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THE AULD ASH TREE.

There grows an ash by my bour door,
And a' its boughs are buskit braw
In fairest weeds o' summer green,
And birds sit singing on them a',
But cease your sangs, ye blithesome birds,
An' o' your littin' let me be,
Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!
There grows an ash by my bour door,
And a' its boughs are clad in snaw;
The ice-drap hings at tika twig,
And sad the nor' wind soughs thro' a',
Oh, cease thy mane, thou norlan' wind,
And o' thy wailin' let me be;
Thou bringst deid winters frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!
Oh, I wad fain forget them a':
Remember'd guid but deepens ill,
As gleids o light far seen by night
Mak' the near mirk but mirker still.
Then silent be, thou dear old tree,
O' a' thy voices let me be;
They bring the deid years frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

LIL'S FOLLY.

Pretty Lilian Lawney, exquisitely costumed, from the silken ostrich plume of her hat to the tip of her dainty boot, ran lightly down the high steps of her beautiful new home.

She had been married a month, and was very happy as the darling of an old man, who, while fortunate enough to surround her with luxury, was also more fortunate to possess the utter faith and love of his young wife. Major Lawney had never regretted the few years of tried fidelity and experience which made his breast a haven of rest and peace to this otherwise lonely girl. It was Lilian who grieved that her brief twenty summers might separate so far their now united lives.

But this brilliant winter day possessed for her no introspection. She only knew that her happy heart seemed to be reflected from the dazzling streets and bright blue sky. Her content seemed to make all the world content about her, until, quickly turning the corners of a square, she came suddenly upon a knot of boys, in the midst of which was a dog, a miserable, crouching creature, over which her heart melted. She stopped.

"What are you doing with that poor dog?" she asked, somewhat severely.

The boys had paused, at her sudden appearance upon the scene, with the air of detected criminals.

One, revealing that he had a heart in his breast, finally answered:

"Ned Rollins, he's turned a whole bottle of kerosene over him, and they are going to set it on fire!"

"Is that true?" demanded Lilian of one of the older boys.

"He's my dog, and I've a right to do what I please with him!" he returned, insolently; and he rose up from his crouching position, and gave the poor dog a kick, which actually caused Lilian a feeling of physical faintness.

The other boys looked somewhat cowed at the malignant flash of her beautiful eyes, but the bully stood sullen and defiant.

"You don't want the dog, I understand?" she said, at length, addressing him.

"No; I am going to kill him!" he answered, brutally.

"He said he'd sell him to me; and now he won't!" spoke up another of the boys.

"Will you sell him to me?" asked Lilian, quickly.

"How much'll you give?" demanded the young ruffian.

Lilian took out her little azure purse, with its gold rings, and turned the coin into her hand. Only a few pennies, and a gold sovereign, which latter she had kept for a pocket piece for some months. Her husband had dropped it into her purse one day, playfully proposing that she should make some wise investment of it. She turned the coin in her palm over regretfully. There was no help for it.

"I will give you this," she said, taking out the sovereign.

"You may have him."

Transferring the coin to the boy's hand, Lilian bent over her new purchase, patting him, and taking the string which was tied about his neck.

The dog was only a puppy yet, apparently of a large breed of animal, was of good size, with a shaggy, rusty coat; but Lilian observed that his head, with its drooping, silky ears, was really pretty, and intelligence shone in the appealing brown eyes. Still, the forlorn, half starved creature was a ludicrous appendage to the elegant young lady, and as she rose up to lead him away the boys set up a shout of derision. Lilian's cheeks burned; but she continued to lead and coax the animal through the quiet square to her own door. With a breath of relief she at length shut it upon him. In the vestibule of the elegant house the miserable dog looked more miserable than ever by contrast, and Lilian looked at him thoughtfully, a faint smile of humor relieving her excitement and compassion.

At that moment she heard her husband's step in the drawing room.

"Major!" she called, gaily.

"Darling!" was the response.

"I have invested my sovereign. Come and see!"

Major Lawney, with handsome, manly face and curling gray hair, appeared in the hall.

With a dramatic air of mock triumph Lilian pointed to the dog.

"Why, Lilian, where did you get that unfortunate creature?" demanded her husband, in the low tone of utter surprise.

"Found him with some boys who were going to torture him. I could not save him any other way, so I bought him, and I had only the sovereign to pay for him with. He isn't very nice, but I pity him so!—and I may keep him, may I't I Guy?"

Major Lawney looked from the lovely face to the unlovely dog, and the next moment his own face broke slowly into a smile.

"Yes, you may keep him, and he shall be called Lil's Folly," he said, rather dryly.

The next instant her arms were around his neck, and they were laughing heartily together.

But Lil's Folly, fed and washed, brushed and treated kindly, began to have a respectable appearance. His shaggy coat became black and glossy. Lil observed that he was growing; and Major Lawney surreptitiously fed him from his plate at dinner, and pronounced him a very good specimen of the Newfoundland.

"Not so bad an investment, Lil," he finally remarked, kindly, when in the spring Folly had reached a remarkable size.

Lil laughed.

"Thank you! I can bear considerable of that sort of thing. Guy; I have been ashamed of him so long!"

Folly was invested with a handsome new collar, and in the summer went down to the seashore with them. They took board at one of the hotels. Lil had never been in such a place before. The great restless, level sea, the stretch of silent, shifting sky, the panorama of the gliding sails were indescribably delightful to her. She was constantly out of doors, running along the shore and climbing the rocks like a child. She watched sun-rises and sun-sets. She sat in the yellow sands watching the snowy surf, and lived all the happiness she had ever dreamed.

Her husband leisurely accompanied her light footsteps. If his thoughts were graver than hers, they were not less pleasant; and that bonny, golden, glancing head was the light of his eyes. But one day he had letters to write when Lil wanted to be out of doors.

"Be as quick as you can, Guy, and I will run about by myself, with Folly, until you are ready, when we shall go down to the shallows," she said, and was away, the great Newfoundland dog at her side.

Folly was sagacious, docile, and very obedient. Along the shore he was allowed to accompany them; but at the village, where Major Lawney received his mail twice a week, he was found an embarrassment—a certain belligerent mastiff making war upon him; and though Folly, "being in," bore himself bravely, he was the greatest sufferer in these encounters, by reason of his shaggy coat, which gave the mastiff so undetachable a hold upon him.

Lil also had occasional errands at the village. If Folly followed unperceived and was sent back, he always obeyed, not only turning back at the command, "Home, sir—home!" but returning to the piazza of the hotel, where he lay down and patiently bided his time.

But this morning he was free to follow his young mistress. He bounded at her side, his head erect, his great tail moving like a banner, apparently as happy as she was.

Lil took a new direction this morning, and, being out of sight of the hotel, ran out upon a promontory that reached far into the restless water. There she sat down to rest, but soon busied herself picking up some beautiful pink seashells.

When an hour had passed in this way she turned to retrace her steps, but paused in amazement. She was upon a small island. The sea had advanced, crossed the neck at its lowest point, and cut her off from the main land. And, to her horror, she saw that it was still advancing, and lessening the little island upon which she and the dog stood.

After a moment she climbed upon the highest rock and watched it. Yes, the tide was coming in rapidly, and swiftly and surely surrounding the island. She had reason to believe that it would soon be submerged. Folly, too, seemed to scent danger. He ran back and forth uneasily, sniffing the air.

Lil sat down on the rock and tried to think. She was about a mile from the hotel, and out of sight of it. Her husband would apprehend no trouble, and, when he should have finished his letters, would take a cigar and await her return. No one was on the shore and no boats in sight. If the water should submerge the rocks upon which she sat, there was no prospects but that she would be drowned.

I cannot tell how long the poor girl sat there watching the crawling water—trying to be brave—trying not to think how happy she had been—how her husband would be stricken by her death—for she never knew herself.

But she rose at last, making a desperate effort for life. She determined to send the dog ashore with a message to her husband.

Tearing a blank page from a letter in her pocket, she wrote a few words upon it, with the little gold pencil that hung from her watch guard, then tried to fasten the note to Folly's collar; but the paper was too perishable to trust to the water. The salt drops, already dripping from his shaggy coat, instantly soaked it and made it worthless, and she broke into a bitter cry. The next instant she snatched the pretty straw hat from her head and tied it securely by its cardinal ribbons to Folly's neck.

He looked into her face, whined, and crouched at her feet. Was he troubled for her or himself?

"Go home—home, sir," she said.

For the first time Folly did not obey. He alternately crouched before her, and sprung upon her breast, wagging his tail. She caught hold of his collar and led him to the water's edge.

"Go home, Folly!" — home! — home!"

With a desperate howl the dog sprung into the water.

He swam away and left Lil alone. The water encircled her within a few yards. She was certain, now, that it would rise about the rocks upon which she sat. In spite of herself she was crying miserably—whispering her husband's name—trying, poor child, to say her prayers, to say humbly "Thy will, not mine, be done." But it was hard, while the cruel, craving, cold waves came up, up, and there was no sound but their clashing voices. She was not ill, neither. Her heart beat so wildly in her young breast, the blood beat so hot about her throbbing temples, and the sweet lips that trembled were yet thrilled by kisses.

"It will be too late!—too late!"

Folly might go directly to the hotel and display the drenched hat; then, again, for once, he might lie away to seek his own pleasure, and the hat be torn from his neck and never be found in time to tell the story. Already the water was creeping around her feet—already she sat on a level with the tossing waves. Ten minutes more, and—

"Lil! Lil! Lil!"

A call—her name!

She sprang up, tore off her duster of pale linen, and waved it aloft to guide the coming boat. She could hear the oars; and at last—at last—she saw the dory leaping over the waves. There was her husband and another strong oarsman, and Folly stood in the stern.

She utterly lost control of herself then, and wept wildly, until her husband's arms took her into the boat; and then, sobbing into calmness on his knees, as they rowed away from the dreadful spot, Lil prayed.

When he could talk and she could listen, Major Lawney told her how Folly had come ashore.

"He came bounding into the chamber with the hat in his mouth, evidently wanting to attract my attention to it. I was still busy writing, and half-absently ordered him out. He would not go—but sprung around me, whining—until, glancing at my watch, and seeing how late it was, with no sound of your arrival, I looked at him more closely, and saw that he was very wet. On trying to take the hat away from him, I observed that it was attached to his neck, and that it was the one you had worn away. The truth then rushed over me; but never was there a more miserable man, for I did not know which way to go. I feared that you were drowned. I rushed down to the shore, called to the landlord's son, and pushed off the dory. I begged him to come with me; Folly, too, jumped in; and when we began to row he showed every sign of dissatisfaction until we turned the boat. Every time I called he barked—until, dear child, we came in sight of you—and then I could hardly keep him in the boat—so anxious was he to reach you. But for his help, sweetheart, death would have separated us. No money shall ever buy Folly."

The Great Auroral Display.

The brilliant aurora which illuminated our northern heavens in the early part of April seems to have been the most widespread and complete phenomena of this kind witnessed in the middle latitudes for years. Our dispatches show over how large a part of the country the magnetic storms which give rise to the auroral display raged with intensity, as evidenced by the disturbance of magnetic needles and by the effect on telegraph wires and cables. As the annual period of maximum auroral frequency begins in April the recent display is not untimely, but its extension southward is most notable.

Since 1819, when Gen. Sabine demonstrated incontestably "that there is an intimate connection between the causes of auroras and those of terrestrial magnetism," there has been little room to doubt that the causes of both these phenomena lie beyond our own planet. The same investigator has also abundantly shown, as the result of laborious and lengthened observation, that both the occasional disturbance in the magnetic state of the earth and conspicuous auroras are coincident with the mysterious outbursts of solar spots. On the 1st of December, 1859, while two English astronomers were independently examining and measuring the spots on the sun, a bright outburst on the fiery orb was noticed—the whole time of the observation not exceeding five minutes. But subsequently they found that simultaneously with this solar eruption the magnetic needles at Kew observatory had been strongly jerked; the magnetic currents passing through our atmosphere at that moment set up such strong electric currents in the telegraph wires of the country that the operators at Washington and Philadelphia received sharp shocks. In Norway some telegraph machinery was set on fire, and it was reported that magnetic storms synchronously prevailed in the West Indies, South America, and Australia. These and other coincidences in the dates of remarkable auroral displays in the northern and southern hemispheres, are so marked that they justify the conclusion of eminent physicists, that a great exhibition of auroral light at one of the earth's magnetic poles generally occurs at the same time at the opposite pole. We may therefore expect to hear that such an exhibition or magnetic storm, has recently been observed at widely remote points on the globe.

The meteorological sequences of auroral displays, though long a subject of scientific inquiry, are but obscurely, if at all, determined. But if the magnetic storm is due to cosmical causes, especially to variations of solar activity, it seems highly probable that there is a connection between the aurora and the weather over large geographical areas. The aurora may thus mark great changes in the amount of heat the sun radiates on the earth. It is known that a connection between these phenomena has been pretty well established by the Italian astronomer Secchi and the French meteorologist, Marie Davy. As the result of investigations of the relations of auroras to the prediction of weather, M. Davy, in 1866, announced as the rule that "general disturbance of the telegraphic lines, due to widespread auroras, indicate general movements of the atmosphere in high latitudes and over the Atlantic."

In the tropics, where the electrical intensity of the atmosphere is frequently relieved by violent thunder storms, magnetic intensity is too small to manifest itself in auroral displays. It would seem probable from this fact that prior to and during an auroral display in our latitudes there is a preponderance of polar winds, as M Davy estimates. Prof. Edlund of Stockholm also reaches the conclusion that the aurora is most frequent "where thunder storms are least frequent." All that can, however, be inferred from these data is that the aurora may indicate a temporary absense of the warm, vapor-laden, atmospheric currents, and consequently a postponement of the period of thunder storms. While, therefore, the recent aurora and magnetic storm were associated with a cold spell of weather from the far north, we need not apprehend a continuance of such low temperature. But the whole subject of the meteorological significance of these occult phenomena demands fuller investigation before reliable, practical, deductions can be drawn.

How Chinamen Bargain for Wives.

An Australian Chinaman, when anxious to have a wife of his own nation, sends a letter to an agent in Hong Kong. The following is a condensed translation of one of these epistles: "I want a wife; she must be a maiden under twenty years of age, and must not have left her father's home. She must have never read a book, and her eyelashes must be half an inch in length. Her teeth must be as sparkling as the pearls of Ceylon. Her breath must be like unto the scents of the magnificent, odorous groves of Java, and her attire must be from the silken weavers of the Ka Li Ching, which are on the banks of the greatest river in the world—the great overflowing Yanktse Kiang." The price of a Chinese woman delivered in Sydney is £38; but two Chinese woman only cost £52; therefore the heathen Chinese import women in couples. The importer never sees his woman before they arrive, and then he generally selects the best looking one. The other is shown around to a number of the well-to do Chinamen, and after they have inspected her she is submitted to what is called public auction. At a recent sale at Sydney a young girl, aged about 19, was offered, and, after some spirited bidding, she was purchased by a wealthy Chinese store keeper, whose place of business is in one of the leading towns of New South Wales, for £181. The melancholy aspect of the Celestial girl as she went away in company with the man who purchased her was deplorable to the last degree.

—Florida lizards are said to possess, in a remarkable degree, the power of changing their color at will, the process occupying about a quarter of a minute

"A Splendid Game."

"What in the world is that?" asked the young folks of Don and Dorry, and their host and hostess candidly admitted that they hadn't the slightest idea what it was. They never had heard of it before.

"Well, then, how can we play it?" insisted the little spokespeople.

"I don't know," answered Dorry, looking in a puzzled way at the door.

"All join hands and form a circle!" cried a voice.

Every one arose, and soon the circle stood expectant.

"Your dear great-great fairy godmother is coming to see you," continued the voice. "She is slightly deaf, but you must not mind that."

"Oh, no, no!" cried the laughing circle, "not in the least."

"She brings her white gnome with her," said the invisible speaker, "and don't let him know your names or he will get you into trouble.

"No, no, no!" cried the circle, wildly.

A slight stirring was heard in the hall, the doors opened, and in walked the fairy godmother and her white gnome.

She was a tall, much bent old woman, in a ruffled cap, a peak hat and a long red cloak. He, the gnome, wore red trousers and red sleeves. The rest of his body was dressed in a white pillow-case with arm holes cut in it. It was gathered in at his belt; gathered also with a red ribbon tied around the throat; the corners of the pillow case tied with narrow ribbon formed his ears, and there was a white bandage over the eyes, and a round opening for his mouth. The godmother dragged in a large sack, and the gnome bore a stick with bells at the end.

"Let me into the ring, dears," squeaked the fairy godmother.

"Let me into the ring, dears," growled the white gnome.

The circle obeyed.

"Now, my dears," squeaked the fairy godmother, "I've brought you a bagful of lovely things; but, you must know, I am under an enchantment. All I can do is to let you each take out a gift when your turn comes; but when you send me a 'Thank you,' don't let my white gnome know who it is, for if he guesses your name you must put the gift back without opening the paper. But if he guesses the wrong name you may keep the gift. So now begin one at a time. Keep the magic circle moving until my gnome knocks three times."

Around went the circle, eager with fun and expectation. Suddenly the blinded gnome pounded three times with the stick and then pointed it straight in front of him, jingling the little bells. Tommy Budd was the happy youth pounted at.

"Help yourself, my dear," squeaked the fairy godmother as she held the sack toward him. He plunged his arm into the opening and brought out a neat paper parcel.

"Hey! What did you say, dear?" she squeaked. "Take hold of the stick."

Tommy seized the end of the stick, and said, in a hoarse tone:

"Thank you, ma'ma."

"That's John Stevens," growled the gnome. "Put it back! put it back!"

But it wasn't John Stevens, and so Tommy kept the parcel.

The circle moved again. The gnome knocked three times, and this time the stick pointed to Dorry. She tried to be polite, and direct her neighbors hand to it, but the godmother would not hear of that.

"Help yourself, child," she squeaked, and Dorry did. The paper parcel which she drew from the sack was so tempting and pretty, all tied with ribbon, that she really tried very hard to disguise her "Thank you," but the gnome was too sharp for her

"No, no!" he growled. That's Dorothy Reed. Put it back! put it back!"

And poor Dorry dropped the pretty parcel into the bag again.

So the merry game went on; some escaped detection and saved their gifts; some were detected and lost them; but the godmother would not suffer those who had parcels to try again, and, therefore, in the course of the game, those who failed at first succeeded after a while. When all had parcels, and the bag was nearly empty, what did that old farry do but straighten up, throw off her hat, cap, false face and cloak, and if it wasn't Uncle George himself, very red in the face, and very glad to be out of his prison. Instantly one and all discovered that they had known all along it was Mr. Reed

"Ha! ha!" they laughed; "and now"—starting in pursuit—"lets see who the white gnome is!"

They caught him at the foot of the stairs, and were not very much astonished when Ed Tyler came to light.

"That is a splendid game!" declared some. "Grand!" cried others "Fine," "first-rate," "glorious," "capital," "as good as Christmas," said the rest. Then they opened their parcels and there was great rejoicing.

Duke of Cumberland.

At the magnificent chateau of Penzing, near Vienna, lives the Duke of Cumberland, a Prince of England and Ireland and hereditary Duke of Brunswick and Lunenberg, son of the late King George the Fifth, of Hanover, who died four years ago, after having lived twelve years in Austria as a sort of political refugee. During the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1866, the late King sided with Austria, and Bismarck and King (since Kaiser) William seized the estates and personal property of the house of Hanover as a means of forcing the King to abandon Austria and join the confederation which was even then being planned as the means of elevating William to the rank of Emperor. King George was faithful to his principles and never made the smallest concession to the greed of Prussia. He had a comfortable income from his Austrian and English properties which Bismarck could not touch, and he used to drive around the Ring in Vienna and through the Prater in a noble barouche drawn by six white horses. The poor King was blind, yet his face indicated the cheerfulness and benignity which never deserted him, and the effect of his bows to the right and left as he passed along the streets was a little odd, particularly when he turned his head to greet a dead wall or a square in which no one was in sight. Soon after the death of his father the Duke of Cumberland was approached by Bismarck's agents with propositions to restore the family estate on condition that the imperial title be recognized, but nothing has actually been accomplished, though the negotiations have recently been renewed and carried on at length in Vienna. The property is worth fifteen or twenty millions and as the Duke's standing out will not affect the Kaiser's title in the slightest degree no one will blame the family if they sacrifice their pride and get back their estates. The Duke is second cousin to Queen Victoria and his wife, the Princess Thyra, of Denmark, is a sister of the Princess of Wales and of the Czarina.

—There are seven Baptist associations with 100 churches, in Canada.

The City of Roses.

A sojourner in New Orleans says I don't believe there is any region on earth where roses grow in such abundance, variety, beauty and sweetness as they do in this country. A Mississippi gentleman, to whom I have been indebted for information on various objects, tells me that there is growing and in bloom as his home this moment a Lamarque rose vine eighty feet long. The stem is eight inches through in the thickest part. It was planted seventeen or eighteen years ago. It is twined around a veranda, and its gorgeous clusters of cream tinted roses are splendid to behold. At New Orleans the Marechal Neil roses cause the Northerner to stare in speechless wonder. I saw one of the plants that must have been fifty feet long. I have seen vines of the same rose that long in the North, but they were scraggy and lean looking and in the florists greenhouses. At New Orleans they run wild and revel like the midsummer night's dream. The blossoms grow in gorgeous clusters of half a dozen or more and the flowers are so large that they would more than cover the top of a large sized coffee cup. A single one of the pale gold beauties will fill a room with perfume. They are as plenty down here as "whitetop" in a Northern meadow. And they sell for one dollar a bud up North!

In some of the private citizens' yards in New Orleans there are as many as a hundred different kinds of roses all in bloom at once. They do not require protection from the cold at any time, either. They all stand out doors in the open ground, and many varieties bloom more or less all the winter through. The rose is a favorite flower at New Orleans. At the Jockey Club races we saw dozens of handsomely dressed ladies with exquisite bunches of rosebuds at their belts and elsewhere in the dresses—the sweet, lovely flower that nature made, none of your abominable artificial things.

The rose the French inhibitants of New Orleans are fondest of for decoration is called the "gold of Ophir." Northern florists have it, but it is not common. The bud is especially prized for its beauty. It is a smallish rose, of a very pale pink, shading off toward the heart in a deep, rich gold color. Faint streaks of crimson touch the outer petals. It is one of the loveliest roses I ever saw.

Saved From Drowning.

On the 12th of April Fort Worth, Arkansas, was visited by a terrific hail, rain and thunderstorm. On that day Mrs. David McNeily, of Mansfield, accompanied by a youth who is living in Mr. McNeily's family, but whose name we could not learn, was in the city trading. After the storm had abated they started on their return to Mansfield in a two horse wagon. Night overtook them before they arrived at their destination. It was 8 o'clock and intensely dark when they reached Walnut Creek, near Mansfield. The stream was swollen by the rains, but the young man deemed it fordable and drove in. The horses immediately sank, the wagon floated away from the running gears and the lady and the youth, who could not swim, were carried by the raging, muddy waters down the stream, enveloped in darkness. They managed to cling to the wagon-bed, which was turning over.

The lady, seeing no chance for escape, begged the young man to leave her to her fate and make his way to the shore as best he could. This he refused to think of, and time and again pulled her from the surging, angry waters and placed her upon the floating and rolling bed. For three dreadful hours this was continued, at the end of this time, having drifted the distance of a mile and a half, the wagon body bearing this fainting lady and exhausted youth lodged against a log which lay across the stream.

With a last manly effort this brave young man removed his charge—the helpless lady—to the shore, where she sank to the ground as if life was extinct. In that dark, damp and almost freezing night this hopeless couple wandered through the tangled thickets of Walnut Creek bottom, the young man now shouting for assistance and now trying to revive Mrs. McNeily, who frequently fainted. Some students at the college building finally heard the cries of distress and went to the assistance of the sufferers.

A Turk as a Bachelor.

If he be a bachelor, Church and State combine to make life miserable for him. He must live with his parents, and while they still exist, the authorities content themselves with a general reprehension of his celibacy. But when they die, if they leave him homeless, his troubles begin. It is forbidden any householder to take a young man into his dwelling without permission of the civil and religious magistrate of the quarter. Before this is granted the lodger must undergo a severe inquiry, which takes into account not personal reputation, only, but that of his kindred. The landlord, moreover, must display his ability to have this young stranger waited on without offence to morals—that is, without employing his female servants or the female members of his family. If the bachelor be rich enough to occupy a house, or to rent "furnished chambers," he cannot possibly obtain that simple privilege unless he show that a woman of good repute lives therein. Those who can produce a blameless mother or sister have no difficulty, when the identification has been thoroughly established; even an elderly aunt is admissible. But if a young man have no kindred he may go homeless for an indefinite time. The abolition of the slave trade is a grievance he warmly feels. In the days when this edict was passed, one could go into the street and buy a female creature, white or black, ugly or beautiful, according to one's means, and thus fulfil the law. Times have changed. It may probably be the fact that slaves are still to be purchased by those who have cash enough. Many Turks have assured me it is so, though I have met with none who spoke, or admitted he spoke from experience. But the cost is very high; the merchant would not deal with a young bachelor thus circumstanced, and the transaction would surely be discovered.

Risen From Its Ashes.

The Invalid's Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., conducted under the auspices of the World's Dispensary Medical Association having been destroyed by fire in February, 1881, has been entirely rebuilt with all the improvements that experience has shown to be necessary. No pains or expense has been spared to furnish every convenience for invalids. Bathing, a regulated diet, the means of instruction and entertainment, the best medical and surgical attention, complete heating and ventilating apparatus, are all combined under one roof. The building has all the advantages of a hospital and a first-class hotel. No where else in the world are to be found greater facilities for the preservation and recuperation of health. All inquiries and communications should be addressed to the "World's Dispensary Medical Association," Buffalo, N. Y.

Obedience To Parents.

Walking down the avenue a few days since, I saw a group of little girls who were having a good time with their pretended plays, and as I passed I overheard one little miss of about nine years of age say to another who might have been ten years old:

"Now, I'm going to be the mamma, and you'll have to mind me."

"Indeed, I won't," said little Miss Ten-years old.

"Why, you're only ten. That isn't too old to mind your mother. Some girls do when they're twelve," replied the first-named.

That was all I heard, but that was enough to set any mother to thinking. Ten years old, and beginning to assert her own authority, but allowing that some girls did still obey their parents at the advanced age of twelve!

I wonder if any of my little readers are like this little girl. Do any of you treat your mothers with disrespect; tell her when she has asked you to do something that you are not going to do it, or when she says: "Daughter, I do not think you had best go out to-night," or "Do not wear your new dress on this dark day," do you reply: "Well, I'm going anyhow," and, "I won't go to church if I can't wear my new dress!" I have known just such children, and I think sometimes if I could hear the conversation in many lovely looking homes I should be greatly surprised to find how many young ladies there are now-a-days, who in society appear amiable and kind and pleasing, but who make their mothers and their homes very unhappy by unamiable, disrespectful conduct. I presume when they were children they talked about minding mamma as did this little girl I heard on the street, and after the habit was once formed of being disobedient and disrespectful, it grew upon them, and they no doubt were often unconscious of the severe criticisms passed upon them by those whom they considered admiring friends.

A number of years ago I was well acquainted with a beautiful and talented young lady who was much admired by a large circle of friends, a young lady whose parents were proud of her in many ways, and yet because of her disrespect toward them they took no comfort with the daughter who should have been a constant delight to their hearts and in their home. Those who knew her best, and were accustomed to visit informally in the family, could not but notice her faulty manner toward her parents, and particularly toward her mother, and I often heard friends in speaking of her say:

"What a bright and beautiful girl——is, but how shamefully she treats her mother! She seems to have no idea of a child's duty to a parent!"

At one time a Judge, who had met the daughter in society, and enjoyed her sparkling conversation and witty repartee, dined at the house. Twice during his brief visit the daughter spoke in such a slighting tone to her mother, once refusing to listen to her suggestion, and was so disrespectful in her manner toward the one whom above all others she should treat with respect, that the Judge remarked to a friend that evening:

"I do not want to hear any more praise of Miss——. A young lady who has so little character, so little self-respect, as to allow herself to treat her mother as she did to day, has lost every particle of my admiration. All her brilliancy and education goes for nothing and I shall henceforth feel like avoiding her."

Doubtless Miss——was unconscious at the time that she was treating her mother in an improper manner, so accustomed had she become to the bad habit, and perhaps she even congratulated herself on the good impression she had made upon the distinguished guest. Could she have heard the Judge's opinion, she would not have sung:

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us,"

and yet it might be well if a correct estimate of her character had been portrayed to her.

But not only do disobedient and disrespectful children deserve and receive justly merited criticisms from all who know them well, but they are disobeying the direct commands of God, and so causing His displeasure. To some of you, perhaps, this thought has never come, that every time you treat your parents with dishonor or disobedience, you have added one more to your sins against your Heavenly Father. One of the Ten Commandments you know reads: "Honor thy father and thy mother." Did you ever ask yourselves the meaning of that command, and then see if you were obeying it? It means to treat your parents with esteem and respect, with deference and submission. Are you well-pleasing to God in this respect? At another place in the Bible we read: "Children, obey your parents in all things, for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord."

Now there are a number of other commands of that kind in the Bible, but I cannot find any verses where it is said that children must obey their parents until they are twelve years old, or sixteen years old; neither can I find a verse telling the children that they must obey their parents in most things, but once in awhile they can do their own way, instead of reading: "Obey your parents in *all* things. But how many there are who act as if they had a right to do their own way, and were not disobeying their Heavenly Father, and had no forgiveness to ask for their disobedience.

One of the good things recorded of Jacob was this, that even in the matter of selecting a wife, when his parents told him not to take one from the daughters of Canaan, "he obeyed his father and his mother." And how old do you suppose he was at that time? About forty years of age, and I do not believe he ever played that he was too old to mind mamma. Now those who take the advice of their parents and obey them when they are young will be happy in their confidence and love as they grow into maturer years, will become their cherished companions, and more than all receive the blessing of God which is so often promised to the obedient, and to those who honor father and mother, and will escape the terrible fall predicted for those who mock at their fathers and despise to obey their mothers.

"King Henry VIII's." Palace.

When any of your readers visit London, want them to go to No. 17 Fleet street, where they can for sixpence pay their respects to King Henry VIII.; sit in one of Cardinal Wolsey's chairs; see their face in Anne Boleyn's looking-glass, and, if it is winter, warm their toes at the same fireplace where that virtuous old tyrant did his. This magnificent saloon, restored and redecorated, is now presented to the spectator in precisely the condition in which it existed in the sixteenth century. The gorgeous and elaborate enrichments of the beautiful ceiling, with the old insignia of royalty, and the carved oak paneling on the walls combine to form a series of embellishments as fresh and salient as during the period of its ancient grandeur. It is now a barber's shop, and John Carter is proprietor!

Gen. Winfield Scott at the Table.

Great in his exploits, great in his person, Gen. Winfield Scott was scarcely popular, but his heart was in proportion to his person. Six feet five and a half inches tall, weight 360 pounds; he had all the tenderness of a woman. Lavish of his money, often annoyed by the want of it, he never deferred a just debt nor turned his back upon a poor man. Lavish of his own life in battle, he was careful to the last degree of the lives of his soldiers. He justly won renown. Never failing in great things, he was to the last degree pettish in small things. Soup salted by the cook violated one of his maxims, that every man should season his own soup. If the soup—at his own table I mean—was salted by the cook he raised a row which made the best soup unsavory. Was the turkey stuffed with sage, thyme and chestnuts, all right. Marjoram was his abomination. If marjoram was there, farewell to any comfort with your turkey. The fish must be boiled to the exact bubble, or baked so that, floating in abundance of dark claret sauce, it showed the exact golden brown he fancied in the crumbs that garnished it. The parsley which adorned it must be duly adjusted or the fish would be cold before he would let you eat it. He would deliver a dissertation on the culinary art. A canvasback-duck had to be roasted to a turn, so that the blood would just trickle from the edge of the knife-blade, or the company was not feasted on canvas. Did one help him to a piece of roast beef not from the inner-costal, he would ask, did you take him and his guests for "boors?" The "salade," as he called it, even if only raw tomatoes, if it was not dressed *a la mode* Delmonico, or *a la mode la belle* France, or by himself, was an offense. Yet he was singularly great. He was a scholar; had Shakespeare and the Bible by heart, and often quoted them in felicitous illustration. He would call and insisted that others should call, clergy clargy and clerk clark, and jole, if you did not pronounce it jowl, he would almost howl. One of his aids once asking his permission to marry (aids have to ask their general's consent to do such things), the general asked the lady's name. "Miss Clark," was the reply. "Oh, yes," said the general, "for now you will be forced to say Clark or die." The lady is dead and the aide is dead now.

Manly Courage.

"If at first you do not succeed, try try, try again." This motto was the guiding principle of James' life. When James first essayed to smoke a cigarette he turned deadly pale, and was very sick; but he was not the boy to weakly succumb to so trivial a thing as a cigarette. He tried again and again, and though he was repeatedly quite ill in consequence of his bravery, he persisted until he could smoke any number of cigarettes with impunity. In time he conquered the legitimate cigar itself, and now chews tobacco with all the grace and efficiency of a man-of-war's man. Frederick also tried to smoke a cigarette He lacked the persistency of James. He was fickle in the extreme. He wished very much to smoke, but hardly had he puffed at a cigarette five minutes when he lost all interest in the diversion, and proceeded to dispossess himself of his dinner. Frederick not only failed wofully upon this initial attempt, but he surrendered unconditionally to his internal remonstrances and gave up the battle forever. James has no end of amusement in puffing his smoke in the faces of young ladies on the street, and in decorating the sidewalks with fluid tobacco; while Frederick, besides losing all this pleasure, is burdened with small change which might have been so profitably expended upon nicotine had he possessed the true manly courage which distinguished James from himself.

Train-Men's Wages in Germany.

A correspondent writing from Berlin regarding railroad employes in that country says: "Their wages are a mere pittance as compared to the wages paid in America to employes of the same grade. Locomotive engineers receive only $222 to $340 per year, conductors $160 to $180 per year, brakemen from $140 to $162 per year, roadkeepers and switchmen $130 to $160 and $180 per year. In addition to these small salaries they are paid small amounts as perquisites, which help to increase, though not to a large amount, the sum annually received. The engineer gets a percentage on the number of kilometers he runs his engine during the year, and, being allowed a certain amount of coal and oil for a prescribed number of kilometers, he is paid a percentage of 5 per cent premium on what he saves on coal, and about 15 per cent on oil, so he has a strong pecuniary inducement to be as economical as possible in running his engine, and uses as little fuel and oil as necessity will require. It is to this economy on the part of engineers in the saving of coal, and keeping up a sufficient head of steam, that the slow rate of railroad traveling is mainly attributed. The sum total paid the engineer for his year's labor, including salary, mileage, percentages on coal and oil saved, and for extra labor he may perform in the machine-shop, seldom amounts to over $500 or $550 a year. The conductor, who is allowed a percentage on the number of kilometers he travels over in a year, receives in all about $400 to $450; second and third class conductors, who act as brakemen, and whose perquisites are little or nothing, got only about $250 or $275.

—About 4,000,000 white fish fry were placed in Lake Ontario recently.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—An Atlantic Cable costs $3,000,000.

—Panama contains 14,000 inhabitants.

—The Methodist of Canada have eight semisaries.

—Forty Chinamen make watches in San Francisco.

—Senator Jones, of Florida, learned the trade of a carpenter.

—The Chinese of South Boston have organized a Masonic lodge.

—The Mormons employ about 1,000 proselyting missionaries.

—Gen. Skobeleff has received 43 challenges to duels in Germany.

—The Bible has been translated into thirty-five African languages.

—It is reported that 2,252 women are engaged in farming in Indiana.

—Over 16,000 European immigrants landed at New York on the 22d.

—The game of Pope Joan was called Popo Julio in the sixteenth century.

—A locomotive that is to run 90 miles an hour is being built at Philadelphia.

—Signor Salvini is to make a second farewell tour through America in 1883.

—Work on the monument to the late Professor Sillivan at New Haven has begun.

—Wheat is pronounced very much injured by frost in the Chester Valley, Penna.

—Next to rice, Indian corn is used by a larger number of people than any other grain.

—The physique of the Italian army is described as superior to that of the French army.

—In the city of London there are 5805 hansom cabs and 3847 four-wheeled public carriages.

—In the city of Chicago there are 13,128 industrial institutions, employing 121,410 persons.

—The total population of Paris is now 2,225,900 against 1,988,800 in 1876 and 1,851,792 in 1872.

—Old sails are made into the paper used for bank notes, and old ropes reappear as brown paper.

—There are 71,662 Protestant churches in the United States, one for every 478 Protestant population.

—Foxes are reported to be very bold and ravenous in parts of Cambria and Washington counties, Pa.

—Since the passage of the Edmunds bill Salt Lake real estate has risen in value about fifteen per cent.

—The medical leech is found only in central Europe, Asia Minor and part of the northern cost of Africa.

—The national elevator at Chicago, has posted 307,000 bushels of corn as suffering from heat and weevil.

—Chinese dentists attribute toothache to the gnawing of worms, and profess to extract the same from decayed teeth.

—S. P. Colt, who received $50,000 by Cornelius Vanderbilt's will, is the newly elected attorney general of Rhode Island.

—Philadelphia manufactures more umbrellas than any city in the world; the annual production is valued at $10,000,000.

—Cyclones usually occur toward the end of Spring and in the Autumn—the periods of change of direction in the monsoons.

—The average daily attendance in the public schools of New Orleans is 16,142, the number of pupils registered being 19,946.

—There is a school population of 744,381 in Missouri, and school funds to the amount of $549,671.83 have just been distributed.

—The total exports from the Sandwich Islands in 1881 were $6,714,726, and the imports into the Kingdom $4,547,978

—The nine leading ports of Great Britain have a tonnage of 8,724,123, while the first four ports of the United States have only 1,976,940,

—There are five cities in the world having a population of over 1,000,000 inhabitants, one each in Britain, United States, Germany, France and Austria.

—The