A LIFE'S LOVE.

I loved him in my dawning years—
Far years, divinely dim;
My blithest smiles, my saddest tears,
Were evermore for him,
My dreaming when the day began,
The latest thought I had,
Was still some loving plan
To make my darling glad.

They deemed he lacked the conquering wiles
That other children wear;
To me his face, in frown or smiles,
Was never aught but fair.
They said that self was all his goal,
He knew no thought beyond;
To me, I know, no loving soul
Was half so true and fond.

Ah, many a love was mine ere now,
In life's capricious May,
And many a lightly whispered vow
The breezes bore away.
Yet, looking back on friends betrayed,
And sweethearts left to rue,
My soul can say, "In shine or shade,
At least he found me true."

In love's eclipse, in friendship's dearth,
In grief and feud and bale,
My heart has learnt the sacred worth
Of one that cannot fail;
And come what must and come what may,
Nor power, nor praise, nor pelf
Shall lure my faith from him to stray,
My darling one himself.

CHARLEMAGNE'S DAUGHTER.

Have you ever been in Germany? If not I would recommend you to lose no time in visiting a very peculiar and to me, a very interesting country. Accompany me up the Main to the village of Selingenstadt (the Abode of Bliss), about a dozen miles from Frankfort.

The village is delightfully situated, close by the bank of the river. It has a large forest in its rear, and a large outskirt of the Spessart—a fine champaign before it on the opposite bank. High above the pretty houses which compose this little place stands the "Red Tower," an edifice well-known to the lovers of romance.

The best house in the village is the Auberge, over which, some years ago, a host presided, whose capacious size and rotund figure involuntarily reminded one of the Great Tun of Heidlesburg. The Herr Von Cothen was a genuine German—his meerschaum seldom left his lips, except when the wine-cup, an hereditary goblet of massy silver, won at a drinking bout by one of his ancestors, was raised to them. The man seemed to live but for smoking—not that he ever was known to be what is called "disguised in liquor"—he protested that such a quantity of clay as himself required moisture, and he took good care to moisten it.

It was my fortune to know him for the space of three months, and I can safely say that, with one exception, I never knew him venture on any deviation from his trinity of practices, the aforenamed drinking, smoking and sleeping.

We had spent a pleasant day in what was the Spessart forest, and were returning home when the Red Tower met our view. We were weary and threw ourselves on the mossy bank beneath the shade of a mighty tree, where, in a few moments, both of us fell asleep. I was awakened by the voice of my companion. I kept silence while the redoubted Herr Von Cothen dilated loudly and long on the delights of the feudal days, when the lord had power of life and death within his territorial limits over his vassals. He spoke well for a German host, and the novelty of his speaking was yet more. True, there was not a very lucid order in his conversation, but this could easily be pardoned in one to whom language had almost fallen into disuse. Von Cothen lay on the ground at listless length, while telling a tale somewhat to the following effect:

Some centuries ago there was an Emperor Nero (no relative of him of Rome) who came, after the manner of the times, to celebrate his Christmas holidays at Frankfort. He was devotedly fond of the chase, and held nearly an equal affection for his daughter, a maiden over whom some seventeen summers had lightly flown. She was, indeed, if there be truth in legendary report, a very delightful, beautiful and innocent creature. But her physical charms were even less than the rare purity of her mind, the soft and gentle character of her feelings. Born in a cottage, she would have sheered the peasant's lot; brought up amid the magnificence of an imperial court, she won the envy of one sex and the earnest admiration of the other. Such beauty of person and goodness of heart could not remain unknown; and, being an only child, many of the princes of the empire put in their claim for her hand. But the lady's heart was preengaged, and she paid little attention to the compliments of her many royal wooers.

Clorinda, thus she was called, had set her affections on one far beneath her in rank. Like

The king's daughter of Hongarie,
Who loved a squire of low degree,

The daughter of the Emperor Nero had given her heart's first love to a young man, one of her father's huntsmen.

It is impossible to say how the secret was discovered, but certain it was that the princess was placed in close confinement, and her lover would have been summarily and severely dealt with, but he had taken flight, and pursuit was useless, no one knowing in what direction he had fled. To do the young man justice, he had anticipated the discovery of a secret dear to him as his life, and takan steps accordingly. Deep in the hidden haunts of the Spessart he had found a cave—probably the former residence of some religious ascetic—and he had made the best provision in his power for that decisive step which, love whispered, the princess would not refuse to take, for his sake and her own. While she, in tears, sat in the solitude of her chamber, her Ludolf was busy in making preparations for her rescue.

Whenever princesses fall in love with their father's huntsmen it is customary for royalty to be utterly appalled. Accordingly, the Emperor was in a most magnificent passion, and gave strict orders that the princess should be confined to her own chamber. The next morning, however, he made the discovery—just a few hours too late—that the bird had flown—like Love,

He opened the window and flew away.

The poor old Emperor pined after her so bitterly that not an unmarried lady of the court but would have been willing to console him, had he offered her his hand. But, much to the disappointment of their philanthropic intentions, His Majesty did not see how he could atone for the loss of a daughter by taking a wife.

The princess and her Ludolf (who had assisted her out of her confinement) lived as happily "benath the greenwood tree," as if there had never been such things as courts and kings, emperors and principalities. They loved one another earnestly and well, and (but this was long ago) had no wish to return to the crowds of society. Even if they had, there would have been no safety in attempting it, for how could either hope for forgiveness? Meanwhile, the loss of his daughter had fallen heavily on the Emperor. She was the sole living thing to which his hopes had long been linked, and all the father and the man were shaken by the uncertainty of her fate and her absence from those places over which her smiles threw a radiance, beautiful as the last tints of dying day upon the snow-crowned hills. The old man said little, but his grief was deep. Pride would not permit him to yield to open lamentations, but in secret he shed many a tear. His household gods were shivered by his hearth, and, like Rachel mourning for her children, he would not be comforted.

He quitted Frankfort, and many years elapsed before he again saw the place with which were linked so many and such sad recollections. He had laid aside his usual sports—the huntsman's spear had rarely been held by him since that day on which he lost a daughter; and it was with some surprise that the court heard him announce that he would hold a hunting match on the morrow.

Five years had lessened his endurance of fatigue, and it was with some pleasure that at the close of day, when the ardor of the chase had separated him from his suite, he found himself beside a rustic hut, at the door of which two lovely children were playing. To dismount from his weary steed, to enter the cottage, and to request refreshment, was but the work of a moment, and instant preparations were made for his repast.

The Emperor had fallen upon the residence of his long-lost and still loved daughter. Ludolf was a successful deer-stealer, and the fruits of the earth furnished them with other food. Besides, Ludolf had learned that the Emperor had quitted Frankfort soon after the flight of the Princess, and felt little hesitation in visiting the market there, to exchange deer and other skins for necessaries, and sometimes for a few of the luxuries to which Clorinda had been accustomed, and which she had left for him. Frugal in their habits and their desires, they had lived happily without a wish for change.

The graceful girl had budded into the glorious maturity of womanhood; and, further changed by her rustic attire, the Emperor did not know his child. She knew him at a single glance, and there came quick throbbing memories of the past, wild hopes of the future.

The sole repast which their situation permitted on the instant was some venison, poached by Ludolf in the Emperor's own forest. What limit is there to woman's wit, when aided by woman's affection? Clorinda prepared the repast with her own hands, serving up a dish which she remembered to have been a favorite with her father—of which, too, he had never eaten except when it was prepared by his daughter's hands. Scarcely had he tasted the food ere the tears began to fall, fast and bitterly, for her whose memory neither time nor anger could destroy, and he eagerly inquired from whom his young hostess had learned to prepare that dish.

The Princess and her husband fell at the old man's feet. The Emperor was still a father; his kind heart remembered only that his daughter was before him; all was forgotten and forgiven; he named the place Selingenstadt, or the Abode of Bliss (in double commemoration of his daughter and his dinner); he carried the happy family with him to his palace, ate his favorite meals as often as he wished to his dying day and built the Red Tower as a marriage gift for his daughter. The lovers built a church where their hut had stood, and when they died they were buried within its walls.

Such were the particulars which the Herr Von Cothen communicated to me. The next day I made some inquiries respecting the story, which seemed obscure in some parts; the old man stoutly and sternly denied having uttered a syllable on the subject, and appealed to his well-known taciturnity as evidence that he did not belong to the class of story-tellers—a set of persons for whom he had a most avowed and resolute contempt. He admitted, however, that I had picked up the popular legend in some way, but persisted in the denial that he had been the narrator. I was obliged to be content with his explanation, although it did not give me a very exalted opinion of the veracity of mine host.

Some months afterward, as I was looking at "Titian's Assumption of the Virgin" in the Dresden Gallery, I met with Augustus Saalfield whom I had known at Gottingen. We spent the day together, and I told him, among other things, the mistake in which Van Cothen had fallen respecting the narration of the above tale. Saalfield smiled, and dissipated my wonder by informing me that the worthy host of the Abode of Bliss was a somnambulist, and the best story-teller within twenty leagues of Frankfort—in his sleep.

I learned, at the same time, that this legend took its origin from the fact that Selingenstadt witnessed the loves and still preserves the remains of Eginhard and Emma, the Secretary and daughter of Charlemange. Tradition has made a sad mistake in the names of all the parties by taking Nero for Charlemange, and the lovers for Ludolf and Clorinda. The Red Tower (now sadly dilapidated) was the residence of the lovers after Charlemange saved the honor of his favorite daughter by giving her hand to his secretary. Eginhard built a church on the spot, and his bones and those of his beloved repose in a mossy antique sarcophagus on a monument beneath its roof.

An Oyster Yarn.

I never found anything but once here in excess of my expectations or even approaching them, and that was the New York oysters. I had just then come on from California, where oysters are very small and unimportant, not to say insignificant, and I had often eaten a hundred there at a time, and had always felt that I could eat more if I had them. So, when I arrived at the Metropoliton Hotel, I ordered my dinner to be brought to my room, and told the waiter to bring with my dinner a strong cup of coffee and a hundred raw oysters. He looked at me a moment and then said:

"Did I understand you to say a hundred oysters?"

"Yes," I answered; "raw, on the half-shell, with vinegar; no lemons, and as soon as you can, for I am very hungry."

"Ahem! Miss, did you want a hundred?"

"Yes, I do. What are you waiting for? Must I pay for them in advance? I want nice large ones."

"No, no, miss. All right, you shall have them," and he went out. I continued my writing and forgot all about my dinner until he knocked and came in with my dinner on a tray, but no oysters.

"How is this?" said I. "There are no oysters."

"Dey's comin', miss, dey's comin'," and the door opened and in filed three more sons of Africa's burning sands, each with a big tray of oysters on the half-shell. I was staggered, but only for a moment, for I saw the waiters were grinning, so I calmly directed them to place one tray on a chair, one on the washstand and one on the bed, and I said:

"They are very small, aren't they?"

"Oh, no, miss, de berry largest we'se got."

"Very well," said I, you can go. If I want any more I'll ring.

When they got out into the hall one said to the other:

"'Fore God, Joe, if she eats all them oysters she's a dead woman."

I did not feel hungry any longer. I drank my coffee and looked at the oysters, every one as big as my hand, and they all seemed looking at me with their horrible white faces, and out of their one diabolical eye, until I could not have eaten one any more than I could have carved up a live baby. They leered at me and seemed to dare me to attack them. Our California oysters are small, and with no more individual character about them than grains of rice, but these detestable creatures were instinct with evil intentions, and I dared not swallow one for fear of the disturbance he might raise in my interior, so I set about getting rid of them, for I was never going to give up beaten before those waiters. I hung a dress over the keyhole after I locked the door, and just outside my window found a tin waterspout that had a small hole in it. I carefully enlarged it, and they slid every one of those beastly creatures down one by one—one hundred and two of them—they all the time eyeing me with that cold, pasty look of malignity. When the last one was out of sight I stopped trembling and finished my dinner in peace, and then rang for the waiters. You should have seen their faces! One of the waiters asked me if I would have some more. May he never know the internal pang he inflicted on me, but I replied calmly:

"Not now. I think too many at once might be hurtful." — [Philadelphia Times.

So Wags the World.—The young society lady of Atlantic City who fell in love with a day laborer in a railroad yard, and married him with her parents' consent, will, undoubtedly, be much pitied and patronized by her lady acquaintances; but if, as said to be the case, the bridegroom is good-looking, honest, amiable and industrious, she has probably not done any worse than many others of her sex. At all events, she has done much better than the beautiful being who, a day or two ago, ended her romantic career by eloping with her father's colored coachman, and marrying him against her parents' wishes.

By a nearly unanimous vote, the women of this country have decided that the two best bands are a hus band and a band box.

Amusing Faith in Ghosts.

Judge Angell of the Eighth District Court, has just rendered his decision in a case which involves an amusing ghost story that for some months past has been a matter of common gossip and belief among the residents of a certain neighborhood in West Sixteenth street. The action was brought by Mrs. Eliza A. Stymus, to recover from Amzi Howell $130 for two months' rent of the house at No. 551 West Sixteenth street. Mr. Howell is a flourishing milkman in Seventeenth street, with an honorable business reputation, and one of the last men in the world to evade the payment af a just debt, or to break a fair contract. Yet he admitted that having taken the house for a year from the 1st of May, he moved out somewhat hurriedly in the early part of June.

It was only by degrees that his true reason for thus throwing the premises back upon Mrs. Stymus was developed: The upper floor of the house, he said, was haunted by spirits, who amused themselves from sunset to sunrise by slamming the doors and making a variety of loud and blood-curdling noises. Naturally Mr. Howell was at some pains to add that the ghosts did not annoy him personally; but he intimated that his family had been reduced to a state of terror that it would have been simply inhuman to keep them longer in such unpleasant quarters. He therefore deemed himself justified in breaking the lease.

Vain, however, were all the endeavors of court and counsel to get any satisfactory descriptive testimony as to the true character of these supernatural manifestations.

There were two witnesses besides Mr. Howell, who evidently had full faith in the reality of the ghostly visitations—his brother-in-law, James H. Bertholf, and Edward Polk, a colored man. Mr. Bertholf had resided in the house with Mr. Howell. A few days after moving in he was accosted on the street by a neighbor named Gallagher, who asked if his name was not Bertholf. Being told that it was, Gallagher remarked that a friend of his had bought a farm of Bertholf in Orange county. This having excused for a friendly interest in Bertholf, Gallagher added:

"And I'm sorry you have been renting this house of Mrs. Stymus. You will be glad to move out in a little while; if you don't move out, the ghosts will drive you out." After that a gentleman named EcEvoy confirmed the reputation the house had for ghosts, and in the course of a week or so Bertholf heard the same reports from at least twenty neighbors. On cross-examination, when asked if he left because of any ghosts he had ever seen there, he answered "no," in a very loud and firm tone of voice, and when counsel followed the question up with, "or because of any rumors about ghosts," he almost shouted, "No, sir, I did not." He was equally positive in denying that he had left the house without paying the rent.

Mr. Polk, the colored man, had also heard of the ghosts from a young man of the neighborhood who had slept in the house, and that he credited the report seemed a fair inference from the fact that he had declined an offer from Stymus to occupy the basement and take care of the house, rent free. He hastened to say, however, that his reason for declining the invitation was simply that he was subject to rheumatism, a malady which would be greatly aggravated by sleeping in a damp underground room. The general laugh which greeted this remark made him very indignant, and he became positively angry by the time he was handed over to the plaintiff's counsel for cross-examination:

"Are you superstitious?" asked the counsel.

"Superse-tit-tit-titious?" said Polk, stammering with indignation.

"Are you afraid of ghosts?" suggested Judge Angell.

"No, sir; no, sir; oh, no; no, sir," he answered.

"Don't you believe that coming events cast their shadows before?" again asked sounsel, with a smile.

"Oh, laugh; yes, you can sit there and laugh, and you can talk more than I can, but you don't know nothing at all about it," replied Polk.

Polk succeeded, however, before he left the stand, in convincing everyone that in his opinion, at least, the young man who had warned him that the house was "troubled," as he expressed it, had done him a very great service.

Mrs. Stymus, of course, scouted the notion of the house being haunted. Her explanation to the rumors is that during a period of some few months, when it remained empty in consequence of the death of her aunt, who had lived in it eight years, some boys in the neighborhood had obtained admission by breaking windows in the basement, and amused themselves by "playing ghost." She admitted, however, that the fact of the house being haunted was matter of common gossip in the neighborhood. The house itself is an old-fashioned red brick, English basement house, built on a model very common a quarter of a century ago. Its upper or attic story—where the ghosts are believed to dwell—has a peculiarly stunted appearance, owing to the windows being greater in breadth than in height. These rooms were originally intended for the servants of the family, who, in the estimation of old-time architects, were entitled to only half as much air and light as their betters. The house seems to be in fairly good repair, but though neat and clean is not cheerful. The ghosts are undoubtedly possessed of benignant natures, since the house is only one door away from a Baptist church. Judge Angell's decision is in favor of the plaintiff.—[N. Y. Times.

May Girls Jump the Rope.

A surgeon in a western city has published an article designed to warn parents against allowing their children to jump the rope, an amusement of which they are very fond. His objections to this exercise are that it produces a continuous concussion of the joints in the spinal column of a dangerous character, often resulting in inflammation and necrosis of the bone, deformity and death. He concludes by saying: "I would warn children against rope dancing, and advise parents to prohibit it under all circumstances." His opinions are founded on the fact that he has seen very bad results from the practice. While we do not doubt that jumping the rope may be carried to a dangerous extent, we deny that it is a dangerous exercise. It is only when carried to too great an extent that it injures, or when practiced by very delicate children longer than it should be. Children in their sports are apt to go to extremes, and here lies the danger. How many thousands of children have lost their lives by eating too much food, or eating unwholesome food, and yet we do not prohibit our children from eating, but try to teach them how to do it right. Many children lose their lives in the water, yet we continue to teach our children to swim, and shall to the end of time. Children become injured by jumping the rope, and the wise course is to teach them not to go to extremes in this or any sport. Jumping the rope is of itself a perfectly safe exercise. It is one that children enjoy. It cultivates all the lower parts of the body in a remarkable manner, giving skill and grace of movement. Mothers need not prohibit it, but only watch their children so they shall not go too far in its practice.—[Herald of Health.

Another Faded Idol.—One by one the roses fade. It seems that now we have lost Beatrice de Cenci, William Tell and a host of other old standbys, we are to be called upon to bewail the departure of that scantily attired equestrienne, Lady Godiva. A writer in Notes and Queries says she is a myth. It is impossible that she should have ridden through Coventry, for the reason that Coventry was not in existence at the time. There is, however, some foundation for the legend. Godiva was a lady possessing vast wealth, with which she determined to found and endow an abbey, This she did, "stripping herself of all that she had," and thence the legend. Coventry gradually arose round the abbey, and had no streets, and consequently no toils, until Godiva had been dead at least a century.

King Ludwig's Encore.

I am told that in a German concert or opera they hardly ever encore a song; that, though they may be dying to hear it again, their good breeding usually preserves them against requiring the repetition. Kings may encore; that is quite another matter; it delights everybody to see that the king is pleased, and, as to the actor encored, his pride and gratification are simply boundless. Still, there are circumstances in which even a royal encore—but it is better to illustrate. The king of Bavaria is a poet and has a poet's eccentricities, with the advantage over other poets of being able to gratify them, no matter what form they may take. He is fond of opera, but not fond of sitting in the presence of an audience; therefore, it has sometimes occurred in Munich, that when an opera has been concluded, and the players are getting off their paint and finery, a command has come to get their paint and finery on again. Presently the king would arrive solitary and alone, and the players would begin at the beginning and do the entire opera over again, with only that one individual in that vast, solemn theatre for an audience. Once he took an odd freak in his head. High up and out of sight over the prodigious state of the Court Theatre is a maze of interlaced water pipes, so pierced that in case of fire innumerable little thread-like streams of water can be caused to descend, and, in case of need, this discharge can be augmented to a pouring flood. American managers might make a note of that. The king was the sole audience. The opera proceeded. It was a piece with a storm in it. The mimic thunder began to mutter, the mimic wind began to wail and sough, and the mimic rain to patter. The king's interest rose higher and higher; it developed into enthusiasm. He cried out:

"It is good, very good, indeed! But I will have a real rain. Turn on the water!"

The manager pleaded for a reversal of the command, said it would ruin the costly scenery and splendid custumes; but the king cried:

"No matter, no matter; I will have a real rain. Turn on the water."

So the real rain was turned on and began to descend in gossamer lances to the mimic flower-beds and gravel walks of the stage. The richly dressed actresses and actors tripped about singing bravely and pretended not to mind it. The king was delighted; his enthusiasm grew higher. He cried out:

"Bravo! bravo! More thunder! More lightning! Turn on more rain!"

The thunder boomed, the lightning glared, the wind raged, the deluge poured down. The mimic royalty of the stage, with their soaked satins clinging to their bodies, slopped around ankle deep in the water, warbling their sweetest and best; the fiddlers under the eves sawed away for dear life, with the cold overflow spouting down their necks, and the dry and happy king sat in his lofty box and wore his gloves to ribbons applauding.

"More yet!" cried the king, "more yet; let loose all the thunder; turn on all the water. I will hang the man who raises an umbrella."

When the most tremendous and effective storm that had ever been produced in any theatre was at last over, the king's approbation was measureless. He cried:

"Magnificent! magnificent! Encore! Do it again!"

But the management succeeded in persuading him to recall the encore, and said the company would feel sufficiently rewarded and complimented in the mere fact that the encore was demanded by his Majesty, without fatiguing him with a repetition to gratify their own vanity.

During the remainder of the act the lucky performers were those whose parts required changes of dresses; the others were a soaked, bedraggled and uncomfortable lot, but in the last degree picturesque. The stage scenery was ruined, trap doors were so swollen that they wouldn't work for a week afterwards, the fine costumes were spoiled, and no end of minor damages were done by that remarkable storm.

It was a royal idea—that storm—and royally carried out. But observe the moderation of the king. He did not insist upon the encore. If he had been a gladsome, unreflecting American opera audience he probably would have had his storm repeated and repeated until he had drowned all these people.—Mark Twain.

Dabbs and Carter.

Old Dabbs and Jim Carter, two colored men, having grown tired of farming, came to this city and opened a kind of grocery store. Dabbs was a shrewd, bow-legged man, with broad feet, and with a nose shaped like the half of a pear. Carter was young and inexperienced. After the stock had been purchased, Dabbs remarked:

"Carter, I'se de olest. In dis case hit's naissessary fur yer ter be de jungier podner."

"All right," said Carter, "I don't keer what my name is, but I wants half de money whut comes in ober de counter."

"Dat's a fack, Carter. Yer'll make a sharpe business man. Dar's a lot of niggers got dar eyes on dis sto', but we'll fool 'em. Carter, does yer owe any debts in dis worl'?"

"Lemme see; yes I owes a man for a saddle blanket."

"How long hab you owed him?"

"'Bout five years."

"How much wuz hit wurf?"

"'Bout two dollars."

"Lemme count de intrust. Two is two, adden onto de five, duplex fractions comin' in twixt de two an' de five; compoun' cathartic fractions comin' in twixt de duplex fractions. Nine's a nine, wid ten as a podner. Ten goes 'way an' 'lebben stans up. Mr. Carter, you owes dat man 'lebben hundred dollars an' a quarter."

"How's dat?"

"Why, 'cordin' to de intrust. De intrust am awful heaby. Hit fairly makes a man sweat. Hit breaks up de white man, and robs de nigger of his labor. Dat man could come and break up our sto'. He could sell us out. I heard a plantation nigger talking 'bout us yester-day. Now, if yer wuz de signer partner, which means de olest, de men couldn't do nothin.' Dis is a fault ob de law. De Laigeslature is a awful rascally lot of follows. Well, now, yer mus' be my silent partner. Does yer heah?"

"Ise lisenen'."

"Den de man can't tech yer. I'se got a head as long as a water million. Wall, now, let me read yer this paper."

Then Dabbs read the following: "Dis heah is ter certify dat Dabbs and Carter is podners. Dabbs is de action podner an' Carter is de silent podner. Dis is also ter certify dat as soon as Dabbs quits bein' de action podner, de whole sto' 'longs ter Carter, an' when Carter quits bein' de silent podner, widout anudder 'greement, de sto' all 'longs ter Dabbs."

"Dis were wrot up by a cullud lawyer," said Dabbs. "Sign de paper." The two men signed the instrument and called in witnesses. Next morning Dabbs came down to the store early, and when Carter arrived all of the witnesses were sitting in the storeroom.

"Good mornin', Dabbs," said Carter. Dabbs didn't say anything, and Carter continued: "Why de deuce doesn't yer speak ter me?"

"Do sto's all mine," said Dabbs, arising and turning to the witnesses.

"How's dat?" asked Carter.

"Case yer's no longer a silent podner. Yer's talkin'. When a man talks he's not silent. Yer'll please leab my sto', Carter, an' go off down in de country. Ef yer'd stuck ter de 'greement ebery-thing been all right. Hit's plain ter be seed dat yer won't."

Carter appealed to the witnesses, but was informed that he had broken silence, and of course was no longer a part owner of the store. The disconsolate man left. He is now a candidate for the Legislature, and swears that if elected he will work for the repeal of the odious laws.—[Little Rock Gazette.

A girl hearing her mistress ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, set two extra plates for the expected guests.

Blinding Her Rival.

The Countess de Tilly was a sickly, discontented female who quarreled with everybody add especially with her husband. Marie Marechal was a very attractive young woman of two and twenty, of good character, until, in an evil hour for her, she met the count. The outraged wife discovered the intrigue and out of revenge blinded her rival with vitriol as she was going to her work. Such is the skeleton of this disgraceful business, and, knowing only the skeleton, all sympathy must be given to the offended spouse. But when the facts of the case are developed, the sympathy becomes lessened. At first we could pardon the sudden explosion of anger on the part of the deserted wife, the aberation of a mother fearing to see compromised the future of her children by the extravagance of an adventuress. There was nothing of the kind; the fortune of the family had been so little dilapidated by the count's outlay on his mistress that the countess was able to make a present of 20,000 francs to the milliner, as the judge said, "by way of compensation for her injuries," and she took eighteen months for reflection before her jealousy prompted her to act. When she appealed in court, instead of the swollen eyelids of one who was suffering from some great sorrow, she showed a tearless face, the absence of all emotion and that pursed-up mouth which is the characteristic of virtuous but disagreeable Xantippes. For nearly two years husband and wife had quarreled like cat and dog about Marie Marechal, but never had there been between the two any question of a rupture. They talked about her at every meal in the presence of the children; she taunted him with the liason, told him that doubtless he only waited her death to "marry that thing." The count was one of those who, like Mrs. Skewton, are "all heart;" the countess was a sort of conjugal dog in the manger. I don't excuse the count, who certainly was a very wicked man, but it must be acknowledged that the countess was a termagant, whose constant allusions to her approaching death put me in mind of a horse-breeder whom I once knew near Caen. This worthy farmer made up his mind that he was to die in 1840, and ordered a coffin accordingly. I saw him last year and found that he had used the coffin as an oats bin. The truth was that Mme. de Tilly was jealous of Mlle. Marechal, but not so much on account of her husband's love as because that young woman, called by the townsfolk *la petite Comtesse*, took it into her head to copy the *grande Comtesse's* toilets; one gown particularly exasperated her. It is described to have been of the form of a violin box, and it can readily be understood that for a sewing girl to venture on wearing a violin-box shaped gown, when that arbitress of fashion, the Countess of Tilly, thought herself to stand alone in this costume in the midst of a population still addicted to crinolines, was an unpardonable outrage only to be washed out with strong waters. "I merely meant to dab her on the face with a sponge," said the great lady, "but my indignation got the better of me when I heard her laugh behind my back." It was a pretty vengeance, most horrible in its consequences, but of the same order as that of peasant girls who cut a piece out of some rival belle's dress because it is finer than theirs, and all through the trial was apparent that pettiness which is characteristic of French provincial tribunals. The court room was transformed into a sort of parlor, with chairs, for the family and intimate friends, in the rear of the lady who was up for judgment. The Judge, in the absence of M. de Tilley, did the honors with grace and affibility, and listened with emotion to the recital of the "unhappy life of Mme. la Comtesse." The vitrioleuse was gratified with a title to which, it seems, she has no claim whatever. For the poor girl whom she has ruined for life, the courteous magistrate could find no terms too strong to express his horror and disgust.

It is all over now; Mme. de Tilley has gone back to her family, and will probably bring her brutal husband once more into the fold, as the next dose may be for him, and it does not make much difference what eventually becomes of the "fille Marcheal" who will not utterly starve to death on the interest of her 20,000 francs, but the incident has had the effect to open the eyes of French jurors to the peril toward which they were drifting through maudlin sympathy.

Trees as Weather Prophets.

It is a matter of common observance, says the Oswego (N. Y.) *Times*, that trees and their branches fall during the prevalence of storms and from perfectly obvious reasons. But close observers among those familiar with the woods, will tell you that oftentimes these things occur just before a severe storm, and are the sign or forerunner of its approach. The phenomenon was witnessed by a farmer of Oswego town, while on his way last Sunday to attend divine service at the Thompson school house, who observed a large limb break and fall off from a tree by the roadside. There was no wind stirring at the time, and no apparent cause for the phenomenon. He says he made up his mind that a severe storm was close at hand. He recalled the circumstances at Hannibal a year ago, during the camp-meeting service, when a large beech tree fell upon the camp-meeting tent, at a time when, happily, the congregation was outside, and only a small child was in the tent asleep. The child was not only not injured, but not even awakened. There was no wind at the time, in fact, the atmosphere was unusually still. There was no apparent cause for the fall of the tree; but a heavy storm followed shortly after, as Monday's storm succeeded the intense heat and quiet of the day before. The falling of the tree and the apparent almost miraculous escape of the congregation were the occasion of much speculation, and the incident was quickly seized and forcibly used by the exhorter to illustrate the protecting care of heaven. The farmer of whom we speak also says that for many years he has observed similar incidents of falling limbs and trees in the stillness which so generally precedes great storms of rain or wind. The relater is more than ordinarily a close observer of things.

How to Can Corn.—In order to can corn, says the *Country Gentleman*, boil the corn on the ear a few minutes; then cut the corn off the ears while as hot as you can; put the corn into the cans at once; have the can almost full, say within three-fourths of an inch of the top; then fill the can up with boiling water, and have the can soldered and put into a kettle of hot water, and let it boil in the water for six hours. In every six quarts of corn take one ounce of tartaric acid, dissolved in boiling water. Cut the corn from the cob and put into a sufficient quantity of water to cook. When the corn is smoking put the acid in. When done, seal air tight in tin cans or glass jars. To prepare for the table, pour off the sour water and save it; put in enough fresh water to cook it; for every quart of corn add one teaspoonful of soda; let it stand a few minutes before cooking. While cooking put in a teaspoonful of sugar. If the corn turns yellow there is too much soda; pour back some of the sour water until it turns white again. When nearly done, season with salt, cream and butter, same as fresh corn. Dissolve one and a quarter ounces of tartaric acid in one-half pint of water; cut the corn from the cob and cook it properly; when cooked, add two tablespoonfuls of the acid solution to every quart of corn; can and seal securely and set in a cool, dry place. When wanted for use, stir half a teaspoonful of soda into two quarts of corn, and let it stand three hours before cooking. This removes all acid from the corn.

We have spoken of the ungainly shape of the grand piano. But there is equal need of reform in the shape of the upright piano. The rigid parallelogram with which we are all familar is ugly and incrastic, A German maker has taken a step in advance by making an upright piano with a curved top, following the natural form of the instrument, and the effect is pleasing.

Knowledge in a Nutshell.

A pace is 3 feet.
A cubit is 2 feet.
A fathom is 6 feet.
A palm is 3 inches.
A league is 3 miles.
A span is 10¾ inches.
A great cubit is 11 feet.
There are 2750 languages.
Oats, 33 pounds per bushel.
Bran, 20 pounds per bushel.
Barley, 48 pounds per bushel.
A day's journey is 33 miles.
Two persons die every second.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A storm blows 36 miles per hour.
Slow rivers flow 5 miles per hour.
Coarse salt, 85 pounds per bushel.
A tub of butter weighs 84 pounds.
Buckwheat, 52 pounds per bushel.
The average human life is 31 years.
A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds.
An acre contains 4840 square yards.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
A barrel of flower weighs 196 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour.
A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour.
A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches.
A rapid river flows 7 miles per hour.
Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
A mile is 5280 feet, 1760 yards in length.
The first horse railroad was built in 1826–7.
A moderate wind blows 7 miles per hour.
Gold was discovered in California in 1848.
Corn, rye and flaxseed, 56 pounds per bushel.
The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.
Wheat, beans and clover seed, 60 pounds per bushel.
The first use of locomotives in this country was in 1829.
The first almanac was printed by Geo. Von Purback in 1640.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Sulphur crystals may be obtained by dissolving sulphur in hot concentrated acetic acid, and evaporating the solution of ordinary temperature.

According to a German journal, vessels of platinum are, to some extent, attacked and corroded by the carbonate potash and soda at their melting point.

Cairo has a school of pharmacy with about fifty students, a good corps of native teachers, and a laboratory under a competent European director. It is the only inistitution of the kind in Africa, or in the Turkish Empire.

To renew the worn surface of gum belts manufactures recommend "a composition of equal parts of black lead and litharge mixed with boiled linseed oil, and japan enough to make it dry quick." It is to be put on with a painter's brush.

Mr. Gramme is building for an establishment at Noisiel, France, a machine for transmitting electrical force to a distance, with which he expects to gain a normal power equivalent to that of ten horses, and under special conditions a power of sixteen horses.

M. Legayt sums up the conditions favorable to the attainment of great age. Temperance occupies the first rank, regular labor, (usually in the open air,) daily exercise short of fatigue, early hours, a comparatively well-to-do life, calmness of mind in meeting troubles, moderate intellectual powers and a family life.

The Great Eastern Railway Company has undertaken to supply sea-water for baths to any part of London, at the rate of six pence for three gallons. The water is brought from Lowestoft in air-tight cans, which are left with the purchaser until the following day, when the company's vans call for them without extra charge.

A beefsteak chopped up fine and baked with flour and yeast in the form of a "meat bread" loaf, is the latest diatetica sensation. It is asserted that meat thus treated entirely disappears during the process of purifaction, the nutritive principles becoming incorporated with the bread. M. Sheurer Kestner has just been explaining the process.

Professor Stratbo announces a new process of nickel plating that is said to be both simple and effective. To a solution of from five to ten cent chloride of zinc sufficient nickel sulphide is added to give it a decided green color, when the solution may be raised to a boiling point. The articles to be plated are suspended in the boiling solution from thirty to sixty minutes. They may then be taken out, washed in water in which a little chalk is suspended, dried and polished. This process is not patented.

Handle Dairy Stock Carefully.—Mr. Purcell, in the report of the New Jersey Agricultural Society, says: "It is important that dairy stock from the young calf to the old cow that is being fed for beef, should be handled and treated kindly. If a calf is handled roughly and becomes wild and vicious thereby, when it becomes a cow you may expect the same, but if handled carefully and treated with kindness, when grown up she will be mild and gentle. It may not always be so, but in general it is. There have been many cows spoiled by the person having the care of and milking them when-ever they come in his way, or if when milking a cow hoists her foot or kicks (which is generally caused by pain), such a fellow stops milking and commences whipping, or, worse kicking the cow and she becomes enraged, holds up her milk, kicks back, and is finally ruined. Never whip a cow for kicking, if she does kick the milk pail out of your hand and sometimes upset and knock you, but be kind and gentle with her, and milk her out with as little excitement as possible, and if she gets over her kicking propensity it will be by mild and not by harsh treatment. Never whip a cow because she kicks, for it will do no good, but will do a great deal of harm."

Hints to the Consumptive.—The diet of the consumptive, says a writer in an English medical paper, should be simple and nutritious; very strict rules as to special articles are uncalled for, unless the stomach should have exhibited signs of imperfect power. Meat should be taken once or twice a day, with a good allowance of fat. Fish is nutritious, especially oysters. Milk is very nourishing, and two or three pints may be taken in the course of the day. At the hospital for consumption at Brompton, many of the patients have a glass of rum and milk the first thing in the morning before breakfast, to help them dress, and undoubtedly it often does good. Asses' milk may be taken when ordinary milk disagrees. Another favorite prescription is fat bacon for breakfast. Sugar is very fatening, and there is no objection to taking it even in considerable quantities. A moderate allowance of wine or spirits is advisable, but it should be taken with caution when it flushes the face or quickens the pulse.

Baltimore furnishes a first class snake story, to the effect that a water snake fifteen inches long, which was found imbedded in a cake of ice gatherered eighteen months ago, was restored to life on Thursday when exposed to the sun. When cut out with a pick the serpent was as stiff as a bone, but, after lying in the sun a few minutes, it began to wriggle, and soon started off for the grass. It was captured and placed in a glass bottle.

In Chicago 119 gallons of water per capita is consumed per day, while in St. Louis the quanity is only 56 gallons. The difference in the quality of the beer accounts for it.

Change of Location.

Mr. J. B. Knapp, the commission merchant, has been compelled to change his location in order to accommodate his growing patronage, and has accordingly located at No. 267 First street, in a fine brick store, where he has ample storage for his customers. Mr. Knapp is building up a splendid reputation as a business man, and we are glad to chronicle his prosperity.

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The Chinese plank—an ironing board

The sun is the old settler in the West

Vows made in storms are forgotten in calms.

The fiercest storms toss their drift the highest.

Every one can master a grief but he that hath it.

To be wise too late is the exactest definition of a fool.

Great souls attract sorrows, as mountains do tempests.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

Men should not talk to please themselves, but those who her them.

I'd rather any day be an ill-bred originality than a well-bred nonentity.

If I were to trade in winding-sheets, my luck would make all men live.

The highest reach of human science is the scientific recognition of human ignorance.

In all evil—no matter how great—can be found the germ of good that will outweigh it.

We should choose for a wife only the woman we would choose for a friend, were she a man.

Every man has his own reputation to make, and that is why so many men make such poor ones.

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

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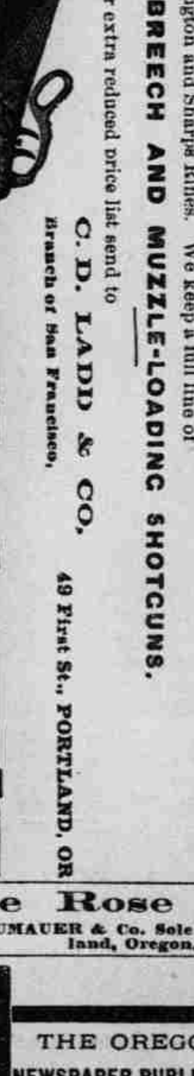

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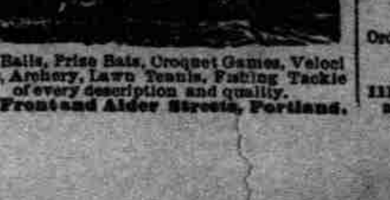

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