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[For the Register.]

Thoughts in Storm and Solitude.

BY ALMA.

The rain, the sobbing, the pattering rain,
Is falling in torrents to-night,
While the winds in loud chorus join in the refrain,
Keeping time to the sobs of the pattering rain,
And the throbs of my heart in its dull, aching pain,
As I toss on my pillow to-night.

Oh, rest and oblivion, where art thou flown?
'Tis a question I ask o'er and o'er;
But the echoes to answer, with many a moan,
Crying, "rest and oblivion where art thou flown?"
And Hope, in her might, answers stifles a groan,
As the question is asked o'er and o'er.

The rain, the shrieking and sibilant rain,
Cometh down in wild frenzy to-night;
The wild winds shout on in their madness again,
Defying the shrieking and sibilant rain,
While I struggle for sleep—but the effort is vain,
For repose hath departed to-night.

Grim darkness has settled o'er earth like a pall!
Assassins and thieves dare not stir.
The All-seeing Eye beholds earth's children all;
Seeth even the darkness o'er us like a pall;
Noteth even the sparrow—his flight and his fall—
And I know there is nothing to fear.

Now, rain, the pelting and pitiless rain,
Husheth down the rude voice of the wind;
How potent the spell that such spirit hath lain!
How strong art thou, pelting and pitiless rain,
As back to his home on the mountain and main,
Thou drivest the rude, shrieking wind!

'Tis day-dawn; sweet slumber steals over my brow,
While silently weepeth the rain;
I care little for sorrow or storm-ragings now
As thrice-welcome slumber steals over my brow;
I'm at peace with the world and my neighbors I trow,
While silently weepeth the rain.

My Husband's Second Wife.

My husband came tenderly to my side.

"Are you going out this evening, love?"

"Of course I am!"

I looked down complacently at my dress of pink crape, dew-dropped over with crystal, and the trails of pink azaleas that caught up its folds here and there.

A diamond bracelet encircled one round, white arm, and a little cross blazed fiitfully at my throat. I had never looked better, and I felt a sort of girlish pride as my eyes met the fairy reflection in the mirror.

"Come, Gerald, make haste; why, you haven't begun to dress yet!"

Where were my wifely instincts, that I did not see the haggard, drawn look in his features, the feverish light in his eyes?

"I can't go to-night, Madeline; I am not well enough."

"You are never well enough to oblige me, Gerald. I am tired of being put off with such excuses."

He made no answer, but dropped his head in his hands, on the table before him.

"Oh, come, Gerald," I urged, petulantly; "it is so awkward for me to go alone always."

He shook his head listlessly.

"I thought perhaps you would be willing too stay at home with me, Madeline."

"Men are so selfish!" I said, plaintively; "and I am all dressed. Claudia took half an hour for my hair. I dare say you'll be a great deal quieter without me—that is, if you are determined not to go."

No answer again.

"Well, if you choose to be sullen, I can't help it," I said lightly, as I turned and went out of the room, adjusting my silver boquet-holder, the tube roses and heliotropes seeming to distil incense at every motion.

Was I heartless and cruel? Had I ceased to love my husband?

From the bottom of my heart I believed that I loved him as truly and tenderly as a wife ever did, but I had been so spoiled and petted all my brief, selfish life, that the better instincts were, so to speak, entombed alive.

I went to the party and had my fill of adulation and homage as usual.

The hours seemed to glide away, shod with roses and winged with music and perfume; and it was not until, wearied with dancing, I sought a temporary refuge in the half-lighted tea room, that I heard words awakening me, as it were, from a dream.

"Gerald Glen!"

I could not well be mistaken in the name—it was scarcely commonplace enough for that.

They were talking—two or three stout, business-looking gentlemen in a hall without, and I could catch now and then a fugitive word or phrase.

"Fine, enterprising young fellow!" "great pity!" "reckless extravagance of his wife!"

All these vague fragments I heard, and then some one said:

"And what is he going to do now?"

"What can he do, poor fellow. I am sorry, but he should have calculated his income and his expenses better."

"Or his wife should. Deuce take these women; they are at the bottom of all a man's troubles."

And they laughed. Oh, how could they? I had yet to learn how easy it is in this world to bear other people's troubles!

I rose hurriedly up, with my heart beating tumultuously beneath the pink azaleas, and went back to the lighted corridors.

Albany Moore was waiting to claim my hand for the next redowa.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Glen? How pale you look!"

"I—I am not well. I wish you would have my carriage called, Mr. Moore."

For I felt now that home was the place for me.

Hurried by some unaccountable impulse, I sprang out the moment the carriage wheels touched the curb stone and rushed up to my husband's room.

The door was locked, but I could see a light shining under the threshold. I knocked wildly and persistently.

"Gerald! Gerald! for Heaven's sake let me in!"

Something fell on the marble hearthstone within, making a metallic clash, and my husband opened the door a little way.

I had never seen him look so pale before, and so rigid, yet so determined.

"Who are you?" he demanded, wildly; "why cannot you leave me in peace."

"It's I, Gerald—your Madeline—your own little wife."

And I caught from his hand the pistol he was striving to conceal in his breast—its mate lay on the marble hearth, under the mantel—and flung it out of the window.

"Gerald, would you have left me?"

"I would have escaped!" he cried, still half-delirious, to all appearance; "debt—disgrace—misery—her reproaches! I would have escaped them all!"

His head fell, like that of a weary child, on my shoulder.

I drew him gently to a sofa, and soothed him with a thousand mute caresses.

For had it not all been my fault?

Through all the long weeks of fear that followed, I nursed him with unwavering care and devotion. I had but one thought, one desire—to redeem myself in his estimation; to prove to him that I was something more and higher than the mere butterfly of fashion I had hitherto shown myself.

Well, the March winds had howled themselves away into their mountain fastnesses; the brilliant April rain-drops were dried on bough and spray and now the apple blossoms were tossing their fragrant billows of pinky bloom in the deep blue air of later May.

Where were we now?

It was a picturesque little cottage just out of the city, furnished much like a magnified baby house. Gerald sat in a cushioned easy chair on the piazza, just where he could glance through the open window at me, working a bath of biscuits, with my sleeves rolled up above my elbows, and the gold thread hair neatly confined in a silken net.

"What an industrious fairy it is!" he said smiling sadly.

"Well, you see I like it. It's a great deal better than those sonatas on the piano."

"Who would ever have thought you would make so notable a housekeeper?"

I laughed gleefully—I had all a child's delight in being praised.

"Are you not going to Miss Delancey's croquet party?" he pursued.

"No; what do I care for croquet parties? I'm going to finish your shirts, and you'll read aloud to me?"

"Madeline, I want you to answer me one question."

"What is it?"

I had safely deposited my pan of biscuits in the oven by this time, and was dusting the flour off my hands.

"What have you done with your diamonds?"

"I sold them long ago; they paid several heavy bills, besides settling half a year's rent here."

"But, Madeline, you were so proud of your diamonds."

"I was once; now they would be the bitterest reproach my eyes could meet. Oh, Gerald! had I been less vain and thoughtless and extravagant—"

I choked myself, and a robin singing in the perfumed depths of apple blossoms, above the piazza, took up the dropped current of sound.

"That's right, little red breast," said my husband, half jokingly, "talk her down she has forgotten that our past is dead and gone, and that we have turned over a new page in the book of existence! Madeline, do you know how I feel sometimes, when I sit and look at you?"

"No."

"Well I feel like a widower who has married again."

My heart gave a little superstitious jump.

"Like a widower who has married again, Gerald?"

"Yes; I can remember my first wife—a brilliant, thoughtless child, without an idea beyond the gratification of present whims—a spoiled plaything. Well, that little Madeline has vanished away into the past somewhere; she has gone away to return to me no more, and in her stead I behold my second wife, a thoughtful, tender woman, whose watchful love surrounds me like an atmosphere, whose character grows more noble and develops itself into new depth and beauty every day."

I was kneeling at his side now, with my cheek upon his arm, and my eyes looking into his.

"And which do you love best, Gerald—the first or second wife?"

"I think the trials and vicissitudes through which we have passed are welcome indeed, since they have brought me, as their harvest fruits, the priceless treasure of my second wife?"

That was what Gerald answered me; the sweetest words that ever fell upon my ear.

A new process of working ores is proposed, and being tried by a miner of Inyo county, California, which, so far, consists in placing the quartz or gold rock, as the case may be, dry crushed, into an iron cylinder, with a quantity of mercury and applying a low degree of heat to the whole. The cylinder is then made to revolve rapidly. The new method is said to work well in small quantities, and the inventor says he is sure of being able to work much larger quantities when suitable machinery is erected.

A little daughter of E. C. Byram, of West Union, Iowa, during the absence of her father, fell from a fence, and being taken up for dead, was buried before her parents return. He desired to look on her face once more; and when the body was taken up and the coffin lid opened, the hands were found clutched full of hair, and the face was turned downward, proving that the child had been buried alive.

ANOTHER CAMPAIGN.—Alfred Barstow, the able and efficient Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, whose administrative abilities are acknowledged, was married a few days ago, to Miss Rhodes, daughter of one of the Supreme Judges. Mr. Barstow having entered upon a second campaign the same year, we must express the wish that he will find the *Rhode* strewn with flowers, and meet not a thorn to prick and mar his limbs as he climbs the hill of life.—*Marysville Appeal.*

JUVENILE BUTCHERS.—A few days since two little boys aged respectively six and eight years, brought home with them from a slaughter house a beef's heart and some other scraps of meat. After arriving home the idea occurred that they would start a meat market. No sooner said than done. After fixing up their stall it was found that they had no meat; so they started after some. Coming up to a small dog, they up with a club and stone and killed the specimen of the canine species. The deed done, they then became alarmed at the prospect of meeting an angry owner, and to conceal their supposed misdeed, the dog was chucked in a hole. When asked by the father why the dog was killed, one of the boys replied that "they did not have any meat and that they could not keep a butcher shop without meat."—*Unionist.*

A mixture, called "butter compound," is advertised in the New York papers a small quantity of which, its proprietors say, will make two pounds of excellent butter from one quart of milk! A "butter powder" of like nature is also in the market.

Boston is a wealthy city. Its taxable property is more than $495,000,000, being larger than the whole taxable property of the State of Alabama, and more than twice as much as the State of California.

San Antonio, Texas, is to have a cathedral to cost $160,000.

A Texas Ferryman.

It took two hours of very hard struggling to get through to the bank of the river. There we found a small ferry-boat, but no ferryman. He had probably gone out hunting, after putting the cotton wagon across. At all events, all the shouting we could do failed to bring him to light; so we were compelled to take possession of the boat, which was on our side of the river, and to put ourselves across.

By some miscalculation of the force of the current, which was very rapid, we had not proceeded much more than half the way across the river when the water began to run over the upper gunwale of the boat. The rope kept us from drifting down, but the horses becoming frightened at the noise of the water, began to plunge and run off. Every effort to pacify them was unavailing, and in a few seconds the ambulance had run half way off; the boat rapidly filled, and we were all floundering in the river. Those of us who could swim struck for the bank, which we gained with considerable difficulty. The Yankee trader clung to the boat, crying out with all his might for help. Colonel Wash got hold of the reins and attempted to swim ahead of the horses, which were frantically struggling to free themselves from the ambulance. The Doctor, Johnson, and I gained the bank, and ran along trying to get hold of the driver, who showed signs of giving out. They drifted down about three hundred yards in this way, the horses, wagon and driver sometimes buried under the current and sometimes struggling on its surface, when, by great good fortune, they struck the bottom and succeeded in getting a foothold. By the united efforts of the Doctor, Johnson and myself, we got them on dry land, rather the worse for the adventure, but not seriously damaged. Colonel Wash sat down a good deal blown, and complained of a faintness. The flask of brandy, together with everything else, had been washed from the ambulance, so that nothing could be done for him. When this discovery was made, he seemed to lose all control of himself, and began to swear in such a manner that it was frightful to hear him. In the meantime the boat had worked itself along the rope to the landing, and the Yankee made good his escape on shore.

Whilst we were consulting what was to be done next, I chanced to look across the river, where I descried a man sitting upon the bank—I might almost say an apparition. It was certainly the most uncouth looking object I had ever lain my eyes upon—a long, gaunt, sallow man with yellow hair, a red shirt, big boots, with the breeches thrust in them, a long cob pipe in his mouth, and a long rifle in his hand. His long face was so dreadfully cadaverous and his form so long and lean, that he might well be the embodiment of the fevers and agues that are said to lark in these river bottoms. Seeing that we kept looking at him, he ceased puffing his pipe for a moment, and observed in a nasal tone:

"Gentlemen, I'll trouble you for your fare—just lay it thar on the bank; four bits for the wagon and two bits apiece for the men?"

A modest remark to make, when we were nearly drowned through his negligence.

"Say, Guv'ner!" cried Col. Wash in a voice of suppressed passion, "be you the ferryman?"

"I be!" replied the man, giving another puff at his pipe.

"And you want a dollar and a half for putting us over?" shouted Col. Wash.

"I do!"

"Well, then, just draw a check for it on your own bank!" roared Col. Wash in a perfect fury; "and if it ain't paid by the time I get back I'll settle with you then."

The gaunt ferryman laid down his corn-cob pipe, opened himself up like a tall pen-knife, raised his rifle, examined the priming, set the hair trigger, and then quietly observed:

"Gentlemen, the first man that undertakes to leave them premises without a payin of his fare, I'll drap him sure."

There was no mistaking the sincerity of his threat. The tall ferryman was evidently not the kind of a person to be trifled with. There was a fixed look about him and a deliberate coolness in his manner that sufficiently indicated his determined character. Now, it was evident that our firearms were of no value, being thoroughly saturated with water—a fact that was probably known to our friend across the river, for he gave himself no apparent concern about the matter. To say that Col. Wash raved would but faintly express his condition in the mortifying emergency. I had not seen him in such a fine vein of profanity from the very beginning of our journey. All this time the ferryman stood quietly watching us from the other side, manifesting neither impatience nor resentment at the duration or violence of the invectives bestowed upon him. For my part, I was quite willing to pay him. I felt convinced he would kill me if I failed to do so, and considered my life worth more than two bits to the public, if not to myself; so I held up the money that he might see it, and then deposited it on a chip, which I laid upon the bank.

"That's all right stranger," said the gaunt ferryman, "you're out! jist step o' one side."

The Yankee trader had evidently indulged in the hope of escaping this tax, but seeing no alternative now, he deposited his money on a chip and stood off according to order. Next followed the old Doctor, who took it like a philosopher. Johnson seemed composed and powerless from the beginning. A hopeless melancholy was upon him. With a most profound sigh he placed his two bits on the chip, remarking in a dejected tone, "My God! if I only had my rifle!" and then passed over. Col. Wash was the last. He was perfectly convulsed with rage, and declared with many extraordinary oaths that he would have satisfaction for this outrage. But what was the use of talking? We were all shivering with cold, and the money must be paid. Col. Wash, with all his bloodthirsty propensities, was evidently no fool. That clause in the ferryman's address—"I'll drap him sure!" was wonderfully impressive. So Colonel Wash put his money upon the chip, promising to settle on his return.

"That's all right, stranger," said the gaunt ferryman. "Gen'rally speakin', I'm on hand here!" Then he sat down and resumed his corn cob pipe, apparently quite indifferent to our future movement, or to any projects of vengeance that might enter our heads.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—It stands upon seven hills, which gives it the aspect of the largest city in the world. It is built in a triangular form, on the extremity of the Bosphorus, where it joins in the sea of Marmora. There is a treble line of walls round the city of Constantinople, of about eight miles in circumference, flanked by a double row of houses. Constantinople contains 12 imperial mosques, 350 ordinary mosques, 30 markets, more than 300 fountains, and 100,000 houses. The population is about 600,000. The imperial residence may be said to form a city within a city; the walls being three miles in circumference, with twelve gates, and the number of residents is between 5,000 and 7,000. The marine arsenal is a fine establishment, built upon the northern bank of the harbor. The naval arsenal is near the quay, close to which the Turkish men of war are moored. A large and magnificient barrack for sailors is built near the dock-yard, in which there are large basins for the repair of ships.

A PUNCTUATION PUZZLE.—The following article forcibly illustrates the necessity of punctuation. It can be read in two ways, making a very bad or a very good man, the result depending on the manner in which it is punctuated:

"He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of any of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no exertions to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the Gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the Devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of his reward."

Despise no one; for every one knows something which thou knowest not.