BOHEMIAN LAND.

Oh for a day together In the woods so still and green In the fairest summer weather That love has ever seen ; To watch the blue sky shining Where boughs are intertwinin. And sunlight falls enshrining The soft, sweet air between.

Oh, for the ringing laughter, The hours of dreamful case, The songs that follow after The preludes of the breeze; For joys we may not number, Fot strains that softly cumber The folded wings of slumber, As foam lies o'er the seas,

For one day, loye, one only, Through all the ficeting hours, Ere laughter leaves us lonely, Love's land and light are ours; Too soon will cares enthrall us, Too soon the world will call us, Too soon its ills befall us As frost befalls the flowers.

Leave colder hearts to hearken The simple household lays, Where leaves and branches darken, We'll list the song love plays, Then vain the rise and falling Of fireside voices calling, While those sweet airs are thralling This brightest day of days.

Oh, for a day together

In the woods and windy dales, In the fairest summer weather, Dawn fires or starlight pales. Then with that day's declining, To part like exiles pining. At sight of sun-set shining Upon some home-bound sails.

Mistaken.

Chicago Current

"You are quite sure, Vane?" The question was lazily put, and some might have found a tone of ironical contempt in it; but to Clement Vane it was simply a question, no more.

"I'd stake my head on it, either of them would say yes the moment I ask her. I wish I wasn't so sure. There'd be something agreeable to a fellow of my temperament in regularly having to woo, you know, but I can't account for it. They all set their caps for me at the first meeting. It's a bore, too, don't you know; a decided bore when one get's too much of it."

"Then, why don't you tell them so? or, better still, insert an article in one of the papers requesting the ladies to give you fewer attentions. Say frankly that they embarrass you; that they bore you; that you're tired of it," etc. "Oh, but don't you know that

wouldn't do. There are times, you see when-when-' "Just so. When a fellow finds a fool

among his acquaintances, and feels like pulling his nose and restrains the impulse, don't you know, of 'mimicking the other's drawl to perfection.' Yes, I know all about it; but the question is this: 'These two girls are madly of them consented to give up all her in love with you, over their pretty ears money, which she said she kept locked you know, and you think you'd ask in the closet. No sooner had she un one of them to marry you; I am to locked the closet than the faithful help you to decide which. Miss Lee is tramp flew at the burglar and over dark, beautiful, of good family, an powered him, whereupon we may as heiress; Miss Holmes is fair, sunny, fascinating, and an heiress also; you're gaged at a large salary to defend the

"So do I; there's the waltz; I'm not going in just yet: come back here when it's all over, and I'll congratulate you." 'I will. You're awfully kind, Tom, don't you know?" and he hurried off, while tom burst into a low laugh, as he drew forth and lighted a cigar. "I really think I am kind," he said "I'm doing my best to let you find out what a-a donkey you are, you conceited imbecile."

He paced back and forth thoroughly enjoying his cigar. He finished that and commenced another. A quadrille had followed the waltz and a waltz the quadrille before Vane made his appearance, and when he he did his face was flushed and his eyes angry. "Why didn't you tell me?" he asked,

walking straight up to Tom, who paused in his walk and waited for him. "Here I have made a fool of myself twice to-night, and you might have prevented it. By jove! I call you a pretty sort of a friend!" "What's the row?" Tom asked easily

Has your good fortune turned yout brain, my boy, or is it the champaign? You seem somewhat lacking in that repose which marks the caste of Vere de Vere.' What's amiss with our 'ir-resistible?"

"You ask that coolly, upon my word you do. Don't you know what a fool I've been making of myself to-night?' "Now, don't blame yourself. Vane,

censure nature; she did it, my boy. You havn't done anything. What's the row?"

"I-I proposed to Miss Holmes," said Vane, in a tone that was anything but love-like. "And-

"And she told me she was engaged to you!"

"So she is: but I was willing to free her, seeing that she was so much in love with you.'

"Oh, you're sarcastic," Vane said angrily; "but you might have told

"You didn't ask, and if Jessie loves

you as you have declared to me—' But Vane had turned away with a muttered imprecation and gone in, followed by a low laugh of thorough en

joyment from Tom. "They were both so very much in love with him-oh, yes!" he said cheerfully. "His highness has received a lesson. We will see how much good it will do him.

New Use for Tramps.

New Yor's Times.

The tramp is generally supposed to be a particularly useless person, but a use for tramps has finally been discovered. Recently two ladies, at whose house an able bodied tramp appeared for shelter, permitted him to sleep in a closet on condition that he should be securely locked in. The tramp, who evidentaly did not object to sleep in an unventilated apartment, accepted the sittion and was duly locked in. In the course of the night a burglar entered the house and attacked the ladies. One CHILDREN'S CORNER.

Drifting.

B. VINTON.

Oh, the winds were all a-blowing down the blue, blae sky, And the tide was outward flowing, and the

rushes flitted by; All the lilies seemed to quiver On the fair and dimpled river, All the west was golden red; We were children four together, In the pleasant autumn weather,

And merrily down we sped. Oh, the town behind us faded in the pale, pale

grav.

we left the river shaded, and we drifted down the bay,

And across the harbor bar, Where the hungry brakers are, -You and grace, and Tom and I,

To the Golden Land with laughter, Where we'd live in peace thereafter,

Just beyond the golden sky.

0h, the winds were chilly growing oe'r the gray, gray sea.

When a white-winged bark came blowing o'er the billows on our lee.

Cried the skipper all a-wonder: "Mercy on usl over yondersear a hand, my lads, with me-Four young children, all together,

In this pleasant evening weather, Going a-drifting out to sea !!! All our prayers were unavailing, all our fond,

fond hopes, For our Golden Land had vanished with its

As the skipper, with loud laughter, Towed our little shallop after,-

Fast our childlish tears were flowing,

And the gold had turned to gray.

A pathetic scene occurred a few nights ago at a notorious up-town resort. It was a little girl pleading with her father.

"Won't you come home now, father, please?" she said. Her voice was low and childish, and the sweet upturned face was pale and quivering with some hardly suppressed emotion-but the man toward whom the appeal and agony were directed took little notice of either.

"Why do you bother me?" he said, impatiently." "Go home, Tll come when I'm ready," and regaining with an effort his uncertain balance he left

The girl looked at him wistfully, then, as his form was lost to her view in the crowded room, with a deep, despairing sigh she turned and left the place. as she hesitated a moment before descending the step. One or two policemen loitering near eyed her curiously. and some men hurrying in gave her a from the glare and dazzle into the darker street beyond.

ind gusts, and the few Mestrians BURIED BY FALLING COAL.

giving Day. Bob was going with his

father and mother to spend the day

with his grandmother. It was quite a

long drive to her house, but it never

there was snow on the ground.

ken when he thought of the dinner.

we'll be in time for dinner.

never needed another lesson.

Three Babics on a Tree.

Hal cried, "Oh, see the pappooses!"

Hal had never seen a pappoose be-

That is what Indian babies are called.

fore. The squaws were very much

pleased to see him so interested. One

of them came and took down her pap

ook it in his arms. It seemed very

funny to hold such a stiff baby. Of

course the board did not bend at all.

It was a pretty baby, but Hal thought

very sober all the time Hal had it.

After he had looked at it as long as he

It had on a little red blanket under

it up on the tree again.

Ha

poose so he could see it better.

called.

ran in.

and cutter.

Our Little Ones

sight there.

to like it.

three Indian babies.

An Incident of the First Mine Disaster in America.

The fall of the roof of the coal mine seemed long to Bob, particularly if ten miners underground, recalls to a This year there had been no snow survivor of the first great mine disuntil the day before Thanksgiving. aster in this country, a most marvelous Then it snowed all day and all night, escape of some of the miners who too. Bob begged his mother to let him were imprisoned behind a wall of fallgo out and play a little while before en coal a mile thick at the time of that getting ready to go with her. He disaster. The mine, writs a Honespromised to come in as soon as she dale, Pa., correspondent to The New

Fork Times, was one of the Delaware Bob had great fun tumbling about in and Hudson Canal Company's miners the snow. When his mother called at Carbondale. For several days in he had just begun to make a snow the winter of 1844 it had been giving house. He said, "In a minute." and warning to the miners by what is went on in his play. At last he reknown among them as "working". membered that his mother had called ominous crackings of the roof here and him. He threw down his shovel and there through the mine-that they were laboring in constant danger, but

Bob found no one in the house but with the proverbial recklessness of Sarah, the maid. His father and their class they continued to work. mother had gone without him. Poor Suddenly, while nearly one hundred little Bob! The tears would come in miners were below, and most of them spite of himself. The time passed very working in the distant galleries, an slowly. He had no heart to play, but immense area of the mine roof fell.

sat by the fire, thinking of the jolly The superintendent of the mine was times they would have at grandma'sa Scotchman named Alexander Bryden, all the uncles, aunts and cousins-evand he had a son among the laborers. erybody but himself. And then the below. Bryden was at the top when dinner! Bob's heart was nearly brothe fail occurred, and he rushed at once into the mine to see if it were Suddenly some one called him. It possible to rescue any of the workmen. was Edward, the coachman. He had Before he reached the fallen mass of come for him with grandma's horse coal he met several miners who had in some way escaped being crushed by "Come," he said, "your grandma the roof. They told Bryden that it was not possible that any of the other begged for you, and your father has me for you. Hurry! I guess miners could be alive. He insisted on making an effort to work a passage Bob was ready in less time than you through the wall in the hope that some of the men might be alive behind it can think. The horse seemed to fly and could be rescued, and the miners They arrived just in time for dinner. Everybody was glad to see him. He he had met on their way oat of the pit, where top coal was still falling on every side, refusing to aid him, the superintendent went on alone. His lamp threw but a dim lightcon the

One day Hal went out with his papa scene, but he found a small opening and some soldiers to visit an Indian made by the tops of two large slabs encampment. He saw a very funny The wigwams were set up near the the mine three feet apart. Into this crevice Bryden crawled, and edge of a grove on the river bank. Four wigwams, were very close tofound the opening continued in a gether, under a very large cottonwood devious course into the depths. It troe, and on one of the branches hung grew so narrow and low that he was compelled to lie flat and drag himself Their mothers had hung them there along. Now and then he found it out of the way. They were not hung up by their little necks. Oh, no. Each necessary to remove with his pick an obstructing lump of coal, and knew baby was strapped on to a flat board, that by so doing he might remove a which was hung up on the limb by a piece of leather. The babies seemed support to the mass above that would bring it down upon him and crush him to death. In that way he worked himself for a mile through the wall, and then found himself at the end of the from the passage into a small open space. He was greeted by a shout that told him some of the imprisoned miners were still alive. The fall had extinguished every light, and they had failed to find any opening in the wall that lay between them and the mouth of the mine. Among the miners was it was almost too brown. It looked Bryden's son. The superintendent quickly told the men what they must tionate pets .- American Cultivator. undergo in order to escape. One of wanted to the squaw took it and hung their number had been crushed by the fall, and lay moaning with both arms

him back through the opening, told bird swinging there. The other babies the others to follow. Twelve of the

The Gopher Family.

The striped gopher is an exceedingy active species of marmot squirrel. It prefers prairie regious for its home, and digs deep burrows with many at Raven Run and in prisonment of the branches. Its food consists of seed, roots, grain, and the like, which it carries to its abode in its roomy cheek pouches. When this animal is found in large numbers near grain fields and vegatable gardens, it is not a little destructive, much preferring cultivated vegetables to grass seeds and roots. The striped gopher produces from three to ten young at a birth. For the wholesale destruction of this specles in localities where it is really a pest, I know of no better method than the use of a staunch ferret and a couple of strong rat-killing terriers. The mode of using both will at once suggest itself, being precisely the same as is adopted for the extermination of rats. Common wire rat-traps are useful for disposing of this marmot where it is not necessary to wager wholesale war against it. This is a most beautiful species; the color above is dark brown banded withlight stripes, alternating with lines of dots. The head and body measures six inches, the tail four inches in length. The stiped gopher is a western species, found in prairie districts west of the Mississippi river, and north of the state of Arkansas.

The gray gopher is much larger than the preceding species, measuring quite ten inches from point of the nose to root of tail; the tail is five and one-half inches long. The general color is yellowish gray, mottled with brown. This is the common "gopher" of Illinois and the Northwestern states, and is well known to all the farmers of that region. Though often a destructive nuisance, this marmot has some good traits; it is fond of grubs and weevils, and destroys large numbers of the pests. Its general food, breeding habits, and mode of burrawing, closely resembles those of the striped gopher, and it may be disposed of coal having struck together, with of in the same manner when too nu-their bases on the bottom of merous. But its appetite for grubs merous. But its appetite for grubs should be remembered, and the little animal should not be too' relentlessly persecuted. The cry of this marmot is a hoarse chatter, quite unlike the musical seek-seek of the striped species. During the winter season all the marmot squirrels retire to their burrows, not showing themselves until spring; they either strictly hibernate, or at least spend the cold months in a condition of lethargy, living on the store of food they have provided during the summer. The gophers have many enemies among the falcons, snakes, weasels and other carniverous animals. choked chamber, where he emerged Their most releatless foe is the American badger (Taxidea Americana), which quickly digs them out of their burrows by enlarging their holes to admit his own body, he being one of the most expert miners in the world. The grav gopher is good eating; when fat, quite equal to gray squirrel in flavor. All the marmots are really tamed. and make interesting, cleanly and affec-

Garfield's Maiden Speech.

Gen. Garfield made his maiden and legs broken. Bryden took this speech in the house of representatives man on his back, and, creeping with on the 28th of January, 1864, in reply to Mr. Finch, a democrat from Ohio. He advocated the confiscation

A Touching Incident. N. Y. Sutt

her.

Outside the electric light streamed full upon her slender figure mick glance, but no one molested or poke to her, and slowly she went out

The night was cold and stormy. An the bandages that bound it to the y sleet was falling, driven in every board. Hal said it looked like a red frection by the capricious and fitful

fair and blooming slopes, Homeward by the dreary bay. Chill the western wind was blowing,

not in love with either, but they poor girls! are hopelessly in love with you: you will have to break one heart, choose as you may; you are inclined to try your fate to-night at the ball at De Vallou's; I say Miss Lee.

"Well, so be it. I'll ask Miss Lee. What a bore it will be; but a fellow must marry some time and she's to my fancy and-I'll do it. But I'm sorry for poor little Jessie Holmes; it will quite break her heart.'

"Oh, beyond a doubt. But I say, Vane, you can offer your hand to her. don't you know, when Miss Lee has-laughed at you.'

"Oh don't you know there's not the can congratulate me to-night, old boy.' "I'd like to kick you now, you insuf-

erable fop," was 'Tom Leonard's inward comment, as he watched the other lounge affectedly from the clubrooms in which the conversation had taken place.

Tom was alate arrival at the De Vallou's ball, and almost the first couple he ran across was Hortense Lee and Clement Vane. The young lady gave him a laughing glance, nodded to him gayly, and made a commonplace remark. Vane serewed his glass in his eye and vouchsafed him a linguid tramp by a chain, and ready to loose greeting, and Tom watched them go slowly through the throng, a smile of real enjoyment of life.

An hour later he came upon Vane, standing alone and meloncholy on the terrace.

"Searcely the correct expression for a brave wooer, my friend," he said pleasantly; "but you are accepted, are you not? But of course you are. That gloom on your manly countenance is caused by your regret at giving Miss Holmes the pain you must; but I congratulate you most heartily; I'm not used to this sort of thing, but don't you know"-languidly-"I hope you'll be awfully happy.

But Vane was pulling the faint down on his upper lip quite savagely for him, coasidering the care he usually bestowed upon it; besides, he looked alightly uncomfortable.

'Jove! I wish you wou'd not metion it," he said, petulantly; "any fellow can be mistaken, don't you know. have been shamefully treated by Miss Lee. Do you know how she received the honor I did her?"

"Fell on her knees and thanked heaven, I dare say." Tom said, solemuly. "It was a strange thing to do, but then, consider how delightful she must have been.

"You are quite mistaken," the ex-gisite said, with dignity; "she actually took it all as a good joke: positively made fun of me. don't you know." "You don't tell me!" with pretended

astonishment. "But now, I think of it, she's engaged to young De Vallou. Shows her bad taste, now, doesn't she? He's not a pretty dancer at all, and never puts a flower in his coat. But what of Miss Holmes?"

And I think, don't you know, a more to my taste after all. I like girls best."

house from burglars. We here see that tramps can be made

useful as a substitute for watch dogs The latter as a rule, do very little watching, and are always liable to be corrupted by bribes of meat. Moreover, a big dog must be kept in the yard, and he is generally asleep in his kennel while burglars are breaking in to the house. The tramp, on the other hand, can be kept in the house, shu up in a comfortable tramp closet of chained securely in the upper hall. It the moment of danger even the most timid woman could unlock a closet of unfasten a chain, and the superiority of an intelligent tramp to a stupid dog alightest danger? Ta, ta, Tom; you as a burglar destroyer would, in case of need, be made very evident.

Of course pains must be taken to se lect only the most faithful, strong and intelligent breed of tramps for watch tramps. They should be thoroughly tamed, and trained to discriminate it the darkest night between burglars and members of the family. They should be fed sparingly and on raw meat it order to make them savage, and they should never be fed at night lest they should fall asleep. Tramps might ever be made useful as protectors for ladies when walking in lonely country places. A lady leading a large and hungry him at any moment and set him on at aggressor, would never be attacked Those who are familiar with tramps believe that the large black tramp wil make a better watch tramp than any other variety, but, of course, the supe

riority in this respect of one tramp to another must be settled by careful and prolonged investigation.

Village Life.

English Illustrated Magazine.

Once off the beaten track, once away from the railway lines, and it is singular to note how life seems to remain poised, as it were, becoming suddenly a mere calm existence. We drive or for miles and meet no human being, and we come upon villages where folks have never troubled themselves to see what a train is like, content with hear ing from other people that such things are.

One of these is well worth the pause that we make. It is a calm place enough, the tiny village gardens are pictures of neatness, and the windows are embellished by a curious deep redleaved geranium that we have seen no where else. An old woman smiles at us so pleasantly, we are emboldened to ask for a spray of the flower, and we obtain it, and a pleasant talk at the same time. Is it delightful or dreadful to know that except for one short term of service at the manor house half a mile away, she has never left even the cottage at the door of which she is standing? Here she has been born, here married, and from here som and daughters have gone out into the world, some called by the mysterious voice of the sea, some lost in the "I'm to dance the next waltz with crowd, some returning never to be home

who were abroad hurried on their way, auxious to gain shelter. The girl alone appeared uncon gious of the discomforts of the weather. The rain beat upon her, the fierce wind met her with a force against which she staggered. but she did not heed them. With doubtful purpose she walked slowly on, turning back once or twice to look again at the place whence she had come, until, as the clock from a neighboring tower indicated how late the hour was, she stopped altogether.

"So late," she murmured. "Oh,] can not go home without him;" and now she paused for a moment on the threshold; evidently she feared her own resolution. The doors vielded instantly to her touch, and once more she looked over the scene whose light and warmth and comfort were as little to her as the rain and wind outside. Her searching glance soon found out her father; for the moment he was standing alone, and his daughter felt that she had one more chance. Rapidly she gained his side.

"Father, dear father," she began, speaking low but passionately, "I cannot leave you hear. I cannot face mamma without you; she has waited so many nights for your home coming. and the hours are so dreary without you. O, father!"the child wen on, gathering up all her energies, as she saw that her listener was half heeding her words, "break away from this wretched place, come back to your home, and mamma, and me; we love you so dearly we can not live without you, and oh! it is all so different now from what it used to be." The childish voice was breaking. "Such a little time ago we were all so happy." Here a sob almost She slipped her clingchoked her. ing fingers into the unresistin g hand of the man who staggered at her side. "Come back to us, father; come home with me now," and the tears, no longer within her power to restrain, coursed down her pale cheeks as she lifted her face to him, holding his gaze with her wistful, pleading eves. The man's features worked desper-

ately; he looked about him once halfconvulsively; then some better feeling passed over him, and, straightening hims up, he said, brokenly, "I will go home with you. Jennie," and, clasping the hand of his little daughter, as if that frail guide were his chief support, the two together went out from the light and glare and dazzle of the roller skating-rink forever.

Too Late.

A. M. Talentt, in Our Little Ones. Bob had one great fault, which grieved his father and mother very much. "I'd asked to do anything he aid: "In a minute," and then forgot. If he was going anywhere, he was never ready at the proper time. His mother often talked to him about this, but it did little good.

At last she said, "The next time you are not ready to go with me I shall go without you." This made him careful for a longtime.

His father and mother began to hope quite the same to her as they were His father and mother began to hope when they left their quiet Kentish that he had improved; but one day a and thing hannanad. It was Thanks.

were asleep and had brown blankets around them.

As they rode home Hal asked one of the officers, who knew a great deal about Indians, if the babies liked to be tied to a board that way. He said they seemed to, and would ery if left eff the board long. Then when they were put back again they would be quiet.

Showing Off and Using.

Youth's Companion.

The head of a well-known young ladies' school lately gave the following incident of her experience:

Two young girls, sisters, came to me at the same time. Neither had exceptional talent, nor a marked taste for any line of study, but both were industrious and faithful students.

When the day of graduation came, the elder girl, He 'y, could play three or four pieces wer brilliant effect, that was all; the other, Jane. played for her companions to dance, or supplied their accompaniments with precision and taste. She had, too, I found, taken pains to learn the old songs which her father liked and sang them sweetly, though in a feeble voice.

Hetty had painted two striking landscapes (touched up by the master); but after she left the school, she never lifted a brush. Jane had no landscapes to show, but she had mastered the technical rules of drawing well enough to teach them to her brothers; she could also sketch any little scene or house which she saw while traveling. and wished to remember. Hetty wrote a historical essay, by "cramming" for weeks before the examination. Jane never attempted to write, but she had an accurate knowledge of history, as far as it went. She did not attempt more than she could master. The same parallel ran through all their studies. The secret of their education lay in word. One sister studied to make a display of what she knew, the other to use it. All the girls I have taught could be divided into those two classes. The difference between boys and

girls as students is for the most part referable to these two motives. The girl looks forward to "showing off" her accomplishments; the boy expects to use his. Hence he is usually more thorough. Let each of our girl readers ask her-

self to which of these classes she belongs.

St. Petersburg's Population. London Truth.

Some curious figures are presented by the census of St. Petersburg. At the accession of the present ezar the population was 162,000, showing an increase of 25 per cent. in fifteen years. The proportion of males to females is 122 to 100. Forty per cent. of the people are between the age of 16 and 50, and that there are so few children comparatively is accounted for by the fact that in some years the mortality among infants under two years is as much a 5 per cent. There are 11,000 heads of families with independent means, and there are 14,000 inggars, of whom 11. 000 are women aud go is.

enough to reach the opening on the other side of the mine without aid. but eight of them it was necessary for the others to drag along over the jagged floor and sharp edges of the from different parts of the mine, and everyone of the miners toiling through the narrow and crooked crevice in the wall expected every moment to be crushed by the settling of the mass of coal. They were all saved, however, and the writer's informant, now an aged resident of the county, is the last survivor of the party, the brave Bryden having only recently died. The old miner referred to had two sons in another part of the mine who were among the victims of the disaster. Among those who were in the mine

at the time of the fall of the roof was Asst. Supt. Hos Two days and nights after he crawled from the month of the pit. He was Haggard and bleeding, and his fingers were worn to the bone. He dropped unconscious at the mouth, and it was hours before he could give any account of his experiences in the mine. He had been surrounded by falling coal, and when the mass had settled he found himself without light or imple ment of any kind. After groping about in the space in which he was imprisoned he found a small aperture in the wall and he crawled into it. From that time he dragged himself through places which were barely large enough to admit his body, sometimes being forced to dig away ob-tructions with his hands, never once thinking of sleeping, choked by thirst, and not even cheered by a knowledge of the direction he was going, until, after forty-eight hours of constant and disheartening toil, he emerged from the prison wall and knew that he was in the tunnel leading out of the mine, Hosie survived his terrible experience until a year or so ago, and his two days' and nights' struggle for life in the choked-up mine is referred to as having no parallel in the history of coal-mining in this country.

In removing the fallen mass of coal the discovery was made that but few of the miners who were victims of the disaster had been killed outright. Groups of workmen were found surrounded by unmistakable evidence that they had worked desperately with their picks in the hope that they might cut a way to liberty, but, without water or light, and with toul air following the tumbling roof, had at last fellow was found alone, held fast to his waist in a mass of coal. He had worked with his pick-ax until he died with the tool clutched in his hands. Mine rats had eaten the flesh almost entirely from his body. Years afterward skeletons of other victims were occasionally found beneath the coal.

Owing to the fact that their eggs are continually stolen from them, the favorile hymn of religious heas is "Plunged in the gulf of deep despats we wretched s'nuers lay."-Washington Hatches.

men were able to keep strength large landed estates at the south, and spoke with such vehemence and profuse gesticulation_that he exhibited signs of physical exhaustion before the expiration of his hour. "If," said he, "we want a lasting peace, we must passage. The ominous cracking could put down the guilty cause, slavery, be heard at short intervals coming and take away the platform on which slavery stands-namely, the landed estates of the rebels of the south. The neg o has been our true friend on every occasion." There was scarcely a surprise or battle where the negro had not come to us and told the truth. He had found that while the rebels were tighting, black men were cultivating their lands, the products of which were placed in the rebel commissary department. And it was not until we took away the main support of the rebels that we could conquer. If this was an abolition war it was because we have an abolition army; and he would tell gentlemen that slavery was dead forever, unless the body-snatchers of the other side should resurrect it and bring it into life. He said, "I announce, gentlemen, your friend has departed. Hang your emblems of mourning on the bier, and follow the hearse and shed tears over the grave; but I have no time to waste to hear eulogies on the deceased."-Ben: Perley Poore.

Spiritual and Temporal Power.

Spain has, like some other Catholic powers, to Ambassadors in Rome-one accredited to the Quirinal, the other to the Vatican; and as they both live in the same building the Spanish Embassy is, from the official point of view, a house divided against itself. The King was invited the other day to vist the exhibition of pictures opened in the Embassy for the benefit of the Granada sufferers; and it was at first arranged that he should pass through the ante-chamber of the suite of rooms occupied by the Ambassador accredited to the Pope. As soon, however, as the contempalted profanation came to the knowledge of the Vatican, it provoked such a vehement protest. that the arrangement was abandoned, and a new door was especially opened. in the building for the King and Queen. - St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

lvy-Clad Walls.

The common belief that ivy trained against the walls of a dwelling house produces damp walls and general unhealthiness is fallacious. The very opposite is the case. If one will carefully examine an ivy-clad wall after a shower of rain, he will notice that while the overlapping leaves have consuccumbed to their fate. One poor ducted the water from point to point until it has reached the ground, the wall beneath is perfectly dry and dusty. More than this, the thirsty shoots which force their way into every crevice of the structure which will afford a firm hold, act like suckers in drawing out any particles of moisture for their own nourishment. The ivy, in fact, acts like a greateout, keeping the house from wet and warm. One more virtue it has, in giving to the ugliest structure an evergreen beauty .- St. Louis Globe-Demoural