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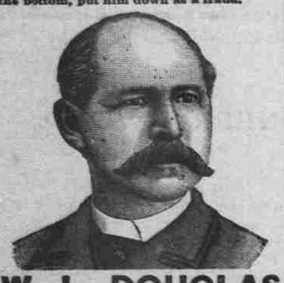

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Metempsychosis.

The printer was busy in front of his case
When slowly a smile made its way o'er his face,
As he thought what a field was presented to view,
In case transmigration should prove to be true;
And his fancy, in light typographical play,
Wove itself round the theme in the following way:

There's a girl ever peering with curious eyes,
In hopes of a "find" to amuse or surprise.
Your letters she holds to the flare of the light
To see if the signature's somewhere in sight.
Upon her demise, if our guess we don't miss,
She'll return to our view in a shape like to this:

Another is fair as the lily that nods
A salute to the sun as through heaven he plods,
But astonishment has her held tight in its spell,
She's filled with surprise o'er each fact that you tell,
With "Goodness!" "Oh My!" and the like she's so free
That some day like this she will certainly be:

And one has a temper like pepper, cayenne;
Hurls angry explosives with tongue and with pen,
Each word is as sharp as the sting of a bee,
Each sentence as long as a wind from the sea,
Keenest satire condensed has its home in her mind,
A form like to this she will certainly find:

But one is as tenderly soft as the light
Which beams on the earth from the sky's vaulted height,
No star in the heavens has radiance more clear
Than this acme of all that can charm and endear.
Her likeness? The types are in woeful disgrace,
For this is the best to be found in the place:

—Washington Post.

"FIFTY CENTS A TICKET."

She was spreading towels and tablecloths on the crisp, short grass to bleach, when he saw her first—a slim, Diana-like young creature, with large, limpid eyes, a brown skin not entirely innocent of freckles and a mass of jetty shining hair, which had broken loose from its coarse horn comb and fell in ink-black ripples down her back. There was a little 'brook twining its transparent sparkles around the guarled roots of an ancient tree, and a back-ground of black-green laurel, which with the sun-bathed meadow in front, made a sort of rustic picture that struck Paul Gessner's artistic fancy as he crossed the wooden bridge.

"I should like to sketch her," he thought to himself. "I wonder, now, what she would say to it!"

But before he could get his pencil and mill-boards out the young Diana had poised her empty basket lightly on her head and was gone.

"I'm sorry for that," soberly pondered Gessner. "She had a brilliant Charlotte Corday sort of a face that would have stood the test of perpetuation on paper!"

And then Mr. Gessner went into the inn and set himself at work to elaborate the notes of his lecture on "The Literature of Queen Anne's Time," which was to be delivered the next evening at the village hall.

There were plenty of people at the inn. Brookbridge was a wild, sylvan sort of place, which attracted people in the summer season. Every farm-house and cottage in the vicinity was crowded, and a "lecture" was something to stir the stagnation of their every-day life. Moreover, Paul Gessner had a reputation for scholarly polish and graceful wit which had reached even to Brookbridge. In our New England villages the cooks are often æsthetic, and the hired men critics, and everybody was talking of the lecture.

"Can't I go?" said Natty Purple. "Oh, I wish I could go!"

The towels and table-cloths were all bleached whiter than snow, between the daisied grass and the July sunshine, and Natty was sprinkling and folding them now, with quick, deft fingers, in an obscure corner of the kitchen.

"You go, indeed!" said Miss Carry Podham, who condescended, to wait at table during the crowded season. "You've too much to do in the kitchen, and besides the tickets are fifty cents each!"

Natty Purple sighed dolorously.

"Fifty cents!" she repeated. "Oh, then of course it's out of the question!"

For Natty's slender wages were all of them expended in the support of a good-for-nothing old grandsire who, when he was not drinking a great deal too much whisky, was suffering unheard-of agonies with the rheumatism. She never wore anything but calico, and drudged away in the inn kitchen like a modern Cinderella, without any of the eclat which, in ancient story, appertained to that young person.

But later in the evening the head stable-man looked into the kitchen, where Cinderella was darning a well-worn table-napkin and Mrs. Podham was preparing brook trout for a breakfast for the morrow's early travelers.

"Where's Jim?" said the head stableman.

"Gone out," said Mrs. Podham, curtly.

"I want some one to row one of the boarders out on the lake," said the stableman.

"He's a picter-painter, I guess. He wants moonlight effects, he says" (with a chuckle.)

"I'd a deal ruther hev feather-pillow effects myself. Then where is Dick?"

"Dick never's on hand when he's wanted," Mrs. Podham replied. "I haven't seen him since supper."

"Then he'll lose a 50 cent job," said the stableman. "Well, I s'pose I can hunt up some one somewhere."

"Fifty cents!" cried Natty Purple, springing to her feet. "I'll go, Thomas! I'm handy with the oars, and I'm just perishing for a breath of cool air from the water."

"Them napkins isn't mended," croaked Mrs. Podham, discouraging.

"I'll finish 'em when I come back," said Natty, coaxingly. "Do let me go, just once!"

So that when Mr. Gessner came out to the edge of the lake with his picturesque Spanish cloak thrown across one shoulder, and his sketching apparatus under his arm, Nattie Purple sat in the boat ready to row him whether he would go.

"Hello!" said Paul. "Why, you're a girl!"

"Yes, I'm a girl," apologetically confessed Natty. "But I'm a good hand to row, and I know all about the lake. I can take you straight to Echo Cove, where the water-lilies grow thickest, and past the Old Indian rock, and——"

"Agreed," said Paul, good-humoredly. "But was there no man about the place to undertake this disagreeable job?"

"Oh, it isn't disagreeable," said Natty, earnestly. "I like to row! And, besides, I do so much want to earn 50 cents!"

"Do you?" said Paul, as the little boat, propelled by Natty's skillful strokes, vanished into the deep shadow of the overhanging birches that fringed the lovely tides. "May I venture to ask why?"

"Oh, yes," said Natty. "It's no secret, I want to go to the lecture tomorrow night."

Paul Gessner smiled to himself in the moonlight, as he sat there like a Spanish gondolier.

"Do you suppose it will be very interesting?" said he.

"Interesting!" echoed Natty. "Of course it will be. Haven't you heard? Mr. Gessner is to deliver a lecture on the literature of Queen Anne's time."

"And who is Mr. Gessner?" demanded the young man.

"If you don't read the magazines, of course you can't be expected to know," said Natty Purple, with some natural impatience. "But I have read everything he writes. He is stopping at our place now, they tell me."

"Is he?" said Paul. "You are the landlady's daughter, I presume?"

"No, I am not," acknowledged honest Natty. "I help in the kitchen. "I am Natalie Purple."

"Well, then, to be honest with you, Miss Purple," said Paul, feeling a sting of conscious, "I am Paul Gessner!"

Nattie gave such a start that the boat careened dangerously to one side.

"You!" she cried.

"Yes, I! Now, if you will take me safe to the Echo Cove I will give you a complimentary ticket. So there!"

"No," said Nattie, with true womanly pride, "I accept no favors, even though I am nothing but a working girl. If I am to have a ticket at all I prefer to to earn it.

Paul was silent. In truth, and in fact, he felt a little ashamed in the presence of this flute-voiced, independent young beauty.

"You must have read a great deal," said he at last.

"Oh! I have," said Natty. "We are not so busy in winter, you see, and besides, all the girls lent me their newspapers and magazines. But I never expected to see a gentleman who wrote books."

"I hope he comes up to your expectation," said Paul.

"I must have time to make up my mind about that," said Natty, with all good faith.

And once again our hero found himself at a loss for something to say.

Aut when he came out into the moonbathed glories of the Echo Cove, where all the world was steeped in silver softness and the matted masses of water-lillies were swinging to and fro on the tides like emerald carpets, his tongue was loosened once again, and before they came back, he and Nattie Purple were on terms of the pleasantest acquaintanceship.

But he had not sketched half so much as he had expected.

"The light was so uncertain," he said, "he could reproduce it better by the next day's memory."

Nattie went to the lecture with her 50-cent piece and listened with a grave and critical intentness, which spurred Paul Gessner on to his highest elocutionary effects.

"It was very good," she said the next day, "very good, indeed. It has given me something to think about. And, oh, dear! I have so much time for thinking!"

"Natty," said Mr. Gessner (everybody called the girl "Natty" here), "I have been wondering why you stay here at all."

"Where else should I stay?" she questioned him, with simple directness.

"Why do you not go to Boston and teach school?" he questioned.

"Oh!" cried Natty, clasping her hands eagerly, "do you think there would be any possibility of my obtaining a situation there?"

"We must see what can be done," said Paul, reflectively.

So Grandfather Purple was left in charge of a thrifty neighbor and staid by himself that winter, while Natty went to Boston to try her luck in one of the grammer schools. In the spring she came back, apparently transformed into a new creature.

"I didn't want you," growled the old man. "The Widow Malley takes good enough care of me. To tell you the truth, we was married last week, and Mrs. Purple she don't want no step-granddarters around."

"Oh, grandfather, I am so glad!" cried Natalie, turning pink and white in one breath. "Because I am not coming back to stay, Mr. Gessner——"

"Oh, I understand," said Grandfather Purple, chuckled hoarsely. "You're going to be married, too."

"Yes," said Natty, "I'm going to be married."

Thus ended the little Brookbridge idyl. Natalie was happy. So was Paul Gessner. As for Grandfather Purple and his elderly bride, let us hope that they were not very unhappy. For the roses and nightingales of life can not be enjoyed by every one and the springtide of the world comes but once—*Amy Randolph in N. Y. Ledger.*

Titles of Nobility.

It is difficult to understand why people should be willing to pay such long prices for titular distinctions for their daughters, says a Paris letter to the New York *World*, when it would cost them so much less to acquire a title for themselves which they could leave to their children and which has the great advantage of being free from any encumbrance. Nowadays nothing is easier than to develop into a duke, marquis, or count, and at a very small outlay. I remember being accosted once in the Villa gardens in Naples by an old gentleman, who introduced himself as Prince Dei Cittadini, and who after sundry preliminary offers to adopt me as his son for a trifling consideration of $40 and the expenses of the legal document which would have entitled me to wear the name and honors of the Dei Cittadini family. The man's title was all right. He was the representative of one of the oldest Roman families, and, being dead-broke, made a precarious living in this way. He told me that he had more than 100 adopted children, and that accordingly there were that number of princes of the Dei Cittadini family in existence. The title of each of these was perfectly genuine as the Italian law stands, and the name is a most illustrious one. In France one sees every day advertisements in the papers from nobles offering to adopt people who may wish to bear a sonorous name, and these offers are frequently taken advantage of by ambitious persons' sons. A case happened some time ago where a young marquis adopted as his son and heir a middle-aged grocer, who had retired from business with a large fortune and wishes to do some shining in society. He figures now as a count, and should his juvenile adopted father die before him he will blossom out into a full-blooded marquis. And there are many other ways of getting a handle to one's name without marrying some greedy dead-beat. There is a worthy American dentist living in Paris at this moment who some years ago acquired an Italian title, and who is now recognized as a marquis of the first water. His eldest son is a count, the next is a viscount, and the third is chevalier. Their drawing-room is covered with coats-of-arms, and on either side of the fireplace hangs a gigantic pedigree, which any one can get from the heraldic office in London for about a guinea.

He Was Cut Out for a Lawyer.

One of Col. "Bob" Ingersoll's stories is that he found himself alone in the office one day while as a young man he was studying law with a firm out West. He was interrupted by the entrance of a raw-boned, sharp-featured country-woman, who ambled into the room, leading a freckled-faced, watery-eyed 10-year-old boy by the hand. "Air you the lawyer?" she began. On being answered in the affirmative she went on to say that she had brought her boy Jim to town for the purpose of bind ng him out at the "lawyerin' trade." She was morally certain, she averred, that Jim was a born lawyer, and that all he needed was a "vance. "But, madam," objected the Colonel, "he is entirely too young to begin the study of law." "Too young, indeed," sniffed the fond mother, contemptuously; "you don't know Jim. He was jest born for a lawyer." Much amused the Colonel asked her on what grounds she based her hopes of future greatness at the bar for her darling child. "Why," said she, "when he was only 7 years old he struck work and swore he wouldn't do another lick if he got killed for it. When he was 8 he got sassy, and put on more airs than a prize horse at the country fair, and now, Law bless me, he jest freezes onto everything he can lay his hands on."—*N. Y. Star.*

A Sagacious Elephant.

A Bombay paper relates an incident illustrative of the sagacity of the elephant. A battering train had to cross the sandy bed of a river which at the time contained but a shallow stream of water. An artilleryman who was seated on the timbrel of one of the guns accidently fell off and would have been run over by the wheels had not the elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, instantly, without any warning from its keeper lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.

Edwin Forrest.

From Joseph Jefferson's autobiography, now running in the *Century*, we quote the following: "Edwin Forrest, with all his faults, had warm and generous impulses. I know of one instance where a poor, old actress went to him in distress. In former years he had known her father and respected him. Touched by her appeal for assistance, he lent her a large sum of money, with the almost certain knowledge that he would never get it back again. It was never made public; no one knew of it but the receiver and myself. The Forrest Home has done much good, and is likely to do more; and those actors who either by age or by infirmities have been debarred the privilege of following their profession will naturally be grateful for this rich legacy.

"Even in the days of his theatrical fame and prosperity Forrest was an austere man, as he grew older he became morbidly misanthropical, holding himself aloof from all but his most intimate friends. The latter part of his life was embittered, too, by illness and loss of public favor. Until the closing years of his career he had been blessed with perfect health; this became suddenly shattered, and the unexpected attack wrecked his dramatic power. He might have borne the stroke of illness, but to one whose imperious nature could not brook the faintest slight the loss of public admiration was a heavy blow; one, too, that would have shocked a wiser and more even-tempered man than Edwin Forrest. Still he toiled on, and was unjustly censured for acting past his powers. But what was he do? His physicians told him he must act if he would live; the wheel must be kept in motion or it would fall. His performances in the larger cities were given to empty houses, while bright and youthful aspirants were drawing from him all his old adherents. His former friends forsook him, and naturally, too; they could not bear the pain of witnessing their favorite of other days declining night by night. No actor can hope to hold an interest in his audience merely by what he has done in years gone by; in acting it is the present that the public have to deal with, not the past. To witness age and decrepitude struggling to conceal their weakness in the mimic scene is too painful. The greater our affection for the artist the less can we bear to see him suffer and go down.

"In the vain hope of struggling on, the old tragedian sought 'the provinces.' Here the people flocked in crowds to see the great actor that they had heard of in their childhood; not with the faintest hope that they would find the grandeur of the past but from the curious desire to see a ruined tower just before it falls.

Women at the New England Bar.

Women have been admitted to the bar in all the New England States except New Hampshire and Vermont. Mrs. Ricker, a successful practitioner in Washington, has now asked permission to practice law in New Hampshire.

It is figured that it would take $100,000,000 to give every poor person in the world an oyster stew, a roast of beef, and a mince pie.

SOME THOUGHTS OF EDISON.

The Great Inventor's Conception of Matter and Belief in God.

The following extract is from "Talks with Edison," by George Parsons Lathrop, in *Harper's Magazine*. In addition to being extremely practical in his thoughts and processes, Edison has a rich imagination of a creating sort, and moods of ideal dreaming in his particular line. One day at dinner he suddenly spoke, as if out of a deep revery, saying what a great thing it would be if a man could have all the component atoms of himself under complete control, detachable and adjustable at will. "For instance," he explained, "then I could say to one particular atom in me—call it atom No. 4320—'Go and be part of a rose for a while.' All the atoms could be sent off to become parts of different minerals, plants, and other substances. Then, if by just pressing a little push-button they could be called together again, they would bring back their experiences while they were parts of those different substances, and I should have the benefit of the knowledge."

Of course this was only a passing fancy, an imaginative way of expressing the constant desire which exists in the inventor's mind for a more intimate knowledge of the nature of things concerning which he has already learned so much. This desire is gratified to the farthest practicable extent by the great store of all sorts of materials—animal, vegetable and mineral—collected in his laboratory, where he experiments upon and combines their various properties as a composer plays upon the instruments of his orchestra. Indeed, in this large imaginative aspect of his mind Edison distinctly reminds me of men having creative musical or poetic or artistic genius. The mingled abstraction and fire in their faces and eyes are noticeable in his, at times, when he emerges from some private room in the laboratory where he has been engaged in deep inventive work.

The above remark about the atoms, too, recalls a statement which he once made to me regarding his conception of matter. "I do do not believe," he said, "that matter is inert, acted upon by an outside force. To me it seems that every atom is possessed by a certain amount of primitive intelligence. Look at the thousand ways in which atoms of hydrogen combine with those of other elements, forming the most diverse substances. Do you mean to say that they do this without intelligence? Atoms in harmonious and useful relation assume beautiful or interesting shapes and colors, or give forth a pleasant perfume, as if expressing their satisfaction. In sickness, death, decomposition, or filth, the disagreement of the component atoms immediately makes itself felt by bad odors. Gathered together in certain forms, the atoms constitute animals of the lower orders. Finally they combine in man, who represents the total intelligence of all the atoms."

"But where does this intelligence come from originally?" I asked.

"From some power greater than ourselves."

"Do you believe, then, in an intelligent Creator, a personal God?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Edison. "The existence of such a God can, to my mind, almost be proved from chemistry."

Surely it is a circumstance calculated to excite reflection, and to cause a good deal of satisfaction, that this keen and penetrating mind, so vigorously representing the intelligence—the mind of a remarkable exponent of applied science, and of a brilliant and prolific inventor who has spent his life in dealing with the material part of the world—should so confidently arrive at belief in God through a study of those media that often obscure the perception of spiritual things.

Alabaster Feet.

A stylish girl, if her feet are rather large, will seek to compensate for this disadvantage by cultivating shapeliness in them, says the N.Y. *Star*, by following the directions of a good manicure—or "pedicure," as you will.

Many belles are willing to sacrifice, to some extent, the appearance of their feet in public by wearing large shoes, in order to preserve inviolate their beauty when the feet are bare.

If a girl wears a proper shoe, when the foot is bare and she stands upon it in the privacy of her bedroom it will be as pretty and delicate as a baby's. The instep will be high, the heel delicately formed, and the skin as white as alabaster, with possibly blue veins showing through. The general form of the foot will be slender, the toes tapering, parallel, and separated by about the thickness of a sheet of paper and adorned with pink-tinted nails. A girl who has such feet as these—and there are many who have them—well may take pride and pleasure in contemplating them.

Raising the Coffee Plant.

We were out on Sunter's coffee plantation a few days since, and were surprised to see what he had done, says a writer in the Hilo *Record*. In less than a year he has cleaned in the heavy forest ten acres of land and set out over nine thousand coffee plants He has done all the work himself, and it shows up well. The first-planted coffee trees show growth of from ten inches to two feet, and look thrifty. The only blight we could discover was where the coffee had been planted under kukui trees, and since they have been cut down the coffee is recovering from the blight. But the second year from now there is but little doubt that many of the trees planted will commence to bear. This *ua* soil seems to be the home of the coffee, and we hope that in a few years there will be not only ten acres, but 10,000. The labor of cleaning is comparatively little. And it will be necessary to let most of the ohia trees stand for shade to the plants.

Record of a Day.

What is the life of a fashionable and emancipated lady? Let us turn to the *Nineteenth Century* and read what Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell has to say. Here is a specimen of the day's routine:

She plays with the children.

She gives orders to the cook and other servants.

She arranges for the reception of visitors (expected and unexpected).

She takes a turn t Herbert Spencer.

She settles a dispute between butler and gardener (the gardener had "given orders" to the butler).

She confutes the French governess, who complains of the eldest daughter (qu'elle etait d'une impertinence incroyable).

She soothes the board schoolmaster (the curate had been presuming).

She pacifies a tenant who wants his rent reduced and doesn't like being bitten in the leg by a pet mastiff.

She goes for a drive with her husband.

She opens a music hall and makes a speech.

She reads the Bible to a sick woman in the parish.

She receives her guests.

She explains to her husband why the fish isn't up to the mark.

And then perhaps she writes an article for a monthly magazine. No wonder that nervous exhaustion is becoming as frequent among hard-living women as gout among hard-drinking men.

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WHAT TREMENDOUS PREPARATIONS!

More About the Coming War in Europe —From the Posen "Courier."

The day that war is declared between France and Germany what will happen? At first there will be, of course, the general mobilization according to the new method which the German staff has recently adopted. On the German side that mobilization will be effected in a short time. In less than seven days a little over 1,400,000 men will be concentrated on the frontier at the points fixed by the general staff. The cars are ready, and the coal for the railroads was laid in long ago.

Four or five days after the first advance 800,000 men will form the second line. Finally there will be the landstrum with about 1,100,000 on the first call. All these troops are thoroughly drilled and armed with repeating rifles. The artillery and cavalry have all that is necessary for undertaking a campaign. One can imagine, therefore, what the next war will be. It will be frightful and merciless. It is quite possible that the victors will be just as much exhausted and decimated as the conquered. Certainly the Franco-German war of 1870 will look like child's play compared with the coming struggle, which everybody is talking about, but which nobody but a madman would desire.

We do not believe there is a sensible man in all Germany who does not pray for a long peace, because the next war, even if it should result in a victory for Germany, must make more widows and orphans than all the wars of Europe during the last hundred years.

Under the title of "How Shall We Attack in the Coming War?" a pamphlet has recently appeared in Berlin, supposed to be the work of a staff officer. It treats of the present conditions of attack by infantry, in view of all the changes of tactics made necessary by the repeating rifle and the smokeless powder. "We can no longer count," says the writer, "upon our superiority in numbers and in armament. There is only one superiority of tactics, and our tactics must be adapted to the conditions of modern arms. Now, these conditions have changed with the enemy, and we must soon do like him. It is high time to study the effects which the new arms must have upon the tactics of battle, upon the way to lead troops into action. In future all infantry which is not completely hors de combat is invulnerable in front. The success of an attack according to the old principles of warfare must prove an exception and a repulse the rule. This does not mean that a position cannot in future be carried; every position can be carried, but not in front.

"In the next war the German infantry cannot count, as in '70-'71, upon the support of the artillery, for the enemy has made as much progress in artillery as Germany, if not more, and, considering the range of the present rifles, the artillery must keep itself at a greater distance than it did in years past, and leave the battle to be decided by the infantry. The advantage of superiority of individual firing also tends to decline at long range, and, above all, with weapons so easily handled as the modern small bore."

The pamphlet concludes witht the assertion that while the offensive is still the best form of combat, and the one to be recommended, it must fail entirely if the enemy is not enveloped by turning movements by which he can be placed under converging fires.

Miss Iturbide's Romance.

How many are there who recall the association of the Iturbides with the late Empress of Brazil? Miss Iturb'de, daughter of the unfortunate Mexican potentate, was an intimate friend of the Empress, and during her visit to New York spent much time with her. Two decades ago the name of Iturbide was as well known as that of Dom Pedro to-day. Mexico has always offered the spectacular to the view of nations, and Iturbide's career was in keeping with Mexican mise en scenes. Miss Iturbide returning to Philadelphia always kept up a certain state. She conducted herself with the dignity of royalty, and commanded always a peculiar kind of respect, even from her few intimate friends.

Her life had its romance. When quite young she fell in love and became engaged to a naval officer. State reasons obliged her to separate from him. The engagement was broken. Years went by. After her father's downfall Miss Iturbide met Captain ——, then Admiral ——, but pride forbade her accepting his advances. They met frequently, but never spoke, each waited for a signal from the other. When on her deathbed she whispered to an attendant to seek him. As chance had it Admiral ——, having heard of her illness, was at that moment about to enter the house. The servent sent to summon him met him without recognition and explained that her mistress could see no one! He lingered a moment on the door-step, ringing the bell at last, left his name and sadly walked away! So the pride of years had its most pathetic fall.

After her death it was found that in a memorandum she had left word that he only was to see her in death. They sent for him, of course, and he kept the lonely tryst with the woman whom only pride and political influence had kept from happiness as his wife. No other human being save those needed for her interment looked again upon her face. A painted photograph taken of her and the Empress of Brazil together shows Miss Iturbide as a brilliant, dark-eyed, olive-skinned girl of 25, with rippling waves of hair and a peculiarly attractive smile.

Opoponax.

The opoponax tree is not only a very pleasant but profitable one to the ladies of Charleston, S. C. The *News and Courier* remarks: "There are a score or more of ladies in Charleston who actually get all their winter dresses from the opoponax trees in their gardens. A young lady who has a tree in her garden has already realized $23 from the sale of their flowers, and her neighbor, who has a younger tree, has bought a handsome winter cloak from the proceeds of her tree. The flowers are made up in tiny button-hole bouquets, and are given to the cook's son to sell. He sells them at 5 cents a bouquet, and has no trouble in disposing of them to northern tourists who pass through the city."

It is estimated that there are 8,000,000 orange and lemon trees in California, mostly in the southern section.

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ON BUYING TRASH.

No one would deliberately set out for the purpose of buying trash, yet few escape the folly of bringing home from a shopping expedition things which have tempted away our money, without satisfying any real or æsthetic need. We voluntarily surround ourselves with trashy knick-knacks from the shops, which, after the excitement of the purchase is over, seem anything but desirable. Such investments are only too familiar: the vase, fine neither in form nor color, but, only thirty-five cents; Japanese fans, so cheap that we indulge in several, since each costs so little; the tiny teapot of some choice ware, marked down because of a broken handle, for which our purse is the dollar lighter; the ribbon how to conceal the defect in the teapot handle, for which we part with another little sum in order to place a most inappropriate decoration on china; do we bring home joys forever in such purchases as these?

If only we might have realized before parting with our money, that the ribbon-bedecked, broken piece of china could not satisfy the real desire of our heart for a pretty teapot! and that, with the amount expended on the tasteless vase, superfluous fans, handless teapot and the misplaced ribbon, we might have possessed a little teapot of real value instead of trash!

The true pleasures of buying can not be realized by those who indulge in trash, they lose the happy choosing of that which is to gratify some long-felt want; of that which it is to be the tangible result of thoughtful deliberation, and abstinence for anything in the nature of trash. Such pleasure Elia describes as shared by "Cousin Bridget" of the essays and himself in the purchase of rare books and "the old print after Leonardo," in the days when a purchase "used to be triumph" for them.

With people of limited means the frittering away of dimes, quarters and half dollars on this, that, and the other thing, that we should often be better off without is a serious matter, and until taught by long experience to value money properly, many women are sad wasters in this direction. Seeming luxuries, longed for with a reasonable longing, are not to be thought of seriously until their phantom "ship comes in;" while little packages return from a day's shopping containing cheap gloves, fussy fancy-work, or materials purchased in the name of Art by one who has not learned to draw.

In the home of the wise shopper we shall find no trash; in its place, are well-chosen objects, few it may be, but each good of its kind. New books of worth we shall find there, and artistic needlework; bright bits of pottery or delicate porcelain, and photographs of some of the treasures of the old-world galleries, all gathered together slowly and fondly with the saved-up small change that by the thoughtless buyer might have been exchanged for trash.

Things of worth and beauty are not alone for those to whom "a purchase is not a purchase," since they "have money enough and to spare." A share of the beautiful may come to each of us who will wisely plan and wait for it, instead of snatching up rash. A good-sized photograph of some favorite picture (of a Madonna, perhaps, with sweet up-lifting face), may be had for one dollar and a half, and the same amount will glaze and frame the picture.

A simple bamboo frame for a cabinet photograph, of neatest construction, and pretty withal, was lately found in a Japanese store for one of those dimes that so easily slip from our grasp on the ten cent counter. Knowing the better things, our prudent holder of the sleuder purse can pass, untempted, the crowded counters loaded with crude wares of various kinds. For, looking at those wares as the result of poor workmanship, and poorer taste, she sees them in their true light, and finds them only trash.—*Good Housekeeping.*

The Congo River of To-Day.

From an article under the above title in the *Century*, by one of Stanley's former officers, we quote the following: "On the Congo there are no beasts of burden, there existing merely a manual transport, the porters being the natives of the Bakongo tribe, inhabiting the cataract regions. In phys que these men are slight and only poorly developed; but the fact of their carrying on their heads from sixty to one hundred pounds' weight twenty miles a day for sometimes six consecutive days, their only food being each day a little manioc root, an ear or two of maize, or a handful of peanuts, pronounces them at once as men of singularly sound stamina. Small boys of eight and nine years old are frequently met carrying loads of twenty pounds' weight.

"Throughout the cataract region the general accepted money currency is Manchester cotton cloth made up into pieces of six yards each. The European cost of the cloth paid to these natives for transporting a load to Stanley Pool from Matadi, including rations, amounts at the present day to five dollars for a load of sixty-five pounds. Five years ago the cost was only one-third of this amount; but it has increased on account of the opposition of the various trading houses that they have established stations at Stanley Pool for the ivory trade on the upper river."

The hair are