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WINTER.

Come, O season of mist and rain,
Of damps and dumps and ceaseless pain,
Of wild neuralgic writhings!
A cold and a cough and a slushy street,
Influenza and perished feet,
These, O Winter, are thy things!

A MONOTONE.

The wind blows through the withered leaves.
The sun looks coldly on the stream,
And Winter with a sad song grieves,
O'er Summer's glorious beauty gone.

My life is like a winter day.;
Its hopes have vanished, joys have flown,
But faith looks down the leaf strewn way
And speaks of harvests yet to come.

LOVE'S EMBLEMS.

BY ANNIE L. JACK.

You are like the Violet, I wrote in spring,
The first sweet offering the earth can bring;
Always so hopeful of brighter hours—
Earliest sweetest, best loved of flowers.
The first to greet, may you ever be,
Yes, like the Violet you seem to me.

You are like the Rose, I said in June,
When hearts and blossoms seemed keeping tune;
So bright, so gay, Love's own dear flower,
That breathes of many a vanished hour.
Lightly I said it. Ah! sweet to me,
You are like a Rose, and will always be.

You are like the Pansy, sweet, said I
As I spoke in the autumn that sad "good-bye;"
When the snow falls softly white and chill,
They bud and bloom and are faithful still;
Faithful and true as you seem to be,
Constant in sunshine and storm to me.

You are like the Fir trees, dear, said I;
And her loving glances questioned why,
When the elms and maples are leafless seen,
They bright December with living green.
All the year round you have seemed to me
Like winter's best landmark, an evergreen tree.

A NOVEL NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"So you won't have me, Nellie? You are sure you won't marry me?"

Pretty little Mrs. Nellie Willard looked meditatively out of the window into the quiet village street, as if among the leafless trees and on the frost-bound landscape she could find the answer to Horace Levison's questions.

Then, after a moment. she turned her face toward him—a face as fresh and fair in its peachy bloom as many a young girl ten years her junior.

"I—I am—afraid I can't. Mr. Levison."

Mr. Levison looked her straight in her bright blue eyes—such lovely blue eyes, soft as velvet, and the color of a violet that had bloomed in the shade.

"You are—'*afraid*'—you can't, Mrs. Williard? Answer me another question—yes—or no—do you love me?"

She blushed and smiled, and looked bewitchingly.

"Why, Mr. Levison, I mean Harry, of course I lo—like you! I always did, ever since I first knew you, years and years ago."

"When Will Willard won the prize all we fellows were striving for! So you liked me then, Nellie, and you like me now? Then why won't you marry me? You've been a widow for three years, now. Isn't that long enough to mourn the virtues of the departed?"

"You wicked man! As if 300 years could ever teach me to forget poor, dear Wilson."

Her bright eye reproved him sharply, and he accepted with good grace.

"Granting the truth, Nellie, that your deceased husband was a good fellow and a loving partner, I still cannot see why you refuse me. That is the subject under consideration at present. Nellie! *Why* won't you marry me?"

Then Mrs. Williard's face grew a little paler, and her plump, fair hands trembled.

"Because, Harry, because Wilson Willard, on New Year's day, made me promise never to marry again."

"Stuff and nonsense! What if he did. A bad promise is better broken than kept."

Mrs. Willard twisted her ring uneasily, and looked at the illuminated shield of the stone.

"I know it is," she said, slowly, "but—"

Mr. Levison looked earnestly at her.

"Yes—'but' what, Nellie? In all respect I say it—poor Will is dead and gone; and you've been true to his memory all these long years, and what has he to do with you now?"

"I know," she said, meditatively, "but—but, Harry, he made me solemnly promise never to marry again under penalty of his everlasting displeasure. And—don't be angry with me, Harry, will you? But I almost *know* he would appear to me!"

The lovely blue eyes were lifted in such piteous appeal to his, and the pretty little widow made such a nervous little move nearer to him, that it was the most human thing in the world for Mr. Levison to put his arm protectingly around her and assure her he was not angry with her.

"So you believe he would haunt you, Nellie, if you broke your promise? A sensible little woman like you to veritably believe in such superstitious fol-de-rol! And, after having waited for you ten years of your married-life, and three years of your widowhood, you condemn me to hopelessness for the sake of such a chimera—for the sake of such a shadow as your husband's ghost!"

And Nellie look imploringly at him again, and her lips quivered, and the tears stood in great crystals on her long lashes.

"Oh, Harry, how cruel you are! You *know* I love you better than all the world, only—I dare not marry again! *Don't* be angry—please don't be angry with me!"

And Mr. Levison looked down at her lovely face, and assured her he never could be angry with her, and then went away heaping maledictions on the head of the defunct husband who had been tyrant enough to burden his lovely young wife with such a promise.

The last sunset rays were flinging their golden and scarlet pennons on the pale, blue-gray sky, when Mr. Levison opened the door of his cozy sitting-room at home, to be met by the laughing face and gay welcome of a young gentleman, who had evidently been making himself at home while he waited.

"Heigho, Levison! Surprised to see me? How are you old fellow—how are you?"

Mr. Levison stared a second, then greeted him warmly.

"Fred Willard! Where in the name of goodness did you spring from? Why, I thought you were not to sail from England for a long six months yet. Old boy, bless you, I'm glad to see you, although for the instant, I confess I was startled—you are the living image of your brother Wilson. We've been discussing ghosts, you know—"

Young Willard's eyes gleamed mischievously, as he interrupted irreverently:

"'*We*' is good, Lev. You mean my pretty little sister-in-law, of course? I know she religiously believes in 'em. I know I am impatient to see her—for the first time since Will's funeral."

Mr. Levison had been looking thoughtfully at the embers glowing, like melted rubies, behind the silver bars of the grate; now he turned suddenly to Fred, and laid his hand persnasively on his shoulder.

"See here, Fred; you are a friend of mine, and I am about to put your friendship to the test. I want you to do me a very great favor; will you?"

Fred laughed.

"Will I? Of course I will. What's up?"

And Mr. Levison turned the keys of the doors, and the consultation lasted until the housekeeper rang the dinner bell.

Five hours later the moon was just creeping over the tops of the trees, making a perfect flood of silver-gold glory on the quiet scene, and Mrs. Willard, with a fleecy-white zephyr shawl and her *crepe* brown hair, was standing at the kitchen door, on her return from a tour of inspection to the snug little barn and carriage house, which she had personally seen was secure for the night, ever since her husband's death.

Her cheeks were flushed to the tint of an oleander flower by the keen kiss of the frosty air, and her eyes were glowing like blue fires as she stood there one moment in the broad band of white moonlight that lay athwart the floor like a silent blessing. Then, with a little involuntary exclamtaion at the perfect beauty of the night, she went in, locked the door after her, for her three servants were all retired for the night, and then gave a little shriek, for standing in the self-same accustomed place he was wont to occupy, and looking as natural as if it were himself in the flesh, was her husband. She stifled her shriek, and tried bravely to feel brave, but her heart was tearing around very undisciplinedly as she realized that she was looking upon a bona-fide ghost—a veritable inhabitant of the land of eternal shadows.

"Will!" she said, faintly, with her hand tight on the handle of the door, "Will, is it yo?u"

His voice was precisely as it had been in the old days—mellow, musical, a little domineering—Will's undeniably, unmistakably.

"Who should it be but I, Nellie, and come on purpose to communicate with you."

"Yes?" she gasped, "but what for?" I have tried—I have done everything that I thought you could wish. There is nothing wrong, Will?"

The pale, moon-lighted face, the speckless black suit, the spotless linen, the very same in which he had been buried, the low, familiar voice—it almost paralyzed Nellie, and yet, aided by the very material contact of the door-knob, she stood her ground and listened.

"Nothing wrong with you, Nellie, but with me. I come to bring you a New Year's present."

"Nellie was startled, and looked at him curiously, wondering what he had brought from the other world.

"I present you," he said, "with your liberty, for I can't rest in my grave knowing the wrong I unintentionally committed in binding you to perpetual widowhood for my sake. I come to revoke my decision—to give you my full permission to marry again, and my advice to marry Horace Levison. Promise me you will do it, and I will rest peacefully forever."

"Oh, Will!—if you will say so—if you think it best—yes!—yes, I will!"

Her face was pale enough now to have passed for a ghost herself.

"Go look at the big clock in the dining room, Nellie, and see if it is near the stroke of 12."

She went dumbly, mechanically, at his behest; and, when she came back, he was gone, and the moonlight streamed in on an empty room.

Then the reaction followed, and Nellie flew up to her bed room, and locked the door, and covered her head with a shawl, and sobbed and cried hysterically, until her over-wrought nerves found relief in sleep.

The next day Mr. Levison sent a little note over, apologizing for his seeming discourtesy in not coming to bid her good-by on his sudden departure for an indefinite time, and telling her that her cruel decision never to marry again had been the cause of it, and that they might never meet again, etc., etc.

To which Nellie, all pale, alarmed and crimson with confusion, penciled an answer, assuring him she had changed her mind, and begging him to come over to lunch, to see her, and meet her brother-in-law, who had only just arrived from abroad.

Of course Mr. Levison came, and it didn't take two minute to settle it, nor did he laugh at her when she solemnly related her experience of the night before.

"For it was his ghost, Harry, just as true as I am alive and speaking to you!"

"A jolly old—I mean, a thoughtful, painstaking spirit, Nellie! Bless his ghostship, we'll hold him in eternal remembrance."

Nor did his countenance change a feature, even when he and Nellie and Fred Willard discussed the marvelously obliging kindness of the departed.

Nor did pretty, blooming, blushing Mrs. Nellie ever for a moment dream that her visitant was Fred himself, assisted by a wig and false whiskers—nor was there any need she should know, for her happiness was secured, her conscience at ease.

The Parisian Dead.

The great holiday and its accompanying sacred season, All Saints' and the "Day of the Dead," are here once more. Yesterday Paris put up its shutters. and the town in the afternoon seemed deserted. The churches were very well filled at the service hours, better perhaps than in previous years. There has been a great revival of religious observance since the war; and the recent political struggle has also contributed to make the clericals more punctilious about church going. They feel that they must have the courage of their opinions, and they are right. As for the day of the dead, it is the most tender observance in France; all classes of population go to the cemeteries, and crown the tombs of their lost with wreaths of immortelles, and with more perishable blossoms. The custom is universal in this country, and in some sections the peasants have very curious ceremonials in connection with the anniversary. In the departments of Brittany and the Maine the peasants, during the night after All Saints', run through the fields bearing fire-brands, the charred pieces of which they carefully preserve as charms against any ill that may befall cattle or other stock. In the neighborhood of Toulouse, until within a few years, on the evening preceding the second of November there were processions in the cemeteries toward the small hours. The clergy conducted a sombre array of maskers and of trembling men and women, who carried long tapers in their hands, and fancied that they saw ghosts at every turn. On such occasions the Dies Irae, and the burial services were chanted. In Paris the tombs of the illustrious dead are literally buried under flowers. Every year some Americans cover the grave of Lafayette with rare blossoms. To the American accustomed now and then to wander through the grassy glades and sylvian dells of our lovely cemeteries at home, there is but little that is attractive in the stone walks and hard, cold looking tombs in this country; but no one can help being touched by the beautiful memorial services here. It becomes yearly more and more of a problem how Paris shall bury its dead. The cemeteries now in use have been dug over, and over, and over, until medical men have cried out, "Beware of the plague! Transport your cemeteries into the country!" But for the Parisian, who is eminently a cockney, a journey to Enghien or Fontainebleau or St. Mauer each time that he wished to stand by the grave of the lost, would seem a terrible trial. Toward the end of the last century there was a pestilence because of the overcrowded condition of the cemeteries, and it was at that time that the famous corridor of human bones, which so many tourists have seen in the Paris catacombs were constructed with the remains taken from the graveyards. The city is dotted all over with the sites of ancient small cemeteries, now almost forgotten. Indeed, every one may be said to walk over the dead every day. Rabelais was buried where the church of Saint Paul now stands; the Saint Joseph market house covers the grave of Moliere; and a few years since the burial place of the great Cardinal Dubois was found in the filthy gutter of a dark cellar. Thus death lurks in the midst of life.—*Edward King's Letter to the Boston Journal.*

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.—He looked rather seedy and hungry as he hung around the corner of Woodward avenue and Fort streets yesterday, but still he compared favorably with a passing friend whom he called Theopolis. After they had shaken hands and vainly tried to borrow some tobacco of each other, the first observed:

"Wonder if many folks are going to keep open house this New Year's?"

"Guess not—don't hear anything about it," answered Theopolis in a dubious tone.

"I tell you," said the other as his face grew long, "it's my opinion that the whole New Year's business is on the wane, and that the day is coming when you'n I will have to go to a free lunch saloon to get our 'wish you happy' fodder. What do you think?"

"I've thunk that way for more'n a year," sadly answered the other, and they slowly drew apart, perhaps forever.—*Detroit Free Press.*

JOHN WELSH, the newly appointed minister to England, is a somewhat tall and slender person, with a pleasant face, half hidden in a gray beard; with large blue eyes, and a well-shaped head covered with profuse gray locks. He has the air and manner of an educated merchant, and has, indeed, been for the most of his life a very successful business man. He is a lavish host and has wealth to support his disposition. It is remembered of him in Philadelphia that when, during Exhibition times, he gave a reception so large as to overflow the limits of his own house, he provided another apartment for his guests by opening to them the new Academy of Fine Arts, to the fund for which institution he was one of the largest contributors.

A FILTER TO PURIFY AIR.—At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Useful Arts, attention was called to the simple method of filtering the air of an apartment. The object is to free the air from dust, excessive dampness, and, possibly, from the germs of malaria. The contrivance consists essentially of a fibrous woven fabric, strengthened by brass wire. It is to be applied to windows and ventilators, and may be of service on railroad cars to exclude dust. It has the merit of checking drafts, while admitting air. Its general use might tend to prevent the spread of malarial disease, and modify the dangers that dirty streets occasion to the health of city residents.

Marvels of Materialization.

A FORM OF MATERIALIZATION IN ENGLAND WITH THE MEDIUM IN VIEW AND WITHOUT A CABINET.

The Medium and Daybreak, of London, gives an account of a seance which Rev. Thomas Cooley and others have had with the celebrated Dr. Monck. The account relates:

"I have just witnessed the most marvelous materialization phenomenon I ever heard or can conceive of. About half-past 6 o'clock this evening, Dr. Donald Kennedy, of Boston, United States, with Dr. Monck, called upon me to accompany me to a hastily improvised and telegram-arranged sitting at the house of a friend near London.

"After some slate writing and other tests, having half an hour to spare, the two ladies of the house joined us, and we sat for materialization. The back room, divided from the front by folding doors (one shut and a curtain partly covering the other), formed the cabinet, which was little needed; for Dr. Monck, under the control of 'Samuel,' was by the light of the lamp—the writer not being a yard away from him—seen by all to be the living gate for the extrusion of the spirit-forms from the realm of mind into this world of matter; for standing forth thus plainly before us, the psychic or spirit form was seen to grow out of his left side. First several faces, one after another, of great beauty appeared, and, in amazement, we saw, and I was suffered to stand close up to the medium, even touching him. I saw most plainly, several times, a perfect face and form of exquisite womanhood partially issue from Dr. Monck about the region of the heart. Then, after several attempts, a full-formed figure—in a nebulous condition at first, but growing solider as it issued from the medium—left Dr. Monck and stood, a separate individuality, two or three feet off, bound to him by a slender attachment as of gossamer, which, at my request, 'Samuel,' in control, severed with the medium's left hand; and there stood embodied a spirit-form of unutterable loveliness, robed in attire spirit-spun, a meshy web-work from no mortal loom, of a fleeciness inimitable, and of transfiguration whiteness truly glistening.

"But Dr. Kennedy was invited to draw equally near and realize more closely with me the marvel of the separate identity of the spirit form from the medium, and as we stood, looking with all our soul upon the mighty fact of spirit-birth from mortal man, Dr. Monck, still entranced, placed the lonely visitant from the inner world between us, and, affording the support, each of an arm, we advanced with our sweet spirit companion some steps farther into the room. Meanwhile, holding the hand of the spirit-arm that rested on mine, I felt the wrist, palm, fingers and finger-nails; it was in every respect a living hand, answering to my touch, yielding to pressure, having natural weight and substance, and all things pertaining to humanity, but it was damp and stone cold; and the thought passed through my mind, how like steam, first invisible, congealed, is then seen as cloudy vapor, which, precipitated, may finally take solid form in ice, this figure at my side had, by a somewhat analogous process, been rendered visible and tangible, from the vital force, viewless and imponderable, of the medium; being, under the chemistry, not yet understood, of the higher life, congealed into the nebulous condition instanced of the the form's first appearance, further to solidify into the lovely creature we supported and wistfully beheld.

"But not to theorize, I come now to the climax of the night's most wonderful phenomena.

"When the first form retired I was, as an extreme favor which might have cost the medium great prostration, permitted to accompany it, and draw near with it slowly and cautiously, until I came again close up to Dr. Monck, as he, still entranced, stood forth full in view of all, waiting to receive back unto himself the æon, phantasm, or emanation that we must call angel or spirit. As it neared him the gossamer filament again came into view, its attenuated and vanishing point being, as before. toward the heart. By means of this subtle cord I noticed how the psychic figure seemed to be sucked back into the body of the medium. For like a waterspout at sea—funnel-shaped—or sand columns, such as I have seen in Egypt, a horizontal instead of vertical, the superior vital power of Dr. Monck seemed to absorb and draw in the spirit-forms but so gradually that I was enabled closely to watch the process; for leaning against and holding the medium, with my left arm at his back and my left ear and cheek to his breast, his heart beating in a most violent and alarming way, I saw him receive back the lovely birth of the invincible spheres into his very person, and as I gazed for the last time on the sweet face of the disintegrating spirit, within three or four inches of the features, I marked its fair aspect, eyes, hair and delicate complexion, and kissed the dainty hand as, in process of absorption, it dissolved, and saw the angel face disappear and fade, as it was drawn, positively, into the bosom of the medium. Gazing thus closely, with awe and breathless interest did I, therefore, watch the departure of our angel friend, and through the living gate and avenue of the medium's very self, did I, with feelings indescribable, mark the steps of her progress to regain through the living organism and body of Dr. Monck, her home in the viewless spheres."

AFTER a careful perusal of the Ingersoll-Prime controversy, we are convinced that Tom Paine didn't die at all, but just chewed a couple of cloves to "hide his breath," unfolded a pair of snowy wings, pulled a golden harp out of his hip-pocket, and went sailing and singing up among the clouds like one of Bret Harte's "Bloody Gulch" angels.

Age of Fraud.

Crime like some diseases, seems to be at times epidemic. The present appears to be an era so peculiarly adapted to the development of crime, in the form of embezzlements and breeches to trust, that one is almost frightened for one's own integrity. Hardly a day passes that does not discover some new and gigantic rascality by which one or few persons have been enriched at the expense of the many trusting drops. Not infrequently, too, are these practices carried on under the cloak of usual piety and great professions of religion. What is the cause, what will be the effect, and when shall we have an end of all this? The cause is apparent. It does not begin with the natural depravity of the luckless thief in all cases; but can be traced in many instances to the desire for show; the extravagance and emulating desire to outshine the neighbors which is such a prevalent passion with our American society. Those people who actually have the money of their own with which to astonish their neighbors, do it so ostentatiously and treat all lesser attempts with such supercilious contempt; that many whose moral and mental caliber are not of the strongest, are led by their desire not to be left behind, to do these things, which, though small at first, soon grow to the proportions and assume the shape of gigantic frauds. Every man or woman, upon a little reflection, will tell you what a poor result dishonesty will show if calculated even without regard to any moral element at all. Yet in the unguarded moment; the man, by some little dishonest act, enables himself to gratify some small extravagance, and he is started on a career which ends—no one knows where. The father and husband is in State Prison or an exile in a foreign land; the mother and wife in a lunatic asylum, and the children—poor, innocent little creatures!—thrown upon the charity of friends and relatives and disgraced forever. This picture is not overdrawn. It has occurred under our very eyes within three months of the present writing. And all for what? That extravagance and ostentation could be maintained before the neighbors.

The effect of this will be a demoralization of our youth and perhaps a greater epidemic of fraud and embezzlement at a future day. The few families who are immediately affected in pocket and affections by these acts, are such a small proportion of the great human society that they are hardly worth considering in the whole breadth of the question; but the effect of these acts upon the minds of our youth; who read of them and become familiarized with them by constant repetition, can hardly be calculated in all its vastness. Right here it behooves parents and guardians to bestir themselves to instil into the minds of those under their care and protection such firm principles of honesty and integrity that a fall will be impossible. Do not teach them that honesty is the best policy. Never let the words honesty and policy be associated together; but teach them to *be honest because it is right*—from motives of principle and not policy, and they will be rewarded by an inward satisfaction which surpasses all ostentatious gratification.

The end of all this crime, fraud, embeszlement and rascality will be when men are honest from principle—because it is right and not because it is the best policy. We may argue up from the "policy" proverb and certainly strike a weak place sooner or later; but when line we are hemmed in on both sides by we start from the "principle" end of the the solid rock of right and *cannot* swerve either to the one side or the other but must keep the straight road to the end of life's journey.

USEFUL AND USELESS HUSBANDS.—The average husband is conceded by all intelligent wives to be utterly useless when at home! He may be acute and skillful at his business, and he may be an affectionate husband and father, but when there is anything to be done in the house in the way of reparing furniture or improvisingcheap substitutes for bed-steads, or mop handles, he is of less value than his own little boy, who often helps his mother. While this is undoubtedly true ef most men, there is occasionally found one whose chief delight consists in continually practicing as an amateur cabinet-maker, plumber, or carpenter. He often prowls about the house, seeking articles upon which he can use a little glue or varnish, and devising plans for filling up the corner of the dining room with a few triangular shelves, and for putting up a wooden mantel piece in the hall bedroom. The sound of his saw and hammer are heard often, and he goes to bed at late hours, with more paint adhering to his fingers than his wife regards as strictly necessary. It is a curious illustration of the perversity of the female sex that a husband with this fondness for doing little useful things is hold among wives to be even more undesirable than the kind of husband who is perfectly useless. He is charged not only with a fiendish fondness for late hammering, but is constantly upbraided because he "makes so many chips." In vain does he explain that planing a board necessarily results in chips, and that sawdust is the inevitable consequence of using a saw. He is told that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that no decent man would think of making chips all over the floor. These things, however, never dishearten a husband of an active disposition, who cannot possibly find any enjoyment in stiting at home and doing nothing at all; to him the little domestic jobs are a relaxation, especially when the nature of his daily routine business is of another kind; and we earnestly implore wives who happen to have such husbands to be indulgent toward them, as they are of really more value to them and their children than those who, when at home, do nothing but fill their rooms with tobacco smoke.

PARROTS, it is said, live 200 years. Barbers live not so long, but talk more.

A Change of Fortune.

Among the many painful scenes witnessed at the English police courts, none are more sad than those that take place on what are called the "removal days." In accordance with the provisions of the Poor Law Removal Act, paupers who have not obtained a "settlement" in Liverpool may be removed by the local authorities—acting under an order of the magistrates—to their native place. A batch of paupers who wished to go back to Ireland were brought to the police court recently. They were the ordinary type that make up the pauper population, but among them was a person holding a distinguished name and belonging to a class who seldom become chargeable to the parish. The "charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaclava will ever be remembered as one of the most daring deeds told in the history of the British army. Prominently associated with this event is the name of Captain Nolan. He was the officer who conveyed from Lord Lucan to Lord Cardigan the order for the Light Brigade to charge the Russian position. A brother of this distinguished officer has got into low water. Once holding rank in the army, and being well known in many capitals of Europe as a soldier who has seen service, and as an educated gentleman, this scion of the house of Nolan became, through a series of events, so poor that he required the aid of the Liverpool local authorities, and had to enter Brownlow Hill workhouse. Among the paupers who were before the magistrates, and who "wished to go back to Ireland" was this Mr. Nolan. The magistrates signed the "order for removal," probably not knowing that they did so in the case of one who was once regarded as an "officer and a gentleman," and the brother of him who was looked upon as the premier sabreur in the English army.

RUSSIA'S WHEAT HAVEST.—Among the latest news items from Europe is a statement that the wheat harvest has almost entirely failed in Russia—that is, in the middle and southern states. But there is an abundant product of wheat in Central Siberia, which is not the sterile and frozen country that is generally believed.

A Russian merchant, whose name (Siberia Koff) indicates the country of his nativity, taking advantage of the enormous product and ridiculously low price of grain in Siberia, has arranged for the dispatch of a large quantity of it from the mouth of the Yenesei, in the northern part of Asiatic Russia, to the port of London, Siberian corn being given in exchange for foreign manufactures, which are scarce and excessively dear in that remote part of Russia, the transmission by sea being comparatively cheap.

If it be asked why this Siberian grain is not sent to the Russians at the seat of war, who greatly require it, the fact is that several thousand miles lie between the Arctic Ocean into which the Yenesei discharges itself and the ports of the Black sea. The delay, cost and distance render such transmission almost impracticable.

BEECHER'S BELIEF.—Last Sunday Henry Ward Beecher used the following language in his sermon: "The doctrine that God has been for thousands of years peopling this earth with human beings, during the period of three-fourths of which it was not illuminated by an altar or church, and in places where a vast population of these people are yet without that light, is to transform the Almighty into a monster more hideous than Satan himself. I swear by all that is sacred that I will never worship Satan, though he should appear dressed in royal robes and seated on the throne of Jehovah. Men may say, 'You will not go to heaven!' A heaven presided over by such a demon as that who has been peopling this world with millions of human beings and then sweeping them off into hell, not like dead flies, but without taking the trouble even to kill them, and gloating and laughing over their eternal misery, is not such a heaven as I want to go to. The doctrine is too horrible. I cannot believe it and I won't."

STATE SCHOOL STATISTICS.—The biennial report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction sets forth the facts that there are 200,067 children in California between the ages of 5 and 17 years; number enrolled in the public schools, 135,335; daily average attendance, 89,538. There are 3,167 teachers, of whom 1,184 are men and 1,983 women. The average pay of this army of preceptors per month is—men, $84 93; women, $68 01. Number of children in the State attending public schools, 150,344, and 49,935 attend no school. The total cost of the school system in California the past year (allowing ten per cent. for the use of $5,933,243 worth of school property) exclusive of the cost of text-books, was $3,343,533 82. The report recommends that text-books be furnished pupils free, and that steps be taken for the recovery of school lands improperly alienated.

IT is a puzzle to most people to understand what is meant by the terms "Right," "Left," "Right Centre" and "Left Centre," as applied to the groups of members in the Chamber of Deputies in France. This is the explanation: The Right of the French Chamber is composed of Bonapartists, Legitimists and Orleanists, the first being in the majority of this side. The Left consists of Republicans. The Right Centre is composed of Moderate Monarchists and the Left Centre of Moderate Republicans. That is, the moderate men compose the Centre, the right of which are at heart Monarchists and the left of which are at heart Republicans.

TWO ragged little urchins were standing in the gutter looking at a lady who had just fallen down on the pavement. "It isn't so much that I like oranges," observed one of them, "but what a lot of people you can bring down with the peel."

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