Morning is holy, but a holler charm Lies foided close in evening's robe of balm. And weary man must ever love her best, For morning calls to toll, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings do A boly fragrance, like the breath of prayer: Pootsteps of angels follow in her trace,

To shutthe weary eyes of day in peace. All things are hushed before her as she throws O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose; There is a calmer beauty and a power That morning knews not, in the evening hour.

So when our sun is setting may we glide, Like summer evening, down the golden tide; A dicave behind us, as we pass away, Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

MRS. CHESTERFIELD'S FOLLY. Poor little Mrs. Chesterfield! She had been married only six short months, and already her husband was waning in his devotion. Twice last month he had spent his evenings at his club. To-night he was at a supper, given him by his terfield's face. bachelor friends, and when she had somewhat remonstrated with him, he had said :-

"You know I would rather be with you, dear, but I could hardly refuse Hal when he got the thing up for me. Run over to your mother's, like a brave little woman. One of the boys will bring you back home. I won't stay late, I promise you."

Then, with a good-by kiss he wa

Six months ago, could such a plea have drawn him from her side? Ah, how happy had she been! how proud on her bridal day of her splendid lover! how timidly she had looked into his handsome face, and for the first time called him husband, wondering if every wife was as gloriously content as she!

Then followed those weeks of radiant happiness when they two forgot the world and all else, save that each existed for the other, till the time approaced for the home coming, and she found awaiting her the prettiest house Will could find, furnished throughout in exquisite taste by her indulgent father.

When she had kissed and thanked him. did she dream beneath its roof ever to shed one tear, think one unhappy tho't? But even now the blue eves are wet, the lashes are heavy with moisture, and her lip trembles, when a knock at her door disturbs the unpleasant tenor of her thoughts.

A servant, entering in obedience to her summons, bears a salver, and on it a card, which he presents with a respectful bow. Upon the pasteboard is writ ten, in a bold, characteristic hand, the name "Hale Raymond." Her first impulse is to be excused, on plea of illness; then a bright thought rushes into her

"Tell the gentleman, James, I will be with him presently."

She has heard somewhere that husbands are apt to grow weary of their homes, and seek elsewhere the excitement not obtainable in that pure atmosphere, but that if the wives absent themselves and indulge in a little quiet re-Will does not admire Hale Raymondin fact, treats him with polite cooln s which he is too thorough a man of the left her. world not to see, but which he chooses to ignore. However, he certainly cannot responsible.

tle large Psyche mirror in her dressing a tea rose and put it in her hair. Certainly the glass reflected a vision which and whispering a few words to her esany man might be proud to call his own. cort, he arose, assisted her in her hasty Of medium height, with vielet eyes, adieu, and went with her forth from the shaded by long dark lashes, hair of that | din and glare into the calm, peaceful rare auburn tint which turned to gold | moonlight night. in the sun's bright light, a mouth and teeth in exquisite perfection, a figure beautifully moulded, draped in black gathering up her rich ball dress, and velvet, with a light tissue over dress | slipping off her mask, she drank in, with what wonder that, as she entered the a sense of inexpressible relief, heaven's | blossoming prairie in its first luxuriance parlor, and Hale Raymond rose to greet | pure air. her, the regrets with which he met her excuses for her husband's absence were ing, as the servant opened the door, to

But he notes, as she speaks, the fe- startled by the requestverish sparkle in hereve, the quick flush ly upon the plans of the siege.

"Though I am sorry not to see Mr | business has called your husband from | handsome face. your side?"

"I do not know if we may call a dinner imperative business, but such is the that torture of the body might teach cause of Mr. Chesterfield's absence. It forgetfulness of the mind's anguish! was given him by one of his oldest friends, and he, of course, could not decline the invitation."

"I suppose not, as husband. As a lovbut then we are not sure of the prize. | ror?" and with the race all untried before us we do not dare rest for a moment upon our oars. I presume when the goal is reached the reaction sets in: but, unforence."

for so lamentable a condition of af. did I feel it. The glittering colors of fairs."

midst of a garden of exotics one Queen | henceforth diverge." Rose, fairer, more beautiful than any of its sisters—sees it ripen day by day, into ed him of her meaning, and, with a that one's own unworthiness teaches out of her presence and her life. him hesitation in approaching it until he wakens from his dream of hope to only a faint fragrance perfuming the derly,might have been! But it is growing sad, sad error for us both. I did not dowers, and with huge ropes of blos- these mines. The cargoes were copper,

bold as to have her understand literally his words? How charming he was! Not to be compared to Will, however. The little wife's heart beat high with pride and love for her gallant husband, even though he had that one evening neglected her.

"What, little wife, all alone? Not sitting up for me, I hope? Did I not keep my promise to come home early? The fellows thought me wofully shabby, but I know in their hearts they all envied

"I did not know it was late. I have had a very pleasant evening. Mr. Raymond called."

"What, Hale Raymond? I am sorry I was not at home; not that I missed anything, but because he is not the sort of a man I care particularly to have my wife receive alone."

"Indeed! I thought him charming!" throwing an unusual emphasis into the words, as she noted the flush she supposed jealousy originated by Will Ches-An answer was upon his lips, but he

checked it, as unworthy of him; and recounting the evening's sayings and doings to the little wife he so fondly loved and of whose displeasure he little deemed himself the subject, he soon forgot the irritation of the moment.

Two months glided by, and scarcely was Mrs. Chesterfield alone ere she was ioined by Hase Raymond. Didshe walk, this quality of Poe's intellectual temhe seemed to spring from the ground; did she drive, his horse would come careering beside her carriage, and he would find time and opportunity to have with have been missed. her a few moments' quiet converse. Ever approaching forbidden themes, he never transgressed openly, but slowly, surely fought his way, as he hoped, into the heart of the citadel.

"Will," says Mrs. Chestsrfield, one day to her husband, "there is to be a masked ball at the Academy next week. Will you take me?"

"I am sorry, my darling, but I will be were I here, it is not the place where I would care to see you."

With a pout the young wife turned away, and the subject dropped. "It is nothing to him now to refuse my wishes," she thought. "Once he would have postponed any engagement to grat-

ify me." The day of the ball came. With a loving kiss in the early morning. Will Chesterfield bade his wife good by. Scarcely had the door closed upon him than Mr. Raymond was approunced.

"I have come to ask you and Mr. Chesterfield to join our party for the masquerade te night. Of course he will con sent if wou will but ask him."

"Mr. Chesterfield is unfortunately absent, so that I must decline."

"Indeed!" feigning the utmost surprise. "But surely you will not spend the evening alone? Mrs. Irving is going to chaperone the party. We shall have a box, and be perfectly to ourselves. No one will recognize you. De say you will

And so he pleaded, until, remembering her husband had not absolutely forbidden her going, and knowing she could creation, it soon arouses their liege lords | readily assuage his displeasure, she gave to a sense of their duty. Well she knows a somewhat reluctant consent, and with his heart teating high with hopes of what she never dreamed. Hale Raymond

But all that evening, surrounded by mirth and fun, music and lights, uproar not object to an evening call, and, if he and dancing, she wished herself a thouis not here to share his attentions, she is sand times back to her own quiet home. Between her and the revellers came the So, hastily rising and standing before vision of her husband's handsome face. What would he say? Yet could he room, she took from a boquet beside her | blame her? Had he not left her alone? At last she could bear it no longer,

"Will you walk or drive?" "Oh, let us walk," she answered: and

say good by to her companion, she was ties, you find you have only begun.

upon her cheek, and resolves according. I have something I want particularly to them, and presently lends them its col-

with you. But how comes it that I am | but as she turned to ask his meaning, | with their long snowy filaments wonin such rare luck? What imperative she started at the unusual pallor of his drously alive, whiten all the windings

"Are you ill?" she questioned. Have you not seen, all these weeks, how I have loved you-how I would dare all things for some response? You must hav : known it all-why, then, do you er, one manages to escape such bores; give me that white face of untold hor-

"Hush-no more! Yet I deserve it all. You came to me with your flattery at a time when I thought my husband wavering in his devotion-when I felt tunately, I cannot speak, from experi- foolishly grieved and injured, and meant thus to show him an indifference equal "I imagine you are entirely to blame to his own, though never for a moment the snake fascinated me, and I was all "Not perhaps so entirely as you believe | ignorant of the deadly sting they conme to be. When one watches in the cealed. Leave me sir, and our paths

A glance at the cold, proud face warnmore perfect sweetness, such loveliness | bitter smile of irony, he bowed himself

"Will! Will!" she sobbed when alone. Then, as in snawer to her cry, out and he has waited too long-other fin- from the shadow came he whom she had gers, rasher, bolder, have plucked the called, and taking her close into his flower from the stem—then is there left strong arms, said, as he held her, ten-

his meaning. Could he have been so but that he leaves as its guard its most longer he wears grows more priceless in his sight. From to night he will start afresh. The serpent has gone from our Eden. My poor child! how you must

> have suffered." But in all her husband's tenderness, Mrs. Chesterfield only feels the deeper her remorse for her folly; and when, her head buried on his breast, she sobs out her plea for forgiveness, she knows already it is hers; but never, while she lives, will she be tempted to indulge in another flirtation.

A Characteristic of Poe. If I were suddenly asked to name Poe's dominant intellectual characteristic, I should unhesitatingly answer a passion for perfection; and if I were then asked to name the merely literary qualities by which this is indicated, I should say his accuracy and his thoroughness. I know how strange and even absurd this must sound to those who think of Poe as a specimen of the most impulsive and irregular type of genius but I cannot help its strangeness, and hope to prove its truth and to show the special kind of perfection which it was his constant endeavor to attain. Perhaps to those whose acquaintance with his works is not limited to "The Raven" and half a dozen of his short tales, it may hardly seem so very strange after | age?" all. It may, indeed, be said that when perament has once been seized by the critical perception, it seems so obvious that the wonder is how it could ever

It is like some new truth, which the moment after its discovery appears so familiar that we feel as if we had known it all our life-which harmonizes so entirely with our other mental acquisitions that it is difficult to belie re it had not some obscure place among our original visibly in everything which he wrote; those eyes. There's high physical courout of town on that night; and, even its workings are clearly enough to be age, if ever a pair of eyes told of such a and its existence might be inferred if | true manliness, even in boyhood." not proved from them alone. Most of cuniary necessifies, which were too pressing to wait for the completion of more elaborate work. And yet they have about them nothing of the hasty, careless, slapdash, pot boiler character. They are planned as carefully and finished as minutely as if their author had been a rich literary amateur, with nothing to do but to take care of his reputation. In the merest externals the same spirit was manifested. He did not. like Buffon, array himself in full dress when he sat down to write, but the outside garments of his thoughts, the characters in which they were traced upon the paper, were distinguished by such singular beauty that a manuscript of Poe is a veritable artistic treat. His handwriting is indeed so characteristic that it is a real help to us in forming an opinion of the man. The compliment paid to its mere legibility in one of Grisworld's fictitious anecdotes, is a fine specimen of the art of damning with faint praise. Every letter is perfectly formed, every word reveals its significance at a glance, every point is placed as carefully as if Poe had been a Hebrew scribe coppying the sacred law; everywhere there is an exquisite symmetry, and yet no handwriting was ever less mechanical and formal, or more full of individuality and significance. Thackeray's caligraphy somewhat resembles it, but in the manuscript of the English novelist the mere prettiness of the penmanship is in excess of the expressiveget a glimpse of the real man.-The

New Quarterly Magazine.

The Texas Prairies. At the moment that you start westward on the Sunset route, the landscape salutes you in all the loveliness of a of green under the tender early sun. At last her home was reached. Turn- The flowers are numberless. When you have counted a couple of dezen varie-Here the painted-cup makes the great or, leading away into the boundless ho-She could scarcely refuse so trifling a rizon a Field of the Cloth of Gold; and ing room. The room was in a shadow, here blue with verbena; here the lilies, of an unseen brook; here, clothed in the priceless small clover, and greener "Ill? Would to God I were! Would than Dante's freshly broken emeralds. beneath vast and hollow heavens, and "moided in colossal calm," the naked

prairie rolls away, league after league, unbroken to the gulf. Oh, the glory of a Texas prairie under vertical sun! the light, the color, the distance, the vast solitude and silence. the limitless level, the everlasting rest! A flock of white cranes rise flashing in the light and soar away; a mirage lifts the lofty timber that outlines a distant river, and shows you the stream shining beneath, shaking silver vapor on its feet; in the creek beside you, fearless blue ducks dip and dive and skim away. scattering the water-drops: a drove of day. horses, rising from beds of sunflowers, with flying manes and tails, go bounding into space; vast herds of cattle crop the clover without lifting their heads as you sweep by: riders are rounding up their droves, hawks are hovering, birds are singing, winds are blowing, and what seemed only solitude and silence is full of life and action and music. Now the forests of the Brazos begin to rustle; cypress and magnolia, linden and locust, ash and beech and elm. hickory and black-jack, dense to darkness, coppers and others (the men) marching yet trembling with dew and sun, laced on their asses. Nobody had heard since air, filling him with the torture of the | "It has all been a mistate—darling, a | with gay vines of trumpet and passion | the olden Kings that one had found

At The Baby Show.

There were two fathers in the baby show yesterday. No doubt there were many fathers there, but there were only two who had the hardihood to sit on the platform and nurse babies. They were both the unhappy parents of triplets. One was a foreigner, coming from beyond the Hudson, and the other was a resident of the east side. Both seemed fully resigned.

"What are their names?" a vistor asked of the father from New Jersey. His wife sat on the next chair with a cherub on her knee.

"What are their names?" said the

father. "This one is named Arabella Clementina Joanna-ne, hold on. That's wrong, This one is-well, by George! I get them mixed up. Wife, just see if that baby has a mole behind her ear. Yes? Well, then, this is Anna Maria Elizabeth. That one she has is Sarah Clara Fanny. That is little Afabella, in the cradle. You can't think," apologetically, "how hard it was to get names for them all at

"They're very nice triplets," said bystander, "and you ought to be very proud of them. Are they all the same

Mrs. Triplet looked up in astonish-

ment, but deigned no reply. The other set of triplets are very small -so small that all three of them might take a nap on a pillow, and leave plenty of room besides for three little bottles and a supply of tin rattles. They are orphans-in-law, their mother having died when they were born.

A beautiful little baby with golden hair lay in its mother's lap half asleep

An admiring crowd stood before it. "If I had such a bright little fellow as nental furniture. Poe's passion for per- that," said a young bachelor, "I should fection manifests itself more or less call him George Wasnington. Look at seen in the compositions just mentioned, thing. And look at that forehead. There's

"No." said his companion, "there's his short tales belong to the class of ar- where you're wrong; there's where your tistic productions which painters call by | gigantic intellect don't come to your resthe name of "pet boilers," that is, they cue; that boy is no more like George were produced to supply immediate pe- | Washington than you are; he's a young Bonaparte; he will be a short, stout determined man; he will have plenty of schools of learning take in hand to incourage, no doubt; but it will be the quick dash to victory of Napoleon rather than the tenacious push of Washington, and you should call him Napoleon Bonaparte."

"No doubt you would, young man," the child's mother broke in. "That's about all you young fellows know about babies. This little girl's name is Mary." his collegiate education, asked him what -New York Times.

The Land of Midian.

ALEXANDRIA, Oct. 29.—Readers of the Times will remember that last spring Capt. Burton, the well known Eastern traveler, made an expedition into the Land of Midian, which lies to the southeast of the Gulf of Akaba, in the Red Sea. He was accompanied by a mining engineer, M. Marie, and the two explorers came upon traces of extensive mining operations, the ruins of ancient towns, and many other traces of a flourishing mining district. They brought back specimens centaining gold, silver, copper, and other metals, and were most sanguine as to their discovery. Analysis of the rock they brought back has justified their expectation. It seems really "a great find." Gastinel Bey, a well known French chemist, has reported most favorably, and Capt. Burton is now again in Egypt, preparing another expedition to Midian. He is now determined to investigate thoroughly ness, while in that of Poe we seem to that Biblical country, of which he only got a superficial idea in his twenty-day visit last spring. Concerning the copper he has no doubt whatever, and reports that the hills which contain it are only ten miles from the coast. Silver he also found in the same range. But the gold he brought back was taken from the beds of torrents that came down from meuntains away in the interior. It was in sufficient abundance to make him eager to follow up the torrents to their source, but time did not allow of fur-"It is early yet. May I not come in? reaches gay; here yellow indigo stars ther travel. His intention now is to penetrate to these "golden hills," and thoroughly satisfy himself as to their nature and capabilities. He estimates

Chesterfield, I cannot but anticipate request, so preceded him into the draw- here it is scarlet with the scarlet phlox, the distance under twenty days' march. However this search for gold may turn out, the existence of copper in abundance seems beyond doubt. The hills are barely ten miles from the sea, and there is good anchorage and a tolerable port within easy access. The Viceroy has already had offers of a royalty from persons anxious to torm companies for the working of this mineral wealth. The fact that the mines were worked in times long gone by does not deter people. Mechanical contrivances are so perfect nowadays, that the working of a mine to-day compares with the working in old times much as the operation of steam plow compares with the scratching of an Egyptian fellah's forked stick The mines of Laurium are a signal instance, and the mines of Midian are likely to be a fresh example of the superior mechanical power of the present

It is a curious fact that these mines were known to the ancients so long ago as the time of Ramses III., whose cartouche is inscribed on the Needle which is on its way to England. In the Harris Papyrus in the British Museum, the following passage occurs /I give the translation from the hyreoglyphics)

"I, Ramses, have sent my Commissioners to the land of Akaba, to the great mines of copper which are in place there, and their ships were loaded with ste, Think of my story, Mrs. Chesters | think it best to disclose my presence. I soming grape slung from tree to tree, The cargoes were by myriads; for their was presented on Macomb avenue was beading and sub-heading cable dis-

child, and she has forgotten that some- and redbud, wild peach and cane, and arrived happily. Dicsharge was made Bowing low he left her, wondering at times a husband must leave his home, their great dark live-oaks wrapped in according to order under the pavilion of the fantastic shadows of a thousand brick of the King at Thebes of the priceless possession, a jewel which the gray swaying cobwebs, and standing copper, numerous as frogs in the marsh, weird,-awful in their Druidical beard. in quality equal to gold of the third degree, admired by all the world as a marvelous thing."-London Times.

Education.

We read an article a few days ago in relation to defects in our present system of education, one of which was, that we need more of practical training in our schools than now exists. This is a truth that experience is proving more and more every day. Our schools turn out ed off. young men and women by the hundreds, all of whom have what is called a good education-fitted, as some say, for the duties of life, but the trouble is they do not know how to apply it. As soon as a young man leaves school and has acquired a thorough knowledge of the different branches taught, he begins to stick his nose up to smell out what pro fession he will pursue-whether law medicine or divinity-when, in fact, he is not fit for either. That is the reason why the country is filled with quacks in all of the professions. They mistook their calling, and went so far astray in their choice that, unable to provide for themselves, they at last go back to their parents fit for nothing at all. Had such young men been properly taught in school, and shown how to apply their education, they would have been useful members of the community, if not in the several professions, in some mechanical

pursuit. It is a crying shame that so many of our young men are indisposed to learn a trade. A false education has taught them to believe that it is dishonorable you galloped across the bows of that per's Magazine. to be a mechanic, or at least, that it is not high-toned. What consummate folly! A thorough mechanic is as far above a tungling lawyer, a quack doctor or illiterate preacher, as the eminent statesman is above the brawling pothouse politician. There is many a young man who, had he applied his education to the development of mechanical genius, instead of to the mastery of legal subtleties, would have attained an eminence among his fellow-men far above the foolish pride that scorned his pursuit. The youth of the country have been put upon the wrong track. They have been taught to love too much that bastard aristocracy which invites poverty and disgrace, and the sooner cur struct pupils how to apply the education they are acquiring and disabuse the mind as to the character of mechanical pursuits, the sooner will the evil be cor-

rected. We know of a gentleman who long served in Congress and is eminent as a lawyer; when his son, having fi ished he should do, he replied,-

"My son, now go into a machine shop and learn to be a machinist, and then you will be fitted for the duties of life." The advice was followed, and that young man is next to a railroad president, and his mechanical genius, fully developed as it was during the time he served his apprenticeship, now is the strong power that makes him "master of the situation." That is what we call applying education to a practical purpose. Education assisted in developing a mechanical genius that, had the advice not been followed, would have been giv-

en to him by his Creator in vain. There are thousands of others who

should go and do likewise.

No Fun In Him. One of the members of the Methodist conference, recently held in Detroit, Mich., was out for a walk at an early hour one morning, and while on Howard street he encountered a strapping living animal. Altogether the building ness and dismay-came over Mr. Greebig fellow who was drawing a wagon and its contents are worthy the honor ley's face, and mournfully saying, "What

to the blacksmith's shop. "Catch hold here and help me down to to bestow upon it. the shop with this wagon, and I'll buy the whisky," called the fellow.

"I vever drink," solemnly replied the good man.

"Well you can take a cig ir." "I never smoke."

The man dropped the wagon-tongue ooked hard at the member, and ask-

' Don't you chew?"

"No, sir," was the decided reply. "You must get mighty lonesome."

mused the teamster. "I guess I'm all right; I feel firstrate." I'll bet you even that I can lay you on your back," remarked the teamster.

"Come now, let's warm up a little." "I never bet." "Well, let's take each other down for fun, then. You are as big as I am, and

I'll give you the under hold." "I never have any fun," solemnly answered the member.

"Well, I am going to tackle you anyway. Here we go." The teamster slid up and endeavored

to get a neck-hold, but he had only just commenced to fool about when he was lifted clear off the grass and slammed against a tree-box with such force that he grasped half a dezen times before he could get his breath. "Now you keep away from me!' ex-

claimed the minister, picking up his

"Bust me if I don't," replied the teamster, as he edged off. "Wat's the use in lying, and saying you didn't have any fun in you, when you'er chuck ful of it! Blame it! you wanted to break my neck, didn't you? You just hang zround here about five minutes, you old Texan, and I'll bring on a feller who'll cave in your head."

"I never hang," said the minister, as he sauntered off; and the teamster leaned upon his wagon and mused.

Why Do We Laugh?

When a boy appears on the street with rat in a trap, with four or five terrier dogs aching to get hold of the sinful rodent, even a man in a hurry to call the doctor would halt for just a minute. Yesterday morning just such a picture

field. Perhaps you can give its sequel. had forgotten my little wife was but a thick with an undergrowth of dogwood ships which went from there to Egypt There were a dozen boys and half as patches from the seat of war, another ing shame to torture a poor rat in that way, and he offered the boy with the trap ten cents to let his prisoner go.

ed the lad, "d'ye spose I'd lose \$5 worth

of fun for ten cents?" "But it's against the cries of mercy to kill that rat," protested the citizen.

clubs around and screaming like Pawnees. When the philanthropist realized rubbed his back once are twice against it, started to climb over the fence, fell back on the walk, an't he was seeking to catch a street-car when some one called to him to take off his coats. He removed them, and the terrifed rat leaped into the jaws of death. As the philanthropist was getting into his dusty garments he wanted to know what the boys replied:

"I though it was fun to see a school teacher lick thirteen boys at once, but this beats it clear into Canada! Cracky! sand wagon!"

New York's New Museum. The American Museum of Natural great gourmand, not an epicure, and History, on the corner of Seventy-sev- would eat in season and out of season, enth street and Eighth avenue, New whatever pleased his palate. And this York, will be thrown open to the pub- | although he was a professed Grahamite, -Haves and his cabinet will be present diet. We have known him to walk sevto inaugerate it. It was intended to end blocks for a loaf of Graham bread, open it at an earlier date, but the Pres- which he would consume with an acident was unable to attend before the companiment of two dozen large fried date now set, and it was postponed ac- oysters, and to eat a midnight meal of cordingly. The building is a mag- beafsteak and hot buttered biscuit, that nificent one, five stories high, and cost- the Kentucky giant or a half-civilized ing \$750,000, and has accommodations ostrich would have shrunk from for the exhibition of specimens illus- But Mr. Greelev never drank liquor trating all branches of natural history. of any kind, neither malt, wine, or spir-On the upper floor are rooms open for its. He did not know the taste of spirthe public, with microscopes and other it's and would not use them, even as instruments necessary for study and a medicines. In the course of forty years choice library of standard authorities that we knew him intimately, we never for consultation, while a number of but once knew of his tasting anything o her rooms on the same floor are fur- that contained liquors, and then he did _ nished with geological surveys of the it unwittingly. For years it had been various States of the Union. A large his custom to eat his Thanksgiving dinnumber of valuable collections have ner at the house of a lady friend who already been secured at very low had brought with her from her native cost, including the Hall collection of Vermont the traditional New England fossils, worth \$150,000, and for which custom of celebrating. Thanksgiving \$65,000 were paid, which includes a per | The late Henry J. Raymond and John fect fossil head of the ichthyosaurus, F. Cleveland (Mr. Greeley's brother inwhich is so well preserved that the eye- law), also now deceased, were generally ball, five inches in diameter, is plainly among the guests. On one of these ocseen; the De Morgan collection of an- casions plates of brandy peaches were tiquities from the glacial drift of placed for each guest. Greeley standing France; the Maj. Jones collection of on no ceremony, tasted of the peaches, Indian antiquities, from Georgia, in- and finding them palatable, quickly dis cluding all the articles, weapons, etc., of posed of the allotted portion, and was the Mound-builders, the Porto Rico handing up his plate for another sup-

In a Newspaper Office.

A little tin box shot up and down a wooden shaft in the middle of the room voiced, imperative gentleman, in a very | was particular to ask; "Mother Sor the other of the workers, and gave with that infernal brandy?" orders which would have been quite unintelligible to a layman, who might have mistaken the establishment for a floor above, and the little tin box in the shaft communicating with them.

By 3 o'clock the last line of copy must be in the printers' hands, and from midwhich I can imagine no parallel.

sped over the pages of manuscript pawith tremendous earnestness and concentration: there was not one of them who had written less than a column of matter that night, and some were closing two and three column articles, which

many men, and among the latter was a writing editorial paragraphs on the imphilanthropist. He said it was a burn- portant telegrapine news which came in, another was damning a new play in virulent prose, another was revising a thrilling account of a murder, another "Ten cents!" contemptuously exclaim- was transcribing his stenographic notes of a speech on the inflation of the currency, another was putting the finishing fouches upon a well considered article criticising a debate in the French Assembly and another was absorbed in the "Git the dogs around here," commanddescription of a yacht race. The small "I won't stand here and see one of God's tin box in the shaft bounced up and creatures tortured to death? indignant down more frequently, and the night remarked the philanthropist as he start- editor became more nervous and imperative than ever, as the fingers of the big Too many cooks spoil the broth. Too clock on the wall went beyond 2. The many dogs, and boys, and clubs, and pages of manuscript were sent up one yells permitted the rat to escape. He by one, and long proof sheets came dodged this way and that till clear of down from the composing room. Then the crowd, and then he overtook the the "cutting down" began, and some of philantropist, climbed his leg, and came the writers saw articles which had cost to a dead stop between the good man's them hours of research annihilated by coat and vest. Six dogs tried to follow the stroke of a pen, or reduced from him, and ten boys were waving their columns to paragraphs -not on account of unimportance, but simply because there is always a superfluity of matter. the situation he made for a tree-box, contrar; to the erroneous notion that the editor's great difficulty is to fill his space-and in some instances even the paragraphs were finally omitted to make room for unexpected news that arrived later. Telegrams were still coming in at 2:30, but soon after that hour one dispatch brought the words "good night." and that meant the closing. The night editor and his assistant now disappeared crowd was laughing at, and one of the into the composing rooms, where they remained to superintend the making up of the forms, and the men at the deaks prepared to leave, or throw themselves back in their chairs for a chat and some but didn't your eyes hang out when more smoke - W. H. Rideing, in Har-

Truth About Horace Greeley.

The philosopher of the Tribune was a

collection of antiquities, and many ply, when Cleveland, who was on the others of equal rarity and value. There opposite side of the table, interrupted is also a Mammoth, purchased from him with the question, "Printer (all his Prof. Ward, of Rochester, which stands old associates called him Printer), what twenty-five feet high and has tusks are you eating?" "Something good," curving to the right and left that are answered Mr. Greelev, with that pecufifteen in length, one of which would liar drawling out of the last word, that be a heavy load for a horse, and several was a habit when he was particularly specimens of gigantic and now extinct satisfied, "Well," continued Cleve, "you Australian birds, the Moa, which stands have just been gobbling down brandy fifteen feet high and have larger bones | peaches like an old toper." There was a with one or two exception, than any look-a strange mingling of disgust, sadwhich President Hayes has consented | did you tell me that for?" he pushed aside the replenished plate, and the gratified palate was hastily cleaned with a bounteous draught of Croton We are confident that never before that had Mr. Greeley known the taste of ininto which rolls of manuscript were put toxicating liquor, and we are equally by an office boy, who rushed from desk | confident that never after either knowto desk and gathered the sheets as they | ingly or inadvertently-did he use it in came from the writers' hands. From any shape whatever. We know that time to time a very nervous, sharp ever after, when at his usual visit, he much soiled linen duster, called to one have you been poisoning these peaches

The Vale of Roses.

War has made the once beautiful Vale slaughter house when he heard a pale of Roses, and neighboring valleys south faced little gentleman requested to of the Schipka Pass, a desert filled with "make a paragraph of the Pope," "cut horrors. A correspondent of the Londown Anna Dickinson," "double lead | don Times writes: "All the way from General Grant," "put a minion cap head | Schipka to Yent Saghra, at which place on Peter Cooper," and "boil down the we took the rail, the air is poluted we Evangelical Alliance." But making a the remains of the killed. The bodies of paragraph of the Pope simply applied to men, women, and children are to be met the compression of some news concern- with in all stages of decomposition at ing him onto that space; the minion the roadsides, in the cornfields and garcap head intended for the venerable dens, on the banks of streams, and in philanthropist meant the kind of type the beds of rivulets. Some hundreds to be used in the title af a speech or lec | were choking the shallow river within ture of his; and boiling down and cut a quarter of a mile from where we ting down were two technicalities ex- camped at Yeni Saghra. Desolation and pressing condensation. The gentleman ruin appeared along the whole way. in the linen duster was the night editor. The remains of formerly prosperous vilin charge, the despot of the hour, and lages, which it was impossible to pitch the intermediary between the writers tent even near, rippling mountain. and printers, the lat'er being on the streams in which our horses refused to drink, the howling of wolves around us at night, brought down from the mountains earlier than usual by the horrid feasts prepared for them (the largest I night until that time a newspaper office h ve ever seen lay dead, evidently rein the editorial department is in a state | cently shot, by the side of the road) not of nervous intensity and activity for far from Yeni Saghra, and, worse, the occasional shrieks of human beings, fol-The smoke from the cigars and pines lowed by solitary rifle reports, which rolled up to the ceiling, and then pens | made one shudder more than the damp night air-all these sights and sounds per. The writers bent to their work went to form one great terrible phantasmagoria, which none of us are likely to live long enough to remember with out pain."

Mrs. Charlotte Smith is President of contained nearly as many words as five | composed of women journalists, for the pages of Harper's Magagine. They purpose of encouraging and promoting were pale and care worn. One of them the profession of journalism among