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The Memories of the Heart.

We may shred the moss-veil from the rose,
The blossom from the spray;
The bloom that pearls the luscious grape
A touch will brush away.
The vine may loosen from the tree
Which once it clung so fast;
But the heart will keep its memories
Till life itself be past.

The gold must die from sunset skies,
The purple from far hills;
The foam flowers fade from opal waves;
Drought hush the babbling rills;
The world grow old and passionless
'Neath winter's bitter blast;
But the heart will keep its memories
Till life itself be past.

The flush will fade from cheek and brow;
The sweet smile wane and die;
The freshness leave the coral lip;
Tears dim the brightest eye.
Youth, beauty, hope, and happiness,
And love, may die at last,
But the heart will keep its memories
Till life itself be past.

Ruth's Flirtation.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Before Ruth Pennington accepted Dr. Howard she had certainly flirted with Ralph Barlow, and he had some reason to be angry and indignant, but he should have been man enough to let the girl alone, and cease from absurd and unavailing reproaches. However, he was not; and day by day, hour by hour, Ruth lived in dread of him, never knowing when she might meet his scowling face in the village street, or what sweet hour he might poison with those angry accusations, which were all the more bitter for being in a measure true.

However, Ruth's friends upheld her, for Harry Howard was a fine fellow, whose antecedents every one knew—his father the favorite physician of the place before him; his married sister, Mrs. Marchmont, the being who dazzled their eyes with bonnets and dresses absolutely just from Paris; while old Mrs. Howard was the Lady Bountiful of the place, dispensed flannels to the poor, hunted up starving negroes and children going to the dogs for want of education, and gave them bread and schooling, and headed contributions for superannuated clergymen and widows who had seen better days.

A really respected family were the Howards, and Ralph Barlow was just no one knew who—a fellow who seemed to have money enough, but who for all that was without any introduction whatever. Handsome, too; but not the man people wanted to see dangling after their girls, and when Ruth had that flirtation with him she led a terrible life at home.

No girl likes to be scolded and preached to and threatened by those who are her guardians, and doubtless this influenced Ruth no little; and now all was so smooth and easy; and like most grave men, Dr. Howard had more in him than appeared on the surface, and made a fonder and more attentive lover than she had hoped. She loved him now, and her fleeting fancy for Ralph was quite a thing of the past. The wedding day was fixed; the wedding dress nearly done, and Ruth would have been perfectly happy but for Ralph's haunting. Knowing that she had once given him reason to think she liked him—indeed, knowing that she had—she could not use him as she would another, and complain of him to her father or brother; and the last time he crossed her path, he had caught her by the arm and held her fast, and told her that she must either break with Dr. Howard or take the consequences. "You shall never marry him, Ruth," he said, "never;" and this time Ruth, who had before only wept and trembled, defied him.

"I'm not afraid of you, Ralph," said she, "I'll have a protector soon, who will put an end to your threats, and punish you for annoying me."

"Don't talk of him to me, girl," cried Ralph, and he caught her by the wrist and held her so that for a moment she quite understood how powerless a woman is in the hands of a strong man, and they were alone far from any house, with thick trees on one side, and a bubbling brook on the other.

But he dropped the hand again and folded his arms and laughed.

"Little fool," said he.

"Great brute, to try to frighten me," she cried, and sped away. After that she would never go far alone.

Two days at last between the present and her wedding eve, when, after dark, as she sat upon the porch waiting for her lover, and hoping that none of those calls that often carried the doctor miles away when he least desired it would keep him from her that evening, a small boy ran up the garden path and addressed her.

"You're Miss Ruth Pennington, ain't you?"

"Yes," she said, "I am."

"Then," said he, "the doctor is outside in his carriage, and he says he wants you to ride with him, only he can't leave his horse. Won't you put on your hat and come?" he says.

"Tell him I'll be there in a moment," said Ruth, and ran into the room where her mother sat.

"I'm going out to ride with Harry, ma," said she, and catching up a hat and shawl that lay upon the lounge, stood before the mirror to put them on.

"Nobody will see you to-night," said Mrs. Pennington. "What a night it is for a ride—dark as pitch!"

"Not on the road, ma," said Ruth, and hurried off.

But it was dark—so dark that after the streak of light from the lamp in the parlor had ended, she could literally see nothing. She found the latch of the garden gate by feeling for it, and stepped outside. There, under the poplars, stood a dark object, a sort of silhouette of carriage, horse and driver, all in one piece. She approached it; a hand met hers, and helped her in.

"Oh, how dark it is. I can't see you, Harry," she said.

Then the hand went around her waist and drew her close. It was no unwonted thing, and surely it was right for a promised wife to yield to the embrace—and nestle her head on the broad shoulder.

"I suppose it will be lighter on the road," said she.

The answer was that little unspellable sound that people use for the affirmative when they do not want to speak—and the carriage dashed away furiously.

"Why do you drive so fast, Harry?" she asked, as they whirled through the village, the window-lights flashing past them—as it seemed—each a blurred star, no more. "The horse is not running away, dear?"

The arm tightened about her, but no word was spoken.

"Why don't you say any thing, Harry," she said. "I'm frightened. Nothing has happened?"

"Nothing!" was answered, in a sort of whisper.

"But I know something has," said she. "You never behaved so before. I am trembling, Harry, feel how I tremble. I am cold all over. Harry, please speak." Still the carriage whirled on—still there was silence. And now the village was passed. They were alone on a lonely road, and faster and faster still they drove on. The thought that her betrothed lover had suddenly gone mad thrust itself like a stab into Ruth's heart. Oh, if she could but see his face.

"Harry," she said, falteringly, "Harry, won't you go back now? It is so dark. I'm tired of driving, Harry."

Suddenly he bent toward her.

"Kiss me," said he.

She lifted up her lips. As she did so, straining her eyes toward his face, the black clouds overhead suddenly parted, and from between them peeped the moon at her full; and Ruth saw by the white and ghastly light the face of Ralph Barlow.

It was he who sat beside her. She understood quite well how she had been tricked. She was miles from home and in his power. He had fulfilled his threat of vengeance.

"So you are surprised," said he, with a loud laugh. "Come, make up your mind to it. I was good enough for you once. You have kissed me before, lassie. All's fair in love and war, you know. I'll not make you a bad husband. I love you, my dear, or I'd never have done this. So good-by to the doctor."

"Ralph Barlow, I hate you," cried Ruth. "If I was fool enough to like you once, I hate you now. You can't marry me against my will. I'll say no. I'll tell the minister you carried me off. What a fool you are, to think a girl can be married without her own consent. Take me back at once. I'm to marry Dr. Howard on Wednesday."

"Indeed," said Ralph. "Reflect a moment. You will then have been away with me two days. I scarcely think Dr. Howard will want a wife who has been away with another man two days. I think by that time you will be quite willing to say Yes. Come, once you liked the notion. Those steady-going Yankee parents chose the doctor for you—that's all. We'll have a merry life together; plenty of money, jolly times. Come, make up your mind to it."

"Harry will think I have played him false," said Ruth. "Harry will believe me such a wicked girl."

"Just so," said Ralph.

"And mother and father!" moaned Ruth. "Oh, Ralph, take me back home, and I'll pray for you every night of my life!"

"I'd rather you'd kiss me every day," said Ralph. "No; I'll never go back with you!"

Then he drove on faster than before; and though Ruth uttered scream after scream, and strove in despair to cast herself into the road, the cries spent themselves on the empty air, and the strong arm about her waist made her struggles utterly useless.

At last she ceased to cry out, and sat perfectly quiet; but it was not, as Ralph supposed, that she had yielded to fate. She was watching intently for the next house that they would pass, hoping that some one within would hear the desperate shrieks that she would utter.

At last she saw it—a square, white building, in the upper windows of which a light burned brightly, for there people watched by one who suffered. Beside the bed sat the husband, holding the hand of the wife whom he had feared that he must lose, but who was now in safety. At the foot stood the physician ready to depart, happy in the good work that he had done.

"Good-bye, until to-morrow," he said. "I think you will sleep well to-night, dear lady."

"Good bye, Dr. Howard," said the gentleman, grasping his hand. "I am sorry you have such a long, lonely ride before you."

Then Dr. Howard ran down stairs and went out to his carriage. A stout Irishman stood holding the reins.

"God bless your honor," he said. "They tell me you've saved missus's life, no less."

"With God's help, I have done something," said the physician. "Well, others are as late as I upon the road, Pat."

"Yis, and—Lord save us, what's that?"

For, as the man was about to answer, a woman leant from the little buggy that flew past and uttered a terrible cry of, "Help—save me! Help—save me!"

"Its a rale throubble, or jest some dessolute crayther making disturbance!" said Pat.

"It is a real terror," said the doctor. "Come, Pat,—into the wagon with me and after them."

"I'm not afraid," said Pat; "but, docther, dear, we might get into a tough scrimmage."

"Well, *you'd* like that, Pat," said the doctor.

"But they say your bride is waitin' you, docther, dear," said Pat. "And 'tisn't a broken head or nose you'd like to take to a wedding."

The doctor gave one thought to Ruth; then, "For her sake, all women," said he, and they were flying after the other carriage. The chase was not long; their horse was fresh; the other weary.

In fifteen minutes they were side by side.

"Who cried for help?" said the doctor.

A struggling form in the carriage stretched out its hand to him.

"Harry! Harry!" she cried.

"It is Ruth!" shouted the doctor; and then he had clutched the reins, and the man in the other carriage arose to his feet.

"Let go your hold!" he shouted. "I am armed!"

A pistol flashed in the moonlight, which shone still, though dimly.

"He will kill you, Harry!" cried Ruth.

"Yes, by heaven!" yelled Ralph Barlow, "I will!"

The Irishman, undaunted, had sprung to the horses' heads.

"I can't hold them much longer, yer honor," he cried; "they're mad—the both of them."

Then there was the sound of a pistol—a blaze—the smoke of gunpowder—and Ruth fainted away.

When she recovered Dr. Howard held her in his arms, and the Irishman stood near, rubbing his head and looking utterly bewildered.

There was no sign of either of the horses. On the firing of the pistol both had run away, but by this time Dr. Howard was on the ground, and had clutched Ruth about the waist. They were thrown to the earth and the bullet had grazed the doctor's cheek, and cut the ribbon of Ruth's hat in two, but otherwise they were unhurt.

The Irishman had been knocked senseless by a kick from one of the horses, and what had become of Ralph Barlow was not known.

A few hours afterwards he was found dead amongst the debris of his carriage, his dead horse beside him at the foot of a precipice past which the road wound half a mile further on.

Poor Ruth, conscience stricken and shaken in every nerve, really felt as though it would be wrong that she should play the role of bride so soon; but the doctor stood firm and claimed her on the proper day, and her wild ride through the night, and the terrible scene that followed it, seems almost a dream to her now when she recalls it. Only no daughter of Ruth Howard's will ever flirt if, she can help it.

Flirtation, says Ruth, is nothing less than a crime.—*New York Ledger.*

"Come and See Me."

Never take "Come and see me," as a phrase meant in earnest, unless it is accompanied with a date. Such an invitation amounts to nothing at all. If a lady or gentleman desires your company, he or she will appoint a time for your visit. "Call and see me when you can make it convenient;" "drop in as you are passing;" "make us a visit whenever you have an hour or two to spare," are social ambiguities by which men and women of the world understand that they are not expected to do the thing requested. When people wish to be cheaply polite, there is nothing like this kind of vagueness. The complimentary small change of society must always be taken at a large discount. It is never worth its face or anything like it. Yet it is a convenient medium of exchange, and heavy debts of gratitude that ought to be requited in better coin are often paid with it. People who have more polish than principle, use it lavishly—plain, blunt, honest men sparingly, or not at all. Whoever makes a friendly visit to a fashionable house on the strength of a mere "Come and see me," will very often find that the family circle are as ungenial as the Arctic circle, and he will probably leave it with a chilly feeling that will prevent him from venturing into the same high latitude again. But when a whole-souled man, whom you know to be your friend, grasps you vigorously by the hand and says, "Come and dine with me to-day—dinner on the table at five o'clock—be sure to come, we shall expect you," you can take it as certain that your presence is warmly desired. It is pleasant always to make or receive a visit from a friend, but a nod on the street is all-sufficient from a fashionable acquaintance.—*N. Y. Times.*

Strange Feelings.

He was an old man, too, and he was an old man whose personal appearance couldn't have been injured by a steamboat explosion. His name was John Doe, and he wanted it understood that he was the original and only John Doe now traveling in this country.

"Well, now, as we fully understand each other," remarked the court, "let us refer to that little affair of yours last night."

"I believe I am dying!" said Mr. Doe as he screwed his mouth around and raised his hand to his heart.

"I guess not—you look healthy and fat. Please answer to the charge, Mr. Doe."

"I feel strange—the room whirls—I am not myself!" whispered the prisoner.

"Mr. Doe, I wish you would put in a plea!"

"Oh! death! where is thy sting!" sighed the prisoner.

"I'll make it thirty days for you, Mr. Doe, and if you feel faint Bijah will give you his smelling bottle."

Bijah led him away and wanted him to smell the hartshorn, but the prisoner suddenly regained his health and said to the old janitor:

"Bijah Joy, I can lick forty such old horseplums as you are in five minutes by the watch!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A COSTLY LACE DRESS.—In the case of the United States against a lace dress and laces claimed by Joseph Hoorix, and valued at about $9,000, action was brought to condemn them on the ground that they were smuggled. The dress alone is worth $6,000; it was made in Brussels, Belgium, by Mr. Hoorix, to be shown at the Paris Exhibition in 1867. In 1868 Mr. Hoorix failed and came to the United States, bringing the dress and the laces with him. The case came on for trial yesterday in the United States District Court, before Judge Blatchford. The defence is that the dresses and laces were among the wearing apparel of Mr. Hoorix's wife, and that, therefore, they were not subject to duty.

Washing Made Easy.

In these days of washing machines, no doubt you will all laugh at the idea of the old pounding barrel being the easiest and best way of doing our family washings, but it is no less a fact founded on experience, and we all know that pounding does not wear clothes in the least. I now recall one family in particular that, to my knowledge, has as good a washing machine as any in use, also the pounding barrel, and the latter is frequently used in preference to the former, as being much easier and washing the clothes cleaner in a shorter space of time. The way to proceed is this: On the day previous to washing put your clothes to soak in warm, soft water, to which a little washing soda has been added, soaping the soiled spots well, letting them remain in this water over night. Next morning pound them well and you will find your clothes nearly clean; wring them out and again soap those that are not clean; then put clean, hot water in the barrel, put in your clothes, pound again, and as you wring them out of this water, observe if there are any soiled spots remaining (such as wristbands, collars, &c.;) if so, rub them through the hands slightly, and they are ready for the rinse water. Your clothes need no boiling (which process only yellows them.) They are not rubbed to rags on the board. We hear of no back-aches, nor sore fingers, nor blisters, and we claim it will do all, and even more than any washing machine ever yet invented.

Therefore we say to all farmers' wives and daughters, Don't moan and bewail your hard lot because you have not the loose change to buy a washing machine. Take one of your musty old pork barrels from the cellar, clean it thoroughly, saw off the top down to the second row of hoops from the top, then nail the top hoop firmly; send to the village for a good, wooden pounder, and you have a washing machine that will not cost you three dollars and will last a lifetime with good care. Then get at your washing early in the morning, and if you have a kind husband, brother, son or hired man about you, they will often, when work is slack, pound them out for you, and, my word for it, you will find your washing *made easy.*—BROWNIE, in *Moore's Rural.*

Eggs as Diet.

On this subject the *Poultry Review* has the following pertinent and suggestive remarks:

"Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third the weight of an egg is solid nutriment; this is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones or tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, fifty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains eighty-six per cent. water, the yolk of an egg fifty-two per cent. The average weight of an egg is about two ounces. Practically, an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are eighty or ninety years old, and have been remarkably free from illness. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is offensive to some, but does not so harden the white or yolk as to make them hard to digest. An egg, if cooked very hard, is difficult of digestion, except by those of stout stomachs: such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. An egg spread on toast is food fit for a king, if kings deserve any better food than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding salt and pepper. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much."

CHILDREN are children, as kittens are kittens. A sober, sensible old cat, that sits purring before the fire, does not trouble herself because her kitten is hurrying and dashing here and there, in a fever of excitement, to catch its own tail. She sits still and purrs on. People should do the same with children. One of the difficulties of home education is the impossibility of making parents keep still; it is with them, out of their affection, all watch and worry.

HOW TO COOK SALT PORK.—Many people do not relish salt pork fried, but it is quite good to soak it in milk two or three hours, then roll in Indian meal and fry to a light brown. This makes a good dish with mashed turnips, or raw onions cut in vinegar; another way is to soak it over night in skim milk and bake like fresh pork. It is almost as good as fresh roast pork.

INDIAN BREAD.—Beat two eggs very light, mix alternately with them one pint of sour milk or buttermilk and one pint of fine Indian meal; melt one tablespoonful of butter and add to the mixture; dissolve one tablespoonful of soda, or saleratus, etc., in a small portion of milk and add to the mixture the last thing, beat very hard and bake in a pan in a quick oven.

PURPLE OR RED CABBAGES.—Take off all the tough or outside leaves, slice them thinly and evenly, put them in layers, sprinkle salt freely over each layer, and let them remain twenty-four hours. Drain the cabbage well. Boil up some vinegar, add alum and spice to your taste and pour over it, hot. Repeat this process for three or four days.

WEDDING PUDDING.—One cup of molasses, one cup of chopped raisins, one cup of milk, half cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one dessert spoonful of mixed spices, one egg, four cups of flour. Steam three hours.

INDIAN RUSK.—Two light cups of Indian meal, one cup of white flour, one teaspoonful of saleratus, enough sour or buttermilk to dissolve, one cup sweet; stir in three-quarters of a cup of molasses.

Wedding Anecdotes.

Sometimes the united services of clergymen of differing persuasions make the marriage ceremony a trifle difficult. A Methodist minister, who was about to marry an Episcopal lady, called upon her minister to secure his services, and to ask that a friend, who was a presiding elder in his church, might assist in the office of marrying. The Episcopal brother, who was a High Anglican, replied:

"I would like to oblige you, sir, in your wish, but I fear I cannot, as I do not recognize the validity of your orders!"

"My orders not valid, sir?" exclaimed the indignant Wesleyan, "I tell you, it's a purer ministry that has come down from John Wesley than a ministry that has come down by your apostolic succession through all their dirty popes!"

As a general rule, ministers find, on the principle that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," that it is always better to take the fee at the time of the wedding than to wait for any after-judgment of the matter. A certain clergyman to this day bears a grudge against New Jersey because a Jerseyman, after his wedding, asked if he should pay at the time, or settle when he came for the certificate. The modest minister said, "Oh, when you come for the certificate." And that man has never come yet!

There seems to be a strange atmosphere of mistakes about the wedding-service. Even the printers join in this. An English edition of the "Prayer-Book" came out some time ago with the following misplacement of a single letter: "Wilt thou love, honor, and cherish," etc., etc., "and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her as long as ye both shall *like*"—a change from "live" to "like," well suited to the changing habits of present matrimonial life!

Another very common mistake among ignorant people, who want the Episcopal service, is in the alliterative sentence "To have and to hold from this day forward." I know a clergyman who assures me he very frequently has it rendered "To have and to behold from this day forward."

The nervousness of the parties to be married very often accounts for some of these mistakes. A pretty well-frightened groom on one occasion, feeling that he must be brave and speak up well when the officiating clergyman asked any question, boldly replied to the question addressed to the father of the bride, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" "My sponsors in baptism."

Another frightened youth, remembering in the presence of some beautiful bridesmaids the answer to one of the questions in the order of baptism, replied to the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" "I renounce them all, and, by God's help, will endeavor not to follow nor be led by them!"

Readers of Thomas Hardy's story, "Far from the Madding Crowd," will remember the scene in which Bathsheba, on taking charge of the farm, inquires how it came to pass that Mrs. Ball ever consented to name her son "Cain." Joseph Poorgran and the others explain that the "pore" woman was flustered at the time of the christening, and got the Bible brothers mixed up in her mind, and thought at the moment "as how it was Abel that killed Cain, and not t' other way; however, they tried to soften it down a bit by calling him '*Cainey.*'"

On the same principle in England, at a wholesale parish wedding, where some dozen couples were to be united *en masse* on a Sunday, a shy sort of man got crowded in the wrong place, next to a strong, bustling woman, who had likewise missed her man, and before they knew it, they were married, as was also the odd couple number two. Hereupon the shy man made so bold as to tell the minister of the mistake, and, while he was debating in his own mind what was to be done, the old woman exclaimed, "Sure, and let it be; isn't it fair all round, after all, and isn't one man as good as the other? the divil a bit's the difference!" says Bridget McShane.

A SHORT PROMOTION.—A few days ago a freight conductor on one of the railroads went to the superintendent and said he ought to be advanced, having served on the freight for several years. The superintendent agreed with him and told him the change should be made the very next week. And it was made. The superintendent a day or two after took a seat in the rear end of one of the coaches to see how the new conductor would take to business, and pretty soon the official danced into the door, cap on his ear, sleeves pushed up and a half-acre smile on his face.

"Get out your pasteboards!" he shouted, "I'm the high muncky muck that runs this train," and then, turning right and left, he continued:—

"Right bowers this way. Play lively, pass or order up. How's trumps with you? Slide you right into Chicago. Hurry up there, trump this ace. What kind of a hand do you hold, old man?

There was something novel and exhilarating in his style; but yet the superintendent called the conductor up stairs the next day and told him that he was the best man in America to run a freight train, and that he should have to promote him backwards. He was too talented for a passenger conductor.

"CUT IT SHORT."—People now-a-days must pack all they have got to say in as small a space as possible, or they will fail of having an audience. This is the rule in private as well as in public. Mr. Greville, in his memoirs, tells about a bishop who rose to speak in the House of Lords, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him and begged indulgence for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. A drunken fellow was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly strike twelve. He counted the strokes, and then looked up to the clock and said: "Why couldn't you give us all that at once?" The story put an end to the bishop's speech.

Faces.

Physiognomy, like phrenology and graphiology (the art of reading one's character from one's handwriting), is very attractive to a novice, but experience shows it is not to be relied on implicitly. Faces, like other appearances, are very apt to be deceitful.

Jeffries, the infamous judge of the reign of Charles II., who seemed, while sitting on the bench, to have no element of pity in his nature, had a remarkably sweet and amiable countenance. It is almost impossible to believe that he can have sat for the portrait which goes by his name.

A certain picture was for a long time supposed to be a portrait of Addison, the famous writer of Queen Anne's time, and author of Sir Roger de Coverly. It was thought to be a fair representation of his character, but was afterwards found to be the likeness of a man altogether different.

Lavater, one of the chief advocates of physiognomy, was often deceived in his estimate of people. Never more so than in the case of an English lord. Judging from his noble features, he pronounced him to be a man of great ability. The fact, however, was that this lord was notorious for his stupidity.

It is true that correct judgments are frequently formed of persons at first sight, Indeed, these impressions are very apt to be ultimately verified. Some characters we read at once, others we are a long time in deciphering. And this is the meaning of the saying, "Know me in an hour, or know me in ten years." But these rapid estimates are drawn not merely from the face, but from the whole appearance, the dress and manners. A gentleman sat opposite a young lady in a car, and inferred from her face that she was of a most sweet and lovely disposition. But presently he heard her speak petulantly to a lady at her side, and straightway reversed his decision.

A Natural Sand-Blast.

On the eastern declivities of the pass, the side turned toward the desert, the granite and associate rocks which form the sharp peak San Gorgonio extend down the valley of the pass in a succession of sharp ridges, which, being devoid of soil and of vegetation, stand out in bold and rugged outlines against the clear, unclouded sky of that desert region. It was on these projecting spurs of San Gorgonio that the phenomena of grooving were seen. The whole surface of the granite over broad spaces was cut into long and perfectly parallel grooves and little furrows, and every portion of it was beautifully smoothed, and, though very uneven, had a fine polish." While contemplating these curious effects, the solution of the problem was presented. The wind was blowing very hard, and carried with it numerous little grains of sand. A closer examination disclosed the fact that the whole of the polished surface was enveloped in an atmosphere of moving sand, and it was through the grinding and rubbing of these minute but numberless quartz atoms that the rough surfaces of these rocks had been made smooth, and the natural grooves deepened and polished. "Even quartz," he observed, "was cut away and polished; garnets and tourmaline were also cut and left with polished surfaces. * * * * Whenever a garnet or a lump of quartz was imbedded in compact feldspar and favorably presented to the action of the sand, the feldspar was cut away around the hard mineral, which was thus left standing in relief above the general surface."—*From Popular Science Monthly for January.*

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.—The sun sets on some retired meadow, where no house is visible, with all the glory and splendor that it lavishes on the cities, and, perchance, as it has never set before, where there is but a solitary marsh hawk to have his wings gilded by it, or only a musquash looks out from his cabin, and there is only some little black-veined brook in the middle of the marsh, just beginning to meander, winding slowly round a decaying stump. We walked in so pure and bright a light, gilding the withered grass and leaves, so softly and serenely bright, I thought I had never bathed in such a golden flood, without a ripple or a murmur in it. The west side of every wood and rising ground gleamed like the boundary of Elysium, and the sun on our backs gleamed like a gentle herdsman driving us home at evening.

So we saunter toward the Holy Land, till one day, the sun shall shine more brightly than ever he has done; shall perchance shine into our minds and hearts, and light up our whole lives with a great awakening light as warm and serene and golden as on a bank-side in summer.

A PRINCE'S ATTENDANTS.—It may be of interest to mothers who esteem it a privilege to minister with their own hands to the needs of their children to read of the retinue that served the royal baby James, the son of Mary Stuart: Mary was very proud of her son, and from his earliest infancy the establishment of his household was on the most princely scale. The chief nurse had four or five women under her, "keepers of the king's clothes." Five ladies of distinction were appointed to the honorable office of "rockers" of the prince's cradle. For his kitchen, James, at the same early age, had a master-cook, a foreman, and three other servitors, and one for his pantry, one for his wine, and two for his ale-cellar. He had three "chalmer-chields," one "furnisher of coals," and one pastry cook, or confectioner. Five musicians or "violars," as they are called, completed the number of his household.

"I SHOULD have been an atheist," said John Randolph, "if it had not been for some recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and caused me, on my bended knees, to say, "'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

THE newsboy's color—Yeller.

The Wife of Two Husbands.

The Empress Eugenie, the match-maker of two hemispheres, persuaded Countess Valentine de Chimay, beautiful, good and rich, to marry the Prince de Beauffremont, handsome, bad and poor. The only points on which the two agreed were good looks and youth. These proved insufficient to keep them together. The prince went on the Mexican expedition; the princess stayed at home, led a spotless life, and wrote him long letters, which he did not take the trouble to answer. When he returned, she went to Brest to meet him. But he had already started to Paris. She pursued him there only to find that he had left for his chateau. He wrote thence his first letter to her, after an absence of two years. It was composed of these touching words: "Madame: What have you done with my shirts? I don't find them in the armoire." When the two finally met in Paris, it was only to separate. The prince began a scandalous life. The princess sued for a separation. It took her seven years to gain it. The French law does not recognize divorce, so that neither party could legally marry again, even after the *separation de corps* had been decreed. But meanwhile the princess had fallen in love with Prince George Bibosco of Moldavia-Wallachia, and was bound to marry him. Having the will, she found the way. A very devious way it was. She moved to Dresden and had herself naturalized as a Saxon. Then she got absolute divorce from a Dresden court. There was now no obstacle to her civil marriage, outside of France. But a religious difficulty remained. The Catholic church repudiates divorce. The Pope would not sanction a re-marriage. The princess de Beauffremont received the news calmly, abjured Romanism forthwith, and became a member of the Greek church. The Greek priest at Dresden, a native Russian, baptized her and said he would perform the marriage service for her, provided the emperor of the Russias would give his consent. That potentate had the case laid before him, and made no objection. Everything was legal, as far as Russian laws and Greek Catholic rules were concerned. The religious marriage was promptly performed in Dresden, and the civil marriage followed it at the Wallachian legation in Paris. The Russian minister attended the ceremony and signed the contract. And yet the Princess Bibesco is still the Princess Beauffremont in France. French law and Catholic law give her one husband; the Greek church and the rest of Europe give her another. She is the wife of two men.

Her position in France is unique. She is liable to prosecution for bigamy, and can be, it is said, extradited from any other civilized country to which she may flee. Her first husband can take possession of their two children, even if the latter should wish to remain with their mother. If she has any children by her second husband, they will be legally known by the name of Beauffremont, not Bibesco. If the courts should grant them the latter name, it would make them illegitimate and incapable of inheriting any of their mother's immense fortune. Finally, if Madame B–B should ever decide to go back to the first B., the second would be helpless. So this wife has the choice, in France, of her two husbands. Possibly polygamy is introduced upon the soil of Europe.

How a Horse Captured a Wolf.

Mr. John Davis, a farmer in Sullivan township, county Grey, owns a horse which has a habit of getting out of his pasture field. The other night, the farmer, as an experiment, tied the horse's fore feet together, and left him, hoping his scheme would cure the horse of, or at least prevent him indulging in his bad habits. That night a pack of wolves visited the neighborhood, their howls being plainly heard by the occupants of Mr. Davis's house. In the morning, however, they had disappeared and the farmer, having business some distance away, left to transact it. His children, going to school, had occasion to pass by the pasture field in which was the breachy horse, and, remembering the visit of the wolves during the night, they went to look after the horse's safety. There was the animal, right enough, apparently, but standing in a singular position, away off in the field. The children approached nearer, and the horse's appearance seemed more strange. At last they boldly came up close, and discovered the cause of the animal's strange condition. A large gray wolf was under his fore feet, pinned down to the ground, so to speak, by the chain fettering the horse's limbs, and secured in such a way that escape was impossible. The plucky horse had evidently been attacked by the savage brutes, and after a gallant fight he had not only routed his assailants, but managed in this singular way to capture one. No one being around to relieve the horse, he had to hold his captive till Mr. Davis returned—five hours—when the wolf was dispatched, his scalp taken to a magistrate, the bonus got for it, and the brave horse treated to an extra feed of oats. With the exception of a few bites on the neck, "the horse that captured a wolf" came out of the battle comparatively uninjured.—*Barre (Canada) Gazette.*

ARAB HORSE MAXIMS.—Adriondack Murray, in his "Golden Rule," mentions these as Arab horse maxims: "Whoso raiseth and traineth a horse for the Lord is counted in the number of those who give alms, day and night, in private as well as public. He will find his reward. All his sins will be forgiven him, and never will any fear come over him and dishonor his heart. Observe your horse when he is drinking at the brook. If in bringing down his head he remains square, without bending his limbs, he possesses sterling qualities, and all parts of his body are built symmetrically. Let your colt be domesticated and live with you from his tenderest age, and when a horse he will be simple, docile, faithful and inured to hardship and fatigue. If you would have your horse to serve you on the day of trial, if you desire him to be a horse of truth, make him sober, accustomed to hard labor, inaccessible to fear.