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STAND ALONE.

There are times to mingle forces,
One great purpose to enthrone,
As from scores of trickling courses
Sweeping streams to might are grown.
But, when private ends are brewing,
With a firmness all your own,
Sleeplessly your duty doing,
Still your own set way pursuing,
Stand alone!

Cliques and clubs are moral crutches
Signifying doubt in Self;
Leagues and factions foil the clutches
That should feel from shelf to shelf
Up the crags of life's endeavor,
Unassisted, stone by stone,
Foot by foot; unswerving never;
Individual aim should ever
Stand alone.

Natures weak in herds commingle
For the small affairs of life,
While the stronger, bravely single,
Rush into the varied strife
Of exchange, or trade, or science,
With their pennants proud outblown,
Setting danger at defiance,
And, with noble self reliance,
Stand alone.

Scorn not toils and hopes of others,
Growing sad in doubt and fear—
Ever lend to struggling brothers
Hand of help and smile of cheer:
But accept not what, unsparing,
From your own proud strength is strown,
And, self-poised, self-centred, daring,
Though the strife be long and wearing,
Stand alone!

Stand alone! That labor thriveth
Which, unaided, plods and delves,
And her favors fate contriveth
For the hands that help themselves,
Oft 'tis best our mights to mingle,
One vast purpose to enthrone;
ut, when Self begins to tingle
With conceptions all her own,
Irm, undaunted, proud and single,
Stand alone!

MY TOMBSTONE.

Who am I? I am Rosalind Etherington, only child of a father who idolized me, lavished upon me every luxury that wealth could procure until I was nineteen years old, and then died, broken-hearted, because unfortunate speculations swept away his entire fortune, reducing me to poverty.

For that was the light in which he regarded it. Not that he was poor himself, but that I must endure privations.

Before he died, indeed before he lost his fortune, Williston Moore had asked me to be his wife, when he should return from a trip to Europe, his father insisted upon his taking before he married and went to a home of his own.

Papa only gave half consent. We were very young Williston just of age, I but eighteen, and he thought it best we should both remain free until the European trip was over, and I was introduced to society.

So my handsome young lover bade me farewell, and went over the ocean, carrying my heart with him. Six months later my father died.

I was crushed under the weight of grief, for we had been companions and friends as well as father and child; reading together; holding such intercourse as only love can prompt, sharing each other's thoughts and pleasures.

The whole world darkened to me when my father was carried to his grave.

I wrote to my uncle in Florence, the only near relative we had, who was abroad, seeking health for his consumptive daughter.

He was a rich man, and I indulged in a faint hope that he would send for me to join him in Florence, or point out to me some refuge at home.

To Williston Moore I sent simply a notice of my father's death, cut from a daily newspaper.

In it the writer spoke of the recent loss of fortune that had brought on the mental depression that preceded the fatal seizure, and I wrote nothing.

He, my lover, had courted me when I was an heiress, a petted child of fortune, and he must be free to follow his own will, if he desired to break faith with the penniless girl, left orphaned.

For I was proud to my heart's core, and would not plead for a forced love, wrung from a sense of honor. If Williston loved me, he would hasten to my side; if his heart had gone from me, I could live out my sorrow-laden life alone.

While my mourning was yet new, my home was sold, the dear surroundings, familiar from infancy, scattered under an auctioneer's hammer, and I found myself the inmate of a small room in a boarding-house, kept by a lady who had known me for years.

She was very kind to me, cheering me as far as possible, giving me motherly advice about the very small sum of money I possessed, and trying to find me some light employment.

This was the most difficult task of all. Though I had had every advantage of education, I was not trained for a teacher of any accomplishment, and knew absolutely nothing of the care or control of children.

I had no love for sewing, and as my inclinations had governed all my pursuits, I had neglected needlework, excepting some trifling tasks of embroidery or fancy work—never excelling even in these.

"What am I to do?"

The question rose in my heart many times a day, assuming more force as time sped by, and my stock of money rapidly melted away.

There came no word from my uncle, no message from Williston. I seemed deserted by all upon whom I had any claim.

It was six months after my father's death, and May was half spent, when Mrs. Green, my landlady, came to my room one morning to tell me:

"Miss Rosamond, I have heard of a situation that I thought might suit you."

"Tell me," I said eagerly, a vision of my last unbroken bank note rising before me.

"My cousin has been here to call, and has told me that an intimate friend of her's, a great invalid, is going to Italy, and is looking for a companion."

To Italy! My uncle was in Italy. Williston might be there!

"But I know nothing about nursing!" I said, my heart sinking again.

"You will not be required to know anything about it. Mrs. Hoffman has a nurse, but she wants some one to read to her, to go out with her, a companion for the hours when she can enjoy companionship. Her terms are very liberal, I half promised you would call."

I gladly made the promise good, and called upon Mrs. Hoffman.

I found her an old lady, feeble and pale, refined in manner, very gentle and patient, under the suffering of an incurable and painful illness.

She seemed pleased with me, and after some little talk we agreed upon terms and duties, and I returned home, having at last secured the long-looked-for employment.

It was a sore wrench to leave Mrs. Green, and the home where letters might come to me; but when it was all over, I was made very happy in my new position. Mrs. Hoffman was very wealthy and lavish in all expenditure in her pursuit of any alleviation of her sufferings. Her nurse, an elderly lady named Hester, cared for her in every attack of positive illness, and slept in her room at nights.

But my task was simply to share in all her pleasant hours, when she was well enough to ride out, to hear the piano, to listen to reading.

She would let me sit beside her sometimes when she was forced to lie in bed, but usually Hester drove me away, jealously anxious to usurp all nursing duty.

We were an attached trio within a week, both the nurse and myself giving a true affection to our gentle employer, who gave us every advantage in her power to bestow, and was touchingly grateful for the attentions it was our positive duty to show her.

We crossed the ocean; we journeyed slowly from city to city seeking health, giving change of climate, and finding pleasure in every new scene.

For in the intervals when pain loosened its hold, Mrs. Hoffman was like a girl in her eager delight in every pleasure travel affords.

Leaning upon my arm, she would explore all the points of interest in every large city where we sojourned, would seek information and pleasure in all the sight-seeing open to tourists, ever sharing with me the pursuits and enjoyments she found.

Nearly two years had passed, and we were in Germany, where Mrs. Hoffman was deriving great benefit from mineral baths.

I had become reconciled to the changes in my life, accustomed to the forlorn sense of having been forgotten by my uncle and lover, and did not look forward beyond the present.

While Mrs. Hoffman lived I felt sure of a friend and a home, and the physicians had given us hope of her slow but certain relief, though she would never entirely recover health.

Still we hoped she would live for years, and I rested in the certainty of her affection for me and my usefulness to her.

One day in early Summer, when the baths had greatly strengthened my employer, she proposed a drive to a celebrated cemetery in the outskirts of the little town where we were staying.

We mentioned to the chambermaid, who cared for our rooms, where we were going, and she gave us a touching account of a grave we would find in a spot she designated.

"The young lady," she told us, "died at the Golden Fleece, the rival hotel of the town; not this one. She was very beautiful, but I cannot speak her hard name. Her poor father was like an insane man when she died, and the most beautiful stone in the cemetery is over her grave. For weeks the poor old man spent the entire day at the cemetery until the doctors almost forced him away. I have heard he went to America, but I do not know. The death was published in the papers, and after the father went away a young milord, English or American, came to seek the grave.

"Oh, how pale he was, and how he grieved! He has come again and again to the Golden Fleece, and he has left an order at the florist's that fresh flowers are to be put upon the grave every day, winter and summer. He is a true lover."

After which romantic story the girl gave us most minute directions for finding the grave, and we drove away.

The cemetery was very lovely in the fresh verdure of the young summer, and we strolled about the shady walks, carefully following the directions given by the chambermaid, and looking for the shaft of marble she had described.

We turned at last into a shaded walk, seeing in front of us the pure white monument, with the angel, whose folded wings and bent head had been described so fully. The light iron fence was covered with climbing roses, and growing plants surrounded the base of the pure stone. But I saw none of this at first.

My eyes were fixed with an awe-stricken fascination upon the raised lettering against the tablet of the shaft. It read:

"ROSAMOND ETHERINGTON,"
"AGED 20."

And that date was less than a year old.

My own name, my own age. It was a moment or two before I recovered from the shock it gave me, and knew the truth.

Mrs. Hoffman's cry of surprise and pain roused me first, and I felt her arm put around me as if to convince herself she really held me fast.

The touch roused me from the numbsense of awe holding me, and I said:

"It must be my poor cousin Rosa. We were both of the same age and both named for our Grandmother Etherington. Oh, if only my uncle had waited here for me. I want a father, and he a child."

I was sobbing as I spoke, for I had dearly loved my uncle and cousin, and my overstrained nerves had given way.

Very kindly my friend comforted me, leading me a little aside from the grave to an iron seat, where we rested. We were still there, and I was telling Mrs. Hoffman of my anxious waiting for a letter from my uncle, when she whispered:

"There is a gentleman coming to the grave. It must be your cousin's lover, of whom the chambermaid was telling us."

I looked up, to see a tall figure in deep mourning, with uncovered head, leaning against the light iron railing—a figure bowed with sorrow—a pale face and grief-stricken, but which caused my own heart to thrill with a joy long a stranger there.

For the face was the one that had haunted my dreams for years, the face of Williston Moore.

I forgot my poverty, my dependent position. I saw only the sorrow of my lover over my supposed death, knew only that I could take the grief away.

I went slowly toward the fence, and Williston lifted his head at the sound of my footsteps.

His face paled to the hue of death, his eyes widened in a strange glare of awe as he saw my face.

But as I smiled and drew nearer, the truth seemed to come to him, that I was no spirit haunting my own grave, but flesh and blood, living and loving, the Rosamond Etherington to whom he had given his heart.

As he realized this, he sprang to meet me, and I was folded fast in his arms, while his tears dropped upon my upturned face.

"Rosa—my Rosa," he cried, "is it indeed you? Not dead, not buried under this cruel, false stone?"

"The stone tells a true story Will," I said softly; "but it is my cousin Rosamond who lies there!"

"Your cousin! Then it was your uncle who was at the Golden Fleece."

"Yes. My uncle."

"That explains all. I did not receive your notice, dearest, until your father had been dead some months, and I understood the proud heart that would not write to me. I hastened home at once, but could not find you. Your father's lawyer told me he believed you had gone to Europe, and that you had an uncle abroad, whom he presumed had sent for you. I was in Vienna when I saw a notice of the death of Rosamond Etherington in this place. The shock was more dreadful than I can ever describe to you, darling.

"But I came here, and supposed it was my imperfect German that led me to think the people at the hotel said it was the father of the poor dead girl who was so stricken at her loss. It was easy to believe your uncle, or any one who loved you, would so grieve for you."

"If he had only remained here!" I said, mournfully.

"Then you do not know"—

"What?" I asked.

"That he died on the steamer, homeward bound!"

Another sorrow! But there was comfort for me in Williston's faithful love.

Mrs. Hoffman heard our story with deep interest, and though she sighed over the thought of losing me, warmly seconded Williston's proposal for a speedy marriage, and we all sailed for America in the fall, my dear old friend greatly benefited by her travels, and Hester relieved of many fears and cares.

Williston's love was never touched by the loss of my father's wealth, and he married me knowing I was Mrs. Hoffman's paid companion.

But upon our return home, my father's lawyer wrote to us that I was heiress to my uncle's fortune, and once again wealthy.

I cared but little, though I am often glad of the power I possess to bring relief to some overburdened heart, or toil-hardened hands.

We have bought our old house, Williston helping me to furnish it as nearly as possible as my father had done, and in the library we have hung a beautiful finished photograph of the grave in Germany where my cousin Rosamond rests, and where Williston mourned so faithfully, believing it was my tombstone.

THE SWORD DANCE OF THE MALAYS.

A writer in *St. Nicholas* for January says:

While on a cruise among the islands of the Malayan Archipelago, our ship put in at Batavia for a week's repairs. Batavia is the Dutch capital of Java, wholly under control of Holland; and its Dutch architecture and Dutch manners of living make one feel as if every house had been built in far-away Amsterdam, then boxed up, people, furniture and all, and sent by ship across the waters. So, to know anything of the natives to whom this great, beautiful island originally belonged, of their habits, dress and amusements, one must visit the Malayan settlements of the interior; and a little party of us determined thus to spend the week of our ship's stay at Batavia.

We had made the acquaintance of a petty chieftan, who once had been in the service of the rajah of Djokjskarta; and for a small fee, Selim introduced our party to the court of his former master.

Here, one day, we had an opportunity of witnessing the "sword dance" of the Malays, the most noted of all their national dances. Ordinarily it is performed by some thirty or forty ten-year old lads, who are trained to their vocation from a very early age, but who practice it in public only for a year or so, before they are set aside as no longer sufficiently light and agile for this very peculiar dance. The boys are rigged out in very fantastic costume, their hats especially, which are fancifully adorned with the plumage of many-colored birds, intermingled with brightly-gleaming jewels. The only weapons used are wooden swords, but the youthful gymnasts seem thoroughly in earnest, and rush upon one another with all the fury of real combatants, their eyes gleaming fiercely and their dark faces glowing with excitement. They all brandish their swords with great dexterity, dealing blows sidewise, and even backward, while they are in the very act of whizzing and whirling round the room in a rapid gallopade. Their motions are not less graceful than enthusiastic; and though the company is numerous, and turns and thrusts are sudden, none seems taken unawares; nor is there even the slightest apparent confusion. Sometimes single combats follow the general engagement, each selecting his opponent; but the boys are so well matched in regard to size, and all are so perfectly trained, that really there seems little advantage to be gained. The grand climax of the whole affair is to force two of their leaders into a corner, surround them with a circle of crossed swords, and hold them prisoners until one or the other succeeds in gaining possession of his opponent's weapon. The victor then receives as a prize a real sword, and is thenceforth honorably discharged from further trials of his skill; while the unfortunate lad who permitted himself to be disarmed has to go through an additional season of probation.

—The English Church Missionary Society, acting on the advice and with the active co-operation of Col. Gordon Pasha, Governor-General of the Soudan, have definitely decided to despatch an expedition to the south-western end of the Albert Nyanza.

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF ARIZONA.

It has for many years been a byword, or saying, that Arizona was galvanized, that all the metal was found on top. This, no doubt, had its origin from its gold surface diggings, on account of the gold being found on the sides of the mountain ranges, on the peaks and backbones of these ranges, and on the top and sides of the lower hills and mounds, in fact, lying just the reverse from the finds in all other good placer countries. The gulches, river-beds, and old water courses contain but little gold in their beds, their greatest yield being from the sides in the coarse washed gravel. How the gold was deposited on the highest point of the mountains and hills I have no theory; but for that of the river beds, the gulches and water-courses any one who has experienced any of the summers rains of Arizona—the rain coming down almost equal to a cloudburst, pouring on the mesa lands, beating and packing the surface, thence running to connect with the water in the ravines, gulches and gorges of the mountains and plains—forming in a short space of time, perfect torrents of water, rolling as an immense breaker, sweeping and carrying everything before it, throwing the rocks, boulders and gravel with all coarse material up on the banks, where they are placed, leaving nothing put the fine sand and other matter that from its lightness is held in the water to gradually settle on the bottom and centre of the gulches, ravines and courses, will arrive at the conclusion that, so with the gold, it is carried with the larger and heavier material from the great rush and sudden passage of a large body of water, and deposited on the top and sides of the channels. Hence we account for the Mexican placer miners always working and drifting into the banks of the arroyas. Arizona seldom has any steady and gradual rains and fall of water, as the winter rains of California where the water slowly meanders along the plains, gradually finding its way to the water courses, rolling the coarse and fine gold along till it gradually sinks in the sand and gravel and finds its place on the bed rock or bed of the streams. Again are found rich surface silver diggings, nuggets of silver almost pure, masses of chlorides and sulphurets of silver, and in the galena districts great boulders of the ore on the flat lands and sides of mountain ranges, all displaced from the veins and ledge matter during the time of heavy rainfalls. The rains of Arizona occur during the summer months, when the whole crust of the earth is heated, the rocks showing by their dark and burnt appearance the effects of the high temperature. During the time of this heat the rain pours from the heavens, suddenly cooling, causes the rocks, vein-croppings and formations carrying minerals to crack and burst asunder, rolling down the mountain sides, the metal becoming detached and thus found as float, the action of the elements, atmosphere and time destroying the sulphur, antimony and baser metals, leaving the silver in its pure and natural state.—*Correspondence San Francisco Bulletin.*

THE GREAT INDUSTRIES OF MASSACHUSETTS.

It is needless to observe that although Massachusetts has a larger number o valuable industries than most any State in the Union, the manufacture of cotton and woollen goods and boots and shoes is the most important. At the present time, when there is good reason to believe the business of the country has reached hard pan and there are signs of sure but slow revival on every hand, it will be of interest to know what those in Massachusetts engaged in the great industries referred to think of the future prospects of business.

Reports from the cotton manufacturing interest are of a hopeful character. One owner interested in six corporations says that all the mills are busy and are doing a fair business. These mills turn out literally hundreds of miles of cotton fabrics every day, which find a market in all parts of the world. A Lowell corporation recently had an order of 2500 bales for the African market, and a lively and growing trade is springing up in Japan and China. This trade was nearly lost during the war, chiefly by the imitation of American brands and marks by English agents and manufacturers, and selling very inferior goods for a lower price. The purchasers thought that they were getting American goods. The trick has been exposed. The capitalists engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods are confident that specie resumption will help their business and in time give a fresh impetus to manufacturing, but not like that unhealthy growth which preceded the panic. Business has not improved perceptibly yet, but those engaged in it and are qualified to judge, are confident that the tide has turned and that the cotton and woollen manufacturing industries are on the road to a sure competence and prosperous times.

The same hopeful feeling is said to pervade the boot and shoe interest. Massachusetts still holds the control of that great interest, despite the attempted competition. The product of the industry the past year has been as large as any year since the panic, and greater than one or two of the intervening. The orders for winter goods were large and liberal, and the orders for spring goods are coming in rapidly. A leading manufacturer thinks that the revival of the trade has set in. It will be slow and conservative. On the whole, the outlook is more promising than at any date since the panic.—*Boston Journal.*

—In Australia the telegraph wires are preserved from being tampered with by having a device attached which conveys an electric current to any one who touches them. Thousands of miles of wire are thus protected without watching, the natives being in terror of the poles.

TALKERS.

Who does not like to hear a really good talker—whether in the public room or the private circle? Men may glibly quote the adage, "Speech is silvern, but silence is golden," yet it must be acknowledged that the silent man is, as a rule, at a great disadvantage, compared with his neighbor who can use his tongue well, and is, as the phrase goes, "good company."

But how comparatively few are the talkers with whom we can find no fault. Some are too egotistical, others too censorious. One man annoys us by being too argumentative; another by assenting too readily to all that we say, and thus, anomalous as it may seem, blocking the road to conversation by sheer want of obstruction. Then there are the double-tongued talkers, the inquisitive and the grandiloquent, all of whom are objectionable.

On the subject of "talkers," an interesting book has been recently written by Mr. Bate, and in it we find the above classes and many others dwelt upon. Of most varieties illustrations are given, and without attempting to enter into the subject further, our purpose is simply to bring a few of these illustrations before our readers. In the chapter devoted to "the egotist," we have an excellent example of how one of those worthies was served.

"I was to dine with the Admiral tonight," said a naval Lieutenant once; "but I have so many invitations elsewhere that I can't go."

"I am going, and I'll apologize," said a brother officer.

"Oh, don't trouble yourself."

"But I must," said the officer; "for the Admiral's invitation, like that of the Queen, is a command."

"Never mind; pray don't mention my name," rejoined the Lieutenant.

"For your own sake, I certainly will," was the reply.

At length the hero of a hundred cards stammered out: "Don't say a word about it; I had a hint to stay away."

"A hint to stay away? Why so."

"The fact is I—wasn't invited."

Egotists are an intolerable set of bores. Everything they say is interlarded with "I;" it is "I," "I," throughout. Into all conversations they drag allusions to themselves. In some cases their egotism is grotesque, but usually offensive. It should be a part of education to put young persons on their guard against interlarding their conversation with "I." Lord Erskine was a great egotist. One day, in conversation with Curran, he casually asked what Grattan said of himself. This was a splendid opportunity for Curran giving Lord Erskine an indirect set-down.

"Said of himself!" was Curran's astonished reply, "Nothing." Grattan speak of himself! Why, sir, Grattan is a great man! Sir, torture could not wring a syllable of self-praise from Grattan; a team of six horses could not drag an opinion of himself out of him. Like all great men, he knows the strength of his reputation, and will never condescend to proclaim its march like the trumpeter of a puppet-show. Sir, he stands on a national altar, and it is the business of us inferior men to keep up the fire and incense. You will never see Grattan stooping to do either one or the other."

Curran objected to Byron's talking of himself as a great drawback on his poetry. "Any subject," he said, "but that eternal one of self! I am weary of knowing periodically the state of any man's hopes or fears, rights or wrongs. I would as soon read a register of the weather; the barometer up to so many inches to-day, and down so many inches to-morrow. I feel skepticism all over me at the sigh of agonies on paper—things that come as regular and notorious as the full of the moon."

How a simple statement may be twisted, turned and magnified by the tongues of tale-bearers is well illustrated by the following, which is said have actually occurred:

"The servant of No. 1 told the servant of No. 2 that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit shortly; and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected to have the Bayleys in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1, for they couldn't keep the bailiffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself being taken in execution, and that it was nearly killing his poor, dear wife; and so it went on increasing until it got to No. 32, who confidently assured the last, No. 33, that the Bow street officers had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1 for killing his poor, dear wife with arsenic, and that it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed.

The most amusing chapter is that devoted to the "inquisitive" talker, and, as a matter of course, the author crosses the Atlantic for some of his specimens of this kind.

A genuine Yankee in San Francisco having bored a new-comer with every conceivable question relative to his object in visiting the gold country, his hopes, his means and his prospects, at length asked him if he had a family.

"Yes, sir; I have a wife and six children, and I never saw one of them."

After this reply the couple sat a few minutes in silence; then the interrogator again commenced:

"Was you ever blind, sir?"

"No, sir."

"Did you marry a widow, sir?"

"No, sir."

Another interval of silence.

"Did I understand you to say, sir, that you had a wife and six children living in New York and had never seen one of them?"

"Yes, sir; I so stated it."

Another and a longer pause. Then the interrogator again inquired:

"How can it be, sir, that you never saw one of them?"

"Why," was the response, "one of them was born after I left."

We are not told to what country the individual belonged who got so well matched in the following story, but we will hope that he was not English or Scotch. A person more remarkable for inquisitiveness than good breeding—one of those who, devoid of delicacy, and reckless of rebuff, pry into everything—took the liberty to question Alexander Dumas rather closely concerning his genealogical tree.

"You are a quadroon, Mr. Dumas?" he began.

"I am, sir," replied M. Dumas, who had sense enough not to be ashamed of a descent he could not conceal.

"And your father?"

"Was a mulatto."

"And your grandfather?"

"A negro," hastily answered the dramatist, whose patience was waning.

"And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?"

"An ape, sir!" thundered Dumas, with a fierceness that made his impertinent interrogator shrink into the smallest possible compass; "an ape, sir! My pedigree commences where yours terminates."

We next give two specimens of the "pleonast," whose conversation is full of inflated expressions.

A certain gentleman was once speaking to a few friends on the subject of happiness, and and in giving his experience as to where it could not be found, he is said to have spoken thus: "I sought for happiness where it could not be found; I looked for felicity where it could not be discovered; I inquired after bliss in those places, situations and circumstances which neither bliss, nor felicity, nor happiness ever visited. Thus it remained with little change, and continued without much alteration, all through the days of my youth, the years of juvenility, and the period of my adolescence."

"Is that really your experience?" said one who was listening; "and do you intend that as a caution to us against seeking happiness in the same way?"

"Most positively and assuredly I do. Profoundly impressed with the veracity of these sentiments, deeply sensible of their correctness, and heartily persuaded and assured and convinced of their consonance with truth, I urge and press upon your attention what I have above and before couched and expressed in such simple and plain and intelligible language, and language easily to be understood withal."

Another of these talkers who encumber their ideas with such a "plethora of words," was once speaking of a man who was found drowned in a canal in the neighborhood where he lived, and expressed himself thus: "He is supposed to have perpetrated, committed and done voluntarily, willingly, and of himself, destruction, suicide and drowning, while in a mood of mental aberration, superinduced, brought about and effected by long indulgence in, and continued habits of inhaling, drinking and swallowing, to inebriation and drunkenness, intoxicating fluids."

These specimens are only exaggerations, for it is difficult to believe that any one would speak in such ridiculous fashion. We do not, however, experience the same difficulty in accepting the following illustration of the double-tongued talker:

"What darling little cherubs your twins are," said Mrs. Horton to Mrs. Shenstone, in an afternoon gathering of ladies at her house, "I really should be proud of them if they were mine; such lovely eyes, such rosy cheeks," etc. Adding, "Dear darlings! come and kiss me."

Mrs. Shenstone smiled complacently in return, and shortly after retired from the room, when two "little cherubs" approached their prodigious admirer, with a view to make friends and impress upon her the solicited kiss.—Instantly, however, she put them at arm's-length from her, saying to the lady who sat next her: "What pests these little things are, treading on my dress and obtruding their presence on me like this! I *do* wish Mrs Shenstone had taken them out of the room with her."—*Chambers' Journal.*

THE YEARS OF OUR LIFE.

The years of our life are all numbered, and each one, as it rapidly passes away, brings us nearer to eternity. Few there are who seem to fully realize this, and yet, beyond all peradventure, it is true.

Time rushes along like some mighty river fed by a fierce storm, and the greatest kings, the largest armies, and the mightiest warriors cannot for a single moment stop its progress.

It is well then, as it moves on, to lay aside our former evil habits, and endeavor to live a nobler and a better life.

And as the New Year comes to us again, as chaste and pure as new fallen snow, let us press forward in the paths of wisdom and honor; let us labor unceasingly in the cause of the right, and our names will stand out on the pages of the world's history as the stars shine forth on a clear evening in the blue dome of heaven.

The drama of 1878 is over; the curtain has fallen upon the last act, and so let us greet one another with a Happy New Year.

A new fuel, formed of the residuum of petroleum and coal tar, mixed to the consistency of molasses, is expected to produce great results in all industries in which wood and coal are now used to produce heat. An experiment recently at the Brooklyn Navy Yard resulted in the generation of 5,000 degrees of registered heat, which melted pig-iron in ten minutes, instead of two hours, and liquefied glass in two hours instead of sixteen. It is claimed, as a steam producer, it will save $5,000 in a single trip across the Atlantic, in a saving of freight room. Of course such an invention will be thoroughly tested.

—A class was being examined recently in a sea-beaten town of Sussex. The subject under discussion was the Flood. Among the first questions put was, "How did Noah understand that there was going to be a flood?" "'Cause," shouted an urchin, "he looked at his almanac!"—*Temperance Anvil.*

Varieties.

—Rampagious small boys stoning the telegraph wires cost England $50,000 last year.

—Undeterred by former failures, California will again attempt the culture of cotton.

—During the academic year of 1877-8 there were 5,035 students at the Medical School of Paris.

—A feather cloak, made of 38,880 feathers of the quail, prairie chicken and wild duck, is for sale in St. Louis at $500.

—The New Zealand Government has sent to New York for three palace cars, to be used on a through route and as models.

—A bullet in a pistol that should have been loaded with a blank cartridge killed George Coles, an amateur actor in Vandalia, Ill.

—The value of silk ribbons annually exported hither from Switzerland has fallen from four million to one million dollars since 1873.

—The Memphis (Tenn.) *Appeal* expresses a fear that the appreciation of the value of correct time has not reached that city, as there is not a single public clock in the place.

—The experiment made last session of cultivating cranberries on Bouldin Island, Cal., among the tules, was so successful that plants for 100 acres have been ordered from New Jersey.

—A public works loan for £5,000,000 has been authorized by the Victoria Parliament, and the London banking syndicate telegraphs that it can place £3,000,000 in England if the Government will promise to borrow no more for a year.

—During 1877 181 German vessels were wrecked, and with them perished 425 men belonging to their crews and 7 passengers. This loss of life was, however, proportionally small, the total number of persons on board of the lost vessels having been over 14,000.

—The electric light will make a valuable saving of coal in England. According to a very careful estimate made a few years ago, the quantity consumed in gas making was set down at 6,560,000 tons, against a production of coal of 114,300,000 tons.

—The following announcement has circulated lately at Pompeii: "After a lapse of more than eighteen hundred years, the theatre of this city will be opened with "La Figlia del Reggimento;" I solicit a continuance of the favor bestored on my predecessor, Marcus Quintus Martius, and beg to assure the public that I shall make every effort to equal the rare qualities displayed during his management."

—Gen. Stolipine, whose command is in Eastern Roumelia, is credited with a clever trick during the recent war, when he was in charge of the feeble Russian garrison of a town with a large and excited Mussulman population, which, it was believed, would rise on any provocation, such as the defeat of the invaders. After Plevna, reports that the Russians had been routed did not fail to reach the place, but Stolipine promptly clapped the authors in prison for circulating false news, got up a concert and ball in honor of the great victory obtained by the Russians, ordered an illumination, and thus kept everything quiet till his weak garrison had been reinforced.

—A remarkable case of defective vision is that of the three children of Jas. Howard, a seafaring man, whose family live on Ocracoke island. They become totally blind each day immediately after the sun goes down. If by chance they happen to be in the yard playing when the sun sets, their playthings are instantly laid aside, and efforts made to reach the house, when they soon after retire and sleep soundly until sunrise, after which their sight is described as being restored, and to all appearances, perfectly unimpaired. The youngest is 2 and the eldest 10 years old—two boys and one girl, all of light complexion. Their eyes are light blue, and there is nothing about them that appears at all strange.

—The Detroit *Free Press*, speaking of the necessity of funeral reform in that city, says: "At a funeral at a private residence in the northern part of the city, the drivers of the dozen hacks engaged ran up and down the walk, wrestled, boxed, pitched pennies, and behaved in such a shameful manner as to seriously interrupt the services inside. Then, in returning from Woodmere, those hacks conveying the mourners were halted in front of a lager beer saloon, and kept there ten minutes, while the shameless drivers were in the saloon shaking dice and drinking beer."

—What "Bosh" means.—In a lecture on Jerusalem in New York, a day or two ago, the Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman traced the history of Jerusalem from the date of the earliest Biblical record until the present time, and told how its appearance when he visited it a few years ago compared with what he might have expected from his Scriptural reading. He said that many of the old landmarks still remained and some of the old customs are still in vogue. One evening, while strolling about, he met a strange-looking procession, headed by a band of unschooled musicians. At the end of the line a group of men were carrying on their shoulders a rude bower, in which a maiden of thirteen, deeply veiled, reclined. "What is this?" he asked of his guide. "It is half of a marriage procession," was the response; "and if you come here at midnight you will see the bridegroom." And sure enough—"Lo, at midnight the bridegroom cometh"—he came, a youth of fourteen. The bride was waiting for him, still veiled, at his father's house. He had never seen her face, the marriage having been arranged by a mutual friend. He raised the veil and exclaimed "Yes, thank God," and his friends went home rejoicing. Had he meant "no" he would have said "Bosh!" and his friends would have gone home sad.

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