

## ONLY A WORD.

Only a word! a little winged word,  
blown through the busy town,  
Lighter than thistle down,  
Lighter than dust by riving bee or bird  
Brushed from the blossoming lily's golden crown;  
Borne idly here and there,  
Oft as the summer air  
About men's doors the sunny stillness stirred.  
Only a word!  
But sharp, oh, sharper than a two-edged sword,  
To pierce and sting and scar  
The heart whose peace a breath of blame could mar.

Only a word, a little word that fell  
Unheeded as the dew  
That from the darkling blue  
Of summer midnight softly steals, to tell  
Its tale of singing brook and star-lit dell  
In yonder noisome street,  
Where, pale with dust and heat,  
The little window flower in workman's cell  
Its drooping bell  
Uplifts to greet the kiss it knows so well;  
A word—a drop of dew!  
But oh, its touch could life's lost hope renew.

—Mary Keely Bouteille, in *Sunday Afternoon*.

## "ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

"One more unfortunate,  
Weary of breath,  
Rashly importunate  
Goes to her death!"

Love by harsh evidence,  
Thrown from its eminence;  
Even God's providence  
Seemingly estranged."

Every day is that sad record "*Another Suicide*" entered upon the pages of newspaper history, and, startling as is the fact, its continual appearance has so accustomed society to the terrible ravages of this mania that that which once sent a thrill of horror through whole communities, now is not more lasting in its effects than that midnight dream, which for a few moments only disturbs the peaceful repose of sleep; and like unto such lost seconds of broken rest are these immortal drops of human life engulfed 'neath the suicidal wave; the passing dream and precious life each leaving but a memory.

In a late suicidal item the last words of a "poor unfortunate" were proof conclusive that "Love by harsh evidence" was "thrown from its eminence." A poor heart-broken wife had by her own hands broken those threads, which a few years before she had so lovingly and trustingly consented might be woven into that marriage web which was to be, from the sacred promises of the hymeneal service, a boon from heaven to brighten the way of her and hers with light so clear and peaceful that home-life would be but a foretaste of heaven.

At the early age of 29 years this "rashly importunate" in death's agony writes to sister and friends:

"I cannot bear it longer. Death is my only relief. He whom I chose with such love and pride has shamefully abused me; even now my clothes are locked and hidden away, and I have not the privilege of dying upon a clean bed. Oh! I have worked so hard; for money, received cruel stinging words, and for love, curses. Dear sister, hard as 'tis to part from you, I will be better off."

Such is the sad testimony of one woman's life, and dare the world to say that these grave charges were left against this husband because of the mere whim of a worldly disappointed woman—not so. Disappointment alone, especially with woman, rarely, if ever, cares to satiate its unsatisfied longings by plunging violently, and by her own hands, into "that bourne from which no traveler returns," but rather "seeks to bear the ills we have, than fly to those we know not of."

This marriage tie, which should be the acme of earthly happiness, unlike all other bonds, is of earth, earthy made, yet receiving, as it were, the seal of heaven, making it irrevocable, except by death; but what a commentary upon the sealed tone of wedlock are those divorce decrees of human law that so lightly and easily sever the chain that was forged and sealed for life; yet may not even this rude severance be better

than that death which is almost the only resource of woman? For home-life being a woman's world, when robbed of this what has she left but the scorn and contumely of a critical world, while man, with that unquestionable impunity ever conceded him, may be a perfect nomad in name as well as in home; the round world being his, and the supremacy of home-right readily granted by the sojourn of a few days. The wife that leaves husband and children to wander, no matter what the cause, is forever under ban, her every footstep taken only at the, to her, expensive protest of her society world, while husband can leave all depending upon him to the tender mercies of that world that owes him a living, and still true to his assumed God-given nature, be master still; what matter if that mastery be asserted by brute-like force, it is not less certain or potent in its effects.

To such down-trodden wives everywhere we, that are in a happier sphere, may preach patience and forbearance with the attendant promises of just reward to the suffering, and that sure punishment awarded the sinning; but to that loving clinging woman who has staked all happiness upon him whom the law has made husband, how little comforting to her the thought that the father of her babes has by this decree of sin not only entailed upon himself deserved punishment, but to those helpless loving ones a fate worse than death. Hence, is it strange that to these weary-worn, poverty-stricken souls, "even God's providence seems estranged?" and they would fain break the "golden bowl," fold the weary hands, rudely stop the almost bursting heart-beats, and, acknowledging, as they do, this seeming estrangement and forgetfulness of their God, longingly say:

"Anywhere, anywhere, out of the world,"

And, with that courageous madness born of despair, seek relief of those fatal poison drops; or, mayhap, the cold, hissing, seething waters, will kindly and forever hide from earth life that soul made desperately

"Mad from life's history,  
Glad to death's mystery."

Human law, in its weakness, touches not him who coolly and deliberately crushes the soul of her whom he has sworn to love and protect, but, in its strength, cuts off forever him who, in an unguarded moment of passion, dares to take life! Justice, O Justice! how dare you wear those spotless robes of ermine, lest you appease, with your strong arm, the sufferings of that spirit which is lashed to its utmost, or stay, with your magical powers, those cries of mortal agony that come reeking with the life-blood of many of the noblest and purest mothers and sisters of our land.

As yet, O tardy Justice! thou hast not from thy scales weighed to mortal eyes penalties befitting the various and refined crimes of family abuse, nor yet hast thou painted in word-light the shade of murder which oft times the husband and father is years in consummating upon weak but devoted wives and mothers—double murder, we might say, for the continued prickings upon frail bodies reaches, ultimately, the soul's depth, and long ere the mortal nature is torn in shreds the living vital force is chilled and frozen, so that many a poor woman, instead of giving that healthy, happy life-principle, unconsciously as the flower giveth its perfume, becomes almost a stolid, inert statue of duty, moving only by the pressure of those circumstances in life that have relentlessly hedged her in a certain routine. This forced, unnatural life, must, perforce, lead to a stagnation of healthy life-forces, which, in all probability, tends to an utter moral death of this as well as the next generation.

O purblind husbands! if, as Napoleon was once told by a noble matron, good mothers would make a nation long-lived and prosperous, forgive us for saying that this same matronly, far-reaching sight should have lightly tipped a dagger of rebuke to this colossal piece of manhood, by replying that good, thoughtful, unselfish husbands would make good mothers; and say us not nay when we affirm that such good mothers

and pure fathers would, in time, lessen in number such sensational, unhealthy newspaper items as "*Another Suicide*."—*Maria B. Lander, in Rural Press.*

AN AGED AND HISTORIC SHIP.—The ship that carried William III. (Prince of Orange) to England, when he went to take possession of the Monarchy, had a long life. It was named the Princess Mary, and was built on the Thames. It was more than half a century old when William landed from her at Torbay, November 4th, 1688. She was 80 feet 3 inches long, 23 feet broad, double decked, with two masts, square rigged. Her earlier name is said to have been Brill, but this we believe is not established. She was christened the Princess Mary after the King's consort, when she was selected to bear the fortunes of the monarch to his new kingdom. During the whole of his reign and that of his successor, Queen Anne, she was used as a pleasure yacht and was kept in thorough order, some of the repairs being quite extensive. In 1714, when the vessel came into possession of George I., she ceased by his order to form part of the royal establishment. About 1750, in a fit of economy, the government sold her to the Messrs. Walters, of London, who christened her *Betsy Cains* after a favorite West India belle of that name. After a score or more years in the West India trade, during which she was known as a staunch vessel and a fast sailer, she was sold to Messrs. Carlins, of London, who employed her as a collier to take coals from Newcastle to the great metropolis. About the year 1825, more than two centuries probably from the date she was launched, she was purchased by Mr. George Finch Wilson, of South Shields. On the 17th of February, 1827, she was taking a cargo of coals from Shields to Hamburg and struck upon the Bank Midderrus, a dangerous reef of rocks north of the mouth of the Tyne, where a few days afterward she became a total wreck. Her remains were eagerly purchased, and innumerable snuff boxes and other souvenirs were made from the old oak that had been so indestructible through more than 200 years.

ABOUT BELLS.—In making large bells, loudness rather than pitch is the object, as the sound can be conveyed to a much farther extent. This accounts for the enormous weight of some of the largest bells. St. Paul's, London, weighs 13,000 pounds, the bell of Antwerp, 16,000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000 pounds; the bell at Rome, 18,000 pounds; Mechlin, 20,000 pounds; Bruges, 23,000 pounds; York, 24,000 pounds; Cologne, 25,000 pounds; Montreal, 29,000 pounds; Erfurt, 30,000 pounds; "Big Ben," at the House of Parliament, 31,000 pounds; Senz, 34,000 pounds; Vienna, 40,000 pounds; Novgorod, 69,000 pounds; Pekin, 139,000 pounds; Moscow, 141,000 pounds. But, as yet, the greatest bell ever known is another famous Moscow bell, which was never hung. It was cast by the order of the Empress Anne in 1653. It lies broken on the ground, and is estimated to weigh 443,772 pounds. It is 19 feet high and measures around the margin 64 feet.

THE REV. DANIEL ISAAC was an eccentric itinerant preacher. He once alighted at an inn to stay all night. On asking for a bed he was told he could not have one, as there was to be a ball that night and all the beds were engaged. "At what time does the ball break up?" inquired Mr. Isaac. "About 3 in the morning, sir." "Well, then, can I have a bed until that time?" "Yes, certainly, but if the bed is asked for you will have to move." "Very well," replied Mr. Isaac. About 3 in the morning he was awakened by a loud knocking at the chamber door. "What do you want?" he asked. "How many of you are in there?" inquired a voice. "There's me and Daniel and Mr. Isaac and an old Methodist preacher," was the reply. "Then, by Jupiter, there's plenty of you!" and the applicant passed on, leaving Mr. Isaac to finish his night's slumber.