#### HERMES TRISMEGISTUS.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

As Beleucus narrates, Hermes described the principles that rank at wholes in two myriads of books, or, as we are informed by Mansho, he perfectly unfolded these principles in three myrads, six thousand five hundred and twenty-five volumes, \* \* \* Our ancestors dedicated the investigations of their wisdom to this deity, inscribing all their own writings with the name of Hormes.-Iamblious.

Still through Egypt's desert places Flows the lordly Nile, From its banks the great stone faces Gaze with patient smile; Still the pyramide imperious Pierce the cloudless skies, And the Sphinx stares with mysterious olemn, stony eyes,

But where are the old Egyptian Demi gods and kings? Nothing left but an inscription Graven on stones and rings. Where are Helius and Hephoestus, Gods of eldest eld? Where is Hormes Termegistus, Who then secrets held?

Where are now the many hundred Thousand books he wrote? By the Thaumaturgists plundered, Lost in lands remote; In oblivion sunk forever, As when o'er the land Blows a storm-wind, in the river, Sinks the scattered sand

Something unsubstantial, ghostly, Seems this Theurgist. In deep meditation mostly
Wrapped as in a mist,
Vague, Phantasmal and and unreal, To our thought he seems, Walking in a world ideal, In a land of dreams,

Was he one, or many, emerging Name and fame in one, Like a stream, to which converging Many stronmlets run? Till, with gathered power proceeding, Ampler aweep it takes, Downward the aweet waters leading om unnumbered lakes.

By the Nile I see him wandering, Pausing now and then,
On the mystic union pondering
Between gods and men;
Half-believing, wholly feeling,
With supreme delight,
How the gods, themselves concealing,
Lift men to their height.

Or in Thebes, the hundred-gated, In the thoroughfare Breathing, as if consecrated A diviner air, And amid discordant noises, In the justling throng, Hearing far, celestial voices

Of Olympian song. Who shall call his dreams fallacious ? Who has searched or sought All the unexplored or spacious Universe of thought? Who, in his own skill confiding, Shall with rule and line Mark the border hand dividing Human and divine ?

Triamegistus ! three times greatest ! How thy name sublime Has descended to this latest Progeny of time! Happy they whose written pages Perish with their lives, If smid the crumbling ages

Still their names survives? Thine, O priest of Egpyt, lately Found I in the vast Found 1 in the vast
Weed encumbered, somber, stately,
Grave-yard of the Past;
And a presence moved before me
On that gloomy shere,
As a waft of wind, that o'er me Breathed, and was no more.

# Si Terwillger's Cow:

Lackawaxen, January 21.—"I tell ye, it's a snowin' like th' very ol' Nick," said old Jerry Greening, as he came into Shannon's store the other night to get a of the proprietor's illness, and "the boys" had been spending the evening with the rusty old ram-rods, with the Shannon brothers at the store. One day, when their father the big coal stove and was putting up the tight shutters to protect the showwindow of the establishment, but 'Uncle Jerry" sat down on a nail keg behind the stove and took off his blue woolen comforter, while the cloud tributed themselves upon the counters and surrounding mackerel barrels, within der. Up to the chamber they rushed, and made for the guns.

"D'ye remember that ol' yaller cow queried Jerry of the venerable Westfall.

The Pike county member of the Legis lature replied that he could not recollect the animal referred to.

"Why, he buyed her o' ol' Judge Wilson, of Honesdale, and she was a re-markable an'mal," continued Jerry.

got one eye, aint it?"

"That's jes' rackly what I w're a gettin' at," exclaimed Jerry. "Why, I knowed gun against the wall, then lighted the somebody must a rem'bered that than match, and stooped down to touch it to cow. Wall, seein' Pete Carkuff's widder jest now, which has got one good eye an' one glass one, reminded me o' thet cow usety her when he lived up t' Rowland's, and what a durn cute trick of 'St' played onto a Jarsey cattle dealer. Ye know that ez a rule Jarseymen are the meanest, sneakin'est, contempti'blest people that draw the breath of life. I ain't a speakin' o' all Jarsey, but only o' Sussex county, an' I tell ye what it is, there ain't no words in Mr. Websterses dieshauary strong 'nough t' express my feelin's gin a Sussex county ring Jarseyman. Why, one o' them ringsters 'ud not only steal th' pennies offen a dead nigger's eves but 'nd shave th' wool offen th' corpse's head t' stuff mattresses with. I know what I'm talkin' about, for I've seen a Jarseyman who did that very thing. Wall, as Mr. Hess were a sayin' thet a cow hed only one eye. Tother got put out when she House, an' he come across some glass

an' Si usety to tell her how he seen the ow a couple o' days arter he buyed that eye, carryin' a lookin'-glass which she stole offen th' back stoop, in her mouth into the barnyard, so she could admire

herself an' her new eye. "Wall, one day long come th' Jarsey cattle-dealer an' he offered Si \$40 in cash an' a keg o' Paupack cider for that cow The cider inducement were too much fer Si and he sold her. Arter th' Jarseyman hed gone a nidee struck Si and he went b' railroad straight t' Milford. When he got thar he found th' Jarsuyman hed concluded t' stay all night thar at one o' th' third-rate hotels an' the cow were tied in th' barn. Si jest slipped out t' th' barn an' untied th' cow an' drove her t' Frank Crissman's an' put her in one o' th' stables; Then he jest tuk out th' cow's glass eye an' stuck it in his pocket and' went in th' bar-room. Putty soon in come Constable Bennett with a warrant for Si on the charge o' cow stealin'. Uncle Ira Crissman were th' Justice o' th Peace, 'fore which th' trial was brought Mr. Jarseyman told his story an' said the very cow was in th' stable now. Si merely asked one question: 'Did th' cow hev two eyes?' an' the Jarseyman said: 'Yes.' The case looked pretty bad for Si, an' when Ira
tol' him t' call 'is witnesses he
jist said: 'My fust witness 'll be th' cow.'
Wall, they brung in th' cow, an' sure
'nough she only hed one eye. That settled Uncle Ira's 'pinion t' onet an he' discharged Si and put all th' costs on th' Jarseyman. Wall, of they wasn't one surprised Jarseyman, I'm a liar. He looked at th' cow, but th' one eye hed evidently been out for years, an' he were sot back sev'ral pegs. Arter treatin' th' Court Si hired Ika Boyd an' Will Ray 't drive th' cow back t' Lackawaxen an' he come home b' rait.

"Wall, ez I were a tellin' of it 'Si, he played that trick unto five or six Jarseymen an' I guess he made more'n enough offen thet thar cow t' pay all his 'lection expenses th' next fall, when he run fer Sheriff-an' didn't get 'lected. But I haint told ye th' com'calest part o' th' whole shebang yet. Now, mebbe ye won't b'lieve this what I'm goin' to tell ye, but I hope t' swaller this hull paper o' tubacker t'oncet if 'taint just true's

preachin'. "Wall, no, this is th' remarkable part of it, th' ol' cow hed a calf-"Well, I don't see anything particu-larly strange nor yet remarkable in that, Jerry," interrupted Judge Ridgeway,

mildly "Ef ye'll just keep yer clothes on a minute, Mr. Sucker-Fisherman, perhaps you'll hear the strange part of it, but ef I'm going t' be interrupted by some durn busted galoot ev'ry time I open m' head, they's no use o' tellin' of it." and the old man arose and began putting on

his wraps. "Finish it, Uncle Jerry," exclaimed a chorus of attentive listeners.

Pulling his old slouch hat over his eyes, with his hand upon the door-knob, the old man said, solemnly, "Well, the calf that this cow had were th' livin' image o' th' old cow, an' th' strange part of it is that th' calf had a glass eye jest like its mother's. Ef ye can account fer it it's more'n I kin do. Good night."

## How Hal Was Singed.

More than thirty years ago there were used to play, and they found there ticular emergency, you dear old dar one day a couple of rusty old flint-rock | ling. muskets.

Who ever saw a boy that could let a gun alone? They played with those guns by the hour together, and, because they had nothing else to load them with, paper of tobacco. Asher's salcon, the they broke corn-cobs into small pieces, usual rendezvous, was closed on account and filled the guns completely, full, ramming them in as tight as they could

One day, when their father was gone It was late when Jerry came in, and to the mill, Hal climbed up to an upper some of the loungers were preparing to shelf in the shed, looking for fish-hooks, start home. "Calvin" had raked down and he found there his father's can of blasting-powder, put up there to be out use it to blast rocks.

"Hurrah, Joe!" he called, "I've found something now!" and when he climbed

Hal, and he filled the powder-pan on Si Terwilliger had eight 'r nine year one of them full, poking in as much 'go?" queried Jerry of the venerable as he could through the little hole in the barrel, but the powder was so coarse he could not get in much, and it was very lucky for him and Joe both that he could not. Then he snapped and snapped the lock to make the gun go off, but there was no flint in the lock, and it would not go at all.

"Py golly, I know dot leetle cow off Si," said George Hesa, who sat on the other side of the stove. "I dink she only a match, his mother, busy at work in the pantry, never seeing him. Up into the chamber again, where he stood the gun against the wall, then lighted the

Well, the gun didn't go off, nor burst; there was not powder enough inside for that, so the two little boys were not killed; but the powder flashed in the pan, firs! puff! right into Hal's face, singeing his eyebrows and eyelashes

That ended the gunning, and Hal crept down stairs, crying to his mother. When his father came home and saw the red streak across Hal's face, still swarting from the burn, he said he guessed Hal was punished enough for stealing the powder .- Youth's Compauton.

# The Curious Effects of a Salt Storm.

At the Porter's Neck Plantation, on the Sound, the salt spray from the ocean, wafted in showers across the intervening banks and Sound by the great storm, were a calf. One day Si' were down t' killed every living thing in the fields ex-thet hot-bed o' sin-Milford-an' there cept the peanuts, which, curious to say, cept the peanuts, which, curious to say, he found a French taxidummy, I think seemed to have benefited by the bring he called him; 't any rate he were a shower bath. All the leaves on a mock samfler o' birds an' animals. 'Si' were into a feller's shop nigh th' Crissman proximity to the Sound and running back about one mile, were completely killed, while the leaves on the trees in the eyes sich as they put into stuffed animals, killed, while the leaves on the trees in the an' what does he do but but buy one of neighborhood all died and dropped off, 'em. When he got home he tried it and their places have since been supplied into that cow's eye an' it fitted her bout by new ones. Even the old sycamorous sung as 'Jake' Van Benshoter's shed their verdure and subsequently besoches usety fit him when tight pants donned a garb more becoming the buddensed shable. Well, sir thet cow were uncommon smart, an' she seemed to know that that eye were becomin' to her,

### THE NEW GIRL.

"Now, Charlie, you'll be sure to re member."

"To remember what?" said Mr. Mede rith with a hopeless expression of insanity on his countenance. Kate Mederith dropped both hands despairingly at her

"Charles!" she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say that you have forgotten al-

"My dear," said Mr. Mederith, fumbling in the depth of his overcoat pocket for a missing glove, "I may not have for-gotten, but I don't just exactly remem-

"The oysters," suggested his wife. "Oh, yes-the oysters," said Mr. Mederith. "And the two ounces of double zephyr

"Exactly. "And the depot back to be waiting at

two o'clock for your cousin from Philadelphia." Mr. Mederith slapped one hand on the table. "She is coming to-day; I declare

to goodness!" he ejeculated. And a dozen Havana oranges for desert, and two pounds of white grapes and some of the delicious little Naples biscuits and macaroons-oh, and let them send up a girl from St. Clair's."

"A-which?" "A girl, you goose; for general house work. Phebe went home this morning with a face-ache, and I can't be left here alone with company coming and all. Mind she's a good cook and understands waiting on the table."

And Mr. Mederith rushed off to catch the 9:30 express, with kaleidoscopic confusion of grapes, zephyr wool, depot hacks, oysters and serving maids career-ing through his brain, which boded ill for Mrs. Mederith's domestic plans.

While that lady, clasping both hands over her head in a sort of tragic despair, rushed down into the kitchen, where a very good looking young man of two or three and twenty was on his knees, in front of the range, trying to coax a most unwilling fire to burn.

"Well ?" said he. "Tom," cried she, hysterically, "can you make a lobster salad ?" "Like a book," said Tom.

"And coffee ?" "I learned in Paris."

"Good. And I can make butter-milk biscuit-and between us, we can get up a decent lunch for a young lady from Philadelphia. As for dinner-

"Well?" again remarked the young man with the soot-bespangled nose. "Providence must provide," sighed the matron. "There's an old chintz-colored rooster

in the barnyard. If I could catch him, I'd have a chicken stew." "Tom, did you ever make a chicken stew ?'

"No." "Then you don't know what you are talking about," said the lady, with some

asperity Yes I do, too. Onions, potatoes, celery, pearl barley, with a pinch of

salt-"Nonsense!" interposed Mrs. Mere dith. "Go pick that lobster out of its shell, and leave off romancing. You are a deal better at poetry and newspaper sketches than you are in the kitchen; two little brothers named Joe and Hal, though, to be sure," with a twinge of There was a large shed-chamber full of conscience, "goodness knows what I all manner of old rubbish, where they should do without you just at this par-

The lobster was only half picked out of its shell, the butter-milk biscuit was still unmixed, and Mrs. Meredith, with a pocket handkerchief tied around her pretty brown hair, was dusting the little drawing room, when there came a ring at the door bell. She put the perturbed head out of the window in a most uncere monious manner. "Who is there?" she demanded in a

high contralto. "Does Mrs. Meredith live here?" retorted a woman's voice. And at the same instant the young matron caught of the boy's reach. Hal knew what it sight of a neat, back leather bag, a black was very well, for he had seen his father alpaca dress and a shawl of the plainest Highland plaid.

"It's the new girl, thank Providence." said Mrs. Meredith, as she ran down the stairs, thanking honest Charlie in her heart for his unexpected promptness.

"Come in," said she, opening the door wide, "I am so glad that you are pune tual, my good girl. From St. Clair's intelligence bureau, I suppose? No, don't take your things off here; the servant's room is down stairs; so you might just as well come immediately down to

She led the way down, followed by the new girl, whose countenance bore a rather bewilderedexpression. "What is your name?" she asked pat-

coniningly. "My name? Oh, it's Martha," replied the stranger, in still greater con-

"Martha?" critically repeated Mrs. Meredith; "What an ugly name! I think I shall call you Pattie. Have you good references?

'I-I believe so." "I think," said Mrs. Meredith surveying her from tip to toe, "you are a little over-dressed for your situation, Pattie; but of course you have some plainer clothes in your trunk, when it

The stranger lifted a pair of grave, blue eyes to the tall form girdled around with a towel, who was vigorously wrestling with the claws of a stupendous lobster at the table beyond.

"Do you keep a man cook?" asked the Mrs. Meredith arew herself up. Certainly not. This is my brother,

Mr. Selwyn, who is kindly assisting me to make a salad." "But he is not doing it right. He will never get the meat out of the shell in that way. Let me show you, Mr.

And with deft fingers she loosened the white fiber from the shell in a manner that made Mr. Selwyn cry bravo!

"And now, Pattie, I will show you where the things are, and leave you to get up as nice a lunch as you can, for at 2:30 o'clock we are expecting my hus-band's cousin from Philadelphia. I want everything in perfect order."
"I will finish that salad," said Tom,

who had secretly been observing the pretty face and trim figure of the new stic, "now that I have commenced it. But you need not look purturbed, Pattie, if that is your name. I will be areful not to get in your way. And you

# ask my sister if I am not a handy sort of

fellow around the kitchen. Kate shook her head surreptitiously

at Tom behind the screen, but he resolutely affected not to perceive the warning gesture. Half an hour afterward he came up the dining-room, where Mrs. Meredith was arranging her best lilac and gold

"Kate, she is a jewel. A gem of the first water. Depend upon it she has not always worked in a kitchen. I quoted Shakespeare, apropos of something or other, I do not remember what, and she recognized the grand old words at once have seen the color come into her

cheeks. "Quoting Shakspeare to a common kitchen girl!" cried Mrs. Meredith, in

amazement. "But I tell you she is not a common kitchen girl. "I don't believe in high life below

arrived, no hack rolled up to the door.
"How provoking," said Kate. "Miss Meredith must have missed some connecting train. Charlie will be so vexed.

that I have got an excellent girl." The dinner of delicately roasted quail and rabbit fricassee, with a desert of custard and jelly, was duly served at precisely seven o'clock, at which hour Mr. Meredith bounced in, hot and

flushed with the haste he had made. "Where is she!" "Where is who?" cried Kate. "My cousin from Philadelphia." "Oh! she has not come,"

"Not come?" Mr. Meredith drew a sigh of mingled regret and relief.

Then, after all; it is not so very unlucky," said he. "What is not so very unlucky? My dear Charles, you are expressing your-

self altogether in riddles. "That I forgot all about the oysters and the zephyr wool and the servant girl.

'Forgot?" "Yes-forgot! Isn't that plain English?" "But you did not forget," remonstrated Mrs. Meredith. "She is here now in the

kitchen." Mr. Meredith started. "I have seen no one. Never thought of the girl from beak). If evening is that moment to this. I give you my

word and honor. "Then who did send her?" ejaculated

his wife slowly.
"Ring the bell. Let us have her up here. Who knows but she is one of those confidence women with an eye to the forks and spoons?"

As he spoke he jerked the bell cord with some energy. In a minute or two the new girl came up courtesying.

Mr. Meredith uttered an exclamation of amazement. "Why, it is Martha Meredith!" shouted he. "It is my cousin from Philadelphia."

And he clasped her in his arms with a shower of kisses which made honest Tom's hair stand on end. "I wish she was my consin feom Phila-

delphia," he uttered, in a stage whisper, aside. Kate turned as scarlet as a pepper pod.

"Oh, good gracious!" she cried, clasp-

her for a cook.' "I am a cook when occasion requires, cousin Kate," said pretty Martha Meredith, making her peace with a kiss. 'Don't be vexed with me for humoring the joke; indeed I could not help it.

meringues, glances, and the Neapolitan to-morrow. And they all sat happily down together to the roast quails and fricasseed rabbits. And Kate and Martha went to the International Bureau on the morrow, established a Milesian damsel in the roundings, and Tom, leaning over his hams.

sister's shoulder, whispered: "Didn't I tell you she was a gem of the first water?"

# Newspapers and Stock Jobbery

If the excellence of a newspaper is not always measured by its profitableness, it is generally true that if it does not pay its owner it is valueless to the public. Not all newspapers which make money are good, for some succeed by catering to the lowest tastes of respectable people, and to the prejudice, ignorance and passion of the lowest class; but as a rule the successful journal pecuniarily is the best journal. The reasons for this are on the surface. The impecunious newspaper cannot give its readers promptly the news nor able discussion of the news, and, still worse, it cannot be independent. The political journal that relies for support upon drippings of party favor or patronage, the general newsstence to manipulate stock reports, the religious weekly that draws precarious support from puffing doubtful enterprises, the literary paper that depends upon the approval of publishers, are poor affairs, and in the long run or short run come to grief. Some newspapers do succeed by sensationalism, as some preachers do; by a kind of quackery, as some doctors do; by trimming and shifting to any mementary popular predjudice, as some politicians do; by becoming the paid advocate of a personal ambition or a corporate enterprise, as some lawyers do; but the newspaper only becomes a real power when it is able, on the basis of pecuniary independence, to free itself from all such entanglements. An editor who stands with hat in hand has the respect accorded to any other beggar .- [Journal Analysis, established for the purpose of of Social Science.

They were all coming back from Monte Carlo, says the London World, and they played "hazard" with three strangers in the railway carriage. Luck ran against them; and, late in the afternoon, one of them picked up one of the dice, and critically remarked: "Hallo! there are two sixes on this chap!" The senior stranger promptly seized the sus-pected cube, inspected it, and simply observing, "How unfortunate? another misprint!" threw the bit of ivory out of the window. The tourists did not play any more.

He that lendeth to a tramp giveth to

#### Insects in India.

. You have recently arrived in the country, are living in a kutcha house (built of sun-dried bricks and mudmortar) have made yourself comfortable therein, and are going to have your first dinner party. All your knick-knacks are proudly displayed on your table, and in the centre blazes your lamp just unpacked. The dinner hour approaches, and you nervously take a look around to see that all is right. One or two insects, new to you, are fluttering about the lamp or on the table, and in brushing them off you perhaps notice that the her eyes brightened, and you should same insects are swarming out of a corner or from the floor. Your guests arrive, and while receiving and marshalling them in to dinner the insect invasion has assumed formidable proportions, so that when you sit down to soup, you find the air around the lamp alive with termites, and your fair cloth covered with them. Every soup-plate is stuffed stairs," said his sister, disdainfully.

The lunch came up at 2:30 in perfect order, but no cousin from Philadelphia or to your table attendant, and are advised to remove the lamp at once from the table. On doing so, the invaders on the wing are diverted; and then you no tice that the thousands on the table dropped their wings broadcast and are But, however, I do not so much mind now hascing one another about. In comcompany coming in at any time, now parative darkness you finish your dinner and adjourn to the drawing-room. When your glasses have left, curiosity takes you back to the dining-room, and you find the table and the site of the removed lamp strewed with myriads of wings, and their owners nowhere.

Watch the insects outside, and the sight is equally wonderful. From a spot in the ground where you would least expect it, you find one or two termites fluttering in the air; watch them narrowly, and you will find a minute hole, far too minute for the hordes which are squeezing out of it and then rising into the air. Around the hole half a dozen wingless workers are fussing frantically. But let us watch the perfect insects, and return afterwards to the workers. Soon we see pyramidal cloud of insects in the air, the apex resting over the hole. This becomes denser and spreads wider as the breeze catches their wings. News of the flight have been telegraphed far and wide. Sparrows and crows, fly-catchers and king-crows, kites and minas flock to the scene and gorge on the flyers. (Kites feast laboriously; every termite is individually seized with the tal-ons and then disposed of by the setting in, bats and even frugivorous flyingfoxes join in the revel, and termites are devoured in myriads. Then again to the hole where the last termite has emerged, and you will find the workers busily engaged in plastering it up again and destroying all traces of the flight. The few drop their wings and disappear. The dropping of the wings is a marvellous process; two pairs, with all their ma-chinery of blood vessels, nerves and ligaments are instantaneously dispensed with and the insect seems livelier than ever; and this mutilation occurs precisely at the same moment. Seize a termite by the wings at the wrong moment and he will struggle violently to escape, the wings remaining firm in your grasp. Seize it at the right moment and you will see it lift its body upward and backward like an earwig, deliberately unbook its wing and so escape. - (Chambers' Jour-

#### ing her hands nervously, "and I took A Plate and Easy Way of Caring Hams.

The principal thing in curing hams is to get them just salt enough to keep them, and not so salt as to injure the flavor and cause them to become hard. And I will show you how to make Hams should be neatly trimmed and cut rounding, to indicate as closely as may be the hams of commerce. Trim closely, so that there shall be no masses of fat left at the lowest extremity of the hams. The shoulders may be cut in shape convenient for packing, and they should be salted in separate packages from the

Hams are cured by both dry-salting and brine. When dry-salting is employed the hams are rubbed often with Between each rubbing salt and sugar. they are bunched up on tables or platcovered with salt.

When brine is used, prepare a pickle strong enough to float an egg and stir into a sufficient amount of sugar and molassess to give it a sweetened taste. Some add a little saltpeter to color the meat, while others claim that it tends to harden the meat. In moderate quantity it is commonly accepted as beneficial. Cover the hams with the pickle and place the packages where the temperature is uniform and above freezing. hams of twelve pounds, four weeks will be sufficient; large hams must remain in three to seven weeks embraces the extremes of time required for domestic curing of hams, varying as to the size of the hams, temperature and time when they will be required for use. When it is de signed to preserve hams through the summer they must not be removed from the pickle too soon.

One of Vivier's favorite performances: Having marked down his prey, an iderly citizen who has ordered a of beer and is preparing to assimilate it on the asphalt in front of a cafe, Vivier approaches and salutes him profoundly, then, with mingled volubility and brusqueness, thus addresses him: Monsieur, I am one of the inspector

of the new Department of Chemical detecting adulteration in articles of daily consumption. I have been detailed to the subject of beer. My face being known to the proprietors of the establishment, if I were to order anything they might take the alarm and serve me quite a different article and thus baffe me. Permit me, therefore, to taste your beer.

The stupefied victim offers no resistance and Vivier drains the glass at a draught, and sets it down remarking. Excellent! excellent! You can drink that beer with impunity! I thank you in

### Captivated by His Own Wife.

"Professor, can you teach me to sing?" asked a lady of a music teacher. "Yes, if you choose to apply yourself

earnestly. "I will, and if you can manage it so that I need not be seen, and that no one knows of it, I will take a lesson every

The lady never failed to appear promptly at the hour. She was so anxious and so persevering that she made the most extraordinary progress, and her voice was so strengthened and developed as to be almost beyond recognition.

Some months after the close of her tuition she called on the professor and said, "I have come to thank you for making me the happiest woman alive." She then explained that her husband to whom she was deeply attached, was passionately fond of vocal music, and had always regretted that she could not sing

to him. She had never cultivated her voice before marriage, and afterward the children, and claims of society had prevented her attempting it, but the unlucky day came when Mr. R. made the acquaintance of a widow with a charming voice. who was always willing to sing sweet songs to him, and he fell into the way of spending many of his evenings with

At heart devoted to his wife, he was unconscious of his gradual neglect of her, and would have been astonished if she had resented his enjoyment at these musical tete-a-tetes. Mrs. R., like a nice woman, did not resent it, but undermined the enemy. Her music lessons she kept a profound secret from her family. In the summer they went, as usual

to the country. The morning after their arrival the local paper contained a notice that the leading soprano of the Episcopal church was ill with a throat affection, and the congregation was asked to make due allowance for the disabled choir. The next morning Mr. R., with two of the children, wended his way to the church of his belief, Mrs. R. having excused

herself on the plea of a headache. After the opening service the minister announced that "a lady from a distance had kindly volunteered to sing in place of the sick soprano, and in consequence the musical service would be the same as usual." A few moments later a clear, sweet voice rang in the church, and touched the hearts of the people, perhaps, even more through the exquisite expression and feeling with which the music was rendered than the qualities itself. Mr. R. was fascinated. delighted, and inwardly made comparisons between it and the witching widow not flattering to the latter. After the services were over he eagerly sought the minister to ascertain the name of the survivors of the swarm seek the earth, charming soprano, whose face he had not been able to see from his seat.

"'Come with me and I will introduce you,' said the minister, who knew Mr. R. by reputation. They entered the choir together, and the good man began, Miss Brown, permit me to introducewhen he was interrupted by Mr. R. ejaculating, 'Great heavens, it is my wife!' And, place and company notwithstanding, he gave her a hearty embrace in his delight and surprise. To cut the story short, he fell in love with her all over again, the singing siren was forgotten, and you could find a happier couple nowhere. To mark the occasion Mr. R. gave his wife a magnificent set of diamonds, which she wears with a great

#### deal of pride." All of which is true. The King of Slam's Elephant.

Some ten weeks ago, says the London Telegraph, the king of Slam received a dispatch from one of his Provincial Governors informing his Majesty that a brand-new deity, in the shape of a snowwhite elephant, had been captured in an outlying district of the kingdom, and was actually on its way to Bangkok, the Stamese capital. The joyful tidings were greeted with indescribable enthusiam at court, and the King at once resolved to start in person, accompanied by his Ministers, grand officers of State, and exalted clergy, upon a processional excursion with the object of meeting the divine pachyderm half way, and of escorting it to Bangkok with all imaginable pomp and ceremony. The cortege, forms, the surface of which is spread headed by his Majesty, had not prowith a layer of salt, and each ham is also ceeded many miles on it road toward the When taken up to interior before it encountered the rub, which is usually done five or six object of its pilgrimage. Approaching times, a shallow box is at hand in which the elephant with profound reverence to do work. knelt down at its feet and reverently placed its trunk upon bis head and shoulder, imploring its protection and favor. Having thus paid public homage to the large quadruped and received its blessing by the "impositur proboscis," his Majesty drew his sword and took up a position on the elephant's right flank, supported on the animal's left by the High Priest carrying a golden wand. Thus headed, the procession entered Bangkok, where the new god was greeted by salvos of artillery and a general the brine a longer time. In general, salute of the royal troops paraded on either side of the route leading to the palace. Having escorted the elephant to his apartments the King formally bestowed upon his sacred guest the rank of "reigning monarch," and decorated it with the Grand Cordon of the Siamese Order bearing its own style and title. The household of the new deity has since been organized upon a truly royal scale. Every article dedicated to the thite elephant's use and service is of massive gold or rare porcelain, and popular offerings to the value of many thousands of pounds were deposited at its shrine before it had been established forty-eight hours in its splendid quarters, immediately adjacent to the King's own private suit of apartments.

> A curious question of parliamentary procedure will arise on account of the disappearance of Mr. Walter Powell, M. P., for Malmesbury, the aeronaut, who is not likely to ever be heard of again. According to the English law. where there is no actual authentic proof of death, an individual for civil purposes is supposed to be alive-at least or a certain number of yearr. Malmesbury will be thus without a representative until the next general election, which means the loss of a vote to the

that beer with impunity I many your the name of science and the municipality for your unselfish co-operation. Good afternoon! Waiter, another beer for this Probably he has lost in both ways.—N. H. Register. A Philadelphia judge says he can see no difference between gambling in