The Chestertown Transcript.

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COMING.

"At eve, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning."

"It may be in the even,
When the work of the day is done,
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking sun;
While the long, bright day dies slowly
Over the sea,
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me;
While you hear the village children
Passing along the street,
Among those thronging footsteps
May come the sound of My feet.
Therefore I tell you, watch
By the light of the evening star,
When the room is growing dusky
As the clouds afar.
Let the door be on the latch
In your home;
For it may be through the gloaming
I will come.

"It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves dying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house;
When the fires burn low and red,
And the watch is ticking loudly
Beside the bed.
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,
Still your heart must wait and watch
In the dark room;
For it may be at midnight
I will come.

"It may be at the cock-crow,
When the night is dying slowly
In the sky,
And the sea looks calm and holy,
Waiting for the dawn,
Of the golden sun,
Which draweth nigh;
When the mists are on the valleys, shading
The river chill,
And the morning star is fading, fading
Over the hill—
Behold I say unto you, watch;
Let the door be on the latch
In your home.
In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,
I may come.

"It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is glittering sharply
Over the little town;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
When the birds are singing sweetly
About the door;
With the long day's work before you,
You rise up with the sun,
And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of all that must be done.
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door,
To call you from all your busy work
For evermore.
As you work, your heart must watch,
For the door is on the latch
In your room,
And it may be in the morning
I will come."

So He passed down my cottage garden,
By the path that leads to the sea,
Till He came to the turn of the little road,
Where the birch and laburnum tree
Lean over and arch the way;
There I saw Him a moment stay,
And turn once more to me
As I wept at the cottage door,
And lift up His hands in blessing,
Then I saw His face no more.

And I stood still in the doorway,
Leaning against the wall,
Not heeding the fair, white roses,
Though I crushed them and let them fall;
Only looking down the pathway,
And looking toward the sea,
And wondering, and wondering
When He would come back to me;
Till I was aware of an angel
Who was going swiftly by,
With the gladness of one who goeth
In the light of God Most High.

He passed the end of the cottage,
Toward the garden gate,
(I suppose he was come down
At the setting of the sun,
To comfort some one in the village
Whose dwelling was desolate,)
And he passed before the door
Beside my place,
And the likeness of a smile
Was on his face.
'Weep not,' he said, 'for unto you is given
To watch for the coming of His feet
Who is the glory of our blessed heaven;
The work and watching will be very sweet,
Even in an earthly home;
And in such an hour as you think not
He will come.'

So I am watching quietly
Every day.
Whenever the sun shines brightly
I rise and say:
"Surely it is the shining of His face!"
And look unto the gates of His high place
Beyond the sea;
For I know he is coming shortly
To summon me.
And when a shadow falls across the window
Of my room,
Where I am working my appointed task,
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask
If He is come.
And the angel answers sweetly
In my home:
'Only a few more shadows
And He will come."

"You Have Saved My Life."

CHAPTER I.

There were few prettier pictures than that disclosed in the old rectory-garden on that bright winter morning. Tiptoe, her arms raised to a branch of growing holly, her glossy hair falling from her fair face over her seal-skin jacket, and her violet eyes sparkling, was May Westleigh, the Rector's daughter, while within a few feet of her, watching her efforts with amusement and a vast amount of admiration stood Thomas Mildmay, a handsome young muscular Christian, attired in a tweed suit and felt hat. Suddenly the latter burst forth:

It is the Rector's daughter
And she has grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles in her ear.

'Don't be absurd, Tom,' interrupted the young lady. 'You are a gallant gentleman, truly, to see a female in distress and not aid her.'

'Have I not offered to help you at least six times May, and have been refused,' he replied.

'And will be again, sir. This is the most lovely piece of holly I have seen this season, and I am determined that no other fingers than mine shall touch it until I give it to my dear Jack when he comes this evening. They don't grow holly in India, do they, Tom?'

'No, I think not.'

'Then it will be a welcome offering to an English heart. Oh! how glad, how very glad I shall be to see the dear old fellow.'

'If you speak so enthusiastically, May, 'pon my word I shall be jealous,' he replied.

'Jealousy—you! And Jack? Nonsense,' she exclaimed, smiling. 'Why, Tom, I love him like a brother. We were brought up, you know, as children together.'

'So he told me, May, when we met in India, and he gave me the letter of introduction to the Rector. Indeed,' proceeded Thomas Maldmay, still inspecting the gathering of the holly, and which persistently clung to its parent stem, 'well, he spoke so incessantly about you that I fancied—'

'Pray, what, sir?'

'That there existed a between you a deeper effection than a brother's and sister's love.'

'Which shows that you were deceived. Talk of women jumping at hasty conclusions! Men are a thousand times worse. There, after all! you must lend me your knife, Tom: the branch will not break, it is so tough.'

Thomas Mildmay produced it again, offering his services, which, notwithstanding the obstinacy of the holly, were again rejected.

'Cut upward, not downwards, May, he cried, suddenly stepping forward; 'the knife is sharp.'

The warning came too late; the keen blade had flashed through the tough fibres, and had penetrated May's white, slender finger.

It was not a very serious cut, but sufficiently so to cause the blood to leap forth. The cry she uttered, was echoed by her companion, whose arm encircled her dainty waist, as he caught her hand in his.

'O, dearest!' he hastily exclaimed in great concern, 'why did you not permit me?'

'Because,' answered May, a little pale, 'I said no one should touch this branch but myself, Tom, and no one shall. But see!' and she held the holly towards him—'there is blood upon it, and it is a bad omen.'

He glanced at the bough, and truly, fallen on it, as bright as the berries themselves, were the crimson drops.

'Bad omen, May!' he laughed, wrapping her wounded finger in his handkerchief. 'What childishness! May, you are absolutely pale. 'Pon my word, your concern for Jack is already making me jealous.

'Don't let it do that, Tom,' she said bravely.

'Why not?'

'Because, Tom, you are, I do truly believe the best-tempered man I ever knew, but—'

'But,' he questioned, fondly regarding her.

'I am sure you love me so fondly that, were you jealous of any one, I imagine that you would not be answerable for your actions.'

He caught her in his arms and pressed a kiss on her smooth cheek.

'My darling, you are right,' he replied gravely, in his turn. 'If I thought I should lose you, or another was seeking to win you from me. I think I should either kill him or myself.'

'Now you are talking pure nonsense, Tom, dear. Let us go in,' she laughed, and, taking his arm, they moved over the crisp, frosty lawn to the quaint old rectory, a very Jack in the green ivy which encircled its highest gables. But, even during the embrace, May had kept the holly branch from coming in contact with Thomas Mildmay, and did so still. Was this an omen, too?

CHAPTER II.

The clear winter's morning had given place to a bleak, wintery night, and the snow dashed sharp and cutting in the faces of the Rector and his old pupil, John Westmacott, as they whirled along the dreary Scottish road from the railway station to the rectory.

'Now, Doctor,' exclaimed Jack, merrily, 'let me take the reins while you tell the news. Remember the road! Aye, every stone of it, as if I had but traveled it but yesterday. How kind it was of you on such a night to come and meet me.—How jolly I feel to see old Caithness again. What song is that May used to sing about there being no place like home? Neither is there. And how is May—bless her heart!—Older, of course; and pretty I will swear.'

'Well, all the change you will 'find in her, Jack, is for the better; and I have one piece of news that will surprise you, perhaps, but I think that I will leave it for May herself to tell, or your own eyes to read.'

Why did John Westmacott start and grow anxiously nervous for that news and no other?

'Nay, Doctor,' he remarked, 'remember how long I have been away, and don't tantalize me. What is it? Does is concern—concern May?'

'Yes, Jack. She is engaged to be married.'

John Westmacott gripped the reigns so sharply that the horse reared. It gave excuse for his temporary silence; then rather huskily came the interrogation:

'To whom, Doctor?'

'Your friend, Thomas Mildmay.'

'My friend!' muttered the ex-pupil between his teeth; 'curse him!' Then aloud: 'How long has she been engaged, Doctor?'

'Only since you have been on your voyage home, dear boy, or she would have written to tell you. You will have to wish her joy.'

'I do, and'—but this under his breath—him. He had robbed me of her.'

It was so. John Westmacott had come back to the home of his childhood, the love of his youth. In those days he had termed her his little wife—laughingly she had accepted the title. In nothing he had been more serious. During his absence, while fighting for that fortune he had realized, amid care and trouble, one idea had upheld him: the returning to England and marrying May Westleigh. He had never doubted that she knew of and reciprocated his affection.—He had come back to find his happiness scattered to the winds.

How he went through the evening that ensued he never knew. How he calmly kissed the cheek May in all innocence presented to "her brother;" how quietly he listened to the story of the holly bough; and how he took Thomas Mildmay's hand, was a mystery he never unraveled. All seemed the act of another person, not himself. Only when he found himself unexpectedly alone with May, just before leaving, did he lose his self-control.—Flinging out his hands towards her, he cried bitterly:

'May, why have you thus deceived me? You knew I loved you. Why let me return to be so cruelly disappointed? Why of all men did you select Thomas Mildmay, who knew my secret? He is a crafty coward to have won you from me; but, by heaven, he shall rue his treachery!'

'Jack!' exclaimed the girl, pale and alarmed, 'what do you mean?'

'That I love you, May—have always loved you—must love you to my dying hour!'

Before she had divined his intent, he had taken her in his arms, pressing a kiss upon her forehead. Then he had gone, and the girl, full of grief, dropped weeping on a chair. A voice aroused her.—Looking up, she beheld Thomas Mildmay by her side. His face was very white, his brows contracted, his lips compressed.

'May,' said he, hoarsely, 'I have heard every word. I was yonder,' pointing to the conservatory. 'What is all this?—What does he mean by your deceiving him?'

'Tom, I know no more than you; unless he has taken a childish joke in seriousness. Papa shall set him right.'

'No; he has called me a coward; accused me of worse. The task must be mine, and the explanation and apology must be made to me to night.'

He moved away. She tried to stay him, but for once he was deaf to her voice. The outer door banged, and, striding over the snow, Thomas Mildmay followed John Westmacott, who, with a persistency for which an old tutor could not account, refused a bed at the rectory, and had started for the village.

The snow had ceased, but a tempest of wind had arisen; the leafless trees seemed like wands before it, and the waves were heard breaking in bursts like thunder upon the shore, not a mile distant.—The sky was clear and drear, only the earth was white. A mountain-stream, which, when the rains or snows came, swelled into the dimensions of a river, intersected the road leading from the rectory to the village, and on this night it rushed and eddied in whirling foam between its banks and the sea. Spanning its flood was a rustic bridge, about which grew a few firs and larches.

It was here that Thomas Mildmay overtook John Westmacott. What passed between them we need not minutely recount. It was accusation and refutation first, speedily followed by angry words, blended with threats. Then there was a blow, a sharp, short struggle, and one man quitted the spot, while the other laid on the river's bank, with his face on the snow, motionless and still—by his side a spray of the holly-branch May Westleigh that morning had gathered.

CHAPTER III.

'NOT PROVEN.' That was the verdict. John Westmacott, there was good reason to believe, had been murdered, and by Thomas Mildmay. The two young men had quitted the rectory together, each bound for the village. Only one however (Thomas Mildmay) had arrived at the inn, his clothes in disorder, his manner agitated, his shirt front blood-stained. The next morning John Westmacott was missing.

Search was made and, not only indications of a severe struggle were discovered on the left bank of the river, but also the impress of a man's body in the snow, and a sprig of holly, a gold seal and a cane all of which were John Westmacott's property But the body of John Westmacatt was absent

On being arrested, Thomas Mildmay confessed that he and John Westmacott had fought by the bridge—upon what matter he refused to state. But he declared the impress in the snow was his own; that he had been struck down insensible by his opponent; that on recovering, he had found himself alone, and, fearing to alarm the inmates of the rectory, had gone to the inn.

Some believed this story. May did from her heart. Nevertheless, circumstantial evidence was against him. On such a night, the body of a man thrown into the river would have been whirled down to and lost in the ocean like a whisp of straw.

Still, as no body could be found, the direct proof of murder was wanting, the Scotch jury brought in "NOT PROVEN," and, with the brand of Cain on his forehead, which only the appearance of John Westmacott in life could remove, the accused was released, condemned mutely, if not openly, by the public voice.

'Then what do you think has become of him?' asked the rector, sadly, after hearing Thomas Mildmay's recital of the quarrel.

'I cannot imagine, sir, unless he has committed suicide,' was the rejoinder.—'He was mad at the moment. His accusation, his language, showed it. He was capable then of any thing.'

'What do you intend to do, my poor boy?'

'I shall go abroad,' answered the young man, gloomily. 'What becomes of me there is of small consequence.'

'Save to me, dear Tom,' said May, moving near to him and lifting her brave eyes to his. 'If you go, it shall not be alone. I do not think you guilty. I believe all you have said. I have promised to be your wife, and I will be so now as ever, dear.'

For some moments his emotion was too great for words. Then, embracing her tenderly, he exclaimed:

'Heaven bless you for these comforting words, my darling! But no; you shall not make this sacrifice; you shall not bear a name shadowed by such a verdict which implies my guilt not sufficiently proved for the law to punish, but equally guilty.

CHAPTER IV.

Two years had elapsed, during which no intelligence had been heard of John Westmacott, were he living, nor lately of Thomas Mildmay, when one stormy night, the anniversary of John Westmacott's disappearance, the inmates of the rectory were aroused by the deep, melancholy boom of the minutegun. It was a sound unfortunately too often heard on that wild, rugged north coast; but its frequency did not deter the inhabitants from quitting their beds, anxious to render aid.

The Rector was ever among the first to encourage the reward. On this night, despite his pursuasions, for she had grown very delicate, May, her plaid wrapped around her, accompained him.

The beach, crowded with men, presented an animated scene. Beyond tossed the stormy sea, as black as the sky above except when the white crests of the waves flashed out, before they broke with a deafening crash upon the shore. Among those waves, gored by them hidden roofs, was the ill-fated ship, rolling as in mortal agony, while clinging to the shrouds and rigging were tiny specks, known to be men, whose numbers after each sweeping wave, were mournfully lessoned.

With difficulty the life-boat was launched, manned by brave-hearted volunteers, and pulled on its mission of rescue.

Twice successfully it made the journey but the third time, caught by a side wave, it and its freight were hurled pell-mell upon the beach.

The boat is done for, said the Rector, regarding it, but, praise heaven, not before all are saved.

No! no! O, papa in mercy look! cried May, catching his arm. There is yet one on board has been left behind.

Her words attracted every eye on the beach, and there, holding to the shrouds was visible the figure of a man. The next instant he had plunged into the boiling sea

'He would swim it. It is impossible,' ejaculated the Doctor. 'The boat is useless. We have no means to help him, unless any here would risk their lives to meet him with a rope.'

There was silence. The rope was ready—the man wanting. They were not cowards, but few there could swim, and those who were able regarded the attempt as pure madness.

Suddenly in their midst stood a man already divested of his coat,

'Fasten the rope around me,' he said, quietly. 'I am a strong swimmer, and perhaps can do it.'

At the sound of his voice Mry sprang forward with a cry.

'Tom—Tom Mildmay!' she exclaimed 'Oh, no, no—not you!'

He smiled encouragingly upon her, watched for the resting wave, and the next instant was battling his way through the billows. In that stormy sea, to follow his course was impossible. They only knew his progress by the telling-out of the rope.

It was a terrible suspense—to none so much as to May—who leaned half fainting, yet too anxious to loose entire consciousness, upon her father's arm.

A quarter of an hour, and the signal was given to pull in. Rapidly it was obeyed. But each haul found the weight heavier, until it was evident that the swimmer or swimmers were no longer able to assist themselves.

So is proved, when by one more haul they were landed. The two were found senseless, clasped in each other's arms with a grip like death.

Anxiously the crowd gathered around, and a murmur of surprise burst from many as in the preserver and preserved they recognized Thomas Mildmay and the supposed murdered man, John Westmacott.

Little remains to be told: John Westmacott, on recovering, heard with considerable emotion who had been his rescuer, and eagerly he explained the mystery of his disappearance on that eventful night.

Maddened by passion, after striking Thomas Mildmay down, he set off to walk to a neighboring seaport, resolving never to place foot in the rectory again.

A vessel, when he arrived, was on the point of starting for Norway—a place he had desired to visit—and he took passage in her, hoping by travel to find distraction from his misery.

In Norway he had remained until a week back, when chance had thrown into his hands an old newspaper containing Thomas Mildmay's trial.

Shocked and overwhelmed with remorse he had not lost a moment in returning to Scotland by the first ship that sailed, which, by a singular chain of circumstances, happened to be wrecked on the very portion of the coast he wished to reach.

'You have saved my life, Tom,' said he, warmly pressing his friend's palm, 'and I am here to prove your innocence. Forgive the past, and,' taking May's hand, and himself placing it in the other's, 'I pray you may be happy. If your guilt was not proven, your devotion is, and fully merits the reward of May Westleigh's love.'

FARMERS' CLUBS.

We believe in farmers' clubs, not only because our reason tells us that the mutual interchange of experience is productive of more experience; not only because the experience of many is more reliable than the experience of one, and is useful to all; not only because an acquaintance with the practice of others adds power to ourselves to subjugate our farm to our needs; but because actual practice—the actual existence and living experience—has shown conclusively that an active, working, well-sustained farmers' club has been, and is, of great value, not only to the participants therein, but also to the neighborhood wherein it is organized.

Each member should be an active one, and should be willing to attend and take part in its deliberations. In order that this may be so, he must be put under an obligation to attend and do his part. Such an obligation may readily be formed by the pressure of the inherent force of courtesy and hospitable neighborhoodship. Let the membership of the club be limited by the number of meetings that it is desirable should be held during the winter, and then let each meeting be held at the house of one of the members, turn by turn. Have a regular hour for meeting, and let an entertainment be prepared by the host, from the productions of the farm, of a simple yet social character. Fruits and nuts would probably be all that would be desirable to be furnished. The officers should be a president for each meeting—the host—and a permanent secretary who should keep the records, and a finance committee who should arrange for and collect the simple dues, and take the care of the expenditures which might seem to be necessary or of advantage. At each meeting let the subject for the next discussion be decided on, and one member assigned to open the discussion. The subject should be one in which all are interested,—and probably one which would be suggested by the farm practice of the host of the evening. Thus, if the host be a butter-dairyman, let him bring before the meeting a sample of his butter, and explain his processes. If corn is a leading feature of the farm culture, then let a sample of corn be presented for inspection, and the discussion based on this. Other members could also bring of their butter or their corn, or of whatever production relating to the subject discussed, and the comparison of products and the bringing together of the diverse practices and experiences would afford instruction and entertainment for the evening.—*Scientific Farmer.*

☞ We may be quite sure of finding that all periods of life have their compensations. If our existence is a journey we may believe that the part of it which lies nearest to our destination will not be barren of joy.

Colonel Thomas Scott has invited the Pennsylvania Editorial Association to visit Texas next summer.

Lord John Manners proposes increasing the number of female clerks in the English postoffice.

MANNERS.

A thread-bare gentleman, with poverty in every line of his worn face and on every part of his rusty clothing, went a few minutes ago from my door. The story of his life, as he related it in his fluent, picturesque French, was as pitiful and as sad as could be. It was a story of exile, of bereavement, of loss of privation, and of seasons of utter discouragement, yet it was full of a high-souled honesty and bravery. And the man had the grace and ease of a Chesterfield. His courtesy, his inate refinement, and his gentleness, were in no wise eclipsed by the very evident fact of his fallen fortunes.

I thought, as he departed, what an important thing is manner! How rare an accomplishment is absolute yet unconscious tact, gallantry of bearing, serenity of mien. To know precisely what to do, how to move, whom to speak to on any social occasion, is to be master of the situation. The boor, though splendid in dress and flashing in diamonds, has no chance at all beside the most meanly arrayed man or woman who bears the stamp of the lady or the gentleman. People sometimes speak of manner as if it were a mere accidental thing, a sort of of factitious possession, which, after all, amounts to little. "O," they say, "Samuel is rough, but then he is so good-hearted." Or, "Matilda is abrupt and rude, but she is very kind to the poor."

Now, my friends, believe me, that, generally speaking, a person's habitual manner is the index of his dominant moods. A cheerful, sunshiny nature does not snarl like a cross dog in speech, or scratch like a cat, or growl like a bear. It cannot help overflowing in the merry word, the low-toned laugh, the silvery song. It is a sign of an undisciplined, discontented, and evil-conditioned soul when the voice is shrill and the manner morose.

We should, therefore, never pass over bad manners in a child. Tommy should always take off his hat when he enters the parlor, and always answer promptly and politely when spoken to; always pass behind the company, and not rush in front of it, and always give the best seat to his mother, or the guest, or the aged friend. It is because these things are not insisted upon in the ordinary life of the house, that children mortify their elders and shame their bringing-up, when it is desirable that they should appear well. If we desire in our little ones the charm of pleasant and genial manners, we must take the time, too, to behave well to them. Manners must fit as perfectly as gloves, or they will have the air of being assumed; whereas it ought to be as natural to be polite as it is to breathe.—*Christian at Work.*

Correspondence of N. Y. Observer.

In your paper of the 9th inst. an extract is given from an English writer, attributing fires to the oxidation of metallic iron reduced by contact of the oxide with timber and a heat not much above boiling water. The well-known fact that finely-divided iron as well as lead and some other metals, will spontaneously take fire on exposure to the air, makes this an excellent theory, provided only if it be proven that under such circumstances oxide of iron can be reduced—a fact so at variance with all preconceived ideas, that the evidence of it would be well worth publishing. The preparation of iron pyrophorus, as the spontaneously combustible metallic iron is called, is difficult; but the lead pyrophorus is so readily made and so surprising to those who have never before seen it, that a recipe may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Dissolve equal parts of sugar of lead and tartaric acid separately in a small quantity of water. When entirely dissolved, mix the solutions thoroughly. After settling, pour off the clear liquid, which is of no value; stir up the white precipitate with twenty or thirty times its bulk of water, let it settle, and again pour off the clear water. Repeat this until the water poured off is tasteless; dry the precipitate, which is tartrate of lead. It will keep any length of time. Place a teaspoonful of this powder, thoroughly dry, in a glass tube closed at one end by being melted and drawn out and provided with a well-fitting cork. Wrap a piece of iron wire around the tube as a handle; heat the whole tube over a gas flame or lamp gently, to dry the tartrate thoroughly—otherwise the moisture will condense in the tube and when more highly heated break it. Finally, heat the end of the tube containing the tartrate fully red hot. As soon as the fumes diminish (they are harmless), take out the loose stopper, and if necessary, make air-tight with wax. When cool, remove the cork and pour out the contents on a plate from a height. They will generally take fire in the air and fall in a shower of fire on the plate.

☞ "What is the worst side of naval warfare?" asked a school teacher. "The broadside," replied a boy in the back seat. He went up to the head.

☞ Ritualistic Hostess—"Are you going to church with us this evening, Major? The Major—"Thanks, no! I was at the morning performance!"—*Punch.*

FASHIONABLE MANNERS.

It has been remarked, that the vast crowds at the Centennial Exposition were more considerate and gentle than the throngs that are encountered in the doorways of fashionable places of amusement. How some persons can dispense with all the manners that they may have ever learned, is seen in the following extract from a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu written to Lady Pomfret in 1738:

"At the last warm debate in the House of Lords it was unanimously resolved that there should be no crowd of unnecessary auditors; consequently, the fair sex were excluded, and the gallery destined to the sole use of the House of Commons. Notwithstanding which determination, a tribe of dames resolved to show on this occasion that neither men nor laws could resist them. They presented themselves at the door at 9 o'clock in the morning, when Sir William Saunderson respectfully informed them that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, pished at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up the stairs privately. After some modest refusals, he swore that he would not let them in. Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered that they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. This being reported, the peers resolved to starve them out; an order was made that the doors should not be opened until they had raised their siege. These Amazons now showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot-soldiers; they stood there till 5 in the afternoon, without either sustenance or intermission, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the duchesses commanded a dead silence for half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence, gave order for the opening of the door, upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors and placed themselves in the front row of the gallery. They stayed there till after 11, when the House rose, and during the debate gave applause and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks, but by their noisy laughs and apparent contempt."

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A woman is a director in a Peoria bank.

Passion evaporates by words; grief by tears.

Albani receives in Paris $600 in gold per night.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

Pride often builds the nest in which poverty hatches out its sorrows.

There has been an extraordinary mortality among bees in England this winter.

Peaceful sleep is the sheet anchor of health.

Near Bordeaux, France, there is a leech farm of 400 acres.

England has one hundred and forty daily newspapers.

Better be upright with poverty than unprincipled with plenty.

The newest and most expensive dress trimming is made with parrot's feathers.

European colleges are being gradually opened to women.

A sign in South Erie reads: "Rooms to let, also boarders."

There is in Philadelphia "a school of design for women." The dear creatures don't need one.

For most men, life picks its way through chances, as a pedestrian through the thoroughfare.

Russia has 540 monasterics and convents which enjoy an annual income of nearly $7,000,000.

The Legislature of Rhode Island is endeavoring to make education compulsory throughout the State.

Men are generally deserted in adversity. When the sun sets our very shadow seems to follow us.

Take things as they are, and make the best of them. That is the only true and practical philosophy.

A man behind the times is apt to speak ill of them, on the principle that nothing looks well from behind.

You may search round the world from Beersheba to Dan, and there no welcome place for a moneyless man.

Contentment is the true philosopher's stone. The poor are rich that have it, the rich are poor without it.

The population of Lyons, France, has been found by the late census to be 417, a gain of 16,303 since 1872.

Men's hearts ought not to be set on one another, but set with one accord and all against the evil thing only.

An Oakland, Cal., woman who sustained a sick stranger, gets $2,000 by the latter's will.

The Virginia Legislature has sanctioned the erection of a lunatic asylum for negroes.

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