

## A PARABLE

Said Christ, our Lord, "I will go and see how the seed, my brethren, beareth in me." He passed not again through the gate of birth. But made himself known to the children of earth.

Then said the chief priests, and rulers and kings, "Behold, now, the Giver of all good things; Go to, let us welcome with pomp and state him whom alone is mighty and great."

With carpets of gold the ground they spread; Wherever the son of Man should tread, And in palace chambers lofty and rare They lodged him and served him with kingly fare.

Great organs seined through arches dim Their jubilant floods in praise of him; And in church and palace, and judgment hall, He saw his image high over all.

But still, wherever his steps they led, The Lord in sorrow bent down his head, And from under the heavy foundation stones, The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

And in church, and palace, and judgment hall, He marked great discords that rent the wall, And opened wider and yet more wide As the living foundation heaved and sighed.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then, On the bodies and souls of living men? And with ye that building shall endure, Which shaketh the noble and crusheth the poor?"

"With gates of silver and bars of gold, Ye have fenced my sheep from their Father's fold, I have heard the dropping of their tears, In heaven these eighteen hundred years."

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt, We built but as our fathers built; Behold! O time images, how they stand, Sovereign and sole, through all our land."

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame To hold the earth forever the same, And with sharp crooks of steel to keep still, as thou livest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan, A lowly Jew, a scribe, a haggard man, A motherless girl, whose fingers thin Pushed from her father's vanity and sin.

These set he by the midst of them, And as they drew back their garment hem, For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he, "The images ye have made of me."

—James Russell Lowell.

## WHY HE MARRIED HER.

Everybody at Mayport said that nobody knew why Colonel Reave married Ennie Perrang. Everything but her looks seemed to be against the girl. Even her name was used to her detriment, for no one had ever heard it anywhere else as that of any family, either good or bad, unless, perhaps, it was a corruption of the French Perrin, in which case it implied that the young woman's own branch of the family must have fallen very low to have accepted so vulgar a pronunciation.

But the name was only the beginning of Miss Perrang's drawback. Her father had nothing but money—gained by compounding liquors—to make him prominent at Mayport, and in spending this his taste was so bad that he seldom succeeded in not being offensive. His wife was a handsome woman who was not without dignity, but an unfortunate fondness for opium and other stimulants had occasionally caused her to act so strangely when in company that invitations to her parties became more and more productive of regrets, and they were returned less and less. When, suddenly, Mrs. Perrang realized her position, she changed her set for the one of which her husband was the most fond, and her habits also changed for the worse.

People did not drop Ennie as thoroughly as they did her parents. While at school the girl's high spirits, good temper and generosity made her a favorite, and as she was handsome as well as lively the young men joined their sisters in defending her whenever they were alluded to merely as "one of the Perrangs." Beside, there were mothers and fathers who pitied the girl and were quite willing that their own family circles should make some amends to her for what she lacked at home. But as she became a woman and found herself the favorite of most of the young men in the town, many maidens and their parents perceptibly cooled in their apparent regard for her. Regarded only as a young woman, she was at least the equal of any of her old schoolmates, but as a girl who might marry and compel a blending of good family names with that of Perrang, she was too dreadful to be thought of for an instant.

The girl was wise enough to detect the general change of manner as soon as it began and to know the reason. The effect was what it would have been on any other young woman of proper self respect. People who tried to keep her at a distance, or to let her alone, were vigorously "cut" as soon as their purpose became manifest, so she was soon compelled to choose between no society and that which her father's ostentatious use of money attracted. She chose the former, or almost that, for, of her old acquaintances about the only ones who remained faithful were Colonel Reave, who spent his occasional leaves of absence at Mayport, Dr. Morsley, who was rector of the church which she attended, and Mr. Bonnaton, a New York merchant who had plenty of money, an invalid wife and two disagreeable daughters.

People then said that if poor Ennie ever married, her husband would have to come from her father's detestable set, for Dr. Morsley, although a widower, believed it a sin to take a second wife, and he was a man of character so strong that he would never abandon a principle. The colonel was not to be thought of as a possible husband; many a mother had endeavored to win him for her daughter, but the colonel came to Mayport only to be near the grave in which, fifteen years before, he had placed the woman whom he had engaged to marry. Mr. Bonnaton was far more likely to become a husband, for had not his wife been ill for years?

But some people had heard stories about Bonnaton. A young lady who once disappeared suddenly from society in New York was never afterward seen at the theater, the sea shore or in Europe except with Bonnaton as her escort. His manner was engaging, his will persistent and his principles no higher than absolutely required by business. So, when Ennie Perrang began to ride and dine with him, seeming to enjoy his attentions, a number of fathers and mothers who had consciences began to repent of their course toward the girl, and to try to change it, but when they attempted this, they found the girl's own will in their way, so, as people always do in such cases, they attributed her manner to the worst reason that suggested itself. They confidently expected a scandal, for some unfortunate speculation had recently deprived Perrang of all his money, and soon after liquor robbed him of his life. What could be expected of a girl like Ennie when she

had neither father nor money, and was loved, after a fashion, by a rich man who already had a wife?

A few people begged Dr. Morsley to rebuke his endeavors to exert a good influence over the girl; they got for their pains some lectures, severer than any one not a clergyman would dare give, for their own neglect; indeed, the good rector's indignation cost him two families who had always occupied very high-priced pews. Others wanted to speak to Colonel Reave, but he had suddenly become almost unapproachable; he accepted scarcely any invitations; he seemed in bad spirits, and were it not that he was seen often than usual at the grave of his lost sweetheart, his acquaintances might have believed that he was piqued at Ennie's preference for Bonnaton.

As for the merchant, his personal appearance and spirits improved steadily, and those of his neighbors who were familiar with him said in confidence to other intimates that when rallied about Miss Perrang, the merchant would smile as if he had every reason to be satisfied with his prospects, and when asked, hypocritically, how the colonel was getting along with Miss Perrang, the answer generally was that the colonel had almost ceased calling, for whenever he came the young lady was almost sure to be entertaining better company.

On one of the rare occasions when the colonel allowed himself to accept an invitation, one of the guests said:

"I heard to-day that Bonnaton had bought Martin's place at the Ridge. It's a charming little nest, but it's two miles from anywhere. What do you suppose he wants with it?"

Nobody could guess; those who might have done so saw Colonel Reave frown, so they thought it best to remain silent. "Don't you understand?" persisted the informant, with a half-pity leer that was nevertheless significant.

"No," said the host, hurriedly, taking the fellow's arm, "nor do you, Robinson. Gentlemen, suppose we join the ladies?"

All acted on the suggestion but the colonel, who begged to be excused for the remainder of the evening. An old wound was troubling him, he said, and he would rather be no company than bad company.

But instead of going to the cottage of an old soldier servant, where he was the only boarder, the colonel strode in the opposite direction. Dr. Morsley, who had been a fellow guest, and had heard of what had been said, begged his host to let him escape from the house unseen and follow the colonel, for he feared something might happen should the soldier meet—well, he would mention no names.

The host understood, and smuggled the doctor's hat and cane from the dressing-room, and the reverend gentleman escaped by a side door so speedily that he reached the sidewalk almost as soon as the colonel. By walking on the sodded portion of the sidewalk, he followed rapidly without making any noise.

But the trip did not progress exactly as the doctor had expected. Instead of going directly to Bonnaton's house or to the Perrang place, the colonel went to the little village cemetery.

The doctor promptly became ashamed of himself; although he was glad to have the colonel as regards himself of Ennie Perrang's reputation, and was rather sorry that the colonel's abrupt departure had not been caused by the insinuation he had heard, the errand upon which his military friend was now bent seemed of far higher nature than chastising an old profligate. The old man was about to retrace his steps, when it occurred to him that the colonel had been in such bad health and spirits for a month or two that he might not be safe company for himself at a time when he preferred a lonely graveyard to a cheerful feast.

He had heard of middle-aged lovers killing themselves at the graves of their dead sweethearts; so he felt it would not be indelicate if he were to watch the colonel for a few minutes. The grave was near a hedge that separated the cemetery grounds from the garden of one of the doctor's parishioners; so the old man tiptoed through the garden and close to the hedge just in time to hear the colonel say:

"It is not for my sake, Agnes, but for hers."

Then the colonel arose from his knees, passed out of the cemetery, and walked rapidly toward Miss Perrang's house. The doctor followed rapidly, his head in a whirl. The colonel entered the house, and a moment later the clergyman peered in the parlor window, saw that only Ennie and the colonel were there, and whispered:

"Thank God!"

The colonel complimented the lady on her appearance and was told in reply that Miss Perrang had never seen him looking better. This assurance seemed to please the colonel for his eye brightened as if his mind had been cleared in some way. He answered quickly that no man whose heart was so entirely and worthily filled could help looking his best.

"Oh, Colonel!" exclaimed Miss Perrang, playfully, "that sounds very much as if you were in love. Do tell me who the happy woman is?"

"May I tell you in confidence?" asked the colonel, gravely; he extended his hand as he added: "We are old friends, you know. You won't laugh at me if you don't approve of my choice?"

"Laugh at you, Colonel Reave?" exclaimed Ennie. "No woman could do that. The woman whom the one great catch of Mayport is in love with is—"

"You, Miss Perrang," interrupted the colonel. "Forgive an old soldier's bluntness if I ask you plainly will you marry me?"

The lady's self possession forsook her; so, apparently, did her tongue. All she could do was to stare blankly.

"Have I offended you?" asked the colonel, gently.

"You have honored me as no man ever did. I can at least be frank in return." She averted her eye and continued:

"People have talked about me and you have heard them—there, there, don't break a soldier's word for the sake of being polite."

"I have heard scarcely anything and believed nothing. I will believe nothing but what you yourself tell me."

"I can only say there is nothing to tell," said the lady.

"Certainly not," said the colonel.

"But," continued Miss Perrang, "people will say cruel things about a friendless girl."

"Then people should be kept in order by a man who has a right to speak for her and whose word no one dare impugn."

"Your name and family is held in high honor—"

"Care for them, for me," interrupted the colonel, "and let me guard you in return."

Whether Miss Perrang would have hesitated longer is known only to herself and the colonel, for the latter, hearing the gate close and steps approach the house, quickly threw his arms around the astonished girl and kissed her on both cheeks. A moment later Mr. Bonnaton entered the room and seemed displeased at what he saw, but the colonel, who seemed to be in high glee, said:

"Good evening, Mr. Bonnaton, you have arrived just in time to be the first to congratulate us on our engagement."

Mr. Bonnaton merely glared.

Miss Perrang without the slightest sign of fear returned his look, upon which Bonnaton said: "Good night," and abruptly quitted the room. As he did so Dr. Morsley sneaked away from the window where he had been listening, dropped on his knees behind a neglected rose clump and offered up a prayer that he had never seen in print. A few weeks later he joined the colonel and Ennie in marriage, and everybody who was anybody came to the wedding and visited the bride always thereafter. The colonel, in spite of his long devotion to first love, became a very happy husband. As for Bonnaton, he was so unmercifully chafed that he speedily drank himself to death.

## Former Stationery.

Is it not strange in these days of cheap stationery to think of a time when both parchment papyrus had become so rare and exorbitantly expensive that both Greeks and Romans were in the habit of using a palimpsest, which was simply some old manuscript with the former writing erased? Thus countless works of authors now celebrated, and whose every word is held priceless in this nineteenth century, were ruthlessly destroyed by their contemporaries. Verily these prophets lacked honor! Many were the expedients resorted to by the early scribes for the supply of writing materials. There was no scribbling paper whereon to jot down trivial memoranda or accounts, but the heaps of broken pots and crockery of all sorts, which are so abundant in all eastern towns, prove the first suggestion for such china tablets and slates as we now use, and bits of smooth stone or tiles were constantly used for this purpose, and remain to this day: Fragments of ancient tiles thus scribbled on (such tiles as that whereon Ezekiel was commanded to portray the city of Jerusalem) have been found in many places. The island of Elephantine, on the Nile, is said to have furnished more than a hundred specimens of these memoranda, which are now in various museums. One of these is a soldier's leave of absence, scribbled on a fragment of an old vase. How little those scribes and accountants foresaw the interest with which learned descendants of the barbarians of the isles would one day treasure their rough notes! Still quainter were the writing materials of the ancient Arabs, who before the time of Mohammed used to carve their annals on the shoulder-blades of sheep; these "sheep bone chronicles" were strung together, and thus preserved. After a while, sheep's bones were replaced by sheep's skin, and the manufacture of parchment was brought to such perfection as to place it among the refinements of art. We hear of vellums that were tinted yellow, others white; others were dyed of a rich purple, and the writing thereon was in golden ink, with gold borders and many colored decorations. These precious manuscripts were anointed with the oil of cedar to preserve them from moths. We hear of one such in which the name of Mohammed is adorned with garlands of tulips and carnations printed in vivid colors. Still more precious was the silky paper of the Persians, powdered with gold and silver dust, whereon were painted rare illuminations, while the book was perfumed with attar of roses or essence of sandal-wood. Of the demands for writing materials one may form some faint notion from the vast manuscript libraries of which records have been preserved, as having been collected by the Caliphs both of the east and west, the former in Bagdad, the latter in Andalusia, where there were eighty great public libraries, besides that vast one at Cordova. We also hear of private libraries, such as that of a physician who declined an invitation from the sultan of Bokhara because the carriage of his books would have required 400 camels. If all the physicians of Bagdad were equally literary, the city could scarcely have contained their books, as we hear that the medical brotherhood numbered 860 licensed practitioners.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

## Plant Freaks.

Nature seems to have completely outdone herself in providing freaks in plant life. There is a plant in Sumatra which produces the giant among flowers, more than a yard in diameter. It has a parasite, has neither stem nor leaves, but has exactly the smell of very much decayed meat. The petals are flesh colored, about a foot long, and the whole evil flower is constantly infested with swarms of insects such as feed upon carrion. Another curiosity is the plant called manilla. Its stem exactly resembles the insect called the praying mantis, though in countries where the mantis is not known another resemblance has been suggested, and the plant is known as the "dancing girl." The man oris is a curious counterfeit of the figure of a man, while the orchis muscivora so strongly resembles a fly that some naturalists believe the flies themselves are deceived by it. The giant among water plants is the South American water lily, whose leaves have often been found 12 feet in diameter, and of such buoyancy as to be able to bear up a 10 year-old boy, provided a board were placed so that the leaf would not be torn by his feet. But of all plant freaks none are more curious than the ferns, whose seeds grow on the back of the leaf, or than the butcher's broom, whose flowers grow from the middle of the leaf.

## Dueling, Past and Present.

Twenty-five years ago, at the table of a gentleman whose father had fallen in a duel, the conversation fell upon dueling, and after it had proceeded for some time the host remarked, emphatically, that there were occasions when it was a man's solemn duty to fight. The personal reference was too significant to permit further insistence at that table that dueling was criminal folly, and the subject of conversation was changed.

The host, however, had only reiterated the familiar view of General Hamilton. His plea was, that in the state of public opinion at the time when Burr challenged him, to refuse to fight under circumstances which by the "code of honor" authorized a challenge, was to accept a brand of cowardice and of a want of gentlemanly feeling, which would banish him to a moral and social Coventry, and throw a cloud of discredit upon his family. So Hamilton, one of the bravest men and one of the ablest intellects of his time, permitted a worthless fellow to murder him. Yet there is no doubt that he stated accurately the general feeling of the social circle in which he lived. There was probably not a conspicuous member of that society who was of military antecedents who would not have challenged any man who had said of him what Hamilton had said of Burr. Hamilton disclaimed explanation or recantation, and the result was accepted as tragical, but in a certain sense inevitable.

Yet the result aroused public sentiment to the atrocity of this barbarous survival of the ordeal of private battle. That one of the most justly renowned of public men, of unsurpassed ability, should be shot down like a mad dog, because he had expressed the general feeling about an unprincipled schemer, was an exasperating public misfortune. But that he should have been murdered in deference to a practice which was approved in the best society, yet which placed every other valuable life at the mercy of any wily vagabond, was a public peril. From that day to this there has been no duel which could be said to have commanded public sympathy or approval. From the bright June morning, eighty years ago, when Hamilton fell at Weehawken, to the June of this year, when two foolish men shot at each other in Virginia, there has been a steady and complete change of public opinion, and the performance of this year was received with almost universal contempt, and with indignant censure of a dilatory police.

The most celebrated duel in this country since that of Hamilton and Burr was the encounter between Commodore Decatur and Barron, in 1820, near Washington, in which Decatur, like Hamilton, was mortally wounded, and likewise lived but a few hours. The quarrel was one of professional, as Burr's of political jealousy. But as the only conceivable advantage of the Hamilton duel lay in its arousing the public mind to the barbarity of dueling, the only gain from the Decatur duel was that it confirmed this conviction. In both instances there was an unspeakable shock to the country and infinite domestic anguish. Nothing else was achieved. Neither general manners nor morals were improved, nor was the fame of either combatant heightened, nor public confidence in the men or admiration of their public services increased. In both cases it was a calamity alleviated solely by the resolution which it awakened that such calamities should not occur again.

Such a resolution, indeed, could not at once prevail, and eighteen years after Decatur was killed, Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, was killed in a duel at Washington by William J. Graves, of Kentucky. This event occurred forty-five years ago, but the outcry with which it was received even at that time—one of the newspaper moralists lapsing into rhyme as he deplored the cruel custom which led excellent men to the fatal field—

"Where Cilley's meek grave lies," and the practical disappearance of Mr. Graves from public life, showed how deep and strong was the public condemnation, and how radically the general view of the duel was changed.

Even in the burning height of the political and sectional animosity of 1856, when Brooks had assailed Charles Sumner, the challenge of Brooks by some of Sumner's friends met with little public sympathy. During the excitement the "Easy Chair" met the late Count Gurowski, who was a constant and devoted friend of Mr. Sumner, but an old-world man, with all the hereditary social prejudices of the old world. The count was furious that such a dastardly blow had not been avenged. "Has he no friends?" he exclaimed. "Is there no honor left in your country?" And, as if he would burst with indignant impotence, he shook both fists in the air, and thundered out, "Good God! will not somebody challenge anybody?"

No, that time is past. The elderly club dandy may lament the good old code of honor—a word of which he has a very ludicrous conception—as Major Pendennis, when he pulled off his wig, and took out his false teeth, and removed the padded calves of his legs, used to hope that the world was not sinking into shams in its old age. Quarreling editors may win a morning's notoriety by stealing to the field, furnishing a paragraph for the reporters, and running away from the police. But they gain only the unsavory notoriety of the man in a curled wig and flowered waistcoat and huge flapped coat of the last century who used to parade Broadway. The costume was merely an advertisement, and of very contemptible wares. The man who fights a duel to day excites but one comment. Should he fall, the common opinion of enlightened mankind writes upon his head-stone, "He died as the fool dieth."—George William Curtis, in Harper's Magazine for September.

Uacoe Sam's example: One of our most influential Georgia grangers was superintending affairs at his cotton press the other day, when he was accosted by a neighbor: "I see, colonel, that the tariff bill has passed." "Is that so? How about cotton ties?" "Still 35 per cent. ad valorem." "Well, here you boys, that's another shovel of sand in the middle of that bale; I can't afford to reform until the tariff does." And the sifting was strictly attended to.—Georgia Major.

Ismael Pasha, ex-khedive, will live permanently in London.

## How Milk is Tested.

The inspectors, of whom there are four, can almost at a glance distinguish pure milk from bad. Their method of procedure is as follows. On the arrival of the wagons at the ferries the drivers are made to lift the lid of every can, and the inspector then goes from one can to the other and takes up a dipperful, which he pours slowly back again, and as it falls back over the dipper into the can suffices to their practiced eyes to show them the quality of the milk. Where there is any doubt he takes out a sample of the milk and tests it with a lactometer, and if it does not stand that test, and even if it does, in some instances, he takes another sample, which is sealed up in a bottle for analysis and further tests.

While milk is obviously impure or heavily adulterated, it is invariably dumped in the gutter after a sample has been taken for analysis and proof against the owners, who are in all such cases prosecuted and fined or imprisoned, as the case may be.

Adulterations by water are shown by the use of the lactometer, which should mark eighty-seven or lower, for milk of good quality and above that figure for bad qualities or milk heavily diluted. The tests adopted by the board of health for determining the quality and strength of milk are first by taste, which in its reaction should be slightly acid. Second, the cream test. This is as follows: A quantity of milk is poured into a long glass tube marked in 100 points, which is left standing for twenty-four hours to allow the cream to rise to the surface. The percentage of cream is then easily ascertained by a glance at the tube. Some milk will show as high as 15 or 20 per cent. of cream, while other samples will give but from 1 to 3 per cent., according to the extent to which it has been denuded of its cream by skimming. The lowest standard allowed to pass is 8 per cent.

For the determination of butter a certain quantity of milk is dried at 212 Fahrenheit, when the residue is saturated with ether, which is evaporated, and this leaves the butter behind. To determine the whole amount of solids and inorganic salts, a quantity of milk is subjected to 212 degrees Fahrenheit and the weight left shows the amount of solids contained in the sample. This, being ignited, loses all inorganic constituents, such as butter, lactine and caseine, leaving the inorganic salts behind.

If carboic soda was dissolved in the milk for the purpose of preventing it going sour, acids brought in contact with the salts cause effervescence. The quantity of salts, together with the quantity of butter abstracted from the total amount of solids, leaves the amount of sugar and caseine.

Other organic substances which are not of a fatty nature, if added to the milk to give it a rich and creamy appearance, increase the weight of sugar and caseine to a considerable degree, and whenever the quantity of these two substances is above the normal standard—that is, when a certain amount of butter on one side and sugar and caseine on the other do not exist, it is nearly certain that some organic substances have been added.

The farmers, it is asserted by the authorities as well as by the dealers, use little or no water for adulterating purposes, and send in their milk as it comes from the cow.

## The Scene of the Slaughter.

Casamicciola, the scene of the last terrible slaughter by an earthquake, has been a watering place and summer resort for 2000 years. It was celebrated for its baths long before the opening of the Christian era, having been deserted in the year 474 B. C. by its inhabitants because of an eruption of the volcano Epomeo, which has been quiet and harmless since the year 1302. The freedom from volcanic eruptions was purchased at the expense of increased danger from earthquakes.

It is situated on the island of Ischia, fifteen miles westward from Naples, and is reached by sailing down the wonderful bay, which has long been the delight of travelers and the despair of descriptive writers. The population of the island is less than 30,000, of whom something more than 4000 are residents of Casamicciola, which is the town of third importance on the island. It is farthest to the westward on the island, but this is compensated for by the possession of a fine harbor, which has made it the landing place for travelers. The town lies at the foot of the quiescent volcano and is built on soil formed from the many eruptions of past ages.

The island lies almost in the center of the earthquake zone of the Eastern world, which is subject to these internal convulsions at all times. Casamicciola has suffered severely many times before this, though never so seriously as upon the present occasion. It was almost entirely destroyed in February, 1828, the shock only continuing three seconds. The next and most serious visitation until the present one was in March, 1881, when a shock lasting seven seconds, accompanied by a noise like subterranean thunder, visited the town, destroying 300 houses and leaving 400 people killed or injured.

The most destructive earthquakes that have ever occurred in the same vicinity were that in Sicily in 1693, when 60,000 people perished in one; that in the reign of Tiberius, in 16 A. D., in which 12,000 people are supposed to have lost their lives, and that of 526, when according to Gibbon, 250,000 people were engulfed. Herclaneum and Pompeii were destroyed in the year 62, sixteen years before the final destruction by the eruption of Vesuvius. The earthquake of Lisbon in 1775 swallowed up 30,000 people alive and killed 50,000 more, and in February, 1783, 100,000 lives were lost during a series of earthquakes, when Messina, Calabria and other villages were destroyed. No century has passed without numerous and destructive exhibitions of this great natural power in the region in which the latest calamity to Casamicciola has occurred.

The inhabitants of Ischia are principally peasants, who cultivate the grape and the fig and engage in fishing. They are an indolent, self-satisfied people, who live in continual fear of the danger from the volcano or earthquakes, but are too much attached to their easy existence to

quit either the terrible risks or the easy rewards. The population is much swelled during the summer months by the large number of persons who visit the island for their baths and add their easy, contented lives and their polite killing of time to the indolent qualities of the humble natives.

## End of a Strange Law Suit.

The London Daily News says: The civil tribunal of the Seine has just disposed of a very romantic suit, arising out of the visit to Abyssinia in 1842 of M. Husson, an eminent professor of natural history in Paris. M. Husson fell in love with a native woman of great beauty, and when he returned to France he took back with him the son that was born to them. In the meantime he had married a wealthy widow, and his wife took such a fancy to the little half-caste that he was, in accordance with French law, legitimized and registered as their child. The boy was educated at Nancy, where his father and adoptive mother lived, and in course of time he married a young lady of the town, and died at a very early age, leaving a daughter behind him.

But just after he had died his real mother, the Abyssinian slave, appeared upon the scene and she came to claim him as her son. This was an incident which had not been foreseen by M. Husson and his wife, and as there could be no doubt as to the boy's parentage—the color of his skin testifying to the race of one of his parents—they were unable to resist the claim, the consequence being that the deceased lad was no longer legitimate, becoming the natural son of M. Husson and the Abyssinian slave. A further consequence was that the lady whom he had married and her daughter lost their share in his inheritance, and the widow accordingly brought an action against the adoptive mother for having allowed her to marry the lad under false pretenses. For the defense it was urged that everyone in the town of Nancy was aware that the lad could not be the son of M. and Mme. Husson, on account of his color, and that the young lady and her relatives were made fully acquainted with the facts of the case before the marriage was agreed to. This was the view taken by the tribunal, which has dismissed the case and condemned the plaintiff in all costs.

## A Dyspeptic Minister.

Man and woman, in the name of Christian charity, in the name of common humanity, rise, and by every means in your power, with all your strength, and with all your mind and with all your soul, rescue the perishing victims of intemperance. See, here comes one with a pale face and lustrous eyes. His eyes are set in agony he may not describe. His steps are slow, and the dull throbbing of a heavy headache beats at his temple like a muffled drum. Ten years ago his form was erect, his eyes were bright, his heart was light as a thistle down; he knew what a headache was only by hearing people speak of it. See him to-day! His days are drowsy and his nights are sleepless, and gaiety is a weariness to him. And what has made this wreck of manhood? Intemperance! Too much hot bread and too many late suppers. Dyspepsia; that's what's the matter.

Had this man been a temperate eater, he would be a healthy man to-day. But he said, "I can take care of myself. When I find that hot bread and eleven o'clock suppers are harming me, I will let them alone." Ah, he thought he could. But look at him now. And the curse of his intemperance does not fall upon him alone. No, indeed. You should see his poor family hunt for dark corners when the dyspepsia is unusually strong on the old man. And yet he is not a bad man. No; he is a minister of the gospel. He is a good man, but he has the dyspepsia. And a truly good man with the dyspepsia will say as ill-natured things about people as will a bad man with his skin full of whisky; howbeit the good man will not swear and says his ill-natured things in a more refined way. Let us, deep in our hearts, ever cherish a profound pity for the victim of intemperate eating who is bound in the chains of dyspepsia. And let us vote for a constitutional amendment forever prohibiting the manufacture of shortcake and hot bread in Iowa, save only for exportation.—Burlington Hawkeye.

## Chrysanthemums.

All varieties of chrysanthemums are amenable to the art of the cultivator, and the plants can be fashioned at his will; perhaps no plant will better display the care and ingenuity expended upon it to give an ideal form. Compact, well-finished plants are most desirable, and this is effected by potting in rich soil, in pots of medium size and pinching back the growth as it progresses, to increase the number of branches. When it is time to allow the buds to form for blooming, the pinching must cease, and with this is about the first of August. The strength of the plant is maintained while blooming by a liberal supply of manure water. The varieties of chrysanthemums in cultivation are very great, and new ones introduced every year. Many of these are not better than older ones, but on the whole there has been going on for a long time a gradual improvement, consisting in greater fullness, truer forms, and more distinct colors. Great size, looseness and gracefulness of petals, and brightness of colors are characteristics of the Japanese chrysanthemums. Altogether the variety afforded will testify all tastes.—Vick's Monthly.

The Texas "medicus" writes to a journal in his native state that he has been experimenting with mosquitoes and bed bugs, and finds that they contain a large proportion of quinia, a small dose of which they insert at every bite. If this true a person who lives in a malarial country should cultivate the society of these useful insects, and afford them an opportunity to make frequent hypodermic injections of the precious antidote for malarial germs. Further confirmation of the new discovery is needed to develop sufficient faith in the new remedy to secure its general adoption.—Good Health.

The German emperor, who is over 86 years old, is hale and vigorous, while the empress, at 72, is a confirmed invalid.