I, far removed from meadows green, From tranquil shade or woodlaud lawns,

A MORNING DREAM.

- Lie in my attic, all alone,
 And dream the while the morning dawne.
 About my brain there filt, like birds,
 Thoughts of a past surpassing fair;
 I hear old unfergotten words,
 Remembered footsteps on the stair.
- Old odors, olden songs, perhaps— Steep seems to meit them into one— Come back, and all the long elapse Of time rolls back to days long gone.
- I know I'm dreaming; if I wake
- I shall descend to narrow days
 And petty cares, which grudge and take
 The time I'd spend in other ways. My daily labor, hard and stern,
- Gives me such wages as I earn,
 But chills my life with icy touch.
 There's nothing left. Vainly I think
 In duty done to find content;
 Each dawning day wakes me to shrink
 From life, from which the soul seems rer
- This is my happiest hour, this time,
 Brief moment of my morning dream,
 Before I hear the unwelcome chime,
 Sounding far more in rain than gleam.
 'Tis then I smell the lilles white,
 Whose tall stalks swayed in that still place,
- Half garden, half a desert bright, Where I last saw you face to face.
- I see you as you stood, I hear Your voice that mingled with the birds', And all the sounds far off and near,
- Making a prelude to your words. I look beyond, across the wold, To where the windmill stood and hurl'd
- Its giant arms, that turned and rolled In dizzy motion, quickly whirled.
- I see the pigeons wheeling high Above our heads; the golden bees; Treasured with honey-laden thigh,
- Like winged insect argosies. I see it all; it fades and dies
- Into the gray of waking hours, As rainbows lade in summer skies, Whose brilliant color mocked the flowers.
- Oh weary light! that comes to glad A hundred hearts, no smile you bring To me, whose heart, though now so sad
- Was once as light as swallow's wing. Oh fields! where never more my feet Will tread, as in the long ago, In dreams I smell your fragrance sweet, And see the corn flowers sway and blow.

-Celtic Monthly. THE DEATH-BED OF MRS. O'FLA-

HERTY. "Hear me last wurruds! Faix, there's O'-That wurruld's thafe!—owes me ninepince

- happeny, And there's Phil Coyne, with his decaiving thricks, Owes me five shillins', and there's Pathrick
- Free By the same token owes me two and six, The craythur! May the divil howld
- " The ould woman is sinsible to the last!" "Give me a dhrop! Arrah, where was I
- And I owe Micky O'Fail wan pound tin, And Phelim M'Carthy two pounds, and I owe Three pounds to Jimmy Hone, and Mrs.Flynn
- Wan pound sivin shillin's, two pince happe-"Tis two pince and three farthin's, by your laves," " Howly St. Pathrick! Hear now how she raves!"

HER BLUE-EYED BOY.

-Scribner for April.

- "My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy, For thee I sigh, for thee I weep, When others tread the mazy dance,
- Or smile in happy dreams and sleep.

 Torn from these loving arms away,
 By those who recked not tear or prayer, Ere thou couldst speak thy mother's name, My tiny bud, my babelet fair.
- "My boy, my boy, my blue-eyed boy, Could I within thy bright eyes gaze, Or have an hour to kiss thee in, Twould light up many weary days.
- Between us Ocean's billows beat And I can but thy picture kiss, My fairy rose, my babelet sweet."

As Miss Isabella Spooner finished reading these verses and proceeded to cut them out of the paper they had graced, with a pair of scissors that in company with a bunch of keys hung from her generous girdle, a murmur of admiration and sympathy arose from her audience. This audience consisted of Mrs. Spooner, Isabella's mother, a tall, thin, pale woman with a great deal of forehead-that is, in regard to heightand very white, well-shaped hands, which looked as though they had been molded out of lard; Mrs. Dusenberry, a lady who looked about five-and-forty, but who, according to her own calculations, grew young so fast that her friends confidently expected that in a few years she would be a girl again, with lips so thin that they came near being no lips at all, bumpy brow, small, black, uneven eyes, a nondescript nose, and a figure remarkable for its unobtrusiveness; Captain Hottop, Miss Spooner's uncle, a hale, hearty, rather handsome man, who had spent most of his life in a sailing vessel; Mr. Wellington Octoper, a young pork-merchant, called "Devilfish" by those of his companions who had been to the Aquarium, " because it came so devilish near being Octopus, you know," with reddish hair, reddish complexion, and no forehead to speak of; Miss Eugenia Ann Octoper, sister of the pork-merchant, a pretty, pert young girl, who came down to breakfast in diamond ear-rings, and talked a great deal about "style;" and two or three elderly men and three or four young men, who, being mere nobodies, can, of course, only expect mere men-

It was a lovely day in the last week of July, and these people were gathered together on the broad veranda of the Spooner homestead (Mrs. Spooner took a few summer boarders for company), and, truth to tell, they could not have been in a pleasanter place. The house, substantially built of gray stone and draped with beautiful wistarias that climbed to the very roof, faced the Delaware River, and the gleam of the water of lovely yellow-brown eyes to the group through the branches of the catalpa- on the veranda. trees that stood just outside the garden gate, laden with showy flowers, among which the bees were having rare riot,

was a pleasant sight to see. Miss Isabella Spooner, the real mistress of the homestead—her mother's been reading your sweet, sweet poem, extreme lassitude rendering her only 'A Mother's Wail.' Welcome to the the nominal one-was a comfortable, sentimental old maid, with an obtrusive evening dress these curls were always ous sky "-with a catch in her breath-tied with a bit of bright ribbon, which "so like the eyes of my lost, my darling imparted to them quite a juvenile ap- boy!"

pearance and charm. Miss Isabella doted on poetry, and spect for and admiration of all persons and the young clerks. connected with literature, and was wont

the subject which she thought would be bereaved.

most interesting to him, with a hint as But to go back to the pretty poet's to the impression he had made on her lovers. Captain Hottop was the most whom she came in contact, as soon as possible after forming his acquaintance. "And when do you expect her, Isa-bella?" asked Mrs. Spooner, lifting her hands, of which she was very proud, from her lap, to regard them more closely, and then listlessly dropping them

"This afternoon, toward evening," answered Miss Spooner, taking a letter road. He named his sail-boat Lilian from her pocket and referring to it. the sun is beginning to drown in your beautiful river, and the evening star peeps forth as bright-as bright, alas!

as the eyes of my blue eyed boy.""
"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Dusenberry. "It reminds me of a note I reanswer to one I sent him begging him of her lace handkerchief to her eyes to for a copy of his lecture on the 'Human dry the tears that sprung to them just after she had remarked that the twitter-Skeleton.""

"Well, I should say she was right ing of the dear little birds was so like a smart. Yes-s," said the young pork baby's voice-"darned if it ain't! merchant, in a nasal voice. "Them Couldn't you git him away from them verses sounded very pretty. I don't folks? 'Pears to me I couldn't refuse read any thing in the newspapers but you any thing when you clasp your ports myself, but I know good po'try eyes." when I hear it. And you read first-rate, Miss Spooner, you do. Yes-s."

"It was nice," said his sister; "but no better than a friend of mine can do. She can write pomes by the hour, but she don't print none. She don't need to, 'cause her pa's rich. She on'y does it for fun."

"Well, I'm blessed," here broke in much feeling we write them, are so Capt. Hottop, dropping his feet with a cold." bang from the chair-top on which they had been elevated, "if I wouldn't like to know what this is all about. Who is she? And who's the blue-eyed boy?"

"Why, bless me! you've just come, and you don't know, do you, uncle?" said Miss Spooner, putting the "pome" back in her chair the better to meet the widow, and the blue-eyed boy is her only child-a lovely babe -"

" Babelet." corrected Mrs. Dusenberthe cheek of a youth at her side, one of the mere-mentioned, who in his interest to fan the rival of Madame De Sevinge. after having been captured and detailed tinued the fair Isabella "(he was the in bang-up style, ind-" to this country on a lark, and his folks married below him, though I've no lips. doubt she was much too good for him, and he treated her shockingly), his

from his weeping mother's arms."
" 'And recked not tear or prayer,'" quoted Mrs. Dusenberry. "But why did she let them take him?" shouted the Captain. "By heavens! they couldn't have taken him if she'd 'a held on. Foreigners tearing citizens of the United States from their mothers' arms! Who ever heard of such

a thing before?" "Well, they didn't exactly tear him away," explained his niece. "That's the poetical way of putting

it," interpolated Mrs. Dusenberry. "But she was left almost destitute," Miss Spooner went on, "and she's a delicate little thing, and-" "Circumstances were too many for her," suggested the pork-merchant.

"Just so," assented his hostess. "But, most fortunately, she possesses the gift of song; and with what her writings bring her in, and the presents which are showered on her wherever she goes-she is such a favorite-she manages to get along. I met her at Mrs. Bluelight's party last winter, and we took such a fancy to each other right off, and she told me her story in the conservatory. Young Chandler was there, too, but she didn't see him; he was at the other end of the room, behind some tall plants-he was very attentive to her afterward, and gave her a pearl bracelet on her birthday-and I

cried till my nose looked like a-" "Cherry," suggested Mrs. Dusenberry. Adding, in a sprightly manner; "Captain, if you desert me for this enchantress, I'll never forgive you," to the great astonishment of the honest Captain, who had not exchanged three sentences with the lady, and indeed had never seen her until this very July af-

"Well," said Mrs. Spooner, changing a ring from the forefinger of her right hand to the forefinger of her left, "we must all be very kind to her. I sympathize with her with all my heart about her child. I know how I'd feel if I lost | jealous of you, you false man." you Isabella."

"'My babelet sweet!" " murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, fixing her peculiar babelet fair," in the parlor, and wreatheyes on her friend, on which the gawky ed it with daisies. "Heaven grant that youth at her side dropped the fan, and ourst into a loud guffaw. "Hush!" cried Miss Isabella. "Here

And up the garden walk tripped a slight girlish-looking woman, dressed in a blue gray silk, with a Gainsborough hat, from which floated a long rection. black ostrich plume, coquettishly set on the back of her head. Her pale yellow hair hung in babyish curls about her snow-white brow, and she raised a pair

Miss Spooner, with astonishing quickness, considering how stout she was, ran down the steps and caught her friend in her arms. "You darling!" she said, with enthusiasm, " we have just

homestead!" "How beautiful it is!" said the little figure (in which respect she formed a woman, clasping her dainty kidded great contrast to her friend Mrs. Dusen-berry), light, very light blue eyes, and a snub-nose. She wore her hair brushed as she turned toward the river. "That back from her forehead-a forehead glimpse of the water! the grand old much like her mamma's-and falling in trees! the fragrance of the air! and"a curly crop in the back of her head. In raising her beautiful eyes-"the glori-

In less than a week every man in that house was more or less in love with looked upon all rhymers as "heaven. Mrs. Montgomery Montague—the Capborn." In fact, she had an intense re- tain, the pork-merchant, the old clerks,

And the woman-well, the women to say, "Could I have been pen-gifted didn't like her as well as they did belowed have asked no other boon."

above, took her scissors in hand. eyed boy. As I said in a letter of mine Weekly. "They remind me of some lines I introduced in my first letter to Professor
Ganz at the time I became so interested
in the habits of the birds of North

"I have lost children, lost them in the lage near Erfurt, a fortress in Prussian duced in my first letter to Professor Ganz at the time I became so interested in the habits of the birds of North America: He said afterward, by-the-bye, that the brightness of that letter by the birds of the brightness of that letter by the brightness of the brightness of that letter by the brightness of the brightness of that letter by the brightness of the brightness of that letter by the brightness of berry prided herself on her letter-writ- On the contrary, so uncommonly well lager saw a column of boiling water rise ing, and, anxious that her talent should did she bear her bereavements that one not be "hid under a bushel," wrote on could scarcely believe she had ever been die of the lake, when it broke, and was the advantage of a kerosene stove, seventy-fifth anniversary of their mar-

susceptible heart, to every man with devoted of them all. He had never been fever, is a most serious complaint when contracted late in life. He followed Mrs. Montague around like a faithful, loving slave, carrying a heavy shawl to spread on the grass when she chose to sit beneath the trees, and a large umbrella to shield her from the sun when it was her pleasure to ramble along the of which about \$24,000,000 was on ac-

after her, bought a pony and phaeton "She writes: 'I hope to arrive just as and placed them at her service, swung its decline is a matter of instructive inher for hours in the hammock which hung in the orchard, and listened with patient, heart-felt sympathy to her longings for her blue-eyed boy. " Blessed if it ain't too bad!" said he one day (they were sitting beneath the ceived the other day from Dr. Drake, in catalpa-trees), as the little widow press-

the lard quotations and hog-market re- hands and look at me with tears in your "Oh, Captain," sobbed the sorrowing mother, "there are very few people in the world like you-very few. You are one in a thousand-yes, five thousand. But I never had a chance to appeal to them personally. I was very ill when-when they took my darling away; and letters, with no matter how

"Why don't ou try 'personally,' then?" asked the Captain, swinging her dainty parasol about, to the imminent danger of the delicately carved handle. She blushed, cast down her yellowbrown eyes, raised them again, looked him in the face like a child resolved to away in her pocket-pook, and leaning tell the truth, however painful it may be. and said, " I have no money wherewith eyes of the Captain. "She's Mrs. Mont- to pay my passage to England. Undergomery Montague, a charming young stand me, I would willingly, most willingly, be a steerage passenger, a stewardess, any thing-any thing to bring me nearer my child. But coming to ry, at the same time playfully flicking them save as befitted the wife of their son and brother, my husband's proud family would certainly disown me, and in Mrs. Spooner's story had neglected I should be alone in a strange land more heart-sick than ever."

"Well, if the want of money's all," for that duty only five minutes before. cried her honest lover, "that's easily "And when her husband died," con- settled. I'll give you the money to go

younger son of an aristocratic English | But here he stopped in amazement, family, one of the very highest-inti- for Mrs. Montgomery Montague had mate with the Queen-and he ran away risen from her seat and drawn her small figure to its fullest height. "Sir, do disowned him because they thought be not insult me," she said, with trembling

"Insult you!" cried the Captain, springing to his feet-"insult you, my father sent for the boy, and tore him dear little woman! I never dreamed of such a thing." "But you offered me-money," she stammered.

> "And I was about offering you my hand and heart—that's the way they put it in the love stories, don't they? Will you marry me, Lilian? and then, if you 6s converted into 4% per cents.... 250,000,000 choose we'll go forether for the boy." 6s converted into 4 per cents..... 571,861,850 choose, we'll go together for the boy."

"Generous man!" said the widow, a tear stealing down her pretty cheek. "But don't you see"-and a smile succeeded the tear-" that that would never do? I could never plead for my child as the wife of Captain Hottop. It must every year. The sale of 4 per cent. be as the widow of Montgomery Mon-

"Blessed if you ain't right!" exclaimed the Captain, looking at her ad-miringly. "Well, promise to marry me of the old 10-40 bonds, bearing 5 per when you return. Do, Lilian. No one cent. interest and issued in 1864, and could love you better than I." "When I return?"

"Yes, for surely my promised wife can accept part of the fortune that will need know. Will you, Lilian?" "I will," she said.

"Will what, my precious?" he asked,

"Every thing," she answered; and turned and fled like a bashful girl, after he had clasped her in his arms and given her a kiss in true sailor fashion.

And by the very next steamer Mrs. Montgomery Montague started for Eng-land, with a valuable solitaire diamond engagement ring glittering on her pretty hand, a check for five hundred dollars in her silver portemonnaie, and many useful and ornamental farewell gifts from the ladies of the Spooner household. The ladies felt all their old in- her. terests in her revive, now that she had gone away indeed, as Mrs. Dusenberry informed the 80-year-old grandfather of the youth who fanned her on the afternoon of Mrs. Montague's arrival. "She was much too lovely, and made me quite

And Miss Isabella Spooner hung the picture of young Montgomery "that we may see the darling himself soon!" she said, with pious emphasis.

But they never did. For, a couple of weeks after the widow's departure, Wellington Octoper burst in among them all as they were playing croquet on the lawn, scattering the balls in every di-

"Sold, by gracious!" shouted he. "What?" asked Miss Spooner, drop-

ping her mallet. "A million tierces of lard and twice as many pigs, I suppose," murmured Mrs. Dusenberry, leaning in an uncon-

her partner. "She's a fraud! Yes-s," continued

the pork-merchant. "Who?" they all cried this time. Montague, that is, Mrs. Maria J. Thomp-

son. Yes-s." "Maria J.-Jane, I suppose. sweet name." said Mrs. Dusenberry.

Yes-s. The widow of Jack Thompson. street to-day. He's a pork-merchant. And she never had any children."

scattered in every direction.

History of the Public Debt.

The closing call of the 5-20 bonds of in love before, and love, like searlet the United States marks an important point in the financial history of this country. A few facts will illustrate the wonderful history of the credit of the United States during the 18 years begin-

ning with July, 1861. The debt of the United States on the 1st day of July, 1861, was \$88,400,000, count of the War, then in its infancy. The growth of that debt since then and terest. The aggregate on the 1st of July

in each year was as follows:	
1661	\$88,400,000
1902	514,211,000
156	1,098,791,000
1864	1,746,650,000
193	2,684,663,070
1896	2,692,923,000
1867	2,635,330,10
1868	2,642,508,000
1800	2,652,246,000

On the 4th of March, 1869, the Secreits maximum.

On the 14th of June, 1870, Congress authorized the issue of new bonds, bearing 5, 44, and 4 per cent. interest, to be her long skirts. There is no reason that this woman, though thus shamefulexchanged for outstanding 6-per-cents why she should not, like the farmer, be ly deserted, has always cherished an af or gold, and the proceeds applied to the dressed suited to her work. Up stairs, fection for her husband! She refused redemption of the 6-per-cents. In July, down cellar, in and out, she should wear any second alliance and hence has re-1870, the outstanding bonds were of the a dress so short-say six or eight inches mained Mme. Bonaparte. Chief among following amounts and character:

Total bonded debt......\$2,108,368,000 Bonds bearing 6 per cent...... 1,913,8 1,00 Bonds bearing 5 per cent 194,567,000 On the 1st of July, 1876, these figures had been changed to the following:

It will be seen that in the six years fresh collar, a tidy apron, and orderly Gazette. the principal of the bonded debt was re- kept hair she may always have. duced \$408,463,000, and the annual interest on \$516,000,000 had been reduced from 6 to 5 per cent.

On the 1st of January, 1879, the bonded-debt statement showed the following figures:

Total bonded debt......\$1,809,812,850 Bonds bearing 6 per cent...... 758,106,200 Bonds bearing 5 per cent..... 703,006,650 Bonds bearing 4% per cent 2:0,003,000 residents in this city, and looks to set-The 6 per cent. bonds included a twenty-year loan made in 1861, which is not redeemable until after 1881, and

amounts to \$189,321,350, and some smaller items, and also 5 20 bonds to the amount of \$373,164,850. The Secretary of the Treasury announces that since the 1st of January last 4 per cent. bonds to the full amount of all these 5-20 bonds have been taken; and that on the 1st of July, 1879, or within nine years from the date of the Funding act, there have been converted of the bonded debts 6 per cent. bonds to

the amounts as follows: 6s converted into 5 per cents...... 508,440,350

annual interest on this conversion of bonds is \$20,270,700. The burden of the debt is, therefore, reduced that much bonds is suspended for the time, but the Government will in the meantime issue 4 per cent.certificates, the money received

which amount to \$194,000,000. There is nothing, however, in the history of national finances equal to the sale of 4 per cent. bonds since the 1st be all hers when she is really my wife, of January, 1879. Over \$370,000,000 without any body- Darn it! nobody of such bonds sold at par within 95 days, and such an event is unknown in the history of any nation .- Chicago Tribune.

Hints to Housekeepers.

Dr. Mary Safford communicates the

following to the Herald of Health: The farmer's wife in too many instances is permaturely old. If she has no help, with the ever pressing cares of home and family, she finds very little time for rest and relaxation from care. But if she only knew how to do it she could command more leisure, and add to, rather than detract from, the comfort of herself and those dependent upon

In the first place, with all of the fresh and abundant vegetables that should be found in every farmer's garden, with fresh, sweet butter and plenty of milk, the whole household can feast upon excellent and nourishing food during the summer, without using much meat. Monday -washday -there must be a fire certainly most of the forenoon; then is the time, if fresh meat is at hand, to make a delicious and nourishing soup, a good meal of itself. The meat cut in arrived before he breathed his last and small bits, or if a bone bruised, is put fire is first built, to cook slowly, the been going on a rice pudding has been put in the oven, just enough rice, with milk, sugar and raisins, if one has them on hand, which requires no previous cooking, and no quires no previous cooking, and no quires no previous cooking, and no quires no previous cooking, and no a death-bed scene.—Meridian (Miss.)

Mercury.

It was a favorite remark of an old seasones of white castile soap, 4 ounces of white castile soap, 4 ounces of white castile soap, 4 ounces of ammonia, 1 ounce of ether, 1 ounces of glycerine, and 1 ounce of spirits of any thing he had determined upon of glycerine, and 1 ounce of spirits of the soap fire and discolars.

Share the soap fire and discolars. o'clock dinner. If there are berries, and a pie is preferred, put them into a she said she was a widow. So she is. the amount of oatmeal or cracked wheat custard thickens. needed for tea; she will have learned

which she certainly needs. Then, if the riage with a diamond wedding.

butcher supplies a roast, is the time to and rare it may be baked, so why not get enough so as to have it cold for attracted to the condition of Mme Bonacook it; the larger it is the more juicy Wednesday's dinner, and on Thursday parte, who is still living at Baltimore,

make a meat pie, with a nice, light, biscuit-dough crust. Then there are the 94. The history of this bones that would help to make a good is not only very sad, but it also soup for Friday. If one feets the neces- has a romantic aspect. In sity for mest, and something of this Jerome Bonsparte, who was nineteen, kind could be done, it would save a vast visited Baltimore. He was the youngamount of heat and fumes that come est child in the family, being the junior from the frying of pork, besides giving of Napoleon by fifteen years. He had

stomachs and livers. The prudently inclined farmer's wife, ground by herself.

tary of the Treasury put the law pro- and surroundings of the farmer tells the seek an interview with his brother, the ry! viding for a sinking fund in operation, story of the thrift or the thriftlessness Emperor. The latter not only refused T and also began the application of the that prevails within and without. If to recognize the marriage, but, worse surplus revenue to the purchase of the the farmer's wife lacks order, if she than this, he persuaded Jerome to abandebt. The maximum of the debt was doesn't have a place for every thing, don his wife, and the young couple, reached in 1866, and from March, 1869, and put every thing in its place, then thus suddenly separated, never met the diminution of the debt continued you will always find her behindhand again. The neglected wife was early wore." regularly until, on the 1st of July, 1876, with all her work, and wondering how called to suffer great agony. Having no it was reduced to \$2,104,130,000, the re- it is that Mrs. S., with quite as much to hope of her husband's return, she took duction at that time being \$598.643,000, do, never seems hurried, nor flurried; or at the rate of nearly \$60,000,000 a and that the washing and ironing, bakyear from the time the debt had reached ing, and cleaning are done when they ed for Baltimore. Since then she has

is perpetually hindered in her work by ago. How strange to recall the fact from the ground-that she can carry a the sorrows of her latter days was the baby up-stairs or milk down stairs with- death of her only son, which occurred out skirt entanglements. Let her but in Baltimore some years ago. He bore try it once and she will never depart his father's name and was bred a lawfrom the freedom it secures. The yer, but never practiced, for having marfarmer's wife should never lose in her ried a woman of wealth he was enabled dress and personal appearance the to live in handsome style until removed Bonds bearing 5 per cent....... 988,179,000 dress and personal appearance the to live in manufacture of 66.—Cincinnati

An Extensive Scheme for Jewish Col-

Every day on the Via Toledo, the onization. The New York Times says: An emigration movement that may possibly assume proportions of some importance, has recently been set on foot by Jewish dements in homes in the far West either of newly arrived indigent Jewish immigrants, or of families that have been impoverished by the hard times. At present the movement includes only about 50 families, in all more than 160 persons, most of whom are recent arrivals from Hungary and from other European countries, but it is not limited to such, and any persons wishing to commence life anew are invited to join the new colony. The project is to obtain suitable lands on as favorable terms as possible, and to parcel them out into farms, each emigrant acquiring the title to his property on certain easy conditions. As now composed, colony embraces farmers, skilled artisans, carpenters, plumbers, and others who have worked at trades, but all of them very poor and decidedly in need of a helping hand. Mr. Meirowitz of No. 374 East Houston Street, is at present acting as an agent for the colonists, and has put himself in correspondence with Rev. Dr. Wise of Cincinnati, and leading Jewish rabbis and men of wealth in western cities, with a view to obtain ac-The Late Ameer. curate information and reliable counsel. Correspondence has been opened with prominent men belonging to the United Hebrew Benevolent Society, with a view to place the movement under such tutelage as will command the confidence of the community. Mr. Meirowitz said yesterday that it would be premature to enter into detail, as every thing depended

nent Jewish citizens, to meet on July 7 in this city, in order to consider the best method of carrying into execution an

extensive scheme of colonization.

put in the mail. He would say, how-

ever, that the movement was not in-

Strange Meeting at a Death-hed. The father and mother of Mr. Stanton, the Superintendent of the Selma, Rome & Dalton Railroad, killed in the late bridge accident—the one from Ohio and the other from Philadelphia-hastened to him by the quickest route and the least possible delay. One of them been going on a rice pudding has been they were both accompanied on the sad he is now likely to recover.

USE OF STALE BREAD.-Cut stale pudding-dish with no crust beneath to bread into small pieces, let soak in milk be made soggy and indigestible, but all night; in the morning add ; as much with an overcovering of such material flour as soaked bread, and beat well, "The widow, Mrs. Montgomery as light buscuits are made, and thus adding more milk if necessary to make save time and trouble of knesding and a batter that will run. Use bakingrolling, of placing and cutting out the powder or soda and cream-tartar to abominable compound called pie-crust. make light (4 teaspoonful of soda and 1 weet name," said Mrs. Dusenberry. Why make a pie at all? Why not eat teaspoonful of cream-tarter to 1 quart the berries? Because pie is traditional, of batter), and bake on a griddle. Far sir-what do you mean?" bellowed Cap- and much enjoyed by the farmer and better than buck wheat. Another way tain Hottop, as though through a speak- his help, and a few berries used in this to use stale bread is as follows: Butter ing trumpet, a flush overspreading his way will go much further than when slices of stale bread to half fill a pudweather-beaten face.

"Just what I say, Captain. Yes-s," ing is going on, the soup making, the made of 1 quart of milk, i cup of sugar, answered the pork-merchant. "It pudding baking, the skillful bousewife 4 eggs well beaten, and very little salt. answered the pork-merchant. "It pudding baking, the skillful bousewile a eggs well beared, and stale bread must fill ought— will have her eye outreaching to the for, by jingo, there never was such a needs of supper. In another kettle she soaked with the custard bake until the soaked with the custard bake until the probable origin of the rumors that GRANULATED WHEAT BREAD .- Take

celebrated mince and pumpkin-pie mak-er in Chicago. I met his brother on the and never have to give a thought to its a pint of actively boiling water, salted cooking, except to see that enough wa- slightly, and add enough fine granulatand she never had any children." ter is kept in the kettle. It will be done ed wheat flour to form a thin mush; to "Not a blue-eyed boy?" grasped the about the time all else is, and will no this stir in a quart of tepid water, a berry, in a soft, too soft voice, as Miss Spooner, after reading the verses quoted above, took her scissors in hand eved how. As Levid in a level how is destined for tea, it is put into some- dissolved in a little water; thicken it as thing that will give it a shapely appear-ance when put upon the table. If there with cold-blast flour, and put each loaf

Tuesday there will be a hot fire for spectively 93 and 94. If they live until

About the Bouspartes,

having reached the unusual age of better food, with less liability to derange some experience in naval matters, and had reached the rank of Lieutenant. While in Baltimore he became attached with a husband ready to second her ef, to Miss Patterson, a young lady of forts, can dispense with the use of tea wealth and beauty, whom he married, not only to the pecuniary benefit of the notwithstanding the protests of the family, but to its health-promoting, and French Consul. The bride was a year substitute in its place a wholesome and younger than her husband, whom she most agreeable drink, in the shape of accompanied to Europe, but the imprurye, barley, or wheat coffee, burned or dent couple found to their surprise that they were not allowed to enter France. A most superficial glance at the home Jerome left his wife at Lisbon in order to wid er widder 'oman dat's on de marpassage to England, where she became the mother of a son with whom she sailpassed her life in that city with the ex-The farmer's wife wastes vitality, and ception of a trip to Europe many years

The Mysterious Beggar.

finest and most frequented street in Naples, might have been seen an old wom- keeps his hope, is the happy man. an, bent under the weight of years, clad in wretched mourning. She wore a tat-tered bonnet on her head, a thick black "Of course not," commented Sadie, veil over her features, and a pair of rag- "the sewing machine seams, but every ged gloves on her fingers. She never body knows the machine isn't the shirt spoke, but took with a kind of growl it seams." And then nobody said any whatever small coin the passengers might vouchsafe her. That old woman's gains were 20 francs per diem; but who was she? No one could tell, and she never answered questions. The other day a couple of municipal guards laid hands on her, and, bundling her into a cab, took her off to the Mendicant's Home. One of the female attendants stripped her, and suddenly, from the filthy, fetid envelope of rage, emerged, Cinderella-like, a lusty young woman, considerably on this side of 30, fresh-colored, fair and prepossessing. Her make up was a marvel of effect. Her curved spine was "arranged" with a cord which passed round her neck and was fastened at the knee. Her bump was manufactured from a ball of rags. Her wrinkled and dirty white face was managed with imitation parchment. On inquiry it was found that this young woman was of good family, and that the gains she so cleverly earned were taken regularly home to her parents.

The late Ameer of Afghanistan was universally called the "mad man" throughout his dominions, and so great was the awe in which he was held by his subjects, the Times of India says, that no one dared tell him of the defeat of his troops on the Peiwer Khotal by the English invaders. Shere Ali sat in upon replies to letters which he had just his council-room, waiting for the news, but no one ventured to tell him the result. At last, the mother of Abdulla tended especially for the benefit of the Jan sent ber little girl to tell her father. poor immigrants with whom it origi-He was talking eagerly as the child en-tered, and she tried hard to blurt out nated, but would be made as large and general as possible. Prominent Heher message, "My mother says I am to brews in this city and elsewhere, among tell your Highness -" but the Ameer them Rev. Dr. Gotthiel, have been for a kept putting his hand on her mouth, as long time discussing and maturing plans the discussion was important. At last for the benefit of the poor of their race he turned to her, "Well, what is it, lit- you are, sir," said Jones, shoveling the in the larger cities in this country, and tle one?" The child came sidling up. a convention has been called of promiall eyes upon her, "My mother says I am to tell your Highness the Sahibs have crossed the Khotal." An instant stampede from the neighborhood of the

Ameer closed the Council. WHEN Jim Younger was captured, Sept. 21 1876, he had a bullet fired into his face from a needle-gun at 10 paces distance. The ball smashed the right half of the upper jaw and lodged in the muscles in the back part of the throat. There it had been ever since till a few days ago, when the steward of the prison hospital undertook to loosen and remove it. An incision was made by the the other after, but in time to see him surgeon, and two days after, at Youngon, on the back of the stove, when the laid away in his last resting-place. The er's request, the steward began to sepparents met for the first time in 30 years. srate the muscles from the ragged bulgrease is all removed, the vegetables- Long years ago they separated and were let, and after working at intervals for if it be vegetable soup—cut fine, are put divorced, and young Stanton took his two days he removed the battered and in early, not too many to make it too mother's maiden surname. Both his twisted piece of lead from the place thick, but enough, with some rice, to parents were remarried. To make the where it had been for two years and a give it consistency. While this has strange occurrence still more singular, half. Jim was in a fair way to die, but

mixture, and rub the soiled spots briskly; then sponge off with cold water. Keep the bottle corked while using, as it evaporates very rapidly.

MR. GOLDIE, the naturalist, who has passed 18 months in New Guines, has among other matters, informed the Bris-bane Courier that his party came in have been always current of a race of tailed men in some remote corner of the globe. These natives wear artificial tails of such cunning construction as to entirely mislead a casual observer.

They are entirely naked, except for the caudal ornament, which is a plait of grass fastened around their loins by a fine string, and depending behind to about half way down their legs."

ham County, Mich., has a boy weighing

pounds. THE maiden's band of hope-A hus-

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

THE elephant allows his wife to carry but one trunk

WOMAN's sphere-That she will never get married.

WHEN did the alphabet get into a row When A bet, B ft, D cried, N raged, Q bit and X pounded.

Mas. Brown, who "knew it was comething of that sort," sided to her recent invitations "H. M. S. P." Imagine the dismay of her sisters and her cousins and her sunts.

THE editor of a paper recently in isted that poets must be brief. The next day he received a composition entitled "The Ballad of the Merchant Trust-Bust !"

Argoros of the proceedings in the Oliver-Cameron case, Old Si says, "Yes better be in de dress sirkle ob er wet ho'net nes' dan in fo'r minits sollytude THE editor of the Cincinnati Saturday

Night discovered that his girl wore two sets of gold mounted false teeth, and he sat down and wrote a poem entitled "Rich and rare were the gums she Ir is easier for a camel to pass through

the eye of a needle than it is for a young woman in a fur-lined silk cloak to walt along without letting it flap open just a little, to show that the fur is more than

No first-class reporter will ever forret to add at the end of an unsuccessful burglary item that the fellows overlook ed a box containing \$1,000 in cash This always makes the burgiars mad enough to shoot themselves.

PROFESSOR, lecturing on psychology "All phenomena are sensations. For instance, that leaf appears green to me. In other words, I have a sensation of greenness within me." Of course no narm was meant, but still the class would laugh.

Two gifts are offered to men in this world; they very seldom can have both. One is success, with weariness; the other failure, with hope. The last is much the best. The man who succeeds, finds that his success does not amount to a great deal; the man who fails, but

"THINGS," quoted David, in poetithing for a long time, and David made some remark about people who couldn't appreciate sentiment. - Burlington Hawkeye. THE clergyman who thus described

an every day horse transaction was on his high horse of rhetorical sublimity "You may kindly guide the prancing steed to the crystal brook which babbles down the hill-side in the sun, but you can not coerce him to stoop and siaks his thirst in the silvery stream if he be not willing to accept your proffered THE other day as a large funeral headed by a band in full uniform and

attended by several civic societies was proceeding to the cemetery a decrepit old darky with grizzled hair set down his wheelborrow, and when he had viewed the imposing procession took occasion to remark to the bystanders generally: "Deed now, honeys, I tell you, t'aint nuffin to die, when yer kin be aid away like dat." "AMANDA, I wish you to put the

large Bible in a prominent place on the center-table, and place three or four hymn-books carelessly 'round on the sofas. I have advertised for a young man to board in a cheerful, Christian family, and I tell you what, if you girls don't manage, either one of you, to rake him in, why I'll never try any thing again, for I'm tired out."—Andrews'

Discussing an absent friend "Yes, Robinson's a clever felier, and he's a modest feller, and he's a honest feller but betwixt you and I and the post, Mr. Jones," said Brown, confidentially, picking his wisdom tooth with his little finger-nail, "Robinson ain't got neither the looks, nor yet the language, nor yet the manners of a gentleman!" "Right melted remains of his ice pudding into his mouth with a steel knife (which he

afterward wiped on the table-cloth) "You've 'it 'im orf to a T."-Punch. THE IMPROVIDENT MAID. "There was a young damsel, oh! bless her. It cost very little to dress her. the was sweet as a rose

In her every-day clothes,
But had no young man to careas her—
Because, you see, she had given the mitten
to the only fellow in the neighborhood, and the amount of sweetness she was therefore obliged to waste upon the desert air— Was simply enough to distress her."

I WANT to be a walker, Yes, that is now the thing.

I want to get my muscle up.

And sail around the ring.

I want to win a champion belt.

And make the people talk; I want to hear the fellows shout, "Jerusalem, can't she walk! I want to beat O'Leary. And wear the victor's smile

For walking is, I understand. The latest female style. Ochboch Christian Advocate.

Give Your Soul Air. "—the men who speak With the loudest tongues do least

wine. Shave the soap fine, and dissolve would say, "and have none left for their in I quart of water; then add 4 quarts enterprises. But if they are wise of cold water and the other ingredients.

Put into jugs or bottles and cork tightenterprises.

But they
enterprises.

enterpri ly; before using, shake well. This is a actions speak for themselves and that preparation for cleaning men's clothing, talk is unnecessary." Good service coat-collars, dresses, carpets, or any this, but many find it hard to follow articles soiled by grease or dirt. Dip a Man is a social animal, and there is a black or dark-colored cloth into the certain pleasure in discussing one's plans with a friend and enjoying their fruits in anticipation. Some go through the world in a cold-blooded, calculating way, seeking advantage at every turn, and doubtless finding it, but are they after all the best models to pattern after? Is not a little human weakness of this sort rather amiable, on the whole? It certainly is true that he who keeps his mouth shut and his ears open, lays deep plane, and watches his opportunity as a cat watches to take the fatal spring. stands a better chance of what the world calls success than the more con-fiding kind. But what is success? It is simply to lay up a store of this world's goods? The many so view it, but those who have looked deeper feel that he is most truly successful who has borne his share of life's burdens and JACOB BENNETT, of Meridian, Ingnot been of self alone, and the work,

> "—still keep something to yourse You scarcely tell to ony." But don't seal up the windows of your soul too tightly. It needs an occasional airing.—Boston Transcript.