

Childhood's Home.

Come! gentle muse, and with inspiring strain,
Sing of the past that ne'er will come again,
Of childhood's happy days mingled with tears
And the bright, sunny home of bygone years.

Full well I remember each long loved scene,
Childhood's home—the fields of green,
The cool chrysalis spring, the clear winding
That ran gently on 'neath the slope of the hill
Far away have I wandered, I may go farther
yet,
But the home of my childhood I ne'er can
forget.

My mind sees the school house, the village
church near,
And the path through the forest I then thought
so dear.

In dreams I revisit and roam those fields
o'er
With the glee of my childhood and playmates
of yore
Each place and each feature, so dear to my
heart,
The dream painted picture bids defiance to art.

Russian Universities.

Misfortune would have it that the highest point of this Liberal excitement occurred at the precise time of the completion of the new University statute, and it was an easy matter for the reactionary party, still powerful at court, to cause the Minister of Instruction, Kovalevsky, to be suspected as the principal author of the disturbance. The ministerial recommendation, advising the initiation of German university regulations and the issue of a moderately liberal statute, was cast aside, Kovalevsky was removed from his office and Admiral Count Putjatin, who had recently returned from Japan, and was totally unacquainted with the situation of affairs, appointed Minister of Instruction. The attempt made by this gentleman, whose short-sightedness equalled his conceit, to set aside all so-called "liberal acquisitions" by a stroke of his pen and force students back into their former dependence, was instituted in so brutal and clumsy a manner, that in the autumn of 1861 actual student insurrections broke forth in St. Petersburg and Moscow. It was found necessary to close the lecture-rooms for several months, several of the most honored instructors resigned, and in discourses delivered in public promulgated the same precepts said to have been scouted in the universities. The immense revolution in feeling which had taken place during the last year, was now first seen in its full extent. So energetically and passionately did public opinion in St. Petersburg take sides with the ill-treated students, that Count Putjatin, the hated Curator Philippson, and Hector Sresnevsky were forced to make way, a new statute fulfilling all the requirements of the time, was obtained, and the direction of the system of instruction placed in the hands of a recognized Liberal, Secretary of State Golovnin. The last doubts in regard to who remained victor of this unequal struggle were removed when the Ignatieff, General of the Capital, General Ignatieff, father of the well-known diplomatist, who had been too subservient to Count Putjatin, was compelled to retire and give place to Prince Suvorov, universally popular on account of his humanity.

The Russian students now fear lest they should be again robbed of the privileges gained in 1860 and reduced to the condition of affairs in the old regime. The distrust of the government felt by the students, dating from the ancient regime, was fostered by the constant vacillations in the system followed by the ruling statesmen, now strict subordination, by turns drew the reins tightly and let them hang loosely on the ground. The new statute sanctioned by the Emperor on the 1st (13th) of June made tolerably comprehensive concessions in giving the universities the right of self-government, permitting freedom in hearing and teaching, and social life among the students. It nearly doubled the salaries of teachers, and considerably increased the sums destined for the enlargement of means of instruction. Thirty years ago there would have probably been no end to the rejoicing over the liberal character of the arrangements now existing and the constant increase of students. Now they are only half satisfied, because the influence of the Curators is still extensive, and the system followed by them an irregular one, because the students have no real right to form societies, because they are under the surveillance of the university police—and because they think they have no security for the continuance of the privileges obtained with so much difficulty, and only too frequently abused. The corps feeling between German teachers and pupils is wholly unknown in Russian universities—the students' aspirations extend beyond the walls of the university, and in the name of the academic freedom they ask for a share in public affairs, granted to no one in a government ruled by an absolute monarchy. They demand a guarantee of their present position, which could only be possible when constitutionally secured government regulations existed in Russia. The slightest encroachment upon what is regarded as existing law, may the mere digression from tacitly permitted customs, is treated as an attempt to restore the hated old system, and answered with assumptions which no one in Russia is entitled to make. And this is not all. A secret bond exists between the universities and other institutions of learning not at all within the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Instruction, a bond formed by belief in the community of interests of all Young Russian students, by which errors and conflicts in one educational institution or administrative branch are instantly communicated, as if by a lightning conductor, into the universities. In consequence of the incessantly recurring disorders, hundreds of students who have not completed their course, most of them miserably poor, are turned out of doors and placed in a position where they can make a regular trade of exciting compassion and discontent. These expelled students, who form a class of their own, the polemarians of intelligence, usually have no further occupation than to lead their former comrades into foolish measures, make little conspiracies, keep up relations with revolutionary emigrants in Switzerland, and as the technical expression runs, "go into the people," that is, inoculate rude men, strong-minded women and half-grown school boys with their own vague and foolish ideas. This

state of affairs, recently brought to light by a long succession of criminal trials, has been so classically described by Turgenieff as to require no further explanation than the accounts in "Fathers and Sons" and "Virgin Soil." It is no more impossible to see the end of this uncomfortable situation, which is equally dangerous to the Russian Government and Russian universities, than to find a solution of the other difficulties existing in various spheres of Russian life. As a national proverb taken from Huxthausen thirty-five years ago runs, they "have set sail from one shore without being able to reach the other." The Government has accomplished as little by concessions as attempts at repression; the former were regularly abused, the latter answered by opposition that could not be conquered. Only where the students have remained in undisputed possession of freedom and independence, as in German Dorpat and Swedish Helsingfors, has the transition from the old to a new time been quietly and noiselessly accomplished. In St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kiev, Charkov, Kasan and Odessa there is as much if not more cause for apprehension now than the day after the old system was declared bankrupt. Relief will first be obtained when the new Russia has established firm regulations, which impose limits not only upon the governed, but the governing power, and forever remove those fears of a return of the academic ancient regime, which, with occasional arbitrary acts of the sovereign, have been the principal causes of all the troubles in Russian universities in later times.—*Corr. N. Y. Tribune.*

The Population of Africa.

We cannot hope for many years yet to have anything like accurate statistics on the population of Africa. Several regions, the population of which is certainly great, will probably long escape anything like a thorough examination. There are, for example, in the regions of the Great Lakes, countries quite as thickly peopled as many of the States of Europe. Stanley tells us of countries of relatively small extent, and which yet possess millions of inhabitants. When we shall have succeeded in making an approximate census of all the populations, we shall probably reach a figure considerably higher than the present estimate. Some authorities accord to Africa not more than 100,000,000 inhabitants; others less still. German geographers suppose that Africa contains somewhat more than 200,000,000 inhabitants; the latest English publications estimate the population at 186,000,000, which, for an area of 11,500,000 square miles, gives an average of 16 inhabitants per square mile, or a specific population 11 1/2 times less than that of France. Africa, which has 57 times the area of France, has probably scarcely 8 times the population. The suppression of the slave trade and the influence of European civilization may lead to an increase of population very rapid and very great. It should be observed that the proximate figure of the specific population, applied to the whole of the African continent, will not give a just idea of the compact character of the population of the interior. According to Behna, the negro regions are by far the most populous parts of the continent. If the populations are sparse in the desert parts, they are very dense in other regions. Thus in the Soudan the population is estimated at 80,000,000, or about 53 per square mile; the town of Bida, on the Niger, has a population of about 80,000 inhabitants. The population of East Africa is estimated at about 30,000,000, and that of Equatorial Africa at 40,000,000. One of the latest authorities divides the population of Africa as follows among the great families which ethnologists have divided the peoples: Negroes, 130,000,000; Hamites, 20,000,000; Bantus, 13,000,000; Fulahs, 8,000,000; Nubians, 1,500,000; Hottentots, 50,000. This would give a total population of 172,500,000. These figures are, of course, only approximate, and may be much modified by new and precise information. The Bantus, for example, who, according to F. M. Muller, form at least one-quarter of the population of Africa, might be found to number 50,000,000. The data we take from a paper by M. A. Raband, in the *Bulletin of the Parisian Geographical Society*.—*London Times, Oct. 28th.*

THE JAPANESE SHAMPOOER.—I turn on my side and make preparations for going to sleep in good earnest. No more dallying with tired nature's sweet restorer. I feel that I have the whole night before me for undisturbed repose, without the haunting cares of to-morrow's work, and I am going to make the most of it. I begin to see nothing but jirrikishas, then rows of houses, then quite a procession of people passing, one of whom stops before me and startles me by calling out in a voice of unearthly shrillness, "Gomen nasai!" Then comes that inexplicable return from the land of dreams to a waking existence, when the mind is something like a slightly incomplete dissolving view, the faint outlines of the dream-picture being now quite obliterated by the more powerful tones of reality. Again "Gomen nasai!" Then I come to myself completely, and ask rather sharply, "What is it?" "Please excuse him, but he is the shampooer; will I have a few rubs?" I angrily say "No!" "Truly and indeed he has been very unpolite. He had thought it might be that the gentleman was tired, and would like to have his honorable body rubbed a little. No! did the gentleman say?" The gentleman had said "No!" and had further strengthened the negative by a short but potent phrase. "He had most humbly understood; good night, and may the gentleman sleep well."—[All the Year Round.]

A colored man appeared before a magistrate, charged with some trivial offence. The latter said to the man: "You can go, now; but let me warn you to never appear here again." The man replied with a broad grin: "I wouldn't be here this time, only the constable fetch me."

Ingratitude is a deadly weed not only poisoning in itself, but impregnating the very atmosphere in which it grows with fetid vapors.

Gentlemen should never look at a brilliantly beautiful woman. It engenders enervation of the eyelids, causing them to nictitate in an unseemly manner.

Bismark at Home.

A Berlin correspondent writes: Prince Bismark has left for Varzin, his favorite country seat in Pomerania. Situated at some distance from the railway, Varzin, enclosed in an extensive park, is, despite its recent fame, but seldom visited by any strangers, for whose exclusion all kinds of precautions have been adopted, and are being stringently enforced. Exceedingly averse to being made the object of public curiosity, the Chancellor is anxious to feel at home at Varzin, and avoid having all his actions even commented on or currently registered in the press. Various newspaper correspondents have at different times attempted to force an entrance into Prince Bismark's sanctuary. At all the entrances to Prince Bismark's park at Varzin sign posts are conspicuously placed warning the public not to intrude into the grounds. A laughable story is told of a French correspondent's futile endeavors to penetrate into the enchanted circle. Having traveled by rail as far as Schlawa, a small country town, he set out on foot for Varzin, distant about fifteen miles. The nearer he approached his destination, the more he was subject to the suspicious scrutiny of the garden champeetres and the local gendarmie, who seemed to have been telegraphically apprised of his coming. His surmise on this subject proved only too true. On entering the village, after a weary march, the correspondent requested the hospitality of the innkeeper, who, however, to his great surprise, sternly informed him that he could not get any accommodation or the least refreshment in his house until he had fully satisfied the village authorities as to the purpose of his visit. The host, a former servant of Prince Bismark, who had leased him the place on condition that he should not shelter any unknown guests, has up to this very day so strictly adhered to the regulations enjoined upon him that his customers only consist of the native villagers or the servants of the Schloss. Perceiving the fruitlessness of his efforts to obtain the good will of the innkeeper, the correspondent wended his way along the high road to the Chancellor's residence, only to find it guarded by the police, specially sent down to protect the statesman from the invasion of any unwelcome visitors. As all his appeals for admission into the park or the interest inspection of the castle failed, he was finally obliged to return, hungry and tired, to Schlawa, without the accomplishment of his proposed aim. On his way back he was followed by the gendarmes, apparently only satisfied when they saw him safely off on the train.

New "indiscretions" are being committed by Dr. Busch. In the interesting series of contributions to the *Geostetia*, a weekly periodical, Dr. Busch has given a minute sketch of the doings of the famous statesman in his retreat at Varzin. These articles describe the Chancellor as constantly longing for the simple pleasures and recreations of rural life. The residence at Varzin affords ample space for the Chancellor and his family, as well as a limited number of guests. Prince Bismark's rooms are on the left of the entrance hall. His study, just facing a long avenue cut through the park, is a corner room, with two windows, near one of which stands the Chancellor's writing-table. The chair in front, usually occupied by him, is an exact model of the so-called Luther chair preserved in the Warsburg, at Eisenach. The furniture, with the exception of a large Turkish divan, is of oak, in pure Renaissance style. Photographs, engravings and a few oil paintings, nearly all reminiscences of the last war, and partly presents from His Majesty, adorn the walls. Almost the only ornament, beside a rich Gobelin tapestry, which represents the penance of the German Emperor Henry IV. at Canossa, is a large marble chimney-piece before the open fire, at which Prince Bismark likes to sit in the twilight of winter evenings silently musing and smoking his pipe. Having a basketful of dry fir cones at hand, he enjoys stirring up the flames by throwing the crisp fuel into the open grate. At Varzin the Prince gets up at quite an early hour. If the weather permits he takes a long stroll through the grounds before breakfast, after which he mounts on horseback for a ride over the estate, closely watching the laborers and giving personal instruction to the bailiffs. Before his daughter's marriage she was his faithful companion on these rounds, which, without heed to stone or fence, were sometimes rather dangerous, especially some years ago, when the infirmities of age and alarmingly increasing corpulence had not yet restricted the Chancellor's equestrian exercises. On his return home the Prince gets to work examining the letter bags brought by special couriers from the foreign office, replying to the official inquiries pursuing him into his Tusculum. As, in accordance with his strict injunctions, he is only troubled with the most important matters, necessitating his direct attention, the time devoted to business is comparatively small. After lunch and a short siesta, during which he peruses the extracts from the press, prepared for him, followed by Tigras, his favorite dog, he takes another walk through the park, either with his wife or some member of his family. A kind and gracious master, much interested in the welfare of his tenants, he enjoys great popularity, and on these walks is often accosted by them and asked for advice. To dinner the clergyman of the village and the neighboring gentry are frequently invited and favored with familiar conversation by their host, not only on the topics of the day, but also on political questions.

THE REAL KORDISTAN.—LONG Buloc, is a town of perhaps 20,000 inhabitants mostly Kordis, but contains many Jews, some Persians, some Turks and a few Armenians. This part of the country is impassable except with guards. We do not meet with many dangerous persons, but many may have seen us and deemed us too strong to be safely attacked. Long Buloc (cold spring) lies shut in on all sides by the mountains, and the weather was intensely hot. The streets are most filthy, and the place abounds in horrid smells. Every street is a drain, and you need to hold your nose as you walk through them. We have a helper stationed there, and he has done something to put light into the darkness. It was a man of most fervent spirit to be willing to live there.

Actors are apt to be super-stitions.

The Bala-Hissar of Cabul.

Bala means "upper" or "high," and Hissar is a "fort" or "citadel." The Bala-Hissar of Cabul comprises two portions, one in the Bala-Hissar Bala, or upper citadel, and the Bala-Hissar Pahin, or the lower fortress—Pahin meaning "lower," and is a common word, as well as Bala, combined with Afghan names of villages. The Bala-Hissar Bala was constructed by Sirdar Jehan Khan in the time of Ahmed Shah, Abdalae, date, 1747 to 1773. From the finding of coins and other objects the hill is supposed to have been an ancient site of a fortress, or it may have been a monastery in the Buddhist period, its position being exactly what the yellow-robed ascetics generally selected to have a fine view of the country round. The name of "Begram," which is given to a village where there are mounds, a few miles east of Cabul, points to that as the site of the ancient Kapisa, or Cabul. The defenses of the Bala-Hissar are connected with and form part of those of the city, over which it dominates. There is a large open space in the centers containing the Ames Mahal, or Royal Palace, with gardens and other places necessary for such a residence, and it was within the walls of the Bala-Hissar that Sir Louis Cavagnari's house was supposed to be, but its exact site has not yet been described. Within the walls of the Bala Hissar are also two wells of historic celebrity. They are lined with masonry, showing their importance for water supply in case of a long siege, a purpose they have seldom or never served. Their notoriety has resulted from their having been used as State prisons, and from their being used as receptacles for the corpses of those executed or murdered for political purposes during the stormy periods of Cabul history. On one of the higher points of the Bala-Hissar there are two blocks of hewn marble, and they are called Tukhts or thrones, as they have on each side a flight of three steps for ascending to sit upon them. On one there is a sculpture of a jar vase—rather an unusual thing to find among Mohammedan works of art, for believers in the Koran are supposed to be particular in observing the second commandment, against making the likeness of anything that is in the heaven above or in the earth beneath. This vase is supposed to date from the time of the Emperor Baber, who lived for twenty years in Cabul, and who spoke so highly of it, as being the best place in the world to drink wine in, and hence the thrones are generally associated with his reign. Baber considered Cabul to be a comfortable place to live in, and that has been the opinion of all who have visited the place, and the Bala-Hissar, with its beautiful views across the plain, and the snowy peaks of the Hindoo Kush towering above the nearer hills, must make it indeed a pleasant spot in which to sojourn. We have an evidence of this in the highest tower of the Bala-Hissar Bala, which was erected entirely unconnected with military purposes, but simply for Simlar Mohammed Kahn, about the beginning of the present century, and his friends to sit upon its top and have a better view of the landscape.—*London News, October 13th.*

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF FINE WINES.—Wine connoisseurs will soon be reckoned amongst bygone wonders. Their occupation will be gone for they will have no wines worth tasting. Hermitage and Cote Rotie may almost be placed among wines of the past; while the Beaujolais and Meconnais growths decrease in quantity at each succeeding vintage. The famous Burgundian "Golden Sloop," yielding Romance Conti and Chamberlain, Montrachet and Clos Vougeot, is also assailed; and in the department of the Charente, the vineyards are being rapidly devastated. Not only from France, but from Germany and Switzerland, from Italy and Austria-Hungary, from the sunny slopes around Malaga and the terraced heights of the Alto-Douro, from Madeira, and even from remote Australia, the same cry is heard. Up to the close of last year the ravages of the phylloxera vastatrix in the vineyards of France had extended over more than 1,600,000 acres, the vines in 700,000 of which had been totally destroyed. The appearance of the insect is now reported from the center of the most famous of all the vinicultural districts in France—namely, the Medoc. In certain communes, including those of St. Estephe and Pauillac, more than a hundred acres of vines have been attacked. The presence of the insect has been notified in the vineyards of Chateau Lelande and Calon-Segur; in a latent state at Cos d'Estournel and at Chateau Lafitte—that famous Chateau Lafitte which, with its 180 acres of vineyard, was sold about ten years ago to Baron James Rothschild for £165,000. The aggregate value of the Medoc vineyards, the whole of which are comprised within a narrow strip of land some twenty miles in length, amounts to many millions sterling; and at the rate of which the phylloxera travels it is quite possible for the whole district to be infested before the end of next year.—[Parisian.]

HOME INFLUENCE.—The child's character is formed in the home. It is common to find that lad brutally treated at home instinctively ripen into rude and rowdy boys, who pursue their own enjoyments, whenever opportunity occurs, with absolute selfishness. Repression and tyranny are a fecund hotbed, in which spring up, with rank luxuriance, all the poisonous weeds of vice. It is a matter of universal observation that liberty to one long-enlaved, means license and free indulgence up to the extreme limits of personal fear. Moral law can only assert itself under those rational conditions which have favored a well balanced and judicious training of the whole nature. It, perhaps, can safely be asserted that the best way to make children respectful, unselfish and well behaved is to make them respect themselves. This can only be done by allowing them a share of liberty and individuality as may be consistent with that watchful oversight which, in the very nature of things, the parent is bound to exercise.

"I don't see how there ever came to be so many words in the world!" exclaimed a girl who was studying her spelling lesson. "Why, sir," said her brother, "they come through folks quarreling. Then, you know, one word always brings another."

Battle of the Stallions.

One of the most curious battles on record occurred near Friedensburg on Tuesday, between two stallions. The following particulars of the affair were received from a gentleman who witnessed part of the fight: About two weeks ago a Philadelphia gentleman named Robert Dunlap sent a five-year-old Goldust stallion, called Gold King, to the farm of Aaron Maskell, intending to let the animal remain there until next season. It appears that Mr. Maskell is boarding several other horses, and among the number is a three-year-old stallion called Schulkill Chief. Soon after being brought to the farm Mr. Maskell, who, by the way, is an experienced horseman, discovered that Gold King possessed an exceedingly vicious disposition. He attacked one of the grooms last week and bit him severely in the shoulder, and at times the horse became so furious that it was not safe to enter his stall. The Chief, however, is said to have an amiable disposition and can be handled safely by a boy. On Tuesday both animals were brought out into the yard for water and exercise. Mr. Maskell led Gold King and a farm hand named Krietzler had the Chief in hand. The first named animal had on a bridle with a very severe bit, but the other horse was simply controlled by a halter. While at the watering trough Gold King began behaving badly, and when the other horse approached his rage knew no bounds. The more Mr. Maskell endeavored to control him the more furious he became.

The other horse then began to exhibit signs of anger, and, fearing that Krietzler could not hold him with his halter, Maskell yelled to take the Chief back to the stable. An instant later the throat-latch on the bridle on Gold King broke and he was free. Uttering an indescribable cry of rage, the infuriated horse rushed on the Chief. Krietzler became frightened, and, dropping the halter, sought a place of safety over an adjoining fence. Rearing on their hind feet the horses came together with terrific force, and the shock made both recoil on their haunches. Hostilities were resumed almost instantly, and then followed such striking and biting and kicking as was never done before by equines. The cries of the infuriated animals could be heard a mile off, and as the combatants became weaker their rage seemed to increase. Maskell and Krietzler saw that it was utterly useless to attempt to separate the animals without assistance, so the latter was dispatched for help to neighboring farms. In less than half an hour nearly fifty men and boys had assembled around the barnyard where the horses still fought viciously. Various means of separating them were proposed, but as each plan was tried it proved a failure. In the meantime the horses fought on without paying the slightest attention to the excited spectators. At last some one suggested that two lassos be made and one thrown on the neck of each horse. This was thought to be a good idea, and it was acted upon immediately.

After the lassos were made no one knew how to throw them from a distance, and for some time no one could be found brave enough to approach the vicious horses. At last Maskell and a man named Glover succeeded in throwing his noose around Gold King's neck at the first attempt; but Maskell made three casts before he got his lasso on Chief's head. A dozen ready hands then grasped the ropes and the horses were drawn apart. They both struggled violently and uttered the most savage cries; but the tightening of the ropes soon choked them down, and they were hobbled and taken into their respective stables. Both animals were covered with cuts and bruises, and Gold King's forelegs are so badly injured that it is feared he will never entirely recover. The Chief's injuries, although severe, are not likely to cause permanent injury. After being taken to their stalls both animals continued to utter furious cries for several hours. Strange to say, neither of the animals have taken food or water since. The combat does not seem to improve Gold King's disposition a particle, and yesterday he would not allow any one to enter his stall. A Reading veterinary surgeon was sent for, and arriving yesterday took charge of the horses. As soon as he is well enough Gold King will be sent back to Philadelphia.—*Daily Movers Journal, Oct. 30th.*

ECENTRICITIES OF ENGLISH JUSTICE.—The leniency of the punishment dealt out by magistrates to husbands who half murder their wives, or to cabmen who assault and rob the confiding fare, is wholesomely varied by the discipline to which a bench of Devonshire magistrates have subjected three young men who had temporarily strayed from the path of virtue and killed a hare. The case came on at the Holsworthy Monthly Sessions just held. The magistrates on the bench were W. J. Harris, W. W. Mellish and C. W. Saunders. The prisoners were Thomas Petherick, James Sanders (described as sons of respectable farmers) and Stephen Sluggett, a servant in the employ of Petherick's father. According to Mr. Burch's evidence, he met the three defendants on the high road, and, himself in the shadow, watched them for two hours. At the end of this time his patience and fidelity were rewarded by seeing Sluggett "fall on a hare with net in hand, kill the hare, and put it in his pocket. Then all three went off together. There was no gainsaying the evidence of the respectable and persistent Mr. Burch. In vain the solicitor who appeared for the defendants denounced the statute under which the information was laid, and which was passed in the good old days of George IV., as "barbarous." To deaf ears he pleaded that the life of the three young men had hitherto been blameless, and that to send to prison the young farmers would be to sully the reputation of two respectable families. The magistrates, having retired to consider the case, "returned in a few minutes," and sentenced Thomas Petherick and Stephen Sluggett to one month's imprisonment, with hard labor; while James Sanders, for connivance at the crime, was sent to Exeter Jail for one week, with hard labor. Nor is this all. At the expiration of the term of imprisonment the three young men are to be bound over in sureties to keep the peace for twelve months against all hares or other game they may meet with in their evening walks.—*London News, Oct. 24th.*

No part of a man will stand as many blows as his nose.

The Last Paris Murder.

As the cable has already announced, two foul murders have just been committed close to the Elysee Palace, Paris. In the Palais Peuvain, at the corner of the Rue Miromenil, stands a chemist's shop, which has been occupied for the last five years by M. Lagrange, a young man universally esteemed. One morning neither M. Lagrange nor his *bonne* made an appearance as usual. (Mme. Lagrange is in the country), the shutters remained closed, and after some time, the door having been forced, they were found lying dead in the cellar. M. Mace, M. Delyse, Procureur of the Republic, and M. Guilot, Judge d'Instruction, were soon on the spot, and a careful investigation showed that all the rooms were stained with blood, and that an iron pestle of great size had been the instrument used. Theft was the motive of the crime. All the drawers had been forced open, but it is not yet known how much money has been extracted. The corpses were evidently dragged into the cellar after death and ensued. Suspicion has fallen upon the apprentice, one Arnold Walder, a Swiss, aged 25, who had been with M. Lagrange some months, and has now disappeared. Inquiries about him are being made in every direction, and several of his friends have already been questioned. It is hardly necessary to add that this affair has produced the utmost sensation. Further details show that the murder must have been committed early in the evening, and, as previously supposed, that it had been carefully premeditated by the assistant, Arnold Walder, respecting whose guilt there remains not the shadow of a doubt. At about 5 o'clock in the afternoon he was seen looking over an account book in the shop with his master, M. Lagrange, and half an hour afterward the latter had disappeared. This is clearly proved by the fact that a young man, a nephew of the deceased, called at the house to dine with M. Lagrange. The murderer received him at the door and remarked: "You have come at a very bad time, as M. Lagrange has just gone out to dine at a friend's." The nephew, however, insisted on remaining, and Walder offered to give him a share of his own dinner, and cooked two eggs for him. He stated that M. Lagrange had taken away the keys of the cellar, and they would therefore drink some *marasla*. This they did, and the impudent visitor left the house at 7 o'clock. Later in the evening the woman who keeps the kiosk opposite the pharmacy went there, as usual, with a copy of the *Temps*, and was surprised to find nobody about the premises, and she also noticed some money scattered about the counter. The theory of the police is that M. Lagrange was called by his assistant into the cellar and there murdered, and that the servant was immediately afterward assassinated in the kitchen and her body dragged beside that of her master. The criminal subsequently robbed the safe of a sum of 2000 francs, and toward 9 o'clock was seen crossing a passage between the dining-room and the shop, carrying a large parcel. It has been ascertained that he left the St. Lazare railway terminus shortly before 11 in the direction of Havre. If any proof of his guilt is wanting beyond the circumstantial evidence already furnished to the police it would be found in a letter which he addressed to the widow of his victim, announcing his determination to commit the crime, and stating that should he ever make his fortune he would return to her the money of which he was about to take possession. His photograph is in the hands of the police, and the announcement of his arrest may be expected at any moment.

A Matter-of-Fact Romance.

Now that "mysterious disappearances" appear to have set in with unexampled severity, it will be of interest to recall a very remarkable instance which made a great impression on the mind of Nathaniel Hawthorne. A gentleman whom Mr. Hawthorne names Wakefield, being happily married, and dwelling in London, one day hit upon the idea that he would mysteriously disappear. There was, or at least there is, nothing peculiar in that. Only Mr. Wakefield determined that he would not disappear further than the next street. Accordingly he took lodgings in the street adjoining that in which his once happy home was situated, and there, lost to sight, though to memory dear, he dwelt for twenty years. During that period, our authority says, he beheld his home every day, and frequently the forlorn Mrs. Wakefield, but was himself never recognized. After this gap of twenty years in his matrimonial felicity, when his death was accepted as a certainty, when his estate had been administered, and his life long resigned to her antinatal widowhood, he one evening quietly knocked at the door, walked in as if he had just arrived after a day's absence in the city, and thenceforward lived a loving and home-staying spouse. The advantages of this topographical arrangement are obvious, at least as far as Wakefield was concerned. His propinquity would have enabled him at any time to appear on the scene, supposing his wife had been less faithful to his memory, and had been disposed again to embark upon matrimony. To that extent he seems to have had his wife at a disadvantage, and on the whole, his conduct is not commendable. But there is one grain of comfort to be derived from the story—which, we should add, is not born of the fertile brain that wove the weird tale of "The house with the seven gables," but was related as a matter-of-fact in a contemporary newspaper. It goes to prove, in support of more modern and notorious instances, that when gentlemen, and particularly married gentlemen, "mysteriously disappear," there are alternatives to the acceptance of the theory of robbery and murder.

MARRIAGE.—It is not a pleasant thing to go through the world without sympathy, and to meet only those who have no interest in us, except to make us contribute to our welfare and their selfish ends. In marriage, as it should be, there can be no selfishness. Each member works for the other's welfare. If the outside world it is different; each seeks to use the other for selfish purposes, and this makes life a contest, a battle. If such a waste were to prevail in the home and married relation, then marriage would so far be an evil, and not a good.

A boy's whistle is often sucked tin.