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LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

[Pronounced by the most eminent critics in Europe to be one of the finest productions of the same length in our language.]

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom
The run rolled bleak and bare,
Till I wove for him a vest for his Ethiop breast
Of the threads of my golden hair;
And when the broad tent of the firmament
Arose on its airy bars
I penciled the hue of the matchless blue
And spangled it round the stars.

I painted the flowers of Eden bowers,
And their leaves of living green,
And mine were the dyes on the sinless eyes
Of Eden's virgin queen;
And when the fiend's art on the trustful heart
Had fastened its mortal spell,
In the silvery sphere of the first-born tear
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed
Their work of wrath had sped,
And the ark's lone few, the tried and true,
Came forth amongst the dead,
With the wondrous beams of my bridal beams
I bade their terrors cease,
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll
GOD's covenant of Peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,
Night's funeral shadow slept—
When Shepherd swains on Bethlehem's plains
Their lowly vigils kept—
Then I flashed on their sight the heralds bright
Of Heaven's redeeming plan
As they chanted the morn of a Saviour born—
Joy, joy to the outcast man!

Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,
On the just and unjust I descend;
E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,
Feel my smile, the last smile of a friend;
Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced
As the rose in the garden of kings,
At the crysalis bier of the worm I appear,
And lo! the gay butterfly wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,
Conceals all the pride of her charms,
Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her bowers
And lead the young day to her arms!
And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover
And sinks to her balmy repose,
I wrap the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned West,
In curtains of amber and rose!

From my sentinel sleep by the night-dread deep
I gaze with unslumbering eyes,
When the cynosure star of the mariner
Is blotted from out the sky!
And guided by me through the merciless sea,
Though sped by the hurricane's wings,
His compassless, dark, lone, weltering bark,
To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,
The birds in their chambers of green,
And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,
As they bask in the matinal sheen;
O, if such the glad worth of my presence on earth,
Though fretful and fleeting the while,
What glories must rest on the home of the blest,
Ever bright with the Deity's smile!

☞ The disadvantages of wearing false hair were painfully illustrated at Millersville, Pa., the other day. A boat, in which two young ladies and two young men were passengers, capsized suddenly, and one of the ladies sank out of sight. As she reappeared one of the men grasped her hat, which came off. The lady sank, and on her second appearance fared no better, for this time the frightened youth caught her by her hair, which, being false, came off in his hands, and down she went again. At last, however, she was caught by her real hair and dragged aboard the boat, after having had what may properly be called a hairbreadth escape.

☞ The reconciliation of Prince Jerome Napoleon with the ex-Empress Eugenie and her son is reported. Paul de Cassagnac, one of the staunchest French Imperialists, says that however it may be with the widow and the son of the late Emperor, the Imperial party will never be reconciled to his cousin. Their hatred may wear away, but their contempt is irremovable. He did all in his power to destroy the empire, and faithful servants of the Imperial dynasty have taken him by the shoulders and put him out of the house.

TEMPLETON'S TORMENT.

BY S. ANNIE FROST.

It would have taken a "ready reckoner," and a very smart one, to count the times that Templeton Clarke told his cousin Sallie, that she was the "torment of his life." But the assurance was especially emphatic one July morning, when the young man, having obligingly consented to trim some rose bushes trained over his grandmother's large, handsome cottage house, found himself perched upon the roof, and the ladder by which he had ascended lying on the ground beneath him.

'You are the torment of my life!' he cried, looking down upon Sallie, comfortably seated upon the ladder, eating cherries.

'I know it,' was the cool reply. 'It's my mission.'

'Put up the ladder, you imp.'

'Can't! it was all I could do to push it down, and I've certainly given grandmother a fit of apoplexy now. Look at the ruin in her carnation bed! The hateful old ladder fell right across it!'

'But how can I get down?'

'Come on the lattice.'

'A likely story. There would be worse ruin than the carnation bed, if I attempted *that!*'

'H'm! Will you drive me over to Fairhaven if I let you down?'

'Yes, if I must?'

Walk over to the trap door then, and I will run up and unbolt it,'

No sooner said than done, and Templeton was standing over the ruin of the carnation bed, declaring once more that Sallie was his torment, and enough to drive anybody crazy.

'It is a dreadful thing,' said the girl, demurely, drawing down the corners of her mouth, while her large black eyes danced merrily, 'because you've got to marry me, you know, or grandmother will go out of her senses.'

'Marry you? I would as soon go to housekeeping in a grove of nettles!'

'Now, Templeton,' and Sallie's voice was a most absurd imitation of her grandmother's cracked tones, 'it is just absurd for you to talk like that. I always intended you should marry Sallie, and share the house and what I've got to leave between you.'

I am afraid Templeton said something very dreadful, as he angrily turned on his heel and strode out of the garden to the yard where the barn stood. Sallie was not surprised to see him leading out Spitfire for a gallop, a few minutes later.

She had gone to her room before that time, and the closed blinds hid her from Templeton's eyes, even if he had looked back.

But he did not look back, and when he was out of sight, she threw herself into a chair, and broke into a passion of weeping.

For the girl, impulsive, ardent and warm-hearted, loved her cousin, and in her heart cherished his image, knowing he loved her not. Orphans both, they had been the charge of their father's mother since childhood, educated by masters at home, till Templeton was sent to college, and Sallie remained at home to be her grandmother's companion.

From the time they could run alone, the cousins heard perpetually of the scheme that was their grandmother's strongest wish; the scheme to leave her fortune to them together. She was not enormously wealthy, but her house was a handsome one, and her income was ample.

Yet with one of the old fancies that come with old age, she clung to the idea of keeping her heritage undivided, and leaving it to Templeton, with Sallie to share it as, his wife.

This idea, familiar from childhood, was utterly hateful to Templeton, while Sallie, woman-like poured out the whole treasure of her love upon her reluctant cousin. She led a secluded life, shut out of society by her grandmother's infirmities, and Templeton was the hero of all her dreams.

He was a handsome fellow, as straight as an arrow, and a champion in all athletic sports. His circle of friends in the village was large, and he was a favorite wherever he went.

Sallie was small, brunette, and witchingly pretty, full of admiration and a voice like a bird's and the grace of a sylph. She had a sweet, even disposition, and a tender heart.

But her whole nature was a series of contradictions when Templeton was at home. The key note was given, when old Mrs. Clark said fretfully:

'Your cousin Templeton is not in love with you, Sallie, though you are with him. And now do be amiable and gentle as he likes women to be, and win his affections.'

Court her cousin! Do the wooing, that was a man's privileve! Throw her maiden heart at the feet of a reluctant lover!

Every drop of Sallie's blood tingled with her indignation, and roused a spirit of contradiction. Never she resolved, never should her cousin Templeton suspect the secret her keen eyed grandmother had discovered.

And it proved her natural abilities as an actress, that he never did. He attributed all her teasing to her own aversion to the match, the very mention of which was hateful to him.

'She is afraid I will make love to her,' he thought, 'and drives me off by proving she is just the style of woman I detest; fast; fond of practical jokes; noisy; a perfect torment.'

And then he contrasted poor little Sara with Agnes Hughes, a large, Juno-like blonde, who took life with a regal indifference to all minor duties, and she was very personation of calm, beautiful repose. She was certainly handsome, amiable and gracious, and not displeased with the adoration of Templeton Clarke. But neither in talent or education was she the equal of the little brunette at Clarke Cottage.

'I've driven him away again,' thought poor Sallie, sobbing in her room. 'Grandmother will be furious when she wakes from her nap! She will tell me my horrible temper is enough to set any man crazy. Well, I don't care.'

And to prove this, she stretched her arms before her upon a table, and sobbed till she was exhausted.

'There! I've made an object of myself as usual,' she said ruefully, looking into the mirror. 'There is no one to see me, that's one comfort.'

She busied herself for more than two hours, when a clear manly voice, calling:

'Sallie! Come down, I want you!' made her heart leap to her throat.

'Templeton wants me!' she called out to her grandmother, dozing still in the next room.

'Wonders will never cease,' growled the old lady.

Flying feet carried Sallie to her cousin's side, and she looked wonderingly into his face, over which was an expression of gravity and happiness combined, quite new there.

'Sallie,' he said, drawing her to his side upon a rustic bench on the porch, 'I want to talk to you seriously. Won't you listen without any nonsense?'

A face solemn as a grave-digger's was turned to him, and a sepulchard voice said:

'I listen!'

'There!' was the pettish answer, 'I knew you would turn my request into ridicule.'

'I won't,' was the quiet answer, 'what is it, Templeton?'

'That's a little darling,' said Templeton, 'that is like the little cousin you were before I went to college, and the very spirit of tormenting took possession of you.'

A quick suffocating throb rose in her throat, but she only said:

'What can I do for you, Templeton?'

'Well it is a strange request for me to make of you, considering all thing, and I would not make it if I did not know that our dear, good old grandmother's idea of our marriage is as distasteful to you as it is to me.'

'Certainly!'

Very emphatically spoken, in spite of the quiver on the wounded heart.

'And so I want you to reconcile her to the idea of my marriage with Agnes Hughes. She has accepted me to-day, and I am the happiest man in all America.'

'I am glad of that, Templeton.'——

'Only grandmother will make no end of fuss. Can't you talk it over with her for me?'

'Yes! It was absurd for her to suppose she could control your—our affections.'

'Of course! And as to the money, you are heartily welcome to the whole of it. Father left me enough for independence, and I am doing well in business. Only you see, Sallie, grandmother is very old and feeble, and she has been kind to me all my life, and means kindly now, and I hate to cross her.'

'I see.'——

'But I love Agnes. I have won her love, so you see I would be a scoundrel to desert her.'

'I see. How close is it here, Templeton.'

'Yes. Why, you are as white as a sheet, Sara. Are you sick?'

'No, but it is so warm and close, and—the perfume of the crushed carnations is so strong. I—I will speak to grandmother.'

'That's a darling! I'll never call you a torment again,' and for the first time since his return from college, Templeton bent his stately head and pressed his lips to his cousin's.

She knew that she could bear no more and staggered into the house and back to her room, choking, fainting. The long hours of agony there no eye saw, no tongue told.

At tea time she was saucy Sallie again salting Templeton's tea and sugaring his meat.

But when her grandmother, who could not leave her room, sent for the young man in the evening, Sallie whispered:

'I told her, Templeton, and she was furious; but when I said I would never, never marry you, she turned her wrath upon me till she was quite amiably disposed towards you. You know she never can be angry with both of us at once.'

And Templeton found, indeed, that all Mrs. Clarke's anger was vented on Sallie, while he was pitied and condoled with as the victim of her flirting, tormenting ways.

It rather annoyed him that his grandmother would consider his engagement as the result of pique at Sallie's cruelties, but he endured even that for the sake of keeping his aged grandmother in good humor.

In the days that followed, no one noticed how Sallie, under her merry smiles, her daring sauciness, wasted and paled. No one saw her rub her cheeks with a coarse towel to hide their pallor, no one noticed how tiny the morsels of food she made show of eating, actually were. No one knew how heartbroken the little lively maiden was.

Templeton was disposed to believe her one act of gentle amibility had aggravated her natural impishness, for he became more emphatic than ever in declaring her the torment of his life.

But one day, when his engagement was a month old, there came into his life, five minutes of agony he never afterwards forgot.

One scene, brief, thrilling, could never again be effaced from his memory.

He was sauntering up from the barn, and as he turned the corner of the house, he saw a tiny phaeton carriage and the horse harnessed to it running away. He saw Agnes Hughes white as death, her hands clasped, in the phaeton. He saw a flash of a white dress across the garden path to the gate, into the road, and Sallie threw herself before the runaway horse and grasp the bridle. Then, as he rushed on, he saw the little figure fall, under the horse's feet, just as his own strong hands, grasped the trailing reins, and jerked the animal back.

The servants rushed out, Agnes fainted, and was carried to the house, but Templeton saw only a face, blood stained rigid with the mark of an iron hoof across her eyes.

Carrying her insensible, crushed to death, in his arms, the strong man knew that while he loved Agnes, this little cousin, his life-long sister, was very dear to him.

So dear, that great tears dropped upon her face, as he put her gently on her own bed, and his grandmother hobbled feebly in to see her.

Agnes, soon revived, came out of her selfish laziness for once, to help to restore consciousness to the girl who had given her life to save her. A doctor came and for hours all worked vainly to restore consciousness.

But just at nightfall, when old Mrs. Clarke, held up by Templeton's strong arm, was whispering:

'Oh, Templeton if she would only speak once!' the tiny hand was feebly lifted to the disfigured face, the closed swolen eyes.

A murmur of words they could not understand followed, and then, more distinctly, Sallie said:

'Was Agnes killed?'

'No Sallie, no. I am here,' Agnes sobbed, kissing the pale, quivering lips.

'I am glad. I was afraid you were killed, because I could not hold the horse.'

'Oh, Sallie, what made you try; you, so little and weak?'

'Because Templeton loves you. I never thought of anything but that. Is Templeton here?'

'I am here, Sallie,' he answered.

'And is grandmother here?' I can not see.'

Her grandmother bent sobbing over her.

'Good-bye,' Sallie said, faintly. 'May I have just one word with Templeton alone?'

Agnes led Mrs. Clarke away, and there was deep silence in the room till Templeton said gently:

'We are alone, Sallie.'

'I wish I could see you,' she said, wistfully. 'I would like to see you once more. I wanted to save Agnes for you, Templeton, but—I have kept it a secret, and yet I am not ashamed to tell you—I love you, dear, I always have loved you.'

The strong man was too much moved to speak, and the hand resting upon Sallie's trembled like a leaf.

'You will have no one to torment you soon, Templeton, but—dear—kiss me once, just once again, on my lips, and let no one else touch them, after—they—are—cold. I can not see you—love—dear love—good-bye! You will not forget—your little torment—Templeton——'

And as the dying voice ceased, as the quivering manly lips pressed the silent ones close and warm, Sallie died.

It is years since she was carried to the cemetery, and Templeton and Agnes live in the Clarke Cottage, happy and respected, sole inheritors of old Mrs. Clarke's wealth.

But he never, as he passes through the cemetery, to the church beyond, does Templeton Clarke forget to place a flower upon the grave of the little cousin who gave her life for his happiness, though she was willingly and systematically his constant torment.

HOW MANY APPLES DID ADAM AND EVE EAT?

Some say Eve 8 and Adam 2, a total of 10 only. Now, we figure the thing out far differently. Eve 8 and Adam 8 also. Total, 16.—*Boston Journal.* We think the above figures are entirely wrong. If Eve 8 and Adam 82, certainly the total will be 90. Scientific men, however, on the strength of the theory that the antediluvians were a race of giants and consequently great eaters, reason something like this: Eve 81st, and Adam 82. Total, 163.—*Gloucester Advertiser.* Wrong again. What could be clearer than if Eve 81, and Adam 8 1-2, the total was 893?—*Lawrence American.* If Eve 8-1-1st, and Adam 8 1-2, would not the whole be 1,623?—*Boston Journal.* I believe the following to be the true solution; Eve 8 1-4 Adam. Adam 8 1-2-4 Eve. Total, 8,938.—*Veritas.* Still another calculation is as follows: If Eve 8 1-4 Adam, Adam 8 1-2-4 2 oblige Eve. Total, 82,0 6. We think, however, this not to be a sufficient quantity, for, though we admit that Eve 8 1 4 Adam, Adam, if he 80 8-1-2 4 2 keep Eve company. Total, 8,082,056.—*New York Mail.*

☞ Mr. Moody says if you cannot be a lighthouse be a candle. But, Mr. Moody, a candle is wick-ed.

WHAT IT COSTS TO WRITE WELL.

Excellence is not matured in a day, and the cost of it is an old story. The beginning of Plato's "Republic," it is said, was found in his tablets written over and over in a variety of ways. Addison, we are told, wore out the patience of his printer; frequently, when nearly a whole impression of a *Spectator* was worked off, he would stop the press to insert a new proposition. Lamb's most spontive essays were the results of most intense brain labor: he used to spend a week at a time in elaborating a single humorous letter to a friend. Tennyson is reported to have written "Come into the Garden Maud," more than fifty times before it pleased him; and "Locksley Hall," the first draught of which was written in two days, he spent the better part of six weeks, for eight hours a day, in altering and polishing. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Balzac, after he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, and amassed his material in a most laborious manner, retired to his study, and from that time until his book had gone to press society saw him no more. When he appeared again among his friends, he looked, said his publisher, in the popular phrase, like his own ghost. The manuscript was afterwards altered and copied, when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was rewritten for the third time. Again it went into the hands of the printer—two, three, and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last, and so have done with it. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors. Moore thought it quick work if he wrote seventy lines of "Lalla Rookh" in a week. Kinglake's "Eothen," we are told, was rewritten five or six times, and was kept in the author's writing-desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept the "White Doe of Rylstone," and kept, like that, to be taken out for review and correction almost every day. Buffon's "Studies of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, and he recopied it eighteen times before he sent it to the printer. "He composed in a singular manner, writing on large-sized paper, in which, as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thoughts; in the second, he corrected, enlarged, and pruned it; and so on, until he had reached the fifth column, within which he finally wrote the result of his labor. But even after this, he would recompose a sentence twenty times, and often devoted fourteen hours to finding the proper word with which to round off a period." John Foster often spent hours on a single sentence. Ten years elapsed between the first sketch of Goldsmith's "Traveler" and its completion. La Rochefoucauld spent fifteen years in preparing his little book of maxims, altering some of them, Segrais says, nearly thirty times. We all know how Sheridan polished his wit and finished his jokes, the same things being found on different bits of paper, differently expressed. Rogers showed Crabb Robinson a note to his "Italy," which, he said, took him two weeks to write. It consists of a very few lines.—*A. P. Russell.*

A CHAPTER ON MANNERS.

It is vulgar to talk about yourself.

It is a sure sign of bad manners to look over the shoulder of any one who is writing, to see what is written.

It is bad manners to go into any person's house with mud or dirt on your shoes.

It is bad manners to go into any person's house without taking your hat off.

It is bad manners to use your own knife on the butter dish.

It is bad manners to talk in company to one or two persons about some subject which the others do not understand.

It is bad manners to stare at strangers in company or on the street.

It is bad manners to say "yes" or "no" to a stranger, or to your parents, or to aged people. Let it be "yes, sir" and "no, sir."

It is bad manners to pick your teeth at the table, and bad manners to pick them with a pin in any company.

It is bad manners to comb your hair and brush your clothes in the eating room.

It is a sign of low breeding to make a display of your finery or equipage.

It is bad manners to boast of your good fortune, in the presence of the poor, or in the presence of those less fortunate than you are.

HONESTY.—There is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all things considered, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to be honest.

☞ California fruit culturists have added the Japanese persimmon to their list of fruits. This variety is said to be very superior, and its cultivation has been very successful.

SETTING TREES.

The art of making fruit and other trees grow and thrive, lies in a few brief rules, as follows:

1. Dig them up with great care, retaining a large proportion of their roots: and any roots mangled, to be cut off at the mangled ends smoothly with a sharp knife.

2. To be kept in shade, if set out the same day, dig a trench in your garden deep enough to receive the roots, pack in the trees side by side as closely as possible, with the tops touching the ground, then cover the roots a foot deep with soil, treading and packing it around the roots; and if the trees are to remain a few days, it would be well to cover their tops with any coarse litter to shade them from the sun.

3. When set, trim the trees according to the extent or quantity of roots they have, by shortening in the branches and by removing a superfluous branch here and there. From one-third to one-half of the top of a tree, when reset, should always be shortened in.

4. Dig holes of ample size, so that all the roots will be in their natural, horizontal position; and place the surface soil by itself, to be first used around the roots, and the subsoil on top. Pack the earth firmly among the roots, and before the holes are entirely filled up, turn a pail of water into each, and wait a few hours to finish filling them.

5. No manure should be put among the roots, but it may be placed over them, near the surface of the ground. A mulch of barnyard litter around the trunks of trees is very good to ward off the effects of a drouth.

GARDEN STRAWBERRIES.

Remove the winter protection as soon as the weather will admit; and if the soil is not rich, some fertilizer should be applied early. Any well rotted manure will do to apply, by forking it lightly, without disturbing the roots of the plants. Ashes, superphosphate, bone flour, guano, and hen dung are good fertilizers. Two years is the usual time that strawberries are allowed to bear, when a new bed should be made. Set the plants in May, and you will get a full crop next season, but if deferred till July, August, or later, the crop next year will be of little value. Plants should consist of last year's runners. If set in a bed, let them be from 15 to 18 inches apart, and by fall it will be covered plants, then to be thinned out to stand eight or ten inches apart. If you desire to grow strawberries in rows, with a walk between each row, make the rows two and a half feet apart, and set the plants about 15 inches apart in the rows. The most notable strawberries that were exhibited at the Centennial in Philadelphia as regard size and beauty, were the Great American, Glossy Cone, Gypsey Queen, Monarch of the West, and Col. Cheney. The first three of those were quite new, produced from seed in New Jersey, and of uncommonly fine appearance. Of course it remains to be seen whether they will maintain such size and beauty when grown elsewhere.

SETTING HENS.

Never allow hens to set among other fowls. They are almost certain to have their eggs addled by the disturbance of laying hens, or to be wearied out of the monotony of setting by the bustle of the coop, and leave their nests before hatching. Make the nest for your setter in some quiet place, and after she has proved her determination to set by keeping to her nest for two days, remove her quietly to the new nest, and cover her up closely for two days. She will not suffer for food in the meantime. On the second day leave the nest open in front, but have it covered above, so as to be quite dark. Feed her on the nest, leaving her free to get off and on as she will. Once in a while a hen will require to be shut up again after feeding, but rarely. Very few, even of the wildest hens, will try to leave a nest after being compelled to keep it for two days and nights. In removing the hen, handle very gently and keep her wings down. A setting hen will very rarely make any outcry, or be much disturbed by removal, if she is handled quietly. If a hen gets her wings up and struggles for liberty, or is carried by the feet, or otherwise irritated, she will rarely take to the new nest, however quiet and secluded it may be.

APPLE TREES must be thoroughly manured to produce the best results. The soil cannot well be too rich, and wood ashes is one of the best fertilizers, though almost any kind may be employed successfully; loam, leaf mould from the woods, and any kind of manure will give good returns. If they are of a yellow cast the tree is starving and must have food, unless infested with borers or standing on wet ground, where it is impossible for them to remain in a healthy and fruitful condition.

☞ Charity is never lost: it may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

A KIND JUDGE.

A very learned and compassionate judge in a Western State, on passing sentence on one Jones, who had been convicted of murder, concluded his remarks: "The fact is, Jones, the court did not at first intend to order you to be executed before next spring; but the weather is so very cold; our jail is unfortunately in a bad condition; much of the glass in the windows is broken; the chimneys, are in such a dilapidated state that no fire can be made to render your apartment comfortable; besides, owing to a great number of prisoners, not more than 1 blanket can be allowed to each; and to sleep sound and comfortably is therefore out of the question. In consideration of these circumstances, and wishing to lessen your sufferings as much as possible, the court, in the exercise of humanity and compassion, do hereby order you to be executed to-morrow morning, as soon after breakfast as may be convenient to the sheriff and agreeable to you.'

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Saanta Fe is the oldest city in America.

Sixty thousand Pensaylvania coal miners are idle.

Law suits are cut goring and deep in the pockets.

The French smoked six hundred tons of cigarettes during 1876.

Southern Indiana farmers have commenced to plant and sow.

California's wool crop amounts to 50,000,000 pounds annually.

Texas wants to trade lawyers for farmers. Offers forty for one.

Narrow-gauge dresses on broad-gauge women don't look well.

Rutherford B. Hayes Jacoby is an unfortunate infant at Cincinnati.

John D. Lee, who was shot in Utah last month, leaves sixty-four children.

Sleeping coaches have been introduced on French railroads.

The American people use yearly about 40 pounds of sugar to each inhabitant.

A treasury dependent has named his little girl Hayesiana, in honor of the new President.

A San Francisco bride made her bridal trip upon a vessel on which she was born twenty years ago.

It is said in Washington that three-fourths of the applications for postmastership come from unsettled clergymen.

The spring hats for women flare up from the forehead or lie flat down, according to the taste of the wearer.

It is according to the eternal fitness of things that a parson like Beecher should praise a President like Hayes.

A firm in Portland, Me., shipped twenty five hundred barrels of apples to Liverpool last season.

A. R. Whitney, Franklin Grove, Lee county, Ill., has the larget apple orchard in the world. It contains 22,000 bearing trees.

In the "Sugar-bowl region" in Louisiana, land can be bought at $5 to $20 per acre that will produce crops worth from $100 to $200.

Mr. Wilson, a farmer living near Decatur, Ill., lights and warms his house with gas from a well on his premises, and has since 1870.

The last census of Michigan shows that 185 farmers in that State are holding on to their wool. They are colored agriculturists, of course.

In Quebec 6,000 children receive gratuitous instruction in the Catholic religious establishments, and 4,000 indigent sick are cared for during the year.

San Francisco has thirty millionaires who talk of forming an association for the purpose of devising a form of will that cannot be contested.

"Women," remarked a contemplative man, "are as deep as the blue waters of yon bay." "Aye," rejoined the disappointed man, "and as full of craft."

Forty years ago the average daily number of pins made in England for home use and export was 20,000,000. Now it is 50,000,000.

Any lady desiring to wear a fashionable spring hat, it is said can achieve her wish by placing her old one on the pavement and letting a loaded wagon back over it lengthwise.

A girl ate four pounds of wedding-cake in order that she might dream of her future husband. And now she says that money couldn't hire her to marry the man she saw in that dream.

☞ It is announced that pink stockings have been discarded on account of the poisonous qualities of the dye used, it having been found impossible to persuade the Western girls to abandon the practice of untying their garters with their teeth.

☞ Courage, girls!' Norman, the daughter of Enoch, was five hundred and sixty years old when she was married.

☞ A smart Kentucky fox recently whipped a shepherd dog in four rounds and carried off a goose.

☞ Young man, economy is wealth. Get married and save postage.

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