

I ONLY WISH TO KNOW.

BY F. F. VICTOR.

Pray do not take the kiss again

I risked so much in getting,
Nor let my blushes make you vain
To your and my regretting.
I'm sure I've heard your sex repeat
A thousand times or so,
That stolen kisses are most sweet—
I only wish to know!

I own 'twas not so neatly done
As you know how to do it,
And that the fright outdid the fun,
But still I do not rue it.
I can afford the extra beat
My heart took at your "Oh!"
Which plainly said THAT kiss was sweet—
WHEN I SO WISHED TO KNOW.

Nay, I will not give back the kiss,
Nor will I take a second;
CREME DE LA CREME of pain and bliss
This one shall ere be reckoned,
The pain was mine, the bliss was—ours,
You smile to hear it so;
But the same thought was surely yours,
As I have cause to know.

SNOW-CLAD PEAKS.

THE WINTRY SPENDERS OF OUR MOUNTAIN RANGES.

A correspondent writing from the base of the mountains made beautiful by recent snows, says: "After a recent storm this whole valley was favored with one of those wonderfully pure, well-tempered, bracing and clear atmospheres which before sunrise brought out with startling distinctness every jagged peak or 'saw-tooth.' Just before the least arc of the sun's disc burst forth above the 13,000 or 14,000-foot crest of the mountains, a brilliant though narrow halo of straw-colored light played for a few moments along the unhorizontal line a short distance to the north and south of the exact spot where the sun was soon to rise, said crest being about eighty miles in a direct line from the point of observation. This betokened the fresh layers of snow with which the recent storm had clad all the higher ranges, and as the day advanced it became perceptible to the naked eye with marvelous distinctness that the snow-line had been brought down the mountain sides to about half their height. Old settlers remarked that the snow was quite as low down, and appeared to cover as much of the mountain surfaces, as at any time last winter. Attempts at description can give but a very faint idea to those who have never gazed upon our snow-clad mountains on a clear day, of the truly grand views thus produced. The snow of dazzling whiteness (unlike its dense masses in winter, which cover the heights and fill the canyons to the depth of five to fifty feet or more, changing the contour of the mountains in places) now merely whitens the face of the mountains for half their apparent height in

some directions, and shows wherever they are in the line of vision, every dome, every peak, every spur, every ridge and canyon, every precipice, every deep gorge through which some stream, of more or less importance, is hurrying its contribution of limpid water to some river of this broad valley. The farmer turns from his porch or plow, or wagon, to gaze at this truly weird and beautiful sight after a storm, through the crystal atmosphere, which gives a healthful glow to his cheek and stalwart strength to his muscles. For the picturesque, the grand, the beautiful, the lover of nature can find this scene surpassed in few, if any, countries."

A GLORIOUS DAY.

While our less favored citizens of the far East are now commencing to experience the rigors of a hard relentless winter, and the denizens of Oregon are in the midst of their rainy season, we of the Sound are enjoying far milder and more congenial weather, although at times enveloped in a heavy sea fog, or at times recipients of gentle reminders from Pluvius that he has not forgotten us, we have a glimpse of sunshine every day. Yesterday was even an exception to the general rule and a brighter, more delightful day could not have been desired. It was more like spring time rather than the approach of November's ices. Every one sought to take advantage of the day. The streets were thronged with promenaders and the different places of worship were well attended both morning and evening. As the sun sank behind the western hills, its diurnal task complete, and the darkening shadows of night swept over the vast expanse of water, the dying day passed away in a halo of vivid colors of a glorious sunset, seeming to bid a reluctant farewell, wreathed in sweetest smiles, as he gave way to sombre twilight.

Night came on and as pale Luna, in full meridian of her glory, swept through the azure vault of heaven, surrounded by millions of her starry satellites, the effect of the scene was greatly heightened as we looked out upon the night toward the chevron heights of the Olympic range. Behind us the sleeping city, before us the radiant waters covered with a silvery sheen and seemingly studded with rarest gems, diamonds, sapphires and rubies, as the laughing, twinkling stars were reflected on its placid bosom. Far off from the distant shores came the mournful dirge of the ever-singing firs and cedars, as the light night winds murmured through the branches of countless giants of the forest and bosage attendant on them. Not a sound disturbs our reverie save the shrill piping of a boatswain's whistle on board a barkentine moored to the wharf; and leaving the hardy toilers of the sea we wander back

through the deserted streets to home and rest.—*Tribune.*

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

FROM A TRAVELER'S NOTE-BOOK.

The women of the Karen tribes in Chinese Burmah wear rings of thick brass wire bent round the wrist and elbow, and again round the knee and ankle, confining them so in every motion that they cannot possibly squat down on the ground in the usual Oriental fashion or kneel to pray as the men do; while, in walking, their feet make two separate tracks a foot or so apart.

About ten miles from Cataract Creek, a tributary of the Big Colorado, in Arizona, is the Sapia Indian village, numbering three hundred persons, who have a language of their own, and are very thrifty farmers, keeping some two hundred acres of land under high cultivation. They do not associate with other Indians, and have never been consigned to a reservation. They are singularly free from the laziness and dissipation of the modern red man.

A DEATH-DEALING FOUNTAIN—On Nebow Ridge, in Allegheny Co., Pa., about four miles from Jacktown, there is what is called the "gas spring." This is probably the greatest curiosity in Pennsylvania. The water is cold, but bubbles and foams as if boiling, and the greatest wonder is the inevitable destruction of life produced by inhaling the gas. No living thing is to be found within a circuit of 100 yards. The very birds, if they happen to fly over it, drop dead. We experimented with a snake of the copperhead variety on its destructive properties by holding it a few feet above the water. It laid dead in two minutes. It will kill a human being in twenty minutes. The gas which escapes here is of the rankest kind of carbonic acid.

The Lake of Geneva, or Lake Lemman, is one of the largest lakes of Europe, extending in the form of a crescent. Its north bank forms an area of about fifty-three miles in length, while its south extends about forty-six miles. Its breadth is about nine miles, thus presenting an area of about eighty-two square miles. Its average depth is from three hundred to six hundred feet, but in some parts it reaches a thousand feet. Its waters are pure, and of the bright blue color, like those of the Mediterranean. The Rhone enters it at the east end, a dark, muddy stream, and leaves it near Geneva, perfectly pellucid, and of the finest azure hue. Steamers ply upon it every day from the town of Geneva on the west, to Villeneuve on the east end. The picturesque scenery of this charming spot is the admiration of every traveler.

Now is the time to buy thermometers—when they are down.