THE INDEPENDENT.

ONLY A LINE.

Only a line in the paper
That somebody read aloud,
At a table of languid boarders,
To a dull, indifferent crowd.

Market reports and a marriage,
And the reader read them all;
How could he know a hope died then,
And was wrapped in a funeral pall?

Only a line in the paper,
Read in a casual way,
But the glow went out of one young life,
And left it cold and gray—

Colder than bleak December,
Grayer than walls of rock;
The reader paused, and the room grew full
Of laughter and idle talk.

If one slipped off to her chamber
Why, who could dream or know
That one brief line in the paper
Had sent her away with her woe—

Away into lonely sorrow,
To bitter and blinding tears?
Only a line in the paper—
But it meant such desolate years.

THE HIDDEN SORROW.

It was a bitter cold day; the streets of New York were alive with a dense mass of crowding humanity, evercoated, muffled and veiled, as became those who joyously braved the penetrating wind and sharp atmosphere, in the merry-making time between the death of the old and the birth of the New Year.

Notwithstanding the frosty weather, the Empire City was never in gayer mood, and up and down, and across the thronged thoroughfares, stylish turnouts dashed by to the tinkling music of silver-tongued bells and low, happy laughter, speeding away to the open roads and snow-clad country, lying white and still beyond the hurry and turmoil of the great city.

Though so cold without it was warm enough in the elegant room where we were sitting—my cousin Althea, her half-sister, Mrs. Irene Chester, and I. My cousin Althea was not young—past thirty, in fact; but she was the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and as she sat in the large crimson damask chair by the window, dreamily looking out at the hurried passers-by, I thought I had never seen any one so charmingly and irresistibly lovely. Her lustrous black eyes, clear olive complexion and glossy wealth of purple-black hair, were so perfectly perfect that one did not know which to admire the most, and her voice and smile were as sweet and winning as her form was graceful and her face matchlessly beautiful.

Howard Tremaine loved her as few men love their wives; and Althea, as everybody knew, idolized her handsome husband, and yet somewhere there was a hidden sorrow, the nature of which I could not for my life divine. I had seen the shadow more than once, but the substance itself is well kept out of view, and but for the sad, anxious, restless look that often of late crept into Althea's great, soulful eyes, I'd not have thought sorrow could exist in her luxurious home, much less fix itself permanently there.

We were going to the opera in the evening. Mr. Chester was to attend us in the absence of Howard, who had gone away two or three hours before with three or four friends, who had, very much to his wife's regret, called for him to accompany them on a little half-hour or so sleigh-ride out on the Bloomingdale road.

As the short winter afternoon wore on, Althea grew every moment more and more uneasy; her faith in that "little half-hour or so," never having been very strong, died utterly, before the sun's last cold, golden rays faded in the west; and when Mrs. Chester rang for lights, and carelessly remarked that it was time to dress, she was noticeably ill at ease and would do nothing but walk to and fro between the window and the warm, rosy firelight, in that nervous, listening, expectant way which is so painfully suggestive of secret dread and anxiety too deep and wretched for words.

Whatever Howard Tremaine touched turned to gold and all that money could buy his wife possessed. Her wardrobe, jewels, house and carriage were among the most superb in New York, yet her closet evidently had its skeleton, and now more than ever before, it seemed its dry bones in our very ears, itself felt and seem in every corner of the millionaire's sumptuous home, in spite of all Althea could do to keep the unpleasant thing out of sight.

For the twelfth time she walked to the window, and, with a half-suppressed sigh on her lips, stood watching the sleighs fly past so long that Mrs. Chester lost patience, and exclaimed rather petulantly:

"Nonsense, Althea! Why is it that you always will be worrying about Howard? He is not a baby and no doubt is quite capable of finding his way home alone, as most men are. Mr. Tremaine knows that we are going to the opera this evening and will be sure to drop in before the end of the first act, you may depend. And we must dress, if we wish to hear the opening air in Faust, which I certainly do, however it may be with you."

Mrs. Chester was one of those positive characters who immediately act upon what they say, and in less than an hour we were on our way to the opera.

The house when we entered was literally packed with a most brilliant and fashionable audience, but Althea seemed to move like one in a dream and took not the slightest notice of anybody or anything around her.

I could not make it out at all and hardly dared to look at her for very sympathy. Her magnificent dress of violet velvet and creamy old lace became her perfectly, and never did a queen carry herself more royally, or seem more unconscious of her beauty and grandeur.

Diamonds—a fortune's worth of them—flashed on her arms, neck and bosom, and gleamed like drops of liquid light amid the rich abundance of her dusky hair; but she was not happy.

There was much too heavy a sorrow lying unrestfully at her heart for that—too much of nameless dread and anxiety to allow of enjoyment of any sort.

At the end of the second act a gentleman made his way to our box, and asked, in the usual conventional way, after the customary greetings were gone through with, how we liked the music.

Mr. Chester, who had been comfortably dozing in his chair the whole time, declared he was never more charmed—an innocent fabrication which none cared to question.

"And where did you leave Mr. Tremaine?" inquired Mrs. Chester, in some surprise. "He was with you, I think, Mr. Richland."

"Yes, and I left him with the others at Delmonico's. I don't care for that sort of thing, you know," lowering his voice, and glancing furtively at Mrs. Tremaine. "It makes one feel so confoundedly wretched the next day."

Althea was a well schooled woman of the world, and full and unflinchingly she met his meaning glance.

I can't say just how the evening passed. I only know I was intensely glad when it was all over with, and we were home again.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester went at once to their apartment, but lingered a moment in the parlor with Althea, who seemed in no hurry to go to her room, though it was late and the house as still as death.

But as she did not appear inclined to talk, I kissed her, said good night, and went up to my chamber, leaving her alone there, like another Ariadne, sad, broken-hearted, in the midst of princely splendor and untold wealth.

I had barely left the room before the jingle of bells and the clatter of flying hoofs in the almost silent street arrested my footsteps.

A sleigh dashed passed and stopped at the door, as if driven by a whirlwind.

The night was intensely cold, but the tired horses were smoking, and their quivering flanks white with foam and frost.

Not caring to see more, I dropped the curtain and turned to look at Althea. She stood like a statue in the middle of the room, one hand pressed hard against her breast, and the other holding close about her the rich white opera cloak she still wore, with its soft, snowy fringes and swan's down trimmings shimmering in the faint, uncertain firelight like a silken cloud, for one dim gas jet was burning in the deserted parlor when we entered it, and even this Althea had turned down so low that it was no more than a glimpse of light.

Unsteady steps sounded on the stairs, then came the sound of a muffled fall, and something like a half-muttered oath, mingled with the low cry of uncontrollable anguish that burst involuntarily from Althea's pale lips.

"I knew how it would be," she moaned. "I knew how those unfeeling creatures he calls his friends would bring him home."

And swiftly and noiselessly as a spirit, unmindful of her elegant toilet, and the strangely beautiful picture she made, Althea hurried to the assistance of her helplessly intoxicated husband.

It was not the first time she had waited his coming in a pale agony of fear and dread, not the first time she had heard that dull, soul-sickening fall, not the first time she had glided down the great oaken staircase to find her husband—handsome Harry Tremaine—lying prone on the floor, a sight to stir the pity of the boldest heart, and cause the very angels in heaven to weep.

I could have cried aloud in my unutterable surprise and grief, and on my knees have begged him for God's sake to desist from further breaking the heart of the wife who loved him so dearly—aye, so dearly!

I saw her through a rush of blinding tears help him somehow to regain his feet, and even in his pitiable weakness he looked like a fallen god; the noble head, clear-cut features, the something indescribable that stamped him a man of wealth and intellectual force, was still apparent, though so completely had the man been gotten the better of by the demon that lurks in the wine-cup.

And she—Althea—the look in her eyes I'll never forget to my dying day. She did not say a word; a kind of dumb despair seemed to settle upon her countenance—a despair that paled her cheek to the hue of ashes, and chilled the very life-blood in her veins.

I had seen enough, heaven knows, of Althea's hidden sorrow, and stole away to my room, wishing I could believe the whole miserable scene but a troubled dream, that would vanish with the coming of the morrow's sun.

Howard did not make his appearance at breakfast the next morning.

Althea explained, in a tone of apology, that Mr. Tremaine came in late, and "was tired."

Mrs. Chester did not guess that anything was wrong, and really thought that Howard was ill—taken cold the day previous, perhaps—and advised Althea to send for the family physician.

Althea, however, did not follow her sister's advice, but sat all day beside the sofa where her husband lay, suffering miserably from the combined tortures of headache and remorse.

Toward evening he began to "feel better," and good resolutions began to shape themselves in his mind, as is often the case when one's head and conscience have been for some little time on the rack.

"Althea," he said, drawing her lovely face down to his and kissing the sweet mouth, that trembled beneath his lips in a way that betokened the near approach of tears—"Althea, I saw a look in your eyes last night that I cannot quite forget, and which I hope never to see in them again; and I promise you, here and now, that I will never, so long as I live, touch a drop of wine again. It's the devil's own and never-failing well spring of sin and misery, and my wife—God bless her!—is not to have her happiness clouded and her heart broken by the folly and madness that lie in a bottle of green seal. There! do you believe me, darling? or do you think me incapable of successfully resisting the sparkling temptation that has proved the ruin—the utter and absolute ruin—of unnumbered millions, and blighted and embittered the lives of more women than I dare to think of."

"I believe you, Howard," she sobbed; "I must believe you; for to do otherwise would kill me. If there was to be no end—nothing to look forward to but this—how could I endure to live? Oh, if you will but keep your promise I shall be so happy—so happy, Howard."

She fell, sobbing, into his arms, and through the fast-falling tears that filled her eyes the glad smiles were coming and going, like sunshine through an April shower.

Three years have passed since that day, but Howard has never broken his vow, and I feel quite certain now that he never will.

Making Amends.

A dramatist sitting by a friend at a theater, contrived to extract a handkerchief from his pocket and transfer it to his own. Presently a man behind him, tapping him on the shoulder, whispered: "Beg pardon; here's your purse. Didn't know you belonged to the profession; all right!" at the same time slipping into the amateur's hand the purse he had extracted from his pocket. The story may pass, for although honor among thieves has no existence, it is probable that regular practitioners act on the old principle that dog should not eat dog. That they ever go an inch beyond that we do not believe, even though we have it on the authority of the *Gaulois* that Charles Dickens once lost his watch at a theater in Paris, and found it at his hotel with a note running: "Sir: I hope you will excuse me, but I thought I was dealing with a Frenchman, and not a countryman. Finding out my mistake, I hasten to repair it by returning herewith the watch I stole from you. I beg you to receive the homage of my respect, and to believe me, my dear countryman, your humble and obedient servant. A Pickpocket."

Triflers with feminine affections do not always get off so cheaply. A young clergyman, wise enough to choose well, but foolish enough to allow himself to be ruled by his friends after proposing to a young lady, declined to fulfill the engagement; and being sued for breach of promise, was cast in damages—£5,000. This brought him to his senses. Seeking the plaintiff, he vowed that he had behaved infamously, but vowed that he had loved her all the while and loved her still, and prayed her to forgive and forget. "My friends," said he, "can make no objection now; they cannot say you are without a penny, since you have £5,000 of your very own." His pleading proved irresistible, and the lady and money were soon his own again.—*Chambers' Journal.*

"Who Breaks, Pays."—Would you know the origin of the proverb: Who breaks—pays? A glazier who was putting in panes in windows of a great mansion of Rue des Prouvaries, in 1476, when Louis XI was King of France. This mansion belonged to Laurent Herbelot, a wealthy grocer of those days, who had one of the most princely abodes in Paris. In 1476 Alfonzo V, King of Portugal, came to Paris to solicit Louis XI's aid to recover Castille, which Ferdinand, son of the King of Aragon, had wrested from him. Afraid that residence in the Bastille would not be agreeable, Louis XI lodged the King of Portugal with Laurent Herbelot. This rich grocer's mansion is still standing at the corner of Rue des Prouvaries and Rue St. Honore. To put the mansion in through repair for the King of Portugal a glazier, too, was summoned. While he was putting panes into windows of the ground floor a passer knocked over the basket in which the panes were and broke several of them. Laurent Herbelot exclaimed to the awkward fellow: "Plague take you! You are the cause that the mansion, which will to-morrow have the King of Portugal for guest, will not be closed; panes will be wanting in the windows. "The passer, confused by his awkwardness and this apostrophe, took to his heels. The glazier ran after him, seized him by the throat, saying: "Halt, my beauty! don't run away so fast; settle your bill with me; who breaks, pays." "How much?" "Fifteen cents a pane. You broke four." The passer paid sixty cents. The saying became popular. Vintners took a great fancy to it (drunkards broke many panes) and posted on the doors: "Who breaks, pays."—[New Orleans Picayune.

THE CRANBERRY SWAMP.

"Of course," said young Doctor Dedling, "a man has his own fortune to look to."

"Of course," said Judith Gray; and as she spoke the words a cold chill seemed to creep, like slowly congealing ice, around her whole heart.

"If you had consulted me as to your affairs," went on the young man, "instead of taking this very extraordinary step, entirely without advice or counsel—"

"Yes, I know," hurriedly interposed Judith; "but it's all over and past now, so perhaps we had better not talk about it."

The red winter sunset was blazing with sullen fire above the cedar corpse in the west, the leafless woods held up their black arms in a sort of wrestling agony, toward the sky, as the bleak wind tossed them to and fro; and a solitary raven uttered his ominous croak, in the woods at the back of the house.

Dr. Dedling shuddered as he looked around him and glanced out toward the dreary swamp that extended toward the east.

"Such a place," said he, "for a woman to select to live in."

"It isn't very cheerful," said Judith; "but I've lived here all my life, you know."

"The more reason for wanting to get out of it now," said the doctor impatiently."

Judith was silent. She looked at the blazing logs on the old-fashioned hearth and tried to keep back the fast rising tears.

Doctor Dedling rose and took up his hat.

"Then I am to consider that our engagement is quite at an end?" said the doctor.

"Yes," said Judith in a low tone.

"I shall always wish you well," said the doctor, affably.

"I thank you!" said Judith.

"Good-by!" said Doctor Dedling.

"Good-by!" responded Judith.

The next moment she was alone with the logs, and the cricket chirping on the hearth and the strange, wierd shadows that came and went on the wainscoted walls.

It was just a month to-night since they had buried old Miles Gray out of sight. Little Judith, who had worn herself out by taking care of him, had dropped a few sincere tears on the cheap coffin that encased his remains, but no one else had seemed particularly to grieve.

Mrs. Pytchely, her eldest sister, who was married to a New York grocer, had boldly declared that it was high time the old man took himself off the stage of this world, and had made no secret of her disappointment when it was discovered that a thousand dollars in gold pieces represented all his horded wealth, with the exception of the cranberry swamp, upon whose dreary verge stood the house; and this dreary property, by the terms of the will, was to be divided between his two nieces, Judith Gray and Maria Pytchely, as they themselves might agree.

"I'll take the ready money," said Mrs. Pytchley, hastily. "What could I do with three or four miles of cranberry swamp?"

"Or what could Judith do with it, either?" said Hobart Pytchley, who sat whittling a pine stick beside the fire.

"I dare say she could manage very nicely," said Maria. I've heard Uncle Miles say that he sold sixty dollars worth of cranberries one year out of the swamp."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Pytchley.

"And that's legal interest on a thousand dollars, you know," added his wife. "What do you say, Judith?"

"It makes no difference to me," said Judith, quietly.

"It does to me, then!" said Mrs. Pytchley.

"Because, as you know very well, Hobart's business in the city, and we could do nothing at all with a lot of swamp land, down here in the backwoods."

So Mrs. Pytchley had taken the lion's share of the old man's bequest, and gone back to her city home, over Hobart's grocery store; and young Doctor Dedling, who had confidently calculated on at least five hundred dollars, to buy surgical instruments and fit up an office in the village adjoining—five hundred dollars as the doorway of his bride elect—broke his engagement in a fit of pique that that Judith should have so deliberately flung her fortune away.

"A set of harpies!" cried he, with disgust.

"Stop, Doctor Dedling!" said Judith, coloring up. "You forget that you are speaking of my sister and her husband."

"But they have no business to impose on you thus!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"I agreed to the plan, without remonstrance."

Doctor Dedling shrugged his shoulders.

"In that," said he sharply, "you show your lack of common sense! If you have no good regard for yourself, you might have had for me!"

"Was it for money you wanted me?" demanded Judith, stung to the quick.

Doctor Dedling colored and hesitated.

"A man must take moneteary matters into consideration," said he.

And so it came about that the engagement was canceled, and Judith Gray was sitting there alone in the wintry twilight, with clasped hands and head dropped low upon her breast.

Doctor Dedling plodded home to the village, and as he passed the brilliant windows of the little hostery, he paused, remembered the bitter cold of the wintry air, the frosty influence of the breeze.

"I may as well go in and warm myself," he thought.

Mine host met him with a cheery air.

"Walk in, doctor—walk in!" said he. "Not that room," as Dedling mechanically laid his hand upon the door knob of the department he usually entered. "The Railway Committee is a-setting there. This way, please!"

"The Railway Committee?" echoed Dedling. "What Railway Committee? You don't mean that they're actually taking any steps about that old idea of a railway between here and Glassville?"

"Yes, I do," said the landlord. "It's a committee of rich capitalists as are building factories close to the falls; and they mean to put up rows of tenement houses all along, and lay down a line of rails, and don't say I mentioned it, Doctor, because I only caught a snatch here and there, when I was carrying in the plates, and setting on the fruit, and nuts and wine—but it's to go right through old Miles Gray's cranberry swamp, the new railroad is! And the chairman of the committee is goin' to offer Miss Judith five thousand dollars in good, clean, hard money for her share of it!"

Doctor Dedling stared.

"Five—thousand—dollars!" repeated he slowly.

Could it really be a fact? If so—and there seemed very little reason for doubting it—what a fatal mistake had he made in rejecting a bride who could bring the rich portion of a "cranberry swamp" as her wedded dower. If he had known this half an hour—one little half hour—ago!

"Don't fret about him, Judith dear; he isn't worth it!" urged honest Marmaduke Redfield, who had stopped on his way to the postoffice to bring a message to his mother. "He was always a pretentional sort of fellow, all for outward show, with a heart like a stone, and a nature as shallow as Deacon Doler's brook!"

Judith looked up at the clumsy, good-hearted, hard-handed farmer, and wondered that she had never before noticed what a true face, and what clear frank eyes he had.

"Forget him, Judith!" pleaded Redfield: and she began seriously to think that she would at least make the trial. "Come over to our house, and stay with mother. It's too bleak and lonesome for you here—for the present, at least spring will be here time enough for you to come back to the cranberry swamp."

Judith Gray looked round at the solitary room, and thought of Mrs. Redfield's big cozy kitchen, with its bright colored rag carpet, its windows lined with blooming geraniums, and its shrill voiced canary bird hanging over the work-table.

"Do you think," she hesitated, "that your mother would be willing to be troubled with such a visitor as me?"

Duke Redfield's face grew radiant.

"Only try her," said he. "Dear Judith, you'd be as welcome as flowers in May!"

And the next day Mrs. Redfield came over in the old farm carryall to claim her guest, and the Swamp House was left to its own dreary desolation and the driving snows of January.

Scarcely three weeks had elapsed, when young Doctor Dedling came to the Redfield farm in his new gig, with the old roan horse, that really made quite a good appearance when you didn't hurry, and the road was tolerably good, and he was free from a visitation commonly known as the "heaves."

"There ain't nobody sick here," said Julius, the hired man, who was splitting wood at the side of the house, as he eyed the Doctor rather suspiciously.

"No, I know it," said Doctor Dedling; "but I've called to see Miss Gray."

"Miss Gray ain't noways ailin' as I know of," persisted Julius, feeling at the edge of his ax, and still staring hard at the medical representative of Glassville.

"I have called," said Doctor Dedling, with dignity, "as a friend."

"Oh!" said Julius.

"Will you be kind enough to let me in?" persisted the Doctor.

"Taint no use," said Julius, rolling a prodigious pine knot down from the pile, and preparing himself for a stupenduous effort; "there ain't nobody at home."

"Nobody at home?" echoed the Doctor.

"They've all gone to church," explained Julius.

"To church, man? Why it's only Tuesday."

"Who said it wa'n't?" retorted Julius. "They ain't gone to hear sarvice—they is gone to be married?"

"Who?" demanded Doctor Dedling.

"Our Marmaduke and Miss Judith!"

And down came the ax upon the pine knot, with a crash that made the man of medicine start back.

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The new railroad was duly constructed, directly across the boggy depth of old Miles Gray's cranberry swamp, and the five thousand dollars was placed to Mrs. Marmakuke Redfield's account in the nearest National bank; and Mrs. Pytchley thinks that she has made a mistake in taking the gold eagles instead of the cranberry swamp—but young Doctor Dedling thinks his mistake was greater still.

Thought He Was Looking Well.

A famous lawyer of Missouri, noted for his legal learning and classical scholarship, illustrated by his eccentric habits an old English song:

"The loss of wealth is the loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert,
The happy man's without a shirt."

"Billy Campbell," as he was familiarly called, made much and saved little money, for he had no idea of its value. He indorsed for everybody, and if he went out into the street with a pocket full of change, he would return without a cent, having given something to every beggar he met.

One day, the sheriff, in reply to Mr. Campbell's question, "What's the news?" said, "Nothing, sir, but this, I am sorry to say, I had to sell your house and lot for the debt you owed as security to Mr. Hill."

"Oh, that's nothing," answered Campbell; "the property is not lost, it has only changed hands."

Mr. Campbell was an easy-going bachelor, and had the reputation of being one of the most slovenly dressed lawyers in the State. On one occasion, when he was about leaving home to attend the Legislature, his sister informed him that she had packed a dozen new shirts in his trunk.

"Now, brother," said she, "do be more particular about your dress, and don't forget to put on a clean shirt at least twice a week. It's very mortifying to have you go about looking so dirty."

On his return home at the close of the session she congratulated him on his hearty appearance.

"Why, you have grown as fat as a pig," she remarked, "they must have fed you well at the Capital!"

"Yes, they take good care of us," he replied, "for they are always in want of some appropriations."

Looking into her brother's trunk, and finding but two shirts, she called out:

"Where, brother, are all those new shirts I gave you?"

"Don't you find them in the trunk?"

"No; I see but two."

"Possibly I may have some on me."

An examination disclosed the fact that he was wearing six shirts, which accounted for his apparent improvement in flesh.

A Gold Mine in a Cow.—One of the most remarkable cows on record is the 10th Duchess of Airdrie, owned by the Hon. Mat. Cochrane, which has just given birth to her ninth calf, a red heifer, to be named the 8th Duchess of Hillhurst, by 3d Duke of Oneida. Of the 10th Duchess and her daughter's calves, Mr. Cochrane has sold the following animals at the prices named: In the winter of 1875 the bull calf, 4th Duke of Hillhurst, at $7000; at public auction in Toronto, June 16, 1875, the bull calf, 5th Duke of Hillhurst, two months old, at $8000, and the heifer Airdrie Duchess 5th, eight months old, at $18,000; at auction sale in Toronto, June 14, 1876, the cow Airdrie Duchess 2d, at $21,000, and the heifer Airdrie Duchess 3d, at $23,600. In August, 1877, privately, the heifer 6th Duchess of Hillhurst, at $12,000; and at a public sale at Bowness, Windermere, England, September 4, 1877, the heifers 3d Duchess and 5th Duchess of Hillhurst, at 4100 and 4300 guineas each, or $20,500 and $21,500 respectively; making a total of $131,600 for eight animals sold. He has still in his possession, besides the 10th Duchess, Airdrie Duchess 4th, 7th Duke and 7th and 8th Duchess of Hillhurst, five animals, and had lost four animals by death. The above result has perhaps never been equaled by any one animal at the same age. In December, 1875, an offer of $25,000 for the 10th Duchess was refused, and the same for her daughter, Airdrie Duchess 4th. Since then the old cow has brought three heifers and one bull; two of the heifers have been sold for $33,500, and there still remain the bull and the heifer just dropped, besides the dam, who will probably breed a number of calves yet.—[Nova Scotian Journal of Agriculture.

How Much to Eat.—An American soldier has daily given him 22 ounces of bread, 12 ounces of pork or bacon, or 20 ounces of fresh or salt beef, 16 ounces of potatoes three times a week, 16 ounces of rice, with 16 ounces of coffee, 2.04 ounces of sugar, 6.4 of a gill of beans, .32 of a gill of vinegar and 9.16 of a gill of salt. As to the quantity of this food, it is larger and more abundant than would seem at sight to be necessary, but the liberality in food has this great advantage: That, in time of hard work, the fatigue of the individual is diminished and the power of recuperation sensibly increased. The total quantity, then, provided for a soldier of the United States army is larger than is consumed by the general workingman. Of course, various conditions of life, climate and locality have something to do with the quantity of food. Thus an idle person can get along very well with 20 ounces of nitrogenous food (flesh and cereal vegetable food) when, if the same individual were walking, or in active outdoor life, double this quantity might be used. Perhaps the Esquimaux represent the heaviest feeders in the world, for Parry tells us of a young native who devoured in the twenty-four hours 9¼ pounds of sea-horse, half raw, half cooked; 1¾ pounds of bread; 1½ pints of good, strong soup; 1¾ pounds of ship-bread, and 9 pints of water, not counting grog and spirits.—[Ex.

It is not gold nor goods that make a man wealthy. The best wealth is of heart, enlightened mind, a loyal conscience and pure affections. He is wealthiest who has the largest stock of wisdom, virtue and love; whose heart beats with sympathy for his fellow-man; who finds good in all seasons and all men. The generous man who pities the unfortunate, the poor man who orders well his life, the loving man who clings closely to his family and friends, the studious man who seeks instruction in all things, are the truly wealthy men.—[Young Folks' Rural.

Farewell to the Chromo.

There is no mistaking the fact that the chromo, as a work of art, has had its day and has now turned its face to the wall. Its remarkable green and red effects, its startling landscapes and lurid sunsets, its moons which no connoisseur on earth could distinguish from its suns, its chromo yellow and olive green storms, its wonderful flowers and exuberant fruits with their glaring disregard of nature, its exaggerated pretensions when it aspired to copy Rembrandt or a Claude Lorraine, all those memories will soon be relegated to that unknown limbo into which pins and peccadilloes vanish.

Yet, there was a time when the chromo was a welcome guest in every family. Who does not recall that period in our country's history when "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" were let loose on the community, and hung in a conspicuous place in every parlor, to reach by slow stages the sitting room, the nursery, and finally the garret? They were pretty and painty, with an atmosphere of varnish and a color that no sun could fade. Certainly, they were the prettiest of all the lot, and had the chromotype stopped with these little daisied cherubs, as a first and last effort, we would never have endured nightmares of high colored emotion or inflicted this tirade upon our friends. The mills of the gods ground out other chromos, however, and they were worse than the first. They sent us a much lauded effort, "Mamma is in Heaven." It represented a red and white angel, in floating garments, with corkscrew curls, kept on by a very green wreath of earthly laurel, and flying on some sort of a celestial trapeze over the heads of their impossible good children, seated in a red and blue row on an orange colored sofa. This ran its course, and was followed by "Vesta the Goddess of the Hearth," a lackadaisical young woman with a long neck, holding in one hand an ancient oil can, and smiling insipidly at nothing. We cannot be too thankful for the development of home talent which has crowded out the chromo, for, even though we grope in a maze of uncertainty as to the object in the foreground, whether it is a cow, or a windmill, or a patent lawn mower, we are not likely to be struck color blind while examining it.

And we had never been confronted with the interrogation: "Have you had your chromo taken?" That would, indeed, have been a calamity, for there would be even less satisfaction in showing a dead ancestor, done in chromo, than there is in bringing out the family group in daguerreotype—a presentment that has no likeness to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath.

Yet the chromo brightens as it takes its flight and we recall the tender solicitude with which we saw it hung on the parlor wall, just where the startled light would strike its glowing canvass and where admiring friends gathered in pleased comment. Our cup was full.

"How be-a-utiful!"

"Perfectly lovely, isn't it?"

"Just as handsome as an oil painting."

"Did it cost a great deal?"

"Given away. Yes, actually given away without price. Thrown in for a year's subscription to the *Christian Disunion.*"

"Why, how can they afford it?"

The good people had no idea that thirty thousand copies of this work of art could be ruled off in a day and at an expense of a few cents each. Familiarity with the artist's methods would certainly have bred contempt.

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

A prominent lawyer wished to annihilate a witness of the opposing counsel, and, after he had fixed her with his glittering eye, slowly and forcibly remarked: "Can you believe the testimony of a woman who resembles the decoyed chromo of Queen Elizabeth?" and by this fearful comparison won the case.

Farewell to the chromo. It takes its beak from out our hearts and its form from off our doors and we may imagine that it takes the solitude of some distant Plutonian shore, but, at least, we can buy a newspaper or a pound of tea without having a fearful caricature of color and design thrust upon us as "The Fisherman's Pride," or "The Italian Peasant Boy," in thirteen original colors, by Bang & Co.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Boy Sculptor.

Paul Bartlett, the son of the sculptor, is a lad of great promise. He is fifteen years old, and has been living for several years with his mother and grandmother, near Paris. He showed no particular inclination for art until he was twelve years old, but lived a happy boy life, apt in his studies and devoted to his pet animals. His father believed in allowing him the full vent of his own individuality, and left him to develop in his own way. He showed a particular talent for languages, and became so proficient in Latin that he could talk it fluently, as well as read and write it. One day he came to his father's studio and said he would like to model something. So he began modelling his doves, rabbits and other animals, making rapid progress until early this last spring, when he attempted his first head.

He started a bust of his grandmother, an old lady, and when it was well along he asked Fremiet, who is a near neighbor of the family, to look at it. Fremiet was highly pleased with it, and from time to time after that gave the boy some practical hints in the principles of sculpture. As the time for the salon approached, Master Paul took the bust under his arm and went into Paris with it, leaving it with the thousands of other works for the action of the august jury. At last, one day, a telegram was received: "Accepted, with the felicitations of the jury." On "varnishing day" Paul Bartlett was among the crowd of artists at the Salon, and was introduced to them as "the youngest sculptor who exhibited in the Salon."—*Boston Herald.*

Fallacies Regarding Cream.—A microscopic examination of cream raised in vessels exposed to the air reveals the presence of minute air or gas bubbles. This being the case, the absurdity of all ventilating appliances is apparent, as the means employed produces precisely a contrary result. No matter how small the opening for ventilation (for nature abhors a vacuum), and the impervious coating of cream is quickly formed. By the submerged system the butter globules neither adhere nor oxidize, and the gases, if any arise, meet with no obstruction, as the same microscopic examination proves, and are condensed and carried off in the surrounding water. So long as the milk is warmer than its surroundings, its tendency is to throw off vapors; when colder, to absorb; hence the necessity of exclusion for perfect results. The theory of raising cream by currents in the milk is a fallacy. Recent critical observations have established the fact that the butter globules rise because their specific gravity is less than that of the other component parts of milk; that they ascend in direct perpendicular lines, the milk descending in the same way, and that whatever current there is in the milk, is the consequence, but not the cause of their rising.—[Wm. Cooly, before the New York Dairyman's Association.

How He Got the Kettle.—Bishop Selwyn was a benevolent and kindly spoken man, as well as a great and famous one. He interested himself much in the poor, especially in miners. One day, coming on a company of the latter, he heard them talking in a very animated way, so loudly that he said to them: "My friends, something seems to interest you all very much; I heard your voices quite in the distance; may I inquire what it is?" To which they replied: "You see that copper kettle there? We found it, and were just saying that the one who could tell the biggest lie should have it." "Oh, said the Bishop, "I am sorry for that; I hope you will never again tell lies. 'Tis a fearful habit, and so unmanly. Why, I never told a lie in my life. Whereupon the miners shouted in one breath: "Give the governor the tea-kettle."

One of the best epitaphs, and one of the shortest also, is that which Jerrold gave for Charles Knight, the amiable historian. It was simply "Good Knight."

Capt. Ingall's Story.

Yesterday morning our reporter learned that Capt. M. D. Ingalls, of the schooner Chalcedony, lying at Rumery's wharf, had actually seen the big "sea-serpent," off Monhegan island, a few days ago. The hardy mariner grinned a little when the reporter told him he had come to interview him about the big snake he was reported to have lately seen, but asserted the story was not far from the truth. The captain then went on to tell about the strange thing he recently saw, substantially as follows:

"Last Saturday, about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, we were slowly sailing past Monhegan, there being very little wind, about twenty miles southwest of the island, when we caught sight of what looked like a large schooner floating bottom up. As the object lay almost dead ahead, we made directly for it, but before we got very close a Cape Ann schooner lay to and sent a boat's crew to inspect what now plainly appeared to be a monstrous carcass of some species or other. We finally hove to, about a ship's length off, and took a leisurely survey of the thing. It was dead; and floated on the water with its belly, of a dirt brown color, up. Its head was at least twenty feet long, and about ten feet through at the thickest point. About midway of the body, which was, I should guess, about forty feet long, were two fins of a clear white, each about 12 feet in length. The body seemed to taper from the back of the head down to the size of a small log, distinct from the whale tribe, as the end had nothing that looked like a fluke. The shape of the creature's head was more like a tierce than anything I can liken it to. I have seen almost all kinds of shapes that can be found in these waters, but never saw the like of this before. Two years ago, off Seguin, I saw shooting through the water a thing which, I think, resembled this creature considerably, but I didn't get close enough to it to say for certain. The men from the Cape Ann schooner got on the dead creature, and one of the boys cut a double shuffle on its belly, which for all the world looked like the bottom of a schooner covered with barnacles and seaweed by the weather. We should have towed the thing to Portland had there been any wind, but as there wasn't, we steered away and left it. What sort of a sea monster this was I cannot say for sure, but in my opinion it was the original sea serpent which has been seen once in a while for years past, and which, when alive, was too swift a swimmer for any sailing vessel to get along side.—*Portland (Me.) Argus.*

Condiments.

"Have you a mother-in-law?" asked a man of a desolate looking person. "No," he replied; "but I have a father in jail."

"There! that explains where my clothes line went to!" exclaimed an Iowa woman as she fond her husband hanging in the stable.

The worst case of "stage-fright" is that of the man who thinks he has passed up a two-dollar-and-a-half gold piece instead of a dime to the driver.

"Humph!" said a young gentleman at a play with a young lady, "I could play the lover better than that myself." "I would like to see you try," was the naive reply.

A new pair of shoes came home for little five-year old. He tried them on, and finding that his feet were in very close quarters, exclaimed: "O my! they are so tight I can't wink my toes."

"Sarah," said a young man the other day to a lady of that name, "why don't you wear ear-rings?" "Because I haven't had my ears pierced." "I will bore them for you, then." "I thank you, sir; you have done it enough."

We don't know whether it is old or not, but we heard a lady ask a friend, in a street car, the othe day:

"Annie, is it proper to say this 'ere, that 'are?"

"Why Kate, of course not," was the reply.

"Well," said Kate, "I don't know whether it is proper or not, but I feel cold in this ear from that air."

The conductor fainted.

Twenty ladies "chipped in" any bought some lottery tickets. One of them told her minister and he was shocked. "My dear madam!" he exclaimed "do you not know that is gambling?" She rattled right along as if she hadn't heard him: "Yes, we are going to draw the $80,000 prize, and if we do—then we all agreed to give you $5000 of it for the new church organ." "An excellent idea, my dear madam; excellent, and I devoutly trust you may win it."

A country preacher pictured the horrible torments awaiting those who yielded to the weaknesses of the flesh so vividly that many persons in his congregation gave way to emotions of alarm. A pallor overspread their faces and their eyes filled with tears. Frightened himself at the effect which he had produced, the worthy parson leaned over his pulpit and said: "I exaggerate a little, my hearers, I exaggerate."

At a protracted meeting one of the hardest families in the neighborhood, by name Ransom, were persuaded to go to the front as subjects for prayer. The rejoicing people shouted lustily in prospect of half-a-dozen much-needed conversions:

The year of jubilee is come:
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home

This made old Ransom mad. He took it as a personal insult, got up from his knees and took his bedraggled better-half by the arm, saying aloud: "Come on, old woman, they don't want the like of us here; come on, boys and gals," and led the whole tribe out of church in flaming dudgeon.

An exchange says: One day last winter a bright little boy, whose parents lived on Main street, near Church street, asked his mother what building that was, pointing to the church. She answered, "Christ church." A few days later, when the little fellow tumbled out of bed in the morning there had been a fall of snow, and the sexton of the Christ church was just coming out of the church door with a shovel. The boy with a yell of delight cried out, "Oh, mamma. *Here's Christ.*" The mother astonished, said, "Naughty boy! What do you mean?" "Christ!" answered the child excitedly. "Don't you see Him? He has just come out of His church to shovel off the snow."

Boston has a wealthy citizen of very liberal disposition. Although belonging to no particular religious sect, he has always hitherto been found ready to contribute to the carrying out of spiritual schemes requiring money. Not long ago, however, he happened to have a business transaction with one of the deacons of a certain church, and the deacon got quite six to four the best of him. A few days afterward the pastor of the same church called on the merchant for a subscription toward his schools, but to his surprise the amiable capitalist pushed the subscription book aside with the abrupt remark. "Played out." "Dear me," said the surprised parson, "I really counted on you Mr. K——; you have always been so liberal that I was in hopes you would head the subscription list." "I am done," said the merchant. "I have changed my mind. I don't think half the people go to the lower regions that ought to."

A Prosperous Firm.

It has been frequently remarked that the leading business men of Portland are all young, and people from the East are surprised at the energy displayed. One firm in particular, which is composed of young men, has been attended by prosperity until to-day they have a mammoth establishment that would reflect great credit upon any of the old New England cities, and that firm is Thompson, DeHart & Co., dealers in Hardware, timber, etc. Their store runs through the block from Front to First street and fronts on Salmon the entire length. For years their patronage has steadily increased until it now rolls up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars annually and they find themselves even with their immense store crowded to unpleasantness. In order to give more room for the transaction of business they have just completed a new dock and a 100 foot square warehouse back of the National Hotel. All the heavy articles of machinery, iron and timbers will be stored therein, thereby giving space for the additional stock just received. Farmers will find it to their interest to deal with this firm as they make it a point to give complete satisfaction to their patrons.

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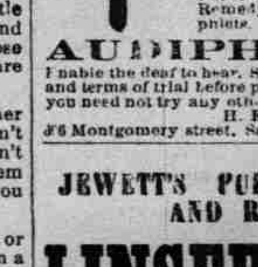

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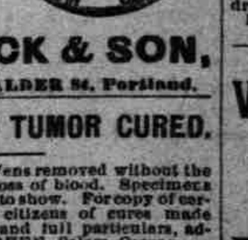

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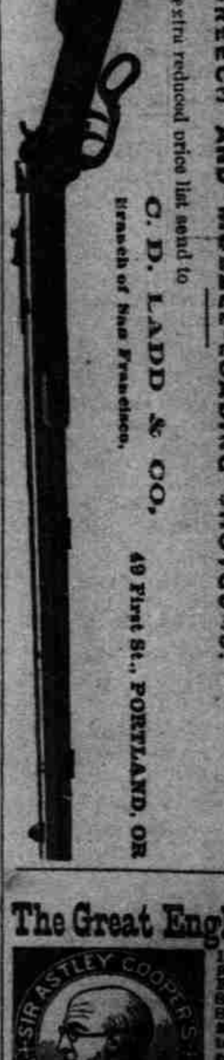

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