

Only a Faded Flower.

It was a lovely August night, and the cloudless sky was studded with myriads of brilliant stars. The sweet night wind made a rustling, sighing sound as it played among the trees, and the odor of many scented flowers was wafted from the extensive and beautifully-arranged flower-garden of the wealthy Mr. Eastlake.

On the terrace before the house stood a lady and gentleman, and to judge from their appearance, the calmness of the summer night was having anything but soothing effect upon them; for the girl's proud handsome face was flushed with passion, and the words which fell from her lips were hard and cruel, as she hurled defiance at the man beside her.

She was Mr. Eastlake's only child; and her companion was Colonel Dowering of the —Dragoons. Her father had amassed his wealth in India, where for years he had held a lucrative civil appointment. Soon after the birth of his little girl, his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, died, and fearing the effects of the Indian climate on his one remaining treasure, he sent her with her nurse to a maiden sister of his in England, who unfortunately was a weak, silly woman, and totally unfit for the charge she had undertaken; for from her babyhood Ina had shown signs of a willful, passionate temper, while being quite untroubled by her aunt, she only became more unmanageable as she grew older.

As the years passed on, the girl, seeing her aunt's weakness, grew to have a contempt for the woman who could never say her "nay," and domineered not only over her, but over all those around her. Nature had bestowed the great gift on Ina, namely, beauty; and beauty of a most uncommon style for she was far more like a Spanish than an English girl. Her hair was as black as the raven's wing, and her eyes large, dark, and voluptuous. She knew the power of her beauty well, and never lost an opportunity of testing it. When her father returned to England, and claimed her, he could hardly believe that the glowing young beauty, who welcomed him so eagerly, and the little piny baby he had parted from years before could be one and the same; and it was with a glad, proud feeling that he acknowledged that she was worthy of being the mistress of the almost princely estate he had bought. Not to her father did the often show her temper, for she had all her own way, and over their large household reigned supreme. At the time Mr. Eastlake and his daughter took of their abode at the Oakland, the regiment of the —Dragoons was then stationed at the garrison town of Westford; and Ina, having persuaded her father to call upon the officers, indulged her love of flirting to the utmost. It was said to be the nicest and gayest regiment that had been stationed in the neighborhood for years; and many were the balls and parties given in their honor, and returned by them with equal hospitality; and wherever Ina went, her wild, bold beauty fascinated all.

There were, however, two men in the regiment to whom her long winning smile of Ina Eastlake became an absolute necessity; the one from love, and the other from motives best known to himself. Never were two men so completely dissimilar in every respect than Colonel Dowering and Captain Fox—the former one of Nature's noblemen; while the latter was heartless, selfish and crafty. There had never been any love lost between them; but from the hour Captain Fox discovered that the little heart Ina possessed was in his Colonel's keeping, he hated him with an undying hatred, and vowed to have his revenge, and to gain the end he had in view—not caring one tittle by what means he attained it.

With him the girl's fortune had been the bait, for he was not capable of a disinterested affection. Colonel Dowering and Ina Eastlake had been engaged for months, and her fiancé had long ago discovered that the girl he had placed on a pedestal, and worshipped, was by no means the faultless creature he had thought her, and warm words often passed between them, for, in spite of her engagement, she was carrying on a desperate flirtation with Captain Fox, who, with all his bad qualities, could be very fascinating when he pleased, was, with the subtlety of a serpent, fast drawing Ina into the trap he had laid for her. In vain did Colonel Dowering tell her the character the man bore, in vain did he reproach her for want of consideration for himself; alas! her old self-will and obstinacy were asserting themselves once more, and she declared that, until she married, she would amuse herself in any way she liked. One of the annual county balls had just taken place, at which Ina's behavior with Captain Fox was so glaring, so reckless, that it called forth many a sneer, many a shrug of the shoulders, while her fiancé was watching her with a stern, set face, and with a dull, gnawing pain at his heart, for the conviction was fast forcing itself upon him that, after her present behavior, she must either succumb to his wishes, or they must part. The scene on the terrace was the result of his determination to assert his authority, if possible. Long and earnestly he pleaded, on that fair summer night, with the girl he loved so well; but his interference had aroused her worst passions, and she had worked herself up into such a state of fury that she was hardly conscious of the words she uttered. Never before had he seen her in one of her outbursts of passion—often warm and contrary, but never like that; and he stood before her astonished, shocked, and deeply grieved.

"Do you mean all you say?" he said, quietly, when, almost from sheer exhaustion, she had at last stopped speaking. "Because, if so, all must be at an end between us; the girl that can speak and act as you have done, can never be a wife of mine. But this scene is degrading to both of us, and had better end. I leave you to make what excuse you like to your father about my departure, and whatever you say I shall not dispute. Good-bye, and may you never repeat the part you have played."

So saying, he turned and left her, but not before he had picked up from the ground a crimson rose which had fallen from Ina's dress in her excitement. "Ina," said Mr. Eastlake to his daughter, as the two sat at breakfast a few days afterward, "what is the reason of Colonel Dowering's sudden departure? I hear he has gone away for a month or six weeks, and he has never been to say

good-by; it really is most extraordinary conduct."

The color came to Ina's face as she answered in a tone of apparent indifference:

"Well; the fact of the matter is, Monsieur le Colonel chose to be rather exacting, and decidedly jealous, so we had a few warm words on the subject, and he went away decidedly cross; quite pensive and more devoted than ever, I don't think he could be angry with me long, poor fellow!" And with a little laugh she walked to the pier glass, where she gazed at the image reflected there; and as she looked, she again thought that there was little fear of his not returning. Ina's explanation appeared to satisfy her father's curiosity, for, after a muttered remark about her not taking umbrage at every little thing, he let the subject drop. But if Ina thought that beauty alone could enthrall a man like Colonel Dowering, she was much mistaken, as was proved by a letter received by her father from him, on his return to Westford. It happened thus. Mr. Eastlake, finding he never came near them, wrote him a note, asking him to dinner, thinking he would give him and Ina an opportunity of becoming reconciled; so his astonishment and mortification were great, when he received the following reply:

"DEAR MR. EASTLAKE.—I am very sorry I must decline your kind invitation to dine with you, but from your letter I do not think your daughter could have made you aware of the terms on which we parted. When I left Westford a month ago, our engagement was engaged to be entirely at an end, and under no circumstances whatever can it be renewed. I deeply regret it all, and you must see with me that our meeting again would only cause pain to both parties. Thanking you for all the hospitality and kindness I have received from you, believe me yours, very sincerely, Percy Dowering."

In her heart of hearts Ina had really cared for the man she treated so badly; and she was thoroughly unhappy when she found for once she had gone too far. But her pride was great, and finding Colonel Dowering was obdurate, she determined to be even with him. Well she knew that although he might be invulnerable on all other points, an engagement between herself and Captain Fox would sting him to the heart, so when that gentleman, who had only been bidding his time, proposed, she, in a mad moment, accepted him.

It was the year 1854, and our troops were daily leaving the shores of old England for the Crimea. One of the regiments under orders to sail was the —Dragoons. Captain Fox had sold out, as Mr. Eastlake would not hear of his marrying his daughter unless he did so. Percy Dowering had gone, like many others, never to return.

The glorious charge of Balaklava was over, and the ground was thickly covered with the dead and dying. Among the latter was Col. Dowering, shot through the lungs. Courting death as he had done, first and foremost in every desperate encounter, he had until the present time escaped unscathed; and now, when beginning to think he bore a charmed life, he was suddenly cut down. He knew he was dying, knew that no mortal aid could save him—and he was glad to know it; for since his one idol had been shattered, his life had become worthless to him. As he lay on the cold ground he thought he heard some one calling him by name. He was too weak to raise his voice in reply, but held up his arm, hoping it would attract attention. In a few minutes one of his oldest friends was kneeling by his side.

"I saw you fall, Dowering, and came to look for you. Thank Heaven you are alive; but we must have you moved from here as soon as possible."

"There will be but one more move for me, Percival," whispered the dying man, "and that will be to the grave. But I am glad you are here; I want this sent to England for me;" and as he spoke he drew a letter from his breast and put it into his friend's hand. It was his last expiring effort, and in a few minutes more the gallant soldier was at rest.

Ina Fox had been married some months, but even before her wedding tour was over she had discovered the true character of the man she had chosen; for as soon as all occasion for concealment was past, he had shown himself in his real colors. Deep, heartfelt contrition for the past did Ina feel; but that could avail her nothing now; she had brought all on herself, and, in the solitude of her own room, she pictured the long, miserable years before her, she almost felt that her punishment was more than she could bear. But she was not a girl to wear her heart on her sleeve, so whatever her own feelings were, the world knew nothing of them; and wherever she went she was received and welcomed as the wealthy, beautiful and fascinating Mrs. Fox.

One night, on returning home from a ball, her eye was caught by a letter lying on her dressing table. Recognizing the hand-writing, she hastily dismissed her maid, and, sinking into a chair, opened the letter with trembling fingers. It contained her photograph, and a paper on which was written these words:

"When you receive this I shall be no more. I once told you the Dowerings never forgave, but as I hope to be forgiven, so I forgive you."

That was all, and nothing more. As she gazed vacantly at the lines before her something dropped from between the folded leaves, and stooping to see what it was, she saw, through a mist of tears, the faded, withered leaves of a crimson rose.

For a long time Ina lay between life and death; and when she appeared in society once more, her cheek had lost its roundness, and her laugh was but seldom heard; for even when surrounded by all that was gayest and brightest, her heart would be far away, flown to that far-off grave where Colonel Dowering, with hundreds of his brave countrymen around him, lay sleeping his last long sleep.

Observing little brother's remark before a room full of company; "I know what made that red mark on Mary's nose; it was the rim of John Parker's hat." And there are girls who believe that little brothers never go to heaven.

We feel obliged to remind the President again that the country is getting on swimmingly without any minister at either the English or Russian Court. But we admit that Ohio is being neglected.—[Boston Globe.]

Misery in Paris.

Misery, in the abject form of absolute houseless pauperism, is, as you know, not recognized by the French law. It sets its face steadily against it, and will have nothing to do with it. If it comes across a shivering wretch under a lonely arch, it simply puts him into prison, to teach him that he has no business to be wretched. It is, on system, as hard-hearted and callous as the Alderman in "The Chimes," who never missed a chance of "putting poverty down," and who was as convinced that there ought not to be any starvation as that he, the Alderman, was a model of acuteness and logical common sense. The Government, so needlessly meddlesome and paternal in most matters, obstinately shirks the great question of pauperism, refuses to believe in it, ignores it on principle, scorns it, flouts it, and locks up the audacious individual who thrusts the objectionable reality under its nose. The plan keeps misery out of sight—not a small boon to society (the richer part of it)—and it largely diminishes the public taxation. And yet opponents of the system might urge, with a fair show of reason, that misery is not abolished by being hidden in darksome corners; and that difficulties so real and awful as famine, cold and disease are better faced than evaded. Thanks to the Revolution, property has long been more equitably distributed amongst French people than it is, perhaps, in any other country in Europe. Great fortunes are rare. Great poverty is rare, too, though it is commoner since the war of 1870. There are no Vanderbilts or A. T. Stewarts in France, and there are no quarters in Paris comparable to the back slums of New York, or the noisome lanes of the New Cut and Seven Dials in London. Socially they come nearer to equality here than you do, probably, in the free States of America; and no doubt they owe this, in some measure, to the absence of regular refugees and homes for the poor. But there are moments when system, logic, rule and measure are insults to reason; when want, gaunt and hollow-eyed, will break from its covert, and cry aloud upon the house-tops for pitiful sympathy. Such has been the case this last week in Paris. It has snowed, with hardly a day's interruption, all the week. The roads are choked up, and rendered hardly safe for man or beast, by a foot and a half of frozen snow. The gutters are so many murderous traps for careless travelers. The night air is laden with consumption and death. One hour in the streets soaks your feet and chills your body. It looks so fair and pure, this white sheet spread over the whole face of the great city; and it is as cruel as the grave. Heaven help the poor of Paris in such weather! The French have little idea of comfort at all times. In their home arrangements they are criminally unthoughtful. To look at the stone floors, the draughty windows, the fireless rooms, the filthy drainage arrangements, inseparable from the dwellings of the French poor, you would think that the landlords here were heartless, and worse than heartless. Nor would you be far wrong. It is well enough—or bearable enough—in the summer, and even in an average winter, when people can get out and about; but seasons like that of 1870, and this of 1879, upset all calculations. You must have warmth, or you cannot work. You must work, or you have no money, and you starve, or fall an easy prey to fever and consumption. Private charity can do, and does, wonders; but it is powerless against such general misery as that with which Paris is filled at present. Fancy this: One hundred and forty-nine thousand people, roughly speaking, are at present registered on the books of the Bureau de Bienfaisance, or Relief Offices. Seven thousand five hundred applicants are praying for admission to the city hospitals, which are crowded and overcrowded at ready! Think, too, of all those whose pride and sensitiveness will not let them make their wretchedness known; of those who prefer to fight on alone, to suffer stoically and to die, rather than be beholden for their salvation to public charity.—[Paris Corr. Chicago Tribune.]

The truthful Cincinnati Gazette feels called upon to remark: "Cincinnati has the reputation of being the worst place, morally, in the United States. It is a claim that we can not conscientiously dispute.

The Prince of Wales recently offered to a small town in Belgium \$50,000 for a painting by Van Dyck. The Belgian Government has heard of the offer and is trying to buy the picture for the State Museum.

One of the rules of a German New Orleans fair is that visitors may be allowed to spend their money or not, as please. This is a great improvement on fairs where a visitor is knocked down and robbed as soon as he enters the door.

Don Diego Colomb, who is a gentleman of the bedchamber of King Alfonso, has a still finer distinction; he is a collateral descendant of Christopher Columbus. Don Diego is not the only living representative of his family, for there are still Don Ferdinand Colomb, the Deputy of Porto Rico, and Christopher Colomb de la Cerda, the Marquis of Jamaica.

Mysterious Orders of Oriental Countries.

Our attention has been called lately, by an article in the Japan Mail, to the existence of an organization in Japan called the Komoso Society, similar to the Chinese institutions. This is a semi-monastical association, not unlike the order of Templars. Its existence was formerly recognized by the Government in the early part of the seventeenth century, and certain lands were granted to it by the Tokugawa dynasty of Shoguna. The society was filled from the ranks of the Samurai class alone. There seems good ground for believing that it was a refuge for men who had accidentally taken life, or committed some breach of the penitential laws of honor, or wounded a fellow-clansman by misadventure. Many whose histories resemble that of the Hermit of Engeddi in Scott's "Talisman," doubtless found refuge and oblivion by assuming the white robe of the Komoso. None were admitted into the ranks of the brotherhood who had been guilty of the meaner crimes. The chief was invested with a priestly character, and usually resided at the chief temple in the province of Owari. He had power of life and death over his fellows, and was so far independent of the Government that he could put any of the brethren to death, provided he formally reported to the authorities that he had punished an offender against the laws of Komoso, according to its recognized rules. He was not required to specify the offense for which exemplary punishment had been inflicted on the erring brother. The society has never, it seems, been a large one, as, after a man had availed himself of the privileges of the asylum which the fraternity afforded, he only retired to his own province, using the Komoso as a sanctuary to protect him until the trouble for which he had sought its shelter was fairly blown over. Various stories are told of romantic incidents occurring in connection with the guild. The dramatist had not failed to supply the machinery of the secret order, and an effective scene in the great tragedy which is founded on the story of the "Forty-seven Ronin" introduces the avenger dressed in the white robes of a Komoso. Men have been known to join the society with a view to carry out in safety plans of revenge on the murderer of a relative, and have found the murderer taking refuge in the same temple in the dress of the brotherhood. The tragic climax of such a situation is reached when the avenger carries out the vendetta by killing the man he sought, in spite of all oaths and bonds of union! The peculiar garb selected by the Komoso reminds one of the old Jewish Essenes, but with this the resemblance between the two societies ceases. The Japanese mystics wore a peculiar hat and carried a flute, and were known to each other by certain notes on the latter, as Freemasons are known by words and grips of the hand. Of the ritual very little is known. Gustav Schlegel has given us some curious particulars of the forms and ceremonies, the questions and answers used in the Triad Societies of China, but as far as we know, no investigator of the history and objects of the secret orders has revealed the mysteries of the Japanese Komoso. We have spoken of the society in the past tense, but it may exist even now, and have a future of activity in store. The votaries of the order took part in the civil war of 1868, and they may re-appear if any revolutionary movement should arise.—[North China Herald.]

AN ARTIC WIDOW.—Perhaps the readers may have noticed, in the vicinity of Ninth street and Broadway, New York, an attenuated, shabbily-clad figure of a woman just past the middle age. The noticeable feature of the face is constituted by a pair of abnormally large and liquid eyes, but the whole contour is remarkably delicate and spiritual. She will pause and talk for minutes at a time to a vase of flowers or a plant of green grass. By birth this lonely woman belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished families, and by marriage, which did not turn out exactly well, she is allied to one of the most distinguished titled families in Barke's "Peorags." This woman—a belle in her day—can give more recollections of New York society thirty years ago, with accurate photographs of its principle figures, than possibly any other one now living. Rescued from the Hudson river at Cornwall one summer's day by a handsome young Englishman of fortune, she accepted his offer of marriage in a gush of gratitude without settlements or preliminaries, being herself one of the heirs of one of the princeliest fortunes of that time. The young Englishman lost his fortune in rash speculation; hers was consumed in litigation and compromises before it could be disentangled from the interest of relatives. After migrating for fifteen years from one garret to another in this city, the husband inherited a small property by the death of a relative in England, and had time to settle the income thereof upon his wife before he died of heart disease within six weeks after notice of his good fortune was received. But the habit of fitting from garret to garret was too strong to be overcome, and the widow, famed for her eccentricity, adheres to the old mode of life after the necessity for it has passed.—[Boston Courier.]

Commodore Vanderbilt once visited a spiritual medium, who commenced business by saying, "Your first wife wishes to communicate with you." "Perhaps so," said the Commodore abruptly, "but that is not what I came here for."

Where England Found Her Vegetables.

When Queen Catherine, on one occasion, expressed a wish for a salad, it is said that there were no materials in England of which to make it. According to Northwick, this was in 1599. If so, it must have been within a few months of the royal marriage, and the young King, to gratify the wish of his bride, forthwith sent over to Holland for gardeners to come and cultivate what was requisite for the purpose. Our native stock, as in the case of fruits, appears to have been remarkably scanty, and, such as they were, have been for the most part altogether superseded by foreign importations. We have, for instance, a native species of cabbage still found here and in England growing wild; but of the 187 distinct samples mentioned in the Royal Horticultural Society's Journal for last July as having been under culture and examination at Chiswick, probably no one would own to any relationship with the scrubby little indigenous cabbage or colewort.

There is a species of carrot, again, indigenous to this country, and it would seem, indeed, to almost every other country where a light soil is found. In its wild state, however, it is scarcely edible, being strong and unpleasant in flavor, and dry and tough in substance. It has been said that the seed of the wild carrot, sown for two or three years in rich as well as light soil, will yield excellent roots. Those who have tried this experiment, however, emphatically deny the truth of this, and it is probable that all our present varieties came from abroad. Some have maintained that the cultivated carrot came originally from Flanders, and that it was first grown at Sandwich, in Kent, in the time of Elizabeth. Gerard calls the plant the candia. Very much the same history may be given of the parsnip. This, also, is indigenous, but in its wild state is worthless, and our present edible sorts are from "over the sea."

Nobody knows precisely where the potato came from originally. It has been found apparently indigenous in many parts of the world. Mr. Darwin, for instance, found it in the Chonos Archipelago. Sir W. J. Hooker says that it is common at Valparaiso, where it grows abundantly on the sandy hills near the sea. In Peru and other parts of South America it appears to be at home, and it is a noteworthy fact that Mr. Darwin should have noted it both in the humid forests of the Chonos Archipelago and among the central Chilean mountains, where sometimes rain does not fall for six months at a stretch. It was to the colonists whom Sir Walter Raleigh sent out, in Elizabeth's reign, that we are indebted for our potatoes. Herriot, who went out with these colonists, and who wrote an account of his travels, makes what may, perhaps, be regarded as the earliest mention of this vegetable. Under the heading of "Roots," he mentions what he calls the "openawk." "These roots," he says, "are round, some large as a walnut, others much larger; they grow on damp soils, many hanging together, as if fixed on ropes; they are good for food, either boiled or roasted." At the beginning of the seventeenth century, Phillips says this root was planted, as a curious exotic, in the gardens of the nobility, but it was long ere it came into general use. Many held them to be poisonous, and it would seem not altogether unreasonably so, either. The potato is closely related to the deadly nightshade and the mandrake, and from its stems and leaves may be extracted a very powerful narcotic. In Burgundy the adoption of the potato for food was for a time forbidden by law, being deemed "a poisonous and mischievous root." In England prejudice against it was for a long time very strong, more especially among the poor. It was believed to occasion dysentery and leprosy.

Blubarb was obtained directly from China. Modern Europe first became acquainted with it in 1535. Our garden peas are said to have come to us from France, and were first known as "Fulham peas, because the grounds about London, near Fulham, doo bring them soonest." The introduction was probably in the reign of Henry VIII., whose homeborn indigence of his bride's desire for salads seems to have exerted a wonderful influence on English horticulture. In the reign of Elizabeth, however, they were still not grown to any great extent, though they seem to have been imported from Holland. Fuller says "they were dainties for ladies, they came so far and cost so dear." Gerard states that there is one kind of pea indigenous to England. Beans we appear to have imported from Morocco, and the authority last quoted says there is no difference between the garden bean and the field bean, except such as is to be attributed to cultivation and good soil. The kidney bean is not a native of England. This, we are assured, was first introduced into the country from the Netherlands in 1569—another importation, therefore, in all probability due to Henry's horticultural enthusiasm at the time when he was a doting young spouse. It is a curious fact that the early introduction of the scarlet-runner seems to have met with no little prejudiced opposition from an idea that the color of the flowers was due to blood.—[London Globe.]

"How far is it to Butler if I keep straight on?" "Wall, if you're a goin' to keep straight on, it's about twenty-five thousand miles, but if you turn round 'other way it's about half a mile!"

Lady—"Why did you leave your last place?" Servant—"Well, yer see, mum, I had to pay for all my breakages, and as they came to more than my wages, yer see, mum, it was a kind of impossission that I couldn't stand."

The Abbe Prince von Salm Kyrbourg, who was absurdly, tragically deformed, was one day crossing the royal ante-room at Versailles, where a number of nobles were warming themselves, when observed, "Ah, there's Æsop at court."

"That's a flattering comparison—for me," said the abbe. "Æsop, you will remember, made the beasts speak."

An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes, but would not believe it. Said one, "Gang into the gallery and see." She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said, "But I will not enlarge." The old woman called out from her lofty position, "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give out."

SHORT STOPS.

Autumn hues—Cutting firewood. After the break of day the hours are told by time pieces.

"What do you do when you have a cold?" "Cough," was the sententious reply.

A young lady is not like a tree. You cannot estimate her age by counting her rings.

Red is considered a warm color, and yet in the cold morning red roses are apt to be cold.

The man who tries to beat his own time in a race may get ahead of his feet by falling down.

A turkey never finds fault with his dressing. It is thyme this was said for the bird.

An Irishman says he can see no earthly reason why women should be allowed to become medical men.

An orator expects fair sailing when he has before him a sea of upturned faces.

The fashion of ladies' waistcoats is supposed to have originated in Galveston.

When a fellow rushes from the house into the street in a towering passion it's an out-rage.

Lots of Yale students are color blind, and a red-headed girl stands a fair show in New Haven.

We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.—[Alcott.]

Drunkenness places man as much below the level of the brutes as reason elevates him above them.—[Sir G. Sinclair.]

Tailor (to stout customer)—"Have the kindness to put your finger on this bit of tape, sir—just here! I'll be round in a minute!"

"Why, Bridget! didn't the fall injure you?" "Bridge—Sure, mum, the fall didn't hurt me, but I kind o' jarred myself, mum, when I lit."

"How nicely this corn p.o.s," said a young man who was sitting with his sweetheart before the fire. "Yes," she responded, demurely, "it's got over being green."

Parnell, the Irish agitator, pronounces his name with the accent on the first syllable. He wants to keep at Par, and not sound his own bell.

Of all the possessions of this life, fame is the noblest; when the body has sunk into the dust, the great name still lives.—[Schiller.]

We sacrifice to dress till household joys and comforts cease. Dress drains our cellular duty, and keeps our larder lean.—[Copper.]

To be perfectly just is an attribute of our divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—[Addison.]

Take the good with the evil, for ye all are the pensioners of God, and none may choose or refuse the cup his wisdom mixeth.—[Tupper.]

He that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;

Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.—H. Taylor.

That life is long which answers life's great end; the tree that bears no fruit deserves no name; the man of wisdom is the man of years.—[Young.]

Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatsoever.—[Addison.]

He who imitates what is evil always goes beyond the example that is set; on the contrary, he who imitates what is good always falls short.—[Grucciardi.]

Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death, to break the shock blind Nature cannot shun, and lands throught smoothly on the further shore.—[Young.]

When a man at Anderson, Ind., was informed that he had fallen heir to an estate valued at \$1,650,000, he bought his wife five dozen clothes-pins to celebrate the event. She has been wanting them for ten years.

A Chicago man has more trouble in finding bondsmen when the sum is \$1000 than when it is over a million. They might have to wack up on a small bond if he became a defaulter.

The Turkish Sultan's dinner parties are said to be rather joyless affairs. The food is either cold or ill-cooked, and the few Turkish nobles who are admitted to the banquet sit in utter silence save when the Sultan addresses them.

Young lady to recently married friend: "Is he all you hoped for?" "Why, of course." "Fine fellow, gentoo?" "More than that; elegant. He talks like a book." "Well, when you come to volume second, send him to me."

The return of curls is announced by French authorities in hair-dressing, and also the adoption of a sort of round crown of flowers made of small daisies and silver lilies of the valley and placed behind the head and very low down.

A Mrs. Buller, a fashionable lady of London society, went to the Carlton, her husband's club, asked for his letters, opened them, and sued for a divorce. From the time of Eve ladies have made themselves miserable by gratifying their curiosity.

Roman gossip says that the retreat of Queen Margherita to the balmy shores of Bordighera had its original cause in domestic difficulties that seem to point to the fact that the present King is in more than one respect the true son of his father.

Now let the sweet young things who yearn to have strings of pearls about their white necks eat raw oysters and cough. Recently a young woman in West Baltimore, after suffering from severe pain in the region of the heart, coughed violently and released from her left lung an oyster pearl as big as a pea.

An incident at Her Majesty's one night. Opera. Don Giovanni—"Violoncellist! to conversational old gentleman in the front row of the stalls;" "Why don't you talk less and pay more attention to the music?" Conversational old gent: "If you played a little better I should not talk so much." Collapse of violoncellist.