THE ADVERTISER.

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THE TRUE LOVER.

Do you ask me, starey eyes,
To describe the lover true?
Wonder not at my surprise,
Who should know as well as you?
Think of all that you have seen,
All the lovers that have been;
He is true whose love as shown
For her sake and not his own.

What he does, he does alone,
Yet he hopes it wins her thought,
All that in his soul has grown,
To her sovereign feet has brought;
To his soul her image clings,
She seems woven in all things,
And each thought that in him stirs
Is not for his sake, but for hers.

For her sake he will endure,
For her sake he will sacrifice;
Bravely bearing, her love sure,
Censure, slander, scorn, advice,
If another wins her heart,
Sadly from her he will part,
Sadly, bravely; true love is
For her sake not for his.

This is the true lover sweet—
True as ever I am true;
For my love is all complete,
Perfect since it comes from you,
Darling, yet 'tis not true—no!
For I could not let you go;
I must keep you where you've grown,
For my sake and for your own.

For your own, because I love
More than any other can;
More than ever love could move
Heart of any other man,
Look at me and then agree,
None have ever loved like me,
For whatever I may do
Is because I live in you.

Kiss, and so shut speech away,
When old age our life has spent,
'Twill be time enough to say,
What is love in argument?
For the present all stars shine;
You are here, and you are mine,
Love makes light, and song, and flowers,
For whose sake? Dear love for ours.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

Bertie Bliss in Home and Farm.

What will it matter if the path be rough?
The journey will be over some glad day,
And if I faint not weary by the way
I'll rest at last—and that will be enough!

What will it matter if life's sea be dark?
The land I seek is sunny, bright and fair;
And through the gloom my Lord can lead me there—
Can steer the drifting of my helpless barque.

What will it matter if my dearest aims
All come to naught? My blessed Savior knows
What dreams of mine would bring him glory—those
He perfects, blesses; nor my failings blames.

What will it matter if in bitter tears
I sow the seed whose precious bud and bloom
'Twill not be mine to see? He knoweth whom
To bless with many, who with fewer years.

What will it matter that beneath the sod
Some day they'll lay this tired heart to rest?
The clay will nestle on its mother's breast,
The soul ascend unto its father, God!

Lord, help me, that with patience I may bear
Each burden that Thou layest upon me!
And each day, drawing nearer unto Thee,
The full, rich measure of Thy mercy share!

How One Man's Life Was Wrecked.

By Susan Teall Perry.

In one of our eastern colleges, twenty-five years ago a young man graduated with high honors. After leaving college he began the study of law, and after being admitted to the bar, he opened an office in a western city. While at college he made the acquaintance of a young lady, the daughter of a prominent and influential man, and this acquaintance ripened into a devoted love. This young man, however, had contracted a habit of which the young lady's father greatly disapproved. He would take a glass of liquor now and then, and sometimes his classmates, who were very proud of his talents, would have to carry him home under the cover of the darkness of night; but notwithstanding their efforts to keep the matter quiet, the young lady's father was told of the facts, and gave him the promise of his daughter for a wife only on consideration of an entire abandonment of his intemperate habits.

Philip Gardner, as we will call the young man, promised to break away from these habits, and succeeded in his endeavors. He was converted and united with the church, and gave every evidence of being a changed man. In a few years he went back east and was married to the girl of his early love. At the time of his marriage he occupied a high position as a lawyer, and was the most promising young man in my whole acquaintance. Everybody predicted a brilliant career for him.

He purchased a beautiful home, and he and his wife were very happy until after the birth of their second child. Unfortunately for Philip, he had become greatly interested in politics, and his party had nominated him for a high office. He was invited to drink, by his companions. Although he refused at first, yet, finding that his election depended, in a large measure upon accepting and giving "treats," he yielded. "I can break off at any time," he said to himself. "I am master of myself. This will not last long. I will only take as little as I can, so I shall not offend a certain class of my party."

The poor wife had no suspicion of the dangerous steps her husband was taking until one night when he came home from a political meeting, in an intoxicated condition. She plead with him, and begged him that if he could not get his election without resorting to this terrible alternative, to withdraw; but the man's ambition would not allow him to do this.

His party, however, was beaten in the contest; disappointed and humiliated he sought consolation in strong drink, the effect of which during the election campaign had already taken a hold upon him with an iron grip. Notwithstanding the tears and pleadings of his devoted wife, and the earnest counsel of his large circle of friends, he continued to drown his humiliation and disappointment in the poisoned beverage. It was only a short time before his home and his business were neglected—his friends lost confidence in him, and one night, realizing his position, he mysteriously left the city. Three years passed before his wife heard one word directly from him. In the meantime her father had written to her to come back to her childhood's home, and bring her three boys; but she was a very independent character; instead of going home she opened a young lady's school in the house where she lived. This school became very popular, and she was supporting herself and boys comfortably, when a letter came to her from her husband, in Kansas, urging her to take her children and go to him. As it had been ascertained that he had not given up his bad habits, her friends advised her not to go. She wrote a kind letter to him, but refused to give up her school until he was able to provide for her in a comfortable manner. Not long after this she received a letter purporting to come from a gentleman in Kansas, announcing her husband's death and burial.

Twelve years passed away. The wife, one of the most noble of woman, kept on with the school, educated her boys, and had a powerful influence for good over them. They showed no inclination to follow in their father's footsteps. Two of them had graduated in the high school, and had taken positions of trust in the city where they lived. The third son was still in school. About this time an old friend of the family received a note dated at a hotel in the city where Mrs. Gardner lived, saying that a friend wished to meet him at that hotel as soon as convenient. The gentleman immediately answered the note in person. He was shown to a room where the wretched form of a man was lying upon the bed. As he approached toward the prostrate form he recognized Philip Gardner. Paralyzed, emaciated, scarcely recognizable as a man who had been dead to all his friends for twelve years! His story was soon told. He had lived the life of a sot for a number of years, lost to everything noble and good; but God's providence had awakened him to a consciousness of his situation, and in a moment of remorse and dispair he had gone to an inebriate asylum, where he had remained two years. Kind christian friends had prayed for him in their meetings, and he had prayed for himself. God had answered those prayers. The man had been brought back to himself. He had lost his desire for liquor, but the physician assured him that he had but a short time to live. He had sought his old home; he did not know that his wife and children would receive him, but he could not die until he had looked into their faces, until he had asked their forgiveness for the sorrow he had brought upon them all.

"I didn't know," said he, "but my boys had inherited my terrible thirst for liquor, and I wanted to make myself known to them and warn them of the terrible consequences and tell them what a terrible thing a wrecked life is."

The gentleman promised to do all in his power to bring about a family meeting. He gently told the wife that her husband was still living—prepared her for the great change in his appearance—told her of his helpless, friendless condition.

"Let the boys go immediately to see their father," she said, "but I—I must wait awhile."

Think of the feelings that must have filled that woman's heart at that time. Here was the man, her husband, who had blighted her life, who had been dead to her so many years—he had returned again helpless and dependent. She went to her room, and alone with God she inquired of him her duty in this matter. When she came out of that room her eyes were red with weeping, and her friends knew that she had had a great struggle. Nothing was said, but she began making preparations to receive her husband. A room was fitted up as if for a distinguished guest, a carriage was sent to the hotel, and the wreck of a husband brought home once more. That meeting was too sacred for outsiders to witness. The erring husband was brought back and everything done to make him comfortable and happy. His patient wife has devoted herself unceasingly to the care of her helpless husband during the two years they have been reunited.

But "God moves in a mysterious way." Last week that noble wife was suddenly called from her home on earth to her blessed reward in heaven. Never did she regret taking the poor wanderer back to her heart and home. Now he still lingers helpless and dependent.

When we think what this man might have been—of his brilliant talent and influence, we can but exclaim, "how could he have made such a wreck of himself!"

It only proves the power of the poisoned glass—it shows that liquor can not be tampered with. What begins in cobwebs ends in iron chains.

Reader, this story is a true one, and the characters who figure in it are the writer's personal friends.

Think of the ruined homes, the heartbroken wives, the suffering children and wrecked lives of those who might have been a power for good in the world, and "touch not, taste not, handle not" the accursed thing.

Divorce in Italy.

Rome Correspondence.

We have no divorce in Italy as yet. But from this people must not infer that here all married people live in uninterrupted and blessed harmony. Nowhere perhaps is the sacred bond of marriage less respected than in this most Catholic country. But the only remedy that our law, based on Roman Catholic principles, offers when some serious wrong is offered by one of the married parties to the other is the so-called separation from bed and table, which, once pronounced by a tribunal, puts practically an end to married life, frees the wife from the husband, and the husband from the wife, but without allowing any of them to marry unless death takes either the one or the other. And "seperation" was a remedy but too often resorted to. I read in our political papers that from 1866 to 1880 no less than two thousand three hundred and twelve applications for separation between married people had been made to the tribunal of Milan only, most of which were granted as a matter of course. People debarred in that way from marriage mostly contract unlawful unions, of which are born illegitimate children, but of this the Romish church gives itself little concern, provided its favorite dogma of the indissolubility of the marriage tie is respected. To remedy this evil, a bill has been introduced into parliament, granting divorce to "separated" people after a certain number of years. It is not voted yet, nor will be for a time, but the clerical party are already agitating and petitioning against it. This also is mainly a question of money; for has not the pope lately severed the matrimonial bond between the prince of Monaco and his wife? They call it "nullity of marriage," but it is just a divorce, and costs a mint of money. It is easy to understand that the pope does not wish this abundant source of revenue to be taken away from him, and, therefore, denounces the divorce bill in the strongest possible terms.

Mexico's Iron Mountain.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat

One of the great mineral wonders of Mexico, and perhaps of the world, is the iron mountain in the vicinity of Durango, in the state of Durango. The iron mountain is nearly two miles in length and one mile wide, and about 700 feet high. Above the surface, uncovered and in sight, is shown about 200,000,000 tons of pure ore, ready to be shoveled or rolled, without any cost of mining, into the furnaces to be erected at its base. Much of this ore ranges from 70 to 80 per cent., and some is carried directly to the forge. It works very kindly, and easily assumes the form of steel. There is every reason to believe ores of such rare superiority, when subject to all our modern improvements in iron making, will produce iron and steel unsurpassed anywhere in the world, either in Sweden or Biscay, in Spain, in England or in the United States.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.

The ingredients of conversation are truth, good sense and wit.

A Sanitary Measure.

Life and health are preserved by carefully aiding nature whenever it shows lack of ability to carry on its work. For torpid liver, bowels or kidneys, no other remedy equals Kidney-Wort. It is sold in both dry and liquid form by all Druggists.—*Call.*

Bagshot's Assistant.

From the Minneapolis Weekly.

Col. Bagshot runs a weekly newspaper called the *Union*, up in Chodunk. The colonel was called away to New York on business, leaving the *Union* in the hands of an assistant who had been in his employ some little time.

Now, the colonel knew that the said assistant had the cheek of a brass statue and the audacity of a New England fly—both indispensable attributes to the newspaper man; but still, after being in the city about a week, he began to grow uneasy, and telegraphed to Chodunk, "How's things?"

Back came the answer from the *Union's* pro tem editor: "Bully! Circulation of the old thing's gone up a thousand. Been getting up a red-hot paper, and ther's a gang outside that are weeping because they can't hoist the shingles off the roof and knock the whole concern to thunder. Stay away as long as you like."

Bagshot didn't waste a moment after receiving this encouraging dispatch. He started home in the first train and reached Chodunk before night. The first man that struck him was the ticket agent.

"Look here, colonel!" he cried, excitedly, "I've a darned good mind to punch your head, you brazen-faced old liar."

"Why?" asked Bagshot.

"Read that!" and the ticket agent shoved a crumpled *Union* into his hand.

There was a paragraph as follows:

"Railroad News.—The bandy-legged idiot who robs the railroad company at this village has purchased a new pocket-knife. More knocking-down from the cash drawer."

Bagshot bit his lips.

"Bill," said he, "that's a calamity and I'll see it righted in our next. It's my cussed assistant's work."

"I don't care whose work it is," growled the agent, "but, if it ain't contradicted, somebody's got to die,—that's all!"

Bagshot didn't reply, but sailed down the street to the *Union* office. He had not gone half a block before he collided with Deacon Marsh.

The deacon seized him by the shoulder and exclaimed: "What do you mean, Bagshot, by inserting that scandalously untrue item about me?"

"Didn't insert any item," replied the colonel.

"Don't sneak out of it that way. You know you did. Why, I just cut it out of the *Union*. Listen:

"Religious Intelligence. — That whited sepulchre, Deacon Marsh, was noticed last Saturday night trying to open the coal-hole in front of his residence with his night key. The deacon was full as a goat, and couldn't tell moonshine from green cheese."

"Now, that's nice—ain't it? saying that I was drunk Saturday night, when I went to bed at 7 with a raging toothache."

"It's that reckless fool whom I left in charge," groaned the colonel. "I'll make it all right, Marsh;" and Bagshot scurried on again, only to be confronted by Maj. Blim.

"Colonel," Muttered Blim, in his deepest voice, "this is villainous. It's my intention, sir, to call you out and shoot you through the heart. What do you mean by publishing this note in the *Union?*"

"Military Jottings.—Major Blim, the tattered old beggar who hid in an oyster-barrel during the battle of Bull Run, wears a wig. He ought to be shot in the back with a baked apple."

"I can't help it, Blim," said Bagshot, wiping his forehead; "it's all owing to that young devil in the office. He has made a red-hot paper. Just wait, major, and I'll fix things."

Hardly had he done so before young Cooley appeared.

"Col. Bagshot," announced he, "you are a lying scoundrel! This is a nice thing to put in your blackguard sheet about a young lady."

"Society Items.—Miss Cooley, the old girl on South street, waltzes around in a patent bustle in the hope of catching a fellow. But she can't—not even if she lays the paint on twice as thick as she does now."

But Bagshot didn't stop to hear it. He flew across the square and into the *Union* like a flash.

No one was there. That able assistant editor, warned by a friend unknown, had dusted forever. Lying on the desk was a *Union*, folded so that this notice caught Bagshot's eye:

"Literary Mems.—The bald-headed snipe who pretends to run this paper has gone to New York. We expect to hear every moment of his sentence to Sing Sing for arson and highway robbery. The citizens of Chodunk should congratulate themselves if the colonel does not disgrace his village by being hung for infanticide."

Bagshot never intends to employ another assistant editor, and journalists in search of a situation will find it healthy to keep away from him.

A Temperance Lecture.

From the Saturday Review.

We remember once hearing a smug-faced minister, in gentle tones, assure his beloved brethern that the beautiful moon did not shine on ugly beer and porter, but on pure lovely water, and that, therefore, it was water and water alone, that they ought to drink. No one was moved. He went on to say that he knew a mother of ten lovely children and one idiot. The idiot was the eldest, and was born before she had signed the pledge. Still the people were scarcely stirred. But he was followed by a decent looking working man, in good Sunday clothes. He described how a few years ago he had been in rags. He then pointed to the dress he was wearing, turned himself round, and said: "Is this a good coat? Is this a good pair of trousers? Why is this, why? 'Cos I ani't got no drink in my eye." He next pointed to a decent comfortable looking woman, who was, he said, his wife. He drew the attention of his hearers to the excellence of her gown, and told how ragged she, too, had once been. He again triumphantly asked, "Why is this, why?" and as triumphantly answered, "Cos I ain't got no drink in my eye." In like manner he described the various advantages of his reformed life, and gave the same poetical explanation of the origin of each. He carried his listeners away with him, and was rewarded with shouts of applause.

Good Cooks Born Not Made.

H. W. B. in New York Evening Post.

"Good cooks are born, not made," I heard a lady exclaim the other night at a tea party. An animated discussion followed, but no one agreed unreservedly with the first speaker. One thought that a woman may learn to do everything well, but would probably be obliged to omit one or two things from the ordinary bill of fare furnished in most of our homes; for example, she said she could cook all that was considered essential in her family, with the exception of raised biscuit; fried cakes was the rock upon which another foundered, while a third remarked, after the manner of a mental album, that her *bete noir* is pie crust. All these ladies claimed that they had tried repeatedly; they had proceeded after the most approved methods, but failed to produce good results. They sought in a playful way to account for it by thinking that they are indebted for this incapacity to some unknown or forgotten ancestor whose dislike for that particular form of work had in becoming transmitted to them grown strong enough to render them incapable of performing it well.

Now all this and more that followed was naturally not calculated to help one who did not know anything about cooking, and who might possibly conclude that the whole business is not adapted to her, and that she could not learn to do it satisfactorily. Whatever may be true in regard to heredity, however truly our hands may be tied, there can be no notion more hurtful for a young person to entertain than that she cannot do that. There is not much danger of a woman attempting impossibilities. Goethe was right in saying that "we do not desire the stars." There will not be much time wasted in reaching after them. The old saying that "where there is a will there is a way" is full of truth as applied to housekeeping. If I could help to impress it upon some bewildered and disheartened young housewife that there is for every failure some cause which is understandable, and which may be removed, I should feel, as Artemus Ward pathetically observed, that I have not lived in vain. Discouragements must be expected as a matter of course. I remember that in the first year of my life as a housekeeper a sentence of Hugh Miller's would come into my mind at appropriate times with all the force of a great temptation. It was this: "It is useless to attempt to do in spite of nature what one was never intended to do well." But consolation came in the thought that the woman who rules her own spirit is greater than the man who takes a city, and that if she gives undivided and earnest attention for a year or two to all the small details of housework, she will be able to do a great deal without expending so much thought upon it.

The Beginning of Sumner's Congressional Career.

April Atlantic.

On the first day of December, 1851, Henry Clay spoke in the senate for the last time, and General Cass presented the credentials of Charles Sumner, who had been elected by one of the coalitions between the anti-slavery men and the democrats, which gave the latter the local offices in New York, Ohio and Massachusetts, and elected Seward, Chase and Sumner to the United States senate. Soon after Mr. Sumner took his seat in the arena which had been made famous by the political champions of the north, the south, and the west, Mr. Benton said to him, with a patronizing air, "You have come upon the stage too late, sir. Not only have our great men passed away, but the great issues have been settled also. The last of these was the national bank, and that has been overthrown forever. Nothing is left you, sir, but puny sectional questions and petty strifes about slavery and fugutive-slave laws, involving no national interests."

Mr. Sumner had but two coadjutors in opposing slavery and in advocating freedom when he entered the senate, but when he died he was the recognized leader of more than two-thirds of that body. He was denounced by a leading whig newspaper of Boston when he left that city to take his seat as "an agitator," and he was refused a place on any committee of the senate, as being "outside of any healthy political organization;" but he lived to exercise a controlling influence in Massachusetts politics and to be chairman of the senate committee on foreign affairs. He had learned from Judge Story the value of systematic industry, and while preparing long speeches on the questions before the senate he also applied himself seduously to the practical duties of a senator, taking especial pains to answer every letter addressed to him.

Vampire Bats.

Probably no part of Brazil is more afflicted than a portion of the province of Bahia with the scourge of vampires. Whole herds of cattle are sometimes destroyed by this venomous bat. It was long a matter of conjecture how the animal accomplished the insidious and deadly work; but scientific men have now decided that the tongue, which is capable of considerable extension, is furnished at its extremity with a number of papillæ, which are so arranged as to form an ogan of suction, the lips having also tubercles symmetrically arranged. Fastening themselves upon cattle, these dreadful animals can draw the blood from their victims. The wound, made probably from the small needle-like teeth, is a fine, round hole, the bleeding from which it is very difficult to stop. It is said that the wings of this deadly bat fly around during the operation of wounding and drawing blood, with great velocity, thus fanning the victim and lulling while the terrible work is in progress. Some of these creatures measure two feet between the tips of their wings, and they are often found in great numbers in deserted dwellings in the outskirts of the city. The negroes and Indians especially dread them, and there are numerous superstitions among the natives in regard to them.

A Dog's Sense of Smell.

Have you ever observed how really wonderful is the dog's sense of smell? Anacharsis (says his happy owner) knows me, when I am dressed in clothes he never saw before, by his nose alone. Let me get myself up in a theatrical costume and cover my face with a mask, yet he will recognize me by some (to us) undiscoverable perfume. Moreover, he will recognize the same odor as clinging to my clothes, after they have been taken off. If I shy a pebble on the beach, he can pick out that identical pebble scent among a thousand others. Even the very ground on which I have trodden retains for him some faint memento of my presence for hours afterward. The blood-hound can track a human scent a week old—which argues a delicacy of nose almost incredible to human nostrils. Similarly, too, if you watch Anacharsis at this moment you will see that he runs up and down the path, sniffing away at every stick, stone and plant, though he got a separate and distinguishable scent out of every one of them. And so he must, no doubt; for if even the earth keeps a perfume of the person who has walked over it hours before, surely every object about us have some faint smell or other, either of itself or of objects which have touched it. Therefore the smells which make up half a dog's picture of life must be successive and continuous.

A Cunning Cat.

A gentleman who took a trip into the country yesterday, when on the plains, a mile fromany house, he noticed a cat, a huge one, almost as large as a fair-sized dog. It was lying upon the ground, its feet uppermost, in such a way that he had no doubt that it had fallen a victim to some vicious dog. Around it, feeding unsuspectingly, was a flock of small birds. The apparently lifeless cat was within range of the vision of the observer for some time, and just as he was thinking how much easier it would be for the animal to feign death and catch a bird by deceiving it than by slipping up to it, he was astonished to see the cat suddenly roll over and grab one of the feathered tribe that was very near. The other birds flew away a hundred yards or so and alighted. The cat only made one or two mouthfuls of the game, and then crept around to the windward of the birds, laid itself out again, and once more played the dead dodge. The gentleman drove away without seeing how many birds it took to satisfy the feline.

He that studies books alone will know how things ought to be; and he that studies men will know how things are.

Deaf and Dumb Barbers.

Whitehall Times.

A man dressed in a thin summer woolen suit and a dilapidated straw hat entered our sanctum.

"Sir," he said, "you see before you a remainder of the summer's sun, so to speak. I am not from the tropics, neither am I dressed for enjoying all the comforts of a trip in search of the north pole. Excuse me, no north pole for me," and his teeth chattered, while a quiver of icy chillness seemed to run through his whole frame.

"Are you cold?" we asked. "If so, walk up by the stove and get warm."

"No, sir, no! warm as the sportive African who swings his juvenile upon the equatorial line. I am needy, busted, broke, sir. You see before you a speculator whose cart is keeled over and broken, with the horses on a run so far ahead a greased streak of lightning cannot overtake 'em. Four months since I started a barber shop. Now, thinks I, I'll strike a new beat. So I just goes and hires four deaf and dumb tonsorial artists and then put up notices that customers coming to my shop would have a quiet shave by deaf and dumb barbers and no questions asked. The thing took on the start, but, when the confounded barbers pulled their slates and began writing out the usual questions, blow me if I didn't discover that I was a ruined man. Yes, sir. barbers is barbers; and, when I closod my shop, busted up and started on a tramp, I just says to myself it's no use. If a dead man could be learned to handle the razor over a man's face, the blamed things would have spiritual mejiums asking their victims the same old line of questions—Ah, thank yer, sir; ta-ta. With this dime I'll send a counter-irritant down my throat that'll knock the thinness out of this summer suit and give my stomach a cleaner shave than any barber can." And, as the shattered vase retired, the perfume of the roses remained in the sanctum until an open window restored the natural tone of the atmosphere.

A Deerhound's Sagacity.

Montana Paper.

Herman Hutter and Charles Whitman, of Missouri, armed with rifles and accompanied by a deerhound, the other day, went up the Rattlesnake river in quest of game. They climbed the mountains to the left of the stream and separated, taking opposite sides of the ridge, in the hopes of bagging a deer. Whitman came down the Rattlesnake side, and soon after separating from his companion he slipped and fell, sliding some two hundred feet down the mountain side. He vainly endeavored to stop himself by digging into the snow with his hands and feet and clutching at brush and saplings, till, just as he was about to be precipitated over the cliff into the Rattlesnake, some forty feet below, he fortunately clasped a strong sapling with one hand, and was left dangling in the air over the precipice. By a strong effort he managed to clasp the sapling with his arm in the elbow, and grasping his wrist with his disengaged hand, awaited his inevitable fall with desperation. The hound seeing his master fall followed him to the edge of the cliff and whined piteously at the predicament of his human friend. Suddenly he dashed over the hill like a deer and disappeared. When nearly exhausted, Whitman heard his companion, Hutter, above him coming to his assistance. He gathered renewed courage, and held on desperately till Hutter came down with a rope and rescued him from his perilous position. Hutter says he had gone but a short distance when the dog came upon him and seized hold of his clothing, whining. He turned upon him and the dog ran off. Repeating the strange manœuver. Hutter suspected something wrong and followed the dog to Whitman's rescue.

A Southern Grace Darling.

From the Galveston News.

Capt. Clason, of the sloop Tommy, plying between Clear lake and the city, gives an account of an act of heroism by a young girl that is eminently worthy of record. He says that during the last norther a small sloop, in which there were two men, was capsized off Edward's point. Both succeeded in getting upon the bottom of the boat, and in this perilous position were buffetted by wind and sea and exposed to the cold for about twenty hours. One of the men, utterly exhausted, was ready to succumb, but his companion bound him to the boat with a rope, and this prevented his destruction. Finally they were carried by the waves to within a mile of the shore, when they were seen through a spyglass by Miss Evans, sixteen-year-old daughter of a gentleman residing at the Lawrance place, on the bay shore between Edward's point and the mouth of Clear creek. The brave girl, realizing their imminent peril, and knowing that there was no one on the place to go to their rescue, herself launched a frail skiff and set out to aid them. With such a sea as was running, this would have been a hazardous undertaking for a strong man, but the little heroine was not daunted by danger. Pulling through the billows until exhausted, she would drop her anchor, rest, and hoisting her weights, would start anew. In this manner she slowly worked her way to the men, whom she relieved from their dangerous situation and safely conveyed to land, attending to their wants and gently caring for them at her father's house.

Harmony of Colors.

Many ladies with a small fortune lavished on their dress, look dowdy and gawky, while others, with only a scanty purse to fall back upon, outshine them in every particular, because the harmony of colors was studied in the latter case and disregarded in the former. Women should study, individually, the colors that are most becoming to them. The real secret of success in dress is to wear only those colors which harmonize with the hair, eyes, complexion and general appearance. It is not so much the style or texture of a garment as the colors. If only our American ladies would be more independent, and select for themselves whatever is most becoming, without regard for what is worn abroad, they would soon establish for themselves a reputation for taste in dress which can never be attained by blindly following the fashion set for them by the dames of the continent.

Memory.

A good memory is universally acknowledged to be a most valuable mental possession, but like many other gifts of fortune, it is unequally distributed. Clever people may lack the power of remembering matters outside their peculiar studies, while less gifted individuals can recall trifling events after a lapse of years. We suppose that most people recollect best what attracts them most, after the fashion of the old Highlander, who, when his minister complimented him on his wonderful memory, replied that he "could only recollect things that interested him, and if he listened to a sermon for an hour he could never recall a word of it afterward." Others, beside, have found their memory a capricious handmaid, who prefers to select her own burden to carry down the stream of time. Scott remarks how tenaciously unimportant trifles cling to the recollection, while things we desire to preserve pass into oblivion. "A jingling verse of an old ballad" will live in the mind for years, while stories of painfully acquired information slip away. Trivial incidents dwell in our recollections, while matters of greater moment become obscure. Few of us can altogether command our memories, and looking back it is curious to note what trifles are often enshrined in the remembrance, while more important things are recalled with an effort. We travel abroad, and retain an indistinct recollection of some interesting inscription we specially desired to remember, while we recall, with provoking accuracy, a name over a shop door or an advertisement in a window. Facts and dates we wished to engrave on our memories slip away, while useful knowledge makes for itself a firm foothold. It is difficult to account for the vagaries of memory. If we cannot remember at will, as little have the power of forgetting at pleasure.

Painful recollections are, as a rule, more durable than pleasant ones. We may recall past happiness in a vague and visionary manner, but disagreeable remembrances stand out distinctly after a lapse of years. Childish memories are nearly always the strongest, doubtless because the mind is more capable of receiving impressions at an early age. Aged persons will forget the events of yesterday, but recall accurately the events of seventy years ago. Many persons have a theory that nothing once enshrined in the memory is ever really forgotten. It is certainly remarkable how long-buried recollections often start into life again without any assignable cause. Nothing is more difficult than to trace out the connecting chain of association in cases like these. There is a story of a man who, on entering a strange house, suddenly recalled some childish adventure that had happened forty or fifty years before. Curious to discover what had recalled a forgotten episode at this particular moment, he at last observed that the room in which he was, was hung with paper of a peculiar pattern similar to one that had once adorned his nursery walls. Trifles like this often suffice to call up a whole train of buried memories.

Victor Emanuel's Simple Tastes.

London News.

The hunting lodge at Licola is a substantial house consisting of a ground floor and one story, stuccoed and stained to a pinkish yellow. It stands on a kind of grass-grown common, with groups of magnificent evergreen oaks on either hand, while opposite is a tiny chapel, with two or three acacia trees. On the upper story is a suite of good rooms intended for the use of royalty, but King Victor Emanuel with his simple tastes used to prefer the little vaulted parlor on the ground floor, which opens to the common on both sides, on one of which there is a sort of stone veranda. This little room is simply plastered and stained, and its only furniture is a plain polished table, two or three rush-bottomed chairs, an old velvet sofa upon which the late king slept, though he protested against such "luxury," and an old-fashioned easy chair which the commandant, in spite of the king's remonstrances, had brought in that his royal master might take a comfortable nap after dinner. It is the very simplest royal parlor perhaps that all Europe has te show.

King Victor Emanuel, as soon as he arrived in Licola, used to dismiss his personal attendants and enjoy the full freedom of being, for a space, a simple country gentleman. Above the sofa hangs the stuffed head of a smooth-skinned dog, the hero of a hundred wounds and a thousand boar fights. Once he was given up for dead and thrown into a corner, but after two or three days he crawled out to the astonishment of the gamekeepers, half starved, but cured!

The Turkey.

Notes and Queries.

Many conjectures have been hazarded as to how the very inappropriate name of "turkey" has been applied to a bird which we know was introduced from America. I believe the truth of the matter to be this: Several, if not most, of the mediaval zoologists—I may particularly cite Belon and Aldrovandus—hopelessly confounded the turkey and the guinea-fowl under the name, proper to the latter, of Meleagris. Gesner must, indeed, be expected, for he clearly saw that the turkey was not the Meleagris, and, finding it had been written of as gallup geregrinus or pavo indicus, he accordingly (in 1855) coined for it the names gollopavus or pavogallus, which he used almost indiscriminately. But this confusion was not confined to naturalists. We have in Cooper's edition of the "Bibliotheca Eliotæ," published in 1542, "meleagrides, byrdes which we doo call hennes"—the earliest use of the latter name with which I am acquainted. It is, therefore, obvions that "turkey hen," was at first synonymous with "guinea hen." As the birds became commoner and better known, the confusion was, of course, gradually cleared up and the name "turkey" clove to the bird from the new world; not, I think, without some reason, for by its constantly repeated call-note, which may be syllabled "turk, turk, turk," it may be said to have named itself.

A Relic of Early Steam Navigation.

Engineering.

A relic of great interest has just been recovered by the Chicago Historical society, through the kindness of Mr. James Gouchie, a Scottish shipbuilder, now residing at a village near Chicago. It is the original working plan from which was constructed the first vessel entirely propelled by steam which crossed the Atlantic. The ship in question, named the "Royal William," was completed at Quebec, in the year 1831. Two years later she sailed for London, making the trip in 25 days. Shortly afterwards the vessel was sold to the Spanish government, and being converted into a man-of-war, was the first steamship ever used in that capacity. The price paid for her was $10,000. In this connection it will not be out of place to recall the fact that in the year 1819 there sailed from Savannah a full-rigged ship named after that city, and having an engine and paddle wheels, which were used in calm weather, but taken in when the sea was rough. This was the ship which so alarmed the British coast officers. As she neared the channel clouds of smoke were seen issuing form her, and the coast guard, believing that the vessel was on fire, sent a government cutter to her assistance.

Hard to Please.

Some people are never content with their lot, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are over their heads, alike whether it rain or shine. To them every incident is an accident, and every accident is a calamity. Even when they have their own way they like it no better than your way, and, indeed, consider their most voluntary acts as matters of compulsion. We saw a striking illustration the other day of the infirmities we speak of in the conduct of a child about three years old. He was crying because his mother had shut the parlor door. "Poor thing," said a neighbor compassionately, "you have shut the child out." "It's all the same to him," said the mother, "he would cry if I would call him in and then shut the door. It's a peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of the door, he considers himself shut out, and rebels accordingly." There are older children who take the same view of things.

WE NEED not be physicians to know when we have and how to cure a Cold. We can have a special physician always near, by keeping convenient a bottle of **Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price 25 cents.**

A Faithful Dog.

A Geneva correspondent writes:—L'Impartial des Alpes tells a touching story of the faithfulness and intelligence of a St. Bernard mastiff. A short time ago a certain father Nicholas, "in religion Don Louis," a monk of the grande chartreuse, once aide-decamp to the czar, was returning from Fourveirie to his monastery, followed by a fine St. Bernard dog, to which he was greatly attached. Instead of keeping to the highway he took a foot path that runs along the left bank of the river Guiers, which is thereabouts very precipitous. As he walked he read his breviary, and being more intent on its devotions than on the direction he was taking he made a false step, and falling down the precipice his course was not arrested until he reached—unconsciousness and terribly bruised—the edge of the stream. The dog followed, and it is supposed tried to rouse him. Not succeeding in the attempt he returned to the footpath, and did his best to attract the attention of two shepherds who happened to be passing, but alarmed by the mastiff's manner, which they attributed to madness, they ran away as fast as their legs could carry them. The next day the dog presented himself at the monastery, and the monks, thinking from his appearance that he was hungry, offered him food. But the animal refused to eat, and by his plaintive barkings and gestures did his best to tell the monks that some thing was wrong. In the end some of them decided to follow him, and the dog, with many manifestations of delight, led the way to the place where he had left his master. When he reached the part of the river bank whence Father Nicholas had fallen, he began to bark, and the monk, who had by this time recovered consciousness, was able to utter a feeble shout. When his rescuers, preceded by the mastiff, reached him, they found him lying with his feet in the stream and quite unable to move. With the help of the shepherds, whom the barkings and shoutings had drawn to the spot, they contrived to drag him to the top of the precipice and carry him to the monastery, where he is now in a fair way for recovery. The mastiff has ever since remained by the bedside of his master, whom his intelligence and devotion had saved from a frightful death.

A Family of Chronic Laughers.

A preposterous story originates in Frenchtown, N. J., of a farmer and his family of sons and daughters who live near by. They are chronic laughers, and, when the fit is on them, can no more restain their cachinnation than a well regulated clock can keep from ticking. This unfortunate and grotesque malady attacked the father first about ten years ago, and since then all the other members of the family have successively seen the joke and began to laugh. These spells occur twice a day, and leave the family a little exhausted, possibly, but in no other respect the worse for wear. The neighbors have become accustomed to the thing, and think nothing of seeing their old friends going about their daily avocations in a roar of laughter. Charles, the eldest son, who had held out against the infection for years, and entertained reasonable hopes that he alone should escape, had the mortification to undergo his first attack while he was in the very act of proposing for the hand of a Harrisburg girl. He had succeeded in conveying to the young lady an idea of the state of his heart, but had not arrived at that point where even smiles were in order, when he burst into immoderate laughing, which so frightened the object of his devotion that she fled from the room. She subsequently listened to an explalnation, however, and is now a member of the family circle. Several grandchildren are now in existence, all of whom, with asingle exception, inherit the malady.

Immense Fir Trees.

The fir tree growths of Puget sound form one of the wonders of the American world. They average 200 feet in height, and some specimens have been cut that measure 320 feet in length and 12 feet in diameter at the base, with a straight and well-proportioned leg length of ninety feet to the first limb. The cedar trees are in like proportion, and are most valuable for wooden wares of all kinds, while the firs are the best for spar and ship timber yet found in any country. There are few nations that do not use them in ship-building. One-fourth of the wealth of San Francisco was culled from the firs of Puget sound while the government slept, and to-day all the principal steam mill owners who saw and prepare for market from 100,000 to 200,000 feet a day to each mill—and there are thirty or more mills—are residents of San Francisco, where they invest their profits, to the great injury of residents of the sound. There is, apparently, no exhaustion of the timber, and a century will possibly elapse before Puget sound forests will be cleared of their immense resources of varied tree growths.

More Emotional Insanity.

In the case of the matricide in China, Maine, a plea of "emotional insanity" will undoubtedly be interposed, and if the jurors of that state are not less complacent than those of most states, his chance to escape punishment for his horrible crime may be regarded as favorable. The very unnaturalness of the crime is to be urged as an indication of insanity, and the indifference which the murderer showed about escaping will also be strongly dwelt on. That he regards himself as the victim of emotional insanity may be gathered from the interviews which he had with a reporter of the Bangor *Commercial*. The first interview is given as follows:

"Can you give any reason, or explain the motive, that caused you to commit the deed you have?"

"No, I don't know as I can," was the reply.

"Was your mother unkind to you at any time?"

"Yes, she was rather cross sometimes, and scolded me some, but we had no serious trouble until last fall."

"What occasioned the difficulty then?"

"Why, she wanted me to vote as she said, and promised that she would give me a home with her if I would do it; but I went off and voted the greenback ticket; that made her mad, and she took my bed down, so I judged by that that she didn't want me around any more, so I went away."

"Had you any trouble lately?"

"No; when I came to the house Saturday a week ago, she came into the barn and was pleasant enough. Then, I don't know what made me do it, but I grabbed the hammer and let her have it over the head. I didn't seem to know what I was about, and I can't understand it now."

"Did the first blow kill her?"

"No, I struck her twice, I believe, but I don't remember much about it."

"What caused you to mutilate the body?"

Merrill didn't understand the word "mutilate," so the question was put in another form, and then he replied:

"Oh, I went back into the barn and saw her lying there dead, and I began to realize what I had done, and so I tried to get rid of the body and not be found out."

"What did you do then?"

"Well, I cut it up and burned part of it?"

"Do you feel remorse for the fearful deed?"

"Of course I feel sorry, but I try to keep up good spirits."

"Do you not realize the enormity of your crime?"

The murderer shook his head.

This shows with tolerable distinctness how insane he was; but in the following interview, which took place subsequently, he makes it, if possible, even more clear:

"Do you think of what you have done all the time?"

"Well, yes, I do considerable."

"Do you think you were in your right mind when you struck your mother?"

"No; if I had been I should never have buried the legs and arms in the way I did and left the blood all around."

"Did you not think of running away?"

"No; for I had more than forty chances I would not have gone if I had known that I was to be hung the next day."

"Can you read and write?"

"Yes, pretty fair."

"What kind of books do you read?"

"Oh, most any kind."

The Clouds.

Ruskin.

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? That mist that lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an innundation—why is *it* so heavy, and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning when the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are *they* so light, their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of the Alps? Why will these melt away, not as the sun *rises*, but as he *descends*, and leave the stars of twilight clear; while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth, like a shroud? Or that ghost of a cloud, which steals by yonder clump of pines; nay, which does *not* steal by them, but haunts them wreathing yet round them, and yet—and yet—slowly; now falling in a fair waved line like a woman's vail; now fading, now gone; we look away for an instant, and look back, and it is again there. What has it to do with that clump of pines, that it broods by them and weaves itself among their branches, to and fro? Has it hidden a cloudy treasure among the moss at their roots, which it watches thus? Or has some strong enchanter charmed it into fond returning, or bound it fast with those bars of bough? And yonder filmy crescent, bent like an archer's bow above the snowy summit, the highest of all the hills—that white arch which never forms but over the supreme crest—how it is stayed there, repelled apparently from the snow, nowhere touching it, the clear sky between it and the mountain edge, yet never leaving it—poised as a white bird hovers over its nest? Or those war clouds that gather on the horizon, dragon crested, tongued with fire—how is their barbed strength bridled? What bites are those they are champing with their vaporous lips, flinging off flakes of black foam? Leagued leviathans of the sea of heaven—out of their nostrils goeth smoke, and their eyes are like the eyelids of the morning; the sword of him that layeth at them can not hold the spear, the dart, nor the hagbergeon. Where ride the captains of their armies? Where are set the measures of their march? Fierce murmurers, answering each other from morning until evening—what rebuke is this which has awed them unto peace; what hand has reined them back by the way in which they came?

English Ignorance of America.

By Richard Grant White in April Atlantic.

One striking trait of British Philistinism is ignorance of other countries, and chiefly ignorance of America. To the Philistine this ignorance is his most cherished intellectual treasure. He guards it carefully, and plumes himself upon it. To enlarge and confirm it, he reads the travels of other Philistines in America, and in some cases, visits the states himself, to return with a confusion of mind and perversion of fact upon the subject which is the occasion of profoundest self-congratulatton, and which makes him for the remainder of his life an oracle upon American affairs among his untraveled friends and neighbors. Let me frankly confess, however, that a like ignorance and confusion in regard to England among the natives of other countries is sometimes courteously assumed by the Philistine. Some years before my visit to England a pretty and sweet-mannered, although not very high-class, Englishwoman was telling me, with the eyes and the voice of a dove, of something that had happened in Manchester; and then, with gentle condescension, she added inquiringly, "You 'ave 'eard of Manchester?" I said I had, and she was satisfied. There are little courts and alleys in London which are called mews; and I was kindly informed by one or two friends, as we passed some of them, that mews were places for the keeping of hawks in olden time. It was impossible even to laugh at instruction so kindly given; nor did I tell my good teachers that any school-boy twelve years old in America knew that as well as they did. The elegant and very clever woman who recommended me to read Kenliworth before going to see the castle displayed this same sort of Philistinism. What need of telling her, either, that school-boys in America read Kenliworth!

"Mistakes of the Compositor."

Someone has taken the pains to collect for the Chicago *Times* some of the more famous typographical blunders of recent days—of the proof-reader on the *Herald* who underscored the line of the hymn "Hark, THE HERALD angels sing!" so as to give due credit to his own paper; of the *World's* report of a political meeting—"the snouts (for shouts) of 10,000 democrats rent the air;" of Goth's fourth of July oration about the effects of the immortal declaration penned by Thomas Jefferson at which "Thomas reeled," he was made to say, instead of "thrones reeled; a local reporter represented Talmage as reading the well-known hymn thus: "Nearer, by God, to Thee!" Instead of the fiat of the Almighty, a New York paper spoke of the "fist of the Almighty." Another paper declared that the Meeker massacre was caused, not as the dispatch said, "by the farmers pulling down the Indians' tents and corrals," but "the Indians' beets and carrots." Out west the obituary of a right reverend "prelate" was described as the "death of a pirate;" in a sermon a clergy man was announced as preaching about "a woman clothed in scantity" instead of sanctity; and the subject, "Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity," got into print as the "Influence of Rum upon the Digestion of Humanity." The compiler should have added to his collection the story of the Connecticut editor who wrote what he thought an unusually fine article entitled, "Is there no balm in Gilead?" and awoke the next morning to see it read "Is there no barn in Guilford?"

The unknown is an ocean, and conscience is the compass of the unknown; thought, meditation, prayer, are the great mysterious pointings of the needle.

Workingmen.

Before you begin your heavy spring work after a winter of relaxation, your system needs cleansing and strengthening to prevent an attack of Ague, Bilious or Spring Fever, or some other Spring sickness that will unfit you for a season's work. You will save time, much sickness and great expense if you will use one bottle of Hop Bitters in your family this month. Don't wait.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*