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HO, REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST.

The following was the favorite hymn of the late President Garfield, and was sung at his funeral:

Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade
Until night draws round thee
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain.
The night is fast approaching
And soon will come again.
The master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungarnered,
And waste upon the plain?

Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of the Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

The reader will be so obliging as to imagine an old hall in an old, tumble-down country house. A brisk wood fire is burning on the "dogs" of the hearth, and its blaze lights up the large apartment.

There are six persons in this room. The sofa near the fire is occupied by young Mrs. Christopher Williams Bunnett, who is an object of interest just at present. She was Jane Bradley, and has been married to young Williams-Bunnett something under a year. Mrs. Bradley is seated at the end of the sofa, near her daughter's feet, which she has with great propriety, covered with her shawl. Mr. Bradley is located at the table with old Mr. Williams-Bunnett, who took the name of Bunnett on his marriage with the superb old lady at the other side of the fire, for Miss Bunnett was an heiress.

Mr. Bradley is a little punchy man of eight and forty, with white teeth and a red face. Somebody once told him that he was like Napoleon, and he used to stand in attitudes accordingly; but now he is obliged to give that up, as his obesity will neither allow him to cross his hands behind his back nor over his face. He is now drinking some whisky and water, and looking with a thoughtful air at the fire, as if the logs made an enigma that he wished to penetrate.

Mrs. Bradley is a comedy lady, about half-a-dozen years younger than her husband. She is chiefly remarkable for her fidgety temperament, which manifests itself continually in the muscles of her face and her fingers. If those are both at rest, then her feet shakes.

Her daughter Jane is a pretty person of nineteen. She is very lively and good-tempered; doats upon her husband with all the clinging affection of the first matrimonial year;can play a few mild quadrilles and waltzes on the piano, and sings Moore's melodies when sheis alone, but never otherwise. As we have hinted, at present the lady is an object of great and delicate family solicitude.

Mrs. Williams-Bunnett, formerly Miss Constantia Bunnett, is the grandest old lady one would meet anywhere in the country. She is always dressed after ancient models, and of great severity of demeanor. At county balls, evil young men have christened her Agamemnon and Henry VIII; and some have even gone so far as to call her, when in feathers, the king of the Cannibal Islands,all which will give an idea of her imposing presence. She paints her face and takes snuff, because she once saw the wife of the great Mr. Fox do so. When she does the latter she lets much of it fall upon her old point lace collar, upon which her husband says, "Jack's alive!" which means that she is to brush it away; and this private communication often puzzles society.

These, then are the the six personages assembled round the fireplace of Coulter Court at the end of January drinking respectively elder wine and spirits and water. The cause of their meeting will now be told.

"We don't get any further," remarked Mr. Bradley, after a pause. "Come—what shall the little stranger's name be? I wonder if it will be a girl?"

"Wonder! of course, Mr. Bradley," replied the wife. "Three games of Patience running all give the same answer."

"I think as I am the first godmother, it should be called Constantia,"said Mrs. Williams-Bunnett.

"And Antonia, because I am the godfather," added the gentleman.

"Oh—certainly," hesitated Mrs. Bradley; but we want an every-day name first, I think,something familiar-like and pretty."

"I think Constantia is familiar enough," resumed Mrs. Bunnett; at least it is so with the aristocracy.

The Bradleys look at each other, and Mr. Bunnett exclaimed, "Jack's alive!" which had the desired effect.

"What do you say Jane?" asked Mr. Christopher.

"I should like Constantia and Antonia, but I think there ought to be another one first; I was going to suggest Elizabeth."

"Oh, no, dear!" cried Mrs. Bradley; its so servant-like, and always ends in Lizzy or Betsy, or something just as low."

"Suppose we call it Mary?" observed Mr. Christopher.

"Come, now, Mary's as common as Elizabeth, if you come to that,"said Mr. Bradley. It will be 'Polly' or 'Molly' or something of that sort. Every-body's named Mary—half the charity school—so's cook. What do you say to Angelica?"

Just at that moment the deliberation was suspended by the arrival of Tom Bradley, the son. He had been out late shooting, and now came blundering into the hall in those preposterous shoes which sportsmen love to adopt,bringing hisgun with him which he put in the corner.

"Pray take care of your gun, Mr. Thomas,"said Mrs. Bunnett; "you know I cannot endure to be near one."

"Oh, there is nothing to be afaid of," replied Tom. "I flashed both barrels before I came in."

"Yes, but still it might go off," added the lady.

"Pshaw!" said Tom,laughing; "you're just like my mother; she would not sit near the stock the other day, after I had taken the barrel off to clean it."

"And quite right, my dear," observed Mr. Bradley. "Really such dreadful accidents do occur, that one cannot be too careful."

"Well—there mother; I've put it outside the door Will that do?"

And, returning, Mr. Bradley, junior, took his place at the table, and a stiff glass of brandy and water.

"You have come back in time to help us, Tom." said Mr. Bradley. "We are having a discussion."

"What about?"

"A name for—for the little—hem!—the little niece you expect.

"Ah! I see," replied Tom, putting down his glass. "Well, there is no great difficulty about that, I suppose Call her Diana or Juno."

"Why, my dear Tom, these are the names of your horrid dogs!" cried Jane.

"Well' Jennie, why not? They're very good names."

"Jack's alive?" observed Mr. Bunnett.

"How exceedenly warm," remarked his lady, trying to turn the action of brushing away the snuff into fanning herself.

"I've got it!" cried Tom, on a sudden. "Call him Shirley; it's a first-rate name I've seen it advertised—no end. Call him that and have done with it.

"Him!" said Mrs. Bunnett,in a stately tone. "We are speaking of a girl, Mr. Thomas."

"Well, it will do just as well. Nobody knows in the city whether Shirley means a man or a woman. That's the advantage."

Mr. Tom Bradley went away every Monday, and never reappeared until the next morning. Consequently he saw much life and was a great authority on matters, relating to town. And this Mrs. Bunnett hated above all things, for she always wished to monopolize the metropolitan information.

"There is no need of names like that," she said, with a toss of her head, "I have seen the papers this morning, and read of a story where the Christian name is Lettice."

"Ah!" said Tom, "genteel for cabbage; memoirs of a tailor."

The lady looked at young Mr. Bradley like essence of thunder.

"I think," said Mrs. Bradley, "we might do worse than choose Isabella—"

"Or the Fatal Marriage," interrupted Tom. I saw her once at the theatre."

"There does not appear much difference between Isabella and Constantia," remarked Mrs. Bunnet, with her usual severity; "especially for a 'familiar pretty' name."

The lady had not forgotten the rejection of her own.

"Constantia!" cried Mr. Bardley junior; "why, that's the name of a wine,not a girl."

"Tom!" murmured his mother, with every kind of domestic telegraph at work; and she added, still lower. 'It's Mrs. Bunnett's name."

"Well, I don't care, mother," was the reply. "It isn't a girl's name any more, because its that old thing's."

"My dear!"

"Dorothy," suggested Mr. Bradley.

"Dorothea is more poetical," mildy added Mr. Brunnett.

"Dorothea!"cried the inevitable Tom, "Yes. I've seen her image in the crockery shops. Oh, very pretty, indeed; dressed as a boy, with her trousers tucked up; never mind."

And he mixed another tumbler of brandy and water.

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Bunnett, "I could play the violin, and I could make it say, 'Ah, ah, poor, Dorothy,' sliding the finger up and down the first string while I kept bowing it."

"Oh! that's nothing," replied Tom; "you should hear Ole Bull. He can do all sorts of things—make it crow, and bark, and imitate a railway. No stop—that wasn't Bull—it was Smith."

And here young Mr. Bradley indulged in a reminiscence of the music of Ethiopia with all the laughs and chuckles, and forced expirations, which, as comparatively recent investigations have shown, characterized that singular people.

"If we are going to settle the name to-night, I think we had better keep to the subject," said Mrs. Bunnett.

"So do I, ma'am" replied Tom, stopping suddenly. "There's the very last name I was singing—Susannah. What, not Susannah? Then I give it up unless you get a French dictionary, and run over the Christian names at the end.

"Eleanor is pretty, I think," said Mr. Bradley.

"What!" observed Mrs. Bunnett;"you cannot possibly recollect the infamous woman that Charles the Second so misconducted himself with! I should never think of anybody else."

"Jack's alive," exclaimed her husband, as the old lady took snuff most violently in her excitement.

"Here's Mr. Kidd," cried Tom, as a mild young man came timidly into the room. "Here Kidd, your advice gratis is wanted. What shall its name be?"

Mr. Kidd was the assistant to the village doctor and passed the greater part of his time in remote cottages. His only relaxation was occasionally coming in to tea with the Bradleys, as he wished to do on the present occasion. Before he answered Tom's question, he went ceremoniously round to everybody, bowing to some, shaking fingers with others, and asking them how they all did.

"What's a pretty name for a girl?" continued Tom.

"Well—really, Mr. Thomas," hesitated bland Mr. Kidd, smilling, "I hardly know, you are a little too sharp upon me, I think. A name is a very important affair."

"My uncle was going to bemarried to a great fortune, but the lady would not have him on account of his names. He was born in 1775, and was called Lisbon Earthquake Kidd at his mother's express desire, because it had just happened."

"I have known many great persons apply similar names," observed Mrs. Bunnett, "especially of places, but they always appeared absurd."

"I should think so,"said Tom. "Fancy a man going through the world as Tetbury Jones. Ho! ho!

And he made the hall ring again with his laughter.

"These were noble familes that I alluded to," continued Mrs. Bunnett; "but still the custom was ridiculous, to name a person after a place. Suppose we call the child Nancy?"

"Nancy, city of France, capital of the Department of the Meruthe," cried Tom in a breath, quoting a bit of school geography.

Mrs. Bunnett got very angry, indeed. She turned away from the ill-conducted young man, and said to her husband:

"Mr. Bunnett, we must go, or I shall have no time to write those letters to-night to my dear Lady Owlet."

"Oh. don't go yet, until we have come to some arrangement," exclaimed Mrs. Bradley.

"Half a minute longer, mamma," added Mr. Bunnett, junior.

"I'm sure we shall find one directly," said his wife.

"There is no difficulty in finding a name," replied the old lady, with severity, for she still clung to her own. "The great thing is to decide upon it I shall say no more."

"Come Kidd," cried the restless Tom "another shot! What do you propose?"

"I have a sister," mildly replied the assistant.

"Here—stop!—hush!" exclaimed Tom to the company generally; "Kidd's got a sister. Well, what's her name?"

"Prudence."

"And a very good name, too—moral and characteristic. What do you say to Prudence, ladies and gentlemen? Or; better still, Economy—eh? Economy Bunnett—not so bad."

"I am waiting for you, Mr. Williams-Bunnett," said the stately lady, rising from her chair at the last offense of Tom's."

"Half a minute," exclaimed Tom. "Pshaw! I was only joking; the name can be settled in an instant. Look here—Rosa, Theresa, Louisa, Margaret, Emma, Annie, Fanny, May, June, July, August, oh, no—I forgot. I am getting on too fast.

And so he was;for Mrs. Williams-Bunnett bade a stately farewell to the assembled party and sailed from the room, followed by her husband, to the great consternation of the Bradleys, who held her in great awe and respect. They would not have offended her for all the world.

Eight days afterwards, Jane Constantia had been the name finally decided on, an interesting event occured in the family. The bell was tied up in leather, and the world was informed that Mrs. Christopher Bunnett-Williams was as well as could be expected. A fine little baby was handed round to affectionate friends and visitors—but it was a boy.

Fancies in Stationery.

Designs in illuminated bronzes are among the latest and most popular novelties, and in them very beautiful effects are produced by various combinations of metallic colors—such as silver, brass, gold and bronze—and rich tints of green, blue and cardinal. The fancy for grotesque designs is very pronounced, and that design is likely to be the most sought after in which the element of whimsicality does not predominate. In response to the prejudice in favor of what is odd and unconventional, the creeping things have been given a place on paper and card. Snakes curl themselves on letter-paper, lizards in relief, colored to the life, disport themselves on dinner cards; prosaic field vegetables dressed in their livery of green, illuminate the corners of note heads, while storks and owls peer down from chimney-tops and telegraph wires. Fishes and insects are also impressed into decorative service, and, adapted or presented in utter realism, they look out from letter-heads and cards. The dragon design in bronze and green, and that of the stork, in which this much-portrayed fowl is brilliantly presented in gold and blue, with beak and claws tipped with red, show pretty combinations of tints.

In dinner cards small circular ones show the usual floral designs, with surprising additions from the department of natural history. Realistic frogs, turtles, lizards, lobsters and dragon-flies in relief, shown in metallic colors tinted after—immediately after—nature, stretch their lazy lengths across the cards. For cardboard silk is sometimes substituted, and a painted marine design, with the water indicated, and a fish of bronze, with fins, gills and tail in red, bearing a card in his mouth, swimming therein, showed with charming effect against a background of blue silk, fringed at the ends.

Hay Fever.

The prevalence of hay fever at certain seasons of the year is due to the pollen of plants which floats in the air. During the period of fresh growing vegetation the atmosphere is greatly charged with the fructifying material of plants, and the pollen of some of these plants is more irritating than that of others to those who are susceptible to hay fever. It is thought that the reason there was less hay fever the past summer, was that the drought had so affected the plants bearing such pollen as to prevent it from being so effective as usual. Our readers doubtless remember that we hold that a certain vitiated state of the blood is necessary to render the system susceptible to the irritating effects of such pollen. Get the blood in a perfectly healthy state and the mucous membranes will be correspondingly healthy and will resist the irritating effects of the obnoxious pollen. People of good normal blood are not susceptible.

Here, Lion.

Savannah isn't a very good place fo tramps. One of the traveling fraternity call'ed the other day at an unpretending looking house on Jones street. He was an exceedingly woe-begone kind of a specimen, and inquired of the vinegar faced matron who met him at the door whether he could "get a bite;" adding, "I am positively exhausted from hunger—havn't had a mouthful for so long that I can hardly put one foot before the other."

"Could you get a bite here?" responded the lady of the house, in a cheerful sort of way, "Well, I think I might accomodate you. Here, Lion!" A massive bull dog appeared in the further end of the hall, with an eager look on his expectant face. It took the tramp but two bounds to clear the twelve steps, and he took down the street at a rate of speed that would have discouraged any professional pedestrian.

"Tell me the age of miracles is past!" murmured the matron, with a motherly smile, as she slammed the door.

To Boil Fish.—Fish must simmer gently and never be violently boiled. A fish kettle is a great convenience, as it serves also to boil hams, etc. When you do not have a fish kettle, pin the fish securely in a piece of stout white muslin before putting it in the water. This holds it in shape The water should bubble gently, so as not to waste the fish or boil it "to rags." Thirty minutes is the rule for a fish weighing five to six pounds, after that an addition of five minutes to every two pounds of fish.

The custom of appointing men for pall-bearers comes comes from the Romans. Julius Cæsar had magistrates for his pall-bearers. Augustus Cæsar had Senators.

"Prisoner, have you ever been convicted?" "No, your Honor; I have always employed first class lawyers."

—Boston consumed 641,604 barrels of beer last year.

A South Sea Islander.

On second thought, did I care to end my days in Fatahua? Suddenly the doorway was darkened by a stalwart brave, whose noiseless step had given no warning of his approach.

On his shoulder he balanced a bamboo laden with clusters of feu, the wild plaintain, that grows abundantly on the heights, and which, when cooked, is indispensable to the Tahitian palate.

He paused at the threshold until his friendly greeting had been returned; then he entered with some diffidence, deposited his fruits in a corner, squatted upon the mat near me, and breathed audibly, for his burden was heavy, and the trail no primrose path. Except for the *pareu* that girded his loins, my visitor was quite naked.

Long we gazed at each other with an earnest, honest gaze that ended in a smile of recognition; we had never met before, but the uncivilized and the overcivilized are brothers. He placed his hand on my shoulder and stroked me fondly. From the back of his ear he drew his tobacco pouch, and rolled a cigarette, of which we took alternate puffs in token of perpetual peace.

Presently he made a fruit offering, guavas, mangoes, limes; then a drink offering, water in a cup formed of a folded leaf; and then—we had been silent until now—he said, in hesitating English with a childish accent, "I know you; you like me; you come my house."

I nodded assent. The savage shouldered his burden, and stepped lightly down the trail, turning now and again to give me a look or word of encouragement; at every stream he put down his load and bore me dry-shod to the other shore; when it showered, as it now did at intervals, we halted under some broad-leaved tree.

Once we sat in the moss and renewed our vow in tobacco; and thus tranquilly we came at last to a log smouldering by a stream, and our tramp was ended.

It was a large log, partially decayed; it had been fired long before, and was slowly and imperceptibly burning, like a piece of punk. At meal time it could be blown into a flame; a few dry twigs and leaves heaped against it served to warm the frugal meal. This is the national Tahitian hearth—a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night; it puts the blue spurt of the lucifer match to the blush; showers cannot quench it; the gale gives it new life; it was the one luxury in the household of my host.

I was attracted by a rude shelter, close at hand, and went thither to inspect it. Imagine a screen of leaves, about six feet wide and eight feet high, slanting against the trade wind, and supported by a couple of unbarked saplings; the gale rushed over it, the rain slid down it. The sides and front were as open as the day. Three logs hedged in a bed of fine grass-mats, which, like a carpet, filled the space from the low eaves in the trusses to the sapling supports in front; plump clean pillows were stowed in corners; an uncovered calabash contained articles of feminine apparel; a silver thimble and a bit of unfinished embroidery with a needle thrust through it lay on the mat; a hand-mirror was lodged among the beams of the roof. Evidently the bower was not unvisited of women. From the peak of the roof hung a cluster of ripe bananas; I filled my hands, and returned to the blazing log.

For the most part, my companion and I communed in silence. You may sit for hours by a savage without uttering a syllable, yet he will turn to you at intervals with an intelligent glance and an appreciative smile, as if comprehending everything you left unsaid.

"A Man as was Wronged."

If it had been a pleasant day, and if we hadn't all been out of sorts with our luck we should have had a word of welcome for the stranger as he entered our camp that wretched afternoon. As it was, fifty of us saw him leave Chinese Trail at Dead Man's Elbow and walk into our camp, and never a man rose up to salute him.

The stranger seemed to expect just such a reception. That is, he didn't seem a bit surprised.He passed down the single street we had named Road to Riches, turned to the left at the lone pine tree, and without once looking around him he staked off a claim and began to erect a shanty.

"Bad man, I'm afeared,"growled Judge Slasher as he partly closed one eye and gave the stranger the benefit of the squint.

"Hin bounced out of some camp for stealing," added the big chap from Kentucky.

"Tell you, he's got a hang-dog look," put in the man known as "Ohio Bill."

Every man in the camp was down on the fresh arrival, and that without cause. Ordinarily we were a jolly set, and a stranger coming among us met with words of cheer, but that afternoon the devil was to pay. The three mules belonging to camp had strayed off and been gobbled by the Indians, and on the heels of this discovery came the announcement that we had only salt enough to last two days, while the sugar was entirely gone.

So we were cross grained and all out of sorts, and it was lucky for the stranger that he gave us no excuse to pick a quarrel The next day was bright and fair, and if it hadn't been for Judge Slasher some of us would have gone over and excused our manners and asked the stranger to chip in and become neighborly; but the Judge said:

"He's a bad un, he is. I kin tell it by the way his head isset on his body. Fust thing we know a commitee will come along here and gobble him up fur robbery or murder."

Two weeks had passed, and while some of us had given the stranger a curt "good morning," no one had struck hands with him, or entered his shanty to smoke a friendly pipe. Then a climax came. The six of us occupying one shanty were working in common, and our bag of dust was buried in a corner of the fire-place. One morning this bag was missing, and you can imagine that there was a first class row in no time. There was the hole where some one had dug under the stones and carried off our treasure, and whom were we to suspect? We had faith in each other, and we could not suspect outsiders because none of them knew where our bag was concealed, and because this was the first case of stealing ever known on Betsy Jane Hill.

Yes, we were mad, and in the excitement of the first discovery we came near having a free fight among ourselves. It increased our anger to discover that we could not reasonably suspect any one, and this fact made every one of us try the harder to pick up a clue. At length Judge Slasher sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

"By the bones of Kidd! but I know the thief!"

"That hang-dog,sheep-stealing stranger! Hang me! if I didn't dream of his coming in here last night to borrow a shovel, and it was his digging under the stones which started that dream! He has held aloof from us, and that's proof enough that he came here for no good purpose."

It was a straw to catch at. We had lost in a night all we had gained by months of hard work, and we didn't stop to reason It was decided to lay the catbaharg at stranger's door, and if he could prove his innocence so much the better for him.

The news that the White House, as we called our shanty, had been robbed, spread like wild-fire, and we started for the stranger's claim, our crowd numbered a full hundred. He was outside at work, and as he saw us coming he was startled. The angry murmurs and black looks must have frightened him. You will say that an innocent man would have stayed and braved the storm. As the crowd swooped down on this man he started off at a run.

"Halt! Halt! Halt, or we'll shoot!" shouted a score of men.

"He's the thief—stop him! stop him!" roared the Judge.

Five or six shots were fired almost as one and the fugitive tumbled forward on the rocks. Three bullets entered his back, and as the foremost men bent over him and turned his white scared face to the heavens he gasped out:

"You have murdered me—God forgive you!"

"Now to search him!" said the Judge as he came up, and half a dozen hands made quick work of it. Resting on his breast, and made fast to his neck by a ribbon, was a package wrapped in oil-skin. There was a flutter of excitement as the Judge rudely snapped the string and held the package in his hand. It was our dust.

No! We formed in a circle around the Judge as he sat on a rock and opened the package, and in less than a minute there were white faces among us. What were the contents? A photograph of a fair-faced middle-aged woman, and the card was written:

"Mary—died June 19th, 1857."

That was the dead man's wife! There was a second photograph—that of a babe about a year old, and the Judge read aloud in a trembling voice:

"Our Harry—died April 4th, 1857."

That was not all. On a card were locks of their hair. There was a gold ring once worn by the wife, a faded ribbon which her fingers had touched, and a bit of plaid like the dress the baby wore when photographed. Relics of what? Of years agone—of a fond wife and beautiful child—of joy and happiness—of a husband's love and a father's grief!

And we were looking down upon these things and feeling our hearts swelling up and our eyes growing misty when up comes our good-for-nothing, half-witted cook with the bag of dust in his hand! In repairing the fire-place he had moved the bag, and in the excitement over its supposed loss what little wit he had was frightened away for the moment. The hole under the stones had been made by some small animal in search of food, and in our haste we had accused and murdered an innocent man.

It came to us in full force as we stood there, and men sighed and wiped their eyes and walked away with trembling steps. The Judge felt that he was most to blame. He was looked upon as a hard, wicked man, but those relics of the dead broke him up. He sat there and wept like a child, and in a voice hardly audible for his great emotion, he moaned:

"Heavens forgive me for this awful deed!"

With sorrow—with tenderness—with hearts like children, we dug a grave and put the poor body into it, and with his own hands the Judge planted the head-board and engraved thereon:

"Here lies a man as was wronged!"

The Perfumes Used by Egyptians.

The consumption of essences must have been enormous at the highest tide of Egyptian splendor, for the people were actually enjoined to perfume themselves on Fridays: corpses were anointed with aromatic essences; sherbets and sweetments were flavered with fine vegetable extracts; perfumes filled the air in every well-to-do house, and saturated the letters and presents which were constantly being exchanged. The ladies bathed in perfumed water, the men used scented oils for the hair, and both made use of red, yellow and green soap.

During great festivals incense was burned in all the streets, so that even the poorest might be regaled by the mere act of breathing. Nor was there any lack of narcotics. The mode of preparing opium, introduced from Syoot, in Upper Egypt, was well known and the Sultan Beybars promulgated several edicts prohibiting the use of hasheesh, a stupefying and intoxicating preparation of Indian hemp. In spite of the Prophet's prohibition, the juice of the grape continued to be indulged in. Alcohol (as its name indicates) is an Arab discovery, and beer—the favorite beverage of the ancient Egyptians—was also brewed and drank under the Caliphs.

Many a jovial song in praise of wine was sung by Arab poets, and in early times many Arabs would by no means admit that the Prophet had forbidden its use. In an old MS. copy of Tha'alibi it is said. "The Prophet—may God bless him and accept him—permitted wine, and mercifully allows us to strengthen ourselves with it at our meals, and to lift the veil of our cares and sorrows."

"He's Aye Shavin."

A minister who was, not too careful in his habits was induced by his friends to take the teetotal pledge. His health appeared to suffer and his doctor ordered him to take one glass of punch daily.

"Oh!" said he, "I dare not. Peggy, my old housekeeper, would tell the whole parish."

"When do you shave?" the doctor asked.

"In the morning."

"Then," said the doctor, "shave at night, and when Peggy brings up your hot water you can take your glass of punch just before going to bed."

The minister afterward appeared to improve in health and spirits. The doctor met Peggy soon after and said:

"I'm glad to hear, Peggy, that your master is better."

"Indeed, sir, he's better, but his brain's affected; there's something wrang wi' his mind."

"How?"

"Why, doctor, he used to shave at night before going to bed, but now he shaves in the morn, he shaves before dinner, he shaves after dinner,he shaves at night—he's aye shavin'."

A Banquet in Mediæval Venice.

When Henry III. of France, and king of Poland, was on his return to Paris to take up the government which had devolved upon him by the death of Catharine de Medici's two elder sons, he passed through Venice, and the reception given to him by the queen of the Adriatic is a fair specimen of numerous other displays of a like nature. On the Venetian frontier a goodly number of senators and councillors met the king; his gondola was spread with gold brocade; the nobles told off to attend upon him were dressed in flowing robes of silk; sixty halberdiers as guards of honor wore liveries of orange colored silk, and carried ancient battle-axes. Four hundred rowers sped the royal craft on its way to the Lido,followed by countless gondolas of the nobility draped in cloth of gold, and resplendent with mirrors and arms. On the Lido was erected a triumphal arch, of which Palladio ,the celebrated Vicenzan, had been the architect, and which Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese had painted. The king was lodged in the Foscari palace, adorned for the purpose with everything that was rich in tapestry and gold. But the banquet in the evening was the most striking ceremony. It took place at the Giudecca, just over against the favorite hotel of modern Venice; the royal gondola glided down the Grand Canal amid soft-sounding music, and at the steps the monarch was received by twelve noblemen, dressed in picturesque mariner's costume, blue satin with scarlet facings, each with a lady in white resting on his arm. Three thousand guests were awaiting the king's advent into the courtyard, resplendent with jewels and brocade. To while away the time before the banquet was announced, an acrobat performed gymnastic feasts for the edification of the guests, and all around was assembled a sparkling fleet of gondolas, with their torches and gilded prows, and their crimson damask coverings floating in the waves,for there were no sumptuary laws in those days, and no restraint on display. Tables were laid to accommodate the three thousand guests. For the royal entertainment a curious surprise was prepared. Henry was invited to seat himself at a table made entirely of sugar; the napkins, plates, knives,forks, etc., were all made of that commodity; so good was the deception that the king complacently sat down, but, on taking up his napkin, he found it crumbled beneath his grasp, The plate before the king had upon it the figure of a queen seated on two tigers which had on their breasts the arms of France and Poland. On the right of the royal seat were two sugar lions, with a Pallas and a Justice of like material, while on his left stood a sugar St. Mark and a sugar David, and on the table were spread horses, trees, and ships, etc., all of sugar. After the repast 1260 figures of sugar were distributed among the fair sex as a pleasing memorial of the event. After this episode the king was taken to a more substantial table, and to food to a more substantial character. At the intervals of the courses comedies were acted and poems sung; around the hall were planted rare trees and odorous plants; baskets full of fruit hung from the ceiling, and tame hares, rabbits and birds were chained among the trees with silken cords. The repast lasted for four hours, and ninetye ourses passed before the royal eyes; and then, at the end of all things, a huge pie was opened, from which issued birds; and the guests arose to give them chase, the prize for the largest bag being an ostrich egg set in gold. With this began the dancing and revelry of the evening. These public banquets were imitated extensively in private life. Four to five hundred ducats was an ordinary sum for a Venetian to spend on an entertainment. The art of cooking was carried to a ridiculous excess, into every dish it was deemed necessary to cast some gold dust to give it what they termed "the heart."

How Much to Eat.

Having tested a number of meals in a general way, eating more or less each time, find out as near as may be what is the proper amount for a meal. Begin with a very light breakfast of ordinary food, such as you have been accustomed to, and note the number of hours you can go without feeling a want of more food. For a very light breakfast, say one roll, a cup of coffee and a very small piece of meat, three hours or less will be found the limit. This is not offered as a rule, but as a suggestion; for it makes a vast difference what you do during those three hours. A given amount of food will go further in manual labor than in mental labor, as brain work is more exhausting than hand work. The next time try a little more, and in the course of a dozen breakfasts you will learn to judge pretty closely what you require to carry on your work till the hour of the next meal. Having found out just what you need, never, on any consideration, take more. Never mind how nice the steak, how tempting any food may be, shut right down on the whole eating business the instant you have had enough. Too little can be repaired by eating a light lunch before the next meal. Too much cannot be repaired, and you must pay for the indiscretion. In all this there must be plain common sense. Do not imitate the invalid who kept a pair of scales on the breakfast table to weigh his daily bread.

Green Peas.—Cook from twenty to twenty-five minutes in boiling water with a little salt. Drain when tender, stir in a lump of peppered butter, and serve hot in a vegetable dish. A few spoonfuls of sweet cream is a great addition.

The Duff Family.

The Duff family, pater, mater, and little ones, picnicked on the beach beyond Fort Point "I do not love nathure," remarked Patrick Duff, who is a proud and frequent voter of the Seventh ward, as he unhitched the dray-horse from the family carryall, which bore the family arms, "Duff's 'Xpress." "The cares av political loif and gineral expressing require that man should relax his moind midst the grand reposh av tireless nathure's reshtful bosom. I'll ring that sentiment into me nex warrud club spache, Mary Helen, be my sowl, I will. Lave howld av that cowld boiled ham, James Henry, or I'll throw ye into the trackless tide."

The lunch basket was safely deposited in the shade of a rock, the youthful Duffs disported bare-legged in the mild surf, and Mr. and Mrs. Duff wandered free from care, o'er the green hillside. Presently Mrs. Duff discovered a bumblebee in the deep recesses of a wild flower she had plucked. Alas, she had never seen a bumble-bee before! "Luk here, Patrick," she exclaimed, "yez never saw the loike av that in Kerry, Pat."

Mr. Duff was too much of a politician to commit himself as to his knowledge or lack of it, without first considering the subject. Taking the flower from his wife's hand, he eyed the bee critically, and then assented:

"Yes, it is a very pretty burrid; I think it is a—"

Before Mr. Duff had explained what he was pleased to think the bee was, he had dashed the flower in his amazed wife's face, jumped excitedly in the air, landed hatless and with hair erect, and again repeated, still slowly, but with popping, glaring eyes, and in a voice husky with pain and anger:

"It is a purty burrid, but, holy mother, how hot its little fut is!"

"Patrick Duff, have you been hitting that whisky bottle in the lunch basket?" exclaimed the indignant Mrs. Duff.

Patirck, in dumb bewilderment,gazed on his swelling and inflamed thumb and then at the wife of his bosom before he replied:

"Hod yez run yer needle through that burrid, Mary Helen, before yez gav' it to me?"

"Don't yez be too funny, Pat," said Mrs. Duff, testily.

"Shure. I'm not funny at all, Mary Helen, and yez needn't look that way at me, nather, or I'll break your vertebræ," said Mr. Duff, getting madder as his thumb got bigger.

"Yez had better not be thrying your thricks wid me, or I'll land ye wan side av thet ugly jaw of yours that'll tach ye who is boss of the Duff family." Mr. Duff's voice rose as he realized the full extent of his hurt.

"Yez have been drinking yerself into transitory jim-jams, Pat, and yez had better slape it off before lunch," replied the lady in a conciliatory tone, which only served to aggravate the gentleman's temper into exact sympathy with his thumb, for with an irresistible impulse he made good his threat, and in a moment the sweet solitude of the spot and day was rudely broken by blows which fell with unequal force and rapidity on both the heads of the heads of the Duff family, while the bumble bee hummed drowsily off, moralizing over the greatness of evils when unknown.

Mourning Costumes.

There are some changes in the styles for mourning wear this season. English crape is more used than ever, and whole dresses are of this material. These cannot be lined with woolen goods, as the suit would be to heavy, and the fabric has not sufficient body to support it. A particular kind of dead silk is manufactured for this purpose. Shawls cannot be worn with these dresses, so they are replaced by long garments matching them. For winter wear they are wadded. Suits are also of English crape and cachemire. During the first few months mourning shawls are generally worn over these suits. For young ladies the outer garments usually consist of small visites trimmed with crape. After the first months of mourning have passed, pelisses may be employed of vigogne or "cachemire lundou," trimmed with black fox or beaver. One of the most important articles of a mourning toilet is the bonnet. For some years past many ladies have imagined that any eccentric shape, if only covered with crape constituded mourning. It is, however, much more appropriate to wear a small silk or lace capot for this purpose than the large shapes, such'as the directoires turned up on one side. English crape is certainly very deep mourning, but it must be employed in particular ways, and a lady cannot be considered suitably dressed so long as she wears aGainsborough, a "toque" or a Velasquez shaped hat even if it is covered with crape. These hats can, however, be worn by very young ladies.

A bonnet suitable for mourning use may be small and close-fitting. Around the crown is a wreath of black grapes. Down the back falls a veil and in front is a tulle veil trimmed with crape. Another bonnet for deeper mourning is a small American capote, its only trimming consisting of a large crape veil draped around the crown and falling to the lower part of the skirt "a la Jueva." This kind of draping is much prettier than the straight pieces usually employ d. A model for a young lady is the "Napolitain" shaped hat. It has a broad brim covering the face and high crown, almost pointed. It is trimmed with plush and jet ornament.

A great variety of jet jewelry is worn even by ladies who are not in mourning. Some novel ornaments are in different metals. One of these is a brooch pin in the form of a comet. The star on one end of the pin is of gilded metal, and the long piece is worked with shaded fire-colored beads. A cachepaigne consists of three old coins. This is used on a drapery, as a comb for the hair, or on a bonnet.

Considerate mother to governess: "Miss Smith, don't let Alfred and Jamie sit down on the damp grass, for fear they should catch cold. When they are tired, you can sit down and take them on your lap'.'

The flesh of a pike recently caught in the North Sea has been found to be full of trichinæ. The parasites are supposed to have been introduced into the fish's body by offal eaten by it.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—France has 1,000,000 lunatics.

—A locomotive drinks forty-five gallons of water every mile it travels.

—Pierre Paulinier, Archbishop of Besancon, is dead.

—Bismarck is in a state of irritability. He is suffering from neuralgia.

—Minister West was presented by Secretary Blaine to Mr. Arthur of the 14th

—Out of every hundred inhabitants of the United States sixteen live in cities.

—The finest thread in a spider's web is composed of no less than 400 strands.

—The entire loss of the German armies in 1870-'71 was 53,000 men.

—Edward Young is the author of the line, "Death loves a shining mark."

—Gov. Roberts of Texas says he would walk rather than ride on a railroad pass.

—A penny edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has been published in London.

—There are now over 100 stationers in Boston In 1849 there were only twenty.

—It is estimated that there reside in London, England, not less than 32,000 thieves.

—The average English jailbird gets 260 ounces of food, the average pauper 166 ounces.

—The Queen of Sweden has for device a swallow with the motto, "To Seek the Best."

—The average wages of workingmen in France are only 60½ cents a day; those of woman 31½.

—Boston's net debt, exclusive of water loans, was $15,773,446 on the 1st of September last.

—The pawnbrokers of Great Britain, 4,372 in number, take in during a year 200,000,000 of pledges.

—It is said that there are only one hundred Modoc Indians left, and they are engaged in farming.

—The cotton factories in the South have, since the war, paid an average dividend of 22½ percent.

Mr. Stephen Fiske has accepted the position of chief of the editorial staff of the New York *Star*.

—The Emperor and Empress of Austria will return the visit of the King and Queen of Italy next autumn.

—There 230,000 goats on the island of Cyprus.

—The Boston public library contains 924,338 volumes.

—There are 700,000 Masons in the United States.

—Oranges are splitting terribly on the trees in Florida.

—A medical college for women is to be opened in San Francisco.

—Gunpowder is composed of potassic nitrate, charcoal and sulphur.

—It is said that Vanderbilt now holds $80,000,000 in government bonds.

—A little California boy sent $1 to the Garfield Fund, stating that it was the first money he had ever earned.

—The Star Chamber was named from the Starra or Jewish covenants, deposited there by order of Richard I.

—The soldiers of Italy cost that nation £36 per head annually, of France £51 per head, and of England, £140.

—Miss Arthur, the daughter of the President, is a blonde-haired young lady who is now at school in Albany.

—At his death Washington was the richest President the United States ever had. He left an estate worth $800,000.

—Boston has a project on foot for a club for both sexes, where wines and liquors are to be excluded

—Boston last year consumed 641,603 barrels of larger beer—two barrels to every man, woman and child.

—Gold quartz has been discovered in Brown county, Ind., thirty or forty miles south of Indianapolis.

—Columbia county, Fla., has several colored farmers who make annually from $1000 to $1500 worth of sea island cotton.

—By the Saxon laws twelve years of age was fixed as the earliest possible development of the legal understanding.

—As late as 1576, the Emperor Maximilian II. kept a park of animals near his castle, in which he frequently hunted.

—The Fabii, a noble Roman family, are said to have derived their name from Faba, a bean, because their ancestors cultivated pulse.

—The Thirty Years' War in Germany was between Catholics and Protestants, and was concluded by the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648.

—The population of Europe to the square mile is: Belgium 469, England and Wales 386, Italy 288, Germany 201, Holland 185, France 180, Switzerland 175, Austria 175, Ireland 169.

—Prisoners of war, among the ancient nations, were usually enslaved. In the thirteenth century civilized nations began to exchange them.

—The wine of the Lord's Supper was laid aside, and the community by the laity under the form of bread alone took its rise in the West in 1096.

—A Rabbi recently died in Hungary in his 101st year, after holding for seventy-five years the same position in his native town.

—Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia, have peach trees now living and bearing, which were planted in 1816.

Lieutenant-Governor Weston of Massachusetts has given $1,000 for the Garfield professorship at Williams College.

—Secretary Blaine has on the wall of one of his parlors a fine engraving of Gladstone, sent to him by Mr. Gladstone himself, with an autograph.

—Sheep cheese is very popular in Austria, and an enterprising Austrian has started a sheep dairy near Chattanooga, Geo, with 1,000 head.

—Eighteen miles was the length of a boat race rowed by three crews of Minnesota lumbermen. They were completely exhausted by the effort,

—The authorities of the hospitals in Paris have given a banquet to Surgeon J. Spencer Wells, vice President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, for his services in surgery concerning disease of woman.

—A small portrait in oil of Columbus has been discovered in a perfect state of preservation in the colonial office at Madrid. It represents him as about forty years of age, with thick, dark hair, and a hooked nose, and it is conjectured to be a contemporary portrait.