

BY THE STILE.

"Ah, sweet!" said I. The sun dropped low. And filled the west with passing glimmers. And lingered as if loth to go. Bleeding the hills with kisses tender. Too sweet was it! Flowers hung their heads. As if to do the maiden honor. The little violets from their beds. With timid blue eyes gazed upon her.

So fair, with an ethereal grace. With eyes like stars at midnight burning. The perfect beauty of her face. Had fit to my heart with secret yearning. I loved her, yet I dared not tell. As by the stile we stood, belated. Her words would make my heaven or hell. What wonder that I longed and waited!

One little star peeped from the sky. And winked at us with visage winked. As if to say, "Now! On the wick. And at my hesitation twinkled."

She leaned to me across the stile— How could the heart of man resist her? I paused a very little while. And then I leaped all, and kissed her!

MISS ASHDELL.

Consternation was depicted on the faces of the family group assembled to hear it, when I finished reading the letter I had just received from aunt.

The group consisted of myself—Mary, eldest daughter of the house and health—brown, dark-eyed, tall, and eighteen; Helen, not quite as brown, hazel-eyed, almost as tall, and sixteen; Will, browner, darker-eyed, a head shorter, and ten; and Carroll, towering above us all, blue-eyed, fair-haired, gold-mustached, and twenty-one.

Aunt was, in fact, our great aunt, sister of our father's mother, but the only aunt, great or little, that we had ever known. We had met her but two or three times during our lives, as she lived in far-away Illinois, and was too much occupied with grains and herds to think of frequent visiting, and we—well, we were too poorly provided with gold and silver to be able to take long and expensive journeys.

So what little visiting there had been had been on aunt's side, with one exception, and then I was the visitor. It was when I was about fifteen this short but memorable visit took place. Yielding to aunt's repeated solicitations—I was her namesake—I started from home with the intention of spending the summer months on the Illinois farm. I arrived there safely, was welcomed heartily, and was entertained right royally; but before a week had passed away I had grown so tired of the seeming boundlessness of everything, and longed so for the little cottage and Lilliputian garden where grew my three rose bushes—one red, one white, and one a creamy yellow—that aunt, seeing the longing in my eyes, said, "Child, you must go back," and back I came long before I was expected, but my dear father and mother assured me not a moment too soon.

We children had always heard twice a year from aunt—once collectively at Christmas, and once respectively on our birthdays—and each time the kindly note which exhorted us to "be good, industrious, and self-reliant," inclosed a check larger or smaller according to aunt's gains of the preceding year.

These notes we had been taught to answer with many wishes for the old ady's welfare, and thanks for her kindnesses, and hopes for a speedy meeting; in short, in a manner befitting the only nieces and nephews of the Carmody family when replying to the friendly epistles of their only aunt, to say nothing of that aunt being the wealthiest and most influential member of that family.

A few days before our father died he called us together, and said, "My children, it isn't at all likely to occur, but if your aunt should ask a favor of you, grant it in no matter what inconvenience. She has been my best and dearest friend."

Poor father! I suspect aunt had often helped him out of pecuniary circumstances. He was an unpractical, dreamy sort of a man, fond of birds, poetry and flowers, and didn't succeed very well in life. But, in spite of his dreaminess and his want of worldly tact, and his being so totally unlike her in most ways, he was a great favorite of aunts, and when we telegraphed his serious illness to her she left her vast possessions without a captain at a moment's notice, and hastened to his side, making her appearance in a bonnet that immediately suggested the prairie, it was so unlimited as to size and so bare of ornament, and which grotesquely obtruded itself into the remembrance of that sad time forever after.

Since father's death things hadn't been very bright with us. In fact, not bright at all. We found there was a good deal of money owing, and what remained of the \$200 aunt gave us on the day of the funeral—she bade us good-by the instant the ceremonies were over—after our very cheap mourning was paid for, went to the butcher, grocer and shoemaker.

We were all willing to do, and did, whatever we could toward supporting the household; but, dear! dear! talk about weeds! I never saw anything grow like bills. Carroll, who had an aristocratic turn of mind, struggled with it, and I, who had a dress-making turn of mind, struggled with that, and Helen struggled with her books, hoping to become a teacher in time, and little Will struggled with somebody else's books, for he went into a publishing house as errand boy—poor fellow.

Besides the struggles, we had mother on our minds. A few weeks after we lost our father we lost our baby sister. A beautiful child she was, as bright as a diamond and as fair as a pearl, and the pride and darling of us all. Already sinking beneath the blow of her husband's death, when her little daughter died too, my mother's heart was nearly broken. From being a sunny, energetic, busy woman, she became listless and apathetic, sitting in her room day after day gazing upon the pictures of the loved ones, or rocking back and forth, her hands clasped upon her lap, looking with dry eyes upon vacancy.

er, for the terrible thought came to us often that we should lose our mother in a much worse way than we had our father and sister—that her brain would at last give way beneath its weight of heavy, despairing thoughts. Well, the exchequer was low enough; and mother had had one of her very bad spells; and a lady customer had just been in and abused me—yes, abused! I can't say, no other word; women do it in such temors at their dress-makers, about the fit of her dress, declaring it to be "utterly ruined" when it only wanted taking up a little on one shoulder and letting down an inch or so in front; and Will's right arm was almost disabled from a heavy load of books he had carried a long distance the day before (how men can have the heart to give a man's burden to a child I can't say) when aunt's letter fell like a bomb-shell into our nearly disheartened little camp.

"DEAR FOLKS:—A friend of mine—an Englishman" (aunt's language was correct enough, but at times her spelling was somewhat peculiar)—"who came here purposing to start in business, took the fever, lingered a few months, and died, leaving, Heaven knows why, his only child, a daughter who will eventually be a not-to-be-snuffed-at heiress, to my care. Having been delicately reared in the midst of devotion and tenderness, this place, only suited to bold, strong natures, is a little too ruff for her. So she desires—at least I desire for her—a home in the North, and I wish that home to be with you.

"My niece Mary, who inherits the disposition of her father to a great degree—and he would have gone out of his way any day to give even a dumb brute pleasure—will, I am sure, be kind to her. Carroll will love her for her beauty, if for nothing else, and the rest of you will love her because she is most lovable. Her maid will accompany her.

"At present her affairs are in a tangle, but I hope to unravel them in the course of a few months, and then you will be recompensed for whatever extra [expense she may cause you. I would inclose a check at present writing, but all my funds are invested in a speculation from which I expect to reap much profit. Do the best you can until you hear from me again, when I will further unfold my plans in regard to Miss Ashbell, who, by-the-by, starts tomorrow.

"No wonder consternation and dismay were depicted on every countenance when I ceased reading this letter. No wonder we looked gaspingly at each other. What in the world were we to do with this fine young lady in our humble home?

What could aunt be thinking about? True, we didn't know exactly how poor we were, for we'd been too proud to acknowledge our extreme poverty in our few and far-between letters. On the contrary, I am afraid we had led her to believe that we were in quite a flourishing condition. But for all that, she ought to have known that we were not flourishing enough to support a delicate and beautiful girl, used to luxury, tenderness, and devotion, for even a few months. Was ever anything so malapropos and vexatious? Of course Miss Ashbell would look with scorn on our seven-roomed dwelling, with a back garden twenty-five by twenty-five, and a court-yard ten by ten. And suppose—as aunt, with a short-sightedness very unusual to her, complacently remarked—Carroll should fall in love with her? The proud English girl would no doubt regard him as a fortune hunter, and indignantly compare his frank, impulsive, rather brusque manners with the repose and "awful" dignity of the languid swells of her own land.

And somebody else might be attracted toward her—men are so susceptible to woman's beauty—somebody whom you thought my face the sweetest in the world. The very thought made my heart stop beating.

And the maid? Even if we can make arrangements to accommodate her—and it seemed utterly impossible for us to do so—Betty, our faithful servant for the last fifteen years, would look upon her in the light of an interloper, and treat her as such. Betty had been used to being "monarch of all she surveyed." Even in house-eld ailing times—those times that try men's souls and women's soles—she scorned the idea of an assistant.

"No, ma'am, I'll have no strangers pokin' roum' me. When I'm not able to do the work of this house alone, I'll go."

And mother—dear, shrinking, grief-stricken mother—how would she bear the advent of this dainty Miss Ashbell? But we could do nothing to avert the impending misfortune. Even if we had thought of disobeying our father's last command, and refusing aunt the favor she had not asked, but, in her usual decisive way, taken for granted, the young lady was on her way, and would be here in a day or two.

The news must be immediately broken on to mother and Betty. I, being the housekeeper, undertook to face the latter. I will confess I did it with fear and trembling. She heard me grimly, never ceasing to peer the potatoes she held in her lap, and when I had ended, looked up with a sharp nod of the head, and said, slowly and emphatically, "Betty'll have to go now, sure. She can't stand no fine young ladies and sassy young ladies-maids about for nothing."

Helen went to mother, put her arms about her neck, and with a kiss and a smile told her of the expected visitor, adding, with an assumption of gayety: "She shan't come near you at all, mamma dear, if you don't want her; but you know aunt has been so kind to us, and father loved her so dearly, it would be impossible to refuse the first favor she ever asked of us.

Mother said never a word, but began brushing the hair from her temples with both hands in a nervous way she had when anything grieved or annoyed her. And then we began preparing for Miss Ashbell. Will's room was to be given up to her, and Will (Carroll's room was scarcely large enough for himself and his art traps, as he called them) was to be stowed away in the loft—a proceeding which he viewed with immense dissatisfaction. "I'll smother up there in hot weather," he said, with a wry face. "Oh, I wish there wasn't any Miss Ashbell! Why don't she go to a hotel?"

"Why don't she?" echoed I. I said we began to prepare for her, but for lack of the before-mentioned silver and gold, our preparations were of the simplest kind. Carroll made and put up two pretty brackets, and hung, with a sigh, for he hated to part with them—the few pictures he possessed on the walls. I looped back the white-curtains (freshly washed and ironed, with much grumbling by Betty) with new blue ribbons, and I covered the trunk ottoman with bright chintz, and with Helen's help made a new mat to place before the bureau, and we turned an old table-cloth into napkins, and bought a new napkin-ring and two or three cut-glass goblets and a lovely china cup and saucer, and when all was done, waited with anxious hearts for our unwelcome guest.

Mother had shut herself up in her room early in the morning of the day we expected her, and had remained there; and the rest of us were all as uncomfortable as poor, proud, sly, sensitive people could be at the thought of a perfect stranger's ingress into the very heart of their home, and wishing audibly and inaudibly that Miss Ashbell's father had never brought her from England, when, as the sun sank in the west, and a cool summer breeze, lifted with the breath of the roses, flung the curtains of our cozy bay-window, a carri-ge stopped at our door.

"She's come, and I'm gone," said Will, flinging down his book and rushing into the garden. Carroll rose from his chair, ran his fingers through his golden hair, and glanced in the mirror at his new blue silk neck-tie. Helen sank back on the lounge with a sort of groan; and I opened the parlor door as Betty went muttering through the entry in answer to the bell.

"Is it Mrs. Carmody's?" asked a pleasant voice, with—yes, it was a silent brogue. "Yes," answered Betty shortly. And in another moment a round-checked, unmistakably red-haired, good-natured-looking young girl in a plain traveling dress stood before me.

"Good gracious! is this the beauty?" thought I, and Carroll fell back a step or two.

"Are you Miss Carmody?" she asked. "I am," I replied, holding out my hand; "and let me welcome you!" when, turning from me, she gently pulled forward into the room the loveliest little child I had ever beheld in my life, with large, soul-lit brown eyes, and sunny hair the exact color of our lost darling's.

"This is Miss Ashbell," said the maid; "and I am to stay or go back as you see fit."

I looked at Carroll. He indulged in a long under-the-breath whistle. Helen buried her face in the sofa cushion and laughed hysterically.

The child came forward and holding out her little hand, said, with a pretty drawl, "I am to love you, and you are to love me. Aunt said so."

I went on my knees on one side of her and Helen went down on her knees on the other, and we kissed her till her dimpled cheeks glowed again (you see the house had been so lonely without our little sister), while Carroll looked on with astonishment, admiration, and tenderness blended in his handsome face, and Will stole in with the only bud from my precious tea rose, the stem carefully stripped of its thorns, and put it in her hand.

"Thank you, boy," she said, "I will have you for a brother; and you too," looking with a bright smile up in Carroll's face. "There is an angel home, in a big picture, with hair and eyes like yours."

Carroll caught her up in his arms, and away with her to mother's room. And there she had no sooner said, "My papa and mamma are both in heaven," than mother burst out in a blessed fit of weeping that left a rainbow behind it. And from that hour the weight began to be lifted from her brain, and soon I had to resign my position as house-keeper, for we had our mother back again as she used to be of old—a little quieter in her ways, perhaps, but just as sweet, as kind, as unselfish as ever.

And Carroll's picture of "Miss Ashbell" gained him a place on the walls of the academy that autumn; and Will who entered college last week, never ran away from her again, but has ever since been giving her roses freed from thorns, as he did the first night she came among us, bringing light and happiness. God bless her!—to our sorrow-clouded nose.

And I often think, looking at the two heads (there is only four years difference in their ages) bending over the same book, that some day Will will tell her the old, old story, and she will hear it with a smile.

"I shouldn't wonder if you were right, Brownie," says my husband—how I laugh when I think of my jealous fears about him once on a time!—"you almost always are."

And aunt's speculation turned out splendidly (she is still living, a hale old woman of seventy-five), and she insisted on our accepting what she called "father's share, and that share was no inconsiderable one.

And the seven-roomed house has grown to a twelve-roomed one—Betty, by-the-by, has allowed her daughter to assist in the house-work, and the twenty-five by twenty-five garden to a hundred by a hundred, my corner just filled with rose bushes. And everything has prospered with us, and no lengthening shadows have fallen upon our paths, since the rosy June afternoon we so unwillingly opened the door to let in the darling who loved us, as we loved her, at first sight—sweet brown-eyed, golden-haired, Miss Ashbell!

"National Prosperity." In his fourth paper on "Elements of National Wealth," (International Review for July), David A. Wells shows our annual income as a nation to be \$5,000,000,000. Of this income the nation sets aside as capital for future increase not more than \$500,000,000, or ten per cent. of the income. The process by which Mr. Wells arrives at this conclusion is exceedingly interesting, instructive and conclusive.

In estimating the rate of wages he takes, as a basis, the elaborate and careful statistical investigations in 1875 in Massachusetts, under the direction of Hon. Carroll S. Wright, Chief of the State Bureau of Labor Statistics. He says that males above 15 receive an average of \$628.13 per annum; females above 15, \$343.42 per annum. Both sexes under 15, \$146.65. Twelve per cent. of wage-earners obtain additional incomes in various ways outside of regular employment during off-hours and off-days. The average number of days worked by males was 241.65 days; females, 258.96 per annum.

Of "salary-receivers," the average annual earnings were found to be for males, \$1,917.16, and for females, \$429.36. One of the leading obstacles to the largest possible annual capital accumulation is the sin of national wastefulness, in the use, especially, of all food products, lumber, coal, and other like material. The destruction of property by fire in the United States is also something which finds no parallel in the experience of this country.

The false ideas extant of the national wealth, fostered by the effect of inflation of prices, etc., produce all manner of unproductive expenditures, induce shirking of physical toil, etc.; under these circumstances capital is largely obstructed, and wastes away as by dry rot. Still, wealth often increases during hard times, under the stimulus of economy, forced by the prospect of want. In his observations on the effect of the trade of politics upon "National Prosperity," Mr. Wells says, "apart from the regular working of the natural laws, there is no one class of agencies which so powerfully affects the national interests of the people, which so determines the size of their loaf, the cost of their coat, the price of their fuel, the purchasing power of their money, and the remuneration of their capital and labor as the policy which the government adopts.

"Politics, or the science of government, in place of being a matter to be hurried over, or made the subject of action based on personal ambition, or emolument, or a compromised expediency, is in reality a part of the most serious and important business of life, and finds its most intelligent and necessary expression in seeing that nothing in the nature of obstruction or disturbance shall be artificially or needlessly created which can in any way diminish the amount of the annual product of the nation, or impair the equality of its distribution among the masses.

"Transmutation." Raymond Lully performed a transmutation miracle before King Edward I. of England, by changing 50,000 pounds of quicksilver into a corresponding lump of solid gold, and the first rose nibs were coined out of this identical Lullian gold.

The tellers of big stories are, as a rule, equally reckless and ignorant, and lack—most of them, at least—the faculty of calculation and the power of computation; and there is, in truth, no bigger story-teller to be found than history. Fifty thousand pounds of quicksilver forms a respectable mass, not quite so readily procured in a lump. It would fill something like the space of fifty-eight cubic feet—a bulk certainly rather difficult to operation in the time of the first Edward, even by so distinguished and accomplished an adept as the great Lully. Basing the calculation in the rough upon the respective specific gravities of the two metals, the transmutation would have produced something like £2,500,000 of our money—an enormous sum in the days of Edward I. The real truth of the matter was that the ingenious Raymond, perfectly aware of one of the most valuable properties of quicksilver, made up, in presence of the ignorant and credulous king, and his equally ignorant and credulous courtiers, a mixture of copper, tin, lead, etc., with auro-mercurial amalgam, obtained by dissolving a certain amount of gold in quicksilver, and subjected the mixture to a strong heat, which process would, of course, ultimate in the production of just as much pure gold as the mercury had held in amalgamation.

This was a most simple trick indeed, but quite sufficiently ingenious for the limited intelligence of the people of the dark ages. The king was much astounded and deeply chagrined when he afterwards in vain attempted to imitate Lully's "simple process." Of course he omitted to put in the gold. However, as Lully had generously made the experiment gratis, no great harm was done.

What could have been Lully's motive in thus selling the king of England? Well, perhaps the great adept was a humorist in his way, who might have desired liked to chuckle in imagination over poor disappointed Longshanks' long face.

"Wise" Queen Elizabeth, and the wise men of her court were done in a somewhat similar, though certainly a little more ingenious fashion, by a traveling monk adept, who dipped a knife and file—ostentatiously used by him previously in some laboratory operations—in presence of the queen and her court, into a wonderful tincture, which miraculously converted the part dipped into solid gold. The knife was permitted to remain in a collection of curiosities of Queen Elizabeth until the latter half of the last century, when the famous mechanician, Geoffroy, publicly exposed the cheat before the French Academy of Sciences. The trick was performed simply with a knife and file, both consisting of two halves—a steel one and a gold one—deftly soldered together, and coated all over by an ingenious process with a thin film of steel, highly polished, and presenting thus to the eye a uniform surface of steel. This film was, of course, easily dissolved by the nitric acid tincture, leaving the solid gold exposed to view. The trick was

neatly and ingeniously done, and the monk was wise enough to charge nothing for it; he refused, of course, point blank, to sell his secret to Her Majesty. He rested content with having sold Her Majesty, herself, to whom he pleaded, in excuse of his refusal, that transmuting was an occult and unholy art, not fit to be touched by the sacred hand of a royal virgin of the most Christian house of Tudor.

What object could this monk have had in view? Difficult to say. History simply hints that he had to prefer to the queen certain pleas and supplications in favor of the religious confraternity to which he belonged, and that he resorted to this ingenious device to dispose Her Majesty favorably to his suit. —Tinsley's Magazine.

An Infant has Its Arm Bitten Off by an Alligator.

Mr. Philbrick, among many other living curiosities, possesses an alligator about half grown and an infant which is old enough to crawl and go about the yard unattended. A strange attachment existed between the alligator and the infant, the former being so docile that the friends frequently spent hours during the day in playing with each other. The alligator would amble clumsily to his tank, take a sportive dive, and returning he would embrace the little one, so to speak, and give unmistakable evidence of delight in receiving tender caresses in return. So secure seemed the friendship between them that Mr. Philbrick never thought of harm, and left the playmates to themselves to pass the time as suited their inclination. The friendly relations did not last long, however, for Mr. Philbrick was startled about 10 o'clock on Wednesday last by agonizing screams coming from the back yard, and rushing out he found to his horror that the alligator had bitten the little fellow's arm almost entirely off, the fraction of limb dangling by a slender bit of cuticle. The poor suffering little thing moaned and wept bitterly, and the alligator, seeing the distress he had created, crawled up to his victim and shed copious tears of sympathy, his expression of countenance giving him the appearance of a subdued and sentimental ass. Mr. Philbrick severed the lacerated member, dressed the stub carefully, and the animal is now able to waddle about on three legs. We have often heard of "crocodile tears" but until Mr. Philbrick's statement our faith in their existence could have been easily shaken. —Tallahassee Floridian.

Stammering After Dinner.

General Grant can make an after-dinner speech, but he doesn't like to. Washington Irving could not make one under any circumstances. It is not every orator, even who can make a successful after-dinner speech. It demands more wit than eloquence, and an adaptation to those who, being full of turtle and turbot, would rather be pleased than instructed. To listen to one who knows how to do it is pleasant; but to hear a wearisome man stammer out dislocated sentences is painful.

An English general at a public dinner was asked to respond to a toast complimentary to the army. He was a hero in the field, but so panic-stricken was he when standing on his legs at the dinner table, that he said: "May it please Your Royal Highness, I rise—the army—the British army—whose valorous—hem, hem,—I say the army."

Here a friend pulled the gallant soldier by the coat-tails and whispered: "Thank the gentlemen and sit down." The general obeyed. Another distinguished officer, on a similar occasion, knowing that he had been chosen to return thanks for the army, instead of dining, made pencil notes. He may have outlined a good speech, but what he said was: "My lords and gentlemen—my lords and gentlemen—unexpectedly called." "I say, unexpectedly called upon"—here the notes dropped under the table—"England is an island—and and"—here he paused for some time—"and long may she remain so."

Death of Robert Emmett's Executioner.

A Dublin, Ireland, letter, just published, says that on Monday, August 5, an old man died in the workhouse at Ballina, Mayo county, and two days later was assigned to a pauper's grave. His name was Barney Moran. He was a native of Dublin, and so long as he was able to tramp about, he made a livelihood as a professional ballad singer. He believed himself at the time of his death about 93 years of age. He made a singular revelation to the master and chaplain of the workhouse. He told them he was one of a band of soldiers, who on the night of May, 1798, accompanied Major Sirr and Swan to the house of Nicholas Murphy, a feather merchant, where Lord Fitzgerald was concealed, and effected the capture of the rebel chieftain, Barney Moran avowed in that terrible business he faithfully discharged his duty as a loyal soldier to the British crown, but his most startling revelation was that he was also the executioner of Robert Emmett. This confession has been corroborated. Moran's ill-gotten gains did not prosper. He quitted the army, and after a wandering life of hardship and privation for half a century, exactly seventy-five years after Emmett's death, his executioner has found a pauper's death and nameless grave.

Jennie June on Young Men.

Jennie June is indignant, and jabs ferociously at those young men who do not marry immediately. It is very queer that women are always slashing away at persons who hesitate in a matter so serious as matrimony. They seem to expect every man to be a Brigham Young, though not one male in 10,000 has the Brigham gift of accumulating property. Writes Jennie: "The present period seems to be fertile in the production of a lot of happy youths, who are devoted to neckties; who have not strength, honor or manliness enough to make love to a young girl; who would not dare to take the responsibility of supporting a wife, but consider that they gain some reflected glory by making one of the trail of worshippers that dog the steps of any woman who attains distinction or notoriety.

AN INVISIBLE GHOST.

What followed a Jerseyman's Forgotten Promise to His Dying Wife.

A new kind of ghost story, although the ghost has not yet been seen, comes from the Blue Mountains in New Jersey, which seems to show that a dead woman is wreaking some kind of vague vengeance upon her husband because he married a second wife. There is an isolated spot at the foot of the mountains between Summit and Providence, where there are a few houses, one of which is occupied by a man named John Pleasant. Three years ago Pleasant married a woman named Sarah Stapleton, who died last May, leaving an infant about a year old. On her dying bed Mrs. Pleasant made her husband promise that he would not marry again. He soon forgot his promise, and three months afterwards married a young girl named Mary Huntly, who took good care of the child. One night last week Pleasant and his wife went to a picnic, leaving the baby soundly sleeping in bed. Soon after they were gone Charles Kilkenny, who lives in a house adjoining that of Pleasant, heard the child screaming as if in pain. He went out, and seeing that Pleasant's house was lighted up supposed that he and his wife were home. The light was unusually bright, however, and streamed through the cracks in the window and lighted up the road. While Kilkenny was watching the light two young men who were going to the picnic came along, and Kilkenny calling their attention to Pleasant's house, they concluded that a lamp had in some manner been upset and that the house was on fire. The three men then ran to the house, and were a little astonished on reaching it to find that the light had disappeared and that the baby had stopped crying. They thought, however, that the Pleasants had put out the fire and quieted the child.

The young men then went on their way, and on arriving at the picnic ground found, to their great surprise, both Pleasant and his wife there. They told Pleasant what they seen, and he and his wife and several other persons returned to the house. The doors were found to be locked and in the same condition as they had been left, but the child had disappeared from its bed. The house was searched and the baby was found lying under a bed in a room up-stairs, wrapped in a shawl and lying on a pillow, both of which had belonged to Pleasant's first wife, and which had been kept carefully locked up in a trunk. A number of trinkets which had been in the trunk, and which had belonged to the dead woman, were scattered around near the child. Pleasant and his wife were greatly alarmed, and being good Catholics, went for advice to Father Fessolles, the parish priest. The priest said he could do nothing, and advised Pleasant and his wife to treat the child with the greatest care and attention, and never to strike it. The priest says the story is inexplicable, but he will express no opinion. —New York World.

A Loan to Hawaii.

Speaking of the Hawaiian Islands, the San Francisco Alta of a recent date incidentally mentions the following: "The people are delighted with the boldness of American capitalists, and in every way express their satisfaction with the new order of things. One of the Ministers had loaned to the King a considerable sum of money which it would inconvenience the monarch to pay; as there were interests before the Cabinet, on which this officer had peculiar views, which were not to the liking of the occupant of the throne, a knot was produced. This knot was dexterously cut by a Californian capitalist, who said to his Majesty that he wished to place a loan in the Islands, and begged permission to be allowed to draw his check for the amount due to the Minister, (\$50,000,) and take the loan at a less rate of interest. The capitalist at once became the creditor of the Government, and his interests have not suffered by his adroit stroke of business. Californians have always been popular with the Hawaiian people, but since this little affair has become known, they are treated with the most distinguished consideration, and if there should soon be occasion to call for an expression of opinion on the subject of an American protectorate for the Islands, there would be a very unanimous vote in favor of the proposition."

The Boyhood of Ole Bull.

Real genius commonly develops early especially in musical art. Ole Bull's early attempt to master the mysteries of the violin, dates back to the sixth year, when an uncle, a good "cello performer, presented him with a little pine violin, "as yellow as a lemon." Partly by his quick ears, and partly by his uncle's instruction, the child soon learned the principles which governed the instrument, and showed so much talent that he interested his mother, who showed a desire to have him receive competent instruction. When he was but seven or eight years old, a musician passing in search of pupils was called in to see the boy violinist, and satisfactory arrangements for his instruction were made. A few lessons ended the relation of teacher and pupil, however, as the boy turned critic, and complained that the teacher was incompetent. Another teacher was found, and yet another, but neither held their positions long, for Ole Bull rapidly developed such a knowledge of the instrument, and he was so keen in perceiving the inaccuracies of his masters, that he was not a very comfortable pupil. He was thirteen years old before he found a competent teacher, and this man, from being astonished at his rapid progress and great capabilities, became jealous of his skill, fearing to see himself eclipsed, as indeed he presently did, in spite of his endeavors to keep the boy back and disparage his attainments. A house too closely shaded by trees will be apt to suffer from dampness. In building let the living and sleeping rooms, as far as possible, face toward the south, and thus gain the advantage of the sunshine. The sun is the great preserver of health.