Suppose. upposing a youth, with his heart in his eyes. That shone like the light of the beautiful skies, Should promise to love me through all of life, And begged that I'd be his own dear little wife-Guess I would-wouldn't you?

Camden Post.

Suppose that a girl with her heart in her clothes And her bonnet shoved down on the bridge of her

Should go for your person and pocket for life. To be a useless, expensive, and cumberse

> Guess I wouldn't-would you? Reading Dispatch.

BREAD UPON THE WATER.

BY WILL 8 GRIBBLE. She came slowly from the shadow of the grand old cedars-came out into the opal sunshine of the September day. And Vivian St. Roy, from his seat upon the veranda of the Catakill Arcade, where he had passed the summer months, watched her, and saw the graceful movements of her lithe, girlish form -noted the regal poise of her dark, dusky head, and wondered to himself why fate had been so kind to her and fortune so unjust. For she was fair-surpassing fair to look upon-this ill clad girl who came like a phantom from the shadow of the cedars, with her deep, his pupil. dusky eyes and purple black hair.

She went straight down the mountain path-down toward the murmuring lake, that lay like a sheet of shimmering silver embedded amid a group of emerald arches at the foot of the mountain Her hands were clasped tightly across her heaving bosom, while her dusk, soulful eyes were turned toward the azure sky. And thus Vivian St. Roy understood it all; the girl was going to her death-her doom.

He flung aside the paper he had been reading, and dashed down the mountain path, following in her footsteps, not twenty paces behind.

She reached the bank, and then she paused, while the broken fragment of a prayer parted her quivering lips, then and secret love. the hands were thrown above the dusky head, the waves parted, and she went down. Vivian St. Roy had come too

He saw her body rise to the silvery surface, trembling like an aspen, and then disappear. It was time for action and he must act. He threw his coat to the ground and then plunged into the lake. Again her form floated like a vision before his eyes. He dashed forward with his arms outstretched, but she sank again, and he clutched only the empty

daring to breathe, St. Roy waited, and at last the form rose again. In an instant he was beside it, and with a grip as fierce as grim death itself, he grasped her throat just as she edied round before

the fatal death descent. He bore her to the shore, laid her gently upon a bed of early autumn leaves. and then, with all his might, he once again began to battle back that enemy, death. For an hour he worked steadily, and then the drooping eyelids quivered and moved, and the mild, dark orbs looked straight into his.

"Why did you save me?" she gasped brokenly, sobbingly. "Why, oh, why, did you not leave me to my fate?"

"Did you want to die?" "Want to die? Did I want to die? Roy." Yes, oh yes! Why did you rescue me?" She wailed out the last words with a bitter sob, and buried her face in her

hands. "Why did you want to die?" Vivian asked, bending over harquivering form. "Are you friendless?"

"I am friendless-I am homeless!" she sobbed wildly. "My parents died long years ago. I am alone—utterly alone!"

"What is your name?" "Nisma-Nisma Balfour. I am nothing but a child-only fifteen."

He looked at her in wonder; a strange, strange name, and a stranger girl. For a moment not a word was spoken, and then St. Roy broke the silence. "If you could get a home would you

care to go to it?" "Yes-oh, yes!"

She sprang from the ground and stood beside him, while he took a note book from his pocket, extracted a leaf, and wrote:-

"ELISE-The bearer is a homeless waif and knowing your heart is always full of pity for the unfortunate, I send her to you, knowing you will gladly obtain her a situation and a home.

Roy." Your brother, "Take this," he said, when he had finished, "and carry it to the address designated upon the envelope-Mrs. Elise

Feelding." "Stay," the girl broke in, hotly, "I'm no

fool—I cannot read."

gown. Good by."

they parted.

if not more. like a vein of sunshine about her per- it. Lowell long ago said of him in the enough to amuse and satisfy us.—Pas- of staff. It was stormed in consequence several wool-growers who own from 30,fect form-sitting and watching and "Fable for Critics," that he carried with | cal.

waiting for the hour that heralded Viv- him a "paulo post future of song," and ian St. Roy's coming. She heard a pair much of it was never brought into the of crutches fall heavily upon the velvet | present tense. carpet. Without, a second later, the noise ceased and a quick knock broke

the momentary silence. She swung wide the door, and Vivian not the strong, handsome, man of ten years ago-but Vivian St. Roy, hopelessly lame, and miserably poor.

Five years ago, a train was carried was editor. over an embankment. Few, very, very few, escaped with their lives; less escaped a life of helplessness. And then another misfortune fell heavily upon him; his father failed and died a bankrupt and he was a beggar.

When the worst was known, he decided to turn his artistic abilities into a of body and mind to enjoy it keenly. remunerative channel, and with that intention he painted a tiny picture-A mountain scene," they called it. It was the picture of a silvery lake, a towering | Nov. 15. mountain, a man and a girl—that was all. And when Valena Charlewood saw it she wept, and the world wondered

Then she said to herself she would the earth, and of the sky, and of the sea. And that was why Vivian St. Roy had seen her so often during the last year, and why he saw her to-day. She was

You look tired," she said, softly. "You are overworking yourself, I fear."

The voice was as sweet as a linnet's song, and it thrilled Vivian St. Roy through and through. "The poor must work, Miss Charlewood," he answered, "and I am misera-

but rich!" She watched him narrowly. If he were rich-what then? Would it matter

aught to her? "You do not crave riches," she said.

"But for one thing." "And that?"

Could she not see he was sufferingsuffer-the agony of a bleeding heart

She laughed scornfully. "My equal! Vivian St. Roy, you are to cold water exclusively. that now-ay, even more, for I am far odd, graceful way that made him start -that brought back to him the faded, vears ago, a glorious September day, glorious with its opal sunshine and crimson trees, and of a tiny, dark faced girl who lay half dead at his feet; it reminded It was life or death now. Scarcely him of the pictures he had painted in that he did not take food surreptiously. beautiful Valena Charlewood had wept: it reminded him of Nisma Balfour.

> "You are lost in thought," she said, unveiling her lustrous eyes. "Of what and whom are you thinking?"

"Of Nisma Balfour."

standing, white and motionless, before the open air and a swallew of water "Go on," was all she said, and he

obeyed. "I rescued her, years ago, from death er went to Elise. Perhaps after I left her she again flung herself into the lake. It was over her picture you wept.

"Because I was Nisma Balfour!" She was kneeling at his feet.

"You-no-no! Not you," he gasped. and gave me that dead child's name. and when she died made me her heir-

He was dazzled almost beyond com-

prehension, and she went on. "Yes, I am lowly Nisma Balfour. Years ago you tore me me from death's embrace, and I have come to save you from a life of weary toil-from a life of death. Vivian, I love you-love you in your misfortune and your weakness-

He caught her in his arms, with a glad, glad cry.

love you for yourself alone."

"Mine-mine-mine!" "Yes, yours, she whispered, "yours

And so Valena Charlewood blessed Vivian St. Roy with her love. The world called him a cripple; she called him her king; and the bread he cast upon the water has returned unto him a thousand fold.—Waverly Magazine.

Mr. Dana at Ninety. Rov's hand and pressed it passionately | readers, he is indeed only a name, partly for a second: the next, her little form | because his literary working days ended and Nisn a Balfour went out from the of his service to letters was rendered old life into the new-the life that lay | indirectly. As editor of the North Amer untried, all untried, before her. And so | ican Review, so long ago that only old men think of his editorship as a part of ried on in the valleys only. Vegetables * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * the history of this generation, he wield-A beautiful woman. That was what ed a power and exercised an influence the world called Valena Charlewood. for good over American literature the She had burst upon it with all her hebe- extent of which is known only to atulike loveliness, and many a crowne land | dents of literary history. His prose and loval head had knelt beneath the scepter | poetry are still read, and will continue | the neighboring islands in general supwielded by her beauty and her will. Yet | to be read, by men of fine literary taste. Valena Charlewood had never married, but he has written too little, and with the island, is the only harbor, and close al Williams, and other officers, and garalthough she was full five-and-twenty, too little attention to the great public's by lies Gustavia, the principal town and rison were made prisoners. At the taste, to be widely known among other seat of government. She was one of those dark beauties, than scholarly readers. The high literwith a dusky gleam in her starry eyes, ary quality of his work entitles him to and purplish threads in her ebon hair. a foremost place in American letters wish to be known to all the world, even Turkish stronghold has been again cap-She was sitting in the drawing room of but its scantiness deprives him of the to those who come after us, and we are her Hudson home, this dark winter universal popular regard which he might so vain that the esteem of five or six 2,500, the Grand Duke Michael virtually port last year having been over 50,000,evening, a dress of amber silk falling have won with ease if he had cared for persons immediately around us is surrendered the command to his chief 000 pounds, worth \$8,000,000. There are

It is a curious coincidence, worth nothing perhaps, that Mr. Bryant's earliest | beg 'ile. poem of importance, "Thanatopsis," was published in a review of which Mr. St. Roy came slowly in-Vivian St. Roy, Dana was editor, while Mr. Dana's first poems, "The dying Raven" and "The Husband and Wife's Grave," were published in a review of which Mr. Bryant

Mr. Dana's old age is a serene and happy one, a sweet one, we may say, which has brought with it no impairment of health or of spirits. His sight is keen; his health is good; his mind is as clear as ever. He is in a serene and sunny autumn of life, with the strength

May the days of his Indian summer be many and long, and full of rich, purple sunshine.- New York Evening Post,

The Champion Fast. Were it not that physicians are proverbially exact in all statements of cases under treatment or brought withike to paint like that—to draw upon a | in the range of their professional knowlpiece of canvas the living beauties of edge, the extraordinary narrative recorded below might be peremptorily consigned to the realm of "fishy yarns." But surrounded as it is by personal cane." knowledge and professional veracity the reporter is disposed to accept it without question, and leave the reader to settle his or her own mind upon the more incredible points involved in the ily. case, and which are substantially embraced in the accompanying condensation of the statement of Dr. Amenzo Moyer, whose office may be found at No. | fire." "That's out too, sir."

bly poor, even to beggary. Ah, if I were | 254 Hennepin avenue. According to Dr. Moyer's statement as prepared for the Medical Times, he had occasion to ask the advice of another medical friend, named Dr. Tanner during the latter part of the summer. Drs. Moyer and Tanner called on a patient in the night time, and upon their return to the office, on Hennepin avenue, suffering the intensest agony a man can | Dr. Tanner complained of illness, and retired to the sleeping apartment connected with Dr. Moyer's office. Here he "And that?" she repeated once more. remained for ten days, and during the "Would make me your equal, Valena." entire time resolutely declined all proffered nourishment, and limited himself

At the end of ten days Dr. Tanner conbeneath you-I have been in the dust!" | sidered himself sufficiently recovered to She closed her glittering eyes in an indulge in exercise in the open air, but concluded to continue the fasting test, in order to see how long human life may broken memory of a day long, long be prolonged without the use of any nourishment whatever. He remained in Dr. Moyer's office and was so contin. uously under the observation of Moyer. that the latter is positively convinced the darkest hours of his life, over which During the latter part of the test, Dr. Tanner was daily examined by his friend and associate, and exact records of his symptoms were jotted down. Dr. Tanner remained without food for just forty-two days, and the only things used during the time in the shape of nourish-She had risen to her feet, and was ment or stimulant, were a daily walk in whenever inclination prompted-a sufficiently light diet for any purpose. Toward the latter portion of the test unusual ph/sical symptoms were discovered and sent her to my sister. But she nev- While Dr. Tanner did not show any material reduction in tissue or strength. the action of the heart was visibly weakened and not the faintest trace of pulsa-"And that is why I wept, Vivian St. | tion could be discovered at the wrist With the appearance of this symptom of a moribund condition, Dr. Tanner "returned to his feed" in precisely fortytwo days after engaging in his extraordinary experiment. Dr. Moyer states "Yes, it was I. I was Nisma Balfour, that he ate sparingly at first, but soon and the reason I never went to your developed an enormous appetite, such sister is this: an old, white haired wo- as would prove an immediate ruin to man met me on the train, and she any well regulated church festival or thought I resembled her child; perhaps | boarding house of limited capital. Grad-I did; be that as it may, she adopted me, | ually, however, normal habits were resumed, and the "patient" is now in his normal health, ready for some other man to begin the experience where he left off.

There are those who will call this story "fiction," but witnesses of its veracity may be found in Minneapolis during office hours, and the reporter, in justification of its reproduction in this form, can only add that-like the experiment recorded-it had been undertaken purely "in the interest of science."-St Paul Pioneer-Press.

An Island Ceded to France. It is announced in the French papers that, after prolonged regotiations at one of the West Indian Leeward Islands in return for a sum of 277,500 france Pending the ratification of the contract the level of the sea. It is in most parts tle cotten, sugar, tobacco, and indigo. commerce is, however, carried on with ter seven hours' flighting, leaving 8,000

HUMOROUS.

Woman always was a siren. Even the five foolish virgins of Scripture, whose lamps went out, did their best to

take a newspaper, said, "Because my peace will probably follow. father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers and I have not read them all through yet."

An exchange says: "It is not good taste for young men to stay after ten o'clock when visiting ladies." Most young men fail to detect any difference in the taste after ten o'clock.

San Francisco has tried half-day schools, and it has been found that the scholars not only learn faster, but have more time to kill cats and stone China-

"At what age were you married?" she asked inqusitively. But the lady was equal to the emergency, and quietly respended, "At the parson-age."

"The most stylish Black Hills gentlemen wear red flannel collars with a big white button for a necktie." They will doubtless add other things as the weather gets cooler. A traveler fond of narrating wonders.

declared he knew of a cane a mile long. "Pray what kind of a cane was it?" asked a bystander. "It was a hurri-And now if somebody would go to

work and write a book about "That

a little something about the entire fam-"Master at home?" "No, sir, he's out." "Mistress home?" "No. sir. she's out." "Then I'll step in and sit by the

"You don't get any money out of me, sir," said he as the man presented his bill. "I'm a savings bank-that's what I am." And the creditor went discon-

solately away. A Lock Haven women pretended to faint away in a crowd in order to hear the comments of the men. One of the men yelled out, "Oh! what an enormous foot!" and the lady came to and tried to kick him.

The following advertisement appeared in an English newspaper: "A pianoforte to be sold, genuine Broadwood, by a lady about to leave England in a rosewood case on mahogany cas-A young lady, in conversing with a

gentleman, spoke of having resided in more aris'ocratic cauliflower when St. Louis. "Was St. Louis your native | cooked in the same manner." place?" asked the gentlemen. "Well. yes, part of the time," responded the young lady. A little girl who had great kindness

of heart for all the animal creation, saw a hen preparing to gather chickens under her wings, and shouted earnestly, "Oh. don't sit down on those beautiful little birds, you great, ugly rooeter!"

A Detroit boy stood an umbrella, with a cord tied to it, in a public doorway. Eleven persons thought that umbrella was theirs, and carried it with them the length of the cord. They then suddenly dropped it and went off without once looking back or stopping to pick it up again.
"How is it," Sald a gentleman to Sher-

idan, "that your name has not got an O attached to it! Your family is Irish and no doubt illustrious." 'No family had a better right to O than our family, said Sheridan, "for we owe everybody. A little girl, just able to talk, who had often been reproved for eating the inside of her pie and leaving the crust, was afflicted with a sore toe, and when she was caught slipping her pie-crust under her plate and called to account for it, she demurely said, "but papa,

my toe's so sore to day I can't eat crust. Wife: "Well, Jones, judging from your breath, I can't tell whether you have been drinking whisky or whether you have been swimming in it." Husband (reproachfully): "Hannah, don't vou-hic-love me me well enough to

gimme-hic-the benefit of the doubt?" "A Scotch witness somewhat given to prevarication, has recently given an exact and careful answer which ought to be appreciated by lawyers of every land. "How far is it between the two farms?" said the counsel. "By the road it is two miles." "Yes, but on your oath, how far is it as the crow flies?" "I dinna ken: I never was a crow."

The Fall of Kars. The capture of Kars by the Russians

is perhaps the most important victory of the war, and invests that stronghold with additional interest to the student tion when the deed was being attempt-Stockholm, the Government of Sweden of history. It is a fortified city of Turkand Norway has agreed to cede to France ish Amenia, situated on a rugged the Swedish Island of St. Bartholomew. | plair, 6000 to 7000 feet above the sea, on the river Arpa, 95 miles northeast from surrounded by a ditch, and has a strong plies. Le Carenage, on the west side of place surrendered from famine; Generclose of the war the Russians gave up the place in accordance with the treaty We are so presumptuous that we of Paris. In the assault by which this tured by the Russians, with a loss of of the rashness of Mouktar Pasha in ex- | 000 to 40,000 sheep each.

tending his lines beyond any possibility of defence. The victory opens the way for combined operations upon Erzeroum and Batoum. Now that Kars has fallen, if Pievna should be A farmer when asked why he didn't forced to succumb, negotiations for Parker.

USEFUL RECIPES. Beefsteak - Always broil it. Have it cut half an inch or more in thickness. If not tender, pound it; see that there are plenty of hot coals, and broil quickly upon a gridiron, turning often. My rule is to broil twelve minutes, turning five or six times. Use beef tongs to turn with, as a fork will let out the juices Take up on a platter, putting a little salt and butter on each side of the steak. Serve immediately.

Christmas Mince Meat.-Three pounds of roast beef, five pounds of apples, one pound of fresh beef suet, two pounds of raisins, stoned, one pound whole, two pounds and a half of currants, half a pound of mixed candied peel, the grated rind of three fresh lemons, the juice of two, two pounds of sugar, two nutmegs, desert spoonful of mace, one of cinnamon, one of allspice, one of ginger, one of salt, a fruit sirup, and a pint of golden sirup boiled in two quarts of cider until reduced one fourth, and then pour over the whole. Of course the ingredients are separately prepared, and afterward thoroughly mixed.

Hired Girl of Theirs," we should know Baked Cabbage.-Cabbages are cheap, large and good this season, and to make them palatable and eatable, we should know of more ways of cooking than boiling. An exchange recommends the taine.

"baked," which is treated as follows: "Boil a firm white cabbage for fifteen minutes in salted water, than change the water for more that is boiling, and boil until tender. Drain and set aside until cool, then chop fine. Butter a baking dish and lay in the chopped cabbage. Make a sauce in this way: Put a tablespoonful of butter in a pan; when it bubbles up well stir in one tablespoonful of flour, and one half pint of stock and one half pint of water, both boiling. Stir until smooth, season with pepper this over the cabbage, sprinkle rolled cracker over it, do it with lumps of butter and place in a quick oven for ten minutes. This is almost as good as the

Assassinations.

The record of attempted assassinations, says the London Times, goes to show that they are rarely successful, Pagre. even when skilled men attempt the lives of great personages. In 1857 Pianori, who was subsequently guillotined, actually seized the bridle of the emperor's horse in the Champs Elysees, in spite of innumerable police agents in private clothes, who constantly accompanied him in his peregrinations, and fired a pistol a bout portant in his face. The muzzle was so close that the shot burned the mustache, but missed its aim: and yet Pianori was reputed one of the best shots in Italy and France, and had practised constantly for two years. Or- Holmes. sini's bombs were hurled at the emperors carriage before the Opera at a ditance of four paces, and produced no effect, except that of killing several persons who were standing at a considerable distance | vee. from the carriage. The Pole Berexowski's attempt on the life of the emperor of Russia, which took place in 1866. during the Paris Exhibition, was made under equally favorable circumstances Berezowski fired almost from under the wheels of the imperial carriage with a six-barrelled revolver; but an equerrythe danger, made his horse rear, and the bullet intended for the Emperor Alexander struck the animal in the chest. Even then the pistol was misdirected and would have done no harm. Another striking instance to the same effect was presented by young Blind's attempt on the life of Prince Bismarck. Blind was a first-rate marksman—he had won the Wimbledon cup-and although he discharged the six chambers of the revolver while grappling with the German chancellor, none of them took effect. There are many more instances of at tempted political assassination, admirably contrived and executed by fearless persons, which have one and all failed on account of momentary emo-

Madame Bonaparte. Until very lately on occasional fine Erzeroum. It is defended by ramparts days a venerable lady, much bent in figure, but with an air of distinguishment by the Chambers of the countries con- citidel, and some works on the hills about her, might have been seen walkcerned, the white population of St. Bar- north of the city. It is a place of tran- ing slowly down Charles-street avenue, aning on the arm of a young and hand Mr. Richard Henry Dana is 90 years pronounced by a majority of 351 votes the interior and eastward. It has suf- some man of medium height, squarely old to-day, and the country may well against 1 in favor of the proposed trans- fered much from the chances of war. built figure and dark complexion. There "Very well, then. Here are ten dol- mark the occasion with a red letter in fer of the Island to France. The island It formerly contained six thousand was something so out of the commo lars, which will be sufficient to defray the calendar. The oldest of living was originally settled by the French in houses, but the number has largely di- about the couple that passers-by who did your expenses and buy you a decent American writers, Mr. Dana was one of 1648, and was ceded by them to the minished. The place was taken by the not know them stopped to take a second the first born of them, and is one of the Swedes in 1784. It is about eight miles Russian general Paskevitch in 1828, look and wonder who they were. People She took the note and money in a most highly and justly esteemed. To long, and varies from two to three in and occupied for two years. In the who were well acquainted in the city dazed sort of a way, and then caught St. | very many of the present generation of | breadth, its area being about twenty- Russian war of 1854, it was garrisoned | stopped also and remarked one to anfive square miles. The population at the by the Turks under the nominal com- other, "There are Madame Bonaparte the whole family of pride and ignorance present time is estimated at 2,800 souls. mand of Vasif Pasha, really directed by and her grandson." The venerable lady are incestuous, and eventually beget was speeding ever the mountain path, long ago, partly because the greater part In the interior the island is hilly, but its the Hungarian general Kmety (Ismail | was the widely renowned Madame B> highest point is less than 1,000 feet above Pasha) and the British General Sir naparte, and her escort was Charles William Fenwick Williams. It was Jerome Bonaparte, her grandson, a risbarren and sterile, cultivation being car- then besieged by a Russian force under ing member of the Baltimore bar. Re-General Muravieff. After two months' cently the distinguished lady, now ninecan always be obtained there, and a lit- investment the Russians attempted to ty odd years of age, has become very carry it by assult. Four times they feeble, and does not venture out of doors; are also produced, but its only exports | captured the redoubts, but being dis- and there are grave apprehensions that are cattle and salt. A considerable lodged by the bayonet, they retired af- her romantic and eventful career is fas approaching its close. The outlines of dead. On the 29th of November the her curious history are well known As lady Morgan has aptly said, "She belongs to history; she lived with kings and princes, philosophers and artists; there is about her a perpetual curios ty and romance."-Baltimore American.

California's wool growth is becoming

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

not, too, save ceremony.—Shakspeare. What succeeds, we keep, and it becomes the habit of mankind.-Theodore

Women can less easily surmount their coquetry than their passions .- with his reading, takes a first step in Rochefoucauld.

It is pleasant to see a notorious prof- if he takes counsel of his books he runs ligate siezed with a concern for religion. the risk of never succeeding in his pro-

-Addison. Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.-Sir P. Sidney.

The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.-Sir P. Sidney. Fire and sword are but slow engines

of destruction in comparison with the babbler.-Steele. God pardons like a mother, who kiss-

es the offense into everlasting forgetfulnes.—Beecher. The light in the world comes principally from two sources-the sun and

the student's lamp.—Bovee. The two best rules for system of the oricare: first, have something to say,

and next, say it.-George Emmons' Every man's vanity ought to be his greatest shame, and every man's folly ought to be his greatest secret .-Quarles.

It life, like the olive, is a bitter fruit then grasp both with the press and they will afford the sweetest oil.-Righ-Nothing is so oppressive as a secret

and I know even in this matter a good many men who are women.-La Fon-On what strange ground we build

us.-Dryden. Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but pride mineth deeper; it is coiled as a poisonous worm about the foundation | demanding work until the debt be can-

of the soul.—Tupper. Wealth hath never given happiness, but often hastened misery. Enough hath never caused misery, but often | ring the famous agitation of that prin-

quickened happiness.-Tupper. and salt, and mix well with it four ta- soft and fusile plaster of the moment espoused socialism forty years ago, and blespoonfuls of grated cheese. Pour hardens under every stroke of the t soon became a sort of monomania brush into eternal rock.—Sterling.

> The most accomplished way of using books at present is to serve them as some do lords, learn their titles, and then boast of their acquaintance.-Swift. It is beauty that doth oft make wo-

men proud; it is virtue that doth make them most admired; it is modesty that makes them seem divine. - Shaks-

stops; and the pattern which was weav-

ing when the sun went down is weav-

ing when it comes up to-morrow .-Beecher. What poetical suicide and sublime despair might have been prevented by a timely dose of blue pills, or the offer of a loge aux Italiens.-Sir Charles Mor-

Tears, except as a private demonstration, are an ill disguised expression of self-conciousness and vanity, which is inadmissable in good society.-

Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighbor plants-forgetting that it, too. like them, has its roots in the dirt. - Bo

for when we fail, our pride supports us When we succeed it betrays us.-Col-

Man carries under his hat a private theatre, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic in-ordinary, M. Raimbault, perceiving stage; beginning and ending in eternity. -Carlyle. It is impossible to diminish poverty

> as we may, misery and suffering will always cleave to the border of superfluity. -Jacobi. He that discovers himself till he hath made himself master of his desires, lays himself open to his own ruin and makes

Quaries. Life is the jailer of the soul in this filthy prison, and its only deliverer, is death; what we call life is a journey to death, and what we call death is a passport to life.-Colton.

To the disgrace of men it is seen that there are women both more wise to judge what evil is expected, and more constant to bear it when it is happened. -Sir P. Sidney.

It requires a great deal of badness: and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it it requires ten times as much wit to keep it.-Rothschild.

minds, and what havor would be made of the raw material.-Horace Mann. It is with nations as with individuals. think the highest of themselves; for

each other.-Colton. Vanity is the natural weakness of an ambitious man, which exposes him to the secret scorn and derision of those he converses with, and ruins the character he is so industrious to advance by it.-Addison.

A Theology or war with the laws of physical nature would be a battle of no | Theatre for \$135,000, intending to use it doubtful issue. The laws of our spiritnal nature give still less chance of success to the system which would thwart or slay them.-Channing.

Do not, then, train boys to learningly church of 175 members at Guadalajara. force and harshness; but direct them to Mexico. It was here that a American it by what amuses their minds so that missionary was killed by a mob a few you may be the better able to discover years ago. one of her greatest industries, the ex- with accuracy the peculiar bent of the

genius of each.-Plato. no longer within thy power; thy inten- by issuing bonds to the amount of \$154tions become now the plaything of 000.

chance; he who would have his com-What have kings that privates have mands certainly carried out must take man by surprise. - Goethe.

He who runs against time, has an untagon at not given to casualties-Johnson.

When a learned man, intericated the world, it is very often a false step; jects. - St. Everemond.

PERSONAL.

Gen. Butler has entered his 60th year. Stanley is expected to reach London

It is said that Lady Burdett-Coutte is an old maid because her riches made the attentions of suitors suspicious. She was much annoyed by persistent "lovers" in her early life. Although Hiram Powers is dead, save

a recent letter from Florence, the business of the studio still continues under the direction of his son, Mr. Longworth Powers, in connection with the widow of the senior Powers. The sculptors are Messrs. Preston and Longworth Powers, the two sons, both of whom inherit a talent for the art. The assertion that ex-Gov. Coburn, of

Maine, is the largest land owner in the United States, is disputed in favor of Wilson Waddingham, of New York, who owns 665,000 acres in one lot on the Canadian River in New Mexico, and enough more in other parts of the same Territory to make a total of 1,256,000 acres, or more than twice as many as are claimed for Mr. Coburn.

The finest plantation in Guatemala belongs to Mr. William Nelson, an Amerour hopes and fears! Man's life is all a | ican, of Scotch origin. Although Guamist, and in the dark our fortunes meet | temala is a Republic, the Government is despotic in character. The laborers, by being always in debt to the planters, become practically their slaves, the law celled.

Altert Brisbane, the most efficient worker in the cause of Fourierism duciple thirty years ago, is about to sail We paint our lives in fresco. The for Europe, probably not to return. He his eff gats that the famous Brook Farm experiment and others of a similar nature were attempted. The failure of these undertakings and the defection of all his old friends and disciples have not quenched his faith.

Mr. Conger, the witty Congressman from Michigan, has a love history which is quite remarkable. His present wife was his first love, but they quarreled We sleep, but the locm of life never and each married. Twenty years afterward, he, a widower, was in Congress, and she, a widow, sat in the gallery and listened to him speaking. It was the first time they had met since they had their lovers' quarrel. She sent her card and invited him to call on her, which he promised her to do if he might visit her as he used in the days of their youth. Her consent was easily obtained the old love revived, and they were soon married.

Blewing Out the Gas-

A singular casualty happened at the St. James Hotel on Monday evening, which, but for a timely discovery, would have resulted fatally to one of the lady guests of the house-a miss Pryor, of Illinois. The lady was on her way to To know a man, observe how he wins Kansas, where she was to be married, his object, rather than how he loses it; and, after spending the day with some friends, retired for the night. Some hours later, one of the bell boys of the house, while passing along the passage, noticed a strong smell of gas, and an investigation was set afoot which resulted in the forcing open of Miss Pryor's chamber, which was discovered to be nearly full of gas, while its occupant was found to be in an insensible condiby multiplication of effects, for, manage tion. The lady was removed to another room and Dr. Kennard was immediately sent for, who set energetically to work to restore his patient to animation. At first it seemed as though his efforts were doomed to meet with failure, but he persisted for two hours, at the end of which time the lady regained her conhimself prisoner to his own tongue.sciousness and was pronounced by the dector to be out of danger. As soon as she was strong enough to talk, she stated, in answer to a question, that she had blown out the gas light in her chamber. a feat which would hardly be expected of a nineteenth century young lafy .-St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Obelisks.

Only forty two obelisks are known to exist. At Karnak four are standing and two prostrate. Nine more are prostrate at Saan. One stands at Philie. Twelve are at Rome, the largest one of them being at the Church of St. John Lateran. Florence contains two, and Paris Arles, Constantinople, one each. this country there are four -two at the how to prepare fabrics as some teachers British Museum, one at Ainwick Casare to watch the growth of juvenile tle, and the fourth at Kingston Lacy. Dorsetshire, brought over by Mr. Wm Banks, a friend of Lord Byron. The obelisk now on its way to England was those who know the least of others | the companion of the one still standing at Alexandria, to which it had been transported from On. Though named after Cleopatra, its erection at the Temple of Cæsar did not take place until the eighth fear of the reign of Augustus, and several years after the death of the Queen. Abdul Lateel says the obelisk stood in his time-twelfth century,-London Examiner.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland has bought the Elinburgh for a hall for the Sygod and for the Theological School.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have now a

The managers of the Southern Meth odist Publishing House, at Nashville A resolution that is communicated is Tennessee, are trying to fund its debt