

**AN OLD SONG.**  
An old song, an old song! But the new are not so sweet.  
Sweet though they be with honeyed words and sweet  
With thrills of tune in silver troop of answering echoes  
With tender longings slumberous upon enchanted air.  
An old song! But across its verse what voiceless voices  
sing?  
Through all its simple burden what human pulses  
vibrate?  
More intimate with grief and joy than any precious  
thing  
That the years have wrapped away in frankincense  
and myrrh!  
Lovers have sung it Summer nights, when earth itself  
seemed heaven;  
Sailors far off on lonely seas have given it to the gale;  
Mothers have hushed its measure on the quiet edge of  
even;  
While souls as falling rose leaves dear eyelids dropped  
their veil.  
Long since the sailor laid his grave between two rolling  
waves,  
The lovers and their love are naught, mother and  
child are dust;  
But to-night some maiden lifts it, to-night its sounding  
slaves  
Are blowing from the stroller's lips on this balmy  
blossom gust.  
A part of life, its music flows as the blood flows in the  
vein;  
Laughter springs through it, tears make its charm  
complete;  
For the heart of all the ages beats still through this old  
strain—  
An old song, an old song, but the new are not so  
sweet.

**Reticence.**

From the Saturday Review.

In the high and difficult art of speaking the truth, silence is to speech what shadow is to light. So to place one's silence as to increase the amount of truth conveyed is as important a part of sincerity as chiaroscuro is of painting. It is not only that silence in many cases bears so obvious an interpretation that it is just as easy and just as dishonest to deny the truth by silence as by words. The importance of discretion in abstaining from words lies in this, that truth requires not merely that what we say or imply shall not be inconsistent with facts. It requires (in its perfection) that the impressions we convey shall correspond with reality as a good portrait corresponds with its subject; that the proportions shall be preserved, and the relations with surrounding objects truly indicated. We see this at once in thinking of the truth of history. A writer who gives undue prominence to one set of facts, or to some favorite personage, distorts and misleads as surely as he could do by definite inaccuracies of statements, and often in a much more important sense. And so in that continual presentation of the affairs of daily life in which we are all engaged, to alter the proportion of things by unavowed reticence is a more subtle and more dangerous kind of untruthfulness than mere verbal inaccuracy. The fact is that we do not take a sufficiently large view of truth. We do not consider enough how deep and wide a foundation of patient thought, of forbearing justice and clear-sighted generosity must be laid before a perfectly transparent surface can be even possible. Perfect sincerity is the result of a deep inward order, in which the true relation of things are grasped so firmly that our words, our silence, and everything else which goes to make up our intercourse with each other, fall into their right places without an effort. For silence has its right place as well as speech. There are subjects veiled by natural delicacy, and facts marked off by confidential barriers, and trifles with a healthy mind shakes off like dust, and wounds to be gently shielded, and delightful discoveries to be reserved for favored explorers, and many other spots sacred to silence. The question is, how to combine the perfect preservation of these sanctuaries with the openness which inspires perfect trust. We can no more confide in one whose mind seems to be full of dark places than in one who lays everything bare. We look to a friend for sheltering wings to brood over our confidences, not for magic tricks of concealment.

**THE OLDEST COUPLE.**—A Gallipolis correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette thus calls attention to two very interesting relics of the last century: "There is probably now in the Gallia County Infirmary the oldest married couple in the United States—namely, William J. Davis and Lucy Ann Davis, both of whom were born in Pennsylvania, the old gent being born on November 30, 1771, and the old lady on February 19, 1778, both being over 100 years old. They each have been married twice before. He is living with his third wife, and she with her third husband. They have been living together 43 years, or nearly half a century. They are both hale and hearty, and bid fair to live for 20 years yet. The old man is a little deaf, but with that exception they are both in possession of their full faculties. The old lady even reads without the aid of glasses. On Sunday, November 10th, they walked two miles to call on a friend, and were little fatigued by the exertion. Four years ago they walked from here to Jackson, a distance of 32 miles, in two days. The old man has never been sick a day in his life, and as yet has never taken a dose of medicine. He is addicted to the use of tobacco, but his teeth are in a remarkable state of preservation." The above is a positive fact, and can be substantiated. We challenge any State in the Union to produce their equal.

In Wyoming where lovely woman can vote if she will, she doesn't. Only one woman in the Territory has ever been elected to office by the people, and now official station is never demanded by any member of the sisterhood. Not half the women in Cheyenne have cast a vote since the first two elections. Although there are separate polling places for the sex, respectable women stay away from the polls and out of politics. The only women who take an interest in elections are those of the baser sort.

**A Scotch Effort With the Long Bow.**

Concerning the long bow, no American effort can surpass one that comes to us from Scotland.  
"It was told that Colonel Andrew M'Dowall, when he returned from the war, was one day walking along by the Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting greein on a muckle stain at the roadside. When he came up the old man came up the old man took off his bonnet, and said:  
"Ye're welcome hame again, laird."  
"Thank you," said the colonel, after a pause, "I should surely know your face, Aren't you Nathan M'Colloch?"  
"Ye're richt, deed," says Nathan, "it's just me, laird."  
"You must be a good age, now, Nathan," says the colonel.  
"I'm no verra aul' yet, laird," was the reply; "I'm just turnt a hunner."  
"A hundred," says the colonel, musing; "well, you must be all that." But the idea of a man of a hundred sitting blubbering that way! What ever could you get to cry about?"  
"It was my father lashed me, sir," said Nathan, blubbering again; "an he put me out, so he did."  
"Your father," said the colonel, "is your father alive yet?"  
"Leeven' ay," replied Nathan; I ken toat the day tae my sorrow."  
"Where is he?" says the colonel.  
"What an age he must be! I would like to see him."  
"Oh, he's up in the barn there," says Nathan; "an' no in a horrid gude humor the noo, aither."  
They went up to the barn together, and found the father busy threshing the barley with the big flail and tearing on fearfully. Seeing Nathan and the laird coming in, he stopped and saluted the colonel, who, after inquiring how he was, asked him what he had struck Nathan for.  
"The young rascal," says the father, "there's nae dooin, w' him; he's never out of mischief. I had tae lick him this mornin' for throwin' stanes at his grand-father."

**The Peacock Hall of Delhi.**

Peculiarly set apart for the reception of nobility is a quadrangle of moderate dimensions. The building is a very beautiful pavilion of white marble, supported on massive pillars of the same material, the whole of which, with the connecting arches, is richly ornamented with flowers of inlaid mosaic work of different colored stones and gilding. It is raised on a terrace four feet high, the floor of which is composed of flags of white marble. Between each of the front row of pillars is a ballustrade of marble, chastely carved in several designs of perforated work. The top of the building is ornamented with four marble pavilions with gilt cupolas. The ceiling of the pavilion was originally covered with filigree work; but in 1799 the Mahrattas, after a capture of the city, took the silver down and melted it, the value of the same being estimated at nearly a million dollars. In the cornice at each end of the interior hall is sculptured in letters of gold, in the Persian language: "If there is a paradise on earth, it is this." In this hall was the famous peacock throne, so-called from its having the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, their tails being expanded, and the whole so inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls and other precious stones of appropriate colors, so as to represent life. The throne itself is six feet long by four feet broad. It stood on six massive feet, which, with the body, were of solid gold, inlaid with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. It was surmounted by a canopy of gold supported by twelve pillars, all richly embellished with costly gems, and a fringe of pearls ornamented the borders of the canopy. Between the two peacocks stood the figure of a parrot, of the ordinary size, said to have been carved out of a single emerald. On either side of the throne stood a chattr or umbrella, one of the Oriental emblems of royalty. They were made of crimson velvet, richly embroidered and fringed with pearls. The handles were eight feet long, of solid gold, and studded with diamonds. The cost of this superb work of art has been variously stated at sums varying from £1,000,000 to £6,000,000. It was planned and executed under the supervision of Austin de Beaulieu.—Bereford's Delhi.

**BOOT FLIRTATION.**—The handkerchief and glove flirtations have done good service in their way, but they are only for the use of lovers and young people. For some time there has been a great want of something of the kind to fit tramps. A fertile brain in this city has got up a boot flirtation, intended especially for those who are pestered by tramps. It runs something like this:  
One step forward—Tramp beware.  
Two steps forward—Cut your story short.  
Right foot lifted a few inches from the ground—I have nothing for you.  
Right foot extended backward—Get outside the gate.  
Right foot brought swiftly forward and planted firmly under coat tail of tramp—Leave the premises instantly, and advise all your friends to steer clear of this house.

It may be well to state that the flirtation cannot be carried out with success unless the tramp is much smaller than you are. In following the directions above given it should be borne in mind that the paper is in no way responsible for any damages.—Ex.

Soldiers are paid in fight money.

**A Mechanical Whale.**

But a short time ago the world was startled by the deadly effects of the torpedo; and as this fearful engine of naval warfare is every day arriving at a greater state of perfection, it bids fair before long to completely drive out of the field our costly ironclads. We cease, however, to marvel at the torpedo, when we hear of the latest discovery in scientific warfare—namely, a submarine boat. This boat, named of the designer of the "Garrett" torpedo boat, can be made to sink, rise, move forward or backward, above or below the surface, at the will of the manipulator. It is cigar shaped, running to a point at each end, in length about fourteen feet, and in width about five feet. It is constructed of iron plates nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness, and the weight of the boat, including ballast, is about five tons. It is propelled by means of a four-bladed screw, worked from within by an ingenious combination of treadle and fly-wheel, and is steered by means of an ordinary rudder. The boat is balanced evenly by means of a leaden keel, nearly two feet broad and weighing about two tons. Access is gained to the interior of the boat by means of a little square tower, rising from the center of the cigar to a height of about two feet. Once within and having closed this manhole, the operator can descend when he pleases. At each end of the boat is placed a water tank, and it is by means of these tanks that he descends and ascends at will. If he wishes to descend he turns a small tap, and this filling the above mentioned tanks with water, the boat naturally sinks; when he desires to rise to the surface, he makes use of an air-pump, and expelling the water, restores the buoyancy of the boat. In the sides of the above mentioned tower are four little windows, and, in addition, two small brass caps. They are flanked internally by a long kind of stocking, of stout waterproof material. The caps being removed, these stockings fill with water, and, by turning them inside out and using each as a glove, the operator gets the free use of his arms outside the boat to work his torpedo. In addition to working the boat, the submarine traveler has to keep himself supplied with pure air. The breath which he exhales passes by means of a tube through a kind of knapsack containing a mixture of chemicals, and by this means is purified sufficiently to be fit to enter the lungs again. The boat is, of course, lighted by electricity, as gas would increase the impurity of the atmosphere. A series of experiments took place a short time ago with the boat in question and were, we were given to understand, highly successful. The present speed of the boat is only four or five knots an hour, but Dr. Garrett contemplates building a boat of much larger size, capable of accommodating three or four men, and has a scheme in view for increasing the power of propulsion of the boat.

**Bringing up Boys in Knoware.**

The streets were clean as a new pin, and mortal still, though you could hear little folks laughin' and cracklin' in the cool gardens and pleasant houses by the side of the way.  
"Where air your public schools," sez I.  
"Here," sez he, stopping before a long low house, like a shed some, that seemed to be fixed up with rows of hogsheds, among which several men was steppin' round and talkin' out loud, one at a time; "there's the school."  
"But I don't see no children."  
"No; you can't see through a mill-stone no more'n the next man. We head up the boys at six year old in big barrels, and feed 'em eddocate 'em through the bung hole till the age of 20. They're extension barrels, so'st the boys can grow."

I was took aback. I was kinder riled, "What," sez I, "all you boys in barrels! None o' them things folks lay such stress on in teachers' conventions—no home influences, no many sports, no everlastin' friendships, no Sunday schools, no—?" Here I sort o' give in; breath seemed to peter out. But he took up the talk:  
"No, sir! Cats and pigs and chickens live out all their days in peace here; nobody's a tyrant over mother and the girls from dawn to dark; no broken bones nor cracked skulls. Our boys don't never get drowned, blowed up with powder, tangled up in burr saws, split with hatchets, spilled off in horses, run over in the streets, nor jammed to bits under fire engines. We don't have boys swearin' and spittin' on every street corner, strain their backs a boat race, and their temper bettin' on no colleges to upset their manners and morals, and let 'em herd together like swine, and then turnin' off 'em loose on a world lyin' in wickedness, as our old parson used to call it. Nobody here's killed at base ball, nor mangled nuther. Marbles, peanuts and fire crackers never pester us. We have peace."

"How delightful!" sez I, kinder involuntary.  
"More'n all that, we don't never have no divorces. Them boys come out at 20 year old so orful meek and pleasant and grateful, their wives don't have no trouble with 'em at all."

We have yet to find the hired girl who can carry a lighted candle in one hand and a can of kerosene in the other without an item in the daily papers.

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**A HAPPY CENTENARIAN.**—A light-hearted centenarian cracked her last joke in a Detroit hospital, one day last week, and with a smile on her withered face passed thence to another and possibly a more serious world. Her name was Margaret Eagan and her age one hundred and two. She had lived so long that her relatives had lost sight of her, for although she had grandchildren who were well-to-do, she was suffered to end her days as a pensioner of the Little Sisters of the Poor. But she did not droop and lose her spirits. She was as happy as the day was long. She used to sing, tell stories, and even dance for the cronies in the hospital. Every day she would stroll into the infirmary with a big jewsharp and sit there for hours playing uncertain jigs and rickety reels, and contriving to bring back to wan cheeks the flush of excitement and to dull eyes the light of other days. Only five days before her death she entertained her companions in this way, and during her illness she amused herself with her jewsharp, joking, laughing, singing, whistling and smiling, like a girl of sixteen. A few hours before her death the little old lady remarked to the doctor: "I'm strong and hearty and shall live to a good old age." It was her last joke. It is not every centurion who can trip through the Valley of the Shadow, keeping step to the creaking jangle of a rusty jewsharp.

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