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OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when I went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you heedless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
I may give you the kiss of peace.
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain at the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have been broken
By harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest.
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best,
Ah, lips with curse impatient!
Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

[From the May's Landing Record.]

My Journal.

BY LILIAN L'ESTRANGE.

July 10th. Isn't it splendid my dear old journal? To-morrow Nellie Howard and myself start for Long Branch, with her aunt Ellison to chaperone us.

You know papa is not blessed with much of this world's riches, ministers are not in general, and I thought I couldn't go, but my dear patient mother has somehow got the money, and today, to my infinite joy and delight, she told me to begin and get ready. I just hugged her, I was so glad.

Only yesterday I almost envied Nell, my most intimate friend, with all her wealth and beauty. Why she might live at Long Branch all her life and not miss one dollar, and here poor, little, plain me could not go for two short months.

But now I don't care. I'm going, and intend having a regular good time before I return home to enter upon the tiresome career of district school teacher. Oh! *how* I hate it! How often rebellious feelings fill my heart, looking at Nell's dazzling grace. Why is it, I wonder, that some have both wealth and beauty, and others neither?

Now my heart is light and gay, and I go about my home duties humming merrily. We will start on the 14th, so I am very busy turning old dresses, and contriving to make them look new. Then—— oh, dear! mother is calling and I must stop writing.

July 19th. Well, poor journal, it has been more than a week since I last wrote here, but we have been out so much that I really have not found time.

In the morning there are calls to make and visitors to receive. Afternoons we take long rides along the beach, and in the evenings there are either hops or lovely rows by moonlight, when the ocean looks like one broad sheet of silver. One would scarcely recognize in the careless, happy girl of to-day the to be teacher of next fall.

Nell has admirers by the dozen. Every evening she tells me of the number of rejected suitors of that day in such a way that it quite shocks me.

"But, Fan," she said the other night, as we were preparing for bed, "What am I to do. Surely you would not have me marry a man I did not love."

"No, dear," I answered fervently, pressing my lips to the fresh, beautiful face, "but——" I stopped suddenly, for how could Nellie Howard's be otherwise than lovely, one might as well expect the stars to cease shining.

If Nell knows that she is beautiful no one could be more unconscious. She is a perfect study, and, long as I have known her I don't feel familiar with all her ways yet. One moment she is so merry and winsome, the next as grave and quiet as myself.

She is an orphan, and has neither brothers nor sisters—that is one of the reasons that drew me to her from the first, though what made her take a fancy to me I cannot imagine.

July 23d. To-day two new boarders arrived at our quiet little cottage, who were introduced to us as Mr. Greyson and Mr. Leslie. The last named is a grave, gentlemanly looking man, but Mr. Greyson—how shall I describe him? Never have I seen such a handsome, courteous man. He is singularly fascinating, he and Nell would make a splendid match. As usual, she was charming, dressed in a thin, fleecy substance with dainty ribbons of delicate green fastened in among the golden curls; rarely have I seen her look so lovely. But to-night, when we were having our usual confidential chat she, to my great surprise and disappointment, pronounced him "horridly rude."

"Why what has he done?" I queried in amazement.

"Well," pouting the pretty lips and shaking the golden curls, "he *hinted* that I was vain—just to think."

"Never mind," I said, soothingly, "he does not know you yet, or he would not tell you so," with which comforting assurance I fell asleep.

August 7th. Nell still treats Sidney Greyson very coolly. She cannot forgive him yet, although I am sure he didn't mean anything. In the meantime he looks very condescendingly at her, and talks as if she was a spoiled child more than anything else.

I had built so many castles in the air that it is hard to see them. one by one, slowly vanishing. At last I've come to the conclusion that Nell and Mr. G. were not made for each other, and think I may as well let things take their own course, only I can't help hoping they will love each other. One might think that I myself am in love with Mr. Greyson for the pages seem filled with nothing but his name!

I don't see how Mr. Leslie and he ever became friends! But I like and respect the latter very much—he is such a grave, earnest man, a sincere Christian, I think, by his talk. I am sure papa would take a fancy to him, he is just his style—not a man to parade his religion before the world, but helps the sick and suffering in such a quiet way, that one would scarcely know that he had done anything. Nell pronounces him as one of the "goody, goody kind," then adds hastily, "but a dozen of him are better than that provoking Sidney Greyson!"

August 21st. Well, it's queer! Most certainly God's ways are not ours, and He leads us in a path we know not. Journal, my first, very first heart's history, I set down on your pure white pages to-day.

Douglass Leslie came to me this morning, and in his earnest, manly way told me he loved me, and asked me to be his wife! I was *so* surprised that any one could ever care for me in that way, but I knew by my joyous, light heart that I loved him, and told him so.

He has written to-day to papa. Oh! God grant he won't refuse his request, and yet, why should he? My Douglass is an earnest, noble-hearted man!

Nell came to-night to congratulate me, yet how the sly little rogue ever knew is a mystery to me.

In return for her teazing, I retorted that there would soon be another engagement, whereupon she flushed, then said haughtily, "I do not know what you mean, Fan."

"Nell," I replied, "you *do* love Mr. Greyson."

"Fan, stop talking nonsense," she said quickly, and left the room.

August 30th. The strangest thing happened to-day! I was sitting at the farther end of the piazza, half hidden by the luxuriant vines clambering around, when Nell stepped out from the low window opening from the parlor to the porch, closely followed by Sidney Greyson. An amused smile hovered around his handsome lips as he said, "Now, Nellie, do be reasonable, you know that you love me, and that——"

"Indeed, Mr. Greyson, (pardon the interruption), but have I ever given you cause to think so? if so, excuse me for saying you were greatly mistaken!" was Nell's haughty reply.

"For all that, Miss Howards, you have not yet said you did *not* love me. Only say that, then I will believe you."

"Then," was the sarcastic reply, "I, Nellie Howards, do not love you, and never shall. Is it plain?"

"Nell, Hush, I cannot bear to hear you speak so lightly," and he caught her hands, and then went rapidly on—"Nellie, I love you, and always will, though you do not return my affection;" then, clasping her to his heart, he murmured, "Oh my darling, my darling, happy is the man who wins you. Remember dear, I shall never forget you," then he turned and strode rapidly away, the blue eyes soft and moist with unshed tears. Then—with strange perverseness—she cried eagerly, "Sidney, come back, oh, come back," but he was gone, and I hurried to her.

"Nellie," I said, sternly, "you have broken the heart of one of the best men God ever made. People are right when they call you an unprincipled coquette."

"Fan, don't," she pleaded, so sadly that I could not help forgiving her, and kissed the tearful face—I never can be angry with her a moment.

Poor child, how penitent she was tonight; but we saw nothing of Mr. Greyson, and she could make no explanation.

August 31st. This morning when I came down to breakfast and not seeing Mr. Greyson, asked where he was the landlady replied that he had gone away the afternoon before, expected to go to the mountains, and would not be back that summer.

I gave one glance at Nell. Her face was deathly white, but she managed to say faintly, "Please excuse me, Mrs. Ellis, I do not feel well this morning." Then she went from the room.

Poor girl, how I pity her; but I'm determined that she and Sidney Greyson shall come to an understanding in regard to each other, so I went up to her room, and entering saw the golden head bowed and the hands tightly clasped.

"Nell," I said, softly, "Why do you not write to Mr. Greyson and tell him you love him?"

"Never," she interrupted, her eyes flashing angrily. I will never lower myself so much."

I saw talking was of no avail, and so left her to pen a few words to her far away lover, the most important part was these words:

Nell will not acknowledge that she does not care for you, and I have reasons to think that she does. She has no idea I have written this.

FANNIE WILLARD.

I prayed earnestly for my darling's happiness, and then heard Douglas calling me. He has just received a letter from papa, who sanctions our engagement with joy, for Mr. Leslie was an intimate friend of his youth, and he knows all about the family.

How good God is! The grass seems greener, the sun brighter, the birds sing merrier than ever before, and I would be perfectly happy if I only knew that Nell was.

September 4th. To-night Nell looked very lovely. She wore a pale violet lawn trimmed with soft lace, while the pearls at neck and ears were not whiter than her sweet, sad face.

It was lovely moonlight, and we were all on the piazza, with the exception of Nell, who was singing in the parlor. She sang so pathetically that the tears forced their way to my eyes, and I stepped in and took a seat by the piano, that no one should see my emotion, for the pale moonlight was the only light in the room.

Nell was singing "Robin Adair," and the words seemed to come from a full heart as she sang:

"What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
He whom I wished to see,
Wished for to hear.
Where's all the joy and mirth,
Made life a heaven on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair.
But now I never see
Robin Adair.
Yet him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I can never forget
Robin Adair.

In the middle of the second verse I noticed a tall figure darken the open window, but supposed it was Douglass. It waited until the verse was finished and then crossed the room.

"Nellie," said Sidney Greyson, softly, "do you mean what you sing? If Robin Adair was here, could you say you loved him?"

Nell gave a little cry at the sound of the familiar voice, then hid her face in her hands with a faintly murmured "Yes."

I stole from the room; no third person should be present at the opening of hearts.

After the lapse of some five minutes Douglass, who did not know Sidney was there, called in, "Finish your song, Miss Howards," and Nell replied, with great happiness in her musical voice and a hidden depth of feeling I had never given her credit for, "I cannot, except to say:

"Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair!
Never to part again,
Robin Adair!
And if thou art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair!"

Astonished Rattlesnakes.

One of the earliest settlers of the country around Lake Champlain was Colonel Raymond. He understood the character and disposition of the redskin natives of the forest, and lived with them in much harmony, frequently employing them to row him up and down the lake, as he had occasion. One stout fellow, by the name of Bigbear, had his wigwam at no great distance from the colonel's dwelling, and was often there. The colonel, having occasion to visit some distant shore of the lake, employed Bigbear to row him in his canoe. On their return, they passed near a high yet sloping ledge of rocks, on which lay an immense number of rattlesnakes asleep and basking in the sun. The Indian gave a penetrating look at the colonel, and thus inquired:

"Raymun love fun?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, then, Raymun have fun; mind Indian, and hold your tongue."

So he rowed along silent and slow, and cut a crotched stick from a bundle of hazels upon the bank.

"Steady now, Raymun," said he, as he clapped the crotch astride the neck of a serpent that was asleep close to the water. "Take um now, Raymun. Hole fass!"

The colonel took hold of the stick, keeping the serpent down, while Bigbear tied up a little sack of powder, putting one end of a slow match therein. He then made it fast to the snake's tail, and setting fire to the match gave orders to "Let um go!" at the same time pushing the canoe off the shore. The snake, being liberated, crawled away to his den. The Indian immediately then stood up and clapped his hands, making as loud a noise as possible, and thus roused the other serpents, who in a moment disappeared.

"Now look, Raymun, now look—see fun," said he; and in about a minute the powder exploded, when there was, to be sure, fun alive.

The snakes in thousands covered the rocks, all hissing, rattling, twining, twirling and jumping in every way imaginable. Colonel Raymond burst into a loud laugh that echoed across the lake, pleased alike with the success of the trick, and the ingenuity of the savage's invention. But Bigbear, from the beginning to the end, was as grave as a judge, not moving a muscle, and not having the least show of risibility in his countenance.

An Intelligent Dog.

We hear so much of the intelligence of dogs, and the many wonderful and well-vouched instances that are recorded can scarcely cause surprise at any new proof of sagacity. The following from Belgium has been commented on severely, but there seems no reason for doubting that dogs are capable of all the reasoning faculties here implied:

A certain Monsieur N——, going on foot from Leuze to Lessines, in Belgium took with him his dog, which he was anxious to get rid of; but as he was unwilling either to drown him or shoot him, he resolved to lose him on the way. The dog, who, instead of kind words and caresses, received nothing but threats, seemed to understand his master's project; he kept quite close to his heels, and would not leave him for a moment. N——, obliged to sleep out for that night in order to finish his business, went to the inn, and said to his four-footed companion, instead of good-night: "To-morrow, you rascal, I shall take the train, and you will have to walk about here." He then went up to his room and went to bed.

The next morning great was N——'s surprise to perceive when he got up that his socks and his waistcoat were missing. The landlord when questioned maintained that no one could have taken these articles as no other stranger had been lodged in the inn. They were searching and wondering, when they found in a corner of the house the dog, who had been so threatened the evening before, lying upon the stocking and waistcoat of his master. The poor animal seemed to have wished in this way to prevent his master from starting without him. N——, admiring the sagacity of his dog, no longer tried to get rid of him.

Refining.

Whatever expands the affections or enlarges the sphere of our sympathies, whatever makes us feel our relations to the universe and all that it inherits, in time and in eternity, to the great and beneficent cause of all, must unquestionably refine our nature and elevate us in the scale of being.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

The Blackfeet Indians.

The Blackfeet, taken as a body, are still the most numerous and powerful of the nations that live wholly or partly in North America. In person they have developed an unusual degree of of beauty and symmetry. Though of less stature than many other Indians, they are still tall and well made. Their faces are very intelligent, the nose aquiline, the eyes clear, and brilliant, the cheek bones less prominent, and the lips thinner than usual among other tribes. The dress of the men differs little from the ordinary costumes of the Indians of the plains, except in being generally cleaner and in better preservation. The Bloods dress more neatly and are finer and bolder-looking men than the Blackfeet, who, in turn, surpass the Peagins in these respects. The Bloods are said to have among them many comparatively fair men, with gray eyes, and hair both finer and lighter-colored than is usual in the case of pure Indians. This tribe is supposed to bear its savage name, not from any particular cruelty of disposition, but because, unlike the other tribes, its warriors do not steal horses, but only seek for the blood of their enemies, whom they generally overcome, for they are among the bravest of all the natives. The faces of both Blackfeet men and women are generally highly painted with vermilion, which seems to be the national color. The dress of the latter is very singular and striking, consisting of long gowns of buffalo skins, dressed beautifully soft, and dyed with yellow ochre. These are confined at the waist by a broad belt of the same material, thickly studded over with round brass plates, the size of a silver half-dollar piece, brightly polished. The Blackfeet, however, in common with other Indians, are rapidly adopting blankets and capotes, and giving up the beautifully painted robes of their forefathers. The ornamented robes that are now made are inferior in workmanship to those of the days gone by.

The mental characteristics of the Blackfeet resemble closely those of Indians everywhere. Similar circumstances give shape and force to thoughts and emotions in all. Intellectual vigor is manifested in shrewdness of observation, and strong powers of perception, imagination and eloquence. They are quick of apprehension, cunning, noble-minded and firm of character, yet cautious in manner, and with a certain expression of pride and reserve. They are strong and active, and naturally averse to an indolent habit. Their activity, however, is rather manifested in war and the chase than useful labor. Pastoral, agricultural and mechanical labor they despise, as forming a sort of degrading slavery. In this they are as proud as the citizens of the old republics whose business was war. Their labors are laid upon the women, who also are, upon occasions, the beasts of burden upon their marches; for the egotism of the red man, like that of his white brother, makes him regard woman as his inferior, and a predestined servant to minister to his comfort and pleasure. The Blackfeet have, moreover, both a local attachment and a strong patriotic or national feeling in which respect they differ favorably from all other tribes. In their public councils and debates they exhibit a genuine oratorical power, and a keenness and closeness of reasoning quite remarkable. Eloquence in public speaking is a gift which they earnestly cultivate, and the chiefs prepare themselves by previous reflection and arrangement of topics and methods of expression. Their scope of thought is boundless as the land over which they roam, and their speech the echo of the beauty that lies spread around them. Their expressions are as free and lofty as those of any civilized man, and they speak the voices of the things of earth and among which their wild life is cast. Their language being too limited to afford a wealth of diction, they make up in ideas in the shape of metaphor furnished by all nature around them, and read from the great book which day, night, and the desert unfold to them. *Appleton's Journal.*

Comets' Tails—Prof. Tait's Sea-bird Theory.

Comets, says Richard A. Proctor, have been the subjects of paradoxes innumerable; but as yet comets have been so little understood, even by astronomers, that paradoxes respecting them cannot be so readily dealt with as those relating to well-established facts. Among thoroughly paradoxical ideas respecting comets, however, may be mentioned one whose author is a mathematician of well-deserved repute—Prof. Tait's "Sea-bird Theory" of comets' tails. According to this theory the rapid formation of the long tails and the rapid changes of their position may be explained on the same principle that we explain the rapid change of appearance of a flight of sea-birds when, from having been in a position where the eye looks athwart it, the flight assumes a position where the eye looks at it edgewise. In the former position it is scarcely visible (when at a distance), in the latter it is seen as a well-defined steak; and as a very slight change of position of each bird may often suffice to render an extensive flight thus visible, so the entire length of a comet's tail may be brought into view, and apparently be formed in a few hours, through some comparatively slight displacement of the individual meteorites composing it. This paradox—for paradox it unquestionably is—affords a curious illustration of the influence which mathematical power has on the minds of men. Every one knows that Prof. Tait has potential mathematical energy competent to dispose in a very short time, of all the difficulties involved in his theory; therefore few seem to inquire whether this potential energy has ever been called into action. It is singular, too, that other mathematicians of great eminence have been content to take the theory on trust. Thus Sir W. Thomson, at the meeting of the British Association at Edinburgh, described the theory as disposing easily of the difficulties presented by Newton's comet in 1680. Glaisher, in his translation of Guillemin's *Les Cometes* speaks of the theory as one not improbably correct, though only to be established by rigid investigation of the mathematical problems involved. In reality, not five minutes' inquiry is needed to show any one acquainted with the history of long-tailed comets that the theory is quite untenable. Take Newton's comet. It had a tail 90,000,000 of miles long, extending directly from the sun as the comet approached him, and seen, four days later, extending to the same distance, and still directly from the sun, as the comet receded from him in an entirely different direction. According to Tait's sea-bird theory, the earth was at both these epoch's in the plane of a sheet of meteorites forming the tail; but on each occasion the sun also was in the same plane, for the edge of the sheet of meteorites was seen to be directly in a line with the sun. The comet's head, of course, was in the same plane; but three points, not in a straight line, determine a plane. Hence we have, as the definite result of the sea-bird theory, that the layer or stratum of meteorites forming the tail of Newton's comet lay in the same plane which contained the sun, the earth and the comet. But the comet crossed the ecliptic (the plane in which the earth travels round the sun) between the epochs named, crossing it at a great angle. When crossing it, then, the great layer of meteorites was in the plane of the ecliptic; before crossing it the layer was greatly inclined to that plane one way, and after crossing it the layer was greatly inclined to that plane another way. So that we have in no way escaped the difficulty which the sea-bird theory was intended to remove. If it was a startling and, indeed, incredible thing that the particles along a comet's tail should have got round in four days from the first to the second position of the tail considered above, it is as startling and incredible that a mighty layer of meteorites should have shifted bodily in the way required by the sea-bird theory. Nay, there is an element in our result which is still more startling than any of the difficulties yet mentioned, and that is the singular care which the great layer of meteorites would seem to have shown to keep its plane always passing through the earth, with which it was in no way connected. Why should this preference have been shown by the meteor flock for our earth above all the other members of the solar system?—seeing that the sea-bird theory requires that the comet, and not Newton's comet alone, but all others having tails, should not only be thus complaisant with respect to our little earth, but should behave in the totally different way with respect to every other member of the sun's family. We can understand that, while several have been found who have applauded the sea-bird paradox for what it might do in explaining comets' tails, its advocates have as yet not done much to reconcile it with comet observation.

Steilacoom.

Steilacoom (Washington Territory), though unknown to general fame, has some historical importance. It was from it that General Harney dispatched Lieutenant Pickett, since famous as a confederate commander, to seize San Juan Island, which the British Columbians claimed for themselves.

Many stirring anecdotes of those days are related by the enthusiastic pioneers, and with honest pride they dwell upon the integrity, spirit and bravery of that fine type of the American soldier, the American soldier, the veteran general, and the gallant nonchalance of his young officer, who, when told by the pompous commander that if he did not quit the island the English fleet would land its soldiers and capture his miserable excuse of a fortification, replied that the threat could in all probability be enforced, but that many a red-coat would deck its bastion ere they were fulfilled. His careless bearing, easy indifference, and genial hospitality, prevented, undoubtedly, the angry Briton from overcoming a prudent inactivity, and this led to our late quiet possession of the place through the gracious ascent of his Germanic majesty. When the island was occupied conjointly by the British and American troops, the magistrates were appointed by both nations to mete out justice to all, the judicial dignity of the Britons was so shocked by the action of their American contemporaries on the bench that they were compelled to retire from the association through fear of ridicule. The English magistrate appointed to the island circuit being impressed with his own importance appeared in court in faultless attire, and wearing the most fashionable gloves. His Yankee *confrere*, who was appointed apparently for the special purpose of contrast, appeared in an old suit of rusty gray, a collarless flannel shirt, and his large and horny hands never knew any coating other than a coating of clay. British dignity could scarcely stand such company, and it was only a severe sense of duty that made the English justice bear with the association. The last straw, however, was heaped on one day, when the American justice came into court with unkempt hair and beard and the inevitable old suit, but arrayed, ye gods! in a brand new pair of glaring yellow kid gloves, through which the hands seemed to have sprawled. When he took his seat on the bench, to the disgust of the other, and held up his hands, with fingers outstretched, the audience in the court roared with laughter to such an extent that no business could be transacted. This attempt at imitation or mockery was so evident that even the Britons could not suppress their laughter; and the result was, that the English magistrate retreated from the bench in a fit of disgusted anger, and vowed that he would never again sit with such a boor. He kept his word; so the American residents were tried thereafter before their rude though just and fun-loving justice of the peace. This was what they aimed at; so American diplomacy had gained another victory.

Glamour.—Strange and Unaccountable Attachment of the Sexes.

Seeing what the superstition of mankind is and how far it goes it is small wonder that in the days of darkness and scientific ignorance people believed in strange spells and magic charms as the only means by which to account for certain mental phenomena otherwise inexplicable. It was glamour; all delusion and enchantment; a powerful spell working on one side, and hopeless subjugation, because of entire fascination on the other; else how could it have been done? How could Titania have loved Bottom had not her eyes been blinded with a magic herb? And were not the Thessalian witches famous for their power long before our own poor old women took to riding on broomsticks, nourishing families, entertaining doubtful visitors, now as black cats and now as screech owls, and casting spells generally over homestead and byre, beast and man? These concrete and comprehensive explanations for mysterious things have always been acceptable to lazy thinkers who do not care to search into difficult matter involving trouble; as well as those whose characters are founded on ultimates, and who must therefore have reasons for all things and be able to ferret out to the minutest particular how it was that the cork got into the bottle and the apple into the dumpling.

STRANGE ATTACHMENTS.

Now, however, magic and witchcraft, with material filters and abracadabraic spells are out of date, and we are driven into wonder, not to say conjecture, when we see certain attachments and associations between two people who seem to be the very antitheses of each other, and without one point of contact where they may be in harmony and union. What can be the charm which that loud, vulgar mannish woman possesses for that soft and gentle creature who gives up her family and her money, her peace and her liberty, that she may minister to this uncomfortable tyrant, who, in our eyes at least, accepts all and gives back nothing? Where is the power of fascination in a person who has neither physical beauty to delight the eye, nor grace of manner to please the taste, nor yet grandeur of character to elevate the mind and give the sense of moral dignity and a noble mind to those whom she influences and with whom she is associated? It is glamour. We can call it nothing else, and we can scarcely say more. There is no radical explanation to be given; so we must perforce fall back on the irrational, and for want of accurate knowledge drift into the safety of vague superstition. Sometimes in going through the world we fall in with two women of this kind—one who commands and the other who obeys; one who accepts and the other who gives; one who receives all homage, care, tenderness, love, as her right of tribute, a tax in no wise to be rendered back in kind, and the other who sacrifices her very life that her friend's slightest wish may be fulfilled and her least caprices obeyed. The more unamiable of the two is always the one most worshipped; the sweeter and more loveworthy the one sacrificed and humiliated. Yet the sacrifice is voluntary; and the slave has herself forged the chains which bind her. Still, the question remains unanswered—What is the charm which makes these chains so dear, the servitude so loved? What is the spell which binds sweetness to peevishness, feminine delicacy to hybrid coarseness, unselfishness to domination and self-denying love to rampant egotism? Who knows? There are mysteries in sea and sky which no man has yet fathomed; but greater than them all is the mystery of human love, and why one ungainly soul is prized, and another, beautiful and precious, is discarded!

IN MARRIED LIFE.

What friendship is in its degree, so is marriage to a still more striking extent. We sometimes see the sweetest and dearest little woman married to a bluff, burly, and cross-grained fellow, who goes through life like a perpetual thunder cloud, from which the slightest shock brings angry splutterings, sullen murmurs and fiery outbursts, destructive of all peace and comfort. Yet Titania worships her rough-skinned treasure; he is her "gentle joy" to her, and she finds her happiness in wreathing garlands for his long eared head, and in idealizing him—dull ass as he is—till she has made him into a god by whom all men might take a pattern. Her sister, married to Hyperion, as good as he is beautiful, and as clever as he is good, finds her lot in life a hard one, and thinks every wife is to be envied where she is only to be pitied. She talks feelingly of the dreadful punishment which falls on women who make the one great mistake of their lives, and waxes eloquent on the sin of parents in suffering their daughters to marry before they know their own minds or those of the men whom they take for better or for worse. Her eyes fill up with tears when she speaks of Titania's happiness, and how good and kind, for all his rough exterior, is that long-eared Bottom of hers, who shows his rough side to the world, but keeps only his down and velvet for home. And then she sighs and looks out into the distance as one whose heart is full of sadness and whose tongue might say bitter things if she would; but she will not. If unhappy, she is loyal; if unappreciated and not fairly dealt with she understands the holy reticence of martyrdom; and though her marriage has been a mistake, she will not make the world the confidant of her griefs. Nevertheless, she gives the same world clearly to understand that she is unhappy and has been taken in, and that man for man Hyperion does not come near to Bottom, and that Titania is to be congratulated while she is only to be commiserated. This is glamour in an inverted form—glamour dealing with poison, not ambrosia, but quite as general as the other, if somewhat more distressing.

THE FOLLIES OF MEN.

It must not be thought that women alone have the fee simple of this kind of thing; that they and they only love the base and despise the noble by the influence of that strong state of mind which, for want of a better word, we are forced to call glamour. Perhaps we see it even more distinctly in men, for the objects to which the stronger sex sometimes carry their worship, or it may be their displeasure, are certainly of a kind which make other women—behind the scenes—open their eyes and ask Why? Look at that unsuspecting, honest-hearted gentleman who gives his good old family name and personal honor into the keeping of a woman who has not one qualification to make her a worthy custodian of either; and very many which one might have thought would have made any wise man hesitate before he gave himself and his precious treasures into such personal guardianship. He alone ignores what all other men know; he alone believes where others more than doubt. The woman, to eyes untouched by glamour, has not a charm; she is rude and violent, ill-bred and vulgar; her very beauty, what there is of it, is of a low type; and in all probability she has lost the freshness of her skin as long ago as that of her mind. Yet the man whom she holds in thrall loves her, and marries to his ruin a kind of nineteenth century Circe, who, if she does not transform him into a swine, does lower the tone of his mind, so that she makes him accept dishonor for fame and humiliation for glory. But his brother, who has found Solomon's "crown of glory," thinks no more of his treasure than if it were an old brown paper fool's cap; and lets what might have been the sweetness of his married life run to waste through neglect and indifference—as one who grows up his stately flower garden and noble orchard in thorns and briars, and lets his cask of Shiraz wine run into the sand for the want of a little care in hoops and nails to keep the wood together.—*London Queen.*

The Rights and Wrongs of Cats.

Cats are supposed by many persons to be wild animals who may be destroyed without compunction or fear of consequences if found trespassing on enclosed premises in search of prey. This is a popular delusion. Cats, however, mischievious, cannot be shot or otherwise killed with impunity by those who are not their owners, and a case heard at the Bromsgrove County Court last Thursday is instructive on this point. A professor of music in that place was sued by a neighbor for the sum of £2, the alleged value of a cat shot by the defendant. The plaintiff said "he bired the cat which was of a tortoiseshell nature, and was a gray and white Tom." He had been told that it was worth £5, but he valued it at £2 only. The defendant admitted that he had shot the cat because it had that morning taken five chickens and a pheasant out of his garden, although the garden was walled in and fenced, with wire netting. The Judge observed that in point of law the defendant was not justified in killing the cat; but he was of opinion that a cat that had mischievous propensities and was given to destroying neighbors' property was not valuable, but rather a burden to its owner, and that the damage, therefore, was reduced to nothing. No greater nuisance could be imagined, than a cat that was constantly a source of annoyance to its owner's neighbors. He was bound to give a verdict for the plaintiff, but would assess the damage at sixpence only, and ordered costs to be paid on that amount.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

In Doors.

I have observed that the day in doors resolves itself into three grand crises called the three meals. Indeed, this prying into domestic affairs has surprised me. First, at the amount of physical labor a woman has to perform; second, that she can carry so many things on her mind at one time, or rather that she can act in so many directions at one time and so quickly.

This in-doors work seems commonplace enough; but examine an hour full of household work, and you will find it alive with plans, contrivances, forethoughts, afterthoughts, and countless experiences, minute, it may be, but full of animation.

Household work has it breezes of hurry and flurry, besides its regular trade winds, which blow morning, noon and night, and if company, unexpected isn't like a stone dropping into a puddle, then what is it like?—*Good Words.*

A Mistake Often Made.

Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on his sharpness and chicanery. They imagine, if a man is able always to "get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall victim, sooner or later, to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundation will be certain to give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of the young man is safe who eschews every phase of double-dealing and dishonesty, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

How Eagles and Fish-Hawks Feed the Poor in Florida.

Passing the cabin of an old negro, on the Spruce Creek, we were hailed by his daughter, who asked us for fish. It so happened that having none in the boat we were obliged to refuse; but just then an osprey was seen passing by with a large fish in his talons, pursued by an eagle. The fish-hawk was so closely pressed by his pursuer that he had to drop his prey, which fell close by the cabin, and was gladly picked up by the woman. Thus, although the birds lost their supper, the hungry negroes gained one, and, as the man happened to be a preacher, he doubtless compared himself to the prophet who was fed by the ravens.

Good Manners—Like Charity They Cover a Multitude of Sins.

There is nothing like good manners at a table. Good manners mark the cultured lady or the polished gentleman. Like charity they cover a multitude of sins. Good manners exalt a man or a woman. With a good twelve dollar suit of clothes and good manners a man can get $10 worth of board at any hotel "on tick."

We have prepared an article on table etiquette for our readers to swallow, it unless they chews:—

First—When a man seats himself at the table he should remove his quid of tobacco and place it under the edge of his plate; then he should stand up and reach across the table and snatch the bill of fare from before the person opposite.

Second—He should begin on his soup by first taking a large spoonful and blowing in it. He should blow hard and allow the spray to spatter on the lady opposite. This will impress her with his elegant manners. Next he should dip his head down into the soup plate, seize a spoonful and at every mouthful he should suck hard, making a loud "s-s-p"—this will attract the attention of the people at the table toward the polite gentleman.

Third—Order fish, and when you begin eating it you can spit out the bones on the table cloth. If you can let a mouthful of bones fly from your lips to your right hand neighbor's plate it will give a particular relish to your neighbor's food and cause him to admire your manners.

Fourth—when you receive your turkey take a wing in your left hand and seize it with your right fingers. Pull hard, and if you are an expert you will make your elbows cause considerable amusement to your neighbors on each side. If you can take good aim with an elbow and knock a set of false teeth from the mouth of either of your neighbors, it will cause much laughter among the guests at the table, who will immediately set you down as a natural born wag.

Fifth—In waiting upon yourself to butter, be sure and lick your knife blade clean before sticking it into the butter dish. Then when you want a taste of pickled cabbage or a mouthful of jelly, take your knife to the jelly and your fingers to the cabbage. One thing be sure and do, and that is to put the vinegar bottle to your mouth and taste it before you pour any of it over your food. If you have a cold in the head, remember that napkins will answer better than a handkerchief, and by all means never turn your back from the table when you cough or blow your nose. If doing the latter, try to imitate the sound of the steam engine blowing off its overplus of steam. It will impress people with your dignity and grandeur.

Sixth—Pie should be eaten in haste. A quarter section of pie should make exactly three mouthfuls. Cut it with your knife, insert the blade underneath, then shovel it down like throwing a scoop of coal into an open hatchway. If you can manage to knock over your cup of coffee with your right elbow it will be a warning to your neighbors to beware of the animals when they are feeding.

Seventh—Before eating nuts place them on the table and crack them with a knife handle. Assort over the fancy cakes and pick out the one that suits you best, and be sure and fill your pockets with oranges, raisins and nuts for lunch. Let us impress one thing on your mind, and that is to shuffle your feet under the table as much as possible. Hit the feet of all the ladies you can. This will impress them with your gentlemanly deportment in particular. Occasionally curse the waiter, making sure to use good, loud, emphatic oaths—none of your little childish ones—but oaths that have some italic bottom to them.

After you have concluded your meal lay back in your chair and scratch your head vigorously with both hands. Your teeth you can pick with a fork, placing the food removed on the edge of your plate. Smack your lips, gulp up gas from the stomach, wipe your lips with the table cloth, and placing a new quid of tobacco in your mouth you can rise with the proud consciousness that you have impressed the people at the table with your exalted manners.

Three Great Painters.

Rubens, the handsome man, with his broad, open forehead; the joyous eye; the sober, resolute expression. We know the hat, set sideways on the shapely head; the graceful cloak; the well-bred, well-inspired aspect. The man who was a picture; the child of a contrite father and nobly-forgiven mother. Some especial grace was thrown into his human lot to make amends for the sorrows out of which he came. There are two Italians whose names this master suggests to you. One is Michael Angelo, with his mastery of drawing and design. The other is Titan, with his glory of coloring. The muscles of Michael Angelo, with the flesh and hair of Titian. Rubens saw and studied the works of these great men, and obviously desired to combine their merits. In doing so, he has found other merits of his own. Free from the melancholy of Italy, savage in one of his models, tender in the other, he embodies for us the sunny health and cheerfulness of Northern climes. The two beautiful women who were his wives look out to us from the background of happy, domestic life. Michael Angelo painted his women in the shadows of his own loneliness, inspired by the mistress whom he could never call his own. Titian lavished his red and gold upon beauties less difficult, less unapproachable. Rubens, in one family portrait which crowns his tomb, has painted those two women—the dead wife in shadow, the living one in light—with a tenderness which tells us that in the glowing present he did not forget the dreamy past.

For words are wise men's counter's, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.—*Thomas Hobbes.*