

LOVE'S COMPENSATION.

He came to the tower of her loves,
Tramping his sweet guitar.
He called her in his snow-white dove,
His lily, his fair, his bright star.

He sang that his love was beyond compare—
His voice was sweet as his song—
He said she was pure and gentle and fair,
And I thought he wasn't far wrong.

Why he sang and played till the moon was high,
And sweet was the love-born strain;
Till the night caught up the tremulous sigh
And echoed each sweet refrain.

He told her he loved her, o'er and o'er,
With passion in every word,
In songs that I never heard before,
And sweeter ones never were heard.

And I—was I jealous? Well, scarcely; no;
I was ever glad to hear his lay,
I ever echoed him—soft and low,
When he sang what I wanted to say.

For while he stood 'neath the window all
Singing my darling's charms,
I sat in the parlor, dark and still,
With the girl that he sang in my arms.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

In spite of the high opinion which we entertain of feminine courage in general, we must be permitted to doubt whether you all, ladies, feel yourselves capable of imitating on a similar occasion the heroine of the following little story, which we can recommend to your attention as entirely true:

Madame Aubrey occupied with her husband a large old house, in the village of D— This house stood entirely alone, at the foot of an immense garden, far from neighbors, and had no other occupant than Monsieur and Madame Aubrey, their son, an infant of twelve months, and a domestic, recently admitted into their service.

One evening in the month of November Madame Aubrey was awaiting with some anxiety the return of her husband, who had been gone since morning to a town distant a few miles from D— His business was to collect a debt, and he expected to bring home a large sum of money, and his wife now remembered, with a feeling of uneasiness, that she had seen him arm himself with a pair of pistols. It was about six o'clock, and Madame Aubrey went to her chamber accompanied by the domestic, with the intention of putting her little boy to bed. This apartment, large and high, was situated on the second floor, looking into the garden. The oaken wood-work, turned almost black with age, the old-fashioned furniture of grotesque form and gloomy color, and some family portraits in ancient dress and severe countenances, gave to the room somewhat of a forbidding aspect. A deep alcove beside which was placed the cradle of the infant, occupied nearly all the side of the room opposite to the fireplace. The curtains were drawn across the front, but one corner having caught upon some article near, was raised sufficiently to show the foot of the bedstead, made of the same dark wood with the rest of the furniture, and carved in the curious figures and grotesque lines in which the artisans of an hundred years back were wont to indulge.

The night was a true November night—black and gloomy, with torrents of rain, which beat continually upon the windows. The trees of the garden, bent by the force of the wind, from time to time drew the finger like ends of their branches across the glass, making a fantastic and melancholy concert, in which mingled no human voice—no sound which promised human aid, should the want be ever so urgent.

Madame Aubrey sat upon a low chair in the corner of the fire place holding upon her knees the little boy whom she was undressing, while the servant at the other end of the room executed certain orders of her mistress. A blazing wood fire, aided by a lamp upon the mantle shelf, threw a strong light upon some objects, left others in intense shadow, and upon others again cast a wayward and fitful gleam, which caused them to assume grotesque and unreal forms. The baby had ceased his laughing play and had closed his drowsy eyes. The mother threw her eyes toward the cradle to assure herself that all was prepared; at this moment the fire blazed up suddenly and threw a strong light upon the corner of the bed exposed by the lifted curtain. As Madame Aubrey looked, she almost fell from her chair; under the bed, close to the cradle in which she had been about to deposit her sleeping child, she now beheld two great feet shod in coarse brogans. In an instant the sense of her situation flashed across the mind of the young woman as if shown by a flash of lightning. This hidden man no doubt was a thief, perhaps an assassin. She was alone, without help present or soon to be expected, for her husband was not to return until eight or nine o'clock, and it was now but little past six. What should she do? How should she defend herself?

Madame Aubrey had uttered no cry—she had not even moved, but she feared that the servant, making the same discovery, might not show the same prudence. The thief probably intended to remain in his present position until the middle of the night, then to issue forth and possess himself of the sum brought home by Monsieur Aubrey. But if prematurely discovered, and having no opponents but two women, he would probably make his escape, first securing their silence by their death. Then who knows but the servant herself was an accomplice—suspicious circumstances, hitherto disregarded, returned with renewed violence to the mind of Madame Aubrey. All these thoughts passed through the mind of the young mother in less time than I have occupied in the telling. Before many minutes had elapsed her calmness had entirely returned, and she had decided upon her part in the terrible drama. But she must get rid of the servant.

"You know," said she, without the least faltering of her voice, "you know the dishes which my husband prefers, and I think he will be well pleased to find a good supper ready against his return. I had forgotten to tell you about it before, but go now and begin your preparations and bestow attention upon it."

"But," answered the servant, "shall you not want me here, as usual?"

"No, I can do everything myself. Monsieur would be displeased, I am sure, if after his long ride in such weather he should not find a good supper upon his return."

"I did not think you had been so brave," said her husband, embracing her.

But in spite of her bravery, the events of that night brought on a nervous fever, from which our little heroine did not recover for some weeks.

The Japanese telegraph system, established ten years ago, has now 3929 miles of line and 9345 miles of wire. Twenty words are sent sixty miles for less than two cents. Last year the number of messages transmitted was 1,372,755. There are 348 Morse instruments in use, 26 single needle-books, and 29 Bell telephones.

There is something radically wrong about our professions when a pious minister only gets forty cents for joining a couple, and a wicked lawyer receives forty dollars for untying the same.—*Quakers Statesman*.

THE SPOOPYDYKE BABY.

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Spoonedyke, with a grin that involved his whole head and an effort at two feet tread that shook the whole house. "And so its a girl my dear?"

Mrs. Spoonedyke smiled faintly, and Mr. Spoonedyke picked up his hairbrush, "It is the image of you," she said, regarding with some trepidation Mr. Spoonedyke's method of handling the infant.

"I don't see how you make that out," said Mr. Spoonedyke gravely. "I don't know when my nose looked like the thumb part of a lobster claw. Do I understand you that my eyes bear any resemblance to the head of a screw?"

"I mean the general features," murmured Mrs. Spoonedyke.

"The general features seem to be all mouth," retorted Mr. Spoonedyke, examining his acquisition. "If our general features are at all alike, my visage must remind you of an earthquake. Hi! kitchee! kitchee! What makes her fold up her legs like that?"

"She can't help it," reasoned Mrs. Spoonedyke, "they'll straighten out in time."

"No time like the present," quoted Mr. Spoonedyke, and he took his daughter's feet and commenced pulling her limbs. "I don't want any bandy-legged child in this family while I'm at the head of it."

Naturally the baby began to cry, and Mr. Spoonedyke essayed to soothe it.

"Hi! kitchee! kitchee! kitch-ee-ee!" he chirruped. "Great Scott, what a cavern! Any idea what this mouth weighs? Hi! kitchee! kitch-ee! You'll have to get that mouth rooted in before the cold weather. What's the matter with her, anyway?"

"Perhaps you hurt her. Let me take her, please," pleaded helpless Mrs. Spoonedyke.

"She's doing well enough. Hi! you! Hold up! Haven't you anything to catch this mouth in? Its spilling all over the neighborhood. Hi! Topsy, Genevieve, Cleopatra, dry up. I'm going to have trouble breaking this young one's temper, I can see that. Here! bend the other way once!" and Mr. Spoonedyke tried to straighten his offspring without avail.

"Let her come to me; do, please," moaned Mrs. Spoonedyke; and Mr. Spoonedyke was forced to hand her over.

"Well, that's quite a baby," said he, nursing his knee and eyeing the infant. "What're those bumps over its eyes for? What preponderance of intelligence do they represent?"

"You mustn't talk so," remonstrated Mrs. Spoonedyke. "She's the handsomest child you ever saw."

"Well, she's got to stop biting her nails before she goes any further with this procession. Here, take your hands out of your mouth, can't you? Why don't you put her hands down?"

"Why, all babies do that," explained Mrs. Spoonedyke. "You can't stop that."

"I'm going to try," said Mr. Spoonedyke, "and I don't want to be interfered with in bringing this child up. Here, you, Maud S. Bonsetter, put your hands in your pockets. Don't let me see any more nail-chewing, or you and I'll get mixed up in an argument. She gets that from your family, Mrs. Spoonedyke."

"Say, dear, don't you want to go and order some things?" asked Mrs. Spoonedyke.

"No," rejoined her husband. "I want to see this youngster. Where's her chin? Do babies always have their upper jaw set right on their shoulders? Kitchee! kitchee! Her scalp comes clear to the bridge of her nose. I don't believe she's quite right. Where's her forehead? Great Moses! Her head is all on the back part. Say, that baby's got to be pressed. That's no shape."

"Get away," exclaimed Mrs. Spoonedyke, indignantly. "She's a perfect angel. There's nothing in the world the matter with her."

"Of course you know," growled Mr. Spoonedyke. "You don't want anything more than a fog-horn and a mispent appropriation to be an orphan asylum. If I had your faith, and the colic, I'd make a living as a foundlings' home. She'll be old enough to spank in a week, won't she?"

"No, she won't," said Mrs. Spoonedyke. "She'll never be old enough for that."

"I'll bet she will," grunted Mr. Spoonedyke. "If she isn't, she'll get it before she matures up to that period. That's all. Let me take her. Here, let's have her."

But Mrs. Spoonedyke flatly refused. "Keep your dod-gasted baby, then!" roared Mr. Spoonedyke. "If you know more about babies than I do, then keep her. They way you coddle her one would think she was a new paste for the complexion. If you had one more brain and a handle, you'd make a fair rattlesnake. Fit you up with a broken sofa and a grass spot, and you'd do for a second-hand nursery."

And Mr. Spoonedyke started off to find his friend Specklewinkle, who congratulated him, and started off with him to assist in the selection of an overcoat and a pair of ear-muffs as precautionary against the approaching winter.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Mrs. Florence, the actress, says that she talked with the Princess of Wales in the box of a London theater, and found her charming in manners and person. Her voice is soft and extremely musical, and a slight German accent makes her speech all the more pleasing. Mrs. Florence pronounces Lady Lansdale and Lady Mandeville among the first of English beauties, and says of Mrs. Langtry: "She is not strictly beautiful. She has a fair skin, and large, round, dark eyes, which she uses very expressively, and with all the art of a professional actress, in conversation. The natural color of her hair is chestnut, but she is often seen with very light or reddish frizzes as with those of the color bestowed by nature. These artificial adjuncts enhance the effect of her really fine eyes."

The Longevity of the Ancients.

Can man reach and pass the age of a hundred years is a question concerning which physiologists have different opinions. Buffon was the first one in France to raise the question of the extreme limit of human life. In his opinion, man, becoming adult at sixteen, ought to live to six times that age, or to ninety-six years. Having been called upon to account for the phenomenal ages attributed by the Bible to the patriarchs, he risked the following as an explanation: "Before the flood, the earth was less solid, less compact, than it is now. The law of gravitation had acted for only a little time; the productions of the globe had less consistency, and the body of man, being more supple, was more susceptible of extension. Being able to grow for a longer time, it should, in consequence, live for a longer time than now."

The German Heuser has suggested on the same point that the ancients did not divide time as we do. Previous to the age of Abraham, the year, among some people of the East, was three months, or a season; so that they had a year of spring, one of summer, one of fall, and one of winter. The year was extended so as to consist of eight months after Abraham, and of twelve months after Joseph. Voltaire rejected the longevity assigned to the patriarchs of the Bible, but accepted without question the stories of the great ages attained by some men in India, where, he says, "it is not rare to see old men of one hundred and twenty years."

The eminent French physiologist, Flourens, fixing the complete development of man at twenty years, teaches that he should live five times as long as it takes him to become an adult. According to this author, the moment of a completed development may be recognized by the fact of the junction of the bones with their apophyses. This junction takes place in horses at five years, and the horse does not live beyond twenty-five years; with the ox at four years, it does not live over twenty years; with the cat at eighteen months, and that animal lives over ten years. With man, it is effected at twenty years, and he only exceptionally lives beyond one hundred years. The same physiologist admits, however, that human life may be exceptionally prolonged under certain conditions of comfort, sobriety, freedom from care, regularity of habits, and observance of the rules of hygiene; and he terminates his interesting study of the last point ("De la Longevite humane") with the aphorism, "Man kills himself rather than dies."—*M. De Solville, in Popular Science Monthly for November*.

Militancy as a Cause of Crime.

With decrease of the aggressiveness shown in acts of violence and consequent acts of retaliation has gone decrease of the aggressiveness shown in criminal acts at large. That this change has been a concomitant of the change from a non-militant to a more industrial state, cannot be doubted by one who studies the history of crime in England. Says Mr. Pike in his work on that subject: "The close connection between the military spirit and those actions which are now legally defined to be crimes has been pointed out, again and again, in the course of this history. If we compare a past age in which the effects of hostile activities had been less qualified by the effects of peaceful activities than they have been in our own age, we see a marked contrast in respect of the numbers and kinds of offenses against person and property. We have no longer any English buccanniers; wreckers have ceased to be heard of and travelers do not now prepare themselves to meet highwaymen. Moreover, that flagitiousness of the governing agencies themselves, which was shown by the venality of ministers and members of Parliament, and by the corrupt administration of justice has disappeared. With decreasing amount of crime has come increasing reputation of crime. Biographies of pirate captains, suffused with admiration of their courage, no longer find a place in literature; and the sneaking kindness or 'gentleness of the road' is, in our day, but rarely displayed. Many are the transgressions which our journals report, they have greatly diminished; and though in trading transactions there is much dishonesty (chiefly of the indirect sort), it needs but to read De Foë's 'English Traders' to see how marked has been the improvement since his time. We must not forget that the change of character which has brought a decrease of unjust actions has brought an increase of beneficent actions, as seen in paying of slave emancipation, in nursing the wounded soldiers of our fighting neighbors, in philanthropic efforts of countless kinds."—*[Popular Science Month.*

The Brigands of Macedonia.

A writer in the Cornhill Magazine relates these incidents: "On one occasion the chief of a band succeeded in capturing a young Armenian whom he suspected of having given information to the authorities as to the whereabouts of his band; whereupon he sent a message to his mother, who lives in a village near, telling her that if she wished to see her son alive she must come at once to a certain spot. Bring to disobey, the poor woman hurried to the place named, where she met her brigand chief, who immediately said 'I have sent you to show you the way I treat traitors,' and drawing his ataghan, he cut the wretched man into four quarters before his other's eyes, adding, as he wiped the blood off his weapon, 'Ne I am going to the top of that hill. Bore sunset you will tell the inhabitants of your village that they are to come to it and see what I have done; shon' you not obey—and mind I shall be coming—I shall come and burn the village.' Of course, there was no choice but to carry out orders, and see the effects of which I was also a witness, was that of a villager in the town of Teronda, who, when the village was attacked by brigands, gave up all his property but a small silver cross which he stoutly refused to part with. Whereupon he was stripped, riddled with petroleum oil, and then a match applied. It so happened that it did not prove fatal, but the state of agony the poor man some days afterward was something piteous to see."

Looking-Glass Superstitions.

Most readers are no doubt acquainted with Bonaparte's superstitions regarding the breaking of a looking-glass. During one of his campaigns in Italy he broke the glass over Josephine's portrait. So disturbed was he at this, as he thought, ominous occurrence, that he never rested until the return of the courier whom he had forthwith despatched to convince himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death upon his mind.

In Cornwall, breaking a looking-glass is believed to insure seven years of sorrow, and a Yorkshire proverb informs us that such an unfortunate occurrence entails "seven years' trouble but no want." In Scotland, to smash a looking-glass hanging against a wall is regarded as an infallible sign that a member of the family will shortly die.

Grose, alluding to this superstition, says it foretells the speedy decease of the master of the house. It has been suggested that this popular fancy dates very many years back, and probably originated in the destruction of the reflected human image—an interesting illustration of how the association of ideas is often determined by mere analogy.

In the south of England it is regarded as highly unlucky for a bride on her wedding day to look in the glass, when she is completely dressed, before starting for the church. Hence very great care is usually taken to put on a glove or some slight article of adornment, after the last lingering look has been taken in the mirror.

The idea, we are informed, is that any young lady who is too fond of the looking glass will be unfortunate when married. This is not, however, the only way in which superstition interferes with the grown-up maiden's peep in the looking-glass. Thus, Swedish damsels are afraid of looking in the glass after dark, or by candlelight, lest by so doing they forfeit the good will of the other sex. On the other hand, in England the looking-glass occasionally holds a prominent position in love divinations.

Belgian girls who desire to see their husbands in a dream lay their garters crosswise at the foot of the bed and a looking-glass under their pillow; in the glass they believe the desired image will appear. The practice of covering or removing the looking-glass from the chamber of death still prevails in some places.

Hereditary Criminals.

"Heredit" comes out strong in case of criminals—stronger perhaps than in case of saints. For the offspring of saints are often far from saint-like, while the children of burglars and other criminals are almost sure to pay their ancestors the honor of imitating them. A few days ago in a New York criminal court George Lyons, a slender youth of 17, was brought up for sentence for an attempt to commit burglary, he having once been in the County Penitentiary.

"Lyons," the Recorder said, "your father is in State Prison, I believe?"

"This is my case, Judge, not my father's," the hardened youth replied bluntly.

"Your mother is also in the State Prison?"

"Yes, she is."

"You are come of a bad stock, I am informed," the Recorder went on.

"I suppose I do," answered Lyons.

The Judge remarked that Lyons wanted to go to State Prison, as a graduation, but that he should allow him one more chance for reformation, and send him to the Elmira Reformatory, under charge of Mr. Brockway.

"You'd better have me hung, Judge," was the sullen reply. He expressed, however, some dread of the discipline of the reformatory on his way there. His father is Ned Lyons, the desperate burglar, who has been sick of a wound in Connecticut, and has now gone to the State prison there. His mother, Lyons's wife, is not by any means unknown in these parts, although her son is mistaken in thinking that she is just at this moment in prison. She happens to be out just now. Young Lyons is the leader of a gang of sneak thieves in New York, and Mr. Brockway can try his own patent reformatory plan on him.—*[Detroit Free Press.*

Origin of Croquet.

Croquet players who have a considerable liking for this favorite and fashionable sport, will be interested in the origin of the game. Croquet is not, as many suppose, of modern birth, but may be traced through its various stages to Persia, as far back as the eighth century. Its origin was polo, which the Persians played with a long-handled mallet called chugan. In the ninth century the game made its way into the Eastern Empire, the original mallet changing its form to a staff ending in a broad bend filled with a network of gut strings. "Thus," says a writer on the subject, "there appeared in the East, as belonging to the great sport of ball play on horseback the first shapes of two implements which re-modeled the whole play life of medieval modern Europe, the chugan being the ancestor of the mallet used in croquet, and of an endless variety of other playing clubs and bats, while the bent staff with its net-work was a primitive racket."

We find that the original ball games in which sticks were used were played on horseback, and instead of polo being an outgrowth of these sports played on foot the latter are the changes made in the Persian game of chugan, which, as has been said, was the parent of all our games in which artificial means are used on foot, was easy and natural, and the substitution of a club came by gradual changes, the hand being probably the original implement, which was superseded by the rounded stick.

A Southern journal says this year's rice crop in the Gulf States will reach 150,000,000 bushels. It is predicted that the rice industry will soon rival that of sugar growing in Louisiana.

Mr. Edison has come out with an utterance: "Whenever by theory, analogy and calculation I have satisfied myself that the result I desire is impossible, I am then sure that I am on the verge of a discovery." It is darkest just before the dawn, and we suppose it is more discouraging immediately preceding the electric light.

ALL SORTS.

The boldest man of whom there is any record has just married his mother-in-law in New Jersey.

That man or woman who is not happy at home has made a sad failure as to the largest portion of a lifetime.

In Dallas, Texas, a woman is gradually being converted into a petrification. Her feet and hands are already as hard as stone.

The inventor of the screw propeller was the celebrated artist Leonardo di Vinci, and he first applied it to aerial navigation.

Gen. Wallace, our minister to Turkey, drank coffee with the Sultan. The cups were without handles, and were crested with diamonds.

A young man feels that he has not lived in vain when he sees his picture exhibited in the show case of a photograph gallery.—*Meriden Recorder*.

Worth has caused a war in Paris by his attempt to revive moire antique, as leading inevitably to a resurrection of the much detested crinoline.

A report of local doctors states that 77 per cent. of the cases of diphtheria epidemic raging in the province of Orel, Central Russia are fatal.

The electric light has been successfully introduced in the Mathilde Colliery, in Upper Silesia. The work was done by Siemens & Halske, of Berlin.

It is not fair for a man to dress one of his wives so much finer than the other, especially when the other has all the children to care for.—*Indianapolis Herald*.

A few days ago Jay Gould was seen to look long and earnestly at the moon through a telescope, and then turn away with a disconsolate sigh. A car road track cannot be laid on air.

In the technical schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art plumbing is now taught, but only the sons of millionaires are admitted to the course.

"Man's inhumanity to man" does not compare to woman's inhumanity to woman. Is not the corset a good leader of the evils inflicted?

A little boy reciting a Bible verse about smiting the enemy hip and thigh, said they would smite him with a "hip, hip and hurrah."

The daughter of the wealthiest banker in Grand Rapids, Michigan, who graduated from Vassar three years ago, has been the cashier of her father's bank ever since.

We have seen ladies who were insufferably shocked at the sight of man in his sleeves; and their own arms were bare almost to the shoulders. Women are strange creatures.

A Yankee in Boston closed his store for two hours on the day of the Garfield funeral, and then docked his clerks for the time. He ought to put up a monument for Guiteau.

Uncle Sam is gradually extending his dominions. Our latest acquisition is a big ice floe named Wrangel Land. Why it is called Wrangel Land we don't know, as it is uninhabited.

I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man. I never met a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute; for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat.

The Future Motor Power.

Scientific men of Great Britain object to the steam engine because it does not meet the wants of the present fast age; because it spends too much force for the results it accomplishes, and for the additional reason that it is fast consuming the coal that will be wanted for heating purposes. They want a better force, more locomotion, quicker travel, less expense, and greater security. They want something that will propel canoes as well as ships; that will run sewing machines as well as trip hammers; that will draw pleasure carriages as well as railway cars. They desire a motor that will not consume fuel, produce smoke, or cause noise; that can be managed by a child and run, if desired, in a parlor. They want something that will do all the steam engine does and many things besides.

In the opinion of most of the scientists of Great Britain electricity is to take the place of steam in driving machinery and moving cars, and is to be generated by the action of tides, winds, and falling water. They predict that wind-power will be utilized to a greater extent than any persons in a previous age ever believed it would. Wind will generate electricity for moving machinery, for lighting streets, and warming dwellings in Ireland, Belgium, Denmark, and other countries where there are few streams that afford water-power. The movement of tides will produce the same effects in most countries that have an extensive sea-coast, while the fall of water in rivers and streams will generate electricity in all mountain regions.

The great electrical exhibition at Paris is doing much to draw attention to what is called the motor power of the future. There is a picture called "The Queen of the Nineteenth Century," hanging in many show windows. It is a female figure surrounded with a halo, and emitting rays of light from the hands, which are poised as if to enable the being to fly. The light gives the arms the appearance of wings. The artist is an enthusiast, and is regarded by many as a prophet. We all hope that his fair predictions may be realized. The steam engine is a good thing, but we are ready for something better. Now, that attention is drawn to electricity, great results may be expected.—*[Chicago Tribune]*.

MIXED FEEDS.—One of the strong points in favor of the much praised ensilage, is that animals eat it with a relish. No food, however rich it may be in food elements, will prove profitable if the farm stock cannot be made to take to it kindly. It is on this account that a mixing of feed has been so successful. Sameness pallies upon the appetite—a change of diet encourages and sharpens it. A few roots cut, or better, pulped, and given to the animals, will make them eat the corn-fodder or cut straw with all the greater relish. Try and make a little change in diet of the animals, even though it be only once a week, with some roots, potatoes, apples, etc., it will pay. The more an animal eats, and healthfully digests, the more profitable it is.