AWAY DOWN EAST. BY EUGENE J. HALL

- Away down East where mountain rills As' thru the hollers flowin'; Where cattle browse upon the hills, When summer winds ar' blowin';
- Where in the moonlight winter nights The world puts on sich splender, When young folks go tu singin' school An' git so kind o' tender;
- Whare viliage gossips hear an' tell The'r kind o harmless slander; Thare lived blue-cyed Mehetabei, An' honest young Philander.
- Mehetabel was just as sweet An' fair as summer weather, She hed the cutest leetle feet That ever trod in leather.
- An' then those mild soft eyes o' her'n
- Wy! cider wer'n't no clearer; They made Philander's visage burn, Whenever he sot near her.
- Philander, he was tall an' thin,
- A kind o' siender feller; He hed a sort o' goslin' chin, His hair was long an' yeller. Drest in his go-tu-meetin' clothes,
- A standin' collar sportin'; He went down cross-lots Sunday nights, To Deacon Spencer's courtin',
- There down he sot afore the fire, A thinkin' an' a lookin'; He praised the deacon's sheep an' cows, He praised her mother's cookin'.
- He talked all round the tender pint But somehow, couldn't du it, His words got kind o' out o' j'int, Afore he could git thru it,
- Twas twelve o'clock one Sunday night; A blazin' fire was rearin'; The old felks hed gone off to bed; The Deacon he was snorin'.
- Around the time-worn room the light Fell kind o' soft an' resy, The old pine settes it was drawn Up by the fireplace, cozy.
- Mehctable sot on one end, Philander he sot by her, An' with the old tongs in his hand, Kept pokin' at the fire,
- It sot him in a flutter, he sweat, it jest rolled down his face Like drops o' milted butter,
- So there they sot an' talked about The momentum an' the weather.

 An' kept a kind o' hitchin' up

 Until they hitched together.
- The descon snored away in bed; Philander he got bolder; He slid his arm around her head An' laid it on his shoulder.
- An' when she lifted up her eyes, An' looked up intu his'n, It seemed as if Philander's heart Intu his mouth hed ris'n.
- He sot an' trembled for a while, She looked so mighty clever, Some spirit whispered in his ear— "Jest du it nou or never."
- Says he—" My dear Mehetabel, My house an' home ar' waith' An' ain't it gittin' tu be time That you an' I were matin'?"
- An' then, sez she, jest loud enuff For him tu understand her— "If you kin be content with me, I guess it is, Philander,"
- The Deacon woke up from his dreams for he: "Ther's suthin' brewin'. He pecked out thru the bed-room door To see what they were doin'.
- An' when he saw 'em sittin' thare, Like leetle lambs in clover, He almost snickered right out loud, It tickled him all over,
- He nudged his wit did please her, An' then they talked themselves to sleep, An' snored away like Geazer.
- Philander sot there all night long, He didn't think o' goin'; Till when the day began tu dawn, He herd the rooster crowin'.

- Ser he: "Ther' never was a chap, That did the binness slicker"— An' then, he gin' himself a slap, An' my! how he did snicker.
- An' now blue-eyed Mehstabel Is merried to Philander, An' village gossips idly tell That ne'er was weddin' grander.
- Those peaceful mornlight winter nights Have not yit lost their splendor, The young folks go tu singin' school, An' still git kind o' tender.
- Away down East, where mountain rills, Ar' thru the hollers flowin'; where cattle browse upon the hills, When summer winds ar' blowin'.

- When I first saw South Clyde I pro-nounced it the prettiest village I had ever seen. It was certaintly picturesque, quiet, and lovely. I was driving out of the town with a friend.

 "This is a June picture," said I.
 "There is Pomfret's house," remarked
- my friend. "Which one?"
- "The large one on the hill yonder, with terraces and fountains." "And who is Pomfret?" I asked. "He was the great man of the place. Within a year, he has died abroad." "And who occupies that fine place
- "I do not know."

 The next day I was shut up in my consulting-room in the town, and South Clyde seemed like some beautiful sterescopic view instead of a reality. I had seen it under its loveliest auspices. I was fated to see it under others.

 My life was dragging very wearily just then; out one day something remarkable happened to me, calling me out of my-
- ne morning, a handsome barouche oped at my door, the footman leap-to the ground, and appearing the t moment before me with a note. left the note in my hands and
- ional skill. Please come to my house his evening, at five o'clock; I will send be carriage for you. This being a matur requiring great tact and cartion, take to the from me, when we meet, and appar to have known me in London, when a studied in the hospitals there. You that

- ength we emerged near the house, which was certainly very handsome. I had only time for a rapid survey of the premises, when a gentleman came hurriedly toward the carriage as I descended, and grasped to the carriage as I descended, and grasped to the carriage as I descended. my hand.
 "Doctor, you are very welcome.
 "Doctor, you are very welcome.
- feared something would happen to preshould be you who visited us now. hand, which still held mine nervously.
 "Yes, I am the present resident herewith my sister," in a low tone.
 We were walking toward the house
- We were walking toward the house. My companion was a young man of about twenty-four, very handsome, with a pale face, of remarkable sweetness.

 "We must go in directly," he said.

 "I cannot stop to talk with you here. My sister may be observing us from a window. Understand, you are not a physician, but M. Richmond. Here we are; be quite at your case now."

 He had preceded me into the hall, and, flinging open a door, ushered me into a good for. He greeted me in a somewhat in a rich dressing-gown, was walking to and fro. He greeted me in a somewhat
- flinging open a door, ushered me into a quiet, elegant room, where a lady sat at work. She was petite and graceful, with to walk to and fro again in an absent and a very sweet and gracious manner. She dropped her work, and came forward a I was silent, for I felt the important dropped her work, and came forward a little anxiously, I thought.
- mediately. "Yes," she answered, and passed
- quietly from the room. "You have seen her now," said Mr. Pomfret, immediately that she was gone. "What is your first impression?" "She is a very lovely young lady, and appears quite well," I answered, a little
- "Observe her closely," he whispered, for her light step was on the threshold again.
- She was followed by a servant who placed a light in the globe of alabaster, swinging from the ceiling, and retired.
 "Tea will be served immediately, Ral. We have had a very warm day, Mr. Richmond," she said, crossing the room
- to draw a curtain near me. "The July heat has been oppressive in the town," I said, "but you can know little of the severe weather here."
- town?" she asked. town?" she asked.
 "I believe there have been no new cases within a few days," I stammered; and to change the subject, rose and examined the pictures, and so led the conversation to other matters; but I was far from being at ease in a false position, and took advantage of the first opportu-nity to ask Mr. Pomfret if his sister supposed me to be recovering from a fever. "Yes," he answered; "and as I thought it might be necessary, I intimated the
- possibility of your remaining with us for a little time. Will it be possible?"

 "I think not. I have patients in town who require my daily attendance."

 "But I will have you taken in every day by the carriage," he replied, eagerly.

 The servant had brought in tea, and Miss Pomfret had been giving him some directions: but now she glanced toward "The te directions; but now she glanced toward us, a little nervously, I thought, as she
- We seated ourselves at the table. Miss Pomfret drank her tea composedly; her brother ordered iced sherbet, and par-
- took of little else.
 "The hot weather takes away my taste, and I dont' think it is good for you to drink that hot tea, Emma," said Pomfret. "You ha! much better have a glass of this;" and he passed her a gob-
- let of the sherbet. As she took it I saw that her little white hand trembled. A moment later he observed that she did not drink it. "Isn't it sweet enough?" he asked. Then, with a merry, winning smile, he held it to her lips. "To please me!" he
- murmured. She smiled a little, and tasted it: but I saw that she was trembling very much.
 "Good child," he said, playfully;
 then, suddenly, he rose from the table,
 and threw himself into another chair.
 "Are you ill, Ral?" asked Emma,
- starting to her feet. starting to her feet.

 "No, but my head aches terribly," pressing his hands to both sides of his forehead. Then seeming to recover himself, he added, "I hope you will excuse me. I seemed to be losing my senses. If Mr. Richmond will excuse
- me for a moment, I will retire to myroom."

 "Let me accompany you!" I exclaimed. "It may be sunstroke!"

 I forgot that I might be revealing my
- professional character, as I accompanied him to a chamber, and examined his condition. Miss Pomfret came in, bent over her brother, and parted the hair upon his
- forehead.

 "Is he going to be ill i" she asked me.

 "No, I think not," I answered, somewhat at a loss for a moment, under her
- As she sat there, caressing his fore-head, he fell into a deep sleep.

 She closed the window beside the bed softly, and we went down stairs.

 Though I had not had a fever, it is true that I was not well, and I did not entertain the idea of returning home that night. When Miss Pomfret asked me if I would enter the library, I asked to be shown to my room. Not only was I exhausted in body, but I shrank from a tete-a tete with her; my false position was embarrassing; and I was not prepared for my part.
- was embarrassing; and I was not prepared for my part.

 My room was a perfect boundoir of
 luxury, and I lay awake for a long time
 watching the moonlight shimmer on the
 lace curtains. At last it crept up to a

 The breakfast-bell jingled; and he
 turned quickly.
- lace curiains. At last it crept up to a picture upon the wall.

 It was the portrait of a man. I had not noticed it at all before I extinguished my light. It seemed to gleam out suddenly upon the wall as I caught sight of it. I sprang up on my elbow to look at it.
- Its eyes seemed fixed on mine, and to gaze down on me with a baffing meaning which thrilled me. As I sank back, I still felt them watching me.

 Still half-conscious of the portrait, I fell into an uneasy slumber.

 I could not have slept long, when I was a awakened by a slight noise near me. I half-opened, then closed my eyes, for I saw that some one was looking at me.

- was Miss Pomfret. softly; then all was silent. A thought garding her. flashed over me as I lay. The girl's "I am afrai
- brain was affected.

 I could not sleep after that, I was so excited with my discovery. Her case was evidently a rare one; its symptoms almost too subtle for discovery, but now eared something would happen to pre-ent your coming. I was anxious that it hould be you who visited us now."

 I had the clue I could soon determine you in town?"

 an opinion. It was plain that this was "No, thank what the brother hinted at—what he she snswered. feared. I remembered with what sus-picion she had regarded me for a moment the previous evening, and how nervous and anxious she had repeatedly appeared later. Was she conscious of her own
 - and fro. He greeted me in a somewhat subdued manner, and then commenced
- ttle anxiously, I thought.
 "My sister, Miss Pomfret, Mr. Richit while the servant went in and out, Emma, please order tea im- laying the cloth for breakfast. At last I said, "Shall we take a stroll in the
 - garden, Mr. Pomfret?"
 He lifted his eyes to mine with such a look of intense pain, that I was startled.
 "We shall have time for a little chat, shall we not, before breakfast?" I asked. "Yes-oh, yes," he answered, hurriedly.
 - He seemed so agitated that I pitied him. He divined that I had made a discovery, and dreaded the revelation of it. He took his hat in his hand, but did not put it on; as we went down the steps, I saw that there was a feverish color upon his cheeks, and he seemed to court the dewy morning breeze, which was very fresh, and rather chilled me.
 - We walked the length of a long path edged with pansies and pinks before the silence was broken.
- "I have made a discovery," I said, at He flashed upon me an inexpressible "Is the fever still prevalent in the look-furtive, deriant, fearful and some-
 - "I am sorry, very sorry to pain you I said, "but you probably already anticipate what I believe I have divined—that your sister's mind is affected." He grew very pale; and yet I thought he breathed easier than he had done a moment before. But he was very much
 - agitated, and sat down upon a rustic bench, crushing his hat with trembling "Before I proceed to any measures, I
 - would like you to tell me anything of your family history which bears upon this matter," I said. "If this disease is "It is—it is!" he interrupted, eagerly.
 My father died insane—my grandfath-
 - "The tendency is on your father's side of the family, then?"
 "Yes. My mother was singularly healthy in mind and body. Not robust,
 - but sound and even-tempered.'
 "She was a blonde?" "Yes. "Your father was dark-complexioned and of a nervous temperament?
 - " He was. "Is that a portrait of him which hange in the room I occupied last night?"

 As I expected, he replied in the affirmative. I had already noticed the resemblance in the whole appearance of the young man. The same elegant, active figure; the same brilliant, melanchold force
 - choly face.

 "It is a frightful malady to have in a family," he said trembling. He was looking toward the house, and his glance wandered to one of the upper windows.

 "That window is barred on the inside," he said, in a low tone.
 - "For what reason?"

 "My father died there," he almost whispered. He trembled so that I reseated him, and laid my hand upon his
 - "Hope for the best, Mr. Pomfret, In these days, insanity becomes more and more under medical control. You have more under medical control. You have means to resort to any remedy, and your sister is so young and healthy that I am not at all despondent of the matter."

 "My sister," he murnured absently, and sat lost in thought.

 I looked around me, at the graceful mansion, the garden, the avenues, stately and luxuriant. The gardener came out of a hot house with a magnificent here.
 - of a hot-house with a magnificent bou-quet which he took into the house. Prosquet which he took into the house. Prosperity seemed to rest everywhere; and yet my eye came back to the drooping figure of the master of this beautifully adorned garden with a weight of compassion. He looked very young; and, as I have said, there was something singularly winning about him. The fibres of my frame were seasoned to the work of living, and the impulse to put my experience and strength to this young life's.
 - upport rose warm within me.
 "Mr. Pomfret," I said, "I am an older
 - "Mr. Pomfret," I said, "I am an older man than you. Perhaps I may have learned a little wisdom in ten years more of living. Here is the hand of a friend as well as that of a physician."

 He grasped it—put the other hand upon my shoulder, and we stood breast to breast. His eyes grew moist and calmer.

 - he added, "my need is beyond human help."

 The breakfast-bell jingled; and he turned quickly.

 "Let us go in. Emma will miss us."

 "How much he looks like his father, I thought again, as he seated himself at the table.

 For the delicate and brilliant smile came back in his sister's presence. His manner, with its singular attention for her, was a study. I could not but admire them both. At, last we rose from the table.

 Miss Powfest went to the window.

- She closed the door of the night or the suspicion I had re- fret, when the curse of his family overgarding her.

 "I am afraid you anticipate a loday, Miss Pomfret?" I said.
 She shook her head, with a faint sn
 - "Can I execute any commission for
 - you in town?" "No, thank you; I need nothing,
 - She sat down on a little lounge of rose-colored velvet, her white dress sweeping the floor, and a tiny Blenheim spaniel leaping after the long tassels which de-pended therefrom. Her face was bent down to him, but there was no smile
 - "There are some sorrows which even wealth cannot alleviate," I said to my-self; and went my way with an aching

 - was best for me to take; but I was determined that no power of mine should be spared to save the happiness of this young and lovely girl. I was so lost in thought upon the subject, that the day's duties were irksome to me; and when I view, I ventured into your chamber last wight. returned from my rounds, and found the night. I satisfied myself." Pemfret carriage waiting at my door for me, it was a relief. All my interests seemed synonymous with those of my new acquaintances, and the demands of
 - others subordinate.
 "Drive fast," I said, somewhat to the coachman's surprise; but it was six o'clock before we arrived at the mansion. It had rained hard during the day and the roads were bad.
 - As I gave a servant my hat in the hall, Miss Pomfret came down stairs. "I hope you have not waited dinner or me?" I said.
 - for me?" I said.

 "We have not dined," she answered;
 "my brother has not come down."

 She looked far from happy, I thought; yet the screnity of her appearance I had never yet seen entirely disturbed. There was nothing remarkable about her but her habitual silence, and the mournful and absent expression of her ayes which

 "We have not dined," she answered;
 "with a package of papers which she had found in his private desk. Her drooping little figure, which instantly wrung my heart, I placed in an easy chair, and then I opened the closely-folded sheets, and read them aloud:

 "I have but little time in which to be the place of the closely-folded sheets, and read them aloud:

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 - and absent expression of her eyes, which I observed for the second time. I went to my room to arrange my dress. In less than half an hour, a servant called me to dinner.
 - I met Mr. and Miss Pomfret in the dinngroom. The young man was deadly pale, and yet appeared nervous and excited. Fearing that something had happened to distress him during my absence, I I glanced narrowly at Miss Pomfret. I was surprised at her heightened color, and the nervousness with which she presided at table. Other guests were present, several gentlemen and a lady, evidently persons of wealth and distinction; yet I wondered that her high breading
 - yet I wondered that her high breeding did not place her entirely at ease. She was inattentive and nervous to a marked Mr. Pomfret was at first silent, but entered into conversation at last; and spoke animatedly—indeed, with almost boister-ous mirth. Looking at his flushed brow, I gave a sigh for the inward misery I
 - "More wine, Mr. Courtney!" he said to one of the gentlemen. "Let us drink freely—drink to forgetfulness—to oblivion of life!"
 - These were deprecating exclamations. "What!" exclaimed Pomfret, starting to his feet; "do you wonder that I gave that toast? You think, then, I am a happy man?"

 He tossed off the wine, motiontossed off the wine, motion-
 - we all sat motionless, looking at him. His manner was excited-almost fren-"You think so? Ha, ha!" laughing wildly. "Why, the beggar at my door is more to be envied than I, for there is
 - my misery!"
 At that moment the truth flashed upon me. I left my seat and drew nearer to
 - Pomfret, whispering a word to the but-ler, who was an intelligent and powerful man. Pomfret stood gazing fixedly into the air; the empty glass in his extended "Mr. Pomfret," I said, gently, trying to catch the his eye, for mastery. "You have forgotten yourself; you have taken too much wine. Let me accompany you
 - to your room.' "Forget! I cannot forget," he said, in pathetic despair. "My skeleton is ever before me. There she sits—my sister. You see her fair hair, her blue eyes like my mother's. She thinks she will escape it so; but she never will—never, never! The skeleton grins under her fair cheek, looks out of her eyes, laughs on her lip.
 You see it in her every motion. God! it is coming upon me. I will fight to my
 - Miss Pomfret had arisen, and was ap-

 - Miss Pomfret had arisen, and was approaching him. In her solicitude, she did not fear him. I motioned her away, but she did not obey, and as she came nearer, he sprang upon her, bending her back as if she were a reed; her agonized screams ran through the room.

 We sprang upon him, tore off his hold, bound him hand and foot. Already had the rabit howl broken from his lips. He was frothing, raging senseless.

 When he was taken from the room, and all that could be done for him administered in his chamber, when all the guests had gone, and the frightened servants were all at work under my directions, I heard an agonized weeping. It cut my heart like a knife; I recognized the tones of Emma Pomfret's voice.
 - heart like a knife; I recognized the tones of Emma Pomfret's voice.

 It was midnight before I sought her out. Her brother's raving was subdued by the influence of a powerful narcotic, but it was only a temporary
- alleviation.

 She lay on the library sofs. The room was perfectly still, but I could see the shimmer of her dress in the dim light. I bent over her, and saw the heavy lids dart from the fixed and mournful eyes. I put my hand on her forehead; it was cold as marble.

 "Miss Pomptet." I said. "let me give the table.

 Miss Pomfret went to the window, where she stood feeding a goldfinch, between the bars of his cage, with sugar; yet I felt that she heard every word her brother said.

 "I will send you in by the carriage," he said, in a low voice. "You will not fail to return with it at any hour you may choose? It is at your disposal."

 "I will return," I answered, as quietly as possible.

 "All publication. She lay on the library sofs. The room was perfectly still, but I could see the shimmer of her dress in the dim light. I bent over her, and saw the heavy lids dart from the fixed and mournful eyes. I put my hand on her forehead; it was cold as marble.

 "Miss Pomfret," I said, "let me give you a little care."

 She murmured a few words expressive of her indifference, and I saw that she leaves the said.
- I fail to return with it at any hour you may choose? It is at your disposal."

 I will return, "I answered, as quietly as possible.

 I "Emma," said the young gentleman, ar I shall be engaged in my chamber all day. I do not wish to be disturbed until our hour for dining. I have writing to do. I shall probably finish it by six o'clock," looking at his watch.

 "Shall I not send up luncheon?"

 "You a little care."

 She murmured a few words expressive of her indifference, and I saw that she seemed unconscious of all I did. I administered wine, ordered a fire, and drew the sofa before it; still the frigid misery o'clock." looking at his watch.

 "You must not get ill," I said, watching her with a great, secret anxiety. "I shall want you to help me take care of your brother."

 "No, do not disturb me on any activation."

- shall not leave you, because I love your brother. I offered him my friendship before this affliction came, and he shall have it now. I shall tend him to the
- For the first time, she seemed to ne her attention. "Will you let me be your friend," said, after a pause, taking the little cold
- hand.

 "If you will," she syllabled.

 I could not persuade her to go to rest,
 so I remained by her, talking.

 "I knew who you were from the first,"
 she said. "I have long known Ral's
- She was so young, so lovable, it seemed hard, indeed, for the brother to bear. I thought, if she were my sister, that it would break my heart. I thought of the matter at its worst, and wondered what he would do without her.

 She said. "I have long known Ral's delusion, that I needed watching; he struggled against it, poor boy, and still it mastered him. When you came, I was only suspicious who you might be; I thought I had seen you but a year previous, in a railway carriage, asleep. I what he would do without her.

 I could not decide yet what course it was best for me to take; but I was determined that no power of mine should be spared to save the happiness of this young and lovely cirl. I was so lost in
 - I did not think it best to tell her then that I knew of her visit. At dawn she fell asleep, and slumbered until nearly
 - She came to my side then, collected, firm and helpful. Together we watched with poor Bal until he died. He never knew her, the darling sister whom he had loved even in his madness; but, for her sake, I was thankful that he passed away with less suffering than I had feared
 - When all was over, she came to with a package of papers which she had found in his private desk. Her droop-
 - of it. First, Emma, forgive me for the pain which I have repeatedly put you to. My dear and only sister, you know the curse is upon me, but you do not know how long it has worked within me. I have struggled against fiendish thoughts for months, returning again to reason and remorse, sick with reason and remorse, sick with terror at what I have escaped. Sometimes I think I have betrayed myself to you and others, and you only allow me my liberty on sufferance. You cannot do that long; yesterday the third spasm overtook me; Emma, you witnessed the symptom, and know its meaning. I know that at any hour now I may go mad. On God laws.
 - ror of my blood!

 "My precious sister, the time is drawing nigh when we must part. The gentleman whom you know as Mr. Richmond is a skillful physician named Leroy.

 While under the influence of my malady, I brought him here to detect in you the a man of fine feelings. If he offers to defend you when you are alone, my poor Emma, trust him. To him I bequeath my carriage and horses, my saddle horse and accouterments. Our home is yours, you know, darling, by inheritance. My moneys and real estate you will find bequeathed to you in my formal will made a year ago.
 - queathed to you in my formal will made a year ago.

 "Little sister, good-bye. I know how good you are, how you have suffered. It is better that I should die. You will miss me, I know; but the grass will grow green on my grave at last, and the curse of our race will have spent its power. You will not transmit it to your children. You are our mother's child, and your blood is pure. You have nothing to fear; you have only to be happy when I am gone.

 He family hammer just paws in the dust and weeps. We don't care how much pains are taken to remember and keep in order the links, they will not come together as they came apart. This is not a joke, this is not exaggeration; it is simply the solemn, heaven-born truth. If we are sorry for it, but we cannot help it. We cannot write upon the subject at all without feeling the blood tingle at our very fingers' ends.—Danbury News.
- is more to be envied than I, for there is a curse upon me! A skeleton sits at my daily board—is here among us now! Do you not see it? No, no; you are blind! Heavens! the air is full of invisible deleases! They gloat in the state our mother's child, and your blood is pure. You have nothing to fear; you have only to be happy when I am gone.

 "If I am violently insane for years, and any our mother's child, and your blood is pure. You have nothing to fear; you have only to be happy when I am gone. place me in an asylum at my expense. I have arranged for this contingency. But I have not great physical endurance; I do not think I shall suffer long. And then comes rest and peace. Good-bye, my darling sister; make me, at last, a peaceful grave, and come there, some-

 - mm.

 My darling is happy. We have children, and a bright and beautiful home. The Pomfret skeleton has never intruded amongst us.
 - Woman's Wages.

 "The eye of woman hath been fixed" upon the Illinois Legislature, but without svail—the Legislature has not blenched in its refusal to pay women employed in State institutions the same salaries as men holding similar positions. Abstractly there is no justice, and in a good many cases there is practically no justice in such a refusal. But it must be said that in more than a good many cases the lack of training and of power for continuous work on the part of women workers, would make an equality of for continuous work on the part of women workers, would make an equality of wages enforced by law a hardship upon the employer. In one profession, however—the teacher's—anything that would bring such equality would be welcome. Here women, often better adapted by nature to their work, more thoroughly prepared for it, and more successful in it than the men occupying like positions, are crowded far down the scale below them. It is not justice, and it is not even sound economy.

A correspondent of the Newark Ad-vertiser writes: "I think an orang-ou-tang would have as much taste in the way of dress as the average Italian woman. It was a woman. She had long fair colors, "looking at his wasch."

She stood at the foot of the bed, holding back the curtains, and looking at me. The one change at her will away. It was the foot of the bed, holding back the curtains, and looking at me. The one change at her will away. It was the bed in evening sky was that he stood looking at me. The name have been for nearly five minutes that the dim evening sky was. It was been for nearly five minutes that the dim evening sky was that the stood looking at me. The name have been for nearly five minutes that the dim evening sky was that the stood looking at me. The name have been for nearly five minutes that the dim evening sky was that the stood looking at me. The name have been for nearly five minutes that the stood looking at me. The name have been for nearly five minutes that the other passed a gate, about the room, looked up at the plotter on the wall. I opened my eyes and then we passed a gate, and then we passed a gate, and then we passed a gate, and the first employed the luxury of the correct of the poor. She looked to small, so fairy that I involunt. I was very pale; that I must not stir, the noon of olors, with an intermediate me to slience. Studdenly, the prompte of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the prompte of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words of deep the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to slience. Studdenly, the provise of the words forced me to sl

- of the night or the suspicion I had regarding her.

 "I am afraid you anticipate a lonely day, Miss Pomfret?" I said.

 She shook her head, with a faint smile.

 "I am used to being alone. I don't mind it."

 "Cap I exemte any commission for shall not leave you because I love your because I love your because I love your ship may aid the unpressived.

 - face roots. Shorten the shoots at transplanting. This produces growth, and growth produces roots; and with new roots your tree is safe for another season.
 - Unpruned trees produce leaves, but lit-tle growth, and less roots.

 Place broad-leaved evergreens where they will get no sun in winter; yet away from where the roots of trees will make

The Perverse Stovepipe. It is singular the influence a stopepipe has upon a married man. There is nothing in this world he respects so much. A passing load of furniture may, in its general appearance, be so grotesque as to call forth the merriment of the thoughtless young, but if there is a piece of stovepipe in it no larger than a hat, he will not laugh. We don't care who the man is, how he has been brought up, what is his position, wealth or inknow its meaning. I know that at any hour, now, I may go mad. Oh, God! so young, so hopeful I have been, too. But there is no hope for a Pomfret. Thank heaven, I have no son to inherit the horheaven, I have no son to inherit the horheaven, I have no son to inherit the horheaven. soul with a force that he is helpless to resist. And the married man who can stand within reaching distance of a stove-pipe without feeling his heart throb, his hands clinch, his hair raise, and his throat grow dry and husky, is an anomaly which does not exist. Stove-pipe her college of the standard up homes and scrape off skin than all other domestic articles together. The domestic screw-driver pales its ineffectual fires in the presence of a stovepipe, and the family hammer just paws in the dust and weeps. We don't care how much pains are taken to remember and keep.

- Sidney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself. "When you rise in the morning, form the resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done; a left off garment to the man who needs it; a kind word to the sorrowful; an encouraging expression to the strivant process."

 The approved glove for street wear has three buttons, with simple stitching on the back, of the same shade as the glove. my darling sister; make me, at last, a peaceful grave, and come there, sometimes, remembering me not as a lunatic, but as the brother you played with in childhood, and who loved you with his last calm thought.

 "RAIPH POMPRET."

 The epistle was dated on the very day his fearful malady overtook him.

 I took the weeping girl in my arms.

 "Emma, he trusted me; cannot you? Will you let me try to make you happy?"

 She clumg to me with sobbing breaths, but I felt that it was not physical weakness or even desolation which made her mine. I felt that the knew how I loved her for her goodness and pulity—that she recognized the integrity I had striven to maintain, and loved me in return.

 Ral's grave is peaceful. Willows shade it, mignonette blooms upon it, bees buzz above it, and the sunshine lingers longest there upon the hill-tops. We love to go there and think that suffering is past for him.

 My decling is harmy. We have
 - COCOA BUTTER.—This is a curious product obtained from the nut from which the well-known beverage is made. It is about the consistence of spermaceti, with a slight yellow tinge and an agreeable flavor. It is used both in medicine and the toilet, being esteemed a remedy for throat and lung diseases, etc. Physicians now recommend its use in scarlet and other fevers, as producing a cooling and refreshing effect upon the patient, and emitting an agreeable odor in the sick chamber. On account of its solid consistence it is more readily applied than either fat or oil, and is more easily absorbed by the skin. Furthermore, it is thought to afford the system a certain amount of nourishment. In severe fevers it is very beneficial
 - Userulness of Coal,—Comparatively few realize the power stored in coal for man's use. It is stated as a scientific fact, that in a boiler of fair construction, a pound of coal will convert nine pounds of water into steam. Each pound of steam will represent an amount of energy or capacity for performing work equivalent to seven hundred and fortynine thousand six hundred and sixty-six foot pounds. In other words, one pound of coal has done as much work in evaporating nine pounds of water into nine pounds of steam, as would lift two thousand two hundred and thirty-two tons ten feet high.
 - Here comes a Wisconsin girl, vouched for by the Woman's Journal: "She is a slight, slender girl, 17 years of age. She is equally at home with the mower, resper, horse-rake, plow-handles, hoe, or any other implement of farm work. She will shear as many sheep in a day as the best of shearers. And when her day's work is done in the field, she will turn to the cutting or making of the children's dream, or in other ways help her mother about the house. Two years ago her father had a young untamed horse. She broke the horse to the saddle, rods him at a county fair, and took the first oremium over three competitors."

The History of Railroad Accidents. [From Charles Francis Adams, Jr.'s Lecture.]

It might sound brutal to say so, but in

- few ways were lives lost with such great immediate benefit to the world as in rail-road accidents. The whole world travtail, but offer the following brief suggestions, which may aid the unpracticed gardener:

 Prepare ground for planting. Soil loosened two feet deep dries out less in summer than soil one foot deep. Rich soil grows a tree larger in one year than a poor soil will in three. Under-drained soil is cooler in summer than soil not under-drained. The feeding roots of trees come near the surface; therefore plant no deeper than necessary to keep the tree in the soil. If there be danger of its blowing over, stake it, but don't plant deep. One stake set at an angle is as good as two set perpendicular: straw or mat set around a tree keeps the back from rubbing. Large stones placed around a transplanted tree are often better than a stake. They keep the soil moist, admit the air, and encourage surface roots. Shorten the shoots at transplanting. This produces growth, and growth produces roots; and with new eled thenceforth more safely for every Each of these was taken up, described and analyzed, and illustrated by the experience of many other accidents of like character elsewhere. All of them were preventable, and there could be no excuse for their recurrence. The various appliances which had been adopted in consequence of these accidents were re-ferred to, and the opinion was expressed that the Revere disaster had reduced the dangers incident to railroad traveling in Massachusetts by one-half. It had brought the train-brake and the "Mil from where the roots of trees will make the ground dry in summer. Deep soil, but shallow planting, is all important for them. In transplanting, take care of the roots. Good roots are of more importance than good "balls." Balls of earth are useful in keeping fibres moist; but don't sacrifice the best fibres five or six feet from the tree for the few fibres in the ball at the base. When roots are rather dry, after filling a portion of soil, pour in water freely. After all has settled away, fill in lightly the balance of the soil, and let it rest for a few days. This is as a remedy, not a rule; fer watering this way, cools the soil, ultimately hardens it, and in other respects works tering this way, cools the soil, ultimately hardens it, and in other respects works to the injury of the transplanted tree.

 Unless inside of a round ring, or circular walk, don't plant trees or shrubs in formal clumps. They are abominations in the eyes of persons of taste. Meaningless irregularities form the opposite extreme. Remember, "art is nature better understood."

 these had been killed by faults of the railroad companies and by accidents over which the passenger himself had no control? Just one. This statement syplied only to passengers exercising due care; in all ways connected with the operation of railroads about 300 people a year were killed or injured in the State. Another question: What is the length in Massachusetts of the average railroad journey, resulting in death? chusetts of the average railroad journey, resulting in death? The answer sounds absurd; it is 324,000,000 of miles. That absurd; it is 324,000,000 of miles. That is, on an average, 22,000,000 persons travel fifteen miles each, before any one of them is killed by a railroad accident. So the average journey resulting in death is 20,000,000 miles. If a person traveled as a passenger on a Massachusetts railroad 800 miles a day, every day of his life, he would, by a doctrine of chances, be seventy years old before he would receive an injury in a railroad accident. French statistics showed that stage-coach traveling was at least fifty times as dangerous as traveling by rail. The danger of being was at least fifty times as dangerous as traveling by rail. The danger of being murdered in Massachusetts was greater by far than that of being killed in a railroad accident. In 1873 the railroads carried 42,000,000 passengers without killing one; in the same year in Boston alone five persons were killed by tumbling down stairs, seven by falling ont of windows. With 70,000 miles of track, full of curves, culverts and bridges, with safety depending on everything, from the state of the atmosphere to the strength of the rails—with trainsmoving in every direction, at all times
 - which the movement of modern civiliza-tion is maintained through the unceasing exercise of human care, human skill, and human foresight. Fashion Notes.
 - Some of the handsomest summer sacques will be of black net, covered with figures cut from cashmere. Happy Every Day.

 The narrowest striped colored silks sell at from sixty-five cents to one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard.

 - many of the new basques have trimming down the backs, tapering to the waist. This may be either in plain folds or shirrs. If the latter, it should be finished at the bottom with a bow.
 - THE earliest spring hats displayed no-feathers in their trimming; later, we find not only tips, but occasional long plumes, showing that these graceful ornaments can hardly be discarded. Sunshine and Sleep.

 No sirap of poppies, no tincture of opium, no powders of morphine, can compare in aleep-inducing power with sunshine. Let aleepless people court the sun. The very worst soporific is landanum, and the very best is sunshine. Therefore, it is very plain that poor aleepers should pass as many hours of the day in sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all that is possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them attempth, and beauty, and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this, and so get roses and color in your pale cheeks, strength in your backs, and courage in your timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sun-light will be a poten tinfluence in this transformation. Dr. Hall.
 - Ar a spelling-match in Tennessee soung man was requested to spell hapsody. "Say it again," said he; the pronouncer hurled it at him again, and he young man hurled it back, mangled mutilated, bleeding, as follows "W-r-a-p wrap, s-oso, d-y dy, wrapsody."
 - A Kinescon clergyman, the other Sunday, used in his sermon the expression, "It isn't worth a dime," and as he hung fire on the d, half the congregation locked around in a startled sort of way, magning he was going to say something