MOTHER-LOVE IN HEAVEN.

Once I met a little child astray
In the wet and windy winter street,
He'd been wandering the live-long day;
Oh, so weary were his little feet!

But a baby of four summers old,
In a small straw hat and cotton dress,
"What's the matter, little one?" "I's cold,"
"Where's mamma?" "She's gone away, I guess.

"I's been looking for her all the day;
Oh, I's frightened she'll never come again!"
Then the pent-up anguish had its way,
And the baby's tears fell down like rain.

Once he had been shielded safe and warm,
A pet nurseling in a happy nest,
Dreaming not of cold or pain or harm,
In the shelter of a mother's breast.

Now he had but cold and hireling care;
No one missed him from his little place;
No one taught him childhood's holy prayer;
No one kissed his patient, pleading face.

Oh, clasp tenderly the little hands
That no mother's hand again shall hold.
Do not doubt his angel pleading stands.
Mother-love in heaven will not grow cold.

Be afraid to wrong the motherless,
They have guards invisible but strong!
They have pleaders in their sore distress,
That will fight, with might and main, their wrong.

HEARTFELT THANKSGIVING.

It was the 26th of November, the day before Thanksgiving, and of all our pleasant old "Thanksgiving Days" at the farm at home, I remember this one as the most gratifying and delightful. Not that we had a merrier time, or a better dinner; but that day we had special cause to be thankful. We were thankful that we were alive to eat any sort of dinner, so narrow had been our escape but a few hours before from a sudden and terrible death.

Up to the 26th the weather had been warm and bright almost every day. No snow had yet fallen, which was unusual at this season of the year in Northern Maine. November, it was said, had been all "Indian summer."

But that day—the 26th—there came a change—The Indian summer softness and brightness had disappeared. The air was very still, but a cold, dull-gray haze mounted into the sky and deepened and darkened. All warmth went out from beneath it. There was a kind of stone-cold chill in the air which made us shiver as we got out of bed that morning.

"There's snow coming, boys," father said to us at breakfast. "I can feel it. Bank up the house this afternoon, warm and snug, so that the cellar won't freeze. And this afternoon you must go up to the back pasture and drive down the sheep."

The back pasture was on the northern side of a mountain, nearly a mile and a half from the farm. It contained two or three hundred acres, including several straggling clearings which extended over the adjoining hills and ridges.

So, after dinner, we muffled ourselves in thick jackets and "comforters," and taking the salt-dish, set off across the now bare fields for the back pasture. Alvin Green, a boy of about our own age, the son of a neighbor, went with us.

It had grown colder than it was in the forenoon, and the sky was completely overcast. It seemed as if night was coming on, the air and the landscape looked so dim and drear.

We went round the mountain to the pasture and called the sheep; but they were not there, and were not in sight on the hills. It was then about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and we spent at least an hour more going round the pasture looking in the little openings along the edges of the woods and calling the sheep.

"They're not in the parster," said Al. "They've gone over into Dunham's open.' Had we better go after 'em?"

Dunham's open was a clearing about two and a half or three miles to the eastward of the back of the pasture, where a man named Dunham had cleared land for a farm six or eight years before, but afterward abandoned it. There were fifty or sixty acres of it, and the grass was good there.

We knew that the sheep used sometimes to go through the woods to this open when the "feed" was not good in the pasture; and following one behind another, they had made a path which it was easy to trace in the summer. But now all these paths were covered with dry leaves.

We stood for some minutes on one of the hills in the pasture and looked down upon the wide extent of forest to the east.

"What say? Shall we go? Al asked. Ben thought we might as well. "It is going to storm," said he. "It storms now way over on the mountains. We shan't want to search for them to-morrow. The sheep ought to be got home. Let's go." And we set off at a run down through the pasture, and entered the woods for the shortest cut across the valley.

We had not gone more than a mile before snow began to fall, not in large flakes, but thick and fine as meal. It came with a sudden gust, which seemed, in a moment, to darken all the woods, and a strange sound accompanied it—not like the roar of a shower, but as of a vast, dreary sigh of all the mountains. The wind stirred the great bare tops of the trees overhead; and the snow, like powdered ice, sifted down through them and rattled inelemently on the beds of leaves.

It's going to be a tough one!" said Al, "a real no'theaster.

"Seems to me we ought to be near Dunham's brook," Al. exclaimed at length.

Ben stopped. "I'm afraid we've got too far down south," said he.

At this we took a tack, more to north, as we thought, and then ran on again. It was snowing so thickly and everything looked so odd, that we had to guess as to the course. On we run for ten minutes at least, and must have gone a mile, but we did not come to the brook. Then we stopped again; and by this time all three of us were a little frightened.

"We've run off below the bend," Ben exclaimed; and then we tacked farther to the north.

I should think we hurried on for ten minutes again, as fast as we could run, when we came suddenly on the brink of a deep gorge, which opened up to the left on a broad, frozen pond.

For a minute or two we stood completely at a loss. "That can't be Stoss pond, can it?" Ben exclaimed.

"Well, it is!" said Al. "For there's the log dam; and look, right down here in the hollow's the camp where Adger lumbered winter before last. I know it by three big pines on the bank above it."

"Then we're seven miles from home!" said I.

"Yes; and four or five miles north of Dunham's open—instead of south of it!" exclaimed Al. "And here Ben thought we were south of it!"

"How could I tell?" muttered Ben.

"Well, we cannot get the sheep and get home to night," I said.

"We can't even get home," Ben said. "It'll be pitch dark in half an hour."

All was already running and sliding down the steep side of the gorge. "Come on!" said he; "let's get into the old camp."

This camp stood on the bank of the brook, a little below the dam, and was built of fir logs, with a roof of split shingles. It was fourteen or fifteen feet square, and had sufficed to lodge ten men two winters before. Since then it had been deserted.

There was no doubt that this was Adger camp; for I remember the three big pines which stood on the bank, up fifteen or twenty feet above the camp. The reason the lumbermen had not them was because of the great "scalds" on the trunks, caused by forest fires years before. Either of the three trees was from four to five feet in diameter; and they were of great height. Besides these trees, there stood with them the great bare stub, forty or fifty feet tall, of another large pine.

Inside, the old shanty looked dark and cheerless; and it had an unsavory odor. It did not have windows; a strong cleated door, on wooden hinges, shut closely enough to keep out the storm.

A rusty stove stood in one corner, with a still rustier funnel running up through the low roof. There was a greasy table, made of rough boards; and along the back side extended a bunk of old yellowed fir boughs, on which the men had slept.

But any sort of shelter looked inviting to us that night, with the storm increasing and the wind rising. We entered, and then began searching to see what the former occupants had left behind them in the way of "supplies," eatable or otherwise.

There were a number of old axes; and in a salt box there was a nearly entire quarter-gross of matches. In another salt box there was a little salt; and in an old nail cask there were two or three quarts of "yellow-eyed" beans. That was all; no flour, no pork.

"Well, then, we'll have boiled beans and salt!" Al exclaimed.

Ben split up three old benches, got some branches outside, and built a fire; and Al ran out to the brook and dipped up water in the stove kettle. We soon had beans cooking, but it took nearly two hours to boil them soft.

It was a plain supper, beans and salt; yet I have eaten far less savory dishes. By eight o'clock in the evening our appetites had grown sharp enough not to be squeamish.

It was rather cosy, too, round our hot stove. We were a little anxious because our folks at home would be alarmed at our not coming back; otherwise, we should have felt rather jolly; for in the morning we had only to follow the brook down to Dunham's clearing and could be at home by noon. We little knew of the peril we were in.

As there were no coverlets or blankets in the bunk, we decided that it would be more comfortable to keep a fire. So we gathered branches outside. Al agreed to keep awake and tend the fire for three hours, as nearly as he could guess, then he was to call me. After taking my turn, I was to call Ben.

It was growing cold fast, and the snow beat into the camp, under the door, and through chinks betwixt the logs where the moss "stuffing" had fallen out.

When Al waked me to take my turn at tending the stove, I was shivering in spite of the fire, and the first thing I noticed, on waking, was the fearful rate at which the wind was blowing. The woods roared, and now and then came a gust which made even that little low camp shake and crack, and which sent the fine snow sifting in all over us.

"It's an awful night," said Al. "I've heard ever so many trees fall, off in the woods."

Suddenly, in the midst of a tremendous gust, there came with great distinctness a loud, startling crack. It was followed by a creaking, rushing sound.

Involuntarily I jumped to my feet, and Ben and Al both sprang up. "What's that?" they cried out together.

It had flashed to my mind in an instant that it was one of those great pines; and though the tree could have been but a second or two falling, I had yet had time to realize and feel that it was coming down on us.

The next moment it struck—seemingly on both sides of us—with a tremendous crash and a shock, which made the ground jar beneath us.

The stove-funnel came rattling down and the fire and smoke gushing out into the camp. We had lively work for the next ten minutes in putting it back into its place. It was not until daybreak that we saw and realized how near we had come to death.

One of these great pines had broken off at a "scald," close down to the ground, and had fallen. In falling it had swept down with it the great dry stub.

Both had fallen on the camp from the high bank above. The huge pine trunk with its great branches had broken off and driven deep down into the frozen earth, and lay within a foot of that side of the shanty in which the door was; while on the other side, lay the great, dry stub, splintered and split by its fall.

There was just the width of the little camp between them! If either had fallen on it, the camp would have been crushed like an egg-shell! It was an escape the very sight of which made our hearts jump.

It blew furiously all the rest of the night, or rather morning, but slackened somewhat as the forenoon advanced. By ten o'clock we climbed out of our camp and set off down the brook. But it was slow walking. Fully two feet of snow had fallen since five o'clock the previous afternoon.

We were fully two hours getting down to Dunham's open. There we found the flock of eighty odd sheep in the shelter of a fir add hemlock thicket, on the east side of the clearing, and with the sheep were two deer—a doe and a half-grown fawn. They were not caribou, but common red deer, which had joined the sheep either during the storm or previously.

We attempted to start the sheep homeward; but the snow was so deep that we were obliged to leave them there for that day.

The deer did not run away, but kept huddled in with the sheep, moving as they moved, and we left them in the flock.

It was about two in the afternoon when we reached home. So furious had been the storm, out in the cleared land, that though a good deal concerned at our not returning, our folks had not deemed it prudent to start out in search of us till afternoon. Mr. Greene had come in, and he and father were about setting off to look for us.

The Thanksgiving dinner, "spare-rib," turkey and plum-pudding, was cooked, and we three boys, at least, were ready to eat our share. But all that day I recollect having a peculiar sense of release from danger, as when one draws a long breath of relief; and even now I never think of that night without a throb of thankfulness for the kind Providence that seems then to have watched over us.—Youth's Companion.

Something about Colds.

What is the most common of all diseases in our climate? A cold.

Are colds curable? Strictly speaking, no. After it is fully developed, I have never known a cold to be cured by medical treatment. The disease runs through a certain course, and in the popular phrase, "cures itself" after a greater or less degree of suffering on the part of the patient. It is, in the scientific phrase, one of the "self-limited" diseases. But sometimes, when a damaged organ is attacked, a cold may terminate less favorably—sometimes in pneumonia or pleurisy, or even in consumption. More frequently a succession of neglected colds brings on chronic catarrh, a complaint that is particularly frequent in our trying climate.

But if we cannot actually cure a cold after it is fully developed, it is all the more important that we should be able to do one or two things with it—first, to cut it short at the outset, before the disease has time to develop itself; or second, to prevent its running on into any of the bad consequences that I have named.

We will look at these cases separately. And first, what is the nature of this disease which I have called incurable, but which can still be checked in many cases at the outset, or even, if it should run its usual course, may be controlled as to its consequences?

A cold is an inflammation, attended by more or less fever; its usual cause is exposure to a draught, and especially exposure of the feet or of the throat. It attacks the lining membrane of the nostrils, the fauces and pharynx, or the trachea and bronchi, or more than one of these regions; and we ordinarily speak of these three forms as cold in the head, sore throat and cold in the chest. A cold in the head begins with sneezing and "defluxion," or a discharge from the nostrils; a cold in the throat, with hoarseness and sore glands; a cold in the chest, with a cough. Either form often runs into one or both of the other forms, but it is important to distinguish them at the outset, as I shall point out in speaking of the treatment.

1. To cut short a cold at the outset: When the cold begins "in the head," with sneezing, watery eyes and defluction, the following treatment will cut it short four times out of five; but it must be taken at once, or at the latest within six hours after the first symptoms occur. I don't say it is a pleasant treatment, but it is an effective one: Fill a tumbler half full of tepid water (four ounces), add to it twenty drops of laudanum, close the left nostril with the forefinger of the left hand, incline the head to the right, and holding the glass in the right hand, press the edge of it against the right nostril, inclining the glass, then sniff up very slowly a quantity of the solution, until you feel it beginning to run down at the back part of the throat. Reverse the operation for the other nostril. Do not blow out the laudanum and water at once, but let it remain a minute, or until the stinging that it causes grows less. Immediate relief is generally given by this simple treatment. It must be done deliberately and thoroughly; if the symptoms are not checked by the first trial, repeat it a few times at intervals of half an hour, and keep within doors, if possible, for a day. I have often practiced this operation on myself and on patients; if carefully done and promptly, it will break up a cold in the head before it has a chance to get a fair start. A sniff in time saves nine. But if this treatment is put off later it is of no use, for the inflammation of the nasal passages soon takes hold, and the cold passes on into what I have called the incurable stage, in which there is little to be done except to palliate the sufferer's discomforts.

When the cold commences in the throat, what shall we do? Tie up the throat in a piece of flannel (red or any other color—the color makes not the least difference) and by all means stay at home, if possible. If you know by experience that the cold promises to be a severe one, take ten grains of Dover's powders, and some warm drink (the better if gently stimulating, though I do not urge this upon total abstainers) and go to bed as early as may be. You have an even chance of being well or much better at least in the morning. A good perspiration always helps the cure.

If the cold begins in the bronchial tubes, the above measures should be taken without delay, and, in addition, a mustard poultice should be applied to the upper part of the chest and kept on until the skin is red, but not long enough to blister. A towel or a linen bandage around the throat, wet with tepid water, often does much good; it should be kept on through the night, and covered with a piece of flannel to prevent the escape of moisture. In winter keep the room at an even temperature of about 70 deg.—not higher.

So much for treatment at the outset. Now a word upon the other point mentioned.

2. How to prevent a cold from running on indefinitely, or turning into something worse: Many persons find relief by a tonic treatment from the start, as by quinine or iron. But a physician's advice should always be had by those who find that their colds are likely to to hang on. No hard-and-fast rules can be laid down. The main points are, first to avoid unnecessary exposure to cold; second, to get competent treatment adapted to the individual case; and third, as a means of prevention, to give special care to the question of how to clothe one's self winter and summer, in this most trying climate. I will only say, on this point, that there is no greater superstition among intelligent people than that of going with the neck unprotected in cold weather. This exposure will do for the very robust, but for nobody else. But the question how to dress in our variable climate is one that requires a paper to itself.

A Many Years Ago.

Forty years ago the lecturer and lecture course had not made their appearance. The village debating society was of regular winter occurrence, discussing "Which was the greatest man, George Washington or Christopher Columbus?" or "What invention had been the most useful to mankind, the art of printing, or the mariner's compass?" The land was free for all to shoot over. Breechloaders and "shells" or "cartridges" were unthought of. Gunners cut their own wads, poured the charge of powder into the muzzle, then a handful of shot, adjusted the percussion cap and banged away. But if the fowling piece was not improved the game of every description was far more plentiful. The trunk of the period was covered with sealskin, the bristly hair outward and studded with small brass nails. Valises were long and narrow. Saddle bags were not out of date. City hotels called the guests to meals by the gong or dinner bell. The landlord sat at the head of the table and carved the breakfast steak. The guests dined together all at the same hour. Dinner was served with great parade and formality. The waiters removed the covers from the chafing dishes at a given signal, bore them aloft out of the room, then reappeared and carried off the dishes to be carved at side tables. The splendors of the Astor House were almost reverentially talked of in country homes.

Death of a Stowaway.

The body of a young man, apparently about twenty years of age, a stranger both to the crew and the passengers, was discovered in the hold of the steamer Professor Woermann, of Hamburg, as the sailors were unloading her on the 28th of July last, near Little Popo, on the western coast of Africa. The body was found completely blocked in by huge bales upon bales of merchandise and other heavy goods, sufficient space, however, having been left for the unfortunate man to breathe, and even to move about a little. It was supposed that he had contrived to esconce himself here when the vessel was about to sail from Hamburg, being under the impression that her destination was England, and that he would therefore be released before the food with which he had provided himself would be exhausted. By his side was a bone of a leg of mutton, of which he had devoured all the flesh. He had also found means of breaking open a case of Hollands, and had emptied two bottles. His provisions having been consumed, and there being no means of escape, or even of making his presence known, the unhappy stowaway had apparently died a lingering death from exhaustion.

Cleanse brushes in water in which there is a teaspoonful of ammonia.

THE WISH-RING.

A young farmer who was very unlucky sat on his plow a moment to rest, and just then an old woman crept past and cried: "Why do you go on drudging day and night without reward? Walk two days till you come to a great fir tree that stands all alone in the forest and overtops all other trees. If you can hew it down, you can make your fortune."

Not waiting to have the advice repeated, the farmer shouldered his ax and started on his journey. Sure enough, after tramping two days, he came to the fir tree, which he instantly prepared to cut down. Just as the tree swayed, and before it fell with a crash, there dropped out of its branches a nest containing two eggs. The eggs rolled to the ground and broke, and there darted out of one a young eagle, and out of the other rolled a gold ring. The eagle grew larger, as if by enchantment, and when it reached the size of a man it spread its wings as if to try their strength; then, soaring upward, it cried: "You have rescued me; take as a reward the ring that lay on the other egg, it is a wish-ring. Turn it on your finger twice, and whatever your wish is, it shall be fulfilled. But remember there is but a single wish in the ring. No sooner is that granted than it loses its power, and is only an ordinary ring. Therefore, consider well what you desire, so that you may never have reason to repent your choice." So speaking, the eagle soared high in the air, circled over the farmer's head a few times, then darted, like an arrow, toward the east.

The farmer took the ring, placed it on his finger, and turned on his way homeward. Toward evening he reached a town where a jeweler sat in his shop behind a counter, on which lay many costly rings for sale. The farmer showed his own and asked the merchant its value.

"It isn't worth a straw," the jeweler answered.

Upon that the farmer laughed very heartily, and told the man that it was a wish ring, and of greater value than all the rings in the shop together.

The jeweler was a wicked, designing man, and so he invited the farmer to remain as his guest over night, "For," he explained, "only to shelter a man who owns a wish-ring must bring luck."

So he treated his guest to wine and fair words, and that night, as the farmer lay sound asleep, the wicked man stole the magic ring from his finger and slipped on, in its place, a common one which he had made to resemble the wish ring.

The next morning the jeweler was all impatience to have the farmer begone. He awakened him at cock-crow, and said: "You had better go, for you have still a long journey before you."

As soon as the farmer had departed the jeweler closed his shop, put up the shutters, so that no one could peep in, bolted the door behind him, and, standing in the middle of the room, he turned the ring and cried: "I wish instantly to possess a million gold pieces!"

No sooner said than the great shining gold pieces came pouring down upon him in a golden torrent over his head, shoulders and arm. Pitifully he cried for mercy, and tried to reach and unbar the door; but before he succeeded he stumbled and fell bleeding to the ground. As for the golden rain, it never stopped till the weight of the metal crushed the floor, and the jeweler and his money sank through to the cellar. The gold still poured down till the million was complete, and the jeweler lay dead in the cellar beneath his treasure.

The noise, however, alarmed the neighbors, who came rushing over to see what the matter was; when they saw the man dead under his gold, they exclaimed:

"Doubly unfortunate he whom blessings kill." Afterward the heirs came and divided the property.

In the meantime the farmer reached home in high spirits and showed the ring to his wife.

"Henceforth we shall never more be in want, dear wife," he said. "Our fortune is made. Only we must be very careful to consider well just what we ought to wish."

The farmer's wife, of course, proffered advice. "Suppose," said she, "that we wish for that bit of land that lies between our two fields."

"That is worth while," her husband replied. "If we work hard for a year we'll earn money enough to buy it."

"So the two worked very hard, and at harvest time they had never raised such a crop before. They had earned money enough to buy the coveted strip of land and still have a bit to spare. "See," said the man, "we have the land and the wishes as well."

The farmer's wife then suggested that they had better wish for a cow and a horse. But the man replied:

"Wife, why waste our wish on such trifles? The horse and cow we'll get anyway."

Sure enough, in a year's time the money for the horse and cow had been earned. Joyfully the man rubbed his hands. "The wish is saved again this year, and yet we have what we desire. How lucky we are!"

But now his wife seriously adjured him to wish for something at last.

"Now that you have a wish to be granted, you slave and toil and are content with everything. You might be king, emperor, or even a gentleman farmer, with chests overflowing with gold; but you don't know what you want."

"We are young and life is long," he answered. "There is only one wish in the ring, and that is easily said. Who knows but some time we may sorely need this wish? Are we in want of anything? Have we not prospered to all people's astonishment since we possessed this ring? Be reasonable and patient for a while. In the meantime, consider what we really ought to wish for?"

And that was the end of the matter.

It really seemed as if the ring had brought a blessing into the house. Granaries and barns were full to overflowing, and in the course of a few years the poor farmer became a rich and portly person, who worked with his men afield during the day, as if he, too, had to earn his daily bread; but after supper he liked to sit on his porch, contented and comfortable, and return the kindly greeting of the folks who passed and who wished him a respectful good evening.

So the years went by. Sometimes, when they were alone, the farmer's wife would remind her husband of the magic ring, and suggest many plans. But as he always answered that they had plenty of time, and that the best thoughts come last, she more and more rarely mentioned the ring, and at last the good woman ceased speaking of it altogether.

To be sure, the farmer looked at the ring and twirled it about as many as twenty times a day; but he was very careful not to wish.

After thirty or forty years had passed away, and the farmer and his wife had grown old and white-haired, and their wish was still unasked, then was God very good to them, and on the same night they died peacefully and happily.

Weeping children and grandchildren surrounded the two coffins; and as one wished to remove the ring from the still hand as a remembrance, the oldest son said: "Let our father take his ring into the grave. There was always mystery about it; perhaps it was some dear remembrance. Our mother, too, so often looked at the ring—she may have given it to him when they were young."

So the old farmer was buried with the ring, which had been supposed to be a wish-ring, and was not; yet it brought as much good fortune into the house as heart could desire.—St. Nicholas.

Southern Senators.

A Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, under date November 4th, says:

A local writer, who is a native of the south, and an ex-Confederate, says of the financial standing of the southern senators:

Morgan, of Alabama, has an income of about $8000 per annum from his law practice, and resides in an interior town, Selma, where living is not expensive.

Pugh, also of Alabama, is also a lawyer, and makes about $7000 in the practice of his profession.

Garland, of Arkansas, is worth about $75,000, made by planting and the practice of law.

Walker, Garland's colleague, is worth $20,000.

Lamar, of Mississippi, has real estate worth about $25,000, and, if he were able to attend to it, would have the best law practice in the state. As it is, he has all he cares to attend to, which brings him about $8000 a year.

Senator George has made his moderate fortune by the law and planting, and in this way has accumulated $40,000.

Harris, of Tennessee, is worth $60,000. His fortune is mainly in real estate in Memphis, which yields him a handsome income.

Senator Jackson is a rich man for his section. His fortune is estimated at $100,000. Besides his income from real estate he has a valuable law practice, worth about $10,000 yearly.

Jones, of Florida, has a comfortable residence in Pensacola, besides other real estate worth $40,000, and a legal business which is good for $6000 annually.

Brown, of Georgia, is one of the richest men south of Mason and Dixon's line. It is impossible to say what he is worth, but those most likely to know put his fortune at $6,000,000, which is increasing every year.

Gibson, of Louisiana, is the second in the matter of wealth of the southern senators. His property, estimated at a low valuation, would aggregate $1,500,000.

Jonas, the senior senator from Louisiana, has a comfortable fortune, consisting of real estate and securities of not less than $80,000. His law practice is one of the most profitable in New Orleans, and is worth $15,000 to $20,000 annually, and is growing in value.

Maxey of Texas, is a rich man for his section. He is the president of the bank in his town, Paris, and has lands, railroad stocks and bonds easily worth $100,000, besides a fine business as an attorney.

Coke, of the same state, is worth perhaps $25,000, mostly in real estate.

Cockrell, of Missouri, owns a nice property in Warrensburg, and has a fine plantation, with a good law practice of $8000 annually. He is worth $60,000.

Vest, the other Missouri senator, is well off, owning some good property in Kansas City, and taking care of a good local practice at the bar worth about $8000 each year.

Wade Hampton may be called well-to-do, with a prospective fortune and a present income of $8000, besides his pay as senator.

Butler, of South Carolina, has an income from his profession which is very handsome, considering the condition of things in South Carolina.

Neither Ransom nor Vance, the North Carolina senators, can be called wealthy, though they are well-to-do. They are both lawyers, in good practice.

It is a question of doubt whether any one, whether he himself, knows just what Mahone, of Virginia, is worth. That he has saved a handsome fortune from the wreck of his railroad enterprises, both his friends and enemies believe. He is rated anywhere from $500,000 to $1,000,000, but all estimates are guess work.

Camden, of West Virginia, is very rich. He is rated as twice a millionaire, with a fortune which is fast increasing.

Kenna, the junior senator of West Virginia, has no fortune to speak of, except youth, health and courage.

The Kentucky senators are both well off. Beck has a fine estate near Lexington and a comfortable residence in the town itself, besides some interests in the west. It is stated that he is worth about $250,000.

Williams is a large land owner in one of the finest sections in Kentucky, and is rated perhaps $50,000 below his colleague in fortune.

Seven Stories of Noted Women.

Two ladies contended for precedence in the court of Charles V. They appealed to the monarch, who, like Solomon, awarded, "Let the eldest go first." Such a dispute was never known afterward.

One of the principal graces of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, was a prodigious abundance of fine hair. One day, at her toilet, to anger her heroic lord, she cut off her commanding tresses and flung them in his face.

Nollekins, the sculptor, was a paragon of parsimony. In his own house candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening, and whenever he and his wife heard a knock at the door they would wait until they heard a second rap before they lit the candles, lest the first should have been a "runaway" and their candles should be wasted.

When the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz came over to be married to George III. she was ten days at sea, but kept gay the whole voyage, sang to her harpsichord, and left the cabin door open. When she first caught sight of St. James' palace she turned pale. The duchess of Hamilton smiled. "My dear duchess," said the princess, "you may laugh. You have been married twice, but it is no joke to me."

While Frederick Morel, the great scholar and eminent printer, was employed on his edition of "Labanius" one day, he was told that his wife was suddenly taken ill. "I have only two or three sentences to translate and then I will come and look at her." A second message informed him that she was dying. "I have only two words to write, and I will be there as soon as you," replied the philosopher. At length he was told that his wife was dead. "I am very sorry for it, indeed," said he, going on with his work, "she was a very honest woman."

The marriage of Racine was an act of penance—neither love nor interest had any share in the union. His wife was a good sort of woman, but perhaps the most insensible of her sex, and the most proper person in the world to mortify the passion of literary glory and the momentary exultation of literary vanity. It is scarcely credible, but most certainly true, since her own son relates the fact, that she had never seen acted, nor even read, nor desired to read, the tragedies which rendered her husband so celebrated throughout Europe. She had only learned some of their titles in conversation.

Maria and Elizabeth Gunning, who appeared at the court of George III.—one at the age of eighteen and the other at nineteen—were both two portionless girls of surpassing beauty. "They are declared," writes Walpole; "to be the handsomest women alive. They can't walk in the park, or go to Vauxhall, but such crowds follow them that they are generally driven away." One day they went to see Hampton court. As they were going into the beauty room another company arrived. The housekeeper said: "This way, ladies; here are the beauties." The Gunnings flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant. They went to see the palace, and not to be shown as a sight themselves. The younger of the fair sisters became the duchess of Hamilton; the other Lady Coventry.

Sea Serpents Explained.

In reference to a letter which appeared yesterday in the Times, headed, "The Sea Serpent Once More," perhaps the following story will throw some light on what the Rev. Mr. Highton saw and on sea serpents in general. In 1848 I was attached to her majesty's ship St. Vincent, bearing the flag of Sir Charles Napier, and lying at Spithead. One summer evening about six o'clock, just as the officers were sitting down to dinner, the midshipman of the watch ran into the ward-room and reported that a sea serpent was passing rapidly between the ship and the Isle of Wight (this was after the reported appearance of the Dædalus sea serpent.) We all got our glasses and went on deck, and there, sure enough, about a mile off, was a monster, with a head and shaggy mane about one hundred feet long, and tapering toward the tail; it was going with the tide, and had a rapid, undulating motion. Two or three boats were manned, and some officers got their guns and went in pursuit. We watched them from the ship; they gradually got close, and guns were raised and leveled at the creature's head; but just as we thought the sport was about to begin, down went the guns, and from their gestures we saw something very laughable had occurred. On their return we found that the supposed serpent was a long line of soot. Some steamer in the Southampton waters had evidently swept her dirty flues, and the soot from tubes or flues is always of a very sticky nature, and as it was pitched overboard it went away with the tide, sticking together, and gradually forming into the shape of a long serpent, the wave motion giving it an undulating, life-like appearance. In this case, if the boys had not gone we should have all believed we had seen the real serpent, and this "arrangement in soot" is evidently what Mr. Highton saw. The curl he describes toward the tail end arose from an occasional wave having a little more than ordinary velocity, and carrying its dusky crest for a moment along with it, while a strong tide and fair wind would give considerable velocity. My story will, I think, supply a "raison d'etre," not only for Mr. Highton's sea serpent, but probably for the whole brood.—Letter to London Times.

Billy M'Glory's Friend.

Billy McGlory of Armory Hall, Hester street, after putting his horses through an afternoon on the road last week, says the New York Times, walked pensively down Broadway about 5 o'clock in the evening. He was attired in a sober frock suit and wore a silk hat, and his overcoat concealed his diamond brooch, as his gloves did the gems on his fingers. His appearance was that of a well-to-do gentleman from out of town, and such was he taken to be by a well dressed young man with a dark mustache, whose profession is to lead countrymen against the pleasant and seductive game of bunko. The young man rushed up to McGlory, his face expressing the utmost gratification and delight, and seizing his hand shook it warmly.

"Why, Mr. Harris," he shouted, with unaffected pleasure in his tones, "when did you get in from Cleveland?"

For a moment Mr. McGlory was speechless with surprise and mortification that he of all men should be picked out for a "sucker," and the black mustached young man proceeded:

"I saw your brother last week, and he told me I must expect you any day, but I hardly thought I should see you so soon."

Mr. McGlory recovered his powers of speech and replied:

"Yes, I met your brother as I was comin' in on the railroad track. He told me that—"

But the young man failed to note the sarcasm in his tones, and interrupted:

"I was just going to the hotel to look for you. Shall we take a little stroll?"

"This is the first time I've ever been in New York," replied the proprietor of Armory Hall somewhat irrelevantly, glaring up at the Gilsey House. "What awfully high buildings they have here."

"Yes," replied the black mustached young man affably. "Some of them are as much as ten stories high. I shoud—"

"Would you drop if one of 'em fell on you?" inquired Mr. McGlory, quietly.

The youth of the black mustache cast one searching glance into the countenance of the gentleman in the forck suit, and then vanished into the infinite azure up Thirtieth street.

Secretary Frelinghuysen has received a telegram from the United States minister at Paris, stating that the Official Journal will publish a decree canceling the prohibition of the importation of American pork into France.

Sojourner Truth, colored lecturer and sibyl, died at Battle Creek, Michigan, recently. He was 108 years old.

Mr. H's Reason.

A life insurance solicitor asked me to insure my life; I replied that I had already set by $10,000 at interest for my family. He then showed me how, with interest on this $10,000, I could set by at once, $30,000 for the same purpose, and still have the $10,000 in addition. I saw the superiority of his plan of investment, and secured my life for $50,000, and have never regretted it.

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