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Home.

Homeward wend we—Ah, my dear,
From the feast of youth, and you
Under clouded stars or clear,
On in front a step or two,
Bid me sing, the road to cheer.
Cloak'd in gray or wedding white,
Dim you glide before, and call
O'er your shoulder, "Sad is night,
Sing of sunshine over all;
Sing of daytime—sad is night."
And I answer, "Day was fair;
Day with all its joys is dead:
Like the large rose in your hair,
All its hundred petals shed,
Fallen, flutter'd here and there.
And the sunshine you recall—
Ah, my dear, but is it true?
Did such sunshine ever fall
Out of any sky so blue?
Half I think we dreamed it all.
Lo, a wind of dawn doth rise,
Chirps and odors float therein;
Ah, my dear, lift up your eyes!
Landmarks of our home begin;
Breaks the morning where it lies."

Macmillan's Magazine.

LOVE OR MONEY.

There were three Miss Gillets, spinsters, who lived with their Uncle Gillet, a bachelor, in their old stone house at Atwater, and in pointing them out to strangers the Atwaterites were accustomed to remark upon the fact that it was love or money with them, and that a Miss Gillet who married would cease to be her uncle's heiress.

Nobody knew just how much Mr. Gillet was "worth," but that he was uncommonly wealthy was certain. He had no other living relations but these three girls, and his peculiar prejudices rendered it unlikely that he would will his wealth away to any benevolent or public institution whatever. So to whom could he leave the gold that he could not take out of the world with him, unless it were to Georgina, Millicent and Dolly Gillet?

All regularly instituted public charities Mr. Gillet declared were "frauds;" and friends he had none; averred that friendship was "all humbug." As for marriage, it was, in his opinion, something which all sensible people eschewed.

The fact that in his earliest youth a dear friend had stolen from him the affections of the girl to whom he was betrothed, and eloped with her on the very eve of his wedding-day, was at the bottom of all this. He trusted no one, because the two beings he had once loved and trusted had utterly deceived him.

When his brother and his wife died in one week of a fever, the bachelor uncle had done his best for the young people. He managed their little income, and provided luxuries for them which their means would not have allowed. He educated them, and allowed them a few female friends. But as they grew up, one law was maintained with inviolable rigidity. There was to be no courting and no marrying beneath his roof. Beaux were utterly forbidden, and it was understood in the family that a Miss Gillet who married would be blotted from her uncle's will.

"What infatuation! They'll fight like cats and dogs in a year," he would exclaim when wedding cards were sent to him. "Take warning by this poor couple, who don't know what is before them, girls. Oh, what infatuation!".

And Miss Georgina Gillet would shake her head, and her younger sisters would follow her example, and they would cry in chorus:

"What infatuation!"

They were pretty girls, tall, slender, red-cheeked and blue-eyed; little ears like pearl, little mouths like coral, dainty waists and cunning hands—girls to be loved and married by nature; but there was Uncle Gillet's money. So they grew up and grew older, still single, and not one of them had ever had a thought of marriage in all her life.

There was Oliver Robb, who had followed Georgina about to and from church for a year. I don't think he wanted the heiress, I believe he loved the girl; but what use was it? Georgina had given him a glance or two, and he had found favor in her sight; but he had only a clerk's salary, and it would be so delightful to handle thousands of her own. And Millicent had met Rufus King in the apple orchard once or twice; but Dolly had never had even a passing flirtation—Dolly who was now eighteen, and prettiest of the three.

It was well-understood matter in the village, as well as in the family, that marrying, a Miss Gillet lost her inheritance. Doctor Rush had heard it, and believed it to be true, when Uncle Gillet having a touch of rheumatism, sent for him to prescribe. He had always thought the three slender girls, with ripe round cheeks, dappled with peach color, the prettiest things he had ever seen; but when he stood face to face with Dolly, he fell in love with her. He looked after her as she went out of the room, and Uncle Gillet looked at him sharply,

"My niece is a pretty girl," he said. "I see you think so. She's a sensible girl too. They are all sensible girls; they prefer a single life and pecuniary independence to the miseries of marriage."

"By your advice, I believe," said the doctor.

"They consider me a man of experience, and I'm entitled to respect."

"But are you not rather hard, sir?" said the doctor. "A beautiful girl like that—"

"Hard?" cried Uncle Gillet. "What's love worth? It fades in a week, and is stone dead in a year. What do men give their wives but deceit and neglect? Either the wife deceives the husband, or the husband the wife. Better never to love than to see love die. They used to sing a song when I was a boy: 'Love not.'

"'Love not; the thing you love may die;
Love not; the thing you love may change,'

It's a sensible song, sir. That's a dear little girl. I hope she'll never fling herself into any one's arms, to be dropped when the sweetness has been kissed out. That's a wife's destiny. If she ever does, no money of mine goes into the brute's pockets."

"Is all the fault on the man's side?" asked the doctor.

"It's a miserable muddle altogether, this marriage," said Uncle Gillet; "don't talk about it any more."

Dr. Rush did not, at that time; but about dusk next evening, Dolly, crossing the bridge just out of Atwater, paused to look down into the water, and then and there some one came behind her and said:

"Miss Gillet."

She turned, with a start. It was Dr. Rush.

"It is growing so late that I mean to see you home," he said. "I have just left the good uncle; he is better. He will be well in a day or two. He has a strong constitution, and is a man to live to be a hundred years old."

"I'm very glad," said Dolly.

"I think you are seventeen, said the doctor.

"Well," cried Dolly, "ladies don't tell their ages; but I am that, and a year more."

"Your uncle is fifty," said the doctor. "You'll probably be sixty-seven when he leaves you."

"My goodness!" cried Dolly; how terribly old!"

"You don't really mean to live single all that time?" asked Dr. Rush.

"Of course I do," said Dolly.

"I don't mean to let you," said the doctor. "I'm in love with you. If mortal love has any power, I'm going to call you my wife. Confound the money. I'll give you all you can need, and I'll try to give you all you want. Of course you don't care for me; but I'll make you. Want me to swear it?"

"O Mercy *no*," said Dolly. "You are very nice, and I'm sure I—but I don't. I can't ever. O Goodness! don't talk so."

"You can't ever like me?" asked the doctor.

"No, I don't mean that," said Dolly. "I can't ever *marry*."

"But you'll take a walk over the bridge to-morrow?" said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps so," said Dolly.

And so she did. She took a great many; and at last, one day Dr. Rush was allowed to slip a ring upon her finger, and to kiss her on her lips.

"I shan't have a penny," said Dolly, "You are sure you don't mind?"

"All the pennies we want I can earn myself," said the doctor.

"And Uncle will be so angry!" said Dolly.

"But I am so glad!" said Dr. Rush. "And you must tell the truth at once, and marry me in a month. Promise, Dolly."

Dolly promised.

Georgina and Milly sat at work together that evening, while Uncle Gillet read to them. Dolly was not sewing. She held the work, it is true, but her hand never moved toward the needle. She did not hear a word that was uttered; but when at last there came a pause, she dropped the muslin and started to her feet.

"If you please, Uncle,' she said "there's something I must tell. I can't keep it secret any longer. It isn't a bad thing—it's a good thing; only I knew you'd be angry. I'm going to marry Dr. Rush."

Georgina and Millicent screamed in chorus.

"We don't care for losing the money," said Dolly. "Money is nothing compared with love; but we want to be friends here at home. As for things left in wills, it's a miserable sort of hope. I'm glad I sha'n't have any. If you'll only not be angry, and come to see us, and let us come to see you, that's all we hope. He's perfectly splendid, dear Richard Rush is. I love him awfully, and he loves me awfully, and we're to be married this day month, no matter what anybody says."

"You are, eh?" said Uncle Gillet.

"Yes, sir," said Dolly;

"And he knows my opinions?"

"Of course," said Dolly. "He knows that except the two or three hundred dollars I have for clothes, I'll never have a penny."

"Then make fools of yourselves if you like," said Uncle Gillet.

"You'll come to the wedding, won't you?" asked Dolly.

"No; but I'll let your sisters go," said Uncle Gillet. "I never go to weddings or executions."

So the wedding came off.

Dolly, in white muslin, married her Richard Rush. Georgina and Millicent wept, as custom required, and spoke of their sister as "poor Dolly." They were very kind, as to a beloved, but misguided lunatic, and gave her useful presents, and promised to "do all they could for her."

Dolly did not feel that she needed anything. They seemed poor to her, those heiresses who had no one to love them. She went to her husband's home, and never a cloud came between them, and never a change fell upon their love.

Uncle Gillet never made them a present, but he came to dine sometimes, and always kissed the last baby. As for the Misses Gillet, they had no means at command though they had such fine prospects. Oliver Robb had been dismissed long before by Georgina. She had told him plainly that she could not sacrifice mammon to love. And Millicent had had another meeting with Rufus King in the orchard.

"It's the last time, Milly," Rufus had said. "I can't go on offering myself forever; but I love you better than my life, and always shall."

"I like you, Rufus," said Milly, "and it seems hard; but uncle will not relent. I can't lead a poor woman's life even for you."

"Then good-bye, Milly," said Rufus. "There's no love where money can be set against it."

So they parted. And now Georgina was forty, and Milly thirty-eight, and Dolly thirty-five.

Business was worse with the doctor. A richer practitioner had taken much of his practice.

Dr. Rush trudged over the low country in all weathers and at all hours; and so one night some ruffian who did not know how empty his wallet was, attacked him in a lonely place, and left him for dead.

A farmer going homeward early carried him home in his wagon, and he was cared for as well as might be, but a broken leg and a dislocated shoulder are no light matters, and Dolly hardly knew what to do or where to turn. She was only sure of one thing, her love for her Richard, which grew greater with every trial.

For the sake of this she put her pride down. And leaving the servant with her husband one day, trudged over to her uncle's house. As she drew near, she reflected on the fact that she was actually in need of charity. It was a bitter thought.

She paused within sight of the house, hardly daring to go on; and as she did so, the door opened and a servant came out, who stopped for a moment and reentered. and as she closed the door a black streamer flaunted in the air. There was crape on the door. Some one was dead.

Faint with terror, Dolly hurried on. In the hall, her sisters, who had seen her coming, hastened to meet her. Uncle Gillet was dead. He had expired suddenly at the dinner-table, and the ladies were overcome with grief and excitement. But they put their arms about Dolly and promised her to do all they could.

"Just now it isn't much," said Georgina. "But we shall be rich women, and will help you constantly."

"I knew poor Dr. Rush couldn't get on," said Milly. "Poor dear man! He shall see we can be friends; and if you like, we'll take two of the children."

"Never that," said poor Dolly. "Thank you; but they are our jewels."

Georgina sighed.

"Uncle meant kindly," she said. "But it is hard. We're lonely sometimes, Dolly. Milly only meant that."

Then Dolly's heart melted.

"They shall come to see you often," she said

And she went into the still room and wept over the quiet figure lying there; and went home again with her dole of wine and jelly, and a few dollars.

"We'll be able to do so much more," said Milly, "when the will has been read."

"You've paid dearly for yielding to me, Dolly," said the suffering man, as she ministered to him. "Don't you wish you were still Miss Gillet and an heiress?"

But Dolly said "No" from her heart. Neither did she feel anything but tender sorrow for the prejudiced old man, whom she had been very fond of, "I chose," she said to herself, "and I chose well."

She went to the funeral, Georgina sending her the black dress. And as she sat in the parlor afterward, awaiting the reading of the will, her thoughts wandered back into the past; and the monotonous rendering of the saids and aforesaids made no impression upon her until her own name caught her ear. Then she looked up. Millicent and Georgina were both staring hard at her.

"What is it?" she asked. "I did not hear."

Millicent had covered her face with her kerchief, and was crying. Georgina had flushed red as a peony.

"It means that we've been slaves all these years for nothing," she said. "You are the heiress. What have you been thinking of, that you have not heard?"

What Georgina said was true. Eccentric to the last, Uncle Gillet had left all his fortune to the niece who had married, because, as he stated, she had proved to him that there was such a thing as love in the world, and had left to his single nieces, who had crushed their hearts for money's sake, five hundred dollars a year, lest some fortune-hunter should marry them for their money.

Yes, Dolly was the heiress; and Dr. Rush might take his own time in getting well, and have no anxiety about the flour barrel and the coal cellar, and for this reason Dolly was glad; but she said to her sisters that what was hers was theirs, and soothed them with a loving kindness for their disappointment.

Georgina lives with her still, but Millicent does not. Rufus King heard of what had happened, and came back to Atwater. He had a bald head, and her pink cheeks were gone; but they both remembered the apple orchard, and so there was another wedding. And somebody told me, the other day, that Oliver Robb, having lost his wife, had been heard to say that Georgina Gillet was the finest looking lady in Atwater, if she was forty. So who knows what may happen yet?

THE MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT DISASTER.—The Coroner held an inquest on the bodies of the victims of the Oceanus disaster. George Keightly, first engineer, testified that the Oceanus was inspected last December at New Orleans and found fully up to the requirements of the law; her boilers were rated at 127 pounds of steam; the inspector set the valves at that figure and locked them; the explosion occurred while crossing the river from the Missouri shore; the steamer struck the bar when in the middle of the river; witness had been on his watch about fifteen minutes, and during that time he examined the water in the boilers twice, and found it at three in the larboard, two in the starboard, and two in the middle boiler; the reason there was more water at the larboard than in the other boilers was because the boat was listed the list; was caused by the boat making a turn; thinks the middle boiler exploded first, and thought the mud-drum had been struck by a snag, but now thinks that the mud-drum or some of its connecting-pipes gave way in consequence of the boat striking the bar, and that the explosion resulted therefrom; thinks the boiler was carrying about 120 pounds of steam when the explosion occurred; the boilers and mud-drum were blown out at Cairo; this was done at every change of watches; the boilers were thoroughly cleaned out at Shreveport and no defect discovered in them.

THE DEAD SEA.—being without an outlet, evaporation is the only escape of the water pouring into it by the river Jordan and some other streams. Each brings into that extraordinary reservoir, which is a depression in the earth's crust thirteen hundred feet below the water level of the Mediterranean, an immense mass of materials which must at last fill it up, when the Jordan will then run on beyond and find an outlet to the sea, if the world remains in its present physical form long enough. The Jordan wafts down ninety cubic yards of water every second. Each day it carries in six and a half bushels of salt, liberated from rocks, on its passage, in each ninety cubic yards. Therefore that dreadfully salt, bitter reservoir has nearly reached the point of saturation. When no more salt can be dissolved, then it will accumulate on the irregular bottom till it reaches quite near the present surface. Its future will have quite as much interest for coming ages as its past history.

SHEEP.—In some of the United States, according, to statistician Dodge's last report, there has been an increase in flocks the past year; In Vermont, 6 per cent.; Texas, 9; Arkansas, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas, and Nebraska, 25; California and Oregon, 16 per cent. There has also been some increase in the Territories. The following is the advance in the average price of sheep, not less than one year old, since February last: Vermont, $2.75a4.56; New York, $3.37a4.32; Pennsylvania, $3.45a3.70; Ohio, $2.49a3.37; Michigan, $2.45a3.14; Illinois, $2.15a2.90; Iowa, $1.88a2.41; California, $2.84a3.08; Texas, $1.59a 1.73,

A Woman tells Her Story.

Fanny Hyde, on trial in Brooklyn for the shooting of George Watson, told her story in court as follows:

I became acquainted with Mr. Watson in the latter part of February, three years ago. I was then just turning fifteen.

Q.—Were you then a virtuous girl? A.—(in a whisper and with bowed head) Yes, I was; yes, I was.

I never had any intimacy with any one except Mr. Watson. I was with him only about four months when I fell. It was in the shop one morning. He was in the habit of calling at the house where I was living. I had occasion to take medicine. Mr. Watson furnished it. He suggested to me to go to New York to live, but did not say where. He knew I was in difficulty. I refused. I went to Washington for medical attendance. I made the acquaintance of my husband at the Homestead, Mrs. Shay's boarding house. Mr. Watson said that if I got married he would let me alone. I made him take an oath on the bible that he would let me alone. I had no lady confident. My father and mother were very strict with me. Watson frequently threatened to expose me. I repeatedly begged him not to follow me. When I came from Washington I went to New Britain, Conn. Watson took me to his house. I accused him in the presence of my husband that he seduced me, and he begged my husband not to take any action, for the sake of his wife and children. I was always thinking about my relations with him, and cried continually about it. Watson went to New Britain in March, my husband went in the month of April, and I went toward the last of the month. I was there until July. I boarded with Mr. Woodhouse and so did Mr. Watson. I do not know that my husband asked Woodhouse to let Watson stay there. My room was in the back parlor, one flight up. There were three rooms on the floor. Mr. Watson occupied one. Steve Roberts and Mr. Woodhouse's son occupied the other. I had charge of the girls in the shop, and got ten dollars a week. The other girl, the only one there at the time, got seven. I had words with Mr. Watson on the morning of the shooting. He was always accusing me of being intimate with others, and that I was with some one that afternoon down stairs. I bought the pistol as a present for my husband. I bought it because there were a numer of people robbed in our neighborhood, and my husband said he would like to have a pistol if any one should break into our house. I intended to have bought it before New Year's, but had to wait until the week after, as I had paid the rent the week before. I had no intention of shooting any one when I took the pistol.

I went out of the shop at a quarter to twelve. When I went up stairs I met Watson; he was standing on the top stair. I saw him there, and asked him if he was coming down. He replied, "No, I have to go back for something." I then went up, and he seized hold of me in a very indecent manner. He wished me to go to a room outside, and said I should go. I had the pistol at the time in my hand. I took no aim, nor do I know how I fired. I struggled to break loose from him, when he got hold of me, and partly succeeded, but he seized me the second time.

Judge Tappen—After the shooting what did you do? A.—I don't recollect what I did.

District Attorney Britton—How long were you acquainted with your husband before marriage? A.—I knew him two or three months before I married him. I had relations with Watson during that time. I did not intend to kill him. The first I recollected I was in the shop. The first I saw of the pistol was when my husband handed it to Cap. Woglom. I don't know how he came to have it. When I got to the station house I don't know how long it was after the shooting.

Q.—Do you remember what you said to Sergeant Bunce? —A.—No, sir.

(This Sergeant, it is said, took her statement at the time in writing). I remember what I told Capt. Woglom. I said Watson had seduced and insulted me, but I do not recollect that I said I couldn't stand it any longer, and shot him for satisfaction. I never spoke to my brother about it, and I do not know where the young man is who accompanied me to the gunsmith's and purchased the pistol.

DR. HELMBOLD'S DIFFICULTIES.—In the suit of Richard H. Griffin vs. H. T. & H. B. Helmbold a motion was made in the Supreme Court, of New York, to release the property of Mrs. H. T. Helmbold from an attachment issued in the suit. Some time last August, Helmbold fell into difficulties and went to Europe, since which bankruptcy proceedings have been commenced against him, and his wife's property was attached on the ground that Mr. and Mrs. Helmbold were partners in business, as well as partners in life. An affidavit was put in showing that to the lady belonged the business in the first instance and presented a contract signed by both of them, and showing that advertisements were charged to her. It was urged on behalf of the motion that all this might be without any partnership, and that it was proved by several witnesses that there was no partnership.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY. — Bridgeport has a promising boy burglar. He broke into a house a few days ago, and to direct suspicion in another quarter, he put on a man's pair of boots, raised a window that it might appear the entrance had been effected in that way, and dropped a note in the hall, purporting to have been written in New York, in which the writer said he would stop at Brideport and go through Jones's house. The ruse threw the detectives off the track, and no knowledge of the thief was obtained until he was arrested in New York on account of his suspicious appearance, when he confessed the whole affair. For a boy only thirteen years old this will do.—*Worcester Spy.*

GAMBLING.—A young man in Cincinnati last week lost $20,000, a valuable diamond pin, and his watch and chain at the table of a gambling house. When the "luck" turned and he began to win back again, the "bank" refused to accept his bets, and summarily suspended. And now the proprietor of the establishment has had to deposit his unlawful gains as bail in a police court of that city.

A Broken Spirit.

Fifty years ago, in a little town of Delaware, a lad bearing the name of Charles Draper—only recently left fatherless, and believing himself wronged in the patrimonial estate by his stepmother and her children—waged fierce feud with the later occupants of his early home, and was even betrayed by passionate sense of injury into striking the oldest of his stepbrothers. For this offence of hot blood he paid a heavy penalty; for it gave the incensed lady and her family an opportunity to brand him with ignominy. They had him bound over to "keep the peace" towards them; and when in his accumulated wrath at this he uttered threats they caused him to be thrown into jail. A high-spirited, imperious nature, he took the disgrace, as he deemed it so bitterly to heart that from the moment of his introduction to prison-quarters his whole character seemed to change. He did not care, he said, ever to leave the jail, now that the shameful brand was upon him; and if he ever went forth again it would only be to return soon again with greater desert of imprisonment. In short, partly by his own action, he remained in jail at Georgetown for no less than thirteen years! He was in his thirty-third year when Judge Edward Wooton, one of the associates of the Sussex County Court, became acquainted with and interested in his curious case, and caused him to be discharged. The same humane magistrate gave him such aid in law, too, as to enable him to recover about $3,000 from his father's contested estate; but the now morose, broken-spirited man retained no ambition for life, and, instead of undertaking any honorable career, became bar-keeper in a hotel. That vitiation of appetite had nothing to do with this selection is proved by the fact that, although a bar-keeper for over twenty-five years, or the whole remainder of his broken life, Draper never drank a drop of liquor, or even used a coarse phrase. The Wilmington *Commercial*, after giving his story, reports his death at Milford last week; and adds, that, having increased his little inheritance from $3,000 to more than four times that amount, the departing bearer of a broken spirit has bequeathed every cent to the kind judge who befriended him when he was heart sick and in prison.

A Chapter on Carpets.

The preference in ingrain carpets, says a New York journal, is for gray grounds of Brussels patterns with light blue border. American ingrains cost from $1.25 to $1.45 a yard, and are a yard wide; imported ingrains are $1.60. English three-ply carpets, so closely woven that the third ply will not wear off, are excellent for service; price $2.25 per yard for the best quality. American three-ply carpets are $1.65 to $1.75.

Newest Brussels carpets have less of the orange hues that lately pervaded them. For parlors there are cool-gray shaded grounds, strewn with eglantine heather-bells, and clusters of the red leaves of the maple. For dining-rooms, halls and libraries there are black and olive green grounds, with design and coloring imitating Turkey rugs. Best Brussels, called body Brussels, costs from $2 to $2.50 a yard. Tapestry Brussels, repeating the designs of tapestry carpets, is from $1.25 to $1.60. It is not economy to buy low-priced Brussels, as the colors are merely stamped on the outer surface, and soon wear away, leaving bare gray spots.

Rich Wilton carpets, so soft to the tread, so durable, and of such exquisite colors, are chosen by people of tastes and means for libraries and their handsome rooms. The newest importations have quiet colored grounds, relieved by bright medieval colors, blue and red together, with gilt lines like moulding. Price from $3 to $3.75 a yard.

Newest oil-cloths have patterns representing tiles. Damask figures and marbled grounds are still in favor. The best white straw matting is 70 cents a yard; fancy bids are 60 cents, and common buff 30 cents.

AN ENGLISH AGRICULTURIST. — The strike of the Warwickshire agricultural laborers seems to have had reason for it, if they are no better off than their Essex brother, who tells his story in the *Daily Telegraph*. For fifteen years this honest fellow has worked for the same master ten hours daily, at the munificent wages of eighteen pence a day. On this he has had to support himself, a wife and three children. The wife's labor adds to these resources two shillings, and one of the children earns two pence more. For his cottage he pays four pounds per annum. Naturally, poor Hodge's fare on this income has not been precisely luxurious. For breakfast he has generally a bread and water mess, "and if we have it, a cold potato." His dinner "is a boiled dumpling, with potatoes and onions in it," and he is fain to make his supper on a cup of tea, a bit of bread, "a tiny bit of cheese (if we have it), and for a treat, an onion." He can never "get beef or mutton, but sometimes a pig's 'pluck'—say six times a year." What would an American farm hand think of having to live, himself, and to bring up a family, on "boiled dumpling, with potatoes and onions?" Or is it any wonder that the majority of the men at the Warwickshire meetings are described as being stunted looking, and with small limbs and shrunken muscles? Labor nourished on dumplings, one would think, could not be of a very sturdy sort.

PIG IRON.—An improvement in the manufacture of pig iron, recently adopted at Hudson, N. Y., is said to have increased the monthly production of the furnaces by about 25 per cent., reducing the proportion of coal required from 35 cwt. to 28 cwt. for each ton of iron manufactured. This change is effected by a kind of hood placed on the furnace and bolted fast to the tunnel head plate, which prevents the blast from passing out through the top of the furnace, and compels it to find exit through side flues, nine feet below the tunnel head. It results that the coal used in reducing the ore does not become cemented together at the top of the furnace, as hitherto.

It is recorded of a venison and turtle-fed Alderman of London that, on being importuned for alms by a starving woman in the street, he exclaimed: "Go away, my good woman; you don't know how you distress me. I'd give ten pounds to have your appetite."

A Little Girl's Views.

I'm only a little girl, but I think I have as much right to say what I want to abou things as a boy. I hate boys; they're so mean; they always grab all the strawberries at the dinner-table, and never tell us when they are going to have any fun. Only I like Gus Rogers. The other day Gus said he was going to let off some fireworks, and he let Bessie Nettleand me go and look at them. All of us live in a hotel, and his mother's room has a window with a balcony. His mother was gone out to buy some creme de lis to put on her face, and he'd went and got eleven boxes of lucifer matches, and ever so many pieces of castile soap; he stealed them from the housekeeper. Just when she went to put them in the closet, Gus went and told her Mrs. Nettle wanted her a minute, and while she was gone he grabbed the soap and matches, and when she came back he watched her; and she got real mad, and she scolded Della (that's the chambermaid), and said she knowed she did it, and I was real glad, because when I was turning summersets on my mother's bed the other day Della slapped me, and said she wasn't going to make the bed twice to please me. Then Bessie and me sticked the matches into the soap like ten pins, and Gus fired them off, and they blazed like anything and they made an awful smell, and Gus went and turned a little gas on so his mother would think it was that.

We get our dinner with the nurses, cause the man that keeps the hotel charges full price for the children if they sit at the table in the big dining-room. Once my mother let me go down with her, and I talked a heap at the table, and a gentleman that sat next to us said, "little girls should be seen, and not heard." The mean old thing died last week, and I was real glad, and I told Della so, and she said if I went and said things like that I couldn't go to Heaven. Much she knows about it; and I wouldn't want to go there if dirty things like she is went there. Yesterday Mary, our nurse, told Besse Nettle's nurse that she heard Larry Finnegan was going to marry her. Larry is one of the waiters, and he saves candies for me from the big dining-room; and Bessie Nettle's nurse said, "Oh, Lord! what a lie!" and Bessie went into her mother's room, and her little brother said she nipped him, and Bessie said, "Oh, Lord! what a lie!" and you should have heard how her mother did talk to her, and went and shut her in a dark room where she kept her trunks, and didn't let her have nothing but bread and water, and Gus Rogers went and yelled through the key-hole, and said, "Bessie, the Devil is coming to fetch you," and Bessie screamed and almost had a fit, and her mother told Mrs. Rogers, and got Gus licked, and Gus says he's a mind to set the house on fire, and burn her out.

One day I went into the parlor and creeped under the sofa, and there wasn't anybody there. They don't let dogs nor children go into the parlor, and I had to creep under the sofa, so nobody could see me; and Mr. Boyce and Miss Jackson came in and sitted down on the sofa; and he said, "Oh, Louisa, I do love you so much," and then he kissed her, for I heard it smack. And then she said, "Oh, Thomas, I do wish I could believe you; don't you never kiss anybody else?" And he said, "No, dearest," and I yelled out, "Oh, what a big story! for I saw him kiss Bessie Nettle's nurse in the hall one night after the gas was turned down." Didn't he jump up; you bet! and he pulled me out and tore my frock, and he said, "Oh, you wicked child, you, where do you expect to go for telling such stories?" And I told him, "You shut up, I ain't going anywhere with you." I wish he would die like that other man, so I do; and I don't care whether he goes to Heaven or not.

THE CITY OF BERLIN.—The population of Berlin in one hundred and seventy years has increased ten fold, and its limits cover a radius of nearly thirteen miles. When Frederick the Great's ambition desired a city, he first enclosed a vast sandy plain with walls, and ordered that his vassals fill the empty space with houses. The people being few were in consequence somewhat puzzled how to fulfil the wishes of their sovereign. They at last hit upon a plan of geometrical triangles, and commenced raising two storied hotels, having as many as twenty-five windows on a line. The streets thus made were beautiful and wide. The site of the city is flat, and consequently much expense has been incurred in order to make the drainage any way approaching prefection. An idea of this table-like city may be formed when I mention that one street alone, the Friedrich's strasse, is two miles long, and through its entire length there is not one foot of descent. The paving is in a very bad condition, and the tottoirs or sidewalks wretchedly narrow. Berlin it as intolerable a city in summer as it is pleasant in winter. But notwithstanding the advantages of situation and other drawbacks, Berlin may certainly claim to be one of the finest cities in Europe. By simply turning on one's heel in the space between the Palace and the Brandenburg Gate may be seen the Museum with its beautiful colonnade, the chaste Guardhouse, the Great Opera, and the University. All these buildings are in the world-known street of *Unter den Linden*, this being the principal and most frequent thoroughfare in the city.

HAVE A CARE.—It is, no doubt, an achievement worthy of the ambition of little girls to skip a jumping rope 400 successive times without stopping to breathe, but they had better forego the glory thereof than over-exert themselves. A little girl of fourteen summers, living at Paterson, N. J., accomplished that brilliant feat, but she lies in her coffin, a victim to her vaulting ambition, and a warning to all small lasses that, although this is leap year, its privileges are to be used with moderation by great and small.

BEATEN AT IT.—A Missourian Lothario, being fascinated by a bewitching domino at a masked ball, and finding his advances encouraged rather than repelled, arranged an immediate elopement then and there. But disgust is a mild term to apply to his sentiment on discovering in the partner of his flight his own wife! And they do say that that man's subsequent experience in the line of hair renovators and court-plasters would move the heart of Mrs. Stanton herself.

Facts and Fancies.

The champion reaper—advertising.

There are 2,000 Methodists in France.

St. Louis has 34,097 registered votes.

Be prudent; be punctual; be honest.

Clergymen and brakemen do the most coupling.

Doctors' motto—patients and long suffering.

"Excuse haste and a bad pen," as the pig said when he broke out.

"Rattle and squeak," is the popular name for ham and eggs in Kansas City.

Douglass Jerrold said: "Eve ate the apple that she might indulge in dress."

I caught her softly by the arm,
My gentle blue eyed Kate;
She cried, "Let go that arm, my dear,
You hurt my vaccinate!"

In putting "the best foot forward," always use the right, or else it will be left.

The average salary of a minister in Denmark is $150 a year, and in Sweden $110.

Shakspeare's beautiful definition of charity is, "gently to hear, kindly to judge."

A Wisconsin deaf man recovered his hearing on being chased by a mad dog, it is said.

An old lady writing to her son, warns him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.

Dubuque merchants induce their customers to come again by giving them street car tickets.

There is but one good wife in the world, and every happily wedded man thinks he has her.

A piano manufacturer started, a few years since, with $75 and a head. Now he's worth $500,000.

The last California earthquake had the effect of suddenly curing several lame beggars in San Francisco.

A young lady sends in this: How to prevent chappy cheeks? Have nothing to do with cheeky chaps.

A Texas editor contends that an M. C. from the State has a right to sell his seat because "he bought it."

Marriages are most numerous in the autumn. So it was in Eden; the first marriage was in the early fall.

A woman that marries a man simply because he is a good match, must not be surprised if he turns out a Lucifer.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind, despatch of a strong one.

Why is an elephant unlike a tree? Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does.

Frightened Mormons, instead of sealing any number of new wives, are now concealing the number of wives they have.

A printer's toast: "Woman—the fairest work in creation. The edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

It is said that the light of a match will frighten a wolf; but a love match sometimes fails to keep the wolf from the door.

"I like to hear a child cry," jocosely said an old bachelor. "Why?" "Because then there is some hope of its being sent away."

They don't call it "going to see a man" in Rensselaer, Ind., but always "expect a letter," the post-office being the hotel bar room.

Mamma. "Now take your medicine like a good girl, and when you get well I'll buy you a nice dolly." Sick child: "Please, ma, have it a Dolly Varden."

In a curious breach of promise case in Ireland recently the counsel quoted the following lines:

"Sitting in a shady grove with my Juliana,
Lozenges I gave my love—ipecacuanha."

The first bank was established in Italy in 808, by Lombard Jews, of whom some settled in Lombard street, London, where many banks have ever since been located.

A negro thus philosophizes and reasonizes with the white world: "All men are made of clay, and, like a meerschaum pipe, are more valuable when they are highly colored."

A poetic writer in the Norwich *Advertiser* relieves his feelings thus: "Welcome always, gracious and beautiful Spring, mother of flowers, sister of stars and daughter of heaven!"

A stranger, meeting a man in the streets of Boston, roughly accosted him with, "Here, I want to go to the Tremont House!" The deliberate reply was: "Well, you can go if you won't be long gone."

"Angelina, my angel, can you tell me why your lovely eyes are like friends separated by distant climes?" "No, Augustus, I can't. Tell me, oh! tell me why they're thus." "Because they correspond, but never meet."

A girl being asked if she had not once been engaged to "a party by the name of" Jackson, who was at the time a Harvard student, languidly replied, "I remember the circumstance perfectly, but I am not certain about the name."

The local editor of a Jacksonville paper wrote an item to the effect that "Winter was lingering in the lap of Spring," but the managing editor cut it out. He said the idea was good enough, and original, and all that sort of thing, but it would not do to publish, because the high moral tone of the paper had to be maintained in a town full of seminary girls.

It is said that whenever an applicant for a situation as brakeman appears at the office of the Michigan Central Railroad, an official shouts up through the speaking tube and makes the inquiry: "Any brakeman killed lately?" It has a strange effect. The applicant suddenly concludes that he is not entirely fitted for the situation, and silently retires.

FORTUNE-TELLING—ITS CONSEQUENCES.—The Greenville (Miss.) *Times* thus briefly sums up a fortune-telling case in Mississippi: Henry Barlow having had his fortune told, it was revealed to him that Louis Harris was to kill him. Whereupon he undertook to thwart destiny, and announced that he would kill Louis Harris; then Louis Harris lay for Henry Barlow and fetched him with a load of buck-shot. Louis having thus established his justification, was released by Justice Griffin.

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