WEEKLY CORVALLIS GAZETTE.

CORVALLIS, - - - - MAY 28, 1880

A READING LESSON.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

They sat in a dusky corner
Turning the leaves of a book,
O'er each picture fair,
Or legend there,
Bending with eager look.

She was a modest maiden
And he was a timid youth;
And the volume they view
Together—those two—
Is a bit of fiction, forsooth.

And there wasn't as pretty a picture
In all the book, I'll engage.
As the one that leaned—
By the twilight screened—
Well over the printed page.

His tresses with hers so blending
They turned to a lighter shade;
While the cheek of the youth
Was in very truth
As red as the cheek of the maid.

The shadows began to deepen,
The printed page was a blur;
Yet he did dot close
The book, nor propose
A change of employment to her.

But as in their eager reading
Their hands together had met,
In the same warm clasp,
More than friendly grasp,
They lingered and lingered yet.

Nor needed they for a moment
In each other's face to look;
For the secret guessed
Was at once confessed;
And each heart was an open book.

FLORA' HAIR.

It was the afternoon of a clear February day, a bright sky above, capital sleighing beneath and a keen, knife-like wind midway between, when Silas Montague's superb chestnut-colored horses were checked in front of the plate-glass windows of a fashionable coiffeur's establishment, just out of the whirl and tumult of Broadway, and a young lady about seventeen years of age alighted from the chocolate-colored coupe to enter the dominion of pomatum and frisettos.

The knight of combs and scissors advanced briskly from behind the counter to meet his pretty customer, who was dressed in velvets and sables that might have, and probably did, cost a small fortune.

"Don't let me interrupt you, Mr. Macassar," said the lady, carelessly sinking down on a crimson brocatelle sofa, and glancing toward two women with whom the coiffeur had been in deep conversation at the moment of her entrance; "I can wait a few minutes perfectly well."

"You are very kind Miss Montague, but our business is completed. He added in a lower tone of voice, "Only some women come to sell their hair. You see they have stepped inside for our cutter to take it off."

"To sell their hair?" repeated Miss Montague.

"Certainly, miss. It's a very common thing I assure you, more particularly since it has become usual to wear the hair short. And then hard times, you know—"

"But surely it is impossible to get enough to be any compensation for the loss of a fine head of hair, said the young lady.

"Oh, you are mistaken. For long, luxuriant hair of a good color—such hair as yours, for instance, Miss Montague—we pay as much as three dollars."

"Three dollars!" repeated the girl, scornfully.

"Hair will soon grow again, Miss Montague," said the hairdresser, shrugging his shoulders. "In what way can I serve you to-day?"

"I came in to request you to send some one to arrange my hair to-morrow evening."

"Mrs. Warrener's ball?" smoothly interposed the man, who seemed to be *au fait* in fashionable intelligence. "Certainly, to be sure. I will send Francoise. What jewelry do you wear?"

"Only a small wreath of netted pearls around the braids."

And Macassar bowed his fair young patroness out of the store with smiling complacence. She stood a moment on the step, as if thinking, and then spoke to the liveried servant sitting on the box.

"You may drive home, John. I shall not need you any more to-day," she said quietly.

John touched first his gold-banded hat and then his horses, and in a few moments was out of sight, very glad to be relieved.

Then, and not till then, Miss Montague walked briskly away, brushing the pavements of obscure streets with her costly silk as if she cared not for its lustrous splendor, treading narrow alleys, and at length ascended the uncarpeted stairs of a tenement house, going to the third story.

The door was opened by a pale, shadowy-looking woman, scarce older in the calendar of years than Miss Montague herself, but alas! how much more aged in the record of care and grief.

"Flora, dearest, how kind this is of you."

For Flora Montague had thrown her arm round the slender figure and was showering kisses on the pale forehead with true girlish warmth of affection.

"You can't be more surprised to see me, Lizzie, than I am to be here. I was out shopping, when suddenly the idea occurred to me of stealing an interview with you. So I sent John home, and here I am."

"But, Flora, what would my uncle say?"

"He never will know," said Flora, demurely. "And besides, Lizzie, my conscience does not condemn me for this visit. Papa's conduct has been so unkind, so actually inhuman toward you. Think of it, dearest. After giving you a luxurious home until now, to turn you out of doors just for marrying a poor artist—and you his sister's daughter, too."

"True," said the delicate young creature whom Flora addressed as Lizzie. "Yet if it was not for Clement's continued illness and poverty, I should never for one moment regret that—"

The door was rudely pushed open at this moment, without even the trifling formality of a warning knock, and a wiry head, with sharp, terrier eyes to match, was thrust unceremoniously in.

"I say, missus, is that ere money ready?"

Lizzie turned very pale and clasped her wan fingers tightly together.

"I am sorry," she stammered, "but—"

The head and eyes now advanced entirely into the room, with the short, thick-set figure to which they belonged. "Look here, marm," said the man, harshly, "this is the third week you've had this 'ere two rooms, and not a red cent of rent have I set eyes on. Needn't tell me your husband's sick; there's enough tenants I can get without sick husbands. I don't want to hear no excuses—they don't amount to nothing. I jest want you to understand this much, if them three dollers ain't paid down before the clock strike sfive, out go bag and baggage, on the pavement. I've stood this kind of nonsense long enough."

He disappeared, closing the door behind him with a bang that made the walls rattle. Flora had listened to the brief colloquy with paling cheek, which grew still whiter as Lizzie burst into a paroxysm of bitter tears, hiding her face in her hands. Flora arose and bent over the bowed form with a caressing touch.

"Dearest, are things really as bad as this?"

Lizzie replied only by sobs.

"Can't you contrive to raise the money to pay this man?"

"How can I?" moaned Lizzie. "Everything we have, except the very bed Clement lies on, is sold or pawned. I am faint from lack of bread, and it is impossible to get even the most poorly paid work."

Flora's lips quivered. She had never seen poverty in this ghastly guise before.

"Oh, if I could help you," she sighed. "But paper never gives me any money; he pays my bills cheerfully, but everything passes through his own hands."

"It would kill Clement to be moved," sobbed Lizzie. "If I could but obtain the three dollars I would not care for aught else."

As Flora bent over her cousin, one shining braid of glossy golden hair became detached from its fastening and fell from beneath her bonnet. She put up her hand mechanically to replace it, and at that moment she remembered Mr. Macassar's words.

"Lizzie?" she exclaimed, impetuously, "wait a few moments and you shall have the money. I will be back in half an hour."

And she hurried away with crimson cheek and sparkling eyes.

Mr. Macassar was lounging over a newspaper when Miss Montague entered his luxurious room a second time.

"Sir," she said, advancing close to the counter, and speaking in a tremulous tone, "I have concluded to have my hair cut off. Will you give three dollars for it?"

The spruce coiffure started. Was Miss Montague in earnest, or was this only a jest?

"Why do you not answer me?" she asked sharply.

"Certainly, Miss Montague," stammered the hair-dresser, recovering his tongue, "I shall be most happy if you wish it. Please step this way."

Poor Flora! Never had her golden waves of hair seemed half so lovely and lustrous as they did at the moment that the deft fingers of Francoise unbraided them and passed the cruel, gleaming scissors among the bright strands. And when Mr. Macassar, with polite alacrity, presented her with a bank note, the big "3" might as well have been an Egyptian hieroglyphic for all that her tear-swimming eyes could decipher of it.

She carried the money to Lizzie, and then, woman-like, went home, looked in the glass, and then cried heartily.

For she had been passing proud of those pale brown tresses, threaded with gold and blending into auburn lights every turn of her dainty head. And now they are all gone—all gone!

"Who is that pretty girl just coming into the room, in the white crape with blue forget-me-nots in her hair, and the little short dancing curls, like bits of oiled sunshine, round her head?" The speaker was an elaborately dressed young man, who stood with gold-mounted glasses at his eyes in Mrs. Warrener's brilliantly lighted saloon. At his side stood a tall, foreign looking gentleman, with large, black eyes and somewhat haughty, although handsome face. He had bent eagerly forward at his companion's words.

"It can't be possible!" he exclaimed. "And yet—it is—Miss Montague!"

"Faith, Gilroy, you're right!" ejaculated young Mauvers, "Flora Montague, and none else. But what on earth has the bewitching little fairy done with that glorious hair of hers? Cut it off to be in fashion, I'll be bound!"

"I don't think," said Gilroy, contracting his elbows, "that Miss Montague is one to enslave herself to all the idle freaks of the reigning mode."

"I know you are a sworn admirer of the young lady, Gilroy," returned his companion laughing, "but all women are alike!"

"All women are alike." The words fell like molten iron on Clarence Gilroy's heart. Was it indeed so? Had the idle dream that Flora was better and nobler than the rest of her sex proved but a vanishing delusion, after all? He remembered the words he had heard her speak but an evening or two before:

"Nothing shall ever induce me to have my hair cut off in the absurd way that people call fashionable."

She had not scrupled to perjure herself, then; she was as unthinking and frivolous as the idlest butterfly that ever fluttered around the flower gardens of society. He turned away silently, and when Flora Montague's innocent violet-blue eyes were raised smiling toward his face they encountered a cold, repellant gaze that the fair young girl was unable entirely to comprehend.

The spray of blue forget-me-nots had fallen from Miss Montague's hair, and she had gone into the comparative solitude of the conservatory with saucy Nellie Hyde to rearrange them. One chandelier alone diffused its soft lustre among acacias and tea-roses, from shades of crimson-tinted glass, and the two girls stood directly beneath its pink glow, all unconscious that Clarence Gilroy leaned against the farther door, a few steps beyond, in the shadow of a blossoming tropical vine, whose fiery scarlet stars almost touched his forehead.

"Do you know, Flora," said Nellie, as she adjusted the truant flowers, and stepped back to observe the general effect, "that everybody is wondering what in the world possessed you to cut off that splendid golden hair of yours? some lay it to the score of vanity—others to that of caprice and--"

"Nellie!" said the soft, serious voice of Flora, with a tremulous falter in its accents, "I never meant to reveal the secret to any living soul, but I cannot bear that you, dearest, should imagine me capable of such frivolous folly. I will tell you just why it was cut off if you promise me to keep the secret within your bosom."

"I promise," said Nellie, passing her arm carelessly around Flora's waist.

Clarence Gilroy moved uneasily amid the moving leaves and fiery dropping stars of his fragrant screen. But he could not well retreat now; and besides it is not of such a stately individual as Mr. Clarence Gilroy, but there certainly was a keen impulse of curiosity to learn why Flora Montague had cut off the lovely tresses of which she well knew him to be such an enthusiastic admirer.

And so, not without a secret misgiving, he played the part of a listener.

"You know," resumed Flora, "all about my poor cousin Lizzie's unfortunate marriage with Clement Percy."

And she went on to tell the simple story of her adventure the day before, with such innocent pathos that Nellie Hyde was in tears ere the recital was finished. And there was another pair of eyes not very far off, slightly dimmed, also.

"I had no money," pursued Flora. "I felt that it would not be honorable to sell anything that papa had given me, knowing his feelings on the subject, and so—was it wrong to sell my hair, Nellie? If you could only have seen how welcome the money was to poor Lizzie."

When at length the conservatory's perfumed aisles were vacant, and Clarence Gilroy left his nook among the vines he felt that one glimpse into Flora Montague's heart was worth half the fortune that made him the idol of manœuvring mammas and marriageable daughters The eclipse upon his sun had passed away.

The next day Clement Percy was astonished very agreeably by the receipt of an anonymous letter containing a bank note for fifty dollars. And the next day after that Flora stole around to tell her her cousin that she was engaged to Clarence Gilroy.

"And when I have a home of my own, dearest," she said, "you and Clement shall share it. Clarence said so.

Mrs. Gilroy kept the word that Flora Montague had pledged.

MORE ABOUT GEN. JACKSON'S DUEL.—Mr. S. Park Baker of Youngstown, N. Y., after having read in the *Courier-Journal* an account of the Jackson-Dickinson duel, thus writes to a friend in Kentucy: There is one feature about this duel with Dickinson, however, that seems a little peculiar, and that is that Gen. Jackson, who was a very spare man in his person, should have been dressed in a loose-fitting gown or coat, so that his antagonist could not readily tell the location of his body. Dickinson aimed right, and if Jackson's body had been where Dickinson supposed it was, and where, perhaps, the *code duello* would say it ought to have been, there is no just reason to doubt that Gen. Jackson would at that time have "passed in his checks," for the ball from Dickinson's pistol would have struck his heart beyond any doubt, according to the account of the duel. Now, the point and criticism I make in the character of "Old Hickory," in respect to this duel is this: Having dressed himself in a manner to deceive Dickinson as to the precise location of his (Jackson's) body, and having received Dickinson's bullet without any serious injury, it was not a just and fair thing in Jackson afterward to take deliberate aim at Dickinson and kill him. No matter what the provocation was on the part of Dickinson which led to the duel, it seems to me that, after having resorted to what was then considered an honorable method of settling the difficulty, they were each bound to give the other fair play, and the only excuse or justification I can find for Gen, Jackson for his deliberate and premeditated killing of Dickinson is the fact that perhaps, upon general principles, Dickinson ought to have been killed for slandering so upright and honorable a woman as the wife of Gen. Jackson. In reading an account of this fight I am reminded of the duel between John Randolph and Kentucky's most illustrious citizen, Henry Clay, in 1826, only the termination of this duel was not so disastrous as the former, and yet it might have been if Mr. Clay had not, to some extent, been deceived as to the location or position of Randolph's body, for it was stated by some one that Mr. Clay remarked after the duel was over that he might as well shoot at a pair of tongs as at Randolph.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Garfield's Tribute to His Wife.

"Some time when you are in Ohio," said the General, "I want you to come to my farm. You know I was brought up a farm, and could do anything required in farm work. But for twenty-five years after I left the farm I never put my hand to anything of a farming kind until a few years ago, when I found that the enormous strain of work and attention I was under here was slowly breaking me down. I went to the farm, and again in ditching, ploughing, throwing up hay, fencing, cradling, etc., kept busy nearly seven months. I went to bed about 9 o'clock at night, and slept magnificently as when I was a boy. I have now learned how to farm again, and my mind has been sufficiently occupied at the vast change in farming methods and discipline since I knew anything about it."

"Was not Mrs. Garfield a pupil of yours at school?"

"She was. I taught her Latin, and she was as good a pupil as I had. After an interval of twenty-five years she has been teaching the same Latin to my two big boys to get them ready for the Academy at Concord, Mass., where they are now going, and are standing pretty well in their classes. We have never had a tutor or governess in the house until recently, and for the younger children Mrs. Garfield has been the school teacher; and I may say, too," said the General, "while speaking of the matrimonial infelicities of public men, that I have been wonderfully blessed in the discretion of my wife. She is one of the coolest and best balanced women I ever saw. She is un-stampedable. There has not been one solitary instance of my public career where I suffered in the smallest degree for any remark she ever made. It would have been perfectly natural for a woman often to say something that could be misinterpreted; but without any design, and with the intelligence and coolness of her character, she has never made the slightest mistake that I ever heard of. With the competition that has been against me many times, such discretion has been a real blessing."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.—The Kamtchadales keep special dogs for the purpose of consuming their dead. The Latookas of Zanzibar bury their dead who die from old age, but make it a rule to leave those slain in battle to be devoured by wild beasts where they lie. The Parsees bring their dead to certain round towers called towers of silence, to be eaten by vultures, which make these towers their dwelling-places. The Moors lay the bodies of the dead on the ground, and piling prickly thorns on them to keep off the wild beasts leave them to decay. The ancient Colchians suspended the corpses of men in trees, but buried their women. The Zodas bury their children, the victims of infanticide, and burn all others; the Greeks used both burial and burning. Among the Romans burial was the earlier custom, Burning was not general till the Republic but was universal under the Empire. The Egyptians embalmed their dead. The Mohamedans and Christians both use burial.

TROUBLE AND THE KING.

The first work Hans Stein did in the spring was to dig his bean-bed. He was so very fond of pork and beans that he liked to know the bed was ready long before it was time for planting the seed. His little son Karl played about him, and when he was tired of playing, sat on an old stump near by, and sang to himself.

When Hans had finished digging, he wanted his hoe, and so he turned to the stump, against which he had put it, but Karl had taken it off, and with it was digging up the ground near the house.

When his father called him, he brought the hoe back, but took the rake instead and wandered out of sight. So when Hans wanted the rake, it also was gone, and he became very angry, and pitching the hoe on the ground started to look for Karl.

"Don't you do that again!" said a voice.

"Do what?" said Hans, looking around.

"Why, pitch your awful tools about so. My good senses! you must think there is no one else in the world!"

Hans looked down, and saw a farm-fairy standing on the hoe-handle.

"Did I hit you?" he said. "I didn't mean to.

"It's well you didn't," said the fairy. "It would have been bad for you if you had. But you have knocked the roof of my house in."

Hans took off his hat and scratched his head. This was a pretty lookout. Offending a farm-fairy in the very beginning of spring!

"Well, now," said he, slowly, "I don't know what to do about it. I—"

"Suppose you mend it," said the fairy, sharply, and then he disappeared.

"If I knew where it was, I would," said Hans, and he began to look about.

It then occurred to him that the house must lie under the hoe, so he picked it up and began looking closely for it.

He had twice before seen a fairy, but had not the slightest idea what a fairy's house looked like.

Presently he saw that the iron part of the hoe had broken into the earth, and he began to look closely at that point. He then carefully lifted a clod of the loosened earth, found a hole underneath, looked in and saw the fairy's house.

It was small, square and beautifully neat. The floor was strewn with pine leaves, and in the corner was was a dear little bed made of soft, young, green buds, and covered with a little blanket made of birds's feathers.

Hans took off the whole of the roof, and was very careful not to let any dirt fall on the floor. He then measured the hole, and cut a green clover sod just the right size, and fitted it in, with the green part down.

He then went back to his work, and tried to use his hoe instead of the rake, but he could not make it do very well, so he became angry with Karl again.

"That was very well done," said the fairy, appearing on the stump. "I'ts quite a good idea to put that sod in upside down. It looks well, and the worms will now be more apt to go up than down. I do so hate worms! What do you want for pay?"

"I want," said Hans, crossly, "that what I shall put on that stump shall stay there."

"Very well," said the fairy, jumping off in great haste; "but why did you ask for such a ridiculous thing as that? You might have had a bag of gold or been a king or something like that."

"So I might!" cried Hans. "But I take that wish back. I wish to be a king."

"No you won't," replied the fairy, "it's too late now. You have had your wish."

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The harvest that year was very good, and the people all looked forward to a better winter than usual, and Hans said to his wife Lisbeth, as one evening he lighted his pipe, after supper, that when the corn was sold he would buy another pig.

Lisbeth nodded her head, for she, too, liked pork and beans, and Hans then opened the door to look at the sky.

Coming up the path was a tall, thin, unpleasant looking man. He wore a shabby old gray cloak, and carried a black box, bound with brass, and marked "Pandora." When he came near to Hans he stood still, but said not a word.

"Good evening!" said Hans.

The man nodded but he did not speak.

"What do you want?" asked Hans.

"To come in," replied the man.

"Oh, you do," Hans said; "but don't you think you might say 'by your leave' to a man on his own doorstep?"

"Some people would," the stranger said; "I never do. I come when I please, I stay as long as I like, and I go away when I choose. My name is Trouble."

"Trouble!" cried Hans. "Oh, Lisbeth, here's Trouble, and the crops are all in, and we meant to have such a good time!"

"Why don't you go somewhere else?" said Lisbeth, sharply, as she came to the door and stood by Hans. "We are poor people."

"I am not hard to suit," said Trouble, "and I can be just as comfortable with poor people as with rich; so if you'll just step aside, I'll come in."

"If you will wait one minute," said Lisbeth, more mildly, "I will warm you up some supper. Just take a seat on the stump, and I'll be ready in no time."

"Get your best," said Trouble, sitting down on the stump; "that's what I always take."

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So, there was Trouble safely seated on the stump, and there he staid!

It was all in vain he begged Hans to let him up; in vain he promised to go away at once, for, even had he wished to do so, Hans had no power to break a fairy spell.

But, one morning, soon after Trouble had so firmly seated himself, Hans again met the fairy.

"Look here!" said the little man, "I can't have that fellow so close. His breath reaches my house sometimes. I can't stand it. He will have to go away."

"He can't do that," said Hans, firmly. "I wouldn't dare to stay in the country. Why don't you move?"

"That is too much bother," said the fairy. "I have put in all my nuts and things for the winter. I cannot think of it."

"I'll make you a house, said Hans "roof and all; and I'll bring a wheelbarrow and move you."

"Very well," the fairy answered, "but the house must suit."

The house did suit, and Hans moved everything very nicely.

"Now," said the fairy, "what do you want for your pay this time?"

"To be a king, and that Trouble shall never come into my kingdom while I am there," said Hans promptly.

So Hans became a king. He had a very small kingdom, about one-quarter as large as Rhode Island; but he was very comfortable and his people very happy.

But, as it happened, the fairy's charm on the stump was only good for one year, so when the time had passed, Trouble got up and set out again on his travels, and he made it his first business to find Hans.

It was not hard to find him; but Trouble could not get into the kingdom. He walked around it once or twice every day, but he never could find a place where he could enter.

Hans used to see him sometimes, and, as he always jeered at him, Trouble grew to hate Hans more and more.

One day Trouble had an idea. He sent for his niece, Discontent, and he managed to get her in. She was a curious creature. She was rather pretty, but she always reminded everybody of some one else. Discontent went at once to the palace and got a place to fan the king.

While she did this she always talked to him.

One day after dinner she said:

"Are you not tired of chicken croquettes?"

"No, I am not!" said king Hans. "I think they are good."

"You must be tired of oysters?"

"No, I am not," said Hans.

"I would be if I always had them fried as you do," said Discontent. "I like a change. Did you used to have chicken croquettes and oysters before you were a king?"

"No!" replied Hans. "But I had what I liked better. Pork and beans."

"That is a good dish," said she. "Why don't you have some now?"

"I can't," replied Hans. "That would never do, Kings don't eat pork and beans."

A few days after this Discontent came to the King just before dinner. Instead of her fan she had her bonnet in her hand.

"I have to go to my house," she said; "but I will be back soon. I have something lovely there. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

"What's that?" said Hans.

"Pork and beans!" said she. "Don't you want some?"

"Of course, I do," replied Hans, eagerly; "but you couldn't bring me any. The guards wouldn't let you in."

"I suppose not,' she replied; "but I tell you what you could do. You could come to my house. No one would see you. It is only a little way off—down in the woods, there," and she pointed out the window.

Hans could not think what possible harm could be in his having a good, old-fashioned dinner, and so he took off his crown, got his hat, and they started out. They reached the house safely, and, sure enough, there was a smoking dish of pork and beans, and the king certainly ate a hearty dinner that day.

But he had noticed that, as they walked, Discontent took him out of his kingdom, and that her house was far beyond his boundary line.

He was too busy thinking of pork and beans to notice anything.

Of course, however, the very moment Hans stepped out of his kingdom Trouble sprang in.

When Hans went back to his palace, there sat Trouble on the throne, and there he sat ever after, for the farm-fairy never appeared again, and Hans never found any one else who knew a charm that would keep Trouble at a distance.—*Golden Days.*

Ole Bull's Folly.

Barely a vestage remains of the castle which Ole Bull built twenty-eight years ago in Potter county, Pennsylvania, six miles from New Bergen, when he attempted to found a colony of his country men, and met, as he might have expected, with most signal failure. He designed the castle for his permanent home, and erected it on the summit of a mountain, from which there was a commanding view. Wishing to revive in the wilderness of the new world some memories of his native land, he spent a large sum of money on his project. Painters and gilders were taken from the city to embelish the structure, one vast room of which was intended for the music hall. The roof was of glass; the walls were richly decorated; it shone with a degree of barbaric splendor; the musician was to make it memorable with noble concerts. Before the castle had been finished, he opened his purse widely and labored to remove all causes of trouble, he was impotent to do so. He learned about the same time that the title to the 120,000 acres he had purchased was worthless. The parties who sold it to him had no claim to it whatever, and the legal owner came forward to assert his rights. Overwhelmed with perplexities, and bankrupt in fortune, Bull relinquished everything, returned hither and again had recourse to the violin, which had been to him a sort of Aladdin's lamp. Deprived of its chief, the coleny gradually went to pieces, the colonists scattering far and wide. Scarcely one of them can now be found at New Bergen, which Bull named after his Norwegian birthplace. Almot, the sole reminder of his picturesque episode in the village of Oleana (so-called in his honor) which clusters around the base of the mountain capped by the once lordly castle, known to this day, along with the colonization scheme, as Ole Bull's folly.

TALES OF THE BERNHARDT.—Two stories—probably apocryphal—of Mlle. Bernhardt. A gentleman of the audience had one night the exceedingly bad taste to persistently hiss her. She found out his address, called at his house, and had an interview all alone with him. Then and there she told him it was always her endeavor conscientiously to do her duty as a histrionic artist and to please her public; that she regretted anything like failure in that duty, and that she should feel greatly obliged if he would kindly point out her defects in order that she might correct them. This conduct won for her another passionate admirer. Another day she read in a certain Parisian paper the statement that her hair was false, and that her teeth were far too good to be genuine. Next day the dramatic critic was amazed to behold a lady dash into his room and let down her hair in his presence. "Pull it!" she exclaimed, as she placed a luxuriant tress in one of his hands. "Is this real hair or not?" "Certainly, certainly," stammered the critic. Catching hold of his other hand, she opened her mouth—but happily not to bite—and made him finger her teeth. "Are these false?" cried the lady. "No, they are the most beautiful real teeth I ever beheld in my life," declared the terrified victim, who would willingly have sworn that black was white, if it would have given his visitor the least satisfaction. "I am Sarah Bernhardt," proclaimed the lady, with as much serenity as she could possibly put into her voice, and the wretched critic made up his mind for the worst. He, too, has since become one of her most devoted vassals.—[The Thea ter

The Golden Calf.

The golden calf of our day, like the one in the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. The Israelites of the text borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians and then melted them into a god. That is the way the golden calf is made nowadays. A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer and the baker and the butcher and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer. Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the capitalist, and we borrow and borrow until the community is divided into two classes, those who borrow and those who are borrowed of; and after a while the capitalist wants his money and rushes upon the wholesale dealer; and the wholesale dealers wants his money and rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down together. There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the camel's hair shawl fluttering out of the vehicle, everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed. I tell you, sirs, that in this country we will never get things right until we stop borrowing and pay as we go. It is this temptation to borrow and borrow and borrow, that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship, and I say let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak the truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall, by the law of the land, be compelled to exchange the brown stone front on Madison avenue or Beacon Hill for Newgate or Sing Sing. Let the golden calf perish!—[T. DeWitt Talmage.

No Skylarks in America.

One hears the migratory thrush (robin) somewhere, in the midst of the gardens and villas, in towns and cities, and in every little clearing on the outskirts of human habitation. It is a pleasant song, but decidedly inferior to any one of his cousins in Britain. It is inferior in power to the missal thrush, in variety to our common "mavis," in melody to the blackbird. Near Niagara I heard one very broken and interrupted song of fine tone, and of considerable power. But, although, I was in the woods and fields of Canada and of the States in the richest moment of the spring, I heard little of that burst of song, which in England, comes from the black cap and the white throat, and the reed warbler, and the common wren, and (locally) from the nightingale. Above all, there is one great want which nothing can replace. The meadows of North America were to my eye thoroughly English in appearance, the same luxuriant grass—the same character of wild flowers—and even the same weeds. The skies of America are higher and wilder and more full of sunshine, but there is no skylark to enjoy that "glorious privacy of light." "The sweetest singer in the Heavenly Father's choir" is wanting in the new world. I cannot help thinking that it might be introduced. Of course, the winters of Canada and the Northern states would compel it to follow almost all the other birds which summer there, and to retire with them until the return of spring to Virginia or the Carolinas. It would be an interesting experiment. I do not know whether it has been tried. If not I would suggest it to my American friends as one worth trying.—[*Duke of Argyll.*

"SINLESS SABBATH BREAKING."—The famous author of "John Halifax" recently has written an article in favor of what she terms "Sinless Sabbath-breaking." That there is an element of truth in what she says we believe. Some good people render the Sabbath a wearisome day to their households, instead of causing it to be a restful, joyful day of sacred worship, pleasant family intercourse, and natural and genuine spiritual growth. But the tendency to secularize the day is even more common, and, in this country at any rate, needs to be guarded against. Her phrase, "Sinless Sabbbath-breaking," also is a bad one, and illustrates how easily people are led into adopting words which have an epigrammatic sound even when their meaning, as in this case, can be nothing other than nonsense. "Sinless Sabbath-breaking" is simply impossible. If there be sinlessness, the Sabbath is not broken. If the Sabbath be broken, there must be sin.—[Boston Congregationalist.

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