

THE PASTOR.

They carried pie to the pastor's house,
And they scattered the floor with crumbs,
And marked the leaves of his choicest books
With the prints of their greasy thumb.
They piled his dishes high and thick
With a lot of unhealthy cake,
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls
Which the pastor's wife did make.
They hung round Clytie's classic neck
Their apple-parings in sport,
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout
Spilt his tea on the pianoforte.
Next day the parson went down on his knees
With his wife, but not to pray;
Oh, no! 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt
From the carpet and stairs away.

BEETHOVEN'S LOST LOVE.

A few miles from Naples, in a beautiful, secluded valley, stands the summer palace of the Count Paolo Guicciardi. Evidently there has been spared neither pains or money to make it a luxurious and unrivaled resort for the wealthy and ancient family who possess it.

To-night the spacious and elegant saloons are brilliantly lighted. The forms of many people promenading up and down can be vaguely distinguished through the half-opened windows; and the mingled hum of conversation floats on the balmy, midsummer air and dies languidly away in the distance.

It is the grand soiree given by the count in honor of the distinguished Beethoven, who has been a welcome and honored guest during the past few weeks. Yet to-morrow he leaves for the more uncongenial clime of his own native Germany, at the earnest solicitation of his noble host. The reason is quite apparent; a mutual and passionate love has sprung up between the lovely Countess Julia and himself—almost at first sight.

Consequently he must be banished, as the difference between rank and fortune renders marriage out of the question. As a still more effective step, she is betrothed to the Duc de Montpensier, the French ambassador. And it is he with whom she so listlessly promenades to-night.

Beethoven is the reluctant center of an admiring audience and he seems like a half-tamed lion at bay, growling now and then a disdainful reply, and tossing his royal head in defiance. His eye roves over the multitude as if in search of something lost. Suddenly he strides forward and in another moment confronts the duke and his affianced.

"Countess," he says in a low, distinct tone, "you promised me the pleasure of a boat ride before I left Italy. The evening is inviting, the gondola is ready—let us go."

She blushes deeply and stammers a few apologetic words in the ear of her escort, who hesitatingly relinquishes her to Beethoven, sullenly following them with his eyes as they glide out of the room into the open air—into the loveliest of scenes—permeated by the rarest of flowers.

The night is perfect. Overhead the moon, attired in her full regal splendor, sails majestically in the liquid azure. On either side the silver crested mountains rise mysteriously, and rear their shaggy, uncouth heads to receive the tender caresses of their radiant queen. The twinkle of the stars, the ripple of the lake, and the sighing of the breeze, are in complete harmony. Earth, ocean, and heaven are reconciled. The music of the spheres is no longer a mere expression, but a mighty symphony, lulling the restless ere-geist into a peaceful, dreamless repose.

Beethoven leads his beloved slowly along a narrow hidden path, over which the trees form a nearly perfect arch. Both maintain a sombre silence until a little grotto is reached, situated directly on the borders of a beautiful lake. He places her on the low stone bench, and throws himself down at her feet.

Fastening her large, dreamy eyes full upon his upturned face, she murmurs:

"Ah, Luigi"—thus the liquid musical Italian softens the harsh, guttural Ludwig—"why do you make our parting so cruelly hard to bear? Why must you mingle the sweet with the bitter? Why cause us to endure the pangs of purgatory with paradise still in our view?"

The hitherto unmoved and expressionless face of her companion suddenly becomes vivid and intense with suppressed passion.

"Why," he exclaims fiercely, "why do you ask me why? Must we drain this proffered cup of bitterness to the very dregs? Why not hurl it back into the faces of those who offer it? What care we for the world and its gilded glamor of hollowness and hypocrisy?" Then in a softer and more subdued tone: "Julia, I have provided means for our escape—let us fly. In a few hours we can be safely concealed in yonder mountains, where even the all-powerful arm of your father cannot reach us. After the first hot scent of pursuit has grown cold we can sail for America, and pass the remainder of our lives devoted to love and music."

His flushed and eager face, quivering with passionate expectancy, is turned to her, and his great, lustrous eyes flash their lurid fires into hers; magnetizing her being with a mysterious yet overwhelming force. For one brief moment she allows herself to be drawn into the wild enthusiasm of her lover, but quickly recovers herself and mournfully replies:

"Ah, my poor Luigi, it cannot, cannot be. I am betrothed to the duke, not for the sole purpose of preventing my union with you, as you suppose, but that my father may redeem the fortune and estate—nay, even honor—of his family. The instant my marriage takes place the duke stands pledged for a large sum to my father. So you see that my hand is already sold to the highest bidder, and is not at my disposal. My heart,

however, has long been yours, and ever shall till death reunites us for eternity. Until then, farewell, my Beethoven. Return to your native land, which is already clamorous for your presence. Let the world resound with your fame while I sink into nameless oblivion as the wife of a petty French nobleman. My spirit shall constantly commune with yours through the inspired medium of your music."

Taking his pallid face between her hands she kissed him; while the glittering tears which rolled down her own colorless cheeks in the white moonlight mingled freely with his.

In a voice deep and tremulant with emotion he exclaims: "O blessed, blessed angel, thou hast baptized my soul with thy tears, and henceforth it is consecrated to thee—thine alone. If aught shall tarnish the lustre of our love in future life, may heaven mercifully close mine ears to all human music, and let naught but the love throbs of thy heart at this hour thrill my memory."

They stand, statue-like, closely clasped in each other's arms for a few enraptured moments, when the countess, sadly smiling through her tears, faintly whispers: "Farewell, my beloved. A most glorious destiny awaits thee. Devote thyself to music. It will quickly efface my image from thy heart, and soon, alas! thou wilt forget me."

"Never," he replies vehemently, "never. Each separate note which flows from my music hereafter, will be a love greeting to thee. My music shall be a complete history of my soul in its yearning for thee. Promise me, dearest one, never to doubt me."

She nodded her head in silent acquiescence, and after one more long, fervent embrace, one more clinging, passionate kiss, one more thrilling, deep searching interchange of tearful eyes—they parted, and in silence retraced their steps to the palace.

The short moments which formed such an important epoch in these two human lives passed almost unnoticed in the gay crowd of revelers. Yet when Beethoven entered the room, his countenance wore such a weird, unearthly expression, that it seemed to exert a strange and powerful influence upon the whole assembly. The most breathless silence prevailed as he mechanically moved toward the piano, which stood directly between the two large windows.

The moonlight streamed full upon him, and appeared to envelop his form with a pale, ghastly radiance. His eyes were fixed upon vacancy, and seemed not to possess physical sight, but to be mere windows through which his soul gleamed vividly forth.

When one dips his head at night under water there is an awful stillness round about him; into a similar supernatural stillness did the audience seemed plunged when Beethoven touched the first few resonant chords. His lips moved almost imperceptibly in deep sepulchral tones, as of one from another world he exclaimed: "O music! thou who bringest the receding waves of eternity nearer to the weary heart of man as he stands upon the shore and longs to cross over, art thou the evening breeze of this life or the morning air of the next one?" Then in the key of C sharp minor—the weirdest of all keys—an adagio floated forth, so calm, so mournful, so touchingly sweet, that it seemed as if the moonlight had melted into music and was thus being molded by masterful genius at the piano. Sadly and soft, the gliding movements continue, carrying the heart irresistibly along in its fascinating undulation. Following this comes an allegretto, in which all the agony of parting is acted over again. So vividly is it depicted that the tender and overstrained nerves of the countess give way, and she is carried in a deep swoon out of the room. Beethoven is too much absorbed in his soul-stirring theme, however, to take any notice of surrounding events. And in the ensuing trio the music sobers itself into a dreamful slumber. Dreamful? Aye. Into a sleep so deep that it seems a mad, frantic race between pursuing fiends and retreating soul. Betimes the fugitive finds some nook where cool waters bubble and purr, and it rapturously allows itself to enjoy the delicious fragrance and quiet coolness. But ever and anon the shriek of demons, now beneath, now above, goads it onward until it falls into the bottomless abyss, too deep and awful even for the pursuing spectres.

Before the last hollow chords ceased to reverberate, Beethoven vanished from the room and fled far into night never to return. The beautiful countess did not recover her health sufficiently to marry, and after a few years of invalid life died; and shortly after her death Beethoven became infirm with a deafness in which he took singular and gloomy satisfaction—why, it is scarcely necessary to mention.

Georgia comes to the front with the champion crank, in the person of a young woman who has never spoken to her father. She converses with her mother and her brothers as long as they remain single, but as soon as one of them marries he is a "heathen Chinese," and she never speaks to him again. If she is in conversation with her mother, and her father or a stranger approaches she becomes as dumb as an oyster. No explanation is given of this strange conduct, and she declines to give any reason for it.

The doctors who have ordered Jay Gould to travel for his health say that his great secretiveness is one cause of his physical condition, and they add that in business enterprises the man who talks over his affairs lightens his burden, and that he who keeps everything to himself doubles the load on his mind.

BETTING.

Story of a Man who "Knew" that what He Said was True.

HIS FINAL DISCOMFITURE AND LOSS OF MONEY.

In the British army in India betting among the officers often runs to an extreme of vice that is sometimes fearful to contemplate. Perhaps it is no worse than in club life in London, where the most amusing as well as tragical stories are told of the curious bets that are made. Betting on a certainty is held to be unfair, unless the avowal is distinctly made, so that no undue advantage is taken.

An officer in the army had imported for his private apartments a new and beautiful mahogany table. A day or two after it had arrived and had been duly installed in his quarters, a brother officer, a great swell and very unpopular, dropped in familiarly, and greatly admired the beautiful table. The owner was shaving himself at the glass with his back to his visitor—Colonel Brown—but continued the conversation until the colonel withdrew, the latter remarking that he hoped soon to have his legs under that elegant mahogany.

The owner of the table, whom we must call Major Jones, made up a little dinner party in the course of a few days, and Colonel Brown was one of the number. It was natural that the new table should be the subject of remark, and Brown, who affected to be a connoisseur in all matters, said the table was perfect, with one exception.

"Jones. 'And pray what is that, colonel?'"

Brown. "It is just a little too high."

Jones. "Do you think so? How high would you suppose it to be?"

Brown. "I presume it is the usual height, just thirty-six inches, and it ought to be less than that by at least half an inch."

Jones. "That is the exact height, thirty-five and a half inches, not thirty-six, as you suppose."

Brown. "Pardon me. I am certain it is three feet high; I will make you a bet on it."

Jones. "You will lose if you do, for I give you notice that I know its exact height to half an inch, and if I bet I shall bet on a dead certainty."

Brown. "I am just as sure as you are; I am betting on a certainty also; my eye never deceives me. I will lay you a hundred or a thousand pounds that this table is thirty-six inches high; no more, no less."

The major sought to dissuade his guest from his purpose to bet, assuring him that he knew the height of the table, and did not want to bet on a certainty, but, when the excitement grew furious, the wager was finally laid at an enormous sum—I have heard it stated as high as \$50,000—£10,000. That seems preposterous, when such a trifle was the subject, but the gambling spirit does not stick at trifles. When the betting was finally arranged, Colonel Brown exclaimed, exultingly, "I told you I knew the table was exactly thirty-six inches high; I did know it, because when I called, just after it arrived, I took its measure on my cane as I sat by it, and after I went out I measured, and found it to be, as I have said, precisely thirty-six inches high."

"Yes," said Major Jones, "I was sitting with my back to you, but I was shaving before the looking glass, and I saw you taking the measure of the table with your cane. Suspecting that you were preparing for a bet as to its height, after you left I had half an inch taken off, and it is now precisely thirty-five and a half inches high."

The applause that followed this result was tremendous, and completed the discomfiture of the unpopular colonel. It was evident that he had been laying a plan to cheat, and would have pocketed the money if he had won. He was sent to Conventry. He sold his commission and returned to England, being unable to stand up against the contempt of the officers, who thoroughly despised his character.—[Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for April.

Many a boy has declaimed at school Charles Sumner's famous speech in regard to the old battle-flags. There is one sentence in which the orator, referring to the fallen soldiers, exclaims, "Let the dead men have a hearing!"

We remember listening to the rendering of this piece by a youthful aspirant for oratorical fame before an audience of select visitors. Imagine the horror of the teacher when, in stentorian tone, the boy cried out,—

"Let the dead men have a 'hearing!'"

A physician in Patterson, N. J., has presented a bill to the city which should immortalize him for audacity if nothing else. "To breaking up the ravages of diphtheria by showing it to consist of a few ounces of foreign matter in the blood, which can only escape through the pores, \$1,500; to lowering the death rate in two years by means of circulars, letters, cards and tracts, showing what fever consists of, \$2,000; to stopping ravages of small-pox by showing that 100 cases of it can be expelled from the blood by the vigorous action of the pores, produced by hot tea, \$1,500. Total, \$5,000.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

DAUGHTER.—A young woman employed as a dancer in a traveling company of players, died suddenly a week or two ago, killed, the physicians said, by the poisoning of her blood from the paints used in making up her face for the stage.

It is known that a famous clown and pantomimist, died of softening of the brain, induced by the pigment used to give his face its chalky whiteness.

The ill effects of such applications are not confined to actors, who use them as one of the appliances of their business. Modest young girls "make up" their faces for the ball-room, or the street, whitening the skin, blackening the brows, removing superfluous hair, etc., by means of antimony, bismuth, white lead and other poisonous compounds.

The poisons do not necessarily kill though sometimes they produce physical conditions that may lead to death; but before middle age they leave the skin dry, yellow and cracked, and induce headaches and dimness of sight.

In the Southwest still more dangerous methods, it is said, are resorted to for the purpose of improving the complexion. Arsenic is often taken habitually, and belladonna is inserted into the eyes in order to enlarge the pupils, although the victim while under its effects is purblind, and runs the risk of becoming blind altogether.

The worst agents in propagating these practices are paragraphs and advertisements in the newspapers, recommending cosmetics, depilatories and anti-fat medicines. A moment's reflection should teach persons who are inclined to use the latter compounds, that a medicine powerful enough to remove the fatty deposits of the body in a week or fortnight, or even in a somewhat longer time than that, must also destroy the tissues. Death has resulted from their use, and low fevers are not unfrequently produced by them.

It is said that the women in Paris, whose only capital is their beauty, preserve it by rigorous attention to daily bathing, to exercise and to sleep. Let American girls take the hint, regardless of the source from which it comes.—[Youth's Companion.

SUNLIGHT IN STABLES.—"All barns, stables, sheds and other buildings intended for the shelter of domestic animals, should be so arranged as to command all the sunlight possible. For this purpose, invariably place the stalls on the eastern and southern sides of the building. The windows should be large and sufficiently numerous. There is no fear of too much sunlight, either in the house or in the barn. We have no right to deprive our animals, any more than our children, of that which has been diffused so liberally. There is no objection to placing animals in the basement or cellar of a building, if due care is taken to provide against dampness and darkness. In fact, if the stable is properly constructed, the ground floor should be the warmest in winter and the coolest in summer. Every animal seeks the sun, and will comfort itself by basking in its rays. Let them pour freely into barns and cellars, and build yards so that while sheltered from the cold winds, they may be open to the winter's sun, from the rising until the going down of the same. Some object to the direct sunlight falling upon the head and face of the horse as injurious to the sight. It is much more to be feared that the animal will shy and start upon the road if he is kept in darkness and then suddenly exposed to a bright light.

TO MAKE NICE GRAVY.—Almost any kind of meat-liquor or soup stock, from which all fat has been removed, may be made into nice gravy by simply adding a little seasoning and thickening; if browned flour is used for the latter the gravy will require but little cooking, but when thickened with raw flour it must cook until thoroughly done, or the gravy will taste like so much gummy paste. It is best to brown a quart of flour at a time. Put in a skillet, set in the oven or on top of the stove; stir often until it is a light brown, put into a wide-mouthed bottle, cork and keep for use. All gravies should be well stirred over a hot fire, as they must be quickly made, and must boil, not simmer.

PASTRY SANDWICHES.—Roll puff paste quite thin and lay on a baking sheet or tin; spread on the paste apricots, peaches or any preserved fruit. Lay over this another thin paste, press together at the edges, and mark the paste in diagonal lines with a knife, so that the paste may be cut evenly when baked. A little while before it is done remove from the oven, brush over with the white of an egg, into which sift soft powdered sugar. Put back into the oven to color. When cold, cut in diamonds, pile in a pyramid and serve hot or cold.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Steam the potatoes until tender; make a nice crust, line your pie plate with it, and fill with your potatoes, sliced finely; cover with sugar, season with cinnamon, spice, cloves, etc., as you prefer; fill up with a nice, sweet cream, cover with a crust and bake, wetting the edges of a pie with cold water before joining the top to the bottom, will prevent the juice cooking out.

The ideas, as well as children of our youth, often die before us; and our minds represent to us those "ombs" to which we are approaching, where though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time and the imagery moulders away. Pictures drawn in our mind are laid in fading colors, and, unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear.

A WATCH-DOG.

Devoted to His Master, at the Expense of Every One Else.

A PARTY OF GENTLEMEN WHO COULD NOT GET THEIR COATS.

A hen will sit on a porcelain egg three weeks or more, supposing she is doing perfectly right; and a watch-dog will sometimes from a sense of duty watch where he is not wanted, and make things uncomfortable about him. Here is an amusing experience of some seaside visitors who found a "faithful" dog of this kind considerably in the way:

One of the delights of our expedition to Marblehead was an experience with a dog. A gentleman living about half a mile from the beach came to see what the party had to eat, and brought with him a sixty-pound bulldog.

It seemed to be a good natured beast and frolicked playfully during the day. About six o'clock the gentleman went home, and everybody supposed the dog went with him.

We found, however, that we were mistaken. The day being warm, every man of the party had taken off his coat and had hung it in the garret of a little shanty where the cooking was done.

As evening came the air grew cooler. The breeze came off the water as the sun went down, and I concluded to put my coat on. I quietly slid into the shanty and started up the steep, narrow and rickety stairs. At the top I found the dog. Furthermore, I found that he objected to my coming up. In the dim light I could see blood in his eye. Of course, I went back without my coat.

Presently the chief of the fire department went in to get his coat and he came back without it, too. But he said nothing, and several others tried the experiment, and came back the same way. But finally one gentleman couldn't stand it, and spoke of the dog. That broke the ice, and we decided to get the dog down.

We threw things at him and tried to scare him away, but he only growled savagely. Then one of the party stood at the foot of the stairs and lied like a pirate, saying:

"Nice dog! Good old fellow! Come, Towser!" but Towser was a proof against flattery.

It had grown quite dark and the breeze was quite strong, and everybody was shivering. Meat was offered to the dog to get him away, but he wouldn't touch it.

Things began to be blue! The handsome yachtman asked if somebody present couldn't use some belligerent terms. The chief of the department, being a fireman, of course, didn't know any such terms, and neither did any of the rest of us.

The doctor said if anybody would go up and throw the dog out he would cauterize the bites free of charge, and our friend of the legal fraternity said he'd give his services in a suit for damages. But no one seemed inclined to volunteer.

The very heavy gentleman said that if he could get on the roof and drop through on the dog he could break the animal's back, but before saying this he took care to observe that there was no way to get on the roof.

There was only one thing to do, and we did it. We sent half a mile to get the dog's owner. While we waited for him we sat and shivered, and chattered our teeth, and told each other it was funny, and inwardly thought of things that wouldn't look well in print.

Of course, we treated the owner of the dog very politely till he had sent the dog home and we had got our coats. Then if we didn't tell him what we thought of the brute, no matter.—[Youth's Companion.

WOMEN'S BANGS.

Nature has given woman a forehead, which is one of her chief adornments. The Flathead Indians think the forehead a mistake, and mash it out of all decent shape by pressing the heads of their infants between cruel boards. This gives the heads thus mashed an idiotic and inelegant appearance. We do not permanently deprive woman of her forehead by flattening out her skull; but the caprice of the hair-fashions has put the forehead into temporary retirement. The lady trims her hair so that a considerable portion of it falls over in front toward the eyes. The curtain of hair thus hiding the best part of the forehead is known by the name of "bangs." No satisfactory account is given either of the origin of the name or the invention of the fashion. There are fashions which have some reasonable apology for their existence, in intrinsic beauty, physical healthfulness or beneficent moral effect. The "bangs" is not one of these. It spoils a high brow and is of no advantage to a low one. It reduces the appearance of an intellectual young lady to something like very ordinary mediocrity. If it appears in the style of a few graceful curls airily and saucily playing about the top of the forehead, there may be a degree of beauty in it. The curly bang is sometimes given to that which is cut on a straight line and brushed down in the direction of the eyes and nose.—[Philadelphia Press.

A Chicago man started a business in competition with the postoffice. He delivered letters anywhere in the city at a cent apiece, and sold stamps at even a lower rate by the thousand. He did well until a fine of \$150, with a promise of the same punishment for every letter afterward carried, closed his enterprise.

A BOSTON STORY.

A certain young man in the can never be argued out of in the total depravity of things, which has been given upon him in a singular and manner. Last Saturday he came home very late from the although that fact is neither there. On reaching his apartment he proceeded to according to an unvarying into which he has fallen, moved his coat and vest and then over the back of a chair he sat down and took off his He then drew off a certain ment—in short, his trousers, pocket of which he was accustomed to carry a penknife and the office desk. On doing so he the knife fall upon the and finished disrobing. In ing he arose betimes, and, ing his trousers, discovered key was missing. He groaning over the floor looking without effect, and although high and low, could find nothing. As it stormed that day and the was bad he put on a pair of boots, which he wore all day. On Sunday he tried all the keys on his desk, but owing to the bological ingenuity of the lock, none would fit, and on Monday a locksmith to come up, who, long trial, picked the lock, in order, made him two new keys that no such calamity as he had endured should again fall upon him. With these two keys in his pocket he went Monday night to the theater, and on putting on his dress shoes he had worn at the found the missing key in the one of them. The language used at this discovery was of what lurid character, but he did to do him good. And he swears, affirms that the key jumped shoe on purpose, having been arranged with the knife to be on the floor at the same moment avert suspicion; and he further deposes that the key will not be his desk, as it had stretched in it so widely by grinning a little joke that it cannot be bolt in the lock.—[Boston Journal.

FATHER HYACINTHE'S PRAYER MONY.

Father Hyacinthe is slipping from orthodoxy. He declaims, "Theater des Nations that God's obsequies were to be regarded as a religious ceremony. The fact is the negation of every kind of that the father has held preached. Republican feeling vaunted their gay, bright, As I have no idea what the scene of an Athenian funereal time of Pericles was like, I tent myself with saying that the stecession which escorted Gamble up mains to Pere la Chaise monoughly Parisian."

Hyacinthe, in delivering his or sermon, stood behind a table was placed over the promking. The stage resembled a drawlley in the first empire style. The father dresses like a domestic happiness shows in burly figure. He might in the town pass for a burghomester; eyes have now a calm and placid expression.

In coming on the stage he wore spectacles, which he took when he was lecturing. He manuscript before him, on now and then looked, as if he his memory. The friends' wings were applaudive, but the actors in the pit and boxes were Hyacinthe extolled matrimony, deplored the inveterate bachelor of Gambetta. At this passage lecture mild "hear, hears," uttered in different parts of the

Recently a suit was tried in Indiana justice of the peace in a lady was plaintiff, and defendant. The evidence conclusively that the fair had no right to recover; one could have the "shades" doubt. Her learned counsel found well that unless he could get the pathy of the "squire," he would have a "lost cause." He fore labored hard in applying "sympathetic process." He of a with eloquence of great referring to his client's right, finally great tears came down his cheeks, at the sight of the justice (who was a very polite-hearted individual) was also his tears. This satisfied the attorney the sympathy of the Court, on behalf of the lady, and he argued by saying, "It is heart good to believe that the able Court, in the exercise of discretion, will not allow the a pure and noble lady to be beneath the cloven feet of a corporation;" and took his confident that he would get the ment as a poor Miss Flite, upon the squire's refusal following comprehensive as a woofactory decision. He said, as plaintiff in this case is a woman, her counsel has for the sympathy of the justice in her behalf, and I am confident I think, under the law, that is on the side of the lady, therefore will find in favor of bank, and let the record stand, Mrs. — has the full sympathy of the Court."

The man at the head of the can mar the pleasure of the hold, but he cannot make it must rest with the woman, her great privilege.

A solemn measure—The