FEW MONTHS BEFORE BER OWN DEATH.

The two following poems were written by Fanny priscoil, who died some weers ago, after a brief wedded life of two months. The one entitled "In wedneriam" was written for one who had gone before. She did not know when she wrote it that ere it saw the light she would join her friend.

IN MEMORIAM. What does it matter, or blame, or praise?
God given genius and royal strength?
Soon they are measured by weary days—
Soon they have measured their pattry length.

The light goes out, and the King is clay, Like the coursest pleblan. Dark and still The paince grows in this awful hour, As the but that crumbles beneaty the hill.

Pact and peasant, all the same in this dread moment that comes-to all. A marble image without a soul, Pallid and signt beneath the pall.

Statesman, scholar, laborer, clod.
The drone and the worker—all the same,
handful of dust that is laid away
To mix with the dust from whence it came

What does it matter, love or hate?

A false word's fawning, a false word's smile?
Starlight or shadow, rain or ante;
it is all naught in a little while.

The glad, gay voice is hished and dumb,
The smiling eyes are hidden
Neath tred lids. What matter now,
Whether the thorns, or a regal crown?

Into the mystery none may know.
The trood soul flies from the noise and Jar
Of a bitter world. Who knows the goal—
Whother a gulf or a summer star?

SELF-WROUGHT.

I made a grave deep in a lonely spot.
And covered it with rue; yet there we day
I found a tangle of fair vine and bud,
Blooming, and riotous, and aweet as May.

I wove myself a sarment of spent sighs, And clad myself from head to foot with pain; But in the woof one careless faint smile Reut it, from hem to sombre sem, in twain.

I roofed my home with clouds, and sat in grief Watching the duil, gray hours drag slowly by, when suddenly a giory tempted me, And rambows arched with gems the sullen

O. poor, weak soul! with thine own self-wrought hell.

Take but an eager upward step toward light,
Be brave and strong to lift thy dragging soul.

And heaven will open to thee grand and
white.

DEATH IN THE PIT.

Amy Glover was the prettiest lass in the village, and I loved her, but, as for that, all the young chaps were of the same mind, but she never looked at one more than another. One day there was no work in the pit for my gang, and so I made up mind that I would go and have it out with Amy. I set out with a brave enough heart, but just as I reached the cottage, who should come out but Amy herself, looking prettier than ever; but appearing so suddenly she dashed my spirit, and I hadn't a word to say to her.

"Why, Charley, what is the matter?" she exclaimed, in a frightened sort of a

"Well, it is just this," I said. And I there came to a full stop.' "Is anything wrong with Jack?" she

asked, eagerly. "Yes; he is down in the pit, and they say it is foul, which makes me and mother very uneasy. You have not heard any-

"No." I answered steadier now that I could comfort her. "He is all right. You mustn't mind whatold women say, or you'll be lookin' for a blow up every day in the year, when there is nothing more than common. I haven't come about Jack: it is about myself."

She looked at mo; then her checks flushed, and she turned away. "I want to tell you how I love you; I can't say all I want to, but here I am,

and I wouldn't change myself for a king, i you will take me just as I am." An, you don't know how you pain she answered.

"Don't say that, Amy; but if you have pity in your heart show it to me, and I will cherish you faithfully to the day of "It is no use. L can never marry a

pitman. I gave the promise to mother and Jack over the graves of my father and three brothers, all killed at one

She then looked at me through a mist of tears, and I turned and left her with-

I felt as if the sun would never shine for me any more; I thought I might as well be in my grave as to try to live there. Why shouldn't I go to Yorkshire or Derbyshire, or even to the diggings in Australia, for that matter? The notion of it gave me a little spirit. It turned my thoughts, and I stepped out more briskly, going straight home. I hadn't much to settle there, only to bid good-bye to the people I had lived with, and I soon came ont, pack in hand, and began my tramp.

"I was walking on, when suddenly the air rang with a crash which shook the ground. I knew what it signified; such sounds denote but one result in the Black Country, and, throwing down my pack, darted off to the pit.

It didn't seem a minute before I came to the dust heaps round the pit's mouth. but some were there before me, and the people were rushing from the village in a stream. The smell from the pit almost threw me down as I came up, and I had to get my breath a little when three or four of us crept on to the mouth and looked down. The explosion had destroyed the cage, but it hadn't injured the signal-rope; hence a means of communication remained for any one immediately below. As soon as I saw this I proceeded to rig a cross-bar, and pres-

ently had it ready. "Just lower me gently; I may pick uy one or two, if there's any near," I said to

two banksmen. "You can't go down there yet," said the viewer. How many are there in the

"Half an hour ago there were fifty; but I'm thankful to say that they all came up but then," replied the time-

"And they are lost, for there will be another explosion presently," said the

"I'll go down anyhow,"I said doggedly; "and if no one will lower me, I'll jump

down. A good many were on the heaps now and two or three called out, "God bless you, God bless you, dear lad." The bankmen lowered me down, and I sank through the mouth of the pit. A Davylamp was tied ...round my wrist, and I held a rope in my hand, so that I might signal to be hoisted up, if the air became foul. But I had no intention of going back until I had searched the pit and ased if there were any alive. [One thing, I didn't care about my own life; and another, I would have been ashamed

VERSES WRITTEN BY FANNY DRISCOLL A to face the folks above without doing something, so I felt impatient that they lowered me at sucha suail's pace. I kept looking up and down to measure the distance yet to be traversed. But my progress was notified by the increasing density of the air which began to affect my | reathing; and as I went down I was obliged to shift my face from side to side to make a little current. At last

my feet touched the ground. I looked around as I jumped off the straddle, and saw the furnace was out. which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, and no air entered except by the shaft. The stench was overpowering and from this and the silence I guessed the worst. It was evident that the explonion had killed the horses, for no sound came from the stables, which I said. were close to the shaft; and what hope could there be for human beings in a distant part of the pit? I did not stand to make these reflections; I was working forward as they passed through my mind. I knew the old pit blindfolded, but what | ponded. with the gloom and my shortness of breath, I was some minutes scrambling to the incline. When I reached the first gallery I pushed open the trap and went on a few steps, but my lamp was "afire" and I knew the atmosphere was so much ganpowder. As I stumbled along it came into my head what Amy had said about Jack being in the pit. I rushed forward like mad; my foot struck some thing; I bent over what appeared to be a corpse, and the gleam of my lamb fell upon its face. It was Jack. I caught him in my arms, and with the strength of of a giant and the speed of a deerhardly conscious, hardly breathing-I made a dash for the shaft.

It was easier work going back, when you were in the main or horse road, and giving the girl a kiss. I found that Jack was breathing when I reached the shaft. The discovery kept all my senses at work without my seeming to notice it. I only felt that there would be another explosion. I placed Jack on the straddle and tied him hand and foot; then pulled the signal rope, and as the people above hauled the

tackle, I hung on by my arms.

It wasn't till we had reached twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing on nothing; but from that moment it became terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap, and my head spun round in an agony. I watched the mouth of the pit drop before I reached the top. Then they began to hoist faster; I could see the walls of the shaft; I could feel the purer air; I heard voices; and presently strong arms caught me, and I was landed on the bank.

They had Jack off the straddle before you could look round, and he was carried away, while they raised my head and I called out for the viewer.

"What is it, Charley?" he asked, bending over me. "Everybody away from the mouth of

the pit, sir," I said. "You are right; it will come in a min-

ute or two," he answered. They got me to the top of the bank, when I heard a scream, and there was Amy trying to throw herself on her brother, but kept back by the other ring, she said, half in earnest and half women. She never glanced at me. I playfully, and there is a superstition wished then that I had stayed in the pit, connected with it. So long as you keep came up, and so escaped seeing her But I had made up my mind | gagement is broken," that I had looked on her for the last time. I told my helpers that I could walk now; up. I was so beat that though the sec-ond explosion at the pit shook the ground under me, I didn't lift my head. All I thought of was lying quiet. By degrees I recovered a little strength, and my thoughts took me to my old lodging,

on my wanderings.

The day passed, and the night, and the next day, and I was still in bed, the good folks of the house attending me like a child. My limbs, which had been racked by pain, now felt easy, and I was ready for a start again. But I thought there would be opposition, so I got up very when the door opened and in came Jack

Glover. "Hilloa, Charley, here we are!" he cried, seizing my hand and giving it a hearty squeeze. "Who would have

"Well, Jack, I am glad for you, but I shouldn't have cared for myself.

"How's that?" "I have something on my mind." "You!" he said, laughing and giving me a little push. "Here, sit down and have a pipe, and it will all go off like the

"I'don't care if I never smoke again." said, savagely. "Now, I'll tell you what it is; you've been having a tiff with our Amy," said

"I haven't." "Well, you know best about that, but you were seen talking with her, and she had a crying fit directly after. And when she heard from me that it was you who brought me up from the pit, she fainted

in my arms. "Didn't she know that till you told her?" I asked.

"Then I'll just tell you about her and | glass!"

me," I said. I was a long time telling it, but Jack sat up as if he was listening to a play or a sermon at chapel. I told him of the feelings Amy had raised in my heart; told him how I had watched for her, thought of her, dreamed of her, and, finally, recounted our latest colloquy. During the whole time Jack did not move a muscle, and not till I stopped for breath

did he put in a word.
"Don't you think you have been a little fast, old boy?" he then said.

"How do you mean?" "Why, in giving up so. Suppose when Amy said she couldn't have you, you had put your arm around her waist and said she must?" The view had never struck me, and

rather took me aback. "But there was her promise to you and her mother never to get married to a pitman.

"So there was. But did you never hear that promises were made to be broken?"

"I can't say but I have," I muttered, clapping on my bat.

"Where are you going?"

"You wait here a minute." With that I took two strides down the stairs into the road into Mrs. Glover's cottage. I stood ontside a minute, then I opened the door, and the first thing I saw was Amy sitting by her mother, looking like a ghost-only ghosts never look pretty. She gave me one look, then started up and sprang into my arms. My heart was so full I couldn't speak at first, but I thought I must do something, so I slipped my arm around her waist, as Jack recommended. Now I felt spre of her, and of all the happiness the world could give, and as my breast swelled with pride and joy, I also began to bear a little malice.

"Ah, Amy, if you had only loved me, She gently tightened her arms around

my neck. "How happy we might have been," I

continued. "Then we can be, Charley," she res-"How? We can never marry, you

The little fingers unlocked, and I felt Amy falling away, but I remembered Jack's counsel and still held tight by her waist.

"There's your promise to your mother and Jack; how are we get over that?" I continued:

"I forgot that," faltered Amy, as white as a sheet. "And what do you say to it, mother?"

I cried to the old lady. Mrs. Glover rose and took Amy's hand and put it in mine.

"That's what I say to it," she said, heartily; "and Jack is of the same mind. "And this is what I say to it," I cried,

You won't be surprised to hear that we were married the next week. And now I am the viewer of the colliery; and as for Amy, she will tell you that, though she has married a pitman, and has her ups and downs like other people, there is no happier woman in the kingdom.

A Strange Story.

Strange stories have from time to time been related about jewels, rings and even watches, found in fishes when caught and opened, and subsequently returned to their owners. Whether till my eyes swam, and I thought I must these stories are true or not, 1, of course, can not say, but I vouch for the entire truth of the following, related by a clergyman, himself the hero of the story, to a wondering circle of listeners. Though expectant of something strange as a finale, they were by no means prepared for the actual denoument:

"It was one summer twilight," said he, "standing on a rustic bridge which poured a little brandy into my mouth. spanned a well known trout stream near my father's house, I won from a girl the promise to be my wife. She was something of a coquette, and I had a rival in the field; so to make the matter sure to myself, and evident to him and others, I drew from her hand a ring which she had often declared she would only give to her betrothed lover, and transferred it to my own finger.

"'It was my mother's engagement or let myself drop from the bar as I and wear it, we are engaged; but if you lose or part with it in any way, the en-

'Some weeks after she went away on a visit, and then my great consolation and when they let go my arms I turned was to haunt the spot on the bridge toward the moor intending to pick up which had been our trysting place. Once, my pack and drag on to the next village.
But I could no more walk five miles than our betrothal, I took from my finger the look at the kitchen she said if it was I could fly. When I came to my pack I treasured ring, and gazing fondly on the sat down by it and felt that I must give initials-hers as well as her mother'sengraven within. In attempting to replace it, the golden circlet fell from my grasp and disappeared in the waters be

"Only a lover under similar circumstances can imagine how I felt. Day and where I decided to rest before I set out | night I mourned, disconsolate, my lost treasure; and my great dread was her returning and finding the ring missing. Yet strange to stay, I had a singular presentment or intuition that I should some day recover it -though by what means I

"Not long after, fishing in the same stream, some distance below the bridge. quiet, and was putting on my things I fell to thinking of my lost ring. If I could only fish it up, and just then there was a quiver, a tug, a pull and a struggle at my line, and after some play I drew out a fine large trout. At the sight of him the thought suddenly and thought of us two chaps being alive to- unaccountably came to my mind that the ring—my lost ring—was to be found within his body. I cannot account for the feeling, but I know that it was heightened into almost a conviction when, upon grasping the victim, I perceived on a portion of his bedy a singular protuberance, and felt there beneath the skin something like a hard, foreign substance.

"I seized my large pocket clasp knife. Eagerness made me cruel-yet not more so than if I had left my victim to die a slow and lingering death. I cut off his head, and then, with trembling hands, ripped open his body, and explored the suspicious protuberance. My knife grated against something hard, and—I caught the glitter of some shining substance! Imagine my feelings, when, with a beating heart and trembling hand I drew forth-" "The ring, uncle?" breathlessly in-

quired Nellie.
"No, my dear. Only a piece of green

The general consternation and indignation may be imagined.

The human will is one of the most remarkable of all the faculties of the mind. To be able to say "I will," and carry out the purpose conceived, even if it is not very important, is something grand. To conceive something noble and be able to say, "I will do it," comes very near to being divine. The amount of will power in persons is different. Some have an enormous amount of it, and it is almost impossible to repress them when they set out to do anything. Such persons never get discouraged, but push on steadily and conquer. Others have so little power of will that they are overcome by trifles, and faint away entirely when any great trial comes to them. A powerful will generally indicates a powerful constitution, though this state-ment may be modified by experience and training; for a strong man with little of these may have little of will-force, and a weakly person with much training may have a tremendous will, if once

The Detroit Post and Tribune of a late date contains the following:

"Let me tell you," said a lady in this city, in conversation with a representative of the Post and Tribune, "it is a great mistake to treat 'the giri' as if she were some kind of an animated machine. All possibilities are in the power of the hired girl. She can get up and leave on washing day, or when you have company and make you utterly wretched, she can condescend to stay and pour the oil of peace on the troubled waters. There are well-bred people in this cityat least they call themselves well-bredwho will shut the door coolly in the face of hired help, remain at the table a half hour after they have finished eating, and likely as not leave no tea in the teapot and no meat on the dish, so if the hired girl has not thought of herself she gets no meal at all, or a cold one." "Why does the girl stay in such a

place?

"She does not; and then the lady has a long story to tell of ingratitude and improvidence and what not. I can tell you that the more real kindness and consideration the mistress shows, the better help she will have. We have had one girl for three years, and I am sure she could not be induced to leave us. If I go to a lunch party or a company out, I tell Kitty when I come home all about it. One need never descend to gossip with their help, but that is something quite different. A friend of mine once asked me how I kept my girl in her place. I told her I thought I did it by making her place my place part of the time, and interesting myself in her associates. I must tell you about her first call on me. I had a young lady visiting me who opened the door in answer to a ring. She came up to my room and said there was a lady in the parlor who wished to see me.

"A lady?"
"Well, yes; she looks like a lady, is dressed like a lady, and yet-"Young, or old, Anna?"

"Oh, rather young; she did not offer me her card; she looks like a foreigner." I went down, and a serious, prepos sessing-looking girl rose to her feet and

"Are you Mrs .- ? I was told you needed a girl. Mrs. --- sent me to you. I am the girl who lived with her, ma'am.

She was dressed in pale blue, summer silk, wore kid gloves of a pale pearl gray and carried a feather-edged fan. dress was perfectly made and fitted better than any of mine did; her hat was a white chip, trimmed with marabout feathers; her manner was easy and natu-I looked at her bright blue eyes with their black lashes; at her glossy, vigorous black hair, and said to myself, 'Irish beauty," and it was.

I knew the girl by repute; my friend was breaking up housekeeping and was anxious that I should receive this treasure of a girl; but really when I saw her I was afraid she would not approve of me. I asked her if she would like to look at the kitchen, and she said she would. So I took her out, showed her the pantries, wash room and kitchen proper, and asked her if she thought the place would suit-we had already agreed as to terms.

"I would rather not give an answer now, ma'am," she said. "Miss Fnaming a lady who lived in much greater style, "has offered me fifty cents a week more and less work to do, but I don't for me. If I do come, ma'am, I will be here at nine o'clock to-morrow morn-

"You may be sure we were anxious," continued the lady, "but at nine prompt-ly she came to the side door neatly dressed in a plain calico, and from that time to this she has been with us, and I dread to think of ever parting with

"Would you mind telling what it is that makes her so valuable?"

"Certainly not; for one thing, and the chief one in my estimation, she is an excellent cook. She cannot only cook fancy dishes, make salads and puddings and get up dainty after-dinner "menus, but she can cook common dishes in the most delightful manner. Her methods of cooking potatoes alone are almost in You know it is not one nnmerable. cook in a hundred that will boil or bake a potato intelligently. The baked potatoes are always gritty and the boiled potatoes soggy. Now Kitty washes and polishes and shampoos, as somebody expresses it, her baked potatoes before she bakes them, and cuts the ends off so that they look like fruit. Her boiled potatoes are mealy and dry, and as to mashed potatoes they come to the table in a pyramid, with little couning dimples all over them full of melted butter, and they are sweet and not a lump in in them. Her escalloped potatoes are the envy of all our friends. If I go anywhere and see a new dish and describe it to Kitty when I come home. and she studies it out, and it is often better than the original. Her bread, tea, biscuit and breakfast rolls are always good, and she excels in making fine

"And how much you pay this paragon

of a hired girl?" "Three and a half a week; does it seem small to you? Remember there are only three in the family and no children, and she does upstairs work only once a week. She is very economical; buys something good and makes it last. sent \$25 to her mother in Ireland for a Christmas present, and has just sent her an Easter offering of \$10 more, and has money of her own at interest. I know one thing, Kitty will not be interfered with or scolded. She would leave a place in a moment if she failed to give entisfaction. Besides what I have told you she is neat, very careful about breaking and wasting, and thoroughly honest. She takes her own time to do her work, and I pever hurry her, II a friend comes into dinner or tea I need only tell Kitty what I would like; it is all on the table at the moment-perfectly cooked and served."

self for her work?" "Not for her capability; but I know that she requires kind treatment and a great deal of letting alone. She would be saucy or indifferent if I nagged her from morning till night, and she would resent any interference with her work, anch as calling her from her kitchen

'Do you not take any credit to your-

The Servant Girl's Side of the Question. work to sweep the halls, or from her ironing to go on errands, and I never keep her in on her day out. There is no credit for a mistress in doing that for a girl who gives her every moment of her time, and studies the best interests of a household."

The Walking Horse.

The country would reap incalculable benefit if the walk of the ordinary horse could be accelerated a single mile per hour beyond what is now general. It would put millions of dollars extra into the national pockets every year. We might have horses which would walk the national pockets every year. We might have horses which would walk might have horses which would walk with the quod erat demonstrandam, and appealed to the bishop. The prelate said there was no remedy but a dispensation from Rome. "We cannot wait so long," cried the disconsolate pair. "There's no occasion." said the farm and much of the country road and town street horsework is done at a walk. It costs no more to feed a smart walker his scales. "Pay twenty dollars and the business is done." They could as easily have It costs no more to feed a smart walker than it does a slow, logy one, and frequently not so much. Now, let any one quently not so much. Now, let any one were about to go home in despair. calculate the profit and advantage of The mother of the girl, a strong-minded using the former in preference to the latter. Let the farmer see how much more land per day he can get plowed and harrowed, how many more loads of hay, straw, grain and vegetables he can take to market; and how much more rapidly he is able to accomplish all his other work, and he will have little patience in keeping a slow-walking horse any longer. It will be the same with the expressman, the teamster, and the truckman.

Bellfounder, got by the celebrated imported trotting horse of his name, out of Lady Allport, was not only a fast trotter, but had a natural easy walk of five miles per hour. He was kept by our family several years, and nearly all his stock, out of quite common mares, proved ex-cellent walkers. This shows how easily and rapidly an increased fast walking stock may be bred by farmers; if they will only take due pains to select the stalliens to which they may hereafter nick their mares. A fast-walking horse commands a considerably higher price with those who care for the pace than a slow walker, and such buyers are constantly on the increase now, and that day will come by and by when the slow walker will hardly get a bid. The fast-est walk that I have yet seen exactly timed and placed on record was that of the English horse Slove. He made, without extra effort, 5.69 miles per hour. All agricultural societies should give good premiums to fast walking horses, the highest prize to be awarded to the one which walked five miles per hour; the second to four and one half miles; the third to four miles. The last should be least time for which to award a prize; and all breeds should be allowed to compete.-N. Y. Tribune.

American Beauty In England.

Scenre in the flawless armor of her innate purity, the American girl touches pitch and is not defiled. Her large-eyed gaze comprehends all things quabashed. She fears nothing and shrinks from nothing. In much that an English girl would describe as modesty, she detects a lack English matron would commend as delicacy and ladylike feeling, she spurns as a want of proper spirit and independence. It is difficult to hit on any subject of conversation, even among those that | there is a largeness, a buoyancy, a free- a very happy couple they were .- Leslie's Sundom from restraint, that freshens and exhilarates like a breeze from the sea. Men who, as a rule, can't "get on" in ladies' society are attracted to her and drawn out by her. Before she has long been admitted into the London drawingroom, even of the most exclusive order, she is certain to be the center of an admiring and attentive group, comprising men of many different types.

How He Won Her:

Miss Catherine Hartness, a society belle and heiress, occupied a front seat in the Cleveland Opera House one evening lately with Charles H. Patten, a rich banker of that city, whose suit to win her hand had been met with objections from her parents. The couple watched Salvini in his unequaled counterfeit of love and jealousy in the role of Othello, but as the final scene of revenge and death was about to be produced they went out and took the train for Pittaburg. Arriving, they summoned a minister and were married in the hotel. Then a dispatch was sent to the Hartness family announcing the marriage, and that they would return for forgiveness after a two months' bridal tour. It is supposed that the bride did not premeditate flight on that evening, but that Salvini's acting and the lover's pleadings overcame her resolution to obey her

Apples with Cream .- Pare and core apples of medium size, make a syrup of sugar, using enough water to dissolve it, add a wine-glass of brandy and the paring of a lemon. Boil the apples in this syrup until soft, take them out, boil the syrup ten or fifteen minutes, re-moving all the seum, strain, then pour it over the apples. To be eaten with cold

War Time Servants' Duties.

After the war, says a correspondent, when the number of our servanis was much reduced, two negro girls, aged eighteen and twenty, went to the nearest village to "hire out." The lady to whom they applied asked if they could cook. "No'om, we ain't never bin cook none." "Can you wash?" "No'om we ain't bin wash none, neither; Aunt Sally, she wash." "Can you clean house, then?" "No'om, least we ain't nover been then?" "No'cm, least we ain't never been clead none." And so I went through the whole list of qualifications, receiving always the same negative answer. "Well, what in heaven's name," said I, at last, "have you been accustomed to do?" Lucinda's dusky face brightened. "Sukey, here, she hunt for master's specs, and I keep flies off ole miss."

Seven years ago last January a couple near Bennington, Vt., quarrelled as to who should light a fire in the parlor, and from that day to this none has been made in that room. If the kinding of the kitchen fire had been the bone of contention the husband would have succumbed long before dinner time.—N. Y. Com.

An Illinois girl has sued for a breach of promise. When the court saked her why she breached her promise, she said that she had engaged herself to a sweet young man who was nice to look at, but he made her tired. She found that there wasn't anything of him but his mustache and necktie.

MARRIAGEN IN MAJORCA AND SICILY.

The Rev. H. Christmas, in the first volume of his "Shores and Islands of the Mediteran-can," published in 1851, relates the following story which is both amusing and characteristic as to the then existing state of clerical influence and practice exercised in domestic affairs in the Spanish island of Majorca: A young couple presented themselves to be married. The parish priest objected to perform the ceremony, as the parties stood within the prohibited degrees of consanguaity, which he demonstrated thus. These replications are set of the prohibited degrees of consanguaity, which he demonstrated thus: Their mothers are godmothers to the same child; this, in the eyes of the Church made them sisters from that time forth, and their mutual progeny first cousins. The lovers repudiated the logic his scales. "Pay twenty dollars and the busi-ness is done." They could as easily have paid the national debt of England, and woman, endeavored to shake the bishop, but he was inexorable. "Take the key of the house, and take my daughter," she said to the expectant but discomforted son-in-law; "his lordship knows that the twenty dollars had nothing to do with the merits of the case. Since you are unable to pay for the blessing of the church, you must make the best shift you can without it." "No, no!" exclaimed the worthy hishop, a little alarmed at the turn matters were taking; "we must have no scandal here. I will give you the dispensation rather than allow such irregular proceedings." And so the priest, furnished with the talismanic bit of parchment, united them forthwith, and all parties went on their way rejoicing. As a pendant to this anecdote related by Mr. Christmas, we beg to subjoin one something

similar and a little more highly colored, though not exaggerated, which is vouched for by a returned traveler, many years ago, in Sicily. There is no occasion to mention the exact date. The young Count A- fell desperately in love with his cousin, the only daughter and heiress with his cousin, the only daughter and hoiress of the Prince and Princess of P—; the young lady reciprocated his passion, and both families were anxious for the marriage, which would unite and keep togother two large estates. But in this case, the couple were bona fide first cousins, and a dispensation from the pope was imperative. In Sicily they did not keep them ready, as in Majorca, and money, with the archbishop of Palerme, was not to be named. Pins the Seventh was at that time a close prisoner at Fountainshless, and between the vigilance of the tainebleau, and between the vigilance of the English blockading cruisers and the severity of Napoleon's nonintercourse act, it was extremely difficult to get access to the holy father. Expense being no consideration with the parties interested, a confidential messenger was privately dispatched, who, after encountering unheard of obstacles, and a tedious delay of several months, at length returned with the long looked for docume The young lovers hastened in ecstacy to the archbishop, who solemnly induced his spectacles, opened the packet and examined its contents with tantalizing scrutiny. After a his head in ominous incredulity. The writing was so bad that he could scarcely decipher it.
The forgery was palpable. "My children, said he, in despending tone, "sismo tutti coglionati," we are all hoaxed. This is not the hand of his holiness, with which I am well sequainted. It is a miscrable imitation, illspelt, abominably scrawled, and the form un-canonical." Both lovers were in agonies. They stormed, threatened, exposition that the pope and wept. In vain they suggested that the hand shook, stormed, threatened, expostulated, was old and nervous, and that his hand sh of sincerity and frankness; much that an and his memory failed him, and that it was a English matron would commend as delibe wrecked on a technicality. Fathers and mothers on both sides came in to their assistance, and at last the good prelate re-lented. 'I see a way,' he said, "to make all smooth. I believe this a wretched fabricaare ordinarily reserved for the club or tion"-which he tore in pieces -'I will exert an smoking-room, which, so far from discountenancing or discouraging, she is not able to approach independently by the light of her own reading or experience. And about all she says or does, there is a largeness, a buoyancy, a free the same counter and the considerate expedient, and there is a largeness, a buoyancy, a free the same counter accounter the same counter and the same counter

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

The State-manilke Spook that Sings in the Execu-

"Yes, this building is haunted," said an at-"Yes, this building is haunted," and an attache of the presidential mansion to the Critic this morning, "and it is said that supernatural sights are not unfrequently witnessed in those large, old-fashioned rooms and airy halls, Several weeks ago the president changed the location of his bedehamber by removing from the east to the north room, and it was vaguely whispered then that his slumbers had been disturbed by a nocturnal and weird vigitor, the same that one of our chambernuids, said she same that one of our chambermaids said she bad seen walking stately and erect through the

up-stairs hallways on several occasions.
"Yes, the ghostly visitor is a man," con tinued the attache, "because I remember well of hearing the chambermaid say that he had or hearing the chambermad say that he had bong flowing white hair and beard and very much resembled the statesmen of long ago, whose pictures we see printed on the pages of history. At any rate, sir, I know that the president's rest is often disturbed at night, because I have heard him time and time again moving about long after midnight, and some-times I have listened to his steady and contimed pacing across the floor when every one else in the house was slumbering, and won-dered what was disturbing him."

"His great responsibility or dyspepsia might have been the agent, suggested the Critic.

"Oh, no," quickly rejoined the attache, "neither of them, I'm sure. It was the White House ghost, and I'll bet on it. This ghost is the same one that made General Grant's nights here so scarce and suggested his frequent trips through the country, as I have heard the sttendants who were here with him frequently say; and I will tell you candidly that I think the ghost's frequent appearances of late have put the notion into President Arthur's head of going off on his proposed trip." Concluding, the presidential individual left to answer a call

from up stairs.

The Critic subzequently got the following The Critic subzequently got the following description from one who claims to have seen the spirit of the white house: "He is an aged and bent-back old man, with long, phosphorecent white beard and hair, ghastly and wavy, bright and glaring eyes and long, serswney fingers. His walk is noiseless but stately and his presence is always indicated by a peculiar electric sensation which prevades the surrounding air. The electricity is what breaks the isg air. The electricity is what breaks the president up, and makes him perambulate."—
Washington Oritic.

Insanity in Criminals.

The opponents of capital punishment in France have just been furnished with a new weapen. The last time the guillotins was set up in the Place de la Roquette the criminal upon whom it was employed was a youth named Menosclou, who murdered a little girl under circumstances of appalling atrocity about two years since. His conduct was so abominable that even a Paris jury could not discover any extenuating circumstance for him, although it was admitted that his intelli-gance was of the lowest order. When, however, he was dissected at the Ecole Pratique, d'Anahe was dissected at the Ecole Pratique, d'Anatomie certain cerebral lesions were brought to light, and those who wage war against the gull-lotine declared that he was not responsible for his actions. This view has been greatly strengthened within the last few days by the fact that the convict's mother has become a lunatic. It appears, moreover, that her sister is also insane, and that her father committed suicide. These revelations have given a new impetus in France to the endless controversy respecting the mental unsoundness in relation to criminal impulse.

He who has fair words only is like one who ds the sick with an empty spoon and talks. whomt gruel.