ONLY.

BY "ELAINE."

Only some faded blossoms,
On which my tears fall down;
Only a lock of softest hair,
Waving, and dusky brown.
Only a heart that is breaking,
Yes, breaking, day by day,
All for an old, sweet lesson,
Taught in a man's sweet way.

Only a heart, rebellious,
Struggling against God's will;
O, why should you longer murmur?—
Peace! Peace! my heart, be still!
You have had your dream of love—
Why murmur because it is done?—
Other hearts have been broken,
You're not the only one!

Only a life that is empty,
Devoid of pleasure or joy;
Full of wild, bitter longings,
And grief, without alloy.
Only some bitter memories
That will come surging back,
Along the hills and valleys
Of Time's relentless track.

Only a "bundle of letters,"
Tied with a ribbon, blue;
Letters that drifted into my life,
And caused me to think him true.
Only a heart that is breaking,
That is, if hearts can break;
Only a life that is blighted,
All for a man's sweet sake!

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

"So your brother George and his bride have returned home from their honeymoon. How do you like her?"

And as she spoke my old friend and schoolmate, Nellie Cranbrook, leaned toward me, and whispered the pronoun in a low, mysterious voice.

It was a lovely summer afternoon. Nellie had come over to have a long gossip with me. We were sitting under the trees on the lawn that sloped from the front of the house to the river. My brother had gone out to visit some patients. His wife accompanied him for a drive. My two younger brothers were off on a fishing expedition; so we had the house and grounds to ourselves for some time to come.

"Like her!" I answered, crossly: "like my brother's wife? Not at all. Has she not robbed me of my brother—taken away all that made life precious, and left me homeless?"

"Homeless!" echoed Nellie, aghast. "Why, will she not allow you and Johnny to live here still? Where will you go? Arthur is going to Edinburgh, I hear?"

"Oh, yes, no doubt we may still live here," I answered. "My brother is our guardian. He must keep us here or find us somewhere else to live. But I don't call it home with that hateful woman in it. I shall be polite to her, of course, for George's sake, but she will always be my enemy."

"Is she so very horrid, then?" asked Nellie. "Don't the boys get on with her?"

"Oh, yes, very well indeed. That is partly what I have to complain of," I replied, with a bitter laugh. "She has evidently made up her mind to take everybody's love away from me. You know George always promised that I should keep house for him when I left school. I have looked forward to that ever since papa died and left us in his six years ago. Well, of course, it was a great blow to me his getting married, but I put up with that. I knew quite well that I should never have left him for any man, but still I was patient, and submitted. But I did not think it would be so dreadful. She has only been home a week. George seems to worship her, and the boys really like her better than me, and leave me for her."

"How unkind! I can hardly believe it!"

"It is true, nevertheless. Only this morning I asked them to go to the town with me, and they both refused. They had both promised to take their jolly new "Siss," as Arthur called her, for a row before luncheon. Of course she pretended to be very sorry, offering to give it up, asked me to go with them, and then tried to persuade one of them to go with me and one with her. But she only did that to make a show of self-sacrifice. I could see; so I cut short the argument and left them, saying I would go alone. And alone I am likely to be. She has usurped my place in their hearts," and I burst into passionate tears.

Nellie soothed me, and sympathized with me. I had represented myself as an ill-used martyr, and as such, in her faithful friendship, she regarded me.

"Poor Dorothy, I am so very sorry for you! I wish your brother had never seen her. Where did he first meet her?"

"At the Lyndons," I replied. She was governess to Nellie and Flora Lyndon."

"Governess at the Lyndons!" answered Nellie, in a tone of great surprise. "Why, I have always heard such a good account of her! They said she was exceedingly clever and nice and amiable."

"Oh, I dare say she was all that to them." I replied, angrily, "but that does not alter the case to me."

And I returned to my complaints and refused to be either comforted or refuted.

I did not want my *bete noite* to be white-washed by my favorite friend.

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"Have you told Dorothy the news, Margaret?" asked my brother, a few weeks after at dinner.

"No, dear, I have not," answered my sister-in-law, with what I thought a rather nervous glance at me.

She had been growing in favor with my two younger brothers; they like George, now idolized her, as lads will do with a handsome, amiable young woman some years their senior, who pets and sympathizes with them. But in proportion as she gained their hearts, I resolutely shut her out of mine. I was scrupulously polite, but repelled all her advances at sisterly intimacy with freezing coldness.

"Well, you have been kept out at Eden unnecessarily for the last two or three hours," said my brother laughing. "Now, Dorothy, listen: Your sister"—I frowned at this word—"has heard us say how fond you are of the sea, and, by some magic, has secured you an invitation to go down to Hastings with some relatives of hers next week."

"Mr. and Mrs. Shirley, with their two sons and daughters, Frank, Blanch and Sydney, my uncle and aunt of Belford Hall and their family. I think Dorothy, you have heard me speak of them," said my sister-in-law.

"Yes, I have heard of them, and I am much obliged for the invitation, but I do not wish to go. I thank you," was my ungracious answer. "She wants to get rid of me now," I thought.

"Not wish to go? Why, Dorothy, what an absurd, changeable girl you are!" said George. "Last year you were awfully disappointed because I could not take you, and because we could not find any one else that was going. I thought you would have been overjoyed at this prospect."

"I do not wish to go away with strangers," I answered, pettishly.

And George got almost angry because I so persistently refused the invitation, and for the first time in his life, spoke hastily to me. After dinner I went to my room, that I might be alone with my own melancholy feelings.

"It is quite plain to me George, too, wants me to go away. He has a wife whom he loves. He is happy with her, and I am in the way. Well, I will grant their wish. I will go to these people; I can't be more unhappy than I am here, and when my visit to the seaside is ended, I will go away altogether. I will not live where my presence is only a restraint upon the happiness of others."

With these resolutions, I returned to my brother and Margaret, and coldly informed them that I would accept the invitation.

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"Why, what a book-worm you are, little cousin. Always reading—reading. I see you are resolved to be one of the shining lights of the age. But may I suggest a change just now? Will you come with me for a walk?"

And before I could object, with one hand Frank Shirley had taken my book, and with the other he had raised me from my favorite nook, the shade of a large, disused fishing vessel on the beach.

I had now been with the Shirleys a week, and I could not help liking them all, though I had arrived at Hastings with the full determination that, as relatives of my hated sister-in-law, though they might be ever so gracious, I should never feel anything but cold indifference towards the whole family.

But that was impossible. I was naturally of an affectionate disposition, and could not keep up the role I had proposed. They received me with a warm welcome, and tried to make me feel at home, and I soon thawed under their genial influence.

"Cousin Margaret told us all about you—how fond you were of books, and how you had carried off all the prizes at Queen's college," said Frank as we walked along.

"Margaret told you that?" I answered, surprised.

"Yes; she gave us such an account of your talents, your good housekeeping, and your love for your brothers, that I can assure you we were almost alarmed at the thought of entertaining so talented and charming a lady. Blanche was quite afraid of you at first."

I looked up at Frank Shirley as he spoke; I felt sure he must be joking; but no, his face was serious as his tone. I felt humiliated.

"You must have been dreadfully disappointed when I arrived." I managed to say, coloring to the roots of my hair, as I thought how different had been my description of his cousin to my friends.

We walked along almost without a word from me after that. I allowed Frank to do all the talking until we arrived at the Lover's seat.

Here we found Blanche and Sidney, and an old college friend of Frank's, Norman Montrose, who had just met them—accidentally, of course, we were told, though Blanche's happy face refuted the idea—on the beach.

I was introduced to the new arrival, we all found seats, and commenced that desultory chatter about nothing in particular which a company of young people bent on enjoyment generally indulged in.

"By the way," exclaimed Norman, suddenly, "where is cousin Margaret? Isn't she spending her holidays with you this year?"

I started at this question, and Blanche answered:

"Why, didn't you knew she is married?"

"Married? No, I have not heard of it before. Where is her husband, that I may shoot him? I always meant to marry her myself!"

"Coxcomb! she would have scorned you," said Frank, dramatically, with an amused smile at me.

"You great stupids, do hold your tongues," exclaimed Blanche, laughing. "She is married to Doctor George Vernon, and this young lady"—indicating me—"is his sister. We have not our cousin Margaret with us this year, but we have our cousin Dorothy instead. I call that a fair exchange."

How I thanked Blanche for that kind, graceful speech! And how mean my own conduct to Margaret seemed now!

"But we have been shamefully robbed, none the less," grumbled Sidney, who was lying at full length on the ground at Blanche's feet, and throwing stones into the sea.

"No one else is so jolly as cousin Margaret; she was the kindest, cheerfulest girl that ever lived; she could make the time fly, I warrant you. Coming to the seaside is awfully duffing without her."

"Syd, do you want to be pitched after those pebbles?" whispered Frank, stooping over him.

He had seen the vexed flush that rose on my face, and with that quick sympathy which already made me half in love with him, he divined the unpleasant feeling of being depreciated, which the boy's hearty praise of his cousin awoke in my mind.

"We were all very fond of cousin, Margaret. Will you make my compliments to her and tell her it is like her kind thoughtfulness, being unable to cheer us with the light of her countenance, to provide us with so bright a substitute?" said Norman, with a profound obeisance to me.

I blushed, and the others all laughed at his florid compliment. We were soon engaged in merry bandinage, and the golden hours passed away only too swiftly.

From that day I altered my conduct. I exerted myself to please my friends who had been so kind to me, and soon won the good opinion even of Sydney. I wrote long letters to Margaret, describing my happy visit, and received answers from her, full of sisterly affection. And a sweeter happiness soon became my mine. Frank Shirley loved me; I read it in every glance and tone, and in every pressure of his hand.

And then a new fear arose—would not Blanche be jealous? She was very fond of Frank; they had been inseparable companions. Would she not resent another girl taking her place, and absorbing his attention? True, there was Norman, who was unmistakably in love with her, but he was very busy in London; and could only come down for a day at a time now and then.

But I need not have feared. Blanche seemed pleased rather than annoyed at her brother's preference, and went off contentedly with her father and mother or Syd to leave us together.

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"So you are going to be my cousin as well as sister," exclaimed Margaret, coming into the room where I was sitting a few days after my return, with an open letter from Frank to my brother in her hand. "Naughty girl, why didn't you tell me all about it?"

"Oh, Margaret," I answered, "I was so ashamed of my own cruel conduct to you. Will you forgive me?"

"Willingly, my dear little sis. I know you were jealous, but it was only excess of love for the best brother that ever lived. Well, I took your pet brother, and now you take my favorite cousin so we will consider it, as Blanche says, a fair exchange."

A Wonderful Feat of Memory.

The history of the celebrated conjurer, Robert Houdin, furnishes a remarkable example of the power of memory acquired by practice. He and his brother, while yet boys, invented a game which they played in this wise: They would pass a shop window and glance into it as they passed, without stopping, and then at the next corner compare notes and see which could remember the greatest number of things in the window, including their relative positions. Having tested the accuracy of their observation and memory, so that after running by a shop window once, and glancing as they passed, they would enumerate every article in it.

When Robert became a professional conjuror, this habit enabled him to achieve feats apparently miraculous. It is told of him that, visiting a friend's house where he had never been before, he caught a glimpse of the book-case as he passed the half-open library door. In the course of the evening, when some of the company expressed their anxiety to witness some specimens of his power, he said to his host:

"Well, sir, I shall tell you, without stirring from this place, what books you have in your library."

"Come, come," said he, incredulously, "that is too good."

"We shall see, replied Houdin. "Let some of the company go into the library and look, and I shall call out the names from this room.

They did so, and Houdin began:

"Top shelf, left hand, two volumes in red morocco; 'Gibbon's Decline and Fall;' next to these, four volumes of half calf; 'Boswell's Johnson;' 'Rasselas,' in cloth; 'Hume's History of England,' in calf, two volumes, but the second one wanting," and so on, shelf after shelf, to the unspeakable wonder of the whole company. More than once a gentleman stole into the drawing-room, certain he would catch Houdin reading a catalogue; but there sat the conjuror, with his hands in his pockets, looking into the fire.

Prof. Marks, of Philadelphia, stated at a recent meeting of the Franklin Institute that he had made some calculations of the maximum speed at which locomotives could be driven, before the centrifugal force on the tires of the driving wheels would become so great as to cause them to burst. Those calculations, which were approximate only, showed that the limit of speed was in the neighborhood of 150 miles per hour.

The Autumn Woods.

Ferns become every year more popular for purposes of household decoration. Growing or cut, freshly gathered or pressed, the uses to which they are applied are numberless. It is a safe plan to gather them whenever you can get them, but those who can choose their time to do so usually prefer August or early September, since at this time the ferns are in full maturity and have not yet begun to fade.

In going fern hunting it is wise to take a large book, such as an atlas or a music portfolio along in which to lay the more delicate specimens as soon as they are gathered; the commoner varieties—such as the ordinary bracken bush, the evergreen fern—may be easily taken home to be pressed, by wrapping them in newspaper with a wet fold around the stems to keep them from wilting. Those which are to be dug up, roots and all, for transplanting should be placed as carefully as possible in a basket.

At the close of every excursion the ferns which are to be pressed should without loss of time be transferred to the drying paper. Seated at a convenient table the collector begins her work, her pile of ferns at one side of her and her paper at another. Plenty of paper and two flat, smooth boards are the materials required. Books on the subject advise stout blotting paper, but strong, soft newspapers, such as the *Times* for instance, make an excellent substitute at far less cost. Number one board is laid down; on this several sheets of paper—the more the better if paper is plentiful—and on them the fern is laid out as nearly as possible in the natural position, any twisting into shape which the fronds would not have assumed in life being avoided. Over it a single sheet of paper is laid, and while with the right hand the plant is being spread out, with the left the paper is being simultaneously smoothed over it. Immediately a few more sheets are laid over it, and the process repeated with additional specimens until the pile is sufficiently high; then it is topped with the second boa d and the bundle deposited with a forty or fifty pound weight on the top of all. Bricks make good weights, and they can be so distributed as to make the pressure bear equally on all parts at once; but any weight—a large stone, for instance—will do very well; or you may put the boards under your trunk. If a great many ferns are to be dried, another set of boards and papers may be used, but one is sufficient for quite a number. Next day the collector must change her papers. The pile is reversed, and the top board laid down on the table, with a sheet or two of dry paper on the top of it. Then the half-limp flattened fern is carefully transferred to it, and the process repeated until the whole of yesterday's gatherings are once more in dry sheets, and the weight on top of them again. The damp paper is then laid out in the sun or suspended on a cord in the kitchen or other warm place to dry, and in a short time is ready for use. How often the changing of papers must be repeated, depends on the number of sheets that are interposed between each plant, the state of the weather, the dryness of the room or the thickness of the fern leaves themselves; but, as a rule, half a dozen times are sufficient, and, if need be, the last two or three times may have an interval of two or even three days between them. If the plants make the paper bulge out, a sheet or two of stout pasteboard interposed here and there will smoth down their asperities and secure better dried specimens. In any case, a little patience and neat-handedness are necessary to secure choice specimens, and the ferns should not be taken out of the press until sure they are well dried. The best test of their being thoroughly dry is to gently bend back a little bit of the frond. If it is flexible, then it is better to give it another turn of the drying press. If, on the contrary, it breaks, all the sap has been extracted from it by the combined pressure of the stones and the absorbing power of the paper on either side of the specimen. Then transfer them to a large book and keep them there until ready to use them. Small ferns may be pressed between the leaves of a book by tying a string around the volume to keep it tightly shut, but it is important in such case that the ferns should be dry, and the book must be opened and examined from day to day to avoid injury both to the volume and to the ferns.

As already intimated, anyone with a large supply of pressed ferns has an almost limitless fund upon which to draw for household decoration. Window transparencies and fire screens are made by framing the ferns, artistically grouped between two sheets of plate-glass. The side-lights to a hall door may be prettily ornamented in the same way, only for this purpose, in order to obstruct the view, it is well to fasten the fern on fine white net. Bright hued flowers, such as pansies, morning glories, scarlet sage, etc., add much to the beauty of such transparencies and may be successfully dried between sheets of cotton wadding placed between wooden boards.

A cluster of ferns pinned on a lace curtain where it falls apart has a very happy effect, and we have seen pretty window cornices made of a garland of ferns and autumn leaves. The maiden-hair fern looks extremely well arranged in a small basket, with a few dried bits of crimson coxcomb or bachelor's buttons. Indeed, the uses to which they may be applied is limited only by the taste and skill of the decorator.

When a fernery is contemplated the ferns should be carefully dug up and transplanted in soil as nearly as possible like that in which they originally grew.

As a rule, ferns require abundant moisture and cool shade, and the exercise of a little ingenuity will soon provide these requirements for even a varied collection. With the help of a few pieces of furnace slag or other fantastic material, a rockery can be erected in the dreariest city back yard. Sand—not sea, but river sand—should be first strewn over this, and then woods earth should be packed into every crevice where the ferns are to grow.

A very pretty fernery may be made of an old tin tray. Paint it first with waterproof paint, then make a foundation of gravel, charcoal and cinders and some sand—not too much, however. Over this put your woods earth and plant the ferns with sheets of moss, carefully transplanted from the place where the ferns grew, covering the roots. Keep well watered, and you will have a thing of beauty all winter, constantly developing new beauties as tiny ferns and wood plants spring up on the moss.

For decorative purposes moss is scarcely second to ferns, or even flowers. In England it is much used for table decoration, and is gathered in summer and dried for winter use. It is a mistake to think that because moss is green it is of one color; you will find it of every hue—bronze and emerald shining, golden and dark purple green. The best way to collect it for decoration is to pull it in large tufts, which should be well shaken after reaching home and spread lightly on newspapers for a day or two, and then again thoroughly shaken, to free them from loose bits and from insects. To keep it for the winter the sprays should be dipped in water, dabbed dry on a cloth, laid flat between two sheets of brown paper and immediately ironed until quite dry. The irons should be of the heat required to smooth linen; but do not prolong the process too much or the moss will become brittle. This process answers for the coarser mosses; more delicate ones should not be ironed, and the "maiden-hair" moss should not be placed in water, or the golden extinguishers may wash off. Small, naturally mossy twigs—ivy, oak leaves, acrons, lichens—by occasionally being put out to be refreshed by rain, can be made to last for some time. The last need an occasional rain soaking, as they become brittle and powdery when too dry. The little gypsy kettles that were so fashionable some years ago may be made into pretty centre-pieces by covering sticks and kettle alike with moss, as follows: Hold one of the sticks in the left hand, take a turf of moss sufficiently large to wrap around it in the right hand and fold the moss around and over the end of the stick; pass a long piece of fine gardening wire round it, securing the end firmly and pulling it tight, so that the moss conceals it; wind it round once more and then take a second tuft; let the end neatly overlap the first, and secure it in the same way; continue until the stick is covered, keeping the moss as evenly and tightly rolled as possible. If too shaggy, trim it with the scissors. Secure the end of the wire when finished, and if tightly done all will remain firm. The handle of the kettle should be done the same way before doing the kettle. In covering the latter the upper edge of the tufts should be turned inside, under the tin for holding the flowers, and the first wire tied around close under the top. A very few flowers, arranged in wet sand, will answer for filling the tin. Flower pots may be covered in the same way; and flat strawberry baskets, thus concealed, and lined with white paper, make very pretty fruit dishes. A plateau of moss for holding dessert dishes is also pretty. A board of the desired size and shape is requisite; the edges may be cut out for the dishes to fit into, or they may stand on it. The moss should be made as smooth and even as possible, and may be of only one or of various hinds. The common feather moss is perhaps the best. If liked, a border of gray lichen can surround it, and outside of this a second of small leaves, trailing or ground ivy. Borders of leaves and ferns can be made for dishes, and wreaths of periwinkle runners, ivy, holly or bright autumn leaves. Ferns can be ironed like the moss, and will preserve their color, but the safest plan is to dry them as directed. Circles or strips of thin cardboard can be covered with leaves and ferns for surrounding dishes, and single ferns arranged in a pattern of the cloth. Infinite variety can be made by giving time and thought to the matter.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Slow News.

Much that is not very important is put into the newspapers nowadays; but the ideas of the more ancient editors as to what is really worth telling, were very defective indeed—as much so as were their means of getting news and sending it abroad.

Wendell Phillips in a lecture delivered in New York city, noted the wonderful growth and power of the press in the direction of journalism. This is an agent of civilization that has developed chiefly within fifty years.

The account of the battle of Waterloo, which, Phillips said, was the grandest event of European history in this century, occupied only one-third of a column of the London *Times*. Compare with this journalistic enterprise, that which lays a full-page history of the Ute massacre of ten persons in Colorado before the readers of our great dailies.

Garrison was mobbed in Boston in 1835, and narrowly escaped being hanged. With all the files of the Boston papers of that year before him, Mr. Phillips could not find anything like a detailed account of the event, "which shook the city while it lasted."

When President Harrison died in 1841, it took ten days for the news to reach Springfield, Ill., from Washington, and then Abraham Lincoln disbelieved the report because it seemed impossible it could reach there so soon.

Now in the newspapers you buy this afternoon you "may read the words Queen Victoria spoke to her Parliament since the sun rose in England," or what a congress of European representatives said and did on the banks of the Bosphorus the evening before. As Phillips pertinently says: "The man who reads the paper has a telegraph wire that connects him with the world, and the man that does not read might as well be Robinson Crusoe on his island."

An Awful Fate.

The Chicago *Tribune* states that an awful case of the consequences of refusing a young man's honorable love is reported on the West Side. A really nice young man fell in love with a handsome girl, the only daughter of a handsome and well-preserved widow of 38, and offered her marriage. She ridiculed him because he was old enough to be her father, and so on, and with her taunts goaded him to such a pitch of frenzy that he swore he would be fearfully revenged. Accordingly he proposed to and married the wretched girl's mother. Now that wretched girl has to wear stout leather boots two sizes too large for her, and go to bed at 9 P. M., and eschew the theatre, chocolate caramels, ice-cream, and in everything else that makes life worth living for, her step-father's nominal object being that when she grows up she may be as splendidly matured a woman as her mother, the compliment implied in this inducing the mother to second him enthusiastically. When a young man comes round to see that wretched girl, her step-father bounces him down the front steps, throws his hat after him, and tells the wretched girl that the young man is not a fit companion for her future as he would be for that of his own child, and altogether, in the kindest manner possible, he makes that wretched girl even wish she were dead as many as a hundred times a day. Let all other beautiful girls who are often tempted to refuse the matrimonial offers of eligible young men, be warned by her unhappy fate.

A Monster Sewing Machine.

The largest sewing machine in the world, a Singer, has recently been finished. The machine weighs over four tons, and is in some respects of new design, uniting much simplicity of construction with great strength of parts. It is adapted for general manufacturing purposes of the heavier sort, although specially made for stitching cotton belting, an article which is just now taking the market as a cheap and serviceable institution for the gearing and the ordinary leather belting. The material used is of great strength and toughness, and is sewed together in piles or layers up an inch in thickness. The belting in being sewed together is passed through heavy feed rollers some nine inches in diameter, and more than eight feet in length, getting stretched and pressed in the process. There are two needles at work with two shuttles which can be removed from the bottom without disturbing the overlying piles of belting. The rollers between which the work passes are actuated by reversible worm and cam motions, and the machine has in addition to these roller feeds, what is known as a top-feed motion, suitable for a lighter class of work. The stitch, as in the ordinary sewing machine, can be adjusted from one-eighth inch upward, and the pressure of the rollers on the work passing through the machine can be regulated at the will of the operator. The machine, which is driven by steam, has been made for a manufacturing firm in Liverpool.

Speech and Size.

The Power of Speech.—A man who cannot use his eyes should use his tongue.

Man's darkened soul can call for a light when it cannot strike a light.

The spiritually blind man can utter a loud and exceedingly bitter cry that shall pierce heaven and enter into the ear and heart of God.

Size.—Bigness is not greatness, and yet smallness is in itself no blessing, though it may be the occasion of a man's winning one.

Happily for little men the giants have seldom any great wit.

It is not pleasant to see every one about you a bigger person than yourself. Yet this is a slight many do see who are not dwarfs in stature.

Mrs. Margaret Rowan, niece of the late Archbishop Hughes, of New York, died on Long Island the other day. She was a woman of extraordinary nerve power. After the battle of Fredericksburg, she sought among the slain for the body of her brother, who belonged to the 69th Regiment, and found his body beneath the historic stone wall, riddled with bullets. She had his remains conveyed to Hagerstown and buried. On the battle field of Antietam, she held another brother in her arms while the surgeon amputated his shattered arm. This brother also died and was buried at Hagerstown.

An Actress' Romance.

The appearance of Miss Ada Cavendish, the English actress, at the Arch Street Theater, says the Philadelphia *Times*, will lend much interest to her romantic history, which has never been published in this country before. Some forty years ago one of the most celebrated law cases ever tried in England came before the lord chancellor for trial, after being fought from court to court. The issue in question was the legitimacy or illegitimacy of a certain member of the Cavendish family. If the lord chancellor, after examining into the case, should decide that this man was legally born, he would, by virtue of prior birth, be the head of the family and heir to the vast estate that fell with the title of duke of Devonshire. So great results hung on "my lord's" opinion. But the case was never decided, the claimant was so hampered by circumstantial evidence, rather than direct proof of his rights, and the defense saw so clearly that their opponent could make it unpleasant for them, that both parties agreed to a compromise, the details of which are worth reciting, as a curious illustration of the standard of morality in the English aristocracy of that day, which generally approved of the compact.

It was argued that the claimant should be acknowledged as legitimate and the head of the family, taking the title and possessions of the duke of Devonshire for life; but he was expressly forbidden to marry, and on his death the title and property passed to the opposing party. Under such circumstances the duke, being but human, naturally formed attachments which the law did not sanction. Most of these, however, were of short duration, but when he had been about nine years in possession of his title he met a Miss Cameron, of Edinburgh, Scotland, to whom he became strongly attached. This lady was of gentle blood, of great personal beauty, and one of the most brilliantly educated and accomplished women of the age. During several years' acquaintance she learned to return the affection of her titled lover, and he, to do him justice, used all the means in his power to protect her good name.

Being forbidden to marry by his legal settlement of the suit, he offered Miss Cameron what is known as a morganatic marriage in Europe. This marriage is conducted as follows: The contracting parties are united in wedlock by a regularly-ordained clergyman, marriage certificate being furnished as usual. The wife in this case was known as Miss Cavendish, not as the duchess of Devonshire. Her children were legal, bearing the family name. At the death of the father and mother, intestate, the children inherit his personal estate, the widow having her dower right of one-third, but the Devonshire estates and titles pass to the nearest of kin of the ducal line. This style of marriage was long since invented to give the kings, princes, and nobility generally of Europe, a chance to follow the dictates of their hearts without shame, where reasons of state policy forced them into loveless political marriages. Morganatic marriages are generally very happy, and are not regarded in Europe, especially on the continent, as fastening any shame on the parties participating therein; neither do they entail any loss of social position. Miss Cameron accepted the duke's offer, and was morganatically married to him. They lived together in perfect happiness for eleven years, being parted only by the death of Mrs. Cavendish. The duke survived her about eleven years, but he was a changed man from the day of her death. Formerly, genial and heatry, a lover of society, the turf, etc., he became crabbed, nervous, and silent. He shut himself up at Brighton and very seldom saw any one to his dying day, in 1870.

One child (a girl) was born to this marriage, and was called Ada Cavendish. On her the parents lavished their tendered love and devotion. She was carefully reared, like any young scion of the British aristocracy, and her beauty, sweet, joyous disposition and brilliant talents combined to make her their idol and the center of one of the happiest homes of old England. A few years after the mother died the daughter, following her natural bent, placed herself under the tuition of Mrs. Charles Pelby, of the New Royal Theater, London, at which theater she soon made her debut as an actress. From that time until the day of his death the appearance of his daughter in a new roll was the only thing which could tempt the old duke from his seaside retirement. She was a faithful and devoted daughter, and at her father's death came into possession of his entire personal estate, amounting to £10,000—$50,000—and some magnificent jewels. Miss Cavendish has steadily risen in the theatrical world, her success as Mercy Merrick, in "The New Magdalen," rendering her famous in England and America."

Hints on Calling.

Do not stare around the room.
Do not take a dog or small child.
Do not linger at the dinner hour.
Do not lay aside a bonnet at a formal call.
Do not figet with your cane, hat or parasol.
Do not make a call of ceremony on a wet day.
Do not turn your back to one seated near you.
Do not touch the piano unless invited to do so.
Do not handle ornaments or furniture in the room.
Do not make a display of consulting your watch.
Do not go to the room of an an invalid unless invited.
Do not remove the gloves when making a formal call.
Do not continue to stay longer when conversation begins to lag.
Do not remain when you find the lady on the point of going out.
Do not make the first call if you are a new comer in the neighborhood.
Do not open or shut doors or windows or alter the arrangement of the room.
Do not enter a room without first knocking and receiving an invitation to come in.
Do not resume your seat after having arisen to go, unless for important reasons.
Do not walk around the room, examining pictures, while waiting for the hostess.
Do not introduce politics, religion or weighty topics for conversation when making calls.
Do not prolong the call if the room is crowded. It is better to call a day or two afterwards.
Do not call upon a person in reduced circumstances with a display of wealth, dress and equipage.
Do not tattle. Do not speak ill of your neighbors. Do not carry gossip from one family to another.
Do not, if a gentleman, seat yourself upon the sofa beside the hostess, or in near proximity, unless invited to do so.
Do not, if a lady, call upon a gentleman, except officially or professionally, unless he map be a confirmed invalid.
Do not take a strange gentleman with you, unless positively certain that his introduction will be received with favor.
Do not, if a gentleman, leave the hat in the hall when making merely a formal call. If the call is extended into a visit, it may be set aside. When sitting or standing, the hat may be gracefully held in the hand.

The Princess of Wales is a picture of modest good taste as she walks the deck of her husband's yacht. She always wears a plainly-made dress of some dark color, with a sailor's hat, or a close soft hat, which is exceedingly becoming to her. Her little daughters are dressed in black serges or simple cottons, and sailor's hats always crown their long, fair hair.

At the Orleans Railroad station in Paris the other day, eight thousand pilgrims were gathered for a trip to Lourdes. A large number were crippled and bed-ridden. The station was blocked up with stretchers and mattresses upon which emaciated and helpless forms were reclining. Babes abounded, and their wan and scared faces were pitiable. The incapable numbered one-fourth of the entire band.

Mark Twain on the Gold-Bearing Water.

I have just seen your dispatch from San Francisco, in Saturday's *Evening Post*, about "Gold in Solution" in the Calistoga Springs, and about the proprietor's having "extracted $1060 in gold of the utmost fineness from ten barrels of the water" during the past fortnight, by a process known only to himself. This will surprise many of your readers, but it does not surprise me, for I once owned those springs myself. What does surprise me, however, is the falling off in the richness of the water. In my time the yield was a dollar a dipperful. I am not saying this to injure the property, in case a sale is contemplated; I am only saying it in the interest of history. It may be that this hotel proprietor's process is an inferior one—that may be the fault. Mine was to take my uncle—I had an extra uncle at that time, on account of his parents dying and leaving him on my hands—and fill him up, and let him stand fifteen minutes to give the water a chance to settle well, then insert him in an exhausting receiver, which had the effect of sucking the gold out through his pores. I have taken more than $11,000 out of that old man in a day and a half. I should have held on to those springs but for the badness of the roads and the difficulty of getting the gold to market.

I consider that gold-yielding water in many respects remarkable; and yet not more so than a remarkable than the gold bearing Gold Canyon, which, away there toward the head of the auriferous range. The air—or this wind—for it is a kind of a trade wind which blows steadily down through six hundred miles of rich quartz croppings during an hour and a quarter every day except Sundays, is heavily charged with exquisitely fine and impalpable gold. Nothing precipitates and solidifies this gold so readily as contact with human flesh heated by passion. The time that William Abrahams was disappointed in love, he used to step out of doors when that wind was blowing, and come in again and begin to sigh, and his brother Andover J. would extract over a dollar and a half out of every sigh he sighed, right along. And the time that John Harbison and Aleck Norton quarreled about Harbison's dog, they stood there swearing at each other all they knew how—and what they didn't know about swearing they couldn't learn from you and me, or not by a good deal—and at the end of every three or four minutes they had to stop and make a dividend—if they didn't their jaws would clog up so that they couldn't get the big nine syllabled ones out at all—and when the wind was done blowing they cleaned up just a little over sixteen hundred dollars apiece. I know these facts to be absolutely true, because I got them from a man whose mother I knew personally. I do not suppose a person could buy a water privilege at Calistoga now at any price; but several good locations along the course of the Calgut Canyon Gold-Bearing Trade-Wind are for sale. They are going to be stocked for the New York market. They will sell, too; the people will swarm for them as thick as Hancock veterans—in the South.

MARK TWAIN.

An Extensive House.

Thompson, DeHart & Co., of this city, are making extensive enlargements in their already extensive business. Their new wharf on foot of Taylor street, which was lately constructed, has not proved of sufficient capacity for their storage, and they are now extending it as far into the river as the authorities will permit, and hereafter ships will land and unload at the wharf of the firm. Thompson, DeHart & Co. received an immense assortment of wagon material, spokes, felloes, hubs, etc., and thousands of dollars worth of oak, hickory and other seasoned timbers, were received by the same firm by the vessel mentioned. Their warehouse is piled full of wagon material, and it is perfectly bewildering to walk through and see the large assortment, and the care with which it is arranged. In the basement of the wharf the firm have arranged for bins for coal, as they have been appointed agents for the Carbon Hill Coal Company, and intend to put coal on the market here, so as to make it as cheap as wood. Thompson, De Hart & Co., carry the largest stock of shelf and heavy hardware in Portland, in addition to their wagon material, and seasoned lumber trade. The firm has built for itself a splendid reputation as honorable business men, and are a credit to any community.—*Portland Evening Telegram.*

A Valuable Book.

The Little Lawyer, or the farmers', mechanics', miners', laborers' and business mens' adviser and legal help, containing a concise statement of the manner of making statutary laws, practical forms of complaints in all ordinary suits at law, forms of mechanics' and other liens agreements, protests and business forms, all the land and mining laws of Congress, with full directions for obtaining title to anything the government can grant title to, and also the new Constitution of the State of California, by H. A. Gaston, Esq., Attorney at Law, formerly member of the Legislature of California, and late Speaker of the Assembly of the State of Nevada, published by A. L. Bancroft & Co., of California, will be canvassed for in this city. The book is sold by subscription at $3 50 in cloth and $4 in leather. Orders for the book will be filled by J. K. Gill, Portland. The books will be delivered by Wells, Fargo & Co. within three weeks from the time the order is given.

A baby lately had the misfortune to swallow the contents of an ink bottle. His mother, with wonderful presence of mind, immediately administered a box of steel pens and two sheets of foolscap paper, and the child has felt write inside ever since.

REMEMBER

That Warren's Music House, 92 Morrison street near the Postoffice, Portland, Or., has everything in the musical line at reasonable prices. A large stock of sheet music, books, pianos, musical merchandise, band and orchestra music always on hand. Mr. Warren buys everything direct from Eastern houses, and can afford to sell cheaper than any store in Oregon. Send for catalogue.

My life was saved by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.—*E. B. Lakely, Selma, Ala.*

A Word to our Readers.

When you read of a remedy that will cure all diseases beware of it; but when you read of a pure vegetable compound which claims to cure only certain parts of the body, and furnishes high proof that it does this, you can safely try it, and with the assurance that it will help you. This is just what Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure does. It cures all troubles of the lower portion of the body and none others. It will not help the tooth-ache, ear-ache, nor consumption, but it will put your body in a vigorous and healthy state where you can enjoy life and appreciate its good things. Try it.

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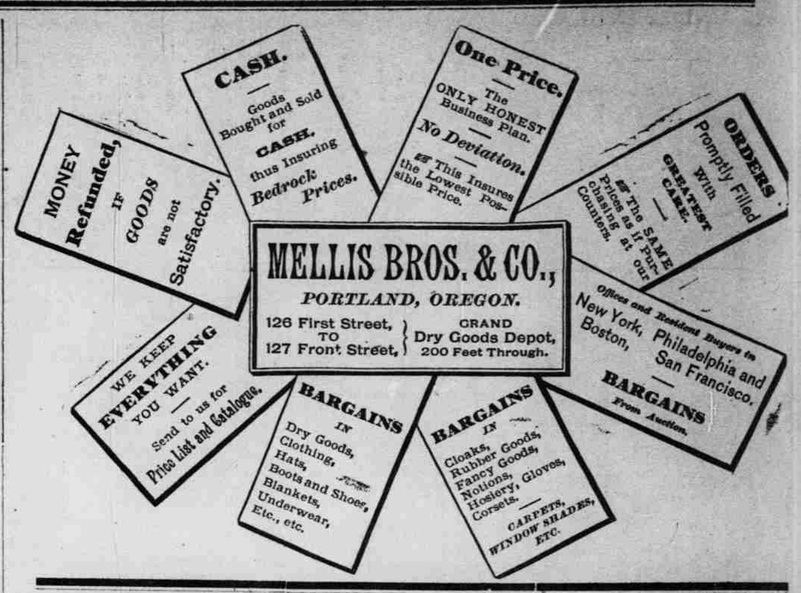

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WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED BY SAIL from New York, the following lines o Varn