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B. F. SCHWEIER, — THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. — Editor and Proprietor.

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THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, my love! The way is dark
For thee and me;
Only a single step beyond
Can either see.

Our paths diverge—nay, do not weep,
God knoweth best;
Kiss me good night and let me sleep,
I long to rest.

All worlds are His who cares for us;
'Twere sweet, dear love,
To go together from this home
To that above.

But all our Heavenly Father's ways
Are surely right:
In life or death, we'll trust in Him.
So, love, good night.

Still I am thine and thou art mine
In heaven as here;
Methinks the veil will not be thick
Between us, dear.

Thou wilt come soon! Work while tis day,
And serve the right;
Remember that I wait for thee—
Dear love, good night.

A BOARDING HOUSE episode.

I am an old maid, and live in a second rate boarding-house, and probably the world at large would agree with my niece Elinor when she says:

"Such a dreadful life, auntie! How can you bear the monotony, to say nothing of the annoyances?"

Elinor has always eaten cream from a silver spoon, so to speak, and having just married, and being consequently surrounded by a deeper rose-colored atmosphere than usual, it is hardly to be wondered at that she cannot appreciate the advantages of my situation.

"Bless you, child," I say to her, "it isn't so very bad after one gets accustomed to boarding-house steaks and muddy coffee; and I've had more experiences in these twelve years than you in the whole twenty-four of your life."

It is true, there have been such funny incidents at number twelve, Blank street, that I could have given Dickens points for a dozen tales better than Pickwick. I must say, however, that two years ago this very month something happened which more nearly demoralized the tranquil course of affairs at number twelve than anything else.

Brother William and I had been there for years, and were as nearly domesticated as it is possible to be in a boarding-house. William is somewhere in the thirties, and always so staid and quiet that he has the credit of ten additional years. He comes home at night—he is a clerk on a moderate salary—and after tea drops into my room with the evening paper to read, while I knit or darn his socks. We are neither of us brilliant conversationalists, so that after we have talked half an hour or so he says goodnight and goes off to his own room. It is a trifle humdrum, perhaps, but we've never been used to gayeties, and on the whole rather enjoy vegetating. Sometimes William suggests that a pipe or a cigar would add to his happiness, judging from the comfort other men derive from smoking, but I say to him:

"No, William, you haven't one bad habit, and why should you cultivate one now? When a man is growing bald he is too old to begin smoking."

To begin my story. One night a carriage drove up to number twelve, a large trunk was lifted off, and a girlish figure came up the steps. I was in the bare parlor waiting for tea and saw the arrival. In a boarding-house there are so few occurrences that one cannot help fostering a little curiosity, and I waited with some impatience for the newcomer's appearance. But she did not come and as William did and the tea-bell rang I proceeded to the dining-room.

The long table was nearly filled and tea was half over when a girl appeared in the doorway, and no one noticing her for an instant said in a bright and charming voice:—

"Will you give me a seat?"

Then the little maid servant whom she addressed turned and placed her opposite me. I cannot begin by any description to tell how pretty she was. She had that plump, peach blossom beauty which reminds one so irresistibly of summer bloom and brightness. Her eyes were large, brown and appealing, her hair full of little curly knots and rings, and when she looked down the long lashes rested on her cheeks, and made her prettier than ever. I could see that the eyes of the gentleman were furtively directed toward her, and knew they were filled with admiration, but no one spoke, and I believe she did not look at any of us.

To cut the story of several days short, we did not succeed for that length of time in making her acquaintance. I learned from Maggie, the chambermaid, that her name was Miss Archibald, and that she had come to the city for a visit, choosing number twelve as a stopping place because her father had known Mrs. Ford, the landlady before she moved to Boston.

For several days, as I said, she came to breakfast, dinner and tea, and gave none of us the chance even of saying "Good-morning," until it happened that her eyes met mine by chance, and I said it boldly. Then the ice was broken. That noon when William came to dinner he lingered in my room before going down, and said finally:

"Smith says you were lucky this morning."

Smith is the bank cashier, who sits at the end of the table.

"Why?" asked I curtly, breaking my thread, although I knew well enough what he meant.

"Because you have had the first chance of speaking to Miss Archibald."

"Small honor!" said I, curtly.

"Well, I don't know," said William. "It depends on what you consider an honor," and by that I knew he was as much interested in Miss Archibald as the others.

All our gentlemen are of that uncertain age at which, if the follies of youth crop out, they are much more apparent than at an earlier period. William, however, seemed to be the one among them most favored by fortune. We were at dinner, and Miss Archibald, nearly opposite, was screened from us by a tall glass of celery. William, ostensibly to help himself to that vegetable, but as I still think, to remove it from his range of vision, put his hand out, and instead of lifting the glass, nervously overturned it in Miss Archibald's plate. For the first time since we had known her, her face relaxed into a most charming smile. William was too much confused to do anything beyond asking incoherently to be excused, at the same time growing more and more scarlet, and Miss Archibald said laughingly:

"I thank you for helping me so bountifully."

William made an extravagant bow and smilingly answered:

"If I had had the pleasure of helping you I should not have done it in so awkward a manner."

After that there was no more ceremony. Miss Archibald soon went into the parlor after tea, played a little on the cracked piano, sang some simple ballads in a fresh young voice, and finally it was the usual thing to see William standing, raptly attentive, at one side of the piano, Smith behind her, Morrison, the newspaper reporter, in a lounging chair wheeled so that he could watch her face, and Timmins, the hardware dealer, turning her music. To be sure, he did not know one note from another, and she was obliged to stop her song and say, "Now!" as a signal at every page.

I found that the gentlemen regarded William with a certain coolness, as, owing to the affair of the celery, he was on a more familiar footing with her than any of them.

As for me I liked Miss Archibald very much. She seemed a sensible little thing, and, beyond that, was so extravagantly pretty that one could but admire her.

She invited me to go on shopping expeditions, and I found she was having a number of elaborate dresses made, about which my advice was asked, and of course, that deference to my opinion in the matter of dry goods had a mollifying effect on me

William became more and more infatuated, as did the others, and I grew provoked. As if men of their age ought not to have something better to think of than being at the beck and call of a child in her teens!

One night I went into the parlor to wait for Mrs. Jerrolds, who had invited me to a lecture, and in the darkness—for Mrs. Ford was too economical to encourage the lighting of more than one gas jet—saw Miss Archibald on the piano stool with her hands resting on the keys, while William was standing beside her, looking eagerly in her face.

"Yes, Miss Bessie," he was saying, "friendship is such a noble, such an elevating thing! How it lifts us above petty commonplaces to know there is one heart will be true to us!"

"Charming indeed!" said I, dryly. "Yes, William, as you say, there is nothing like friendship."

It was wicked of me, I know, but I was abundantly repaid by the start he gave and the expression I could imagine but could not see on his countenance. Miss Archibald was undisturbed and began playing softly as I went out.

Well, things went on in the same ratio until I used to see William coming in with little white parcels, unmistakably from the florist's, and Miss Archibald wore violets and daisies at her throat.

One morning we came down to breakfast and her seat was vacant. Timmins lingered over his breakfast, but she did not appear; Smith was silent and preoccupied, Morrison read the morning paper nervously, and William played with his biscuit.

At noon she did not come, and the four lunatics became still more agitated. In the meanwhile I had ascertained that she went to Dorchester the previous afternoon and had spent the night there, but my opinion was not asked and of course I did not volunteer information. After dinner, William, instead of going out as usual, waited for me in the hall and said:

"Deborah, won't you go upstairs and see if Miss Archibald is ill?"

"No, I'm sure I shan't," said I, coolly. "Not even to oblige you."

"Deborah, how unkind you are!" cried he dramatically. "Is this all the sympathy one woman has for another? Why, a person might die in a boarding-house without a soul near,"

"William," said I, impressively, "take my word for it, you're making a decided simpleton of yourself." But William had shut the door forcibly and was gone.

In the middle of the afternoon Miss Archibald came to my room, fresh and rosy.

"Such a nice time, dear Miss Fraser," she said. "And now may I tell you a secret?"

"To be sure, my dear," said I, stroking her soft cheek as she knelt beside me, for I couldn't help liking her.

"Well, all my shopping is done, and I am going home to-night unexpectedly at six. Harry has come for me and insists that I shall go back with him. He said papa gave him full liberty to take me whether I was willing or not."

"And who is Harry?"

"That's the secret, Miss Fraser, though after I am gone you may tell it. He is Harry Starr, and we are to be married in three weeks.

"So that was why you had so much shopping to do," said I. "Well, my dear, I hope you'll be very happy."

"I helped her pack, was introduced to Harry when he called for her—a handsome, broad-shouldered fellow—and said good bye with a blessing.

That night at tea I felt that I had a mission to perform. All were early, and the gentlemen as they came in glanced quickly at Miss Archibald's seat only to find it vacant. A general gloom settled over the table. Finally Timmins could bear it no longer and said to me:

"Is Miss Archibald ill?"

"Oh, no," said I, coolly. "She has gone home rather suddenly. The gentlemen to whom she is engaged was in town, and thought it would be pleasant for her to go down on the same train with him."

I cast a glance round the table. Smith and Morrison were eating rapidly. William pushed back his chair and left the room, but only Timmins could not be satisfied.

"The gentleman to whom she is engaged?" he repeated feebly.

"Yes," said I, helping myself to butter with the utmost cheerfulness. "She is to be married in three weeks."

William never mentioned the name of Miss Archibald, and I noticed that the four gentlemen settled back immediately into their former staid and sober ways, and gave up cultivating the graces of youth.

My brother has been quite humble since the occurrence, and I am sure has more respect for his sister's common sense than before. I only enjoyed the situation, especially as he took me to the opera that week, evidently as a tacit bribe to restrain me from saying, "I told you so." But I am not above accepting a bribe, even though I am tolerably well convinced that the tickets were purchased for Bessie Archibald.

Shot in the Street.

One of the keenest and most merciless of Parisian usurers some fifty years ago was one Guibert, who not only lent money at extortionate prices and compelled his victims to take part of the loan in bad pictures and worthless goods but had engaged in absolute swindling. He was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, but through powerful influence and the use of money he avoided this punishment, to the intense disgust of the community at large, but especially of the many people he had swindled or "bled." He had been assaulted several times, and so never appeared on the streets alone. November 27, 1838, as he was passing along the Rue Louis-le-Grand, Guibert was shot in the arm, but as no one had seen the the assailant and as he made no complaint, the theory that the pistol had been discharged by a jealous or cast-off woman was set afloat and accepted. Eleven days later, as Guibert and his brother-in-law, Ferne, were passing No. 10 Rue Neuve St. Augustin, the former was shot dead. A hackman, jumping from his coach, collared a young man as the murderer, but the man shook off his grasp with a laugh and the exclamation, "What do you mean?" while several other men bustled around them, saying, "This is a mistake," "That isn't the man," and so on, till the confused coachman released his prisoner, who walked away unconcernedly. The police made some twenty arrests and put a watch on every one of Guibert's debtors, but the usurer's murderer never was found. Just two years before that, to a day, a still more mysterious crime had been committed inside of the Bank of France. As M. Bouron, a sub-cashier, was passing along a dusky corridor leading from the central safe to his desk, having under his arm a package containing more than $200,000 in bank notes, one man throttled him while another seized the money. Bouron a powerful man, shook them off and shouted "Murder!" when the clerks and watchman ran to his aid. One of the robbers lowered his head and made a dash for the street; he buttered two or three men over, but was finally overpowered. His accomplice leisurely adjusted his hat and cuffs and walked calmly out of the place, no one knowing as yet that two men had been concerned in the attempt. The prisoner, a handsome and well-dressed man, was taken to the Police Office, but as he was asked his name drew a pistol and blew out his brains Though one hundred thousand persons inspected his effigy at the morgue, and the bank offered a great reward, no one ever identified the dead man, nor was his companion ever heard of.

"A Grudging Blessing."

A sleek and oily man, smoothly shaven, clad in black broadcloth, with a single-breasted, narrow-collared coat of sacerdotal cut, and a high silk hat, rang the bell of a house in East Eighty-fourth street New York. The ring was answed by the cook. She did not recognize the priest, who seemed to know her perfectly well, and accosted her by her name, which may be indicated as Maggie.

"I have come to see you Margaret," he remarked, "on an errand from our church." "Our church" is St. Monica's, in East Seventy-eighth street, where there are several priests.

Maggie thereupon invited him to a seat in the kitchen. "Thank you, Margaret, but I am very tired and I think I will sit in your parlor for a few minutes."

Maggie explained that there was a prejudice on the part of her employers against the entertainment of her guests in the parlor when the family were in town.

"Ah, well," sighed the holy man, as he drew up the cruelly hard-bottomed chair to the kitchen stove, "this will have to do. I have come to get your subscription, which I know you will esteem it a privilege to make, to the monument we are about to erect in Calvary to the deceased members of our church sisterhood. Remember, my good girl," and here he stroked her paternally—"remember that without charity you are nothing, and that to deserve your priest's blessing you must give liberally."

Now "Margaret" combined great reverence for the priesthood with considerable prudence. She had a ten-dollar bill in her bedroom, but, as she afterwards explained, it "kem acrass" her that she might as well keep that fact to herself. So she went to her mistress to borrow fifty cents, which the priest consented to receive after vain efforts to increase it by showing his subscription list, where a Protestant lady in Eighty-fifth street was down for $5, and several of Margaret's associates for $1 each. He gave her a rather grudging blessing and inquired where "Mary" was. Mollie is the nurse, and her engagements prevented her from appearing, but not from sending the priest her mite of a quarter. He was equally familiar with the names of the servants next door, whom he announced his intention of visiting, and departed scrutinizing the locks and bolts as he went out with a care which struck Margaret as rather unpriestly.

Next door he was even more successful, and left it some three dollars richer.

In the evening "Margaret" went to see her aunt, to whom she related this incident.

"Why, Maggie," said her aunt, "if you had been at church last Sunday you would have heard Father Conroy warn us against an impostor dressed like a priest who is going about and soliciting money for the church."

Father Conroy said that many of his parishioners had been victimized by this man and that he had repeatedly warned them against him from the pulpit.

A Pirate's Old Retreat.

The extension of a new branch of the Erie railroad through Weehawken and Hoboken, New Jersey, has rendered it necessary for the company to acquire the possession of the well known old rookery known as "The Pirate's Retreat." This rookery is situated on land which is now called "The Benson farm," from the fact that its recent owners were a family of that name. Of late years the place has borne a good reputation, it being occupied by an honest Teuton, who earned a living for himself and family of a wife and eight children by working from early morning until night in one of the bluestone quarries back of Weehawken. The old house was the resort of river thieves and desperate characters even in ante revolutionary times. It was the property of an old Holland Dutchman named John Finkle who kept it as a sort of a roadside tavern. The house was called "The Jersey Inn," which fact was made known to the stranger by the lettering on a swinging signboard, supported by a tall post in front of the door. A trough for watering horses and a shed to shelter the animals while the drivers were partaking of liquid refreshments at the bar of the tavern, occupied a prominent place across the road from the building. The water to supply the trough was brought in wooden pipes, made of hollow logs, from the spring twenty rods away. Ostensibly the inn was merely the resort of northern New Jersey farmers, whose habit it was to stop there a while on their way to Jersey City with their loads of country produce. John Finkle, however, had a double purpose in keeping the house. In addition to being a farmer's resort, it was the meeting place of a gang of outlaws who made their living by robbery. There was a story to the effect that a peddler, who was on his way back to the city with the money for which he had sold his goods in a trip up in the country, stopped at the pirate's headquarters to rest one night, and was never afterwards seen by his friends. There is a tradition that he was robbed, murdered and his body interred in the cellar. The old quarryman who related the story to a reporter, said: "Now, I don't know whether the peddler was really killed or not; but one thing I do know, and that is that in the year 1825 two men who were digging to enlarge and deepen the cellar, excavated some bones that resembled those of a human being. Maybe the bones once belonged to the peddler. Scores of people believed that they did; but a doctor who examined them said the skeleton was that of a woman instead of a man. It was said that a farmer up near Nyack bought a lot of goods from the peddler, who paid for them in old-fashioned English two-shilling pieces—the kind of coin that had two pillars on one side and the lion and unicorn on the other—and that soon after the disappearance of the peddler two-shilling pieces were extremely plentiful in the till in the barroom of the old tavern." As near as can be ascertained, the building was erected about the year 1720. It was what was considered in those primitive days a very fine edifice. Probably it was not then excelled by more than a dozen houses in all New Jersey. Up to within fifteen or twenty years of the date of the breaking out of the revolutionary war it was used as a private residence, after which it was changed into a hotel. It has passed through a succession of ownerships, and among the lessees of the property have been at least a score or more of landlords, good, bad and indifferent. One of the lessees was a Tory in the revolutionary war. He was hunted by a party of New Jersey patriots, and to escape their vengeance was compelled to hide between two feather beds. Another landlord went to California at the time of the outbreak of the gold fever in 1848-9 and was murdered by his associates in a mining camp. The new branch of the Erie railroad will run directly across the site of the "Pirate's retreat"

"I am Going to Lick You."

Not long ago a man from Park City came into the Clift house Salt Lake City, considerably excited and inquired if a certain person was stopping there. He explained that the man had "done him dirt," and he was anxious to lick him. Finding that the man had just left the house, he rushed out after him, and finding him on Tribune avenue, walked up to him and announced that he had come all the way from Park City to lick him, and accordingly started in. In a few minutes he had blackened the man's eyes, walked all over him, and reduced him to a general wreck. When he had finished the job, he stood the man up against the wall of Walker's bank, and remarked:

"Now, you d—d contemptible, lop-eared——, I want you to understand that I consider you the most infamous whelp I ever saw, You dirty little cur, I—"

"Hold on!" said the man who had just been licked, taking off his coat. "I think that after threshing a man you've got no right to abuse him. I can stand a licking, but I won't stand abuse from any living man, no matter how much he weighs. Now I am going to lick you."

He was as good as his word, and started in with the most business-like air imaginable and knocked his late visitor into the gutter. Every time he got up he was knocked down with, "Blast me, I can't stand abuse." When he got through with the Park City man the crowd thought he was a pile of rags and mud.

"Now, look here, my friend," said the last victor; "next time you lick a man, let well enough alone. Don't abuse him. You handled yourself well enough while you were licking me, but you overdid the abuse."

"Who Comes There."

Senator Vest, of Missouri, was asked if he had ever met the James boys, and he replied he had once, and under circumstances calculated to impress themselves upon his memory. Charging his hearers not to repeat the story, which injunction one of the group, a popular young Missouri Congressman, failed to bear in mind the Senator related his experience somewhat as follows:

Old Joe Shelby, the Confederate General, who, at the close of the war, did not surrender, but marched his men to Mexico and offered his services to Maximilian, is an old friend of mine, and he had been urging me for a long time to come down to his splendid place in Lafayette county and spend a few days hunting and fishing. It was shortly, a few days perhaps, after the Gads Hill Robbery on the Iron Mountain Railroad, that, completely worn out by close attention to business in the Sedalia courts, I determined to run down to the farm and rest for a few days. I took the night train on the Lexington branch of the Missouri Pacific, and got off at the little station near the Shelby place, called Page City. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and as the house was but a little over a mile distant, I shouldered my double barreled shotgun which I had taken along for some sport, and trudged over to the white lane leading to the homestead. The old home was surrounded by some tall forest trees, and I had just emerged from their shadow into the moonlight, twenty steps from the home, when a clear, ringing voice cried out "Halt!" and at the same instant I saw, shining in the moonlight a polished rifle barrel protruding from a partially raised open window. I intuitively felt that the man at the other end of the rifle had a bead drawn on me, and I halted. I became a statue. My blood seemed to chill. In a moment, it seemed hours to me, I heard old Joe's voice ring out, "Who are you?"

"G g george Vest, come down to see you." I replied, my lips trembling in spite of me.

"Wait a minute," was the reply.

I waited five minutes and then there was a rattling of bars and chains and the front door was opened cautiously, and I was bidden to lay down my gun and approach. I did so until I came close to the door, when Shelby's voice said, "it's all right, boys; I will vouch for him." I then entered and looked about me. The cosy little sitting room had been converted into a fortress. The windows were barricaded securely, and furniture was moved up against the door, while on a table in the centre of the room lay a collection of revolvers and repeating rifles that would have excited the admiration of a pirate. There were five men in the room whom I did not know. They sat around and did not talk. The gentlemen also wore their small arms. "These are some friends of mine," said Shelby, and I was not introduced further. I immediately knew that the visitors were the two James boys and the three Younger brothers. Shelby and I indulged in a conversation for some time, which the others showed no disposition to enter into and at last I was shown to bed, where I tossed until daylight in a troubled sleep. When I came down to breakfast the curtains were drawn; old Joe sat in an easy chair calmy smoking his pipe and playing with a couple of youngsters. The traveling arsenals of the night before had departed—so quietly as not to break my light sleep—hours before. Shelby did not refer to the visitors of the night before, nor did I. I did not know, however, whether they would return that night, and so I pleaded pressure of business, and limited my stay to one day. And that is the only time I met the Missouri bandits. That was nearly nine years ago, when the gang quartered themselves on their friends in Missouri on the strength of the memories of the war, still fresh in the minds of those who lived on the border.

The Best Gymnasium for Girls.

The exercise that is best adapted to develop all parts of the body, in a natural, healthy manner, is domestic labor. It is always at hand; it can be taken regularly every day, and there is such variety that almost every muscle can be exercised. House-work should never be considered menial or degrading; it is nature's laboratory, in which the girl may obtain not only the best physical development, but most valuable knowledge that will fit her for the practical duties of life. This training may be supplemented by other kinds of exercise, such as walking and out-door sports. The very general introduction of foreign help into domestic service has proved most unfortunate for the health of American women.

Closely connected with this neglect of physical training at home, is an evil of great magnitude—that is, supreme devotion to brain work. The practice pursued very generally at the present day, of confining the girl in school or seminary for a series of years, consecutively, is attended with the most serious evils. In the language of a popular writer. "It is educating our girls to death." While we would not discard education in all its various departments, extending to the highest culture we maintain that it is no advantage or blessing, if it is to be obtained at the expense of the physical system. There are other parts of the body besides the brain, that need faithful training. The highest accomplishments and mental acquisitions will not compensate for impaired constitution and poor health.

—In New York there are 25,271 more females than males; in Philadelphia, 36,780; in Brooklyn, 23,872; in Boston, 18,422; in Baltimore, 18,631; in Washington, 10,673; in New Orleans, 17,806; in Louisville, 5,794; in St, Louis, 8,522; in Kansas City, 8,213; in Denver, 7,440.

—Over 2,500 men in Utah have more than one wife a piece.

—A New Jersey paper boasts that it has been read in one family 85 years.

In the Land of the Magyars.

The following is from 'Magyar Land': It was a pretty scene; the rapid movements of the dancers in the gay costumes, the picturesque background of low sheds covered with the large round leaves of the melon, its tendrils hanging in graceful festoons, and its golden fruit resting on the thatch. We might have been witnessing a Spanish saraband. The Hungarians dance for their very lives. To them the practice of the terpsichorean art is no more languid and graceful undulation of the figure, but a perfect wild abandon of mirth and they whirl, and spin, and gyrate with the velocity of dervishes until their long black locks stand out straight and their faces are ablaze with heat and excitement. Watch them as they perform the csardas—their national dance—to the strange wild harmony of the czigano-nok! Watch them as they balance themselves backward and forward while adapting their subtle movements to the measure of the animating strains! The csardas is essentially pantomimic and describes by mute action the unquiet "course of true love." The music is at first slow, and the couples walk up and down the room together in a stately manner, then, affecting to have made each other's acquaintance and fallen victims to the tender passion, the music grows more lively; and, "the courtship" begins in earnest. The lover advances towards his inamorata, she coyly responds, and they spin round together for a few seconds, when, as if thinking she had given him too much encouragement, the maiden retires pouting, whereupon he again approaches, but this time she turns her back on him and dances off in a contrary direction, Following, her, however, he overtakes and seizes her round the waist, and away they go again whirling deliciously until she manages to extricate herself from his grasp. Shy and friendly by turns, now encouraging her partner and now retreating with offended dignity, the lover at length becomes chagrined at her caprices, turns his back upon her and they dance *dos a dos* for a while, with indignant gestures, till the maid, with signs of repentance, seeks reconciliation. The music grows faster and faster, the lovers, in the ecstasy of reunion, whirl and twirl madly, nor do they stop until both are quite giddy and out of breath, when, retiring from the scene, another couple take their places and the performance begins again. The csardas, of course, varies slightly in each instance, according to the locality and spirit of the dancers, but the subject remains the same—love, courtship, jealousy, disappointment, reunion, and happiness "ever after." Sometimes in the closing scene, it winds up by the lover throwing himself on his knees before his mistress while she dances around him in token of her complete triumph Several couples are always occupied at the same time in this dance in one phase or another of the world be courtship, while the men's hats decorated with fresh flowers, the women got up in the most coquettish and picturesque costumes imaginable, the tramping of feet, clashing of spurs, and wildly exciting strains of the gypsies as they saw away madly at their violins, all combine in rendering the csardas a most interesting and animating spectacle. Nor is it danced only by the peasants. It is seen in the ball-room of the nobles, even at the capital, where a gypsy band is always summoned to accompany it.

Congenital Color-Blindness.

It is my belief that a large number, perhaps a majority, of the cases of congenital color blindness have not their seat in the retina at all, but are cerebral in their character. In other words, I believe that in these cases the brain-centre of vision has not the power to differentiate the various impressions it receives. This opinion will seem the more plausible when we remember that the sense of sight is a developed or educated one. Though we have received from our ancestors the potentiality of vision, every child that is born must learn to see for itself. Without here entering into a discussion of the question of the development of the color-sense, which has received much attention at the hands of Mr. Gladstone, Magnus and others, it is safe to assume, with our knowledge of analogous matters, that the differentiation of colors is a power partly inherited and partly developed in the individual; and, moreover, we should expect to find this power, which is undoubtedly cerebral in its character, most strongly developed where the faculty was most used. And so we do find it. Women, who are much more concerned than men in the selection and comparison of colors, are rarely affected with color-blindness; and we all know how much quicker the feminine eye is in detecting slight differences in shades of color than is that of men who are not color-blind. In those cases of color-blindness which, for the sake of distinction, we shall call central, we believe that the brain-centre of vision has not been developed to its full, or, at least, to its ordinary power for discriminating between the impressions corresponding to the different colors. The retina may be capable of properly responding to these various impressions, and the optic nerve may carry them as separate impressions to the brain-centre; but this has not the power of converting them into individual sensations

Open Grates.

In the open and garnished grates left empty of wood or coals by the spring house cleaning, place large furling fans of gilt paper, a yard or more across, for fire screens, instead of the Japanese parasol, which has become rather tiresome. There are some ferns that will grow in these fire-places, but the fans are more convenient for the half empty houses on their summer footing. The pretty new rolling shades of fine bamboo are, of all things, desirable for summer window curtains. Peacock blue matting comes for the centre of the floor or to make a cool dado round the wall. Some new wall papers imitate the matting colors and texture to perfection. They give a cool effect to the room.

—Dalton, Ga., has the only axe handle factory in the South.

The Rose Craze.

In consequence of the extraordinary prices obtained for rosebuds during the past two or three years, not only have the regular florists used their large profits in extending their greenhouse structures for that purpose, but the fabulous reports of the profits of rose-growing have excited the cupidity of many capitalists in the vicinity of New York, Boston and Chicago and in all probability in the other large cities of the Union. These men have an abundance of means, and begin on a scale usually at which the ordinary florist, who had to climb his way up, ends; so that we have already in the vicinity of New York at least a dozen establishments for the forcing of rosebuds in winter, owned by men who count their capital by millions. These gentlemen, of course, know no hing practically about the business, relying altogether upon their gardeners for success for who ever heard of a millionaire florist? It is curious with what interest the rise or fall of a few cents in the rose market is regarded even by them, and it is said that there is as much interest manifested by them in the technical slang of the flower-shops. "Cooks," "Jacks," "Mermets" and "Perles" are quoted in Broadway with as much interest as is evinced in Wall street in "Wabash," "Lake Shore," "Erie" or "Central." It is true that one, at least, of these gentlemen gives all the profits that accrue from his roses to charitable purposes. All experience shows that in the perishable commodities of fruits, flowers or vegetables, whenever an over supply floods the market and brings down the prices below a paying level, less is sold than when they bring a fair price. Two years ago, in June, strawberries and cabbage in the New York markets got so low as not to pay even the cost of marketing. The result was that hundreds of loads had to be taken back and dumped in the manure yards, as they could not be disposed of at any price.

The present excitement in rose growing is no doubt largely due to the unprecedented prices realized this winter, which have been caused in a great measure by the unusual heat and drouth of last autumn, which weakened in many cases, and in others entirely destroyed, the plants that would have been used to produce the crop of flowers. This, together with a brisk demand, has resulted in profits which, it is unreasonable to expect, can ever be long continued in any legitimate business.

Recovered His Sight.

Madame Blank was a woman remarkable for her social and *tout-a-fait* industrial assiduity. She utilized every moment of her time in such a way as was best suited to herself. Among her many admirers and visitors she numbered one old friend who was totally blind, and whom she always entertained in her own boudoir. Oftener than not, when her pressing duties demand a rapid change of attire, she would call in the services of her maid and proceed with her toilet, the while conversing with her blind friend, who, it is needless to say, was all unconscious of the mysterious wonders being transacted in his presence. Upon one occasion when he called he inquired whether he would be received upstairs, and sent a messenge to the mistress, stating that he had a piece of good news for her. "Lead Monsieur, as usual, to my boudoir," was the lady's order, which order was immediately complied with. She was not *en toilette* for visitors, to be sure, but he could not see and the maid was busy enough repairing the ravages of time for the benefit of those who could see. "Ah, my dear madam," exclaimed the gentleman as he entered, "I have had a stroke of good fortune," and he was hastening to tell her in what way when she interrupted him with some social jottings of her own, and kept up such a stream of conversation, and was so occupied with the gleam of her white arms in the mirror, that she neither observed her friend's evident confusion nor gave him an opportunity to speak. Finally an interval came; she turned to him, expectantly, and said: "Now, my friend, for your good news." He lowered his head and assured her it was nothing. "Nothing!" she exclaimed, at the same time noting his perturbed manner. "Nothing," he answered, "except that, my dear madam, I have recovered my sight."

Mechanical Music.

The Black Forest is famous for these mechanical organs—orchestrions, as they are called—and in some instances they are brought to great perfection. There is a shop close to the exhibition, bearing the name of Lamy Sohne, full of clocks and singing birds and orchestrions, where you may pass half an hour in a fairyland of surprises and all kinds of mechanical music. One morning I went in with an old lady and gentleman—the latter a grave dignitary of the Church of England. "A very tiring place," said the old lady; "all up and down hill; the only fault I find with the Black Forest. Couldn't they level it, my dear?"—to her husband—"or build viaducts or something? Or at the very least, couldn't they organize pony chaises all over the country—like those, you know, that we found so useful at Bournemouth last year?" "Take a chair my love," said the old gentleman, sympathetically, without committing himself to an opinion. And he placed one for her, while the young man in the shop (whose jolly, good-natured face and broad grin delighted one to behold) wound up the orchestrion. The old lady sat down somewhat heavily from sheer exhaustion, and immediately the chair struck up the lively air of "The Watch on the Rhine," with a decidedly martial influence upon its occupant. She sprang from her seat as if it had been a gridiron, and asked her husband reproachfully if he was amusing himself at her expense, and whether her age was not sufficient to secure her from practical joking. "Dear me!" cried he, in amazement, looking at the offending chair as though he expected it to walk away of its own accord. "What a musical nation these Black Foresters are! It's music everywhere! The very chairs you sit down upon are full of it." At this moment the orchestrion struck up a selection from "Don Giovanni," and the old lady recovered her amiability in listening to a really splendid instrument. I left them still enjoying it, marveling at all the birds and boxes, and thinking each one more wonderful than another.

The best people need affections for trial of their virtue. How can we exercise the grace of contentment if all things succeed well; of that of forgiveness, if we have no enemies?

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The finger rings of America are worth 58,000,000.

—The decrease in New York city's debt during the past year was $6,337,000.

—Jefferson Davis is said to have received $21,000 from the sale of his book.

—An appropriation of $200,000 is to be made for the education of Indian children.

—The conger eil is the king eil; the word is from the Icelandish *konger*, a king.

—Ants are said to have a marvellous power of resisting heat, cold and drowning.

—The St. Louis Grand Jury recommends that saloons be limited to one in each block.

—The telephone, it is said, will not work in the Nevada mines because the magnets rust.

—According to a statue of Edward I. a cottage is a house without land, belonging to it.

—Texas used to feed her peacans to the hogs, Now she sells the crop for $2,000,000.

—The troops in Russia are utilized to protect the crops and live stock from wild animals.

—The London gossips are now marrying off Princess Beatrice to the young Earl of Fife.

—The French academy of science has appointed a committe to investigate the Gulf Stream.

—Taxation for education provides less than $1 for each pupil of the public schools of Georgia.

—The production of tea in Japan is steadily increasing, and now reaches over 90,000,000 pounds.

—An English journal defines the British sparrow as a bird that whips all the small American bird creation.

—The relation between the age of a tree and its annual rings was first noticed and applied by Montaigne in 1581.

—During a week of fog in London the mortality increased from the usual rate of 22 per 1000 to 25.3 per 1000.

—Mr. Cross, it is rumored, has abandoned the idea of writing a biography of his late wife, Marian Evans, or George Eliot.

—The French Goverment has decided to erect in the park of St. Cloud a building resembling the Crystal Palace in London.

—A tract of land containing 10,000 acres on the Tuckerton (N. J.) railroad has been sold to a Danish colony for $150,000.

—Such an array of regular troops as those of Louis XIV. had not been seen in Europe since the downfall of the Roman Empire.

—Cork trees are being successfully raised in Georgia. The cork on some specimens planted there is already thick enough for use.

—Byron and Shelly were related, having lineally descended from William Sydney, the great great grandfather of Sir Philip Sidney.

—Now a report comes from St. Petersburg that an old dead-letter law forbidding Jews to keep drug-stores in Russia has been revived.

—Queen Victoria will be presented on her next birthday anniversary with a congratulatory address, signed by 50,000 women of Canada.

—The estimated cost of sustaining the English army for the coming year is £15,500,000, or over $75,000,000. The force consists of 139,900 men.

—Mr. Longfellow wrote "The Golden Legend" in four weeks, not counting the Sundays; then he spent six months in correcting and cutting it down.

—There is in New Orleans a colored sisterhood of the catholic Church, who are devoting themselves to the education of young girls of their own race.

—The Italian Government are considering a scheme for a submarine tunnel between Italy and Sicily, to cost 64,000,000 lire (about $12,000,000).

—In the different packing establishments of Maine, 750,000 cans of mackerel, 1,500,000 cans of lobsters and 250,000 cans of clams are put up annually.

—Members of the Union Club of New York intended to construct the largest and finest apartment house in that city, on a plat near Madison Square, 200x150 feet,

—It requires about 5,000 young fish to stock a pond of one acre in extent. Of fish weighing from from one to two pounds 1,000 to the acre is a liberal estimate.

—A paper watch has been exhibited by a Dresden watchmaker. The paper is prepared in such a manner as to render the watch as serviceable as those in general use.

—Christine Nilsson is said to have announced in an interview with a Paris journalist that she will retire from the stage after a tour of three years in Europe and America.

—In 1777 considerable interest was manifested in an announcement that six stoves had been completed in Philadelphia. The product of the stove foundries in that city is now valued at $4,000,000, and the industry supports about 12,000 people.

—The Museum of the Polytechnic Society of Louisville, Ky., has been enriched by the addition of the first gun Daniel Boone brought into the State, with his shot-pouch and horn, and other relics prized by kentuckians.

—The box in which the Duchess of Madrid, the wife of Don Carlos, sent to the Pope a magnificent cope, embroidered by herself, was found to be filled with rags when it reached the Vatican, the treasure having been abstracted on the way.

—Postmaster General Howe has removed from an employment in the money-order bureau at Washington Mrs. Wilcox, a daughter of Andrew Jackson Donelson, and a grandniece of President Jackson, She was born in the White House while her father was the President's private secretary.

Paste that will keep a year.—Dissolve a tablespoonful of alum in a quart of warm water, and when cold stir in as much flour as will make it as thick as cream—mix the flour in a separate cup so that it will not be in lumps. Add as much powdered rosin as will lie on a dime; and throw in a dozen cloves to give it a pleasant odor. Put a teacup of boiling water, into a tin dish, and pour in the flour mixture. Boil for fifteen minutes; if cooked in another place to boiling, it will be less likely to burn. Let it dry away, and when needed dissolve a piece in a little boiling water.