with a book in her hand, and, wonderful to relate, a grave look upon her face.

"I do wonder if that tradition about our family is true. I will ask grandmother all about when I see her."

"I do wonder if that tradition is true," said little Eva, again, just as she was about to sink to sleep. "If it is true, and the shoes are yet in existence, I will borrow or steal them, and that as soon as possible."

A great cloud of dust, and a great rattle of wheels heralded the approach of the coach. And in that coach was Eva's long-looked for schoolmate, Gertrude Wayland. At the gate of farmer Arnold's substantial mansion stood Eva, waiting eagerly to catch the first glimpse of her friend. Her brother Allen, hidden in a secure nook, was also looking out with no little curiosity to see the red-haired divinity, so much vaunted by his sister.

"After all," he said to himself as he walked toward the brook with his fishing aparatus under his arm. "I did not dislike the looks of her as much as I thought I would, but that is no reason that I should fall in love with her." And Allen, who had no small share of vanity, laughed aloud.

"Now, Allen, I've caught you at last," cried Eva, triumphantly, as she discovered her brother reading under the favorite hedge. "Now stand up and let me introduce you to my friend Gerty the best of schoolmates."

Allen rose and greeted the divinity in the graceful and self-possessed manner natural to him. For the first time he had a full view of her face by the morning light. It was not a beautiful face, not even a pleasing face at first sight, and Allen was a keen admirer of beauty; but it was a peculiar face, such an one as makes an impression on one's mind not easily forgotten. Eva's face was flushed with her morning walk, but Gertrude was remarkably pale; there was, too, a soberness and dignity about her, which was entirely a stranger to Eva. Allen, as he entered with much politeness though with little zeal into a conversation in which Eva took the principal share, secretly wondered how two such dissimilar characters could have formed such a close friendship. But he concluded that there was no accounttng for womens' whims.

"You must drive us over to grandmother's to-day, Allen said Eva. "I positively must go there to-day."

"Well, then, if that is the case, I will drive you over, and as women can never keep a secret, in the course of time yours will come out and I shall have my laugh."

"Agreed," said Eva, "only drive us over."

It was a pleasant drive of five or six miles, yet Allen, who usually took the principal part in a conversation, was remarkably quiet, listening to the chat of the two girls without attempting to interrupt it.

Her hair was not red after all, it was really a pale, golden color, and floated around the white face, as he had seen it in some pictures. After all, she was unlike any one else he had ever known, and she had the sweetest voice he had ever heard. But the idea of falling in love with her was really too absurd to contemplate.

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"Grandmother," said Eva after a long silence, which she enjoyed in contemplatiug the movements of a very pretty little foot, which tapped nervously upon the floor. "Grandmother, I wish you would tell us the legend of the magic slippers, which I heard once when I was a very little girl. It's a tradition about our family, isn't it?"

"Why, child, it's only a silly story about a pair of slippers. No one believes it now-a-days."

"But the story, grandmother, if you please."

"Well," said the old lady, as she adjusted her spectacles, "they say that an ancestor of ours was once climbing a steep and rugged hill, and found near the top a poor man, covered with wounds and nearly dead with cold and loss of blood. Our ancestor carried him home in his arms and tended him carefully until he was recovered. When the stranger grew strong and well, they discovered that he was a very handsome man, with eyes remarkable for their brilliancy. When he was going away he gave to the wife of our ancestor a pair of slippers. Theee was nothing remarkable about the slippers themselves, but as the story runs, they were endowed with a rare gift by the stranger. Any woman in his benefactress's family, whose feet the slippers would fit, provided also that she were a true-hearted woman, while she wore the magic slippers, would have all the wishes made at that time realized. But there were but few in our family whose feet the shoes would fit; from those who had worn them, however, there have come wonderfnl stories of their great virtue. But as for me, Eva, I have an idea that the story is all nonsense. The slippers would never begin fit my feet, and I never had any faith in them, so that no wishes of mine were ever realized in that way."

"But have you really got the slippers, grandmother?" said Eva, eagerly.

"I did have them when I was young; perhaps they are in the attic somewhere now. But, bless my heart, child, your'e not going to hunt after them?"

"Yes, grandmother; I really think they would fit me, and I should like to try them."

Such a looking and such a devastation there never was heard of before. Grandmother would have been struck dumb if she could have seen her attic during tne progress of the hunt. Gerty set herself to putting to rights what Eva left in disorder, but it was no easy job. Suddenly Eva uttered a cry of delight.

"I've found them!" cried Eva triumphantly, "now I wonder if they'll fit."

And away ran the madcap, covered with dust and a nest of bewildered spiders.

"I declare," said grandmother, "if they don't fit exactly, one would think they were made for you."

And surely enough, they fitted exactly. Eva took them off very soon, and folded them in theiz wrapper, remembering that grandmother had said that she who wore them must be a true-hearted woman. She wanted time to think whether she were true-hearted or not.

It so happened that Eva had no more opportunities for trying on the slippers while the visit lasted. So she carried them home with her. Allen did not make his appearance to drive them home, but in his stead one of the farm laborers.

"Oh, Gerty," cried Eva, as the farmhouse came in sight. "I am so glad we are at home; now I shall try my magic shoes."

But Eva's usually quiet home was in a great state of excitement. Something unusual seemed to have happened, which affected all the household, though in different ways.

"What has happened?" asked Eva, anxiously, of Allen, when she found him alone that evening.

"Why, the trouble is, that we are in danger of losing our old homestead. Some one has set up a claim to it, the falsity of which cannot be proved, because that an all-important paper has been lost. We have searched the house through, but our search has been useless. One hope still remains, that the paper may be at grandmother's; it might have been carried there among other papers. To-morrow I will drive over, as I am very anxious about the affair. The loss of this farm, after so many years of hard labor bestowed upon it, will almost kill father."

The next day was an anxious one to Eva, and in sympathy with her, Gerty was anxious also. She talked of going home, But Eva wonld not allow it. The little lady had no idea of having her schemes spoiled by such a movement.

The long afternoon wore away slowly, as the girls watched the return of Allen from his search. Afternoon wore into evening, and evening wore into night. The family concluded that Allen was not coming that night, and accordingly they separated with no hope of seeing him till morning. But Eva felt confident that Allen would return that very night, so she sat up waiting for him, walking to and fro restlessly, and listening for the sound of his wheis. She fancied Gerty was asleep upon a sofa, where she had persuaded her to lie down a few moments before. No one in the house was stirring.

"Now I shall try my magic shoes," said Eva, aloud to herself. I do hope and pray that I am true-hearted."

One slipper was a little rebellious and would not go on easily., but Eva managed at last to get her foot into it. Then as Gerty seemed sound asleep, and could not hear, she ventured to speak her wishes aloud.

"First and foremost," said Eva, since it has been the greatest hope of my heart for a long time, I do wish that my brother Allen would fall in love with and marry Gertrude Wayland. Secondly, I wish that the paper which proves our right to this house of my childhood may be speedily found, and that my father may be as happy in the possession of that which his cheerful labor has endeared to him, as it is possible to be."

There was indeed the sound of wheels outside, and Eva ran down to meet Allen, without ever thinking of her slippers or wishes. She met him at the door, and at the first glance his anxious face told her that his search had been useless.

"No hope left, Eva," were his first words. "Sooner or later we are likely to lose our home. Grandmother has searched her house from cellar to attic, and there is no sign of the paper."

Wearied and depressed, Allen cast his eyes downward, and they rested upon Eva's embroidered slippers.

"What a fanciful pair of slippers, Eva," said Allen, suddenly roused from his weariness. "Did you emfiroider those, little sister?"

"No," said Eva, a little embarrassed; "they are not mine."

Wondering a little at Eva's evident confusion, Allen was about to relapse into his former anxious mood, when his sister took off one of the slippers, with the remark that it was much tighter than the other, she wondered why it didn't fit. Allen took up the slipper mechanically, and commenced examining it. There seemed to be something in the toe which occupied considerable space. Listlessly Allen pulled out that with which the toe was stuffed, and was not a little surprised when he discovered a neatly folded paper. He opened the paper much in the same way as he had taken it from the slipper, and then suddenly Eva was struck with unmingled wonder, to see her lately sad brother jumping around the room in a way that savored much of insanity.

"I've found the precious paper, Eva," said Allen, at length, overturning a table and all its contents in his great joy.

Suddenly the affair became clear to Eva. Some mischievous person at grandmother's must have stuffed the paper into the slipper, without ever dreaming that he was doing mischief. One by one the family came trooping down stairs, aroused by the great noise of the overturned table. But none felt that they had paid too dear for their trouble, when they heard the good news.

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"Gerty, I'm a firm believer in traditions, and especially that of the magic slippers," said Eva, one day.

"Because both your wishes were realized," said Gerty; "especially the first, which seemed very improbable."

"You're a traitor," cried Eva.

"Not at all," was Gerty's reply. "I couldn't help hearing your wishes that night, for I was not asleep, as you supposed."

In the process of Time Allen and Gerty were married, and little Eva, trusting and true hearted, went on her way with a firm belief in the magic slippers.

Photography in Disease.

We have in photography an excellent means of determining the condition of the blood. According to its quality, the blood deposits more or less impure material in all the cellular tissues. Such deposits occur also in the sebaceous glands of the skin, which secrete a natural fat and deposit it in the mucus layer between the true skin and epidermis. Although the color of the mucus layer is visible through the epidermis, its finer shades are not seen in this manner, yet they appear in the photographic negative with such sharpness that the slightest impurities are here apparent as dark specks.

This phenomena is due to what may be called the photography of the invisible—that is, to that remarkable property of light by virtue of which the chemical action of color rays falling upon the plate varies with the rapidity of their transmission to it. It is interesting to observe the accuracy with which the condition of the skin is thus shown, varying as the shade upon the plate does, from the utmost delicacy and purity to a peculiar sieve-like character—that is, appearing as if punctured with innumerable little holes; these in the worst cases being irregularly united, so as to present a more or less ragged and unsightly appearance. After a person has taken fat, beer, tobacco, and other like injurious substances into the system, even for a little time, the negative exhibits this punctured appearance; while in the case of those whose manner of life is wholly corrupt, these defects are often magnified into such blotches as are seen upon the face itself in skin diseases.—*Schlickeysen's "Fruit and Bread."*

The Catalpa as a Timber Tree.

In regard to the catalpa, says the Germantown *Telegraph*, there seems to be no doubt that, while it is one of the most rapid-growing trees we have, it is also one of the most durable of woods. We have seen figures which we have no reason to doubt are correct; and the writer has recently seen a post taken up after eight years of service that was as good as the day it was first set. Eight years is of course no very great period for a post to last, but from all appearance there is no reason why it should not endure at least three times what it has stood: and a quarter of a century is tolerably good for a fence post. The trouble with the catalpa is that the terminal bud does not ripen when young, and so gets killed in our winter. The bud below, pushing, makes a crooked stem, and in this way the trunk of the mature tree is not as slraight as is desirable in a satisfactory timber tree. To remedy this the trees are suffered to grow as they will for a couple of years, until the roots get strong. They are then cut to the ground when a smooth straight shoot goes up ten feet high in one season, generally maturing its bud, and laying the foundation of a pretty trunk. Such a stem is generally two inches thick; and as in any fair ground it will increase at the rate of an inch a year, we have in three or four years after a trunk five or six inches thick—quite thick enough for many useful pieces of work upon a farm. But these six-inch stems, cut to the grounp, then throw up shoots of amazing strength, making a new and beautiful timber tree with surprising rapidity.

Severe Reprimand.

Chief Justice Marshall was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases. Frequently he would be seen returning at sunrise, with poultry in one hand, vegetables in the other. On one of these occasions, a fashionable young man who had removed to Richmond, was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his turkey.

Marshall stepped up and asked him where he lived. "That is my way and I will take it for you."

When they came to the house, the young man inquired, "what shall I pay you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the Chief Justice, "you are welcome, it was in my way and no trouble."

"Who's that old man who brought home my turkey for me?" inquired the young man of a bystander.

"That" replied he, "is Mr. Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my turkey?"

"To give you a severe reprimand, and to teach you to attend to your own business," was the reply.

I think it must be somewhere written that the virtues of mothers shall, occasionally, be visited upon their children as well as the sins of fathers.—*Dickens.*

Charlotte Bronte.

Not long after the death of her father, a leading journal in this country rejoiced that there were no more Brontes: "none left to bear that name which meant misery and spiritual unhealth"—a statement which has waited long for qualification, certainly demanded in the case of the elder sister. Nothing is more true than that Mr. Bronte and his children possessed very positive traits, and in combination peculiar to themselves, producing a very striking family idiosyncrasy. It is plain enough that Anne was unhealthy, that Branwell made a wreck of his life, and that Emily was a different kind of women from any we shall be likely to meet with. No other proof is needed of this last assertion than "Wuthering Heights." It is not to be desired that another such book should be written, powerful beyond most novels though it be. Its characters are detestable, but drawn with such boldness, that we are appalled at the nerve of the writer who could conceive of such a group of beings, or, having conceived, carry them on through their individual parts to the end without faltering. Those five or six men and women stand out distinct from any company in all fiction. And the girl who projected them against the background of that inhuman story was diseased in feeling and in judgement unsound. Yet, all through that book of warped but giant growth, what a keen relish of nature's delights is shown, what tenderness for wild birds, what joy in the purple moss, what passionate love for the freedom and gladness or outward life! Surely such influences are kindly; and subject to them, Emily Bronte, had she lived, might one day find healing.

But Charlotte did such service for justice and humanity, did so exalt duty and self-sacrifice, that the world must come more and more to recognize both the service and the spirit. Author and woman cannot be separated; in Jane, Caroline, and especially Lucy, are laid bare the struggles of a heart which could find its only rest in the many-mounded churchyard at Haworth. Incomparably better than Mrs. Gaskell, do these tell her history—the roots which that biographer said "struck down deeper than she could penetrate" are shown in the so-called fictions.—*The Galaxy for July.*

Ancient Mode of Embalming the Dead.

Herodotus and Diodorus tell of three modes of embalmment prevalent in Egypt. The first was very costly, answering to about $2,000, exclusive of such gems, jewels, and gold as love and prodigality might lavish upon the dead; the second, $300; the third within the reach of all. As to the extent to which gems and jewels were wound up in the cerecloth to deck the dead, there is the instance of the queen lately found at Thebes, whose ornaments were shown in our Exhibition of 1860. They are now in the Pasha's Museum. Their intrinsic value alone, that is, to break up and melt down, is several thousand pounds. It is curious in reading the two historians' accounts of the Egyptian embalmer to observe in divers matters the foreshadowing of the modern undertaker in his ways. The different degrees of woe were then as now sounded according to the depth of the purse. Just as it is now, when the furnisher will undertake for you any gradation of sorrow from the simple elm coffin and pauper funeral up to the flourish and parade of plumed hearse, weeping mutes and prancing steeds, so with the Egyptian. Only the manner was different. When a bereaved mourner, they tell us, went into one of these Egyptian shops, the functionaries would show him different models in wood highly and artistically finished, or otherwise, to represent the mummy and coffin. There were painted patterns of mummies in their multi-colored cases to choose from. The various costs, according to pattern, were then stated. The customer chose his model, and the bargain was struck. He then went home and sent back the dead body, and the body remained with the embalmer until the whole process was completed. The number of days requisite for embalming was, as we gather from both historians, seventy or seventy-two, and this tallies with the Scripture account (Gen. 1. 3); for doubtless the immediate process only occupied part of the time, the rest being given to the ritual of mourning. The processes for embalming are related very categorically. In some things they hardly commend themselves to our present sentiment of what is respectful to the dead. The chief secret seemed to consist in certain chemicals injected into the veins and body; in certain washings and sleepings in natron, and in the filling-up of the cavity of the body with myrrh and other balsamic substances and spices. The brains were drawn out through the nostrils. Sometimes the face and hands were gilt. Certain jewels were laid on the breast under innumerable swathings of linen. And then a kind of pictured shell received the body—a sort of close-fitting case made to open and shut lengthwise after the fashion of a violin case. But when the mummy was sent home—what then? The family did not immediately part with it. On the contrary, they often kept their dead relative for a long while, a guest in his own house. A room was set apart. The mummy, standing upright as in life, was enshrined in a kind of painted cabinet—a tabernacle starred over with innumerable hieroglyphics, and protected with great painted scarabæi and multi-colored cherubim, with their overshadowing wings spread athwart the chest. Hither, then, at intervals, the family would come to hold communion with the dead. They would bring fresh lotus flowers to enwreath their silent relative, or strew about the ground blossoms of asphodel and papyrus. Numberless paintings in the tombs of Egypt picture this affecting scene—a mother and her children kneeling in a circle with the dead in their midst, or a wife with plaintive face and dishevelled hair embracing the placid-looking mummy of her husband. Listen to what Diodorus says: "A clever embalmer," he writes, "would send back the body perfectly preserved, even the hair of the eyelids and eyebrows remaining undisturbed; the whole appearance so unaltered that every feature might be recognized. The Egyptians, therefore, who sometimes keep their ancestors in magnificent apartments set apart, have an opportunity of contemplating the faces of those who died long before them, and the height and figure of their bodies being distinguishable, as well as the character of the countenance; they may enjoy a wonderful gratification, as if they lived in the society of those they see before them."—*Sunday at Home.*

The London Custom House—Curiosities in Smuggling Operations.

The Custom House contains a museum of curiosities—memorials of attempts at smuggling. Various causes have contributed to the decline of contrabandism as a means of livelihood, chief among which are the necessary reductions and alterations in the customs tariff since the adoption in England of free-trade principles. When such valuable and portable articles as watches and lace were heavily taxed, the temptation to secrete them was naturally very common. At the same period, too, the duty on spirits was about five times as much as its intrinsic worth, and therefore this class of goods afforded a rich harvest to the successful smuggler. Things are changed now, for lace and watches are duty free, and the tax upon spirits has been reduced considerably more than one-half. Tobacco and spirits, owing perhaps to the universal demand for them, have always above other things, met with the smuggler's particular regard; and such cases, as now come before the Police magistrates are generally confined to these two articles. A matter-of-fact heavy fine and confiscation of the surreptitious goods is the usual result of conviction; and the smuggler—whom our childhood's fancy painted as a brave hero, fighting the myrmidons of an oppressive Government in some wild cave on the seashore—is quietly walked off to prison until he can pay the forfeit. "The Smugglers' Cave," still remains; for with that clinging fondness for past times, it is the fashion to dignify any natural crevice in our cliffs with that title; but now the modern policeman steps upon the scene, and poetical ideas vanish with the sound of his creaking contract boots. The chief evidence of smuggling as it has existed within the present century is furnished by certain articles which have been seized from time to time, and which are now lodged in the Custom House Museum. It is to this museum that we now intend to direct our readers' attention, and more especially to a certain large cabinet in the corner of the room, the contents of which supply a title to this paper. The first thing which is pointed out to us in a ship's "fender," which we may remind our readers is a block of wood with a rope attached slung over the bows to prevent the abrasion which might be caused by contact with another vessel. This particular fender was found to be hollow, and to contain several pounds of compressed tobacco. The officer who thought of looking for the soothing weed in such a receptacle must have been an extremely 'cute individual. But here is a still more extraordinary hiding-place, and one which must have involved a journey aloft for its detection—a ship's block, the sheave or wheel of which is actually made of solid tobacco. Here is an ornamental pedestal which once adorned the corner of a Captain's cabin, and would perhaps adorn it still, had it not been found gorged with contraband cigars. Another commander appears to have been a more moderate smoker, for he was content with only two pounds of cheroots, which were found inside a sham loaf on his breakfast table. Here we have a number of cigars knotted singly on a string, like the tail of a kite; these were dropped between the inner and outer timbers of a ship's side; while holes drilled in the ends of an egg-box furnished lodging for several more. A broom stick does not seem at first sight to offer much room for concealment, but here is one which, accidentally broken, revealed a core of that rope-like commodity known to those to chew the weed as "pig-tail." Cakes of tobacco formed to fit into the sole of a boot show another ingenious mode of disposal. But the prize for inventive talent must certainly be awarded to the clever rascal who compressed snuff into slabs, and stamped them to exactly imitate the oil-cakes on which cattle are fattened. Whether the discovery or the deception was owing to moral objections on the part of some experienced cow to chew anything stronger than cud does not transpire; but the real nature of the food was somehow ascertained, and what might have proven the staple of a lucrative trade was transformed into the original dust from which it sprang.

A Brave Lady.

Charlotte Bronte's sister Emily, the authoress of "Wuthering Heights," possessed extraordinary courage. Timid as a fawn in society, and afraid to hear herself speak, but in the face of appalling danger she was self-possessed, knowing no fear. She was passionately fond of dogs, and always took them for company in her walks. One day when she was giving water to a dog at the parsonage door—her father was a clergyman—he bit her hand severely, and showed evident symptoms of madness. The brave girl uttered no cry of pain, nor called for help. Walking calmly to the kitchen, she found an iron heating on the fire, and applied it to her arm. She held it there without flinching till the wound was thoroughly cauterized, and a broad scar remained, which was visible to the day of her death. Neither of her sisters knew what had happened till many weeks afterward, when, thinking all danger had passed, she informed them.

"EN GARDE."

During the Franco-Prussian war an incident happened not recorded in any of the voluminous histories of the campaign which are now getting dusty on the library shelves, but which, though laughable in its results, was far more interesting to the parties concerned than the records of the most sanguinary battles. It had to do with a fine young German officer named Fritz Von Weber, a professor in a provincial university, but who had been drafted off with his regiment. He was in love with a girl named Zaire, an Alsatian, whose father was a general in the German army, and the story is related by the brother of Fritz, as follows:

"When they parted he said to her:

"'I shall always be—'

"'En Garde!' cried Zaire.

"Then Fritz rode off; then Zaire wept in her chamber, for the great General Von Homberg, the father of Zaire, shook his head.

"'A teacher!' he cried, 'my daughter marry a teacher—never.'

"'I will,' sobbed Zaire.

"'I say you won't,' snorted the General.

"'But I will—I will—I will,' snapped Zaire.

"They parted in anger; the General went off to the war; Zaire was sent to the country. When Fritz reached his quarters he found a friend, one Dr. Max Von Bulow, a great joker, who had taken a great liking to Fritz.

"'What's the matter with you, Fritz?'

"'Nothing,' sighed Fritz.

"'Bah!' laughed Dr. Max, 'who is she?'

"'Zaire Von Homberg,' answered Fritz, 'the dearest, sweetest little angel that—'

"'Yes, yes,' cried Dr. Max, 'I know, I know; but phew! what made you fall in love with her?'

"Fritz told him all about it. Dr. Max was interested.

"'I hate old Humbug,' he said. 'I'm fond of fun. Let me alone. I'll get you out of this. I'll have a laugh and you shall marry Zaire.'

"'You can't help me,' groaned Fritz; 'nobody can.'

"'My boy,' said Dr. Max solemnly, with an ordinary man things are impossible; with an old soldier like myself nothing is impossible.'

"One evening a few days after this conversation Dr. Max came to Fritz.

"'Fritz!'

"'Well?'

"'To-morrow old Humbug takes his usual ride along the north road. He goes unattended; you must be in the little wood by the spring; he will be attacked by a number of our fellows disguised as the enemy. When he is attacked you must rush forth and rescue him. In his gratitude he will reward you—Zaire shall be yours."

"The morrow came. Down the road on his old horse came the General; suddenly from the wood rode a squad of the enemy — terrible fellows. The General saw them and turned to fly. The old horse was stubborn; he commenced to jump up and down, and the result was that the General was captured. The enemy put a rope about the General's neck. They were going to hang him. The General shed tears.

"'I am the General Von Homberg,' he groaned.

"The enemy grinned, and threw one end of the rope over the branch of a tree.

"'I—I am a father,' sobbed the General.

"The enemy gave a strong pull at the rope.

"'I—I am still in the prime of life—don't hang me; please don't,' cried the General.

The rope tightened.

"'A shout was heard—ringing shots, fierce words, the trampling of hoofs, the enemy fled—the General was saved. His deliverer bowed before him.

"It was Fritz. The general would have preferred the hanging. The young man bowed low.

"'Your pass!' thundered the General.

"'I—I have none,' said Fritz.

"'You heard the orders—return to camp and report yourself under arrest!' snorted the General.

"That evening Fritz—poor Fritz—sat in his tent; a guard walked before the door. But all the army rang with the praises of the General, who had that day met a squad of the enemy, and, single-handed, had defeated them.

"Dr. Max was furious. He imitated the General's horse—he jumped up and down and snorted.

"'I'll fix him!' he cried; 'I'll show him up.'

"Then he took his pen and sat down and wrote the whole story out—the true story.

"'To morrow,' he said, 'I'll send this to my paper, unless he compromises.'

"He stood before the General.

"'Ah, Doctor Von Bulow, what do you wish?'

"'Can I see you alone, General?'

"The General's aid retired.

"'General, we have had enough.'

"'Enough what?'

"'Humbug.'

"'How?'

"'Those men were your own men. I have their account of the affair. It is not complimentary to you; it is very complimentary to Fritz; General, Fritz must marry your daughter.'

"'Sir!' thundered the general, "do you presume—'

"'Oh, yes,' smiled Dr. Max; 'yes, I do presume. I own a newspaper, you know. The whole account must go forward. In three days the whole world will be in a broad grin over you and your horses unless—'

"'Unless what?"

"'Unless Fritz marries Zaire.'

"The General hesitated. He had been praised, honored—he dreaded ridicule.

"'Come down!' cried Dr. Max. 'It's no use holding out, General. Come down like a man!'

"The General hesitated, turned, wriggled, fumed and offered money; but 'twas of no avail.

"'Come down!' cried Dr. Max, 'come down. Shall Zaire marry Fritz?'

"'Yes,' growled the General.

"'And you will introduce him as your son-in-law at once, and release him from arrest?'

"'No—that is, I mean yes.'

"'And you will give him an appointment—make him your secretary?'

"'i won't.'

"'Ah!'

"'Well, I will.'

"Fritz was released, received his appointment, the affair was kept quiet, the General was still regarded as a hero, and promoted.

"'But, Zaire,' said Fritz, as he looked into her happy face after a long parting, 'I should never have won you if it had not been that Dr. Max was——'

"'En Garde!' laughed Zaire."

Flirtation.

No hearts are really broken by it; it is merely a game carried on by two persons of the opposite sex, and by no means a bad way of passing the time. The girl of the period is always being attacked. I prefer her to the typical character good girl of former periods. She is accused of occasionally using a word or two of slang. But the slang of one century is the language of the next century. She is accused of liking to adorn her person. All things else being equal, a well-dressed girl is preferable to an ill-dressed girl. She is accused in a vague, general sort of way, of being fast. Practically, this means that a girl has good animal spirits. And why should she not? The rule is absolute, but quiet girls are generally far more likely to come to grief than what are termed fast girls. If I had daughters, I should keep my eye on the quiet daughter, with pre-Raphaelite proclivities, so good, that she would regard her papa as a sinner, with doubts as to the propriety of balls and theatres, and always discussing doctrinal questions with the curate, rather than on her "fast" sisters. Life is short, but youth is far shorter; let a girl make the most of it; let her ride, and dance, and flirt to her heart's content. If her parents can afford it, let her dress well, and dress often. Let her not pretend that she cannot say "bo" to a goose; on the contrary, let her say many "bo's" to many geese. Let her join in amusements whenever she gets a chance. If a man tries to turn her head, let her accept the challenge, and, having turned his head, laugh at him. He will not be the worse for the lesson.

After all, the business of a girl is to cease to be a girl by becoming a wife. Here, too, the poor girl is admonished and abused by her censors. Theoretically, a girl is expected to take no account of the position of her future husband, but to marry the man for whom she feels an inclination. This view of life is diligently inculcated in novels and plays. It is, however, an absurd view, and those who act upon it are exceedingly foolish. A girl should never sacrifice her whole future to a mere fleeting fancy. What are termed love-marriages are seldom happy marriages. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, love in a cottage means misery in a cottage. The French proverb is true, that in love, *l'un aime et l'autre se laisse aimer.* In the love of women, there is far less individuality than in the love of men. The fact is, that to most women, men are but hooks, upon which they hang their general desire to be affectionate, and between one hook and another hook, they have but very little choice. Habit, too, is a very potent spell. Love is but a fever, of very temporary character. Married people who get on well together, generally do so because they are united by a community of interest, and they have acquired a habit of partnership. If I were a girl, and I liked a rich man, but loved a poor man, and could marry either, I should not hesitate a minute between them, but I should marry the rich man, and be, if the occasion presented itself, a kind sister to the poor man. Nothing is more ridiculous than the theories of marriage that are propounded for the benefit of girls..

A Moslem Cemetery.

It seems strange—so fond of the shadow of Death, if I may so call the gloomy groves of Scutari, and yet so neglectful of their dead! They will swarm to the cemetery and spend the whole day in eating, drinking and smoking, reveling in the midst of the tombs. They will invite one another from grave to grave, and present coffee and pipes in the most festive manner. Indeed, you have only to knock at a headstone and you are sure of a warm welcome. But they will not pluck the rank weeds that flourish in that fattening soil; they will not set up the monument that staggers and is a shame to them; they will not turn out the jack that stands knee-deep in the loam and tickles his ear on the wooden fez of the late head of the family. All through the dark valley there are small cafes, thronged with weary pilgrims, who thus cheer their solitary journey to the tomb. There are strolling minstrels also, who entertain the mourners with the poems of Hafiz, and dancers, with a dance of death that gives delight to the living.

Beggars line the way, Turkish atrocities not easily to be recognized as human. I saw three blind men sitting in a row, shoulder to shoulder; their legs were crossed in the dust of the roadside; their hands were raised in supplication, and their heads lolled upon their shoulders as the three rocked their bodies to and fro and sang a pitiful terzo. A dish in front of them received from time to time a small tribute of copper, but the old men sang on oblivious of the idlers who lingered near them; oblivious of all things earthly—if their withered faces did not belie them. I could think only of those blinded quail who pipe night and day in their cages, and at whose calling the free birds gather—but who knows what the quail in his cage is singing of.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

In every rose there is a thorn. The art of true living sonsists in portaking of the good and rejecting its evils.

Irish Society in High Life.

Attempts at the abduction of heiresses were then of more frequent occurrence than a lover of Ireland could desire. Mr. Froude has made the most of this blot on their civilization, but he has forgotten that such outrages were not in those days peculiar to Ireland. Mrs. Delany relates a flagrant case which came under her immediate notice. Miss MacDermot was a Connaught lady who with her sister had inherited a large estate. They were originally Catholics, but decided on becoming Protestants. Their intention was suspected, and their maternal uncle, whose name was Flinn, asked them to his house to dine, the distance not being so great as to prevent them from returning home in the evening. They had never had a quarrel with this uncle, and could not well refuse the invitation, though they would rather not have gone, the eldest sister having rejected an offer of marriage from Flinn's only son. After dinner they prepared to leave, but the uncle insisted on their remaining for the night. They refused firmly but politely, and were then told that the chaise and servants had gone home, but would return for them the next day. Miss MacDermot was much frightened, but, as they had no redress, she concealed her feelings, and they sat down to cards. While engaged in this way four men with masks rushed into the room. The two sisters made their escape into the next apartment, but were followed by the masked men. One of these seized upon Miss Maria MacDermot, who had hid behind a bed, but when he saw which he had he flung her from him with an oath, saying that she was not the right sister. The portion of the elder being double that of the other explains this ungallant proceeding. Miss MacDermot was then seized and dragged back into the room, where her uncle was still standing by the fire. He took no notice of her tears and entreaties, but allowed her to be forced into the hall, where a crowd of Flinn's friends and followers were assembled. They set her on a pillion behind the principle mask. She was a tall, strong woman, and struggled so violently that she succeeded in getting off the horse. While they were endeavoring to put her back again, she managed to get the sword of one of the men, for they were all armed with swords and bludgeons. Then, like a true Amazon,

Her back against a tree she bore,
And firmly placed her foot before:

and defended herself for some time, till one of the gang ran a sword up her arm from her wrist to her elbow, and obliged her to drop her weapon. Being no longer able to resist between extreme pain and loss of blood, she was taken to a cabin, where the cousin came in with a priest and some others. The priest told her that if she submitted to the ceremony of marriage with Mr. Flinn, she should be treated with kindness and respect. She declared she would rather die than marry one who had been guilty of such outrageous conduct. They tried to force the ring on her finger, and the priest was proceeding with the ceremony when the lady seized a jug of milk which stood on a table near and dashed it in the face of "His Reverence." Some of the party coming in gave the alarm to Flinn, saying in a whisper that the country was raised and in pursuit of them. More messengers came to confirm the news. The lady's arm was still bleeding profusely, and they carried her out and plunged her up to the shoulder in a bog, two men being left to guard her. This singular treatment stopped the bleeding, but, though she was soon rescued, she remained twenty-one days in great pain and danger. Her sister had previously escaped in time to give the alarm. Some months after they came to Dublin and read their recantation in Dr. Delany's church.

Elephants in Quicksand.

On the river Ganges, says a military journalist, there are many quicksands; and during our expedition a somewhat distressing scene happened. An elephant incautiously came within the vortex of one; first one foot sank, then another; and in endeavoring to extricate himself, matters became worse; no portion of either of his legs was at last visible, and the bystanders had given up the poor animal as lost; being fortunately, unusually powerful, he three several times, with what appeared to all supernatural strength, drew a foot from the closely clinging earth, placed it where, by sounding with his trunk, he found the most solidity; not until the third time did the ground bear his pressure, when he gradually released himself. During the whole period of his troubles his cries were exceedingly dolorous, and might have been heard a couple of miles; his grunt, when they were at the end, was equally indicative of satisfaction. The internal application of a bottle of strong spirits soon dissipated his trembling and restored his equanimity. Many unfortunate elephants are lost in these treacherous sands, when large quantities of grass or branches of trees are not at hand to form an available support for them. After a certain time the poor beasts becomes powerless; and the owner can only look with sorrow at the gradual disappearance of his noble animal, and lament the pecuniary loss he thereby suffers, for all human aid is futile.

They have been known to be twelve hours before entirely sinking.

The Three "Tentions."

1. Intention.—If a boy has a sum to work out, or a lesson to learn by heart, he will not be apt to succeed unless he goes at it with a will, or unless he "intends" to do it.

2. Attention.—If he is to succeed, a boy must withdraw his thoughts from tops, balls, kites, and such like; he must not chatter with his school fellows, but must for a time give his whole mind, or "attends" to the lessons behim.

3. Retention.—It is of little use to learn anything unless we remember it or "retain" it in the mind.