

**IF I WERE YOU**

Why did he look so grave? she asked, What might the trouble be?  
 "My little maid," he sighing said, "Suppose that you were me, And you a weighty secret owned, Pray tell me what you'd do?"  
 "I think I'd tell it somebody," Said she, "if I were you!"  
 But still he sighed and looked askance, Despite her sympathy.  
 "Oh, tell me, little maid," he said Again, "if you were me, And if you loved a pretty lass, Oh, then, what would you do?"  
 "I think I'd go and tell her so," Said she, "if I were you!"  
 "My little maid, 'tis you," he said, "Alone are dear to me."  
 Ah, then, she turned away her head, And ne'er a word said she.  
 But what he whispered in her ear, And what she answered, too— O no, I can not tell you this: I'd guess, if I were you!

—Chambers' Journal.

**"ELIZA"**

"She makes a perfect picture, out there in that tropical sunshine," said Mr. Villars. "Look at her, with that scarlet ribbon at her neck and those coils of hair waving blue-black in the intense light! It is like a dream of Italy!"  
 "Yes," said Mrs. Leeds, "she is very pretty, but that doesn't signify so much. She's a good, smart girl, and don't lose any time looking at herself in the glass, like some I've had."  
 "Where did you pick her up?" asked the young clergyman, carelessly drawing the newspaper from his pocket as he sat down on the carpet of pine needles under the big evergreen tree.  
 "Didn't pick her up anywhere," said Mrs. Leeds tartly (for this was a part of the transaction that had never been quite satisfactory to her business like soul). "She came along."  
 "Came along?" (with a slight accent of surprise).  
 "Yes—looking for work."  
 Mr. Villars lifted his eyebrows.  
 "Then how do you know who she is?" he asked.  
 "I don't know!" retorted Mrs. Leeds, unconsciously betraying her weak point by this irritability of manner; "but I know what she is, and that's more to the purpose. She's the best washer that ever crossed my threshold; as docile as a kitten, and as smart as a cricket; does twice the work of anyone else that I ever had; and if she's ever tired, she don't say so."  
 Mrs. Leeds bustled off to interview Farmer Parks for more Alderney ream for the summer boarders, now that the house was beginning to fill up.  
 Mr. Villars improvised a pillow out of his coat, folding it cylinderwise and placed under his head, and closed his eyes in a sort of summer dream among the pine boughs and butterflies.  
 And Eliza, spreading out blackberries to dry on the board platform that had been erected along the garden fence, began to sing softly to herself. She was very silent ordinarily, but somehow it seemed as if the sunshine had thawed out her very heart to-day.  
 Mr. Villars had been right. There was something of the atmosphere of Italy about Eliza—her eyes were so deep and dark, her hair so glossily black, her cheek stained with such a rich olive.  
 Moreover, she did not move like the girls of rock-bound New England. There was a subtle, gliding motion—a languor of gracefulness in her gait—which was foreign to all her surroundings.  
 The girls of the vicinage did not fraternize with Eliza when, at rare intervals, she accompanied Mrs. Leeds to church, sewing circle, or village gathering; for in Stapleville the employer and employe occupied one all-comprehensive social platform.  
 They said she was "odd;" they looked at her askance; and Eliza, always very quiet in her ways, made no effort to insinuate herself into their good graces.  
 Why should she? What did it signify, one way or the other, whether Deborah Smart, and Keziah Hayes, and Abby Jane Clark liked her or not, as long as Mrs. Leeds was pleased with her?  
 But the village girls made one error in their calculations. They had not intended, as the time crept on, to emphasize their antipathy to Mrs. Leeds' Eliza so strongly as to awake a partisan feeling in Mr. Villars' breast; but they did so, unconsciously to themselves.  
 "Why do they neglect that girl so?" the young clergyman asked himself. "Can they not see how infinitely superior she is to them? It's a shame!"  
 And so Abby Jane Clark, the Deborah Smart, and Keziah Hayes sealed their own doom, so far as Mr. Villars was concerned.  
 There was not one of them but would have been delighted to win a smile, a glance, a pleasant word from the young man who was summering at the Leeds farm house.  
 But, alas! like the priest and the Levite, he passed by on the other side; and when the village girls, in their afternoon muslins and ribbons, sat at their windows and wondered why "he came not," he was, in nine cases out of ten helping Eliza to gather peaches for tea; standing be-

side the brook, while she spread out towels and pocket-handkerchiefs to bleach, or even explaining to her the difference between the notes of the thrush and the woodlark, the speckled eggs of the robin and the pearl gray treasure of the whip-poor-will.  
 "He seems to be taking a notion to her," said Mrs. Leeds to herself, as she eyed the pair shrewdly from her milkroom window. "Well, why shouldn't he? It's true he's a minister, and my own nephew; but in my mind Eliza is good enough for any man. My sakes! won't Abby Jane Clark be mad? If ever a girl wanted to be a parson's wife, Abby Jane does!"  
 Thus things were progressing, when one day a smart young tradesman from an adjoining town came to board out his fortnight's vacation at Deacon Clark's.  
 The Clarks were a well-to-do family; but the deacon was a little close in his financial administration, and Mrs. Clark and Abby Jane were not averse to earning a new dress now and then out of the rent of their big spare-room. And Mr. Trudkins brought a letter of recommendation from a friend in Packerton, and he dressed in the latest fashion, and had a big black mustache that overshadowed his upper lip like a penthouse.  
 "Oh, ma, how very genteel he is!" said Abby Jane, all in a flutter of admiration.  
 "A very nice young man, indeed," responded the deacon's wife.  
 And the very next week Abby Jane came down to the Leeds farm house.  
 "Have you heard this news about your Eliza?" she asked of the farmer's wife in a mysterious whisper.  
 "Eh?" said Mrs. Leeds.  
 "She's nothing but a play actress!" said Abby Jane, nodding her head until the stuffed blue bird on her hat quivered as if it were alive. "Mr. Alphonso Trudkins saw her himself in the Great New York Combination Troupe. She was acting a woman who was married to a Cuban, and lost her pocket-handkerchief, and was afterward choked with the pillows off the best bed. Desdemona her name was, I think."  
 "Well, and suppose she was?" said Mrs. Leeds, who was too good a General to let the enemy see what havoc had been carried into her camp. "What then?"  
 "What then!" echoed Abby Jane. "Well, I do declare, Mrs. Leeds, I am surprised!"  
 "I don't believe a word of it!" said Mrs. Leeds, defiantly.  
 "But Mr. Trudkins saw her with his own eyes!" cried Abby Jane, flushing scarlet with indignation. "He knew her the minute he looked at her yesterday in church. Elizabeth Ellesmere her name was, he says, in the advertisements, and she danced a dance, with a yellow scarf and a lot of roses, between the pieces, making herself out to be a Spanish mandolin player. It's enough to make one's hair stand on end to hear Mr. Trudkins tell about it."  
 "It don't do to believe all one hears," said Mrs. Leeds, losing all count of the eggs she was breaking into a china bowl, in her consternation. "And Stapleville does beat all for gossip."  
 "Well, you can ask her yourself, and see if she dares deny it!" said Abby Jane, exultantly. "Here she comes now. Ask her—only ask her!"  
 And Eliza came into the kitchen, with the spice box in her hand. Mr. Villars followed close behind, fanning himself with a straw hat.  
 "I have come from the men in the hay-field," said he. "They want another jug of cool ginger and water, with plenty of molasses stirred in, Aunt Leeds. Good morning, Miss Clark! I hope the deacon is quite well this morning?"  
 Abby Jane turned pink, and smiled her most seductive smile.  
 "Oh, quite so," she simpered. "I—only came on—"  
 "Is it true, Eliza?" Mrs. Leeds asked, sharply. "Have you been deceiving me? Are you a play-actress all this time?"  
 Eliza's large eyes turned slowly first to one, then to another of the little group. She did not blush—it was not her way—but the color ebbed slowly away from her cream-paled cheek.  
 "I have been deceiving nobody," said she. "I am not an actress now. I have been one. But I did not like the life, and so I left it. If any one had asked me, I should have told them about it long ago."  
 Mr. Villars came forward and stood at the girl's side, as he saw his aunt shrink away.  
 "Well," he said, "even taking it all for granted, where is the harm?"  
 "Charles! Charles!" cried Mrs. Leeds, putting up her hands with a gesture of warning. "Remember poor Avicé!"  
 "It is because I remember her that I speak thus," said Mr. Villars, calmly. "I had an elder sister once," he added, turning to Abby Jane Clark, "who ran away from home and became an actress. She had talents far above the average, but my parents were old-fashioned people, and their ideas ran in narrow grooves. They disapproved of the stage, so Alice left us. Whether she is dead or living we

know not, but wherever she is, I am sure that she can not but be good and true and pure."  
 Abby Jane's eyes fell under his calm glance. She was a little sorry that she had chosen to come hither and bear the news herself.  
 Somehow, Mr. Villars had taken it in a different spirit from what she had anticipated. And Eliza's soft, languidly-modulated voice broke on the constrained silence like drops of silver dew.  
 "I have been an actress, and perhaps I should still have been on the stage," she said, "had it not been for circumstances. My father dealt in stage properties, and I was brought up to the business, but still I never liked it. But one can not easily step out of the path where one's feet have been placed, especially if one is a woman."  
 "However, the turning point came at last. Our leading lady fell sick of a contagious fever, in a lonely village where we had stopped to play one night. The manager packed up everything in a panic, and bade us all to be ready to go. I told him I could not leave Mrs. Montague alone. He said that if I left the company thus, I should never return to it."  
 "Well, what could I do? The stage was my living, it is true, but our leading lady had no friends. It would have been inhuman to desert her, so I stayed behind and took care of her. She died, poor thing, and it swallowed up all my earnings to bury her decently."  
 "And then I tried here and there to earn my living as best I could. I was not always successful. More than once I have been hungry and homeless; but, heaven be praised, I have always found friends before the worst came to the worst. Now you know all," she concluded quietly, leaning up against the door, where the swinging scarlet beans made a fantastic background for her face.  
 Mr. Villars had advanced a step or two toward Eliza as she spoke; his gaze had grown intent.  
 "This—this leading lady of whom you mention," said he, with an effort. "Do you remember her name? Her real name, I mean?"  
 "They called her Katharine Montague on the bills," said Eliza. "If she had any other name, she never told me what it was. I say if, because—because—Oh, Mr. Villars, I never quite understood it before, but there is a look in your eyes that reminds me of her! I have been startled by the familiar expression many a time, but I never could convince myself where the link of association belonged. And—and I still keep a little photograph of her that I found in her Bible after she was dead. I kept them both. Wait, and I will bring them to you."  
 Mr. Villars gazed at the picture in silence. Mrs. Leeds uttered a little cry of recognition.  
 "Heaven be good to us!" she wailed; "it is our Avicé, sure enough."  
 For the leading lady in Mr. Roderick Applegate's Great Combination Troupe, the poor soul who had died and been buried away from all her friends, had been Avicé Villars.  
 The sequel of this little life idyl is simple enough. Any one may guess it. Charles Villars married Eliza. And even the most fastidious "sisters" of her husband's flock can utter no word of reproach against the minister's wife, although she makes no secret of the fact that she was once an actress.  
 And poor Abby Jane Clark is chewing the bitter husks of disappointment. For even Mr. Trudkins has gone back to Packerton without declaring himself.  
 "There's no dependence to be put upon men," says Abby Jane disconsolately.—Helen Forrest Graves.

**My Uncle in China.**

The pawn-shop in China is a queer institution. It is quite different from anything you ever saw. They are very large and especially high stone buildings, and as nearly fire and burglar proof as possible. In fact, they are nearly twice as high as other buildings. In the winter the women send their winter-clothing to the pawn-shop for safe-keeping; in the fall they take them out and put the summer suits in. A lady with several elaborate costumes will have them in pawn for safe-keeping only. In the morning she will say: "Precious damsel whom the gods love to smile upon," which probably means Bridget if translated to Irish, "go to the pawn-shop and get my No. 1 suit; Mrs. May-your-shadow-never-grow-less," which is likely Mrs. Yun Lung or Sour Kee in Chinese "is going to call on me to-day." The precious one will put her head out of the window and say: "Adorable mistress of the four seas alle thinkee catches plenty lain to-day; more better you wear no finee suit." But the dress will be taken out of pawn and returned again after the visit. When the owner becomes tired of the suit the shopkeeper is instructed to sell it.—Cor. St. Paul Globe.

**SNIFLES GOES GUNNING,**  
 And Has a Five Days Sport at the Expense of the Dog.



No. 1. Borrows Snipes Gun and Dog.



No. 2. Thinks it will Work all Right.



No. 3. The Bird has Flown.



No. 4. In Hot Pursuit.



No. 5. Won't Get Left this Time.



No. 6. And He Didn't.

Ten man-eating whales were captured recently by two men in San Diego bay. It has never been supposed that these fish lived in that locality.  
 Less than four out of each hundred Americans lived in cities in 1790. The city population had increased in 1840 to 8 per cent, and is now 22.  
 The Central park authorities in New York paint the obelisk with paraffine to protect it from the disintegrating climatic effects.

**SPIRITUALISM IN RUSSIA.**  
 Making More Scientific than Popular Progress.

The eccentric modern movement termed spiritualism, so widely spread in Europe and America, has also visited Russia and penetrated into even the most remote of her provinces. The Colossus, writes a St. Petersburg correspondent, has passed through all the phases of table-turning, rappings, spirit materialization, and similar marvels, and has had by no means a scant harvest of writing, rapping, curing, and prophesying "mediums." The Russian "mediums," however, have never attained the world-wide reputation of the Homes, Davenport, Katie Kings, and *utii quanti*. They have been generally of a familiar domestic description, and their doings and sayings, however remarkable, have been mostly confined to the narrow circle of home and friends. But, strange to say, it is in this country that spiritualism, as the development of the science of psychology, has found its most earnest interpreters, and it is in St. Petersburg and Moscow that these curious manifestations have attracted and interested such men as Prof. Boutleroff, of European celebrity, and Prof. Wagner, both attached to the Petersburg university; the Russian savant, Mr. Alexander Axakoff, Prof. Tourkevitch, Dr. Basil Mihaloff, and many more distinguished men of science and letters, such as Dastoeny, Solovieff, and Dimitri Tserleff. Having found hospitality in such an exalted circle, spiritualism ceased to be an amusement for drawing-room idlers, and became a problem with pretensions to a scientific solution. The public was lost in amazement at first to behold three scientific stars of capital magnitude pay the most concentrated and serious attention to this question in its modern form, to the moving and rapping of tables, the trances of somnambulists, and the pranks and antics of so-called "mediums," which the conclave of experimenters had over from England, Germany, and even America, regardless of expense. Both Mr. Boutleroff and Mr. Wagner had previously been declared enemies of this movement, and the most inveterate materialists withal, so that at first they were supposed by their colleagues at the university and by the students to have gone out of their minds.  
 It may be said here that such a collection of *chevaliers d'industrie* and bold adventuresses as those "mediums" proved to be was rarely met with anywhere out of a fair. The scientific investigators were at first much disconcerted at the evident deception played upon them, but nevertheless persevered and carried on a series of the most minutely and carefully controlled observations upon and investigations into the more genuine of those phenomena organizations called "mediums," and finally came to the positive conclusion that there was something in it after all. They then proceeded with marvelous patience to ferret out the small grains of truth in the midst of deception, bad faith, and greed for money. The results of this most tedious task, which lasted for years were as follows: Prof. Boutleroff came to the conclusion that the manifestations called spiritual are founded upon a series of curious facts having their source in some force hitherto unknown, but by no means unknowable. He admits, together with the English specialist in chemistry, Mr. Crookes, the existence of a more subtle and refined state of matter than those hitherto known, which can become perceptible only in a certain condition of the body, a condition usually produced by magnetism and more easily attained by so-called "mediums," i. e., organizations more than ordinarily susceptible and nervous. Prof. Boutleroff has given a great deal of time and care to the research of this mysterious agent, and his experiments have confirmed the discovery of Mr. Crookes.  
 The Russian spiritualists, who have few adherents among their compatriots, and have had to put up with a great deal of annoyance on the part of the public as well as on that of the government, do not seek to popularize their ideas as yet, but rather to consolidate them and gather them into a scientific formula. They consequently seek to attract into their circle men of science, doctors, materialists; in short, persons deprived of romantic sentimentality and religious enthusiasm, so as to fairly place the question upon a new ground, not letting it degenerate into sectarianism, giving no food whatever to the imagination, and so rendering it interesting to positive and serious minds.  
 Had this programme been perseveringly adhered to the question might have made progress, but both Prof. Boutleroff and Wagner adopted (although most unwillingly, at first,) the hypothesis that these manifestations must be produced by the spirits of former inhabitants of this planet, and this point of view having been prematurely given to the world in a series of articles principally due to the pen of Prof. Wagner, and published in one of the best periodicals, threw great discredit on the cause at the very outset, and made people open their eyes in astonishment at the credulity of the professors. Perceiving their imprudence and the blows

this hypothesis was going to strike at the whole structure, Messrs. Boutleroff and Wagner turned abruptly on another track, and in subsequent articles endeavored to keep on strictly objective ground concerning the cause of the manifestations. Russia now possesses a considerable literature on the subject which totally differs from productions of the same kind abroad, inasmuch as these articles are stamped with a spirit of genuine scientific research and present the subject in quite a new light.  
 The government does all in its power to discourage the movement, as it is supposed to be closely allied to socialism. Anyone having read the books of Andrew Jackson Davis will easily understand that such reading would never do for the Russian people at present, and of course all such works are strictly forbidden and are only read by a few persons. Spiritual manifestations are regarded not only by the clergy but even by the holy synod itself as having their origin in the source of all evil. Newspapers most unwillingly publish articles in favor of the question, though they eagerly accept anything against it. The censor is extremely severe, and it is in vain that Mr. Axakoff, who is a man of ample means, ready to sacrifice any sum, has endeavored to start some organ through which to acquaint persons interested therein with the results of the experiments made. Thus it will be seen that Messrs. Boutleroff, Wagner, and Axakoff, and their friends have to struggle against no ordinary difficulties. But they are men of no common energy and character, and, moreover, deeply convinced of the truth of the greater part of the doctrines taught by spiritualists, and though they move but slowly they have been able to draw into their circle persons of talent and distinction, who, if not all yet fully convinced, are greatly interested in the experiments.  
 Among the more cultivated members of the Russian clergy one sometimes meets with persons interested in spiritualism. They talk of it timidly and are visibly afraid of compromising themselves, but it is evident the subject possesses great attraction for them. I lately spoke with a very respectable and erudite orthodox priest, and asked him to give me his opinion concerning the manifestations. He told me that he fully believed in them, and could perceive nothing in these facts contrary to the teachings of the church. Among the common people in Russia the belief in ghosts, spirits, and all kinds of fantastic beings is almost universal, there not being perhaps in the world a more superstitious people. But all attempts to communicate with spirits of the dead inspire them with terror, and they consider persons who do so as magicians and sorcerers. As to the middle classes, there are among them a good many believers in spiritualism who even sometimes organize circles, but this is usually done in an off-and-on amateur sort of way, showing little genuine interest in the subject.  
 Like His Father.  
 The other evening there were several visitors at Colonel Gradson's house. The colonel takes great delight in "showing off" his little son, and when the boy appeared at the parlor door, the colonel said:  
 "Come in, Henry. Speak to the ladies and gentlemen. Ah, that's a man."  
 "He's a fine little fellow," said Mrs. Graftney, one of the visitors. "Come here, my little man."  
 The boy approached her and permitted her to lift him on to her lap.  
 "Why, you are heavy. How old are you?"  
 "Six years, goin' on seven."  
 "Yes, and you'll soon be'n man. What are you going to do when you become a man?"  
 "Do like pa does."  
 "How does he do?"  
 "Oh, sometimes when he comes home at night he falls over a chair—"  
 "Henry!" exclaimed the colonel.  
 "Falls over a chair and when maw gets mad he says it's a pretty way for a woman to go on just because a man takes two beers and—"  
 The colonel had seized him.—Arkansas Traveler.  
 Simile from Sam Jones.  
 The Rev. Sam Jones, at the Cartersville camp-meeting, was speaking of growing in grace, and of a religion that made men kind, and concluded by saying: "That is what we want—love toward God and love toward man. It is said the larks of Scotland are the sweetest singing birds of earth. No piece of mechanism that man has ever made has the soft, sweet, glorious music in it that the lark's throat has. When the farmers of Scotland walk out early in the morning they flush the larks from the grass, and as they rise they sing, and as they sing they circle, and higher and higher they go, circling as they sing, until at last the notes of their voices die out in the sweetest strains that earth ever listened to. Let us begin to circle up and sing as we circle, and go higher and higher, until we flood the Throne of God itself, and the strains of our voices melt in sweetest sympathy with the music of the skies."  
 In Massachusetts pneumonia has, since 1857, grown almost twice as fast as the population.