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TWENTY YEARS MARRIED.

Yes, twenty years have winged their flight
Since that mysterious word I spoke,
When on a beauteous summer night,
I first assumed the flowery yoke,
I long had craved the blissfull chain,
And cheerfully subscribed the vow;
Perhaps I'd do the same again,
Perhaps—though I am older now.

Ah, well do I recall the time
When she, now pensive by my side,
Stood, in her blushing morning pride,
A tender, sweet and bashful bride.
And I, so proud of that dear hand,
Could scarce contain myself for bliss;
I thought a track of fairy land,
And sealed my purchase with a kiss.

For happiness we trimmed our sail,
My darling little bride and I;
Hope's breezes blew a pleasant gale,
And gently smiled the summer sky.
The world seemed made for her and me,
All bright wherever we might turn,
Our life to be a tranquil sea—
Sweet innocence! we'd much to learn.

For soon did care's disturbing breath
Its baleful influence impart,
And bitter sorrow, born of death,
O'ercast the sunshine of our heart;
But still, as trouble round us rose,
Each closer, fonder, clung to each,
Blessed with the strength of love's repose,
Enduring all that grief could teach.

We'd much of joy, though small our sphere,
And craved no more extended fame,
For children made our dwelling dear—
'Twas wonderful how fast they came!
"The more the merrier," we said,
And in them every wish was blest;
A part in our embrace have staid,
A mound of woodlawn tells the rest.

Those twenty years have left their trace
Upon her brow, then smooth and fair,
And stolen, some say, the witching grace
That once her features used to wear;
But still I see the same kind eyes
Beam on me with a light as true
As when, in love's young paradise,
I first that inspiration knew.

And I—well, well—we'll let that pass—
Some more than I time's changes see,
Each day I shave myself—alas!
My mirror does not flatter me;
But if I'm changed for worst or best
I cannot answer, on my life,
And leave the solving of this test
To such as choose to ask my wife.

This lesson we have fully learned:
Pure happiness that men have deemed,
Is but a hope soon overturned,
A vision but in fancy dreamed—
That all of happiness below,
Pursuing which the life is spent,
In mingled scenes of bliss and woe,
Is measured by the word content.

Though fortune may withhold its smile,
As it has done in time before,
Content shall still our way beguile,
And rest the future landscape o'er.
The future—who its tale may tell—
But for it we've no doubt nor fears,
And like our life that's past so well,
We'll try another twenty years.

THE WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

"My friend Madaline Carter is coming to visit us, Alice."

Mrs. Lund looked wonderingly into her husband's face, as he spoke. The name of his friend was a strange one to her. She had never heard him mention it before.

"Madaline Carter!—pray who may she be?" she asked. "And when is she coming?" she added, glancing quickly around the little breakfast-room.

Mr. Lund smiled and tossed a gay, dashing-looking letter into his wife's lap.

"Read for yourself, if you please," he said, "and then tell me how you like it."

With a puzzled expression upon her pleasant face, Mrs. Lund read, what perhaps pleased her, and what perhaps did not, for she had a strong control over her features and did not allow them to betray her secrets. At any rate, when she finished reading, she drew her white forefinger laughingly across the commencement of the letter, which was, "My dear Arthur Lund," and said:

"Ought I to like that, dear! A strange woman using that 'possessive my,' as we used to say at school, in connection with your name?"

Mr. Lund shook his head. "Do you like the penmanship?" he queried.

"It is very beautiful," she answered, evasively.

"But that is not it—do you like it?" he persisted in saying.

"Yes, well enough. But you know I am seldom drawn very strongly towards gay, handsome people."

"But how do you know that she is gay and handsome?"

"The penmanship indicates as much."

"You are right, Alice, and Arthur knows it. If I were in your place, I wouldn't have her come here at all." The voice came from a low window-seat near by.

"What! is Hester here as early as this in the morning?" said Mr. Lund, evidently somewhat annoyed. "So much comes from settling down within a stone's throw of one's old home. Now, chatterbox, what have you to say of Miss Carter?"

"That if I were in Alice's place, I wouldn't care to have her here—nothing more or less."

"And why not?" queried her brother.

Hester looked annoyed She did not know whether it would do for her to speak her mind or not. Shaking her head, she said, archly:

"You wouldn't like to have me tell why, Arthur Lund!"

"Nonsense! How thankful I am that I didn't choose such a little goosey as you for a wife. Alice will have a pleasant visit with Miss Carter, I am sure, in spite of your mischievous croaking. Don't mind her, Allie."

Alice stood looking alternately at her husband and young sister-in-law, striving to comprehend the meaning of their words. There was a perplexed expression about her well-formed mouth, and in her clear brown eyes. Whatever her thoughts were, she kept them to herself, for she remarked, after a moment's pause, in an indifferent, careless manner:

"She will be here Wednesday—to-morrow. I will have everything in readiness for her. Never fear, Arthur."

Her husband bent down and kissed her, as she spoke. She returned the caress mechanically, and let her eyes wander searchingly over his face.

"Never mind Hester, Alice. Miss Carter is a very agreeable young lady," Mr. Lund said, as he turned away.

This was all of the morning's conversation, and yet, upon the young wife's heart a shadow had fallen. Going to the window, she watched her husband as he walked down the garden-path to the street. The June sunshine glimmered through the trees upon him. The birds were singing from every bush and shrub on either hand the sweet-mouthed flowers leaned towards him as if for caresses. This was what Alice's eyes took in; to her heart there was no deeper meaning, perhaps. She was restless and uneasy. After a while she glanced back towards the breakfast-table, still untouched. Near it, in a heavily cushioned chair, her sister-in-law Hester sat reading. For a moment, as she looked upon her, an unworthy question framed itself upon her lips. But she did not ask it. She had little need to, in fact, for Hester, anticipating her, closed her book and joined her at the window.

"Don't feel badly about it, Alice," she began. "I'm sure Arthur never cared at all for Madaline—at least, not half as much as he does for you. But at one time they were very intimate, and mother and I were afraid he would marry her. But that was a long time ago!"

Alice smiled.

"Is she beautiful—fascinating—did you say?" she asked.

"Yes, after a fashion. She has splendid eyes; such as will draw one this way and that. She sings well, too, and has a queenly way of doing everything. But she isn't half as sweet as you are, dear."

In this assurance there was something inexpressibly touching to the young wife; at least, her peculiar mood made it so. There was a little fluttering in her throat for a moment, and then her eyes were suddenly dimmed. But she did not speak, only rested her fair hands on the head of her sister, and tried to look down the shaded way that led from the wide, deep window. What a pleasant, happy home this was (so she thought)! How blessed had she been above all other women!

In the perfect arms of memory she was carried back into the past. All the struggles, trials and temptations of her life arose up before her. They were not few, for with her own hands she had made herself a place in the busy world. Not few, I say, but at the early age of twenty-three she had conquered life. By this I mean that she knew it as woman twice her years seldom do. No matter how. Perhaps it was through her own heart. Love is a great purifier sometimes, and comes like a rapid fire to clear away the rubbish from our eyes. Blessed is he who can read and interpret what he sees! So Alice loved and learned. Standing there, she thought of it. The birth of her love had given her great pain. When she looked at it steadily and well, her heart was brimmed with joy. We ought to thank God every day, we who love, for the sweet privilege of loving. Its return is the gift of another—itself power.

Why, with all her experience, the thought of Madaline Carter should jar so strongly she did not know. As her husband's friend, she was prepared to welcome her—as her own, she was afraid from her present feelings she never could. That was the dark side of it. Having naturally a sunny heart she soon found the brighter one; and in an hour's time to have looked upon her as she went around her pleasant home, one would have said that the evil spirit was wholly exercised away.

It was one of the pleasantest of June evenings that Madaline Carter came. With her husband Alice was waiting upon the portico to receive her, when the carriage drove to the door. She had expected to meet a handsome woman, but for so much beauty she was not prepared. For a moment she started back as one will when a sudden light breaks upon them.

"I am happy to welcome you, Madaline!" Mr. Lund said, shaking her hand cordially. And then turning to his wife, he presented her.

Madaline's proud eyes flashed widely open upon her At a glance she seemed to take in her whole character. How much a single look will express. The one that passed between the two women was fraught with meaning. It said, "I shall hate you!" From Madaline's eyes it was like a swift, strong blaze; from Alice's like the piercing gleam of a star—sharp and lancelike. This was their meeting, although the while they clasped their white hands together and smiled. While Alice went to the kitchen, Madaline congratulated Mr. Lund upon his happiness, his home, his wife. She did this with a touch of tenderness in her clear, skillfully managed voice.

"I always knew, Arthur," she said, in her old, familiar way, "that sometime you would be nested down in just this way for life. Isn't it delightful?"

"Very," Mr. Lund answered, smiling. "I used to prophesy, too, if I remember rightly," he added, a little archly.

"But you were a false prophet. I knew you were then."

"Yes—no! Circumstances entirely justified my conclusions. You'll admit that I'm sure,"

"Not even that."

Mr. Lund smiled again. He was used to her evasive answers They seemed to please him. From her manner he was led to watch her closely. How beautiful she was! As he thought this, a little tender breeze swept up from the fragrant paths of the past. It was so pleasant that he deemed it harmless So he turned his face towards it. It grew stronger then, and swept through his heart even. Ah, Mr. Lund, what a dangerously delicious pleasure was that!

Madaline Carter came for a visit of a few days, but they lengthened out into weeks, and still she did not speak of going. At dinner, one day, she said, turning her face towards Mr. Lund, while she fixed her eyes upon Alice:

"I have a friend in the city, or rather an acquaintance, who wishes much to call here. He once knew Mrs. Lund he tells me."

"Ah, and who may your friend be?" was the answer.

"Mr. Ralph Morrison. He is here from Penn on business. Some people call him very attractive. What is your opinion, Mrs. Lund?"

At that moment Arthur raised his eyes to Alice's face. It was so white that it startled him.

"Are you ill?" he asked, rising quickly from his chair.

"No, no—pray be seated," she answered, glancing deprecatingly into his face. "I was a little dizzy—it has quite gone now."

Madaline had watched her closely meanwhile. There was a satisfied, knowing look about her mouth and in her eyes. A poor reader of human faces would have known that there was a certain triumph at her heart.

"I hope the thought of seeing Ralph Morrison does not affect you so, Mrs. Lund," she said, gaily. "I shall feel obliged to warn Arthur of him."

Alice's face crimsoned, and for a moment she did not answer. Even Arthur seemed a little disturbed at her strange appearance, for he raised his eyes to her face, as though anxiously awaiting her reply.

"I would advise you to do so, Miss Carter. Perhaps he will appoint you to watch me closely when the gentleman calls," Alice said, at last, laughingly.

"Perhaps so," Madaline answered, opening her eyes to their full width.

"I hate you!" was the look that passed between them then, fierce, deep and strong. Mr. Lund felt it. The swift current touched and thrilled him, but he was like one standing in the dark.

In the evening following, Ralph Morrison called. He was a dark, handsome man, with a smooth tongue and a soft voice. Mr. Lund did not like him, and so gathered his dignity about him like an icy garment. Alice was very quiet, and a little paler than usual; but Madaline was all grace and beauty. Her eyes shone like stars. They were so bright that what was lying in their depths could not be seen. Before he left, Mr. Morrison spoke a few low words to Alice, and as he did so, Madaline scanned the face of Mr. Lund closely.

"They were friends once," she said, seeing how indifferent he was.

He glanced towards them quickly at this, and then looked inquiringly into her face. Her words were simple enough, but they were weighed down with meaning. As if annoyed, she drooped her eyes, and playing with her bracelet, remarked, in a confused, half troubled way:

"Excuse me—I—I supposed you knew all about their acquaintance, and yet I might have known—never mind. See! Mr. Morrison is bidding Mrs. Lund good night."

He was, indeed! But why should Alice stand blushingly before him? Arthur Lund was startled out of his composure for a moment. He turned to Madaline. She had risen from her chair, and stood with her beautiful head bent thoughtfully forward.

"I am quite puzzled," he said, in a low tone. "I must hear more of this," he added, quite forgetting himself.

This was but the beginning of disquiet. With Arthur Lund it increased daily. Between Alice and himself a strange coldness sprang up, but Madaline was everything to him. I do not say that he was conscious of this, but doubting his wife, he made her his friend.

It was so like old times to be with her, he would say to himself. So like the pleasant days of his youth it seemed to listen to her sweet, musical voice. Sometimes he used to wish that she could not read him quite so easily; that she did not know quite so well of the little trouble between Alice and himself. But after awhile he ceased to think of this even, and Alice went further from him. How would it end? As the beautiful enchantress willed perhaps. But the good angels of earth are many. They watch as well as the bad.

Madaline told Arthur that Mr. Morrison and Alice had been lovers once. She said this in an artless, innocent way, as though she did not half comprehend what she was saying. But she drank in every word eagerly.

"Why did they not marry?"

"There had been a misunderstanding between them—they had not quite comprehended each other," was the answer.

"And now?"

"O they could see how it was now, of course. People could always see when it was to late to remedy an evil."

"Yes, yes—but had they loved deeply?"

"Yes."

The word came with a sigh. At that moment it fell welcomely upon his ears. Madaline had loved *him* deeply, perhaps, he thought. Involuntarily he raised her hand to his lips.

Ah, Arthur—Arthur Lund! could you have seen the white face bent towards you at that moment—could you have seen the terrible loook of agony that passed over it, you might have stayed your feet from the path which they were treading. The beautiful hand would have scorched your lips like fire!

Softly, noiselessly, Alice stole up the wide stairway to her chamber. In the darkness she fell upon her knees, clasping her hands across her forehead. Her prayer was:

"Be merciful—merciful, dear God!"

"It is so cruel, so miserably cruel!"

So Hester Lund kept saying to herself, as she sat by Alice's bedside during the illness that followed that night. But Alice did not speak at all, only mutely with her large brown eyes. She kept her white face hidden in the pillow, and muffled the heavy sobs that broke so constantly upon her lips. At first Arthur came to see her, but Hester suggested to him one day, as she saw him nearing his wife's chamber, with a troubled expression upon his face, his mouth stern and his brows knit, that it would be better for him to allow Alice a few days of uninterrupted quiet. He looked at her keenly as she spoke, and his fine lips curled into a smile.

"Then I am a trouble to Alice?" he said, in a low tone, scarcely above a whisper.

"I did not say that you were. But something troubles her. I am sure of that," was the quick answer.

"I do not doubt there is. I have ample proof."

"And so have I!" retorted Hester, under her breath, turning away.

This conversation was in the upper hall. At the door of her chamber, which was slightly ajar, Madaline Carter listened to it! Her beautiful face gleamed in its triumphant joy.

"We will see—we will see, Alice Lund, who conquers!" she said, clasping her hands together, and bending her regal head upon them. "To fall is to die, and that *you* begin to feel! But for this little quick eyed Hester I must keep a sharp lookout."

When Madaline went down to dinner that day she wore her sweetest smiles.

"How was Mrs. Lund?" she asked of Hester.

"Very well," was the cool reply, given with a corresponding glance.

"Would she be down stairs soon?"

"That had not been thought of much yet."

"She (Madaline) would have visited her, but she feared that she might disturb her."

"She must certainly would," was the prompt, decisive answer.

Arthur Lund raised his eyes in surprise. Hester look him firmly in the face. Madaline watched them smilingly! "I must see to that Hester," she thought to herself.

Ah! that would have been well, Miss Madaline.

At the expiration of a week, Alice insisted upon going down stairs. Hester protested that she was too weak, and even Arthur expressed a fear that she might endanger her health by so doing. But she was firm in her resolution, and so at tea-time that day, she took her place at the table again. She was looking poorly. None felt this more keenly than did Hester, and in consequence she hated Madaline Carter most deeply. How the little play would end she did not know, but she thought to herself that in it she would not be an idle character—that she would help the plot to a speedy *denouement*, if possible.

How strange it was that Ralph Morrison, who had absented himself from the house during Alice's illness, should make his appearance on the first evening which she spent down stairs. To Arthur Lund it was inexplicable. To all appearances, it was the same to Madaline. But Hester was content to watch without wondering.

Alice was lying upon the sofa when Mr. Morrison was announced. Her husband was near enough to her to see the faint color arise in her cheeks at the mention of his name. With a quick, hurried glance about him, Mr. Morrison bent over Alice and whispered a few words. When he turned away, Hester went at once to her.

"Tell me what he said, Alice dear," she began, taking her hand.

"That he was happy to see me in the parlor again," she answered, raising her eyes wonderingly to Hester's face.

"And was that all?"

"All?" (still wonderingly.)

"That is well. Sometime you shall know why I asked you."

Madaline clenched her white hands together, and under her breath cursed Hester Lund. For what, she knew not. The girl's face was unreadable as a sealed book. There was nothing to be gathered from that. Perhaps her step was a little firmer, her head, always finely carried, took a more confident poise, as she turned from Alice to her seat again. There was something, at any rate, that jarred with Madaline's thoughts. All around, it was an unpleasant evening. But Mr. Morrison was never more witty or entertaining. To Hester it seemed dull, and she knew that it was the same to her brother, that aside from Alice he cared little for the company. His eyes constantly sought her face. His head was bent towards her as he spoke. Once in a while, as though suddenly conscious of betraying too deep an interest, he would turn his face towards Madaline, but it would be for a few moments only, and then to Alice again.

When he turned to leave the room that night, he drew his kerchief from his coat pocket, and as he did so, a delicate little note dropped to the carpet, close at Arthur's feet. Mr. Lund stooped to pick it up. Of a sudden his eye caught the superscription. It was in the fine, delicate penmanship of Alice! He put his foot on the note and bowed Mr. Morrison from the room. For a moment he stood as white as marble. The perspiration gathered in large drops upon his forehead. His lips were tremulous, but not with speech. He knew then, when she seemed to go forever from him, how deeply and well he had loved Alice; that his passion for Madaline was no more to that, than is the first breath of spring to the rich glow of midsummer. He gathered the note in his hand and crushed it there.

"What is it, Arthur?" whispered Hester, softly.

He waved her away with his hand. His eye sought Alice.

"Not now," she said.

He turned around. Madaline had stolen quietly from the room.

"Yes, *now!*" he said, almost fiercely.

Alice looked up and he went to her. "You are no longer my wife!" he said, looking into her white face, as he spoke.

She started up wildly. As if to crush her down again, he held the note before her eyes. She read:

"DEAR RALPH!—I shall be down stairs this evening. If you love me come!

ALICE."

"I never wrote it. Arthur—Arthur! believe me," she cried, sinking back upon the sofa in a deep swoon.

"You have killed her!" said Hester, as he turned away.

He rushed out of the house, down the gravelled pathway into the street. He did not know or care where or which way he went. So he wandered about till nearly midnight. He was drinking from the same cup that he had pressed to Alice's lips.

"Morrison's heart-blood should pay for the wrong!" he said to himself in the heat of his mad passion. Then he thought of Madaline. Instinctively he cursed her, and then himself in turn. At last, he turned towards home. He gained it by a roundabout way that led him to a back gate situated in the remotest part of his grounds. He entered it noiselessly. Walking slowly up the smooth path, densely shaded upon either side, he caught the sound of voices. His first thought was, that Alice might be there keeping tryst with Ralph Morrison. He listened shuddderingly. Behind the thick screens of rustling trees and shrubbery, Morrison and Madaline were talking. How long they had been there he had no idea. But they were talking of him, he thought. Hearing his name mentioned, he moved more closely towards them.

"The plot deepens," Madaline said. "I had no idea that it would work so well. You have acted your part nobly, Ralph!"

"Why should I not? Alice Thurlow did not turn from my heart's best love for nothing. I swore to her then, if time was spared to me, I would strike at the tenderest part of her life. The blow is deep, she thinks now, but she has not felt it yet! Do you remember how white she grew when I first spoke to her? She had not forgotten my words. They will go to her grave with her."

"I pray they may," said Madaline, in a tone of deep passion, "and as for me, I care not how soon. She took my heart away from me, when she wedded Arthur Lund. I have been a fiend ever since. I stood at the parlor door to-night when he held the note before her eyes. How happy I was when I saw that agonized look break over her white face. She little thought who had mixed the fiery draught that was raised to her lips. And Arthur—"

"You are a strange woman, Madaline," said Morrison. "I like your strength and bravery. But you are shivering with the cold. Let me lead you to the house."

"No, I am not cold," she answered. "Life is too deep for that to-night. This revenge is maddening, intoxicating! My brain is on fire! My heart seems burning out!"

"I must insist upon your going in,"

He said something more, but Arthur could not quite distinguish what it was. Something about living until the victory was entirely won, was the burden of his words as they moved away.

When Arthur reached the house, he found Alice asleep. He bent over her couch. He could see then how sadly she was changed—how pale and thin she had grown. She turned upon her pillow, and whispered his name brokenly. Tears gathered in his eyes. His heart was full.

"Forgive me!" he cried, as she opened her eyes upon him.

"O, Arthur, you wronged me! I did not write that note. I do not love any one but you. You are all that I have in the great, wide world!"

He took her hands tenderly in his, and in broken sentences told her what he had learned. And more, he told her of this strange infatuation, now gone forever; and he promised, with the help of God, to be all in the years to come that he had been in the past, tender, true and loving.

The next morning he carried Alice down to the breakfast-room in his arms, and placed her close beside him at the table. Madaline looked wonderingly upon him. She was so taken by surprise, that she forgot the part she was playing.

"I did not think to see you down, Mrs. Lund."

Arthur bit his lips. "Are you quite well this morning?" he asked, raising his eyes to her face.

"O yes, quite well!"

"Then you did not take cold last evening?"

"Take cold?" she repeated, changing color.

"Yes, Mr. Morrison was apprehensive that you would. And it was extremely careless of you standing out in the night air so long. Did you go out immediately after leaving the parlor?"

"No—that is—"

"You stopped to glance through the parlor door while Alice read your note, perhaps?" he queried, in the same cool, collected tone.

She flashed her eyes upon him. They shone like balls of fire in her great anger. She arose from the table. Trying to speak, her rage nearly choked her. "I hate you, Arthur Lund!" she said.

"Indeed!" he answered. "Your feelings are emblematic of change. My regards to Mr. Morrison when you meet him again. Alice and I would be pleased to have him call at his leisure."

She swept out of the room without answering. An hour later she was on her way to the depot. She did not stop to thank her kind host and hostess for their protracted hospitality, or even to bid them a good morning. For a long time they sat at the breakfast table, Arthur and Alice, while Hester read by the window. The breezes came in deftly, laden with summer's dying perfume, the canary whistled and trilled in its cage, the sunshine threw its golden lines farther and farther across the snowy linen of the table. The young wife smiled—the shadow had risen.

A MARVELOUS SUNSET.

A PHANTOM MOUNTAIN AND FOUR RAINBOWS.

"The heavens declared the glory of God, and the firmament showed His handiwork" in the sunset glories of Saturday evening last. Such a sight is rarely had here, and never elsewhere. Those who have been here season after season, for pleasure and sight-seeing, admit that they never saw anything to equal it before, and Mr. Aiken, of the Mount Washington railroad, who has been here at all seasons of the year for ten or twelve years, and Mr. Murphy, of the signal station, who has been here in the summer's calm and the winter's storm, conceded the scene on Saturday evening to be the finest and most wonderfully magnificent that they had ever seen.

Just before the hour for its setting, the sun was entirely obscured by a heavy cloud, which deluged the mountain top with a driving shower of rain, but the cloud lifted instantly, just at the moment of setting, and the sun bathed the mountain top in a golden glow, softened and shaded by the reflection of the dark clouds which hung about the horizon over against the summit of the mountains: So sharply and clearly were the rays of the sun thrown upon the mountain, through a rift in the clouds, that the blades of grass in what is known as "Bigelow's Lawn," at the head of Tuckerman's ravine, could be almost counted from the mountain top, more than a thousand feet above them. Instantly, and as if by magic, the most brilliant rainbow ever seen commenced forming, one end of its golden and crimson showers resting in Tuckerman's ravine and the other directly over the Glen House. A complete arch soon formed, high in the heavens, so soft and sharp as to represent two-thirds or three-fourths of a circle, instead of the flat arch usually seen in rainbows, and the colors at the lower extremities were so brilliant that a second, third or even fourth reflection could be seen against the mountain sides where they rested. A striking feature of the occasion was a huge bank of white clouds hanging low beneath the very centre of the arch, the upper edge of which took a golden hue from the setting sun, and gave to the fortunate spectators a cloud with a golden instead of silver lining. Another remarkable sight was the shadow of the mountain top thrown against the sky and mountain ranges to the eastward, directly beneath the centre of the arch, and so distinctly that the shape and formation of Mount Washington was as clearly defined as is the mountain itself, while the form of the Summit House could be distinctly seen on the crest of the shadow. The glow of the setting sun was so brilliant and so clear that the Green Mountains against the Western sky were clearly marked, and Camel's Hump, Mount Mansfield and Jay Peak could be distinctly recognized from the top of Mount Washington, as well as all the other mountains to the north and south. It was a gloriously gorgeous and magnificent sight, and one that will hang about the halls of memory forever.—*Among the Clouds, Mount Washington, August 19th.*

—The King and Queen of the Belgians attended the ceremonies at the unveiling of the statue of the celebrated Flemish painter, Van Eyck, at Bruges, recently.

A GIANT BURIED IN THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

A London correspondence of the *Baltimore Sun* says: "There are only four streets, I am told, in all London whence verdue is not to be seen; that is to say, all the streets of London command a view of some growing green trees or shrubs. This is rather startling when you come to think of the hundreds of acres of houses and narrow streets this great city of cities presents to the view of the visitor. Take "the Old Lady of Threadneedle street," as the citizens disrespectfully term the venerable and mighty bank of England. Within its strong walls is a garden, even a delicate fountain, and a big tree, indeed two trees and some numerous plants. Fresh and attractive they stand out in charming contrast, smiling at busy business and listening to the ever tantalizing clink of gold. This garden is more beautiful and attractive than any I have seen in many towns in America—a land of trees! You survey this emerald spot, studded with floral rubies and adorned with petalled turquoise, and you look around at the topaz fringe of guinea gold, and exclaim, "no garden in the world is so richly environed." Millions of money per month pass around this garden. Beneath that tallest tree there is a story. It is brief. Allow me to tell it for the first time in print: Some years ago the bank had a clerk whose height measured nearly seven feet two inches. He was a marvel in more ways than one. He could add up I don't know how many columns of figures at one time without an error; do subtraction and multiplication simultaneously, and look upon "vulgar fractions" disdainfully. In a word, he was a big figure. Nature has given to big men gentle dispositions.

This figurative giant was most amiable and a general favorite. The clerks in the bank of England are all gentlemen by birth and education, not a few of them being by blood ties allied to the oldest families in the kingdom. Indeed, I am told one is the lineal descendant of a king, and as the monarch through this descendant proclaims Ireland as their domain, I will not for a moment stop to dispute the pedigree of "the pretender." In good company the giant labored and lived and died, for giants cannot carry their lengthened sweetness long drawn out beyond the period allotted to man generally any more than a dwarf. When the giant of the bank of England added up his last figures and balanced his accounts with this world, his clerkly companions sought to shroud him in the leaves of the ledger of their esteem and bury him beneath the tree I mentioned in the precincts of the bank he loved so well. There, in this verdant oasis of the commercial desert, his financial spirit is continually rejoiced by the tinkle of gold and the ever-moving millions, not a farthing of which he can now reckon on."

FRENCH PRISONS.

There are twenty-one central prisons in France for prisoners with sentences of five years and over. The cellular system is adopted in prisons for the detention of prisoners not sent up for more than a year and a day, but in the central prisons as many as 100 men sleep in one ward, certain of their number being responsible for the preservation of order. The dormitories are lighted, and there are openings from the galleries through which the guards may inspect them. By day the men work in *ateliers*, fifty or a hundred in each. Shoes, chairs, woven fabrics, buttons, umbrella-ferrules, Chinese lanterns, etc., are manufactured, and such light work as glossing paper, sewing copy-books and making hair ornaments is done. The work is let to contractors by tariff fixed by the local Chamber of Commerce, to prevent any undue competition with free labor. Half of the profits of the prisoners work goes to the State; he is allowed to spend a quarter in procuring special articles of diet, etc., and the remaining quarter is paid to him on leaving, so that a discharged convict often finds himself with from $100 to $300 cash capital. A large proportion of the prisoners use this in setting themselves up in trade or in procuring passages to other lands. These rewards of industrial labor, together with the industrial training itself, constitute together the main and tolerably effectual counterbalance to the otherwise grave evils of association. The element of hope is always prominent in French prisons, and it is the sheet-anchor of their administration. A visitor to La Santé, at Paris, observed in the first cell he inspected a table on which lay a pipe of tobacco, half a bottle of wine and a novel.

—The London *Times* is apprehensive of coming evil to British farmers from the fact, brought out by recent agricultural statistics, that not only is the area of land in the United Kingdom under arable crop undergoing annual diminution, but that the number of head of live stock is also decreasing. There seems to be no doubt of the fact. From 1866 to 1874 there was a steady increase of all kinds of stock, and since that date there has been as steady a decrease. In 1866 there were in the United Kingdom of cattle 8,570,000 and of sheep 26,380,000. In 1874 these figures had increased to cattle, 10,291,000, and sheep, 33,826,000. In 1877, however, the numbers are found to be, cattle, 9,734,000; sheep, 32,220,000. These figures indicate either that British farmers are discontinuing sheep and cattle raising, or that there has been excessive mortality among their flocks and herds—either of them a sufficiently serious affair. The price of meat has never been so high as during the three years in which the decrease has taken place, so that the stimulus of a good market has not been lacking.

—Car wheels, at the rate of 225 per day, are now being turned out from the wheel foundry of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in Altoona, Pa.

Varieties.

—The fall fashions announce a great change in the shape of ladies' hats. Broader brims will be worn, with much larger crowns.

—Mr. Moody's Sunday evening Bible readings at his home in Northfield are very successful. His large house is usually filled to overflowing.

—A whole family, consisting of a man, his wife and two children, were lately found murdered in their rooms at Ribiere-au-Gay, France.

—Miss Clara Louise Kellogg is on her way home from Europe. She has bought a costly operatic wardrobe of Worth, the famous Paris milliner.

—The engraving and printing bureau at Washington now employs 175 plate printers and nearly 300 girls, besides numerous clerks, watchmen, messengers, etc.

—The canning factories in South New Jersey are in full blast, working up the abundant supplies of tomatoes, corn, fruits, etc. They are running full time and full handed.

—Mr. Joseph Nimmo, Jr., has been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, the duties of which position he has performed as acting chief during the past two months.

—Vermont's fat woman, Mrs. Albert Smith, of Rochester, died recently, her weight being over 400 pounds, and the coffin in which she was buried at Saxton river was as wide as a common express wag on.

—If a man works for a week and gets nothing for his labor he takes it for bad luck and says nothing; but when he spends five minutes in sharpening a lead pencil and the point breaks off he acts like a madman.

—Eighty young men appeared for examination for admission to the Agricultural College, at Amherst, Mass., last Thursday, and more are to follow, so that as large a class as can be accommodated is assured.

—Mr. E. T. Thorpe, of the Royal Society of Great Britain, and Professor Arthur W. Wright, of Yale College, are at Salt Lake City, taking magnetic observations, which are to be extended from ocean to ocean.

—The "trout" which sportsmen in the White Mountain region have been catching in such quantities are said to be, without a doubt, the young salmon with which the New England Fish Commissioners, at great expense, stocked the streams.

—With a view to the promotion of soundness in trade, it is proposed by Montreal manufacturers to form an association including, beside themselves, those to whom they sell. Books of reference, with the standing of each member, are to be kept.

—Near Bromley, Ont., stands a log house erected more than two years ago of poplar and balm of gilead logs, which can now be seen growing, sprouts having been thrown out from the logs both inside and out, making the structure a mass of foliage.

—Some people have singular ideas about situations of safety and danger. During a slight thunder storm on Monday afternoon a Portsmouth, N. H., lady took refuge on a feather bed placed on the floor, and stuck there till all "danger" of being struck by lightning was over; then she arose, and finding that the fire was very low, proceeded to enliven it by pouring kerosene out of a gallon can into the stove.

—The dam of Wesley Lake at Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, in New Jersey, gave way while some repairs were being made at the sluice way, and in a short time it was emptied of water. A lad who was on the beach was swept by the water into the surf, but being a good swimmer soon reached shore with the aid of a boat. This is the second time the dam has been carried away.

—Fruit culture is making rapid progress in the United States. According to recent official statements the land appropriated to this branch of industry is 14,500,000 acres. Upon this there flourish 112,000,000 apple trees, 28,000,000 pear trees, 112,270,000 peach trees, and 141,260,000 grape vines. The total value of the fruit crop throughout the United States is set down at $138,216,700, an amount equal to half the value of the average wheat crop of the country. Toward that large sum apples are held to contribute $50,400,000, pears $14,130,000, peaches $46,135,000, grapes $2,118,000, strawberries $5,000,000, and other fruit $10,432,000.

—The British flag was consecrated in Cyprus on August 18. The ceremony, as described in the despatches to *The London Standard*, took place at 6 A. M., in the Greek Convent of the Virgin, about a mile outside the walls of Nikosia. In the distance the mountains hemmed in the landscape. Close at hand were the clustered tents of the British camp, while nearer still was an ancient church. The peasant girls of the island, wearing brightly-colored petticoats and stockings, and having their heads adorned with flowers, had assembled to witness the spectacle. The eye also took in, here and there, companions of the Bombay Lancers on their mules, and the English Royal Engineers, military orderlies, swarthy-looking mountaineers, and the leading inhabitants of Nikosia. In the Convent Church a solemn mass was chanted by a choir of ecclesiastics and monks, who wore long black robes. In a procession which was formed at the end of the mass a golden crucifix and several other sacred emblems were borne aloft. On a carpeted space in front of the building stood Sir Garnet Wolsely, and close to him was a gilt throne. Some prayers having been offered and psalms sung, the flag was incensed and blessed. After the blessing the flag was hoisted aloft between the tower of the church by the young priest.

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