N

Midnight brooded wiest and alone: Nothing broke the wintry gloom have the drower memotons Of the clock, as, one by one,

Clear has due the larger bul Stood the cradle in its place; Mid he Manhett, softly spread, Lay the inley's goiden head, And his light breath, coming, going, gonly fan-ned against my face.

ething in the darknoss stirred, Warney needing at my side Like a little sleepy bird, "Mamma!" wary low the word Husb and darkness made the narrow tween mue wide.

Then I murmured, as he lay, "Mamme"s close benide you, door Soon the night will go nway. By and by it will be day, In the morning when my buby walcons mamn

Wandering fingers toward me crept "Momma, let me bold your has Chaping it he southed and dept; Chaping his Leculd have wept, Humbled by this perfect trust which needed not

Yours have passed me levelnes then; Long the little ned stood Empty, allent; yet, again, Thrilling deeper than my pain, Comes the tender veloc to banus every hitter, doubting mood.

Through the voiceless hush of dea Through life's midnight dark and dim, Turning onto Christ, who saith, To each asking soul, "Have taith," Heavenward I reach my longing, grouping ho

Does He take them? Av. He does! All the chasm deep and wide, framing by His love that flows Friely for all human wees, I shall water in Housen's bright morning with my buby at my side

SUMMER NIGHT ADVESTURE.

Upon a somewhat elevated plateau of ground in the suburbs of Laguna stood an unpretentions habitation of staid appearance, half hidden by luxuriant foliage. There were guthered together in the spacious sitting-room of this house a knot of demonstratively happy girls, judging by their activity of

First came the hostess, a lady some where between twenty-five and thirty years of age Miss Ratice Green by name She had lived here since her birth, which happened at her mother's death; her father's death, ten years later, left her an orphan and an heiress of this small property; also, a considerable annuity from the little hoard left by him as country practitioner.

Sitting next to her, caressing fondly the soft coat of a beautiful Maltese cat, was merry, mirth-loving May Wood-a gypey some had called her- and she was to duskiness in color, yet as piquantly versatile as she was uncouth feature

Florence Daere was perhaps the only one of the five present that was considered in any way entitled to the name of beauty. And Amy Terry, what can we say of her? Summed up she was pretty. sweet, formble.

Last but not least, there was Nina, fondling, who had come into the neighborhood no one knew from where-but, no, we err, for some communicative said that the child had been brought here nine years ago, a baby, by Miss Green.

Suddenly, and quite unexpectedly Amy sprang to her feet with a bound that electrified her hearers, exclaiming breath-

"Oh, girls, I have an idea !" "For mercy's sake, let us have it be-fore you lose it?" interrupted May, sau-

cily. Why, you know that house of old Glover's, down the road, that has been abandoned for an indefinite number of years—deserted, some one says, because of the queer noises and ghostly visitations said to frequent it?"

"Well, and what absurdity has entered your noodle now?" asked Rathie, with a cold, proud smile habitual to her.

"I will whisper my plau," answered Amy, coming close to the other girls. 'It is that we all spend one night in the haunted house, and remain in the hall at the time it is said to be frequented." "I hate the place !" cried Rathie, while

a queer gleam darted athwart the cold The last words were uttered with such

sudden senemence as to make her listeners start in quick surprise, while one of their number remembered what hitherto had been forgotten by herself, and unknown to the rest. It was that Miss Eathie had been the sweetheart of the lawless runaway son of Mr. Glover, who was tried and imprisoned for some of-

"I for one, accept the offer, by way of diversion; it has become tolerably dull here, and I propose to-morrow night for the midnight assembly," answered May, looking steadily the while into the immovable face of Rathie for some outward sign.

"Have your own sweet wills," auin me to say may to my guests, knowing you are all so soon to leave me for your

eity homes."

Rathie heard May bound up the stairs, two at a step, whistling "Champagne Coarlie," and Rathie knew instinctively that May had in her thoughts her lover of the name of Charley, and was happy of the meeting so near. She sighed wearily. Something akin to a moan issued from the pale lips. Only to God and the soul's book of record would her heart's secret be known.

The morning dawned clear, with sultry hase perceptible, portending a hot day. The girls decided upon taking a stroll to the village, distant about a mile, and by going early they would avoid the intense heat of noonday. "We will ask Aunt Mary to prepare us

a late dinner, after which we will pro-ceed directly to the haunted house, be-fore it becomes too dark. I propose to take the chessmen and board along, and keep myself awake; who will be my opposite?" inquired Amy.

Rathie remained an impassive, com-pulsory listener to their banter, and as pulsory listener to their banter, and as oon as it was expedient, she with irew

quietly from the room.
"But I will not be foolish," she said alond. "He's dead—or false, and I had

he is living, why hasn't be come?" carth. Rathie shivered with With these words, uttered half aloud, dread of she knew not what. she turned fiercely around, pushing With the last stroke, that sounded like down upon her finger the plain gold ring a death-knell, she sprang to a sitting she had been slipping back and forth the while she had spoken.

Every one had noticed Bathie's only ornament, this plain gold ring, and had wondered accordingly, but supposed naturally enough, that it was the engagement ring, given ten years ago, when plighted love was exchanged, patience overtaxed, impatient for the consummation of their happiness.

If Bathie had remained single through life's best morning, had refused excellent blotted page, no one could possibly know by any outward sign, word or look. Her disposition had gained a much stronger nourbity, some said; a degree more of icy hauteur as time passed; a greater disbelief in the loyality and truth of man.

The only living creature that could awaken any interest, or relax the stereo-typed coldness of feature, was Nina, the child love of this marble Psyche.

The dinner ball sounding put to flight the melancholy meditations flathic had been harboring. She arose listlessly, moving across the room. Without see ing the face, you would call the figure perfect in its symmetry, transcendant in her woman's's leveliness.

CHAPTER III.

At dinner, the girls were merry and light-hearted, apparently; yet the hearts of one or two were quaking in an agonof fear that it would not do to show, lest they should be laughed at as cowards. Just as the night shades were guthe

ing, and the last rays of the light of day had disappeared, leaving in the fa western horizon a streak of fiery red three girls moved hurriedly along the road—the highway road that led to the distant village: They were conversing in half audible whispers, of the strange freak they were about to engage in.

Arriving at the entrance gate, the least timid of the trio (which happened to be May) pushed forward and boldly inserted the key in the rnsty lock. With a vigorous yeas she succeeded in forcing open the ponderous gate, that grated harshly upon its unused, rust-enten

Come, girls, we must get that place lighted up before it becomes much darker, for we would not even enter it, as bour from now, in the darkness."

May was the first, also, to reach and forcibly open the hall door, that looked so solemn in the dim twilight. When she had succeeded turning the key in the lock, and opening the door with a vigorous push, the choking gust of dry air that met her, fairly staggered and bewildered her, while the girls, standing behind, were all too frightened to move, believing she had already seen some thing supernatural, but, recovering herself, she opened the right hand door that led into the spacious library.

The young ladies were prepared for mournful dreariness, but were agreeably surprised to find the room furnished, believing that the owner had taken away or disposed of everything. They all went to work willingly. One built a fire in a grate, a fire that gave a fitful, feeble blaze at first, but succeeding in that, copcluded to ascend higher.

In a half hour's time it produced a genus warmth, delightful for comp ship, although it was the middle of July, Florence brushed the dust from two easy chairs, a sofe and table, placing upon the table a cold luncheen. May selected a novel, and, drawing a low one man to the fire seated herself upon it.

It was, perhaps, about ten o'clock when Florence detected a sound from without the hall door, a sound that resembled a knock; then they heard the door open, and a sound of footfalls upon the oaken floor. May roused herself at this, and threw down her book to look inquiringly at the awe-stricken faces of Florence and Amy. But the steps had ceased, and a draught of air made them turn their faces toward the door.

It was open, and standing in the opening, with pale face and wild open eyes, was Rathie. The girls could not recover for the moment, believing her a spectre; and she was not unlike one-this black draped figure standing in the black shadow of the open doorway.

Rathie was the first one to break the hushed stillness.

"Don't be idiotic, girls! You look as though you were afraid that I was going to eat you! I could not rest at home, knowing you were here here in this rat haunted place, so I came to see if you were ready to go back again."

"I, for one, am very comfortable here, and will not go until after midnight, anyway," answered May, thinking regretfully of her cosy nook by the fire-

"We might as well stay, I suppose but what a fright you did give us! I can hear my heart beat yet," said Florence, nervously.

"Very well; the majority carries the day; I will content myself by lying down upon this couch until your leaderships conclude you have had enough of this romancing

So saying, Rathie threw herself down upon the sofa, and stared dreamily into the fire. What a tumult was raised in her heart by the coming again to this bouse after so many years. The last time she was in this room it was with him, to receive the blessing of his father upon their engagement. The room seemed like part of a half-remembered

Rathie wondered secretly if Leonard's room had remained the same through all these unchanging years. Once she saw that room, and his mother had shown it to her then a dear, matronly, loving woman a being that Rathie had always worshiped because of her kindness to the motherless girl.

Amy and Florence had both grown tired of chess and had left it, the ivory men standing about in their last complicated move. Florence had lain down upon the hearth-rug and was half asleep. Amy sat tottering in the chair, her bead nodding back and forth in a ludi-crous manner, while Rathie and May were the only ones alert to the quiet

noises of nature. Somewhere they heard the far-distant barking of a dog, and distinctly and clearly there sounded upon the still night air the solemn strokes of the village town clock, distant a mile. Mid-night. What an awful stillness, concen-History of Civilization."

rather know him dead than that. But if trated in its force, seemed to hold the earth. Bathie shivered with undefinable

With the last stroke, that sounded like posture. Surely that was something human-there vero no wild beasts that would some y near to a habitation even though it be descried, centered as this was between two villages. What could

Plorence glided up closely to Rathie but Ratine moved forward, standing in when both hearts were feverish with the middle of the floor, an awe-stricken expectancy upon her face painful in its intensity. The others stood closely to-gether, their arms thrown tightly round each other, looking veritably like three offers of marriage because of this one graces, save for the faces, that wore each a different expression of fear. Whoever or whatever had taken this unseemly bour for visiting a deserted heritage; it seems to take a considerable time in making up its mind to enter.

But now it moved amin, in steady, measured steps, firm and reliant, and, as they neared the door, the girl felt like screaming, but could not. They were relieved, however, for the footfalls passed the library door, and seemed to be going to another part of the building. There was a pause, presently, and they seemed to be retraining the way. Ah, yes, then they came, each one sounding clearer, more distinct, and nearer, and at like to a statue in her erectness.

At last, slowly and noislessly, the door suilt, muscular, with a face of browned. bearded beauty enhanced by the deep set ghost this but a fiesh and blood mortal. The girls recovered themselves suffi-

ciently to be interested, but Rathieshe turned to stone in very truth. A deadly pallor had overspread her face. And this man, the cause of this emotion. looked only and solely at her. All at once he extended his arms.

know me?" Rathie, with a low ery, ayrang forward to kide her head upon the broad breast of this her life's best treasure.

Wiser she could raise her rosy face abe answered "Oh, Leonard, why did you not come

before? You knew of your exculpation?" "No, darling, not until a week ago, and hastened there to see my mother and father first, that I might go with him, and so the boy got away. my wife"

"But we forget the girls, Leonard; they do not donit you; I doubt if they have ever heard of you even. Amy, May, Florence, allow me to introduce to you my lineband, Leonard Glover," joyfully announced Rathie. "But you surely don't mean it,

Rathier" said Piorence, incredulously. "Yes, I do. We were married ton sears ago this evening, at Somorville, where I went to spend the summer. one knew of it but my two sunts and the minister, all of them dead nos." "Wonders will nover oease," cried

May, "I knew of the engagement, but never dreamed of marriage. I propose that we cat that luncheon, now that we have solved the ghost problem. When they walked home in the early

Nina was her child and his. She was happy at last, with the protecting arm of her husband about her, the mother, acknowledged, of a beautiful child. Content and joy overbalanced years of regret.

Bower and No Bower.

After the Franco-Prussian war, a law was passed in France forbidding any offioer in the army to marry a woman unless she had a dot, or dower, which was to be settled upon her and her children, and which would yield an income of at least \$250 per aunum. The law also rules that she must be comme il faut, that is, of respectable birth and virtuous conduct. This law was suggested by the large number of officers wives, widowed in the war, and left without either money or education to provide for their chil-

Americans condemn, justly, the mercenary marriages common in France, and a universal rule that a girl is unmarriageable without a dot. The poorest peasunt's daughter knows that she must have her little sum laid by, before she can wed, and her plenishing of bed-ding, linen, etc., with which to begin her humble housekeeping.

Marriage, says the American sh a man neworthy of a good woman's love who is not willing to take her for herself alone, without a penny of dower.

This is very generous and magnani-mons for the husband, but is it the best way for the girl, or the girl's father to ook at the matter? The French father, knowing that his daughter's dower must be furnished, as well as money for his son's start in life, is forced to practice

and teach his children thrift. There is no nation as habitually eco nomical as the French. The French girl's dot is largely the result of her own saving, and the habits and prudence thus taught her are a solid capital, better than money, with which to begin

married life. Very much the same custom was observed by your forefathers. Seventy years ago, no girl was considered ready for marriage who had not an "outfit" shests of table and bed linen, and underelothing, sewed and often spun and

woven by her own hand. How is it with ns now? Our girls, as given to them that money, or anything tore gross than love, is necessary for married life. Their doting parents accustom them to luxurious or idle habits, to elegant dress, to dainty fare; furnish them with an expensive trousseau, and, as they live to the full extent of their incomes, have not a penny of dower to give them, to insure them or their chiliren against misfortune.

There is certainly much to be said on the French side of this question.-Youth's Companion.

Arnold Ruge is dead. He was leader of the German Hegelians, but after the defeat of the revolutionary movement of 1848 was forced to take refuge in England, where he lived nutil his death. Among the English books translated by him was Buckle's "Introduction to the

The Prodigal Son.

Last Sunday afternoon the Superintendent of a Sunday school out in the and as I was suffering from a sore throat, Black Hills happened to be visiting some friends in Brooklyn, and, on invitation, attended the school services of for several winters past, when at home, one of our popular Methodist churches. kept his throat wrapped up all the sime, clined at first, but finally consented. This winter he goes to the other extreme Invited to ad and to illustrate the welcome of the and no difference how long a drive or sinner to repentance, related the follow- walk he takes in the cold and gives his

Egypt, which was well fixed for kids. neck, and that wasn't a dip nor spur upon entering the bound. When a between drinks, surpassing himself in that he wasn't onto, and you bet he had school girl I suffered greatly from sore thetoric and confounding the House. At his squar dose o' sheers in every pay- throat. I overcame the troublesome 4 o'clock he was mandlin. He offered dirt claim on the divide. He was a disease by bathing my throat every amendments, made speeches, made points good old man, straight as a rifle bar'l, morning with cold water; at least, I of order, withdrew amendments, made and without knot, rot or woodpecker long time he'd been a full owner o' an cure. When Mrs. Bushyhand told us cule. He moved down to the foot of the eighty-stamp mill, and travelers in them | how she blistered baby Ethel's tender parts seen the smoke rising from his chimquartz was grinding and the dust was children. Except in severe cases the good. That warn't no funny business throat should not be blistered. ney pretty stendy, and they knowed about the old man. He knowed prime If Mrs. B. had cut a very thin wash from sait by the color, and it warn't slice of that breakfast bacon long afore the boys quit stealing his spoke of, dusted it well with black pepmules and set right down to the levels last they passed immediately in front of and picked for trade. They knowed he'd the closed door. The excitement was at straddle any blind, but he dealt fair, and without the misery of a blister. a fever heat, with breath suspended the they respected him. Well, children, the knot of girls clung to each other. Ratine old man banked a heap o' quartz. He alone stood firm, not a muscle moving, had a big ranche, and the sheep on was antelope, and prairie chickens, and mustard, mixed with the white of an ple. On the floor of Congress, as in opened, and there stood a man, well juck rabbits, and black-tail deer, till you conidn't rest. And that was lots of wheat and a big shack built o' logs, with gray eyes piercing in their gaze. No a purior in one end. Now, I tell you, that that old man was fixed up to the tran, and don't you forget nothing. But one o' his sons was kind o' restless. He wanted for to prospect for himself. The old man give him the racket straight ing an upper pane of glass from one of while the member from Mississippi vas from the hip; told him not to make a the windows and filling the place in the midst of a maudlin speech, that doggone fool of himself. Stay where he with a sheet of perforated tin, perfor- he was finally squelched. Then he stag-Thar was more money in a stamp-With. Oh, Rathie, my durling you do not mill than that was in mines and advised the kid to locute right thar. Why, children, that that old man knew from the by a window open a couple of inches. in calling the roll. The stern from fast sour that the short didn't have no You will find the following recipe for a show, even for tailings, and what's tail-"My wife! Have I found you at last ?" ings, even if he played to win, to a squar divide on the regular wash.

"But the kid wanted long grass, and so the old man started him and gave him his blessing, and told him for to always deal level with the table, and never let a man get his albow behind his kidney on their blessings to yeu, my best beloved, straight to his hair. All the dust he wanted. Best advice he ever got. What do you think he did? He went broke. I never knew whether he got into a game what they played straights, or whether deal, but he went clear to the bottom o' his sock, and struck bedrock. Clean up, dead gone. The yield didn't pan a cent to the ton. Guich dried up. Dips crossed his angles. Blind leads fetched the only vein be had, except one, but that he didn't know of. He was digging for yellow in black rock and couldn't see the glory that was only waiting for him to assay and coin. Yes, you bet! That, impressions gathered during a twelve thet poor boy, without money enough to buy a box o' matches, was driving where thar wasn't even pyrates, while all the sky was pouring out the best color ever of her younger friends-I might almost panned, and he couldn't get on to it, add, of her acquaintances-failed to feel morning, Rathie told her husband that Well, that was only one thing to do. in her presence that they were for the Prospecting was no use. So he went down on a ranch and told the ranchmen h'd keep the coyotes off the pigs. You know what an ornery derned thing a pig is. You've got to kill him and smoke him and throw him away and forget him before you can eat him, and thet thar young man hived right down with them pigs and drawed when it was his turn. and if he got a fair hand of shucks he

was goose on his luck. "Bimeby the racket got too still for him, and he kicked. He made up his mind that he would go back to the mill and strike the old man for another stake, Did the old go back on him? Well, not for coin. Did he say he wasn't hiring new hands, but the kid might git onto work at Hamilton' Hollow? I reckon not. Says he, 'Put it here, pard,' and he just fell clean over him. That's style. That's trade from the origin. Thet ain't all. Thet thar old man fetched out a buckskin trowsers, and an antelope shirt, and some buffalo boots and a camp hat, and drawed the young feller right in. How's that? Gitting you now, am I? Begin to hook onto my racket? Know how the old man was? Yes, you bet your life. and He's waiting for you to pass out on a bobtail and for you to come to Him se wholly a matter of feeling. He holds and be fitted out and started in the stamp mill again like you never hopped the ti-ra-lu and hooked out from under the family umbrella. Let up and be saved. For I tell you, children, the lower level gets awful hot sometimes, and if you can do placer work with the sky right around you, keep away from the tunnel business, for thar's no drawing after the

> "I'd like to have you sing a hymn for me that we sing in our Sunday School, Baby Mine; do you know it? And to the astonishment of the local Superintendent they did know it, and he couldn't stop it .- Brooklyn Eagle.

WATCHMARING IN FRANCE.—Besancon almost monopolizes the watchmaking of France, all but 2488 of the 447,798 watches manufactured last year coming from that town. Of the Besancon watches, 149,907 were gold and 202,403 silver, the whole being valued at over \$4,000,000. half of which represents labor. Nearly all these watches are sold in France. The foundation of the watch trade at rule, grow up like flowers. No hint is Besancon dates from the close of the last century, when a number of workmen from the Swiss side of the frontier, persecuted for their political opinions, took refuge there and were induced to remain. Since then this industry has continued to prosper; but it was not until after the conclusion of the treaty of commerce in 1860 that the business assumed anything like its present proportions. There is a school for teaching watchmaking at Besancon, but though liberally endowed by the municipality, it is said not to be well

> At a restaurant Gentleman to waiter passing-"Will you kindly tell me the hour?" "Excuse me, I am not waiting upon you; please ask the waiter of your section," he replies, and seeing the same, says: "Tell this gentleman, John, what

Sore Throats and Their Remedy.

The Deacon called a few evenings ago the conversation naturally turned for a few moments on sore throats. said he was subject to sore throat, and dress the children, he de- as a consequence making it very tender. and no difference how long a drive or ness it is another thing. This was the walk he takes in the cold and gives his condition and attitude of Mr. Hooker, of throat no protection, other than whiskers "I reckon most o' you young ones and coat collar offer. I think it best to on the indian bill. He felt well enough have hearn about that old felier in protect the throat with a wrap of some at 1 o'clock to manage the bill himself. kind when out in cold, windy weather. At 2 he was flowery and persistent. At 3 old man was beeled clear to his but it should be removed immediately he occupied the floor most all the time have seldom been troubled with sore speeches, called for divisions, and was throat since I adopted the cold water wholly beyond expostulation and ridilittle throat, the spirit moved me mightily to protest against it as cruelty to she per and applied it to the baby's throat, she would have had the beneficial results point, and was wholly unmanageable. The pepper acts as an irritant, while the on draws and at the same time prevents a blister. For grown persons a strong poultice can be made of ground in the streets is sickening to most peoegg; it will not blister.

close sleeping-room. Bedrooms should members, and in a scarcely suppressed be well ventilated, and as farm-houses hiss from the galleries. The hilarity and houses in villages are seldom built on the floor soon gave way to a pain with ventilators, we must remedy the de- ful silence, and various ruses were then fect in the best way we can. I had fully adopted to choke Hooker off. It was intended to ventilate my room by remov- not until the committee rose, as it did ated like the tin doors of a kitchen safe. gered back to his place, and thence en-The early cold weather caught me un- tertained his audience with occasional awares, so I ventilate my room at present gargie for sore throat good; we have him. It was the more humiliating and used it these twenty years. If you find disgraceful because the subject of all it stronger than you can bear, add a this is one of the most courteous and little water, but use it full strength if

Gargle-One half pint vinegar; one teaspoonful salt; one pod cayenne pepper, or half pod large pepper; one or two dozen sage leaves; a lump of alum the size of a small hazel nut, and anentire day. Owing to this obstruction they failed to reach the Funding bill, other of the same size of borax; simmer slowly an hour, strain, and when cool, use as a gargle, or as our colored genius of odd jobs expresses it, "Take a mouf some fellow held over him on a squar full, den look up to de sky, den ki! ki! Times. DOLLY VARDEN. yah! yah!"

George Ellot the Woman.

Before the grave closes over the remains of George Eliot, I may perhaps be permitted to add to the notice of her which has already appeared in the Daily News, a few personal recollections and year's friendship which only closed with her death. In the first place, I am absolutely convinced of this, that no one time, at all events, raised into a higher moral level, and that none ever left her without feeling inspired with a stronger sense of duty and positively under the obligation of striving to live up to a higher standard of life. George Eliot's personality was fully as great and as remarkable as her books. In every line of her face there was power, and about the jaw and mouth a prodigious massiveness which might well have inspired awe, had it not been tempered by the most gracious smile which ever lighted up human features, and was ever ready to convert what otherwise might have

been terror into fascination. Whatever George Eliot's religious opinions may have been-and it may, perhaps, surprise those who know her ntimately to learn that the "De imitatione Christi" was one of her favorite books, found by the writer lying on her table by her empty chair after her death she possessed a marvelous degree of the divine gift of charity, and of attracting moral outcasts to herself, whose devils she east out, if I may be permitted the expression, by shutting her eves to their existence. In her presence you felt wrapped around by an all-embracing atmosphere of sympathy and readiness to make the least of all of your shortcomings, and the most of any good which might be in you. But great as was her personality, she shrank with horror from intruding upon you, and in general society her exquisitely melodious voice was unhappily at the outside circle, too seldom raised beyond the pitch of something not much above a whisper. Of the rich vein of humor which runs through George Eliot's works, there was comparatively little trace in her conversation, which seldom descended from the grave to the gay. But although she rarely indulged in conversational levity herself. she was most tolerant of it, and even encouraged its ebullition in others, joining heartily in any mirth which might be going on. George Eliot's sensibility on the subject of her own works was so exquisite that she would not tolerate the faintest allusion to them in general society. An extraordinary delicacy pervaded her whole being. She seemed to live upon air, and the rest of her body was as light and fragile as her countenance and intellect were massive.

A Maine Amazon.-The champion woman farmer of Maine, so far as heard from, is a woman at Minot Center, who has herself cut and yarded ten cords of sled-length wood this winter! She is a stout, strong Scotch woman, about thirty-five years of age, with a hand like a New York Alderman's. Her husband is living, but past hard work, as he is more than seventy years old. She car-ries on successfully a large farm, doing almost all the work herself. She comes to market in Lewiston often, and is shrewd at a bargain. She allows the old gentleman to lead a slippered life, while she lets her own broad shoulders bear all the burden and enjoys it .-Lewiston (Me) Journal.

Women are the funniest when they say nothing; but women are so seldom

A Disgraceful Scene in Congress. Mr. Hooker, (Dem. of Mis.,) is a finent

and graceful speaker, drunk or soler. Recently Mr. Hooker was drunk. The

right to get drunk is an inalienable

right guaranteed by the Constitution to every American citizen, and not forfeited because of being elected to Congress. When a member gets intoxicated and interferes with the despatch of public busi-Mississippi, recently during the debate main aisle and divided the time between stepping on Mr. Crittendon's toes and giving elaborate instructions to the Chair. one after another, and persuaded him to withdraw. Hooker was unconscious of the disgusting spectacle he was making. He insisted on being heard on every For a while members were amused. Then they gathered around him, like heedless boys about a drunken man in the streets, and laughed. Such a sight this instance, it was doubly disgusting. One prolific source of sore throat is a This was soon evident on the faces of whoops and attempts to assist the clerk accomplished gentlemen on the floor. Even while making this painful exhibition of himself his language was chaste, his manner graceful and his bearing ludicrously courteous. The House born with him patiently, although he was the cause of extending the proceedings the

Rattlesnake Straight.

as was expected to be done that day .-

[Washington dispatch to Philadelphia

The day was hot, and lying under a cedar tree, where the grateful coolness of the breeze gave a zest to my enjoyment of that blessing to a prospector, a brule gule (short pipe), I looked down and abroad on a landscape which, under the lambent atmosphere of Arizona, appeared exceedingly beautiful—not the beauty of cultivation and art, for as far as the eye could reach (over a hundred miles) there was no sign of man's presence. To the right stood our green wooded Pinals, with their snowy tops, which make such a refreshment to the eye when we look up from the warmth below, and against the eastern horizon towered up Mount Turnbull, with its white peak, and the lofty neighboring ranges as a background for the long sloping valley between. Then further to the north was plainly visible the Gila range with its lofty plateau, level, bare and square, like an artificial work. The scene to the left, shut in by the Apache mountains, rocky and barren, added another bold feature to the view. My musing on the ages of change that it must have taken to mold the scene to its present aspect were broken in upon by a large rattlesnake gliding out on a bare rock within fifty feet of the point where I was sitting. He seemed to search round like a dog for a place to suit his snakeship, and then stretched himself out to enjoy the warmth. I was thinking if it was worth while to heave a rock at the monster, when a shadow swept down and a hawk nearly caught him napping, but not quite. The snake sprung his rattle and coiled himself ready for attack, while the hawk hovered round making a dash, now on the right and now on the left. It was quite an interesting skirmish, but at last the snake made a spring and apparently failed to strike, and before he could recoil himself the hawk seized him with both talons close behind the head. In fact, he had him on the neck, and swept into the air, while the snake struggled and twisted, away up into the blue in wide circling sweeps, until the struggling reptile hung hmp and lifeless, when the hawk came down to the earth again, and alighting on a neighboring tree, made a meal on the snake. - Arizona Globe-Chronicle.

Triplet Maxims.

Three things to do-think, live and Three things to govern-your temper,

tongue and conduct. Three things to cherish-virtue, goodness and wisdom. Three things to contend for-honor,

country and friends.

Three things to love-courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to hate-cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to teach-truth, industry and contentment. Three things to admire-intellect, dig-

nity and gracefulness. Three things to like-cordiality, goodness and cheerfulness.

Three things to delight in-beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to avoid-idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to wish for-health, friends and a contented spirit. Three things to cultivate-good books, good friends and good humor.

For a Sprain.-The white of an egg. into which a piece of alum about the size of a walnut has been stewed until it forms a jelly, is a fine remedy for sprains. It should be laid over the sprain on a piece of lint and changed as often as it