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Poetry.

BY AND BY.

By add by the roses wither,
By and by the leaves will fall,
By and by the crimson autumn
Sheds its lustre over all.
By and by our hopes will brighten,
Though the swallows homeward fly,
And false friends who seem to love us,
May forget us by and by.

By and by the rose that withers,
Will uplift its drooping head,
Awakened from its slumbers
By an angel's gentle tread.
By and by will hearts be broken
That have never known a sigh;
Friendless ones with joy will lighten
In the coming by and by.

By and by there will be false hearts,
By and by there will be true;
Do I hear you say you doubt it,
If you do then, why do you?
By and by bright eyes will moisten
When beneath the turf we lie,
There will still be those that love us,
In the silent by and by.

The Oak Closet.

Margaret Gray was in some sort an upper servant in the household of Judge Wallace. The Judge lived in a handsome house, in the suburbs of the little country village of Thorndale.

Margaret was left an orphan at an early age, and the Judge and his wife had taken her into their house to save her from being thrown on the charity of the town.

They had done their part well for her.—They had two children of their own—twins Alice and Algernon—and Margaret had enjoyed every advantage of education in common with the brother and sister.

As she grew older, and began to realize how much she owed the Judge and his wife, she felt a desire to be able in some way to make them a recompense for kindness, and as she was a strong, active girl, she soon became very useful about the domestic affairs of the household. Mrs. Wallace was a feeble woman and very willingly resigned some of the cares and burdens to Margaret, and in course of time the young girl came to be trusted and depended on, until, by the time she was two and twenty, she was really the head of the establishment, though Mrs. Wallace still did the honors in her quiet lady-like manner, and poured the tea and coffee at the head of the table.

Alice had married early and gone to the far west with her husband. Algernon was finishing his medical studies at a German university, and only the Judge and his wife and Margaret—besides the man and woman servant who had been with them for years—remained at home.

Some unfortunate speculations, largely indulged in, when the Judge was quite a young man, had encumbered the old estate with a mortgage, and this it was the Judge's ambition to discharge. He wanted to leave the place totally free from the debt to his son Algernon.

The strictest economy had been practiced for years in the household, with this end in view, and at last the Judge held in his hands the money with which to liquidate the claim.

It was late on Saturday night when he brought it home, and said to his wife as he swung the little black leather trunk containing it before her eyes.

'Well, Annie, at last we are to be free from debt! There are eight thousand dollars in that trunk, and on Monday I shall pay Jones in full, we shall burn that abominable mortgage together, you and I, Annie. It will be the happiest day in my life!'

'But if anything should happen, William!' said Mrs. Wallace, nervously. 'Do put the money in some safe place. It has cost us dear enough to scrape it together.'

The Judge bent down and patted the anxious little woman on the head.

'I am going to put it into the little closet Annie. It has a spring-lock, and if by chance any burglar should get into the house he would never dream of finding anything of value in a little stifled up closet at the head of the garret stairs.'

And with a light heart the Judge went off to deposit his treasure.

Margaret was sitting in the room darning the Judge's stocking when this conversation took place, and of course she heard where the money was to be placed, though at the time she gave little heed of it.

The next day, John and Sarah, the two servants, had a holiday to visit a married daughter of theirs who resided fifteen or twenty miles away, and as it was in November, and the days were short, they would not return until Monday night.

And sometime after they set out there came an imperative message to the Judge from his only sister—saying that she was very ill, and desired to see him without delay. Her home was in Shelby—eight or ten miles off, and of course the Judge lost no time in obeying the summons. He took his wife with him, leaving Margaret alone in the house.

After they were seated in the carriage, the Judge stopped to say:

'It is barely possible, Margaret, that we remain all night. It looks very much like a storm and in that case we shall certainly stay. And if so, you had better get Sallie Turner to come over and stay with you for company.'

But, though Margaret would have liked Sallie's company well enough, she at once decided not to ask for it, because if she did so, she knew that Sallie's brother Willis would be sure to come along, and the less she saw of Willis Turner the better she was pleased. Willis was an honest, industrious sort of a fellow, and he was Margaret's most devoted admirer, but with the usual inconsistency of her sex she utterly refused to see what was best for her.

The long afternoon wore slowly away, Margaret read a little and drummed a few tones listlessly on the old fashioned piano, played with the black cat and white kitten and held the old cat curled up in her lap like a sleepy caterpiller, and at last it was sunset.

Time to milk the cows and shut the barn door for the night.

It was evident that there was going to be a storm, for the north and west were dark with ominous black clouds, and the west wind sighed drearily in the pine woods back of the house. And, indeed, before Margaret had done up the odd jobs at the barn, the first great drops of frozen rain began to fall and by the time she had eaten her supper and strained the milk, the storm had set in deadly earnest.

She closed and barred the doors—the windows were already fastened—drew the shutters, and piled the kitchen fire place full of hickory.

The kitten had gone to sleep on a cushioned chair in the corner, and the old black cat sat on the hearth blinking her eye sleepily at the cheerful blaze.

Margaret read a little, and dreamed a great deal, as girls of her age are prone to do when left to themselves. She made a very pretty picture, if only there had been some one to see her.

Her soft brown hair was unbound, and fell rippling to her waist; her fair, round face was tinted as delicately a pink as the inside of a sea shell; her brown eyes were dreamy and full of languor; and her red lips were sweet and womanly enough for any true lover to find his rarest happiness in kissing.

Slowly, at length, the old coffin shaped clock in the corner struck ten. Margaret started up. She had not thought it was so late. The evening had gone off much quicker than she expected it would. It was so dreadful to stay alone after all, she said to herself.

She opened a shutter, and peered out into the night. It was as dark as Erebus, and the wind and rain beat against the pane in a perfect torrent. The Judge would not think of returning on such a night.

'Well, Tommy,' said she to the cat, 'I guess you and I and kitty will go to bed.—We must be up betimes in the morning you know, since there is none but us to do the chores.'

As she spoke, Margaret stooped to stroke Tommy, but to her infinite surprise she saw that the animal's paw and tail were erect—eyes had changed to a glossy green of rage and terror, and with panther-like tread, she was making her way toward the door, which opened upon the cellar stair-way.

And while she gazed, Margaret saw with horror that the latch was slowly lifting, and the next moment the door swung open with an ominous crack, and a man stepped into the room. He was a short thick-set fellow, with sandy hair and whiskers, and a pale, ferocious looking blue eyes, set far back in his head.

'So, ho, my dear,' said he, 'you are sole proprietor it appears?'

For an instant Margaret's heart stood still, but she was naturally brave, and she was proud as well, and would not allow this man to see that she feared him.

'I have that honor,' she said, coolly, 'who are you? And what do you want?'

'I trust you will excuse me if I neglect to introduce myself,' said the man with much courtesy—'as for my business, I am quite happy to inform you about that. I want the eight thousand dollars that the Judge brought from Ridgely bank last night, and I depended on you to point it out to me.'

The indignant blood rushed to Margaret's face, and she answered sharply:

'I will die before I will do as you ask!'

'You shall have your choice.'

He produced a pistol, which he cocked deliberately, and pointed at her head.

'Show me the place where the tin is hidden, or I'll blow your brains out.'

Like lightning a varied train of thought rushed through the head of the girl, in that one instance a score of plans to evade the rascal, and simultaneously discard them as impracticable.

There she was alone, helpless, a weak girl almost a mile from any other human habitation, and in such a storm it was by no means likely that any one would be passing by from whom she could claim assistance.

For a second she thought of risking everything to escape by the outer door, and trusting to her knowledge of the way, to attempt to reach Mr. Turner's and seek propection.

But the man seemed to divine her thought for he stepped between her and the door.

'No my beauty, you don't play that game on me!, he said, with a sardonic smile.—'And now I'll give you just three minutes to decide what you'll do. If you will show me where the money is, I swear not to do you harm; if you refuse; I swear to kill you, and trust to luck for finding it without your help.'

He took his watch and stood regarding it and Margaret alternately. As she stood there, faint and giddy with fear, a new idea penetrated Margaret's brain, and she was in just the state of desperation which stops at no sacrifice, however great. Come life or death she must save the money for which her friends have toiled so long and earnestly, and the loss of which would involve them in ruin. And she thought she saw a way to do it, though it would compass her destruction.

'You may put up your pistol,' she said, calmly. 'I will show you where the money is concealed.'

'That's sensible, my dear,' said the man. 'It's not often that sense and a pretty face go together. But you're an exception.—Come be lively now.'

She took a candle from the table selected one from a bunch of keys in a basket hanging from the wall, and bade him to follow her.

She led him up stairs to the door of the oak closet, applied the key, and opening the door, pointed to the black box in the farther corner of the closet.

'You will find what you seek there.'

She stepped back for him to enter, but he seized her by the wrist and pulled her along with him.

'I know your game,' said he; 'you would get me into that cursed closet hole and then lock the door upon me. Take out the key and fling it down the stairs, and come in with me. I shan't eat you.'

She obeyed him literally, and they stood together in the stifling place, which was scarcely large enough to contain them, Margaret, with the hand which the latter had let free, seized on the door and pulled it too.

It shut with a sharp click—shut and locked at the same time.

A fierce oath burst from the burglar.

'What do you mean?' he cried. 'Hell and furies! I shall suffocate here! Open the door, or I will shoot you.'

'Do as you please,' said Margaret, defiantly 'the door has a spring lock and can be opened only from the outside. And unless some one comes to our relief, we shall remain here until we die, which will be only a few hours at the most!'

'You—the devil! Why have you done this?' he demanded, hoarse with rage.—Don't you know that you will die too?'

'Certainly; but I prefer death to the ruin of my best friends. If we die here—as we shall without doubt—the money shall be saved.'

The oaths, and threats and curses of the man were fearful—but Margaret felt no fears. Something above and beyond herself sustained her, and she was happy in her consciousness that her life would purchase the old home of her kind benefactors.

The close torpid air weighed upon her like lead—already the bad wretch who was her companion sunk stupefied to the floor. All her past life came up before her—she remembered things long ago forgotten—she saw faces dead and buried—she heard voices long mute beneath the grave clods, and then life and sense faded out, and she knew no more.

* * * * * * * *

Judge Wallace found his sister better, but the storm coming on it was deemed best to remain all night, but early the next morning he set off for home accompanied by his wife.

Arriving in the sight of his house he was surprised to see the shutters still closed, and the chimney giving out no smoke of welcome.

At the gate a young man was tying a horse, and the Judge exclaimed to his wife.

'Bless my life, Annie! that's Algernon! There's no mistaking him. He's home a month earlier than we expected him. But I greatly fear something is amiss with Mag! She's an early riser, and the shutters are yet closed.'

He whipped up his horse, and soon had his long absent son by the hand.

The first warm greeting over, the Judge rapped at the fastened door; but eliciting no response his alarms increased, and after shouting for Margaret at the top of his voice, and receiving no reply; with Algernon's help, he burst open the door, and entered the kitchen.

All was as she had left it the previous night, the fire had burned down, and black brands covered the hearth; the chamber door stood suggestively open. Father and son ascended the stairs, and half way up the Judge stumbled over the key of the oak closet.

'Good Heaven!' he exclaimed, 'the key to the closet where I left that money. I greatly fear that some evil has befallen Margaret!'

They found the closet door locked, and to their repeated knockings there came no response from within.

Algernon applied the key, and the opened door revealed a frightful sight.

With fearful distorted, purple face the robber lay on the floor, stone dead, and a little removed from him, pale and quiet lay Margaret.

Algernon bore her down stairs and into the open air, but it was very long before she gave any signs or tokens of life, and it was a week before she was able to give a detailed account of what had happened during that night of horror, in the oak closet.

But she had saved the money, and the son undertook to pay the debt of gratitude owed by his father. And before the winter was over Algernon married Margaret, and together they dwell in the old homestead, and on stormy nights tell their children the story of the oak closet.

CAMBRIDGE is proud of a young woman so innocent and pure-minded that she remarked to her intended the day previous to their marriage: "Now mind! I won't have a baby brought into the house!"

Think Before You Speak.

'Always keep truth on your side, my young friend, if you want to get along in this world,' said a Sunday School teacher to one of her scholars, as he was just starting for home.

'Yes ma'am, I will, because I know it is wrong to tell a falsehood.'

'Say, Billy, just look here,' said a young urchin, who happened to overhear the teacher, 'don't you always tell the truth, if you do you might feel sorry for it sometime.'

'Why, what do you want me to do?—You don't want me to be a liar, do you?'

'No, not exactly that, but I will tell you what happened to me the other day, and you can judge for yourself.'

'You know my old grandfather, who lives with us, don't like me just because I won't mind him. Well, the other day I went down to my father's store and I saw some Cayenne pepper there, and just then I thought it would be a good chance to get even with him. So I put some of it in a paper and took it home with me, and while grandfather was down to dinner I mixed some with his snuff, and managed to make my way down stairs without being discovered.'

'After dinner was over, we all ascended to the parlors, as we expected some friends to call.

About eight o'clock in came a party of gentlemen, among the number was one who was an old snuffer, and having forgot his snuff box, of course he called on grandfather for a pinch, at the same time asking the other gentlemen to partake, which they did; also one or two old ladies.

'It was not more than two minutes before they all commenced to sneeze, and such a sneezing party you never saw in your life. Their heads were bobbing up and down, and the water was coursing down their cheeks. I really thought, when I looked at their tears, that I thoroughly understood the word streamlet, but some of those old gentlemen would insist calling it dam.'

'The ladies who had partaken had left the room, for I took particular notice that every time they sneezed their hair would bounce all over. I tell you I was amused, for one old lady lost the back of her head, and fainted outright, but still she had to sneeze, faint or no faint. She could not help it.

'Well, my father at last began to suspect something, for I was laughing so I thought I would go to pieces. He went and got the snuff and gave it a thorough examination; of course he discovered the pepper. He just gave one glance to me, and said:

'Who has been putting Cayenne pepper in this snuff?'

Just then I happened to think of George Washington. His father patted him on the head for telling the truth. So I up like a little man, and says:

'I done it, father, with some of that pepper you sell in the store.'

'You did, did you; I'll pepper you,' and he did.

'Yes, sir; and he took me up by the back of the neck, and he laid me across his knees and the way he did lay it on with that cane of his, I'll never forget it as long as I live. I've often laughed at the idea of men having to stand up to eat, but I have had it impressed on my mind that it was a reality as I had to stand for three or four days.

Ever since that I always take time to consider what the consequence will be before I tell the truth.'

Walking Jewelry Shop.

A correspondent says: One of the California princes was casually strolling with his wife through Taffany's jewelry establishment in New York. The wife called her husband's attention to a fine opal that was not yet set. It was taken out of the case and value—$7,000—was named as the price. It was purchased in London, and had belonged to Eugenie's collection. The lady said it would make a handsome brooch set with diamonds. His attention was then attracted by something else, and she passed on. Her husband then conferred with the clerk as to the beauty of a necklace and earrings in addition to the brooch. The clerk was then authorized to draw a design for an entire set of opals and diamonds. The design when submitted was accepted, and the wife received a surprise present from her husband of the finest set of opals and diamonds of the country. The cost was a mere trifle—$27,000. It was a slight addition to the collection she had already possessed of a large set of diamonds which were too valuable for her to carry to Saratoga. She felt, however, no risk in wearing emeralds and diamonds, and excited the envy of those whose chief delight consists in the display of gems that cannot be rivaled. Her coral set cost a thousand dollars, and there were other sets as valuable. She is handsome, and her laces and emeralds were the astonishment of Congress Hall ballroom.

HOW HE WAS SILENCED.—At a recent meeting in which there was much religious interest, an old man gave expression to his joy by shouting, and continued it until he began to interrupt the services. Brother H. said to Brother W., 'go stop that old man's noise.' He went to him and spoke a few words, and the shouting man at once became quiet. 'Brother H.,' asked brother W., 'what did you say to the old man that quited him so promptly?' Brother W. replied, 'I asked him for a dollar for foreign mission!'

Who Are The Tax-Payers?

Internal Revenues.—For the purpose of showing just where the Internal revenues come from, the following analysis of the tax of 1874 is given. There was collected from—

Spirits	$49,444,089.75
Tobacco	33,242,875.51
Fermentated liquors	9,304,679.62
Banks and bankers	3,387,160.67
Penalties, etc	364,216.34
Adhesive stamps	6,136,844.64
Balances	674,880.14
	$102,644,746.98

If a family uses fifty boxes of matches, of ordinary size, in a year, they pay fifty cents in taxes to support the Government. If they have occasion to use a few bottles of patent medicines; or the ladies are disposed to indulge in perfumes; or if the head of the family is well to do and keeps a bank account, on which he occasionally draws a check, these incidents may occasion an annual expenditure of fifty cents to a dollar in taxes. But this includes the entire list of articles taxed, excepting spirits, beer and tobacco in their various forms. But the latter articles are not included among the necessaries of life; they are luxuries. Dealers in these articles not only add the amount of the tax to the cost of their goods, but they fix a profit on the tax itself, in the same proportion as they do on the original price for the article before the tax is added. The dealer rarely complains of the tax; he makes money out of it, and the slave to artificial appetite pays it all.

Customs Revenues.—Free traders attempted to deceive the people by making them believe the tariff of duties imposed on imported goods is, in all cases, a tax on the consumers of those goods. It is not so. In nine cases out of ten the duties are wholly a tax upon the foreign producer; and he so understands it. Hence the persistent efforts made by Great Britain to secure a reduction of our tariff, and of Canada to obtain a free trade reciprocity with the United States. It is the producer, not the consumer, who pays the duties. Maine and Canada each send a cargo of potatoes to Boston or New York. They each sell out at $1.00 per bushel. Maine receives the full amount of the sale, while Canada leaves fifteen cents out of each dollar, as a duty on the goods. It is the same with nine-tenths of the foreign goods brought to United States markets. *The duties are paid by the producer, for the privilege of using our markets.* It is as direct a tax upon him as the charges for freight, insurance and commissions. The customs revenues amount to about $165,000,000 a year, of which not less than $125,000,000 are paid by those, *outside of the Union*, who use our markets for their advantage.

Living Here and There.

Valuable statistics in regard to the comparative cost of living in America and Europe are given in the late Massachusetts Labor Report.

One dollar will buy twenty pounds of flour in Boston, one or two pounds more in some European seaports, but the same are considerably less in a majority of places compared In Boston one dollar will buy 5.56 pounds of beef, roast piece. In no place in England will it buy as much by a pound or more, and in Europe still less, Copenhagen being the only place where it will buy more. Butter in Europe averages a pound more to the dollar than here; cheese less than that, except in a few spots. As for potatoes, they are cheaper here than in England, and dearer than in Ireland or Germany. Seven or eight pounds of pork are sold for a dollar here, and not much more than half as much can be obtained for that sum in Europe or England, and nowhere as much.—In rice, milk and eggs they have the advantage of us. Tea costs less here than in England, but more than on the Continent. With coffee it is about the same, though the difference is little. In sugar the British are little better off, Continentals are a great deal worse. Coal is cheaper here than in Germany, and dearer than in England. Merrimac or common prints are cheaper here than in England and Europe. Boots are about the same here as there, generally speaking. There are but two or three places in England or the Continent where brown sheetings are cheaper than here, while in brown shirtings the foreigners are better off. Rent for four-room tenements is from two to four times cheaper in Great Britain and on the Continent than in Boston; in Australia fifteen times cheaper. Board also is from one and a half to twice as cheap in Europe and in Great Britain as in Boston.

Millions of Catfish.

As a locomotive tender was being filled with water at the tank on the Erie railway yard at Port Jarvis, a few days ago, suddenly the water ceased to flow. The apparatus was taken apart, and the pipes were found to be choked with catfish, from an inch to two inches in length. The same day, as engine No. 275 was going up the mountain, it was found that no water was running from the tank to the boiler. The train was stopped and the fire drawn to prevent an explosion. An investigation showed that the connecting hose was literally packed with these little fish. Hydrants ceased to work throughout the village, and the pipes carrying water to the boilers in the Erie shops refusing to discharge, expectation, were necessarily suspended until they could be cleared. As in other cases, catfish were the cause of the stoppage. There was almost a complete water famine for several hours.

Poisoned Stockings.

The recent introduction and extended use of colored or striped stockings, and the evil effects experienced by the wearers of them, have served to direct the attention of the physician and analyst to the question of the dyes used in coloring them. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in noticing the evil effects of wearing colored hose, cites several instances where the first symptoms were intense irritation in the skin of the feet, swelling, and an inflamed appearance; than an outbreak of watery blisters of all sizes, from groups of the size of hemp-seed to single blisters on the soul of the foot larger than a five-shilling piece. This condition was accompanied by general feverishness, rigors, loss of appetite, and a sensation of pervading *malaise*. In a severe attack the patient was rarely able to walk for three weeks, and after one attack passed off it was often followed by another of a milder type. In one case a gentleman was obliged to wear cloth shoes for upward of eight months, and with other patients the system has been so impregnated with the poison that blisters have reappeared at intervals, not only on the feet, but on the hands, ears, &c., for more than three years. There was no doubt as to the cause and method of this blood-poisoning, for the blisters first came in stripes corresponding to the colored stripes of the stockings, and the laundresses complained of the irritation and inflamed condition of their hands after washing these poisonous articles. A Scotch lady who suffered from a like cause brought a successful suit against the firm which supplied her with the goods, and it was formally announced by them that henceforth the use of arsenic in the composition of the dyes would be discontinued. Although having no wish to appear "alarmists," yet it is evident that the occasion is one calling for watchful care on the part of both purchaser and manufacturer. As we have suggested above, these facts are worthy of special consideration at present. For, while the fashion of wearing striped stockings will, without doubt soon be confined to gentlemen alone, yet the use by them of questionable colors may result in the disastrous effects above described.

A. T. Stewart's Ten Thousand Dollar Carpet.

Among the many treasures owned by the "merchant prince' is a magnificent carpet, which was once intended to grace the halls of royalty, having been manufactured for the Emperor Napoleon. Its size is about forty feet square. The centre piece, its most prominent object, occupying nearly one-half of the whole area, represents a beautiful oval-shaped picture set in a gold frame, and suitably hung, would at a distance, be easily mistaken for an elegant painting.

The picture shows the harbor, castle and surrounding country of Marseilles, France. In the foreground, one is charmed by the blue water and stately ships at anchor;—further back the harbor and ancient castle, rising grandly in its magnificent whiteness against the green foliage enveloping the base of the mountains which form the background and lift their heads into a blue sky, flaked with fleecy clouds. Napoleon's coat of arms surmounts the picture and a Latin motto, wrought in gold on blue ribbon-like ground, lies half unrolled at the base.

Immediately surrounding this lovely picture, in a bed of rich brown, is a garland of flowers, much larger than natural size, but so brilliant and so delicately and accurately represented that it seems as one might stoop and lift the petals one from another. Outside of this garland, and serving as a border to the carpet, is a wreath formed of overlaping oak leaves and acorns also in natural colors, their various shades of green and brown blending in exquisite beauty.

It is quite impossible to give an idea of this wonderful fabric, which was made with the needles of poor women, who wrought it in section and set it together after the manner of the camel's hair shawls. Its texture is as delicate as a silken robe, and no painter could portray color or detail with greater skill. It actually cost $10,000 to make it. Mr. Stewart saw it at the Paris Exposition, and purchased it as a novelty to exhibit to friends who visit his 'up town store.'

Peas Three Thousand Years Old.

In the course of late explorations in the ancient ruins of Egypt, General Anderson, a traveler, found enclosed in a sarcophagus beside a mummy, a few dry peas, which he preserved carefully, and, on his return to Great Britain, planted in the rich soil of the Island of Guernsey. The seed germinated, and soon two little plants appeared, from which, at maturity, sufficient peas were gathered to plant quite a large tract of ground the following season.

Some of the plants thus raised have attained a height of over six feet, and have been laden with blossoms of exquisite odor and of a delicate rose tint. The peculiar feature of the growth is the stem, which is small near the root, but increases greatly in size as it ascends, requiring a support to sustain it upright. The pods instead of being distributed around all portions of the steam, as in the ordinary plant, are grouped about the upper extremity. The vegetable, it is said belongs to the ordinary garden variety; but from its presenting the very distinctive differences above noted, it seems worthy of close botanical examination. The peas are of a remarkably fine flavor, excelling in delicacy those of the choicest known varieties.

Rev. J. S. Willis on the Bible in the Schools.

The American Common School League, an organization recently formed in New York city, held a mass-meeting on Wednesday of last week, in Cooper Institute. The objects of the league is to pronounce against the abolishment of the Bible from the public schools. Mr. S. H. Munn presided over the meeting, which was largely attended. After a prayer, Rev. J. S. Willis was introduced as the first speaker. He thought as a question of propriety there could be no reasonable objection to the Bible in the public schools. The Bible was not objected to in the courts nor in the halls of legislation. He claimed it was the most dignified history in existence, and, therefore, could not be objectionable. The gentleman referred to Germany and Great Britain as countries which have always had the Bible, and to France, Spain, and Italy as countries where they had not. Where there was progress, liberty, and Christian civilization, there was the Bible; where ignorance and intolerance were, there the Bible could not be found. He held that it was the design of the public school to awaken the moral sense, to prepare the child for good citizenship. The perpetuity of the Government depends upon the moral culture of the children. He insisted that the objection to the Bible had been dictated by a counsel of Cardinals gathered beneath the shadow of the Vatican.—The Bible is not a Protestant Bible, so far as it relates to the public schools, but it is an American Bible, a Republican book in every particular. He thought that Americans would do well to imbibe the genius of Prince Bismarck, whose treatment of the Roman Catholics was well known.—The establishment which furnishes three-fourths of the criminals of the country is the one which clamors against the invasion of rights when no rights were invaded.—The speaker held that there was too much of a spirit of compromise. He believed in compromising not one single step in this question. The address was loudly applauded.

A Noble Wife.

During the revolution in Poland which followed the revolution of Thaddeus Kosciusco, many of the truest and best of the sons of that ill fated country were forced to flee for their lives, forsaking home and friends. One of those who had been most eager for liberty of Poland, and most bitter to the enmity against Prussia and Russia, been a king a hundred and fifty years before.

Sobieski had two sons in the patriot ranks, and father and sons had been of those who persisted in what the Russians pleased to term rebellion, and a price had been set upon their heads.

The Archduke Constanine was eager to apprehend Micheal Sobieski, and learned that the wife of the Polish hero was at her home in Cracow, and he waited upon her.

"Madam,' said he, speaking, politely, for the lady was queenly, 'I think you know where your husbands and sons are hiding.'

'I know, sir.'

'If you tell me where your husband is your sons shall be pardoned.'

"And shall be safe?'

"Yes, madam. I swear it. Tell me where your husband is concealed, and both you and your sons shall be unharmed.'

"Then, sir,' answered the noble woman, rising with a dignity sublime, and laying her hand upon her bosom, 'he lies concealed here—in the heart of his wife—and you will have to tear this heart to find him.

Tyrant as he was, the Archduke admired the answer, and the spirit which had inspired it, and deeming the good will of such a woman worth securing, he forthwith published a pardon of the father and sons.

Danger of Stimulants.

The man is nothing less than a deliberate suicide who drinks tea, coffee or ardent spirits of any kind to induce him to do work in hand when he feels too weak to go through with it without such aid. This is the reason that the majority of great orators and favorites die drunkards. The pulpit, the bench, the bar, the forum have contributed their legions of victims to drunken habits. The beautiful woman, the sweet singer, the conversationalist, the periodical writer, has filled too often the drunkard's grave. The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too tired to perform a task, or too weak to carry it through, is to go to bed and sleep a week if he can; this is the only true recuperation of brain power; the only actual renewal of brain forces, because during sleep the brain is, in a sense, at rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood which take the previous labor. Mere stimulents supply nothing; they only goad the brain, force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so fully exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply; just as men are sometimes so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not strength enough left to swallow anything, and all is over. The capacity of the brain to receive recuperative particles sometimes comes on with the rapidity of lightning, and the man becomes mad in an instant; in an instant falls into convulsions; in an instant loses all sense, and he is an idiot. There is renewed force for the brain only in early and abundant sleep.