He tapped against my window-pane; He said: "You sly old fellow, Come, tell me of that little maid With curly head and yellow,

"The music of whose broken speech A happy home rejoices; Whose prattle has a sweeter sound Than other people's voices."

I looked amazed, the saucy boy Looked back at me with laughter. He said: "My name is Cupid,— And your Valentine I'm after!" -W. T. Peters, in February St. Nicholas.

## MISS MAYBRICK'S PARLOR.

An orchard, the branches heavy with golden apples, here and there a ruddy "windfall," half-hidden in the long grass, and at the foot of one of the most richly-laden trees a young girl. half asleep, with an ill-used book flung carelessly down, and indolent white arms thrown above her pretty dark head.

She made a sleepy little movement, indicative of annovance at being interrupted in the middle of her siesta.

"Jessie, I say!" Miss Jessie rose slowly and picked up her book. She was a tall, slight girl, of about eighteen years of age, with a rather pale face and gray eyes, fringed with long black lashes. These eyes were her greatest charm. A little white gate divided the orchard from the garden, and Jessie passed through it with exasperating slowness.

"Was there ever such a girl!" thought her sister, her elder by twenty years at least-the daughter of her father's first wife.

Caroline had loved her young stepmother, and when she died had tried to take a mother's place to the tiny, dark eyed baby she left behind; but Jessie had proved a very troublesome

"Well," said Jessie, interrogatively, looking at Caroline standing in the doorway, with her sleeves tucked up and her stout arms covered with flour. "What is it, Caroline?"

"Come and move your rubbish out of the front room." "What for?" asked Jessie, in undis-

guised astonishment. "Because father's going to let it to a young fellow from London.

Jessie looked indignant. Her parlor, with the piano in it, to be let to some horrid man, and all her pretty belongings to be banished to her little bedroom. Oh! it was too bad.

"Carrie," she said, "how could you advise father to do such a thing? I never thought we should have to take in lodgers; I would rather run away." "Where to?" asked the rather matter-of-fact Caroline.

Jessie bit her lips and went indoors to remove her books and needlework from the little parlor that had been regarded as her especial sanctum ever since she had entered her teens. It never occured to Miss Jessie that money was rather scarce with her father just now, and that the lodger would bring grist to the mill. She regarded the whole thing as a conspiracy to

make her uncomfortable. They might have consulted her, she thought, forgetting that she never troubled herself in any way with the affairs of the household. How she wished she could have had her piano carried upstairs; but that was impossible. It was the chief ornament of that room, and her father, she knew, would not allow her to take it away.

"I shall hate him, I know I shall," she told herself, thinking of the

And for the first two or three days she kept carefully out of his way, and Mr. Leith remained unconscious of the fact that he was under the same roof with a pretty girl. But he made the discovery one afternoon. When wandering through the orchard, with his hands behind his back, he came suddenly upon a slight, girlish figure in brown holland, a wide hat shading her eyes from the sun. Wonderful eyes they were - so large and dark, and ut- that evening, and his life had not been terly bewitching. She was gone like devoid of trouble. a flash; but her image lingered in Mr. Leith's memory. He was not a very talkative man; but he began to cultivate Caroline Maybrick's acquaintance, and soon found that the girl in the brown holland dress was her sister. He grew so friendly that Caroline ventured to ask him to take tea with them in the kitcken one afternoon. The farmer was quite willing, but Jessie objected very strongly, and threatened not to come in to eat at all.

"Beside," she said, "what does a gentleman want in a farmhouse

However, Mr. Leith seemed very much at home there, and delighted Caroline and her father by his bright little light there was fell upon her. flashes of wit. He did his best to please that afternoon; but it was only for the benefit of the farmer and his elder daughter, or did his eyes wander in the direction of Jessie's slim figure? He could not understand why it was that the girl always avoided him. If trembled like a leaf. She was going she had wished to arouse his interest to run out of the room, when his voice she could not have devised a better way. Her reserve piqed his curiosity, and he found her pretty face coming between him and the fusty old pages

of his books. Once he went for a long walk, and, returning home in the twilight, heard her at the piano, and paused to listen; but she caught sight of his figure outside of the window, and the music ceased in an instant. When he entered the room he found it empty; but soon," he said, "and it will be pleasa little bow of ribbon lay on the car- ant to think of these few moments pet. Mr. Leith whistled, walked to spent with you at the piano. the door, closed it carefully, and then picked up the bow with a shame-faced | ed Jessie, and something in her voice look, and actually kissed it. Then, made George Leith's heart beat more with fingers that trembled in a most | quickly. unaccountable way, he placed it in his

pocket book. Your sister is shy," he observed to Caroline, later on.

with a laugh; "but she hasn't got over sparkle, and a little smile quiveringbeing turned out of her room. It was on her sweet lips. But George Leith hers, you know, before you came, and | could not see these signs of merrishe hated the idea of father taking a ment.

enlightened, and next evening, as Jes- ness?" sie was eating an apple in the orchard, "You may if you like," said Jessie

the enemy bore down on her before she could beat a retreat. "Miss Jesson" he said, taking off his hat, "you her laughter. must not run away. I want to speak

"What is it?" asked Jessie, coldly, throwing her apple over the hedge. She had no longer an appetite for it. "I want to apologize for having un-

consciously taken possession of your little parlor. It makes me feel like an "Who told you it was my parlor?" asked Jessie, trying to steel her heart

against him; but thinking all the same, what a handsome man he was, with his blue eyes, and tawny beard. "Never mind who told me," said George Leith, with a smile. "I know

I have unconsciously deprived you of your piano ever since I have been here, and I want you to forgive me." "It is I who ought to ask your forriveness," returned Jessie. "I have

often stolen in to have an hour with my piano when you have been out." She smiled and colored as she spoke, unable to resist the winning sweetness of his voice and manner.

They stood watching the moon above the tree tops, talking pleasantly, until Caroline came to the door, and called her sister. . "Where on earth have you been, Jes-

sie?" she asked. "Talking to Mr. Leith," returned Jessie, as she followed her into the

"Wonders will never cease," exclaimed Caroline. "I thought you hated him; but there; I think he would talk anyone over with that pleasant

voice of his." Jessie thought so too; but she did not give vent to her opinion in words. She was looking unusually well; a color became her, but it was not the rose flush upon her cheeks that made her look so lovely. There was a change in her to-night, and her sister was vaguely conscious of it, as the girl stood looking down into the glowing fire in the kitchen grate.

"Our Jessie is growing a regular beauty," observed Caroline to her father, when her sister had gone up to

"Handsome is as handsome does," returned Mr. Maybrick, puffing away at his pipe. Jessie's education had cost him no end of money, while the more homely Caroline had put pounds in his pocket.

But Mr. Maybrick had no eye for beauty. He was not like his lodger, who could get very little sleep for thinking of a pair of bright eyes and a slim girlish figure.

Next morning, as Mr. Leith sat at breakfast, he caught sight of Jessie talking to a stoutly built, curly headed young fellow, and his heart gave a jealous throb.

Who was that rustic she seemed so interested in? He could not be her sweetheart—surely a girl like Jessie would not throw herself away on such an awkward cub.

Mr. Leith tried to read his newspaper, and forget the happy-looking couple in the garden; but it was of no

There they were, parading up and down in the full view of his window. and now and then their voices were wafted to him on the breeze.

He felt he could stand it no longer. and slammed down the window in a rage. What was the use of coming to the country for quiet, if people would

persist in making such a racket?

He took his hat and went for a walk, and when he returned home, had the pleasure of seeing that rustic through the kitchen window, dining with the family.

Mr. Leith closed the door of his room; but he could not shut out the sound of that fellow's noisy laughter. "If he is a frequent guest, my stay here will not be of very long duration,'

he thought. Presently, to his intense annoyance, he saw Jessie and the stranger out in the garden again, and after his own dinner had been served, he heard Miss Caroline calling them in to tea, and found that the young man's name was Bob-detestable name! Mr. Leith had never felt more miserable than he did

Mr. Leith was sitting in the dark, and presently heard voices outside the

"I am sure he is out, child," said Caroline. "The lamp is not lit-you can go in and play for a little while, and Mr. Leith will never be a bit the

He did not hear Jessie answer-her voice was not so loud, but the door opened, and she came into the room, going straight over to the piano.

Mr. Leith held his breath. lying back in the arm chair, while Jessie played softly in the darkness. He could see the dim outline of her form, as she sat at the piano for what

He was angry with her-most unreasonably angry, but he could not lose the chance of speaking to her alone.

"Miss Jessie," he said quietly.

Jessie gave a faint scream. He had
trightened her so much that she

arrested her movement. "I shall be sorry that I revealed myself if you are going to run away," he went on. "It is not often I have the

chance of hearing you playing, Miss Jessie." Jessie sat down at the piano, but she did not play. Her little brown hands were trembling too much. Mr.

Leith rose, and stood by her side. "I shall be going back to London, "lou are going away soon," falter-

"I saw you with that young fellow to-day," he said abruptly. "You seemed very happy."

"Bob and I are always like that," "It isn't that," responded Caroline, observed Jessie, her eyes beginning to

lodger."
"I hope you always will be," h
"Oh," said Mr. Leith, considerably said. "May I wish you every happi-

her laughter. "When is it to be?" asked Mr. Leith trying to speak lightly, but not succeeding very well.
"When is what to be?" asked Jessie

with a little gasp. "Your marriage, of course," re-turned Mr. Leith, rather coldly, for he knew now that she was laughing at

"I think you are putting the cart before the horse," observed Jessie, de-

murely.
"What do you mean?" he asked impatiently. "I mean." said Jessie, growing suddenly dignified, "that I have no lover,

so it is rather premature to talk of my marriage." "Then that young man?" began Mr.

Leith. "Is the affianced husband of my dearest friend." As she uttered these words Jessie rose from the piano to find herself clasped in the arms of her father's lodger.

"And to think," said Miss May-brick afterward, "that you should make all that fuss about Mr. Leith coming, and then marry him after all was never so surprised in my life!"

"It is the best thing that could have appened to her," observed her father. She never would have been worth anything as a farmer's wife;" and indeed this is true, but Jessie never wanted to be a farmer's wife, and is quite content with the destiny that had made her Mrs. George Leith.

Why "Thon?"

The attempt to introduce a neuter pronoun into the language for the purpose of doing away with the awk-ward phrases "he or she," "him or her," and "hers or his," is not meeting with any marked success. The word "thon" has been suggested as an escape from the difficulty; but, after all, is such a pronoun necessary? Objection is made that there is much clumsiness in such a sentence as, "Mr. A. and Mrs. B., having agreed to separate, divided their goods, and each took his or her share and went his or her way." We concede the clumsiness of this construction, but we do not concede the advisability of overcoming the perplexity by saying, "Mr. A. and Mrs. B. having agreed to separate, divided their goods, and each took thon share and went thon way,' when we may write, "Mr. A. and Mrs. B. having agreed to separate, divided their goods, and went their respective ways." We are told with much force that there is great awkwardness in writing, "If any boy or girl will diligently pursue the course I have marked out for him or her, he or she will surely reach the goal of his or her am-Of course there is awkwardontion. "If any boy or girl will diligently purthon, thon will surely reach the goal of thon ambition," when the trouble may he met by writing. "If boys and girls will diligently pursue the course I have marked out for them, they will surely reach the goal of their ambition;" or, "If any boy or girl will diligently pursue the course I have looked forward to by either will surely be reached." It does not seem to have occurred to those who have so strenuously urged

the new word that the language is allsufficient for the clear expression of every idea. Awkward sentences are multiplied for the purpose of showing the difficulties under which we at present labor, and as though these sentences were capable of no other forms than those in which they are presented. The following example is a case in point: "If the reader will take the trouble to reflect, he or she will agree with the decision we have reached;" but if we write, "If the reader will take the trouble to reflect, there will be no disagreement with the decision we have reached;" or, "Reflection will convince the reader that the decision we have reached is correct," the difficulty vanishes. Why manufacture a new pronoun when there is no necessity for a repetition of the personal pronoun complained of? If a thought cannot be expressed gracefully in one form, it is not difficult to find another which is not open to similar objection. No writer is compelled to write such a sentence as this: 'When a person has become tired of life, should he or she be forced to endure it?" The trouble would seem to lie in the use of the singular pronoun. Adopt the plural in such cases and the perplexity disappears. It is true there are circumstances in which the singular number is imperatively demanded, as: "If I discover who threw a stone through my library window, I will have him or her punished;" but the sentence loses nothing in clearness when it is written, "If I discover who threw a stone through my library window. I will have the offender punished." We do not believe there is any emergency that seems to call for the new pronoun, so loudly demanded, which cannot be met. The whole difficulty lies in seeing only one method of expressing a thought .- Boston Ga-

The Chloral Habit and Life Insurance. "The chloral habit," says the Baltimore Underwriter, "is steadily on the increase, not only among sufferers from constant insomnia, but among persons subject to milder forms o nervous irritation, to the strain and excitement of speculative ventures, or to the wear and tear of late hours and fashionable dissipation. This nepenthe is more seductive to people of refinement than the juice of the poppy, and habitual surrender to its domonination s harder to break than the opium habit. To the usual questions in the application for life insurance as to the use or abuse of alcoholic drinks, tobacco and opium, may well be added scrutiny as to hydrate of chloral, for many persons who never use the former would have to pleade guilty to more or less frequent recourse to the United States, but manufacturers possession of by the police, and half latter."

When a man has his watch stolen, it is a sign that he's not a watch in, and there should be a watch out .- Chicago Sun.

The Marchioness of Lorne is an inveterate -learette smoker.

FACT AND FANCY.

Los Angeles county, California, boasts of 275,000 sheep. A prune orchard of thirteen thou-

sand trees is being set out near Gilroy, Twenty dollars per cord is the price of wood at Tombstone, Arizona, and

it is scarce at that. Twenty-two of the great sugar planations of the island of Cuba are farmed by the Jesuit order.

There are 333 boys on board the United States training-ship New Hampshire, at Newport, R. I. It is stated that Lord Garmoyle at the opera in New York changes his

gloves whenever the curtain falls. The largest potato starch factory in the world is at Carlbon, Me. Its capacity is from 200,000 to 250,000 bushels.

New Hampshire has 193 Presbyterian churches. Seventy-five of them do not sustain permanent preaching without help. The Massachusetts legislature has

refused to allow a woman preacher of quired by his neighbors. His neigh-Nantucket to perform the marriage bors meant everybody—peasants and townspeople—for miles around, and Dr. Dio Lewis says that tomatoes

by a physician. The Columbian university, of Wash-

The widow of Gen. Stonewall Jackson has consented that his war-horse, Old Sorrel, shall be exhibited at the New Orleans exposition for the benefit

of the Confederate Soldiers' home. A Kansas City physician expresses the opinion that hundreds of people are buried alive every year, and that an average of three out of every hundred corpses might be resusitated.

A Chinese opium den has just been broken up at Dalton, Tex., in which peepholes were rented for 25 cents per hour to those who wished to watch the female victims of the drug enjoy its influence.

A large meteor fell recently near Gainesville, Ga. Its course lay directly over the town, and, as it passed, so intense was its brightness that it rendered objects in darkened dove, he followed the example of his

rooms plainly visible. The diaphragm of a new telephone through which, conversation has been held between New York and Cleveland is made of cork. The extreme sensitiveness of this substance to the tones of the human voice is a late discov-

It is like a story of '49 to read that at a recent performance at the Standard club he carried on the business of the in the use of his bamboo. Of course a theater. San Francisco, an apprecianess in it, but why should we write it, tive man became so enthusistic over the introductory portion of the per- tight hand over such clubs, and as- soon beats the flesh into a black and sue the course I have marked out for formance that he began throwing suredly would not have permitted a deadened mass, which is often broken money on the stage.

The ink pencils lately brought into use are stated to be dangerous innova-tions, as the transfer of writing made by them is a very easy matter. Any signature can be reproduced by using two sheets of dampened paper. The first will take the impression reversed marked out, the goal of ambition and the next will receive it precisely

as originally written. About a decade ago a German postal official hit upon the idea of printing a New Year's wish upon the bands or wrappers of mail matter that was addressed to foreign countries. The conceit took, and now the middle officials in nearly every country in the postal union greet each other, at the beginning of the year, in this novel

way. Dr. Crudelli, of Rome, gives the folefficacious when quinine has given no to England, and one or two to Dublin. relief: Cut up a lemon, peel and pulp, Among the last was Rossa, who came in thin slices, and boil it in a pint and out of prison to find his business rua half of water until it is reduced to ined. half a pint. Strain through a linen cold. The entire liquid is taken fast-

tions that failed in 1884 is 121, 11 of inces, now in breaking up the meetings which were national banks, 22 state of such nationalists as refused to conbanking institutions. Nineteen of messengers that were constantly comdisconnected from the element of fraud, and 67, or more than one-half of them, dress, as well as by a truculence which senoritas, are alive, their poses are to some form of speculation.

It is asserted by some wicked person that it is now the custom for lovers to write peculiarly affectionate remarks on the outside of envelopes, and to cover such remarks with a postagestamp. Thus a young man may write ing considerable difficulty in getting a a note which any young girl could show to her mother, while at the same time he could use the most affectionate language under cover of a stamp. All the young lady has to do is secret-ly to remove the stamp without destroying the writing underneath.

narrates that he overheard a 16-yearold dandy say to a still younger belle: two gentlemen were deputed by O'Ma-"I am glad that my family got out of trade fifty years ago. My father was never in business, but devoted himself take place on the ensuing anniversary ple, so to speak, of the lamented to a science as a hobby. He made of Emmet's execution. In stepping several discoveries, you know, that ashore Mechan lost some important have got a permanent place in the books." Then he looked into the girl's face for admiring wonder, but saw picked up and placed in the hands of only gentle commiseration. So your the authorities. The leading conspirpoor papa had employment?" she ators were greatly dismayed and said, and then, with a gleam of proud hardly to be restrained by Stephens disdain she added: "My father never, and Rossa (the latter being a merciful never did anything at all."

The consumption of chocolate in Meehan severely. this country is largely on the increase, cocoa beans come from Venezula and and caught nearly every one of them of the seven planets, seven times, Mexico, and the cheapest from San of any consequence at a single sweep. and passes through its seven races and Domingo. The two great chocolate On the night of the 15th of September | ebbs away again, but the great rest have greatly the advantage. Pre-pared chocolate entering this country has a duty of 2 cents per pound to pay, while the same goods entering France | by the success of the rebellion. must pay 16 cents per pound.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA.

America's Famous Dynamite Chieftain's Ca

The St. James' (London) Gazette pub lished a year ago the subjoined account of the life of O'Donovan Rossa prior to his removal to America. Since that event Mr. Rossa has figured prominently as the head of what is known as the skirmishing fund, and it has become the fashion, whenever there have been developments of a sensational character in connection with the Irish revolutionary party in the United Kingdom, to attribute them to the machinations of Rossa and his confederates upon this side of the Atlantic, whether or not with justice it is hard to tell; but certain it is that Mr. Rossa has not sought to evade the notoriety that this might bring him. The Gazette article says: "It is just a quarter of a century since O'Donovan Rossa became a public character. He was then about 28, strongly built, overflowing with life, and abounding in frolic. In those days he kept a shop in Skibbereen, selling everything in the way of food and clothing re-Rossa, being universally popular, was are a medicine and not a food, and a thriving man. His proper name was should only be eaten when prescribed Jeremiah O'Donovan; but, as there was quite a tribe of O'Donovans in that quarter, and a score at least of Jerries. ington, has decided to admit women to the study of medicine, with the same privileges accorded to men.

quar shopkeeper got an additional and distinctive appellation, taken from his birthplace—Ross-carberry.

"Rossa was an early convert to Fen-ianism—or, as it is called by the initiated this side of the Atlantic, the I(rish) R(epublican) B(rotherhood)having been sworn in so far back as 1853. He was already a man of mark, not unpoor, friendless lad, his strong qualities and business aptitude had made with the 'tag-rag' of the brotherhood -delighted to make. Having named Rossa the district C., the 'captain' went his way, leaving the new officer to swear in as many of his acquaint-ances as he could persuade to join. Putting his heart into the work, Rossa gathered a regiment some handreds strong in and about Skibbereen. This fellow-chiefs elsewhere, established a Phonix club, in compliment to O'Mahoney, whose branch of the conspiracy, not then so strong as it afterward beconspiracy with such skill.

he spent the earlier half of that year in America, teaching O'Mahoney, who was greatly in need of the lesson, how to organize. And, in consequence, the demonstrative and agressive Rossa, being left very much to himself, contrived to attract the attention of the government, The whole affair was very curious, and, on many accounts. merits elucidation. Suffice it to say now, that Rossa and a number of his associates were arrested, tried and convicted. But it was the interest of everybody concered to make as light of the affair as possible, so that the prisoners, after many months of imprisonment, were released in 1859, on condition of coming up for judgment when called upon. They were now all

His fellow-Phœnix men drifted about The total number of banking institu- in one or the other of the Irish provdistinguished himself by zeal and ad-Irish in those days.

"At length that notorious journal, The Irish People, was established toward the close of 1863, and Rossa became the nominal proprietor. He now took a wife for the second time, findpriest to perform the ceremony, in such disrepute at the time was the conspiracy with the great body of the Irish Roman Catholic clergy. Shortly afterward Rossa started to America on Fenian business. After a short stay on the other side of the water he returned to Ireland toward the end of A guest at a fashionable reception July, 1865, in company with Messrs. P. W. Dunn and P. J. Meehan. These take place on the ensuing anniversary fully explained. These papers were as good as they are beautiful. and Rossa (the latter being a merciful man in those days) from punishing

"The government took no action unone manufacturer stating that last til within a few days of the date fixed year he made 1,500,000 pounds and for the insurrection. Then, however, periods follow each incarnation. The used a ton of sugar per day. The best it flung its net over the Fenian leaders, tide of humanity flows on to each in the former country, so far as the in- an hour later Rossa himself, who, like manity is perfected. At an incalculaterchange of markets is concerned, most of the other leaders, had been bly remote period the whole of the

"On the 10th of September Stephens | Tovonto Globe.

was caught and placed in the next cell to Rossa in Richmond bridewell. A Fenian, one Frank Byrne, ex-soldier of the Papal brigade, was one of the warders, and Stephens escaped. Thanks to Byrne, Rossa and the others were parfectly aware of what was going on that night, and lay still, confident that their turn would come ere long. We all know how miserably

they were disappointed.
"At the trial that followed, Rossa rendered himself conspicuous above his fellows by audacity and energy. In return he got the heaviest sentence of any—penal servitude for life. When released in 1871 he was an altered man. He was no longer lighthearted and rollicking. He had lost his geniality and fun. He seemed to have lost altogether his rough but hearty kindness. At the same time he preserved all his intelligence, firmness and energy. He was a (or rather the) Fenian martyr, and he had the repute of being the most honest and trustworthy of all the chiefs. It was natural, therefore, that he should gather to himself a strong party of the American Fenians, and as natural that the said party should exceed all the others in steady ferocity of purpose."

## Discipline in the Chinese Army.

The Shanghia correspondent of The London and Chinese Telegraph thus reports: "I am told that the garrison of the Woosung forts is to be reinforced by four thousand men, who will march for their post in a day or two. A few. Chinese soldiers passed through the settlement to-day in full panoply of war-that is, all of them had umbrellas opened out to keep their jackets, dry as they marched in the rain. Some of them had rifles on their shouldeservedly; for, beginning life at 16 a ders in any way but the right one, more of them had flags with which to scare the French. They were most of him comparatively rich. He was just them fine fellows, but lack the very the sort of recruit that the shewd essentials of making them formidable Stephens-who never troubled himself | against an enemy, although they will no doubt prove formidable to the peasantry in the neighborhood of their camp. The lack of discipline is a fruitful cause of trouble in the Chinese army; officers are often unfit for their positions, and unable to control the men under them by gentle means, but they are willing to use harsh ones. Flogging is quite common in the Chinese camp, and there appears to be no limit to the number of strokes mechanics' institute and reading-room- an offender may receive. For any and became an ardent social reformer. | infraction of the rules of propriety any He dubbed his literary association the number of strokes from fifty to five hundred, or even five thousand, may be given. I have often seen two thousand administered to a man for came, was known as the Phœnix asso- slight offenses. Sometime the lictor ciation. And under the cover of this | himself gets licked for being to gentle long-continued beating on the fleshy "James Stephens usually kepf a part of the thighs, however gentle, number of vagaries in which Rossa and bleeding, and takes a long time to and the Phoenix men indulged in 1858, cure. The marks generally remain nad he been at home. As it happened, during life, but that is a matter of small consideration to officers who have themselves suffered such punishments. Sometimes the officers appear to have a desire of avenging themselves on the unfortunate members of their corps as an atonement for the wrongs they have themselves suffered. Cutting off a finger or an ear, sometimes the lips, is resorted to as a punishment for slight offenses. Many Chinese officers have but one ear."

## An American Mute Artist.

I have been looking at two pictures. writes a Paris correspondent, by an artist who has been a deaf-mute ever since his infancy. Mr. Humphrey Moore, however, talks as nimbly with lowing directions for preparing a marked men; so most of them took his fingers as other persons do with remedy for malaria, which has proved themselves off—some to America, some their tongues, and that, too, in some four or five languages. He is one of our best American painters, and these two canvases are attracting a great deal of attention. One is a characteristic Spanish scene, a view of the cloth, squeezing the remains of the in the world; he was far too useful a Athambra; twelve dancers and musiboiled lemon, and set it aside until man to be allowed to drift. Stephens cians on and around a table; two cotook him as a confidential aid and kept | quettish ladies seated in chairs enjoyhim employed—now as an organizer | ing themselves with the gossip of these. cabotins, and in the background the old Moorish palace. In truth, the scene is a living one. The physiognobanks, 11 savings banks, and 77 private spire, and now as one of the series of mies each had their proper character. their individuality, and yet all are these failures are traceable to the fraud ing and going between the American participating in the common action of bank officers; 25 of them resulted and European branches of the con- that bids fair to bring them in plentifrom unfortunate operations in stocks, spiracy. In all these avocations Rossa | ful supply of coin. These players. this beautiful dance, these ravishing were due, either directly or indirectly, was thoroughly good-humored and easy and natural, their local costumes accuracy itself. Mr. Moore has reproduced with marvelous fidelity the black eyes, the luscious lips, the graceful forms, the exact colors which he saw in Seville and elsewhere out-ofdoors in that picturesque land. The figures are small, almost minute, and yet with what a vigorous touch, with what great finesse, has he laid on all the artistic details that were necessary to give to them a moving actuality. This remark is equally true as applied to the other pciture, a scene in Japan, and which is brim-full of the local color of that far-off empire. For these two pictures Mr. Crocker paid for the' Spanish \$7,000, and for the Japanese one \$4,000. Bonnat pronounces both ple, so to speak, of the lamented Fortuny, whose widow is one of Mrs. Moore's most intimate friends. Both papers in a way that has never been | these ladies are Spanish, and both are

## A Sensible Creed. An important part of the Buddhist

creed is the belief in the alternations of periods of repose with periods of activity. As man sleeps every twentyfour hours, and vegetation subsides and revives with the seasons, so rest will have its great cosmic night .-