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Art and Nature.

I entered a ducal palace—
A palace stately and old;
Its vast saloons were glowing
With marble, and rich with gold.

On the tables, in tender mosaic,
Were marvellous fruits and flowers;
On the walls were Poussin's landscapes,
With their sunshine and shaded bowers,

And in the vase before me
Were roses white and red;
I stooped to welcome their fragrance,
But found them waxen and dead.

Then forth from the lofty window,
I stepped into living green;
Where the stone-pines stood around me,
With flowery shrubs between.

And I said, "Take the costly splendor—
Take the wonderful triumphs of art;
But give me living Nature.
Which speaks to my soul and heart.

"These works of men are noble,
In each fair Italian form:
But God's are wherever the sun goes up,
Or the shades of light come down."

Let wise men on the anvils
Of study, fashion out truth;
But religion is sent to each humble soul,
Wih its word for age and youth.

God comes in silent blessings,
Like dew and rain from above,
In whatever place a pure heart longs
For goodness and light and love.

SO LIKE A WOMAN.

"Do you love her, uncle?"

"I am too old to indulge in the luxury of rhapsodies," he said with a laugh, "but I'll tell you this, Theo, I am very fond of the girl, and very well satisfied that you'll approve of my choice."

The speakers were Theodore Bligh and his uncle, the elder Mr. Bligh. The subject of the talk was a young girl, to whom the uncle was engaged, and to whom the nephew was a stranger: Madge Dundee, or Bonnie Dundee, as she was called.

"Well, uncles don't generally submit their choices in such matters to their nephews' judgments," Theo Bligh said, recovering his normal expression of benignant indifference as he spoke, and then he added: "I hope with all my heart that you'll be happy.

"You will meet her to-night at dinner," Mr. Bligh said to Theo. "She is coming with her brothers and some friends of theirs to see her future home."

He did meet her that evening.

"I think Mr. Bligh has been rather nervous about introducing me to you," Miss Dundee said, quickly making way for Theo to take a seat on the sofa by her side "he's more than half afraid that you won't like me, and if you don't it will make him very unhappy." So she spoke, in a girlish, almost childish outspoken way, without seeming to consider or to mark the effect of her words either on the man she addressed or on the bystanders. "I should have known you as Theo anywhere I'd seen you," she went on; "you'll be exactly like Mr. Bligh when you're——" She paused abruptly and colored a little, but a moment after she forced herself back into composure, and resumed, "when you're as old as he is, I was going to say, but I remembered that young men hate to be reminded of their youth, and so I bungled and blundered. Can you forgive me?"

Could he forgive her! Was the Bonnie Dundee subtle, or only sweetly simple, that she asked him this, in that winning voice of hers? And, by the way, how did she, with her Scotch name, come with that touch of accent—that way of softly resting on the vowels that is a specialty of Irish-women's pronunciation of words that they want to caress? As he asked himself this, he looked at her more observantly, and wondered also how she had come by that face and that expression.

In a remarkably short time the two became the most devoted friends.

Bonnie Dundee was not a mere insatiable coquette. She was not a heartless fool, ready and willing to play fast and loose for the sake of gaining a little notoriety; but she was that even more dangerous thing, a woman afflicted with such a passion for pleasing that it became a fine art in her hands, and when she was following it she could not stay to count the cost of failings or success. It was a new sensation to her to have the right to such attentions, and admiration and love as Mr. Bligh lavished upon her, and as Theo offered at a respectful distance, on the score of being his uncle's nephew. It was a new sensation to her, and she enjoyed it to the full; reveling in it as one does in sunbeams after a long frost, or in dainty viands after a long fast. The idea of its being wrong or reprehensible in any way to gather these roses of love and youth and pleasure, that were blooming in her path, never entered her mind. She was not false or fickle in reality, she was only intensely fond of the excitement of being put upon a pedestal, and being only worshiped in the sight of all men.

There came a day when it was revealed to her suddenly, so suddenly that it made her dizzy, and then she behaved—like a woman.

One morning, uncle, nephew, and Miss Dundee met.

"Theo has been talking this morning of leaving us soon; before he goes, dear, we must let him know what day he is to come back and hail you as an aunt." It cost Mr. Bligh more than a slight effort to make this speech with apparent ease, for during the last few days he had not been blind of tight. But he succeeded in doing so, and only he himself suspected the pain his own words gave him.

"Going! Theo going!" exclaimed Miss Dundee, lapsing from fun into surprised solemnity in a moment, and laying her whip with a frank caressing gesture on Theo's arm as she spoke. "Oh, don't think of going, Theo; I can't spare you—we can't spare him, can we?"

The men's eyes met for a moment as Madge spoke, and in that moment each read that the other knew all about it. "He knows I love her," poor Theo moaned in his heart, and "He sees I know [illegible] Mr. Bligh thought, with not one whit [illegible] pain. And a silence fell on them, and [illegible] that silence Madge saw things clearly [illegible] last.

To recognize the love of one man in presence of another man who has a ri[illegible] to feel jealous of it, is to be in a positio[illegible] the greatest danger and delicacy and d[illegible]culty. Poor Madge flinched for the f[illegible] moment when she found herself in it, [illegible] the next instant she recovered herself, s[illegible] with the generosity of a woman, sou[illegible] to put them well with one another with[illegible] regard to herself.

"It was selfish of me to say I would[illegible] spare you, for it must be dull for you here; but, the fact is, Theo has spoilt me, just as my brothers do, and I have fallen into the way of ordering him about as I do them, forgetting he isn't a brother."

It was terribly trying work for them all, weighted with the discoveries they had recently made about each other. It became insupportable to Mr. Bligh after a short time, and so he sauntered out into the garden, and Theo and Madge were alone.

Her spirit rose with her sense of danger, as does that of all finely-organized natures, and she turned to him bright and brave at once, though he had grown to be very dear to her, and though she knew that he was suffering horribly on her account. "It seems to me," she said, "that we're all very weak and wrong to let a shadow settle over the last visit you'll have with us, until I am an old married woman, with household cares on my shoulders, that will crush down my love of visits."

"This will be my last visit with you Miss Dundee."

"Theo!" She threw such a world of reproachful tenderness into the tone in which she uttered that one word, that the man she addressed trembled visibly. His resolve, when spoken coldly and harshly, shocked and surprised her out of the brightly prudential tone she had fully intended to adopt. Why had Mr. Bligh gone away, leaving them the prey of this mischievous opportunity?

"Yes; for Heaven's sake, don't speak to me in that way, or you'll drive me mad!" and then he got up and went to the window; and poor Madge saw that his face had grown very pale, and that an expression of hopelessness had settled upon it. She could not bear it. He had been so thoughtful for her always—so gentle, and devoted, and sympathetic—that she felt as if she must comfort him, let what might come of it.

"Theo," she said again, with that same pathetic cadence in her voice, "you have been so kind to me always; I can't bear to see you so. Can't I make you happier, Theo?"

He turned round quickly and caught her hands, as she was standing near to him.

"Madge, do you love my uncle?"

Half frightened, she drew back from him, and "I am engaged to him," she stammered.

"Yes, but you have made me love you; you knew your chance, and you have used it. If you love him, let me go without another of those appeals that you know how to make so maddening; if not—Madge, Madge?"

He had taken her hands again, and was looking down into her face with a gleam of such intense pleading affection that for a moment he was the world to her.

"If I had known you first," she sobbed, "but I didn't, you see; and we Dundees never break our word. And—oh! you had better go after all; but forgive me!"

Forgive her. It was easy enough to say he would, and to make an end of this miserable scene, but it was very hard to do it. Had she not spoken his name with all her heart in her voice only a minute ago, leading him on by the tone she used to tell his secret to her in the hope that she would be brave, and avert eventful misery from them all? And now she was telling him that if she had known him first she would have loved him best, and that she could not for her name's sake break her word to his uncle!

It was a ghastly state of affairs, and as soon as he could, Theo Bligh made an end of it, by going away. The two men had no verbal explanation on leave-taking, but they parted as comrades who had been wounded in the same fight might part. And then Theo found that, though existence was not embittered to him, the savor had gone from the old pleasures.

It was decidedly not worth while now, he felt, to try and do anything good or definite; for he could never find a woman to share his glory or smile upon his success, who could put Bonnie Dundee out of his mind; after her other women did and would always appear to be wanting in something. She had the trick of making others appear tame, and pale, and insufficient, and—well, the man who has been shown upon by a star, never feels that there is much warmth in a taper.

He banished himself so effectually that he heard no tidings from the Chase for six months, and then he ventured to send his address to his banker, and to have letters forwarded to him; but before these letters are read, a retrospective glance at the Bonnie Dundee must be given.

She bore his departure very bravely. Remember how many other interests were claiming her attention at the time, and remember the ardent, impressionable, changeable nature of the girl. There was a good deal of the woman. She had the faculty of feeling intensely for the time, and of getting over things. Is not that last characteristic the secret of many women keeping right, and of many others going wrong?

It brushed the bloom of the peach roughly when he went away, for that veiled idolatry of his had been very pleasant to her; nevertheless she bore it bravely, and made the best of that which remained to her. "I am so sorry, for I was so fond of him," she said to her lover, with that disarming frankness which women of her calibre know so well how to use. And Mr. Bligh, hearing her, did not wonder that his nephew had been scorched by the fiery ordeal through which he had been passed.

There was this about it, too, that it was such clean fire that even her own sex could not despise and condemn and prophecy evil things concerning Miss Dundee's warmth. Just as she loved light, and dancing, and flowers, and sweet sounds, so did she love to be loved; and though it made her dangerous, it never made her despicable. And somehow men understood this, and so fostered her other foibles, because of their gladness that she was free from greater ones.

It was only about a week before the day fixed for their marriage, that Mr. Bligh ventured to speak decisively to her. Very earnestly and gently he spoke, beseeching her to open all her heart to him, and to tell him if any other image had ever dis[illegible] And Madge listened to him [illegible] mo[illegible]yed [illegible]dare [illegible]." [illegible] poor [illegible]r." [illegible] she [illegible] hard [illegible]rada[illegible]u so [illegible]bout [illegible]ssion [illegible] con[illegible] his wife.

"H[illegible] is the younger man—and—you are right." He tried to say it calmly, but it was an awful blow; and again, as the strength of his manhood was shaken, Madge wavered, and strove to comfort him.

"Let things go on and I shall forget him, or grow indifferent to him; I know myself—I shall live in down."

"You need not, poor child, for he loves you too."

"Yes, I know that," she answered with the reckless openness that made her what she was.

After that, so much of the world as knew the Blighs and Dundees had a fresh and delightful source of wonderment for a time. The marriage between the owner of the Chase and Madge was broken off, and still they were friendly; and still neither would listen to one word against or comment on the conduct of the other. Time would tell, people said sapiently, reserving their belief as to what time would tell to themselves.

Six months passed, and then Theo Bligh received those letters of which mention has been made. One was from Madge, and contained these words:

"Your uncle has promised to explain everything. I need only say that I shall always be your faithful friend, Madge Dundee."

The other was from his uncle, and contained a free forgiveness, (this was only implied, not coarsely volunteered,) and a full account. "Come back and win what I have lost, and as I love you as my son, so will I love her as my daughter." That was something like an invitation from a defeated to a successful lover!

Once more fate was against things righting themselves in the clear and good way that was made so open. Theo had by this time taken a situation in a mercantile house in New York—a situation of trust, which he could not hastily quit, or place another man in rashly. Great interests were involved in it, which he could not endanger by his absence for a year at least. But life was bright to him again, and he bore the delay bravely, having illimitable faith in the girl he loved and in himself. Had she not gallantly won this faith, by avowing her love for him, and losing the richer man and the better position by the avowal? Had she not, of her own free will, written to him those few sweet words of promise? Small wonder that he could live contentedly through the present, when such a future loomed before him.

At last he was free—free to go home and win his bride, and obtain personal absolution from his uncle for those sins which love had made him commit. Fate favored him now. The steamer was a fast one, and in a fortnight he was down at the Chase, grasping his uncle's hand.

"And now you know what my next move will be," he said, when the greetings were over, subduing his own gladness as much as he could, out of respect for the sorrow by which his uncle had bought it. "What is the matter?" he added in alarm, seeing a change in the kind cordial face that was bent on him. "You know I have come to ask her to be my wife."

"I have borne an awful grief and disappointment, but I'd bear it again rather than have to tell this to you, my boy. You have stayed too long."

"Good heaven? is she dead?"

"Not dead, but as lost to you as if she were; and you must go back, and she must never hear you have come, or she will be true to herself, pityful and over-kind, and—like a women generally, shall I say? She is married, you have stayed too long."

It did not kill him, and it did not send him to the bad, a convenient locality to which fiction-writers frequently consign their jilted heroes. But it dulled his life, and robbed him of his belief in the goodness and fidelity of women.

Notwithstanding which he forgave her, and was friendly with her in the after-years; and though her fickleness had earned his contempt, he never paid the debt. And so poetical justice was not awarded to the "flagrant flirt" Bonnie Dundee, who would have been a better woman if she had not been so thorough a one.

An Anecdote of Everett.

In his speech at the Amherst semi-centennial commencement Professor Park said: "I have recalled this afternoon a scene which occurred thirty-six years ago, on the day preceding the commencement. Edward Everett then delivered the oration. In the midst of the oration he uttered one sentence which called forth bursts of applause.

"I will read that sentence: 'Before the admiring student of nature has realized all the wonders of the world, let him sit down and know the universe in which he lives, by examining the races of animals disporting themselves in their representative ocean—a drop of water.'

"After that sentence, it appeared as if all Amherst College would not cease to clap their hands and stamp their feet, and yet you seem to be unmoved by the recital. Now the question comes, what is the reason. The reason is found in the studied artlessness of Edward Everett.

While he was on the point of speaking the words, a 'drop of water,' he turned carelessly and saw a glass of water on the table. He put his finger in the glass, and a drop of water was suspended therefrom. I have it on the best authority that six or seven weeks before that oration was delivered, Everett wrote a letter to a friend in Boston asking him whether so bold a gesture would be proper."

Discovery of Ancient Relics in Maine.—The Brunswick *Telegraph* speaks of the discoveries at Pemaquid. These discoveries were made on the Lewis farm, the Western fort, so-called, in relation to which there is not even a tradition, much less a recorded history. The Pemaquid people being thoroughly aroused, have been turning up the soil within the last four weeks, and have unearthed a faced wall extending from the shore Westward in the direction of the terrace which faces to the North, toward the tan-pit, from which, within a few years, bits of leather have been taken. A perfect axe also has been discovered with an eye for the handle (unlike that for modern axes) fitted like the eye for a hoe handle. Bits of blue crockery, glass, and tiles, for house roofs, have been taken from the soil. Now all these articles have an age in which they were used, and when that is determined, after careful investigation, the period of Pemaquid settlements may possibly be approximated.

Most of the weddings this season are to be quiet and in the house instead of church. No cards are to be sent out for the ceremony, but cards announcing reception days and boxes of wedding cake are sent round to the friends about a week afterwards.

The Ruins of Pompeii.

There is a difficulty in embodying Pompeii to the mind's eye of a reader, says a writer. You walk its streets, notice the houses on either hand, see the open doors, mark byways and alleys, enter the Exchange, look down long avenues to the arched gateways, thread winding lanes, tramp over flagged sidewalks, scrutinize the curbs fretted by carriage wheels, read the signs beside and above the entrances to shops and stores, rest in the rooms and mount the stairs and penetrate the chambers of the dwellings, and yet fail to carry away the right words to convey your impressions. There is nothing grand. The place is anything but beautiful. A ruined castle possesses a hundredfold greater attractions. Tear the covers from a book, lift the crust from a pie, or bereave a bureau of its drawers, and you have a homely but exact idea of the impression your visit has left upon your mind as you drive back to Naples. And yet you have been in actual contact with the life of the Pompeiians, and know what they were doing eighteen hundred and one years ago, when the fatal hour struck.

We took a random walk through the streets recently unearthed. The southern sun was shining in at open doors and through broken roofs. In the dwellings everything was pitilessly bright. The secrets of every chamber were revealed. The carriage-road between the two footpaths is of smooth flags, irregular in shape, deftly fitted, like stones in a church tower. Modern Florence is so paved. We turn a corner and are startled by the figure of a dead man lying inside a doorway. He lies as he fell. His attitude is preserved by a process recently adopted. In the hurry of the storm he had sought refuge in a porch. But he never crossed its threshold again, and you can see how death grappled with him there and threw him struggling and fighting for life. In the baker's shop is the arched oven, with fireplace and flues, all perfect for baking bread to-day. Mills for grinding—cones of grit stone, convex and concave, turned capstan-fashion by a cross-bar—stand in the shop. In his neighbor's, the fuller's shop, are the charges for work done chalked upon the walls. "There they are," said our guide. "Your excellencies can doubtless read Latin. But the poor man was never paid." A more pretentious tradesman was the leather-cutter, not far off. Within was the table gashed with knife-marks, upon which the man had cut his last strands. He had once been a soldier of the Ninth Cohort, and so announced under his name.

There was in Pompeii a glut of public-houses, sometimes four or five in a single street. We stopped at an inn, on the wall of which was painted an elephant, and beneath it the latin words, words, which, translated, were: "Sittius has established the Elephant Osteria Trichnium, with three beds. Every comfort." Inside are the Trichnium or dining-room, the dinner-table, and three divans for convives. It must have been a common place in its best days, and as for its comfort, Pompeiians, in common with modern Neapolitains, were apparently not exacting. The house of Sirieus, lower down the street is curious. His name is written up in two places—in a chamber and over the front door. On his threshold is cut "Salve Lucrum." The interior is well appointed, with a nice garden in the rear, and trellises, rockeries and decorations suggestive of woman's handiwork. Skeletons of a little dog, tortoises and two goats, indicate that pet animals were about. The windows and doors are bordered with graceful designs; the walls of the sleeping apartments are covered with traceries of flowers, festoons, birds dolphins and bachantes, and the choice domicile is decorated with zones of rich colors, now called Raphaelesque. Who Siricus was not even M. Fiorreli can make apparent. Turning into another street, the visitor comes upon the bagnios. They are of three distinct classes, two of which, are happily unknown to the modern world. Each class is designated by an emblem carved in stone, placed beside the door. In refinement of immorality, Pompeii was a miniature Corinth. From the common halls, where courtesans danced with gladiators, to the sumptuous boudoirs that invited aristocratic matrons, or the luxurious cabinets frequented only by the patrician order, profligate life is pictured in colorings and shadings upon every floor and wall. Indelicate verses are scribbled on the doors. Vile epigrams stared the unblushing *habitues* from every corner. And *double entendres*, the wit of which is smothered in nastiness, hide ashamed behind cornices and fretwork. Evidently of the dwellers in the doomed city, it was equally true as in Rome, that "God gave them up unto vile affections." A dyer's shop, in the same infamous street, is remarkable only for its window-shutters. They were closed, being of wood, which has mouldered away, their exact impress remains in the hardened ashes. They were nine in number. The edge of each overlapped its fellow and slid into a groove. In the central shutter a small door was made, closed by lock and key. This was for the dyer to let himself in and out after he had closed the doors. He had done the latter on the fatal day, too late, alas, to escape, and so ended his life among his dye-woods and blacking-powders.

Marking.—The recent death of the King of Siam and the ascension of a new ruler has brought to notice a curious custom which is peculiar to the Siamese nation. It is called "marking the people." Every male subject of the Government must elect a Government official whom he will recognize as his marker, and then must have "a mark" made on the back of one of his wrists indicating the department to which he is attached. All persons thus marked are liable to be called upon to render personal service in the department to which they belong. This system of marking is unpopular with the people, and at such times as it is to be enforced the greatest vigilance is required on the part of the Government officials to prevent a general emigration from the country of those subject to the mark.

A lady writer blames the men more than the women for ridiculous fashions now in vogue. She says: "If all men possessing a $100,000 and upwards should form a league not to marry any woman who mounted a chignon, how long do you suppsoe the ugly monstrosities would continue to be in vogue."

Shrimps and Shrimpers.

What is a shrimper? A shrimper is an individual whose daily occupation it is to wait the tides on the sea-shore; and as soon as the water retreats till no more than two feet or so covers the sand and mud, he sets out with his catching apparatus, which is a net attached to a stick. He wades through the shallow surf, pushing his net before him, occasionally pausing to raise it above his head, that he may ascertain whether he has yet caught any of the hopping, shiny grey creatures of many legs. If so, he transfers them to the basket slung by his side. When he has filled his basket he takes them home and boils them. Then he brings them out again and cries them for sale. This is the shrimper. Thousands of visitors to Ramsgate, Hastings, and Brighton are prepared to stand forth and prove it; but they are correct only in the limited sense, just as is one who styles a dealer in spills a timber merchant. Pooh! what does Margate or Brighton know about the shrimps? Next to nothing. The shrimps that find their way to the above-mentioned and a few other places, are but the wayward stragglers that escape from the main shoal. Gravesend is the head-quarters of the shrimp. Everywhere in and about that favored town, from the landing-place to the outlying hamlets and lonely taverns, the legend meets the eye—"Teas 9d. shrimps included." Gravesend, throughout its entire length and breadth, and far out on the waters beyond, must be regarded as "shrimps included." Every steamer that plies between Gravesend and London Bridge brings duly its load of excursionists. The dealers, with their enormous basket meet them at the very landing-stage, with quarts and pints already measured in snowy white cotton bags; and, before the pier-end is reached five hundred pairs of human jaws are champing a crisp and delicious chorus in praise of the tiny appetiser. The cockney is not ignorant of propriety. He knows that he should wrench off the head of every shrimp, and divest it of its armour, before he proceeds to devour it. He tries it with half a dozen or so. It is a tedious process. He compromises the matter by tweaking the head off, and crunching up the remainder, body and bones. Otherwise, how would he contrive to get through a couple of quarts in the five hours that are allowed him on shore? How many shrimpers of the Brighton breed would be required to provide against so enormous a demand? Hundreds—thousands—would be insufficient. No; the Gravesend shrimp has a fleet at its command. Not a toy fleet. A squad of from thirty-five to forty vessels of considerable tonnage, each with its weatherbeaten crew—berry-brown strapping fellows in blue guernseys—and with nautical legends hieroglyphically tatooted on their hairy arms. In the evening they lie close inshore, all in a row, extending a good street's length, taut and trim, to face the dangers of the lower beaches as soon as the tide serves. The "catch" is always uncertain. Sometimes the night's cruise will not yield more than the captain and crew could conveniently dispose of at breakfast time; while the next vessel that comes in may have an enormous take. It is no uncommon thing for the vessels to land, in a single morning, upwards of two thousand gallons of the little fish, for which the cauldrons are already bubbling. So important is the shrimping interest, at Gravesend, that special and substantial efforts have been made of late years as regards the spiritual welfare of the shrimper. It is all work and no play with the shrimp fleet. Sunday brings in no rest. The temptation to dredge Sundays as well as week days sorely beset, the various crews of the fleet, and it requires the utmost diligence and tact to get them to church. They won't go to the sacred edifice, so the only way is to take the sacred edifice to them. It has been brought so close that, when the sun is in a favorable part of the heavens, the little church tower throws its shadow on the brown sails. It used to be a humble makeshift church attached to the St. Andrew's Misssion-house, but a year or so since a good Christian, pitying the benighted condition of the shrimpers, came down with a magnificent sum with which to build the prettiest little church that was ever beheld. It will hold only a hundred and fifty worshippers; but, when the windows are open, the music of the organ, say, the voice of the preacher, may be distinctly heard where the fleet lies.—*London Telegraph.*

South American Indians.

Neither priests nor fetishes are found among the Patagonians, Puelches, and Pampeans, says a writer who has been a prisoner among them. The fathers and mothers themselves transmit their religion to their descendants, who scrupulously observe it. This fact is the more extraordinary, because among the Kitchios and the Bolivians, their neighbors, are found idols, and undoubted proofs of an interesting religion of very ancient origin. Finally, whatever may be the simplicity of their religion, the belief in it by the Patagonians is not the less profound, and of this they every instant give proofs. An Indian never eats or drinks without first having prayed to God to grant him all things necessary to his life, nor without offering him the first portion. He turns toward the sun, sent by God, when in the act of cutting off a piece of meat, or pouring out a little water, accompanying the action with the following words, the formula being slightly varied: "Oh! cachai, vita ouenetrou, reyne mapo, Frenean votrey, fille aneteux, come que hiloto, come que ptocco, come que omaotu. Povre lagan intche, hiloto elaemy? tefa quinie ouesah. Hilo, hiloto taffignay." (Oh, father, great man, king of this land! favor me, dear friend, every day with good food, with good water, with good sleep. I am poor. Are you hungry? Here is a bad meal. Eat if you like.)

Pea Soup.—Soak a quart of peas in lukewarm water for three hours; pour off the water and boil in three and a half quarts of water well salted, until the peas are thoroughly soft. Then strain through a colander and throw the peas away. This will keep several days in cool weather. When used, take out the needful quantity, boil it with a bit of pork partially cooked, an onion, a pinch of salt and pepper, and serve hot with squares of toasted bread floating on top.

An Iowa chicken that was bitten by a rattlesnake saved its life by standing in a mud-puddle for two days, and dipping its head in the water every few minutes.

Among the Shakers.

So many people are visiting the Shakers and telling what they saw there, that we know our readers will be pleased to read again Artemus Ward's visit in the same direction. Artemus tells the story of his visit as follows.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes a shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another bein sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A solum female, lookin somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I a thirst and did I hunger? To which I asserted, "A few." She went orf, and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitious?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's unpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind wesket you wear, includin trimmins?"

"Yay."

"I pawsed a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no livin ekel.

He jumped up as if bilin water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin, and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walkt out of the room.

Directly thar cum in two young Shaceresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I:

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Where is the old man?" said I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name wasn't Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker," they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I am a Shaker protemporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at first, only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner, and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course, so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, ear I go you have no objections, have you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I yayed.

The Use of Steam.

We quote an article from the *Engineering and Mining Journal*, giving a practical and cheap plan to prevent steam explosions on passenger boats. The writer, an old engineer, says of his plan:

In erecting the tube, common wrought iron pipe, such as is used for gas purposes, ⅜ of an inch, or an inch diameter, is all that would be required, and this inserted through the top of the boiler, and carried down to its low-water line, and thence up by the smoke-stack to the height of 32½ feet, would counterbalance a pressure of 16 pounds to the inch, which is all I would allow on passenger boats. This pipe, or tube, is to be opened at both ends, and, without valve or stop-cock of any kind attached to it, carried up to the requisite height, and then returned down to the engine-room, or front of boiler, when it would at once indicate an over-pressure of steam, by water issuing from the orifice of the tube, in case of the pressure being above what should get below what should be the proper maximum, or, if the water should get below the proper line in the boiler, then steam must issue. I do not undertake to say this plan precludes the necessity of care and attention. Somebody must be on hand to notice the indications. In the early days of steamboating, when people were contented to use a moderate and safe pressure of steam, no such plan was absolutely necessary, but now, when the question of safety is lost sight of, it is, and its great simplicity is a recommendation, which cannot escape the notice of any one who will give it a moment's consideration, for, being governed by laws which nature has enacted, there can be no mistake here; and, further than this, the arrangement is not liable to any abuse unless it be done wilfully and intentionally. The theories put forth to account for the bursting of boilers, I discard and condemn, separately and *en masse*. I venture the remark that, in my opinion, too great an effort has been made, in some quarters, to attach odium to certain parties unfortunately connected with our late steamboat disasters. They have not done more nor less than other steamboat men have done, and are doing daily, constantly, almost without any exception. Until the system is in some way changed for the better, accidents will continue to occur as heretofore.

Unconstitutional.—In ordering the release of a Mrs. Cady, who had been arrested on the complaint of a hotel proprietor for failing to pay her mother's board bill, Judge Barnard of New York, said that the act under which she was imprisoned was unconstitutional, and that every member of the Legislature who voted for that bill with a knowledge of what it was should have been indicted and imprisoned.

My Sorrow-Treasure.

Nor sadder am I nor more glad
Than other men whose ways I cross
I have my times, as they, to sigh
A dullness sometimes in my eye,
And every day a memory.

I would not rid me of my pain
For all this world can offer me;
So time-bound is its hold and thrall,
So long we two have shared our all,
So long we have kept company.

Kind friends, indeed, would probe my soul,
Would draw its secrets into day;
And "Hope!" says one, "for still you can
"Forget!" another cries, "nor scan
Those pages long since laid away."

Ay, laid away as flowers are laid
(Scarce touched in laying by the hand),
Reaped from the all-unruffled bed,
Cold from the forehead of the dead,
And bitter sweet as love untold.

Will you not spare me, then, my hoard,
My Eden with the guarded gates?
I can not pass, nor you, nor you—
Leave me my peep-hole to look through,
My quickset, broken hedge of thorns.

Facts and Fancies.

Where no hope is left, is left no fear

An honest death is better than a dishonest life.

A druggist is not inappropriately termed the chief piller of society.

Our own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.

Prefer loss before unjust gain, for that brings grief but once, this forever.

Osceola County, Iowa, with 277,480 acres of land, contains not a single tree.

It is a funny thing about a dentist that the more he stops the faster he gets on.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

It is a shameful thing to be weary of inquiry, when what we search for is excellent.

Dogs are represented to be the most skillful dentists. They insert natural teeth.

It is unreasonable to complain because your clock stops—it can not get on without a weight.

Facts should be put down in black and white; in another colored ink they might appear ink-red-ible.

Clara asked Tom. "What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the reply.

The Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Locomotive Firemen, in convention in St. Louis, stated in his address that "more than half the accidents that occur on the various railroads throughout the world are due to men who habitually use intoxicating drinks."

The *Revolution* has discovered that women who live in seclusion, with none but women for their associates, never realize the ideal of womanly nature. In the convent, says the *Revolution*, woman shrivels and bleaches out into a soft, selfish, simpering, prayer-making automaton.

The forests on the islands in the Mississippi are full of grey squirrels. It seems these squirrels are now moving west, and the river is full of them swimming to the Minnesota shore. The crop of nuts in Wisconsin is small, and these squirrels go where they may provide for the winter.

Taking Things Without Asking.

When I was boy, I was playing out in the street one winter's day, catching rides on sleighs, and it was great fun. Boys would rather catch rides any day than go out regularly and properly to take a drive. As I was catching on to one sleigh and to another, sometimes having a nice time, and ofttimes getting a cut from a big black whip, I at last fastened like a barnacle to the side of a countryman's cutter.

An old gentleman sat alone on the seat, and he looked at me rather benignantly, as I thought, and neither said anything to me, nor swung his old whip over me; so I ventured to climb upon the side of his cutter. Another benignant look from the countryman, but not a word. Emboldened by his supposed goodness, I ventured to tumble into the cutter and take a seat under the warm buffalo rode beside him, and then he spoke. The colloquy was as follows:

"Young man, do you like to ride?"

"Yes."

"It's a pretty nice cutter, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it is, and a nice horse drawing it."

"Did I ask you to get in?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, why did you get in?"

"Well, sir, I—I thought you looked so good and kind, and that you would have no objection."

"And so, young man, because you thought I was good and kind, you took advantage of that kindness, and took a favor without asking for it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that ride worth having?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, young man, I want to tell you two things. You should never take a mean advantage of the kindness of others; and what is worth having, is worth at least asking for. Now as you tumbled into this sleigh without asking me, I shall tumble you out into that snow-drift without asking you."

And out I went, like a shot off a shovel, and he didn't make much fuss about it either. I picked myself up in a slightly bewildered state, but I never forgot that lesson.

Women Can Vote.—A lady who recently applied for registration in Philadelphia, under the last amendment to the Constitution, was permitted to register, and her tax papers were issued. She will be allowed to vote at the next election. The whole question of female suffrage appears to be easy of solution. Judge Underwood, United States District Judge for Virginia, has written a letter in which he says he feels very confident the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments of the United States Constitution, together with the Enforcement Act of May 31, 1871, have secured the right to vote to the female citizens of Virginia as fully as it is now exercised and enjoyed by male citizens.

Jeanette's Huckleberry Cake.—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one cup butter, cup and one-half sweet milk, five cups flour, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one of soda, as many berries as you like.

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