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L. P. Fisher

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HIC JACET.

Let not a bell be toll'd or tear be shed
When I am dead:—
Let no night-dog, with dreary howl,
Or ghastly shriek of boding owl,
Make harsh a change so calm, so hallowed:—
Lay not my bed
'Mid yews and never blooming cypresses;
But under trees
Of simple flower and odorous breath,—
The lime and dog-rose; and beneath
Let primrose cups give up their honey'd leas
To sucking bees.
Who all the shining day while laboring,
Shall drink and sing
A requiem o'er my peaceful grave.
For I would cheerful quiet have;
Or no noise ruder than the linits wing;
Or brook gurgling.
In harmony I've liv'd—so let me die,
That while, 'mid gentler sounds the shell may lie
The spirit aloft may float in spheral harmony.
—*Charles Cowden Clark.*

THE DREAMER.

All day the white-haired woman sits
Beside the ope; ... knits;
... thing ... eye sees,
As, busy with old memories,
She dreams her dreams of what has been,
And knits her old-time fancies in.

She thinks of those who long ago
Went out across the threshold low,
How many times her listening ear
Has thought familiar footsteps near,
And she has started up to find
A dead leaf rustle in the wind.

But never as of those who lie
Beneath the wide and tender sky,
With folded hands on quiet breast,
All wrapt about with peace and rest,
She thinks of them. For her they tread
The green earth with her. None are dead.

Though years have fallen like the leaves
Above the graves where Summer weaves
Her grass-fringed coverlet, to keep
Safe hid from us the ones asleep,
Whose face was love's interpreter.
O dreamer! young again to-day,
What matter if your hair is gray!

She talks with them. When brown winged bees
Make merry in the locust trees,
She thinks he comes and sits with her
Whose voice was loves interpreter.
O dreamer? young again to-day,
What matter if your hair is gray?

Sometime she thinks that round her knee
Her children play in happy glee,
And when they tired and sleepy grow
She sings some song of long ago,
And on her loving mother-breast,
She rocks her little one to rest.

O dreamer! knitting all the day
Your dreams in with your stitches stray,
Yours is a happy, happy heart—
A haunted world from our apart,
The years that turned your tresses gray
Have given you back your youth to-day.

THE STORY OF MARLY.

A TRUE NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY E. V. BLAKE.

"Did you ever know George Marriott?" said Herries to me as I lay smoking on my blanket, supper over, and Miner heaping wood on the fire.

I took the pipe from my lips and paused. The name, a strange souvenir of New York folly, fashion and wickedness, came to me oddly enough here, on the dark, silent, far lying prairie, with the purple, solemn twilight, starlit, bending its hollow arch above, and the faint, sweet, crescent moon, hung away in the West, beside the Evening Star. Over the swells glimmered the white flapped wagons and twinkling lights of the emigrant camp.

"I knew his wife," I repeated—"Emma Mansfield—a fair, tender woman, as good as gold. I knew of him—and that was enough. Why, of all memories, do you recall his, to-night?"

"He's over there," answered Herries, with a jerk over his shoulder toward the emigrant camp.

"Over there? George Marriott?"

"I saw him. I've been over," said Herries sitting down, with a thoughtful expression, on the grass.

"An emigrant? Formost in all fashionable folly and dissipation as he used to be! Why, these people are going down to Tucson, Miner tells me."

"Yes. Hadn't you heard, before we left New York, of the scandle? How his wife obtained a divorce—broken hearted, poor thing—and went home to her father?"

"Yes; I knew it well. She had two children, and the law decreed them hers."

"That can't be, Rafe."

"Why certainly, dear fellow. Emma told me herself—I met her in the street. They were her sole remaining comfort—those two children."

"But he has one with him now."

"Impossible!"

"I saw her, Rafe. A poor forlorn child, six or seven, perhaps, with her mother's face. I talked with him a few minutes. He's degenerated into something brutal. Poor little thing!"

"But I can't get over it," said I, in the extremity of my amazement. "George Marriott an emigrant! And the child!" I sat some time smoking, then got up.

"I believe I'll take a stroll over. Want to come?"

"No. Had enough of it. They're a rough set, miners and hard characters in profusion. They're drinking considerable, and I think we'd better shift our camp—that's what I think."

"Ef we mind our biz, they'll mind theirs, I guess," said Miner gruffly, and added—rather inconsistently—"But ef you're goin' ter git inter a skrimmage, you'd best not go alone. I'll go ef ye wanter."

"All right, come along," and we strolled away from the fire. It was a longer walk than it looked, glancing across the swell; but presently the deep toned bass of a big white dog warned the occupants of the nearest wagon of our approach.

"Lie down Cris," quoth a tall, unshaven individual, who turned in easy, unconstrained fashion, as if to do honors of the camp to the unexpected guests—turned, stared and colored with sudden, embarrassed astonishment; for it was George Marriott's self.

"Mr. Ransom, I believe. Never felt very well acquainted, yet I knew you—after a fashion," said he, with ready, plaint courtsy that smoothed over the first tinge of vexation; for he was plainly not glad to see me. I set it down to the score of his changed position and consequent unwillinguess to meet those who had known him in better days. Then, too, I had been a friend of his poor wronged wife.

Some easy common-place passed between us, and then a child's plaintive voice spoke from the wagon.

"Papa, is the soup most ready? I'm so hungry."

"Yes, yes directly. Lie down." He spoke impatiently, and gave a savage stir to the kettle over the fire.

"Why, that is Marly!" I said involuntarily.

His face darkened.

"To be sure," he said, with a forced laugh. "I didn't know you knew the child. You seldom came to the house, and I hardly knew you, myself. Yet Emma said you were acquainted long years ago. How oddly things come about," he continued. "To think that you and I, of all people, should meet here in the wilderness!"

It was the first time he had referred to his wife or his married life; and now it seemed a slip which he was fain to hurry over.

"It *is* strange," said I, "But surely the life is rough for the child. Is no one with her? Can I speak to her? She isn't a-bed?"

He muttered some ungracious words and drew aside the flap of the wagon. The child was crouched on a heap of stuff in the corner. She rose on her elbow and looked at me with eyes which seemed poor Emma's own. She had seen me but two or three times in her life, yet recollected me at once.

"Why, Marly, is it you?" said I, shaking hands with her. "I haven't disturbed you, have I? How do you do?"

She said, "Pretty well," and that she was glad to see me; "for," she added, with a timid glance at her father, "I don't see anybody now that I used to."

"Lonesome, my dear? Well, it's quite natural, I'm sure. Strange way of traveling, isn't it? Quite funny in these big, white topped wagons. Do you like it?"

"Sometimes—though I get tired and want to get out. I wish I might ride on a horse, as some of them do."

"*You* ride!" said Marriott, with a coarse laugh.

"You're not very strong," I said, "my dear. Perhaps I could give you a ride on my black horse—if your father is willing. To-morrow, may be. My road lies with yours for some distance."

She said, with a wistful look, that it would be very pleasant, and glanced again in a frightened way at Marriott, who watched every word. After a little I strolled away to join Miner. But when Marriott thought me out of sight among the wagons, I heard an oath, a blow and a bitter cry from the child; and my blood boiled in my veins.

I could not sleep that night. Marly Marriott's pitiful face, with its sad, entreating eyes, was for ever looking into mine. I tossed and tumbled, sat up, poked the fire, lay down again, and—what?—Did I dream? Was it a ghost? Something came softly, swiftly through the tall grass—a phantom, a shadow—under the dark purple, starry sky, and almost touched me as I lay with the blood slowly freezing in my veins.

"Please get up; please wake up, Mr. Ransom!" and the faint voice was shaken with bitter sobbing; like the sob of the wind on a gusty autumn night. "Please do wake up and take me away!"

Miner was on his feet—though sleepily—as I caught the poor little, shivering figure, and felt it to be indeed flesh and blood. Over the wide, dark prairie slope she had followed our camp-fire alone—the pitiful little child—with only God and the angels to care for her.

"What is it my little girl? tell me."

"Do take me away—please do take me away. I shall die if you don't take me to my mamma—mamma!"

"How did you come here with him?" said Herries.

"He stole me in the night and made me stay asleep; and he will kill me. I don't dare to go back."

"Up with yer duds, Herries; saddle up, boys," whispered Miner, hoarsely. "We'll take the child an' clear out. I can't stand this, you know. Lively, boys!"

In about ten minutes the horses were saddled, and we rode swiftly through the timber, Marly before me, wrapped in my blanket. I shall never forget that ride. Miner led—he knew the country—and Herries brought up the rear. The stars glinted, the damp night breeze blew in our faces; the horses never broke their gallop for miles and miles over the dark unending, rolling prairie. By and by the east turned gray, the west darker; a long, pale streak of yellow rimmed the far-lying swells. It turned rosy; crimson streaks shot up; the stars paled and vanished—it was day.

"Tired, my dear?" for she leaned her head wearily against me.

"A little, little bit. Only don't stop—don't stop yet. We are not far enough away."

Miner turned and shot an incomprehensible glance over his shoulder without speaking. I understood. George Marriott had stolen the child to torment his wife, and it was quite probable that he would move heaven and earth for her recovery. He knew me for a friend of Emma's.

"There's some pretty rough places between here and civilization," said Miner, an hour later when we had halted for rest, and the child was asleep. "If he kin git an inkling of our route, there's ways enough to hinder us. We're only three. Just now it's nearest to Xavier station, an' then to Austin. But we won't go there, as he'll nat'rally think we will. If the law has judged the chil'en to his wife, he'll keep out o' reach o' the law—don't you see? Conse'quently, we'll git round back'ards to Montresa—you don't know it; it's a dirty little Mexican place—then twenty miles further to—hollo?"

A peculiar echo resounded from the rocky mouth of the pass where we had camped. We were on the verge of a mountainous region; had struck westward from our original trail.

"I rather guess—hold on!" said Miner. "Saddle up, boys, before you wake *her*. I didn't camp in this here place for nothin'. This echo's a good warnin', as I've found out afore; an' these rocks don't tell no tales. I'm goin' ter reconnoitre." And he darted away, and was back before we had completed our hasty preparations for departure.

"Jest so. They're in sight. A bit puzzled—halted to consider." He was out of breath, and shot forth these irregular sentences in the intervals of saddling up. "Now, then, don't let on about 'em to *her*, ye know. Wake her up, Rafe. Time's out."

Marly looked frightened and clung to me as I lifted her. I smiled into her face.

"Did I startle you?" I asked. "It's time to move on, you see, so I thought we had better not delay. Hold fast."

I sprang to Cheveignac's back, and we rode down the dark, rocky defile; slowly at first, lest the sound of hoofs should by any means reach the sharp ears of our pursuers. After some fifteen minutes we seemed plunging into a narrow gorge or chasm, without outlet, between perpendicular precipices. We followed Miner, who led the way. But it seemed a narrow, tortuous way.

"I say," said Herries at length, "do you mean to be like mice in a trap? For we're in one."

"No we ain't, young man. *I* know this here region," retorted Miner, without looking round.

Sure enough, at the end of the gorge, a narrow aperture, barely admitting a horse and rider, yawned beside a huge boulder. It looked like the entrance to a cavern; and Cheveignac pricked up dubious ears as he followed Miner's roan carefully into the darkness. For a few minutes all objects were indistinguishable. Looking up I saw a narrow white line drawn at an incalculable height across the blackness above us. It was the sky. Our horses' feet on the hard rock alone broke the silence. Presently a faint white glow appeared to broaden and brighten before and around us. The white line became a broad strip, and the cliff summits were lower and further apart.

"Now, then, pick up your feet, Jock," observed Miner to his horse, and added over his shoulder, "Come ahead at your best. We've no time to lose."

And strange, hollow echoes of hurrying hoofs went flying down the pass.

Well, we baffled them that time, and in due course came to Montresa, where we put up for a night at a dirty little inn. Marly was worn out, and the horses needed rest. We felt secure from pursuit. Next morning we were to resume our journey.

The horses were saddled in the dirty little court-yard. We stood by them settling with the innkeeper. There seemed to be a number of men lounging about. There were coarse red curtains drawn at one front window of the low, rambling building, and Herries happened to remark on the fact.

"An American lady, senores, who is traveling. She looks almost ill. She starts also this morning."

"By the great—" shouted Miner, breaking off in the middle of his expletive.

"Surrender! Down with your pistol!"

"I'll be shot first!" shrieks Miner in a fury, firing right and left. Cracks, shouts, yells; a tornado of bullets, smoke, hoofs, and mounted men. Cheveignac reared—I caught his bridle. Marly caught my other arm. Thus for an instant hampered I saw George Marriott, revolver in hand, rein his foaming horse ten feet away—saw the flash and heard the report. There was just one thing that saved me. He aimed at my heart; and then—ah, then—little Marly, with a shriek, sprung from the ground, seizing at my shoulder and chest to shield me. She gave a sharp, gasping cry, loosed her hold, and fell as Herries fired his sixth shot, and I saw George Marriott reel and clap his hand to his breast. But I cared for nothing more as I lifted the little child—shot through the back by her own father's hand—and got her in out of the melee.

For the men who were lounging about had, in a body attacked Marriott's party, and, aided by Herries and Miner, were getting the best of it. I shouted for the innkeeper, who, like a coward, had vanished at the first shot, when the door of the curtained room suddenly opened on the long dirty public apartment, and I saw—whom? I recoiled as at a ghost.

"My God—my God!"

A wild, terrible cry of a mother's anguish. "Marly, my little Marly—mamma's precious little child! Give her here—give her to me! My little angel!"

"Emma, Emma! you will faint! you will drop dead! Let me lay her on your bed."

It was a rough enough couch of straw covered with blankets, but the best the inn afforded.

Emma Marriott, with officers of the law, had tracked her lost child across the country, only to find her, in this sad, strange way, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Slowly the dark eyes opened, and filled with ineffable happiness.

"I have found my mamma," she whispered softly, with her arms around Emma's neck.

Miner and Herries hurried to the door.

"We've whipped the consarned rascals, and Marriott's got his death wound, I reckon," cried the latter, and then, starting suddenly, exclaimed, "What! Good heavens! he hain't shot the—"

"Hush—hush, my friend. It is all of no avail, now. Thank God, her mother is here."

"Tell papa I forgive him," the child murmured, and fell back dead.

"GENTLEMEN of the jury," said a Baltimore lawyer in the Criminal Court, "do you believe that my client was guilty of selling beer to a boy in a small bottle?" The boy was a good sized one, and the jury rendered a verdict of "not guilty."

"DON'T go to the Black Hills to get rich. It is far easier to organize a life insurance company and pay yourself a salary of $30,000 a year."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dress and Fashion Notes.

For the summer the novelty will be long white lace mitts that reach up to the elbow.

Balbriggan stockings are particularly well adapted to display sprigs of hand-wrought embroidery, very fashionable just now, and easily worked.

Hosiery for spring still continues in the dark shades of brown, navy blue and red. Very pretty combination stripes of cardinal red and black, or cardinal and white.

A novelty from Paris is a crepe de lisse tie, embroidered and having scollops at the edge, bordered most effectively with very tiny peacock feathers, which form a most happy contrast with the dead white of the rest of the scarf.

The newest white muslin wrappers are made of nainsook, trimmed with bands of Hamburg insertion and plain or frilled edging. They are in Princesse shape, perfectly plain down the front and sides, and quite narrow in the skirt.

Among the novelties of the season is a variety of applique embroideries in silk on grenadine foundations. Both insertions and edgings are found in these trimmings, which are used for ornamenting grenadine costumes. Fringes and galloons of every imaginable style and pattern are exhibited, and continue popular. The new galloons are worked with gold, silver and glass beads.

A ball dress seen at one of the New York openings of last week is thus described by an admiring devotee of fashion: "It is a Princesse robe en train of tilleul satin, with overskirt and flounces of silver net, with silver tassel fringe over buttercup-tinted gauze—supported by a modern reception skirt, latest Paris style, flat in front, close sides, with sufficient tornure for an elegant outline." Of course this is easily understood.

The Princesse dress is being made up for little girls' summer wear in gray and buff linens, trimmed with white embroidery or Smyrna lace. It is fastened in front, is only half-fitting, and therefore cool, and sometimes has boy pleats down the front. These pretty dresses hang all the weight from the shoulders, are in one single piece, and are as suitable for the street as the house, all of which are desirable things in children's dresses.

About Bridal Veils.

We have learned to consider white as essentially a bridal costume, but it has not been always so; and even now the Bokhara bride wears a rose-colored veil on her marriage day, and in the modern Greek islands the bridal veil is of red silk—a custom which has descended, no doubt, from the "flamen," or red bridal veil of ancient Greece; the Romans in old days wearing yellow veils. The Armenian bride, on the most important day of her life, appears in what closely resembles a sack made of rich silk, completely enveloping the figure, feet and head. The face is further hidden by a linen veil over which falls another of gold tinsel, and a part of the ceremonial is for the priest's wife to dye the nails of the bride a deep red with henna. In Turkey, the bride appears in rich white satin brocade, shot with silver, and bedizened with pearls, a jeweled girdle around her waist, her face painted—a crimson patch the shape of a heart on her chin, the rest of the visage a mass of white, except the black-penciled eye brows. Our marriage ceremonies are remarkable for their antiquity, and have varied but little. The wedding ring, which the Puritans repudiated as as Satanic bauble, has been worn from time to time on the right or left hand, the reason for its present assignment on the latter being a tradition, whether authentic or not, that some vein in the third finger of the left hand has a special connection with the heart. Our bridal veil is of modern introduction, though it is said to have replaced the Anglo-Saxon custom of the bride wearing her hair floating on her shoulders. For many years nothing but the wreath was worn over loose tresses. Bridal favors are said to be of Spanish origin, and at one time these were made not of white but in the bride's own colors, whatever they might be.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

VALUE OF A WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP.—It is a wonderful advantage to man, in every pursuit or vacation, to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact and a plain soundness of judgment which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man. A woman, if she be really your friend, will have a sensible regard for your character, honor and repute. She will seldom counsel you to do a shabby thing, for a woman friend always desires to be proud of you. At the same time her constitutional timidity makes her more cautious than your male friend. She, therefore, seldom counsels you to do an imprudent thing. A man's best female friend is a wife of good sense and heart, whom he loves, and who loves him. But, supposing the man to be without such a helpmate, female friendship he must still have, or his intellect will be without a garden, and there will be an unheeded gap in the strongest fence. Better and safer, of course, are such friendships, where disparity of years or circumstances puts the idea of love out of the question. Middle age has rarely this advantage; youth and old age have. We may have female friendship with those much older and those much younger than ourselves. Female friendship is to man the bulwark, sweetness, ornament of his existence.

A STORY is told of a shrewish Scotchwoman who tried to wean her husband from the public-house by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost and frighten John on his way home. "Who are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted; "gie's a shake o' your hand—I am married tae a sister o' yours."

The Arab Thief and the Boy.

The following anecdote is given as an illustration of the adroitness and audacity of the Arabs in some of their thefts. An Arab introduced himself, by creeping on all-fours, like a quadruped, into the tent in which one of the Beys was reposing, and carried off his clothes and arms; in which he attired himself. Quitting the tent very early in the morning, and assuming the manner and haughty carriage of chief, whom he had left asleep, he so imposed upon the attendants by his appearance that they led forth their master's horse which the Arab mounted, and rode off without creating suspicion.

An hour afterward the servants were surprised at hearing the voice of the Bey proceeding from the tent, calling for assistance. The latter was still more astonished than his servants; the boldness and adroitness of the thief appeared to him perfectly incomprehensible. After several weeks spent in fruitless endeavors to discover the delinquent, the Bey announced a free pardon to whomsoever would acknowledge in what manner his arms had been removed from under the pillow on which he slept. Some days afterward the identical Arab presented himself before the Bey, and, reminding him of his proclamation, motioned him to recline on his couch, and remain silent while he should explain the mode by which he effected the robbery.

The Arab forthwith dressed and armed himself as before, left the tent, and again deceived the domestic, who brought out for his use a valuable and favorite horse, and moreover handed him a most magnificent pipe, supposing all the time they were waiting on their master. During the whole of this scene the Bey, who saw what was passing, was convulsed with laughter; but his merriment was soon checked when his prototype fairly made off, at full gallop, with his weapons and baggage.

A PEASANT'S FUNERAL IN LOWER AUSTRIA.—While we were driving slowly by the market place in Czernowig, a peasant funeral passed. Notwithstanding the frightful cold, the coachman and footman took of their fur caps, and several Moldavian nobles present lifted their hats, and remained motionless until the funeral train had passed. And such a strange, comical train as it was. The coffin, painted blue, streaked with white, was on a low sled, drawn by two oxen. The pall-bearers, four men, sat on the coffin. A procession of women followed, their heads wrapped in huge folds of white cotton cloth, and their feet encased in heavy cowhide boots. They all wore Buffalo-skin sacques over their short dresses, and, notwithstanding the solemn occasion, they talked and laughed as if they were going to a picnic. Sleighs followed, filled with men and boys, and so the funeral train moved on, the men silent, the women smiling; but perhaps death has no terrors for the poor creatures, who toil like slaves from morning until night, while their husbands smoke, eat, sleep and enjoy themselves.—*London Standard.*

GENEROSITY OF NAPOLEON.—During the campaign of the great Napoleon Bonaparte in Italy in 1796, an incident occurred which showed that he could be generous as well as stern and brave.

It was during the night after the repulse of the Austrians at Arcola, a small borough in Lombardy, that the general was walking through his camp and taking his survey. As he was on his way he noticed a sentinel asleep. Instead of waking him, he took the soldier's musket lightly from him, and, going on guard, waited until some one should relieve him. After a time the soldier woke up. Great was his horror and surprise on seeing the general under whom he was serving pacing up and down the beat! He exclaimed with terror, "Bonaparte! I am lost!"

The good natured general replied, smiling, "Be easy my friend; you are a brave man, and deserve some sleep. But next time wait for a better chance."

GIGANTIC SPIDERS.—In the sands of Central Asia a huge spider exists which is known popularly as the Grandfather Greybeard, which has long hair, "and, when walking, seems as large as one's two fists." This formidable insect is given to biting when irritated, and with its jaws makes four little holes in the flesh. The bite is poisonous, though not deadly. Its victim feels at first no more discomfort than from the sting of a gnat; but after a time the pain spreads over the whole body, and is accompanied with fever and great exhaustion. A Chinese traveler states that the body of this loathsome creature is the size of a butternut; and that of the smaller ones of a walnut. Spiders of such dimensions, with their big, hairy bodies lifted upon long, stout legs, must be frightful adversaries in a small way as one would be likely to encounter in any experience amid the haunts of wild animals.

HE HAD come over to see her father, and they had been sitting together for some time alone, and at length she tenderly asked him why he didn't get married. And he replied with some agitation, that he had always feared that if he did some time he might stroll into a saw mill and be pushed against the saw and have one of his legs taken off and have to wear a wooden one, and he thought it wouldn't be fair to his wife. And then he added, nervously, that he was in a hurry and thought he wouldn't wait any longer.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

ALL THAT IS NECESSARY.—"Aunt Julia," said a blooming girl of seventeen, "what is necessary in order to write a good love letter?" "Well," replied the aunt, "you must begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written."

"JOHN," asked a doctor of the apothecary's boy, "did Mrs. Green get the medicine I ordered?" "I guess so," replied John, "for I saw crape on the door knob this morning."

Banking in Ancient Assyria.

Among the many thousand tablets brought to London from Babylon by the late George Smith, nearly all refer to the history of banking in antiquity. These tablets relate to a banking-house that traded under the firm of "Egibi & Son." It flourished in Babylon between the first year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, 600 years before Jesus Christ, and the end of that of Darius Hystaspes, 485 years before our era. It seems the chief business of the house consisted in lending money, for the tablets mention such operations effected on moveable securities at a certain percentage; but mortgages were by no means unknown, for they contain instances of sums loaned on land or houses for a stated period, with very circumstantial particulars, and surveys accompany the documents. There are also sales of real property mentioned (in one, the plan of the land sold is annexed), and also the sale of slaves. It appears that during the first year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, Egibi retired from business, and that his grandson, Sula, the son of Zirchin, became the director or chief of the firm. He performed the duties of that office until the 23d year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar. In the fifteenth year of that monarch's government, Sulu went into partnership with his son, Nabu-Akhi-Idin, who, on his father's death, became the chief of the firm, and remained so until the twelfth year of the reign of Nobonidus. In the eighth year of that prince's reign, Nabu-Akhi-Idin took his son, Itti-Marduk-Baladhus, into partnership. This young man succeeded his father in due time, and remained the chief of the company during the reign of Nabo Nanbonidas, and during those of Cyrus and Cambyses. His son, Marduk-Nazir-Ablu, succeeded him in the second year of Darius. Some of the tablets are checks, receipts, and other similar documents.

Women in Journalism.

The *Lowell Offering* was the first magazine in America, if not in the world, entirely sustained by working-women. The Rev. A. C. Thomas says: "It was the first work written entirely by factory girls, and the first magazine or journal written exclusively by women in all the world." A volume entitled "Mind Among the Spindles," being a compilation from this journal, was published in England. This was in 1843.

James F. Babbock, ex-editor of the New Haven *Palladium*, at an editorial convention held at Middleton, Conn., on the occasion of the centennial anniversary of the appearance of the newspaper in that State, stated these facts: "From the time of the first American newspaper, in 1704, to the appearance of the first in Connecticut in 1788, there were seventy-eight newspapers in the colonies—one-half of which suspended before 1775. Of the whole number printed, sixteen were conducted by ladies, fourteen of whom were the firm and undaunted champions of liberty and equal rights. Mrs. Franklin was not only a printer of laws, newspapers, and almanacs, but of calicoes and linens."

The Boston *News Letter*, the first newspaper in America, was conducted during some part of the Revolutionary War by Mrs. Margaret Draper.

Dr. Warren, president of Boston University, says officially: "In no department of the University has the presence of young women depressed the standard of scholarship; in several instances it has aided in elevating it. In the selection of electives they have never evinced a disposition to pass by the hardest of mathematical branches or the most difficult of the languages. At all times has their influence been promotive of order, studiousness, and a true social culture. Of the day students, 144 are women."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

THE DARK SIDE OF PUBLIC LIFE.—Some sad scenes attend the death of a Congress. Said one of the ex-members the other day—one who has had an honorable though uneventful career:—"I have now been in public life twelve years. By the re-districting of my State my District has been abolished. I am almost glad to get out of the public service, and yet I do not know what to do. They have called us all thieves; but I have scarcely enough money to support my family in respectability for six months. I was bred a lawyer, and have had my old shingle for the last ten years creaking upon its rusty hinges before my office door in my native town. It is a little town. The business is small, and has greatly changed, and the people have almost forgotten me as a lawyer, and I doubt, if I commence life there again, if I could earn my salt. The young men have got all the clients, and need and deserve them, because they know the modern ways of the courts. The truth is, it is like beginning life over again, and the prospects are pretty blue. I tell you, young men, if you have any ambition for public life, don't do it. It is a pretty sorrowful spectacle to see a man three-score years of age in my condition."

A RUSSIAN HOTEL CUSTOM.—At a Russian hotel you are obliged to stipulate for bedding, pillows, blankets, and towels, or else pay extra for them, as the landlord assumes that you carry these articles with you. This has been the custom of the country from time immemorial, and has produced among certain Russians a curious kind of fastidiousness. They strongly dislike using sheets, blankets and towels which are in a certain sense public property, just as we should strongly object to putting on clothes which had been already worn by other people.—*National Republican.*

ON the arrival of the news of the capture of Lord Cornwallis and his whole army, one African meeting another salutes him thus: "Oh! how do, Cuffee. You hear 'bout *Corn*wallis?" "No, what about Cornwallis?" "Why, General Washington shell off all de Corn, and now he *Cob*wallis.—*Mass. Spy, Feb.* 28, 1782.

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