

JOYS OF HOME.

upon a couch of fallen leaves, concealed by the undergrowth, which still permitted me to enjoy the peaceful beauty of the scene. My happiness was complete but not lasting, for at the moment a sweet voice broke the stillness.

CYRIL'S WOOD-NYMPH.

Some years ago I stood, musing on a balcony overlooking the Basse Plant at a party, and had been spending many months here with my uncle, who required care for his health. But he had recovered, and I had returned to my home in England and was about to depart for my native land.

Heavenly, merrily still I live now. Under the bosom that hangs on the bough, "The nymph of the stream," I murmured. "Here she comes!"

"Delicious!" she exclaimed in English, peering eagerly into the green shadows. "How cool the water looks! Oh, dear! How tired I am, and how hot my head and feet are!"

"I will!" she suddenly cried. "There is no one here to see, and no one anywhere to care."

"I'm glad you've come in," he commented, as I sat down. "Cyril, my boy, what do you think of getting married?"

"Oh, sir, have pity! I thought I was alone. If you can assist me, pray do so!" she answered, striving to conceal her tears.

"You see, my dear, I'm married," I remarked, throwing down my hat. "You see, my dear, I'm married," I remarked, throwing down my hat.

"Thank you, my boy!" exclaimed my uncle, rubbing his eyes together. "You always was a good lad—very!"

have been kindly ungracious. Madame however, welcomed me exceedingly, and drew me to her side, saying, "You have met my niece before, I understand. Perhaps, however, a more formal introduction would not be out of place."

"I don't know why she called you that," said my Nymph, doubtfully. "You are not unkind to me, but quite the reverse."

"I had not intended accepting the invitation on account of my uncle's health," I replied; "but if Miss Ross will favor me with her hand—"

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lucance to fulfill, was about to be gratified—he might not see the consummation of his hopes! How often it is thus in life!

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He was an English clubman, and he came to this country with the best of intentions to see his transatlantic cousin at home, and to enjoy their peculiarities. He was here just one week; then he sailed back straight for England. It wasn't his fault that he came to do a young American a special favor one night in London a month or two ago; it wasn't his fault that he happened to meet the same young gentleman on the deck of his steamer on his passage out.

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In the language of the Choctaw Indians, one of the most frequently occurring expressions is the emphatic one which an affirmative or denial is concluded. This one (pronounced with strong accent on the last syllable) is one of the superlatives for the superlative verb "to be" which is wanting in Choctaw. Oke, as pronounced in Choctaw, has exactly the same sound as the alphabetic pronunciation of the O. K. in English.

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There are 122 cigar factories in Key West. The widow of Santa Anna is still living in Mexico. The driest flour contains from 6 to 7 per cent of water. Croton water is purified by keeping fish in the reservoirs. Germany is fitting out four Arctic exploration expeditions. Most German army officers, it is reported, wear curls. Silver is scarcer than gold in the Nevada mining camp. One and two dollar bills bring a premium in New York. Semi-military discipline is to be introduced at Vassar College. A Rochester druggist, has constructed a safety net for the purpose of catching the cyclone at Charleston foot up \$1,600,000. Cotton seed hulls are made into kumling in an Alabama factory. The spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, is to be 330 feet high. The new postal cards will cost the Government \$47.71 per thousand. Rosworth battle field is cut into quarters by a canal and a railroad. At least one ton of gold is buried in the graves of the dead every year. The product of the mines of Bolivia is estimated at 16,000,000 ounces. Political gossip in Europe have it that Italy is preparing to seize Tripoli. According to a late estimate there are 200,000 Adventists in the United States. Within the last twenty-five years 41 daily newspapers have died in New York. The City of New York, it is estimated, at present has not fewer than 400 millionaires. The Bolivian government levies a tax of four-sixths for each ounce of silver mined. The one output of Leadville for July reached 1,000 tons a day for every working day. The weight of 1,000,000 dollar bills in greenbacks is within a fraction of 2,841 pounds. The Woman's National Industrial League has decided that Chinese laundries must go. The circulation of all New York papers is rapidly falling away in the West and South. The payroll of the Constock mines for the month of July will be not far from \$115,000. The output of the mineral products of the United States in 1884 was valued at \$240,000,000. Adolph Sutro, the millionaire, is about to establish a free scientific library in San Francisco. The Chicago bankers and money men are unanimously opposed to further coinage of silver. Attempts to introduce American brooms from England have not met with success. The depression of the coal trade in South Wales is so serious that nearly 40,000 men are affected by it. Fire has not left the heartstone of one farmer in Georgia since it was kindled with dirt and English water. The total number of self-supporting women and girls over ten years of age in New York State, is 2,647,157. A New York lawyer says he would have no trouble in getting 1,000 men in that city to swear falsely in a case. The death of Sultan Abdul Munir of Brunei, at the island of Borneo, at the age of 141 years. An average of 15,673 letters for every working day are received at the Dead Letter Office in Washington. It is said that 955 farms in Iowa are covered by water, and that twenty dairy farms are managed by women. The bones of Pizarro in the Lima Cathedral, a building that was finished in 1540 and cost nine millions. The "brother-in-law" is the Chicago name for the bogus bell punch companies. The post-office at St. Paul, Minn., an ostrich never lays but the egg, and drops that anywhere upon the sand, is nonsense. The ruins of Hierapolis, in the Delta of Egypt, once above inundation, are now beneath a deposit of seven feet of mud. The American Bible society expends \$15,000 a year in translating, publishing and distributing the Bible in foreign lands. The people of Boston place great confidence in their newspaper men. Two of them hold State and municipal offices. Fifteen hundred telephone instruments in Buffalo are supplied from electricity by the water power of Niagara Falls. The telegraphers in Buffalo assemble every day at a great number of 250 words per minute is unattainable and undesirable. The Australian authorities have established offices where all patent medicines intended to be offered for sale in the country must be tested. More than fifteen firms manufacturing and dealing in croquet goods have gone out of the business within two years. The game is dead. When potatoes were first introduced into Connecticut it was held that if a man ate them every day he could not live beyond seven years. Statistics furnished by the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce for the past fifty years show that the average rainfall is gradually decreasing. Four vessels in the United States may have named a Boston harbor to disastrous ends. Superstitious officers, therefore, dislike to allow it. The great masters of old would have stared, then laughed comically when they caught the humor of the thing, to hear the "interpretation" of their works which some of our brooding authorities have hit upon. They aimed at beauty and nothing else—it was supremest beauty they found because themselves were supreme. There is grave reason to think that if a greater number of their masterpieces survived, our fashionable critics would be sadly puzzled to reconcile many inconsistencies. In that earlier and happier day there was a more general agreement about principles than now. By nature, or habit, or circumstance, personal tastes were more akin, and great works appealed more generally to the crowd.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

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