Kindred.

Our own, our own. Time's heavy hand strikes hard.

Absence lends fatal strength to circumstar Old paths by slow forgetfulness are barred; Old sympathy is chilled by cruel chance. New loves shine down the fairy dreams we saw: New friendships early vows obliterate; Till half the happy bonds, our childhood's law, Fade for the waning life, or soon or late.

Yet touch a chord by kindred feeling known, Call on an echo deep in kindred heart, Blood will assert an innate power its own And wake the spirit for the champion's part. Our own, our own. God-given, holy chain, Linked as mere babies on our mother's knee Soldered by mutual hope and joy and pain, .Reaching from birth unto eternity.

THE WINDS OF THE WEST.

Sumner was a mushroom city which had sprung up on the banks of a ravine that cut through the western bluffs of the Missouri. In a thicket of oak saplings, high up on the side of one of those bluffs, stood a hastily built house, sided with rough, upright cottonwood boards-as are many of its Western neighbors-a rusty stove-pipe sticking through the roof; a small window, curtained by a scalloped-edge newspaper, and a white door taken from a sunken steamboat, whose nicely finished panels contrasted strangely with its surroundings, completing the exterior.

One pleasant May evening, just as the shrill whistle of a steamboat echoed among the hills, this door was opened by a pleasant young woman, who was followed by a crying child.

"O Sammy, quit your noise; that's pappy's little man; see the great big boat 'way yonder'—lifting him up; 'don't you see? look right sharp now, close ag'in the bank. Does Sammy want to go down town and see the big boat, and see pappy?" The willing feet toddled down the path; but the mother called, "Wait a bit, and mammy 'll pack Sammy;" and, tying on a pink sunbonnet, she took him in her arms and started down the steep, crooked

It was a picturesque scene that lay before her. The sunlight, sifting through the trees that covered the western hills, glinted the windows here and there and reached, like a golden bar, just across the top of the forest on the loweastern shore. Scattered through the hollow and up the sides of the bluffs were divers houses, from the pre-tentious Gothic dwelling on the northern hill and the brick business houses down street, to log cabins and cottonwood shanties; while the road that wound up the bed of the ravine was lined with a long, white train of Denver-bound freight-wagons.

She reached the steep main street to the steamer was leaving the wharf. The snorting of the engine and the shouting of the deck-hands, together with the puffing of the mill near by, was too much for baby bravery, and Sammy's lips began to quiver. Catch-ing him in her arms, his mother sat down on a saw-log, saying, "There, there, honey, don't be afeared; be pappy's man, now."

The tide-waves of the receding boat sank lower and lower on the sand; the gay crowd that leaned over the guards grew indistinct, and she peered more and more eagerly in among the tall cottonwood trees on the opposite shore. At length four men came out of the woods and, entering a skiff, started across the river. She watched the skiff anxiously, for it frequently disappeared between the waves which were raised by the strong south wind-such winds belonging as proverbially to Kansas Springs as whooping-cough to children or gapes to chickens.

Four rough-looking men, in red woolen shirts-for lumbermen did not pretend to wear coats, except in the coldest weather-jumped out of the skiff, and, with boisterous laughter and rude jests, entered the mill. Presently one of them spied her, and came towards her, saying boisterously, "Hoorah for you, Nancy! Whatever brought you'uns down 'ere this time of evenin'? Mighty fine doins, when you oughter be to home gettin' your old man a bite o' supback, right quick, now !" He snatched the baby from her and tossed him on his shoulder, shouting, "Hoorah for pappy's man! Peertest boy in this 'ere town! Mighty proud to see his pap!"

She hurried up the street, pinning her sun-bonnet more closely about her face, that the passers might not see the baby's cries aroused her. The wind and tears that would come. He had kept sober so long that she had hoped he sober so long that she had hoped he would come home sober again. She had anticipated so much pleasure on meeting him after his work's above her, and putting out her hand, she felt meeting him, after his week's absence. a great beam lying heavily across her How often she had thought of it in those long, lonely nights, when she had crushing her. Something struck her, only her thoughts and her child for then another, and another. How they

per on the table. Then she sat down grew louder. Oh! she must reach on the door-step to watch for her hus- him! She could see nothing through band, worrying all the time lest he let the thick darkness, but she knew that something happen to Sammy. When at he was not far off. What if he, too, last he came, the effects of the liquor was fastened, crippled? She stretched were wearing off, and he ate his supper her arms; every movement made her and smoked his pipe in sullen silence. pain more excruciating. She strained She could not eat a mouthful, but she dared not let the tears come, for she him. What if he was free and could knew that it would make him angry. come to her? "O Sammy! Sammy!" So she fed Sommy, laying her face on she called, "come to mammy." his little head once in a while to force back the choking lump that kept rising him move. His warm body touched in her throat. Then she hastened to her hands that were groping in the

grease lamp, as she moved quickly for that, back and forth from table to stove; crying, at from thence to the little row of shelves, in lieu of a cupboard, setting on the dishes, watching the bacon, and taking the crisp corn-dodger from the oven. cover them from the storm. She reached around, but could only touch cold the crisp corn-dodger from the oven.

She is a dear, good wife," thought he; what a scoundrel I was to make her feel so brdly." He knew that he had been rough to her the night before. He wished he could remember what he Of course, he never got dead drunk, but he wished he ever could let whisky alone.

His breakfast was just to his liking, and his wife as cheerful as if he was the say something pleasant to break the awkward silence, but he did not know how to begin. He had an uncomfortable feeling that he ought to beg her ing, Nancy."
"Oh, I allowed most likely you'd

want to get off soon," she answered. Jones wants us there ag'in' sun-up. It's only a fifty-log raft; reckon we can get it down to Leavenworth ag'in' the nigt train starts, and I'll get right on, and be back to Atchison afore day. Don't catch me foolin' away another day 'round that old fort."

"Oh, John! I'm so proud"-she paused abruptly, for his eyes dropped with a look of conscious shame. What mood was he in? Would it do to speak then? He had shoved back from the table, and there was a serious, far-away look in his eyes, but nothing sullen or forbidding. She went around, and dropping on her knees beside him, slipped her arms about his neck, say-

"Oh, John, I wish you'd promise me you'd never drink no more whisky."
"That's most too hard on a fellow; but I'll promise not to-not drink too

much ag'in."
"But I'm afeared that wouldn't do

"You talk like you thought I hadn't sense enough to stop when I've got enough, if I try," he exclaimed.
"O, John, don't talk so; you know you promised me that nigh onto a year

ago; but you think you'll just take one dram, and then just one more, and afore you know it, it's too much. If you'd only promise now that you'd nevertaste nary drop ag'in."

Still he kept his eyes steadily turned

away from hers.
"Don't you mind, now," she went
on, "how your mother said one time, 'I reckon, Nancy, you count John a mighty rough chap, but he's all right at the core;' and don't you mind how she used to pray for you in them old times? Don't you mind the evening we heard her praying down by the old spring? If she's watching you among the stars, how proud she'd be to hear And, John," she convou promise. tinued, dropping her voice to a whisper, "I pray, too, sometimes. I haven't never told you, but I've been feeling right serious here of late. I've taken to readin' my Bible, and I've just made find it filled with wagons that had been up my mind to live better'n I used to;

Yes, Nancy, I promise.

Presently, starting up, he exclaimed : "If I haven't stayed till plum day- the housekeeper's broom. light !"

Sammy! wake up, honey, and kiss

All day Nancy went about with such working his rudder against the strong current of the Missouri.

resolutions. But she was awakened a few hours

bed; and, catching her baby in her arms, she sprang up, frightened and bewildered.

It was a terrible storm; one long to be remembered by all who felt its terper! Packed that young 'un down, too, rors. The deafening roar of the wind I'll bet! Reckon you'd as well get and hail almost drowned the loud thunrors. The deafening roar of the wind der-claps. A blinding flash of lightning showed the trees almost bent to the ground, and the house rocked to and fro like a cradle. She suddenly felt a town! Mighty proud to see his pap!" new, strange feeling, as if she was fly-Poor Nancy! Her husband was drunk ing, floating, through the air. She rain chilled her through. She started limbs. It seemed as though it was stung! Oh! was her child unsheltered It took but a few minutes to put sup- from that pitiless storm? His screams

She heard The child ceased crying. rock him asleep, lest his fretfulness dis- darkness. She caught him in her arms and hugged him to her breast. She The first peep of dawn found her felt of his head, his arms, his feet; busily preparing breakfast, for she sound and whole. How thankful she knew that John wanted an early start. was for that. But how those cruel hail-She sound of the coffee-mill woke him stones must have bruised him. She from his heavy sleep, and he lay quiet- rested him on the ground and crouched ly watching her by the light of the dim over him; she could move just enough The frightened child ceased crying, and put his arm about her neck. If she could only find something to

Oh! that terrible pain! She had almost forgotten it in her anxiety for her child. It grew more and more intolerable. It seemed as though the hailstones struck through into her brain. What if they killed her! Was Visions of eternity, she afraid to die? of the heaven of her faith, rose before her. Should she dwell with God and the angels forever? Was it possible best man in the world. He wanted to that there never would be an end? No, she was not afraid of death. But her child, her husband—how could she leave them? Not yet! No, no, when life opened before her? She must live able feeling that he ought to beg her pardon, but, being a man, of course he did not condescend to that. At length he began by saying, "You was right peert about your breakfast this morning, Nancy."

"Oh, I allowed most likely you'd and find her cold and stiff. John did love her, oh! so well. He had loved her so long. It seemed so many years since he first told her that he loved her. It was on the mountain side, in dear old Tennessee. How far away it seemed. How the sun shone and the birds sang. How dreamy and bewildered her thoughts were. How still the baby was. Yes, she could feel his heart beat. She no longer felt the pelting of

> Her thought was answered by a rush of wind from a new direction. She felt the great weight lifting off from her. She was free! Then-something struck

the storm. Had it ceased?

The train went snorting into Winthrop just at daylight. John jumped was the first to reach the ferry. He had never seen Atchison so quiet. With the exception of those who had crossed on the ferry and a few early risers who were hurrying up the street, the town seemed asleep; but as he passed Commercial street, he saw a man who was riding a mule, coming down in great haste, who cried out, "How d'y,

"Why, Jake!" he replied, "is that you? I allowed you was half way to Denver afore now."

"We started yesterday, but we had a powerful storm on the prairie out here, last night. We chanced to be right near to a house and they let us in; but it sent our wagons rolling over and across the prairie, like a patch of tumble-weeds, and our oxen are all stampeded; I'm on the hunt of

"It don't kok like it had reached

Atchison. "No; I reckon it just took a streak." John hurried on down the river. The road ran so near the bank that the steady swash of the water seemed under his feet. The birds were singing in the trees, and the sunshine came creeping down the bluffs overhead. How eager he was to get home that morning. His heart was full of new plans and new purposes. He could keep his promise, and he would ; he would never make Nancy's heart ache again by breaking that promise. He stopped suddenly—had the storm reached Sumturned crosswise of the street to rest the teams. But edging her way close to the clay bank, she reached the river on his shoulder to hide her tears.

suddenly—had the storm reached Sumner? The tall buildings along the wharf were leaning roofless, one this way, another that; as if the wind, com-His arms slipped around her, but he ing over the bluffs, had reached just still kept his eyes turned stubbornly low enough to unroof them. He hasten-away from hers. At last, laying his ed around the foot of the hill; there face against hers, he spoke earnestly: lay the brick hotel, the boast of the town, in scattered fragments on the ground, like a wasp's nest scattered by

He looked around; three-fourths of "O John! come and kiss baby afore the town lay in ruins. How was it with you go, he looks so sweet. Sammy, his home? He ran up the street until he could see where it stood. Gone ! pappy."

"Bless his sleepy eyes! Pappy's little man! I'll bring him some candy when I come home sg'in."

Not a vestige of it left. And including the storm is perhaps they had escaped before the storm; perhaps —. Scarce knowing what he did, he hurried to the nearest storm is a story of the s house that was yet standing, and witha light, cheery heart as she had not carried in her bosom for many a day; singing snatches of old hymns, and thinking happy, hopeful thoughts of him who, all those long hours, was no me in the room, but on a couch in one corner, a white sheet "sunk to the still proportions" of two silent forms. Moved by some strange impulse, he turned heat the covering that the covering the covering that the covering that the covering the covering that the covering that the covering that the covering that the covering the cove he turned back the covering that shrouded the faces-Nancy and the baby That evening the stars shone brightly Shocked, stunned, he sank on his kneed down upon her, when she knelt down by the little window, and asked God's Who can describe, who can comprehend blessings on her husband and his good | the utter desolation of that cour? None but those who have felt it. Oh, the thoughts and memories that crowded afterwards by a rush and confusion, a upon him—many of them bitter, regret-shower of glass and hail across her ful thoughts. But there was one memful thoughts. But there was one mem-ory for which he was thankful; that he had not listened to the tempter which whispered to him yestermorn that it would be weak and unmanly to yield to her request.

They found him there an hour afterwards, but he asked no questions, made no reply to their attempts at consolation, and they left him alone with his

There was "hurrying to and fro" in Summer that day, for many were left homeless, many bruised and cripthought that she was dizzy, and caught | pled by the storm. And the mourners | hold of the bed. A terrible erash—she | who wended their way up the long hill who wended their way up the long hill to the burying ground were as sad as though the silence had been broken by the tolling of solemn bells,-Kansas

What Energy Did.

Sunday News, in his sketches of Ludlow Street Jail, tells the following incifinancially a bankrupt, for all of which put up with the chances of the law's

become a half a millionaire.

Dress of Our Extremities.

During the damp and cold season. feet and legs is a fruitful source of in New York, of passing counterfeit disease. The head, throat and liver are money and immediately sentenced to be perhaps the most frequent sufferers. The legs and feet are far from the central part of the body. They are not in great mass, like the trunk, but extended and developed by the atmosphere. Besides, they are near the damp, cold earth. For these and other reasons, they require extra covering. If we would secure the highest physiological conditions, we must give our extremities more dress than the body. We wear upon our legs in the coldest season but upon our legs in the coldest season but two thicknesses of cloth. The body has at least six. Women put on them four thicknesses under the shawl, which, with the various doublings, furnishes several more, then, over all, thicknesses of cotton, under a balloon. They constantly come to me about their headache, palpitation of the heart, and congestion of the liver. Recently, one of the sentences. Once they got congestion of the liver. Recently, one said to me, "All my blood is in my head and chest. My head goes bumpety-ety-bump, my heart goes bumpetyety-bump, my heart goes bumpetybump." I asked, "How are your feet?"

a bit of a tour before the lyceumsmuch in the night, without an overcoat; their usual drawers, a pair of chamoisskin drawers with great advantage.
When we ride in a sleigh, or in the cars,
where do we suffer? In our legs,
of course. Give me warm legs and feet, and I'll hardly thank you for an

vercoat. My dear madam, have you a headache, a sore throat, palpitation of the heart, congestion of the liver, or indirestion? Wear one, two or three pairs of warm, woolen stockings, and thick, warm shoes, with more or less reduc tion in the amount of dress about your body, and you will obtain the same relief permanently that you would derive emporarily from a warm foot-bath.

I must not forget to say that a thin layer of India-rubber cement upon the poot-sole will do much to keep the bottom of the feet dry and warm.

Female Heroes.

Two noble women, young and beauti-

victims of their own disinterestedness and philanthropy. The former, a nareached her. Saying nothing of what she intended to do, she immediately set out for that city, and reaching of the men at unexpected house offered here. offered her services to the President of their flannels. the Howard Association. She was but nineteen or twenty years of age, and in-experienced in such duties as she would have to undertake should her offer be accepted. At first the President was inclined not to accept her services, but night a Scotchwoman, ill of the fever, was delivered of a child, and there was lied, and then went to the aid of others, nursing an old man and woman in taken four orphan children under their protection, two of whom were also now orphan of about the same age as Miss Stevenson, also offered her services to the Howards, was accepted, worked heroically, and now lies tenderly cared for under the same roof as the other lady. She is thought to be out of danger. Other women have performed and are performing similar duties and living up to the highest of woman's rights, a glory and ornament of their sex. Memphis will never forget them.

The Torment of Flame.

Some weeks ago, at the village of Reuil, France, celebrated for the burial der ?" place of Queen Hortense and Empress Josephine, a terrible accident accurred. A correspondent of the New York A greeer's shop took fire, which was soon extinguished; a crowd collected. of course; one of the firemen had the imprudence to descend into the cellar dent: Three hundred and forty-three with a lighted candle to see if there thousand seven hundred and fifty-three | were any spirits on fire; in the course dollars bail was asked for Marquis de of a few seconds a terrific detonation Lafayotte Sharkey, the once celebrated around it were enveloped in a sheet of tobacco merchant of New York city, flame. Several casks of petroleum had who was arrested by his partner for al- exploded, fifty persons in the crowd leging that the assets and stock of the were injured, and eight subsequently concern had ended in smoke; but it died. The doctor who attended the inwas not given, and Sharkey remained a jured has read a curious paper on their whole year in Ludlow street jail, when burns, all more or less deep. The exthe court of last resort decided he had posed surface of the body was most been most wrongfully imprisoned. In the meantime his business had been entirely ruined and broken up, his wife were singed away; the skin peeled off the drinked outen the well just the saim.

""s fokes, and all the nabors besides, drinked outen the well just the saim. The drinked more in the evir did afore sent to an asylum as a lunatic, and he the hands like gloves, and in that state was picked up in a basin of water. For I went 2 the well fur water tother da an he could obtain no redress except that three hours after the accident the ingiven by a slow process of law; but jured experienced no pain; then set in | ded. She was afloatin a round drownbeing an energetic man, he preferred to start in the world anew, rather than shiverings, and tetanic spasms, and inextinguishable thirst and delirium : But the naburs doant drink enny more slow delay, and without capital, other than his energy, he set to work, and I to them to be tainted with petroleum; undirstand is whi tha doant. That sions, and exposure to accidents. am credibly informed that he has if they closed their eyes for a moment outghen B moar willin 2 drink the watir human race might well adopt new and "struck ile" literally in the Pennsylva- they were haunted with petroleum, and

Vagarles of the Law.

"June 14, 1865, James Sheppard, says Dio Lewis, deficient dress of the alias Johnson, was tried and convicted imprisoned for ten years at hard labor in the State Prison." Such is the entry of that date in the blotter of Lud-low street jail. "I'll never go there! they shall kill me first! I'll kill myself before I'll go there!" and various other exclamations of a similar nature, with curses loud and deep were uttered by Sheppard upon his return from court that day, he, no doubt, being goverened in his utterance by his experience of the glorious uncertainties of the law, fore forcibly taking him to State Prison. A stay of proceedings were obtained, 'Chunks of ice," she replied. I said and the legal lore saved him from the o her: "If you so dress your legs and gallows in the first place, and then from feet that the blood can't get down into perpetual imprisonment. He insured them, where can it go? It can't go out a shanty of his, murdered his wife, then visiting; it must stay in the system made a funeral pile of his shanty and burned his wife's corpse to a crisp; then sued the insurance company for the great the company for the great the crist of the system. So they go 'bumpety-bump,' and so they must go, until you dress your legs and feet in such a way that they shall get their share of blood." In the cold-

set season of the year I leave Boston for a bit of a tour before the lyceums—

So justly deserved.

After his release from the City Prison going as far as Philadelphia, and riding he would often apply for permission to visit there, his only apparent object being to see in what condition the felbut I give my legs two or three times being to see in what condition the fel-their usual dress. During the coldest low who occupied his cell kept it. But, weather, men may wear, in addition to at last, he was arrested for passing counterfeit United States currency, and came up for trial before a court where writs of error and appeals are but little known, and where, but for his former career, he would probably have received a much lighter sentence, so that his great crime may be considered in a measure punished by the penalty inflicted upon him for the lesser one.

Wearing Flannels,

The value of flannel next the skin cannot be overrated, says Dio Lewis. It is invaluable to persons of both sexes, and all ages, in all countries, in all climates, at every season of the year, for the sick and the well-in brief, I cannot conceive of any circumstances in which flannel next the skin is not a comfort and a source of health. It should not be changed from thick to thin be-fore the settled hot weather of the summer, which in the Northern States is ful, named Mattie Stevenson and Lulu not much before the middle of June, Wilkinson, are lying ill of the fever at And the flannels for the summer must with heart-felt applause, Mademoiselle way, another that; as if the wind, com- the Walthall Infirmary, Memphis, the not be three-quarters cotton, but they must be all woolen, if you would have the best protection.
In the British army and navy they

Pay as you Go, House of Representatives : "Mr. she insisted and she was sent to the Speaker, I em cry Eureka, for I have Lenher House to await orders. That found the philosopher's stone. It isno nurse at hand. Dr. Blackburn sent to the Lehner House for one, and Miss Stevenson volunteered. She nursed days of the first Napoleon, have become Stevenson volunteered. She nursed days of the first Napoleon, have become the poor patients tenderly until they the richest people in the world, which seems proved by the fact that the Germen indemnity of a thousand millions Main street who had that very morning of dollars, which they were obliged to his knapsack. pay, has been all discharged in two years, while we have been struggling ill. Afterwards she was sent to a house for eight years with twice as much. in Sullivan street to take charge of five Perhaps the wealth of the French farpatients. The severe labor she under-went told upon her system, and she herself was stricken down and taken to the infirmary, where she now lies in a ference between farming in a loose way critical condition. Miss Wilkinson, an and having all work done in the best

Strong Description,

The fellowing strong figure of speech was used to illustrate the great size of America to a foreigner by his brother, who could not make up his mind about emigrating:

Where did the baccy come from !

"'Meriky! They tell me it's mighty ly make a dint in the ground. There's a fresh-water ocean inside of it that you might dhrown Ireland in, and save Father Mathew a wonderful sight of throuble; and as for Scotland, you might stick it in a corner of one of their forests, an' you'd never be able to find it, except it might be by the smell of

the whisky !" A DREADPUL STORY .- A small boy has sent us the following information: got drowned in Mr. —'s well; but no-body knowd she got drownded in the well and so Mr. —'s fokes and Mr. —'s fokes, and all the nabors besides, I gess—cause the water tastid so swete. I seed the cat in 2 the well. She was nia region, and is in a fair way to again so continued until death relieved their leads to ures treoly. N. B. this is become a half a millionaire.

A Brave School Girl. How Gen. M'Mahon of France found

his Wife. It was on the 1st of December, 1838 at an advanced hour of the night, that a fire broke out in the female seminary of Limoges. The flames spread with such rapidity that the fair young inmates could be rescued only with the utmost difficulty. At last, when all of them were believed to be assembled, shivering in their thin night dresses, in front of the burning edifice, the cry

sounded suddenly, "Louise de Bailly is still in the building!" The lookers-on stood as if petrified, The lookers-on stood as if petrined, and the firemen did not venture to enter the house, which now looked like a fiery furnace. Poor Mademoiselle de Bafily was already given up as hopelessly lost, when all of a sudden a tall young girl, with her blonde hair hanging loose over her shoulders, and her deep blue eyes flashing out the heavenly fire of inspiration and indomitable. ly fire of inspiration and indomitable courage, rushed from among her terrified sisters, and exclaiming, "I will try to find her!" ran toward the burning bulding.

A thousand voices shouted, "Do not risk your life thus foolishly!"
Others prayed for "dear Heloise,

who thus recklessly risked her own life in order to save that of one of her young classmates. But none of the warning exclamations deterred the heroic gir from her purpose. In a few seconds she had entered the front-door, un-daunted by the blinding smoke and the flames that were momentarily gaining

For the spectaters of this thrilling scene this was a moment of supreme suspense. The strongest hearts quailed when the heroic girl did not immediately return ... A minute, nay, two, elapsed, and minutes under such circumstances are eternities....But all at once her white night gown appeared in the door ... Yes, it was she; and by the hand she led the missing, terrified Louise de Bailly....

Such a shout as went up from the hearts of the relieved crowd! Such praises as were showered upon the brave young girl !

But she herself was half ashamed of being thus feted. "Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed, "it was easy enough for me to ascend that stairway; it was not yet on fire. Only the smoke troubled me a little. Had I waited a minute longer, poor little Louise would have been

At the reopening of the seminary, a few months later, M. Sarreguin asked Mademoiselle Heloise to step forward, and presented her, in the name of King Louis Philippe, a handsome gold medal for saving a human life, and praised her courage and devotion in eloquent

terms of enthusiasm.

The girl thus honored blushed deeply, and when the hall in which the opening ceremonies were held resounded Heloise was more confused than at that memorable memont when she had rush

ed into the flames. Among the spectators on this occasion was a young officer of the garrison of Limoges, who seemed to be deeply interested in the heroine of the day. He asked what her full name was, and make sure that they have not left off was told that she was the daughter of M. Antoine Gilbert de Morin, Seigneur de Valleau.

This information made the inquirer somewhat thoughtful. Perhaps the John Randolph once ejaculated, in fact that M. De Morin was one of the his shrill tones, while a member of the wealthieit and proudest noblemen of the surrounding country had something to

do with this. Captain M'Mahon (that was the name of the young officer), however, was not Pay as you go!" The example of the French is given as a case in point. The True, he was then but a captain in the French army, and had nothing but his pay to depend on, but then he had ex-cellent prospects of once becoming rich; his family was as old, if not older, than that of Heloise's father, and a French soldier always has a marshal's baton in

How he managed to get acquainted with Mademoiselle De Morin we can not tell, but certain it is, when the young lady, some time afterward, was told by her father that he had selected a husband for her, she startled him by the announcement that he might save himself that trouble, and that she had already made her own choice.

The old gentleman was at first astonished, and then became furious. But his daughter briefly told him that she wanted no one but Captain M'Mahon, of the Fourth Regiment of the Line.

And now began a curious struggle between the exasperated father and the determined daughter. Notwithstandi ing the efforts of M. De Morin to intercept Heloise's correspondence with her why, from 'Meriky, where else? that lover, frequent letters were exchanged sent us the finest petaty. Long life to between the two; and when Captain it for both, says I!" "What sort of a place is that, I won-one another. This separation lasted three years, until 1842, when M'Mahon, sizable. I'm tould that you might roll who had greatly distinguished himself England through it, an' it would hard in Africa, suddenly fell heir to considwho had greatly distinguished himself erable property. This softened the ob-durate heart of M. De Morin, and in 1844 Heloise became the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Mahon, now the leading man of France.

Lafe,

A learned professor intimates that all who die under one hundred years of age are guilty of suicide! The process "A fu dais ago we lost our cat. She of reasoning by which he arrives at this conclusion is something as follows: Duration of life is measured by the time of growth; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives five times eight years; the horse is five years in growing, and lives twenty-five years; man, being twenty years in growing, should live five times twenty years. So Providence having intended man to wholesome modes of living, violent paswen the cat is out than wen she is in.
I think so. ures treely. N. B. this is
A tru fackt."

more healthful modes of eating, sleeping, working, and recreating, in the hope of becoming centenarians.

Items of Interest.

The Pope is now in excellent health, and holds darly receptions.

A Minnesota man has become insane from the excessive use of tobacco.

By the burning of a shanty in Toledo, Ohio, three persons lost their lives, It is now asserted that within eleven

weeks 1,500 persons died of the yellow fever in Memphis. Mrs. Virginia L. Minor, of St.

Louis, indignantly refuses to pay taxes unless she is allowed to vote.

A lady reporter sent to an agricul-tural fair wrote of a lot of pigs: "They look too sweet to live a minute." A Wisconsin man has had to have his

ip amputated on account of a cancer produced by excessive smoking. No Saratoga hotel except Congress Aall paid expenses this last sea Stewart's grand house lost \$80,000.

Naturalists, after years of investigation of the anatomy and morphology of eels, have discovered that they are of no sex. A prudent gentleman, unwilling to accuse a neighbor of lying, said he used the truth with penurious frugal-

Cairo has only two policemen, and these spend half the time fighting to see who shall be chief and who the

force." A Kansas paper says: The gay, jump ing grasshopper, the brown-colored grasshopper, the cussed old grasshoper, is here.

A gentleman once met a very quiet newsboy selling newspapers. "Is there any news?" inquired the gentle-man. "Lots o' news," replied the boy, but nothin' to holler.

The granges of the States of the Mississippi valley, lately in session at Keokuk, decided to establish a system of agricultural statistics in every State in the Union.

"I declare, mother," said a pretty little girl, in a pretty little way, "'tis too bad! You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy!" Mrs. Patterson, daughter of Andy

Johnson, and who was mistress of the White House while that gentleman was President, has been awarded the premium for the best butter at a Tennessee fair.

A match at chess for \$10,000 a side has been made between Dick Pearce and Mr. Gallagher, of Austin, Nev. Five thousand dollars a side forfeit has been put up, and the match will come off six weeks from next Christmas. The farmers in Illinois are running

the thing on an economical plan. At one of their conventions in Effingham county they made the candidates pledge themselves to perform the duties of their offices at \$1,200 each, and furnish their own assistants. At Clerkenwell Police Court, in Eng-

land, a few days since, the manager of the Newcastle Colliery Company was convicted of having knowingly sold an inferior quality of coals for a good one. He was fined £10 and costs, with the alternative of one month's imprisonment. An exchange says: "Out of seven

hundred and fifty redingotes seen upon the street, only three were of a style or quality that did not disfigure the wearer. Yet they are fashionable and homely, and can be made expensive three things that commend them to a majority of the sex.

The sardine fisheries in France at present employ 20,000 sailors and some 18,000 men, women, and children on land to prepare the fish for market. It seems that the catch is now diminishing every year, and the almost complete failure of the fish may be anticipated at no remote period.

Professor Hitchcock states that the total area of the coal fields of the Tnited States amounts to 230,659 miles, besides the strata which belong to other formations than the carboniferous, as for instance those of Virginia, of the territories west of the Missouri river, and those in California.

England has received news of the departure from Australia of a ship loaded with meat preserved fresh by a new invention. It is simply laid in a great iron tank, on the .lid of which rests a quantity of artificial ice froze much harder than the common natural ice. This ice, which costs \$25 a ton, so freezes the meat that decomposition is said to be impossible.

Postmaster Burt gave a lecture on the postal service at Boston last week, and illustrated the proverbial careless ness of letter writers by showing his audience two hundred letters taken in the office the previous day, which were not properly prepaid or directed, and two hundred and fifty postal cards with all sorts of messages on the backs, but not a sign of a direction on the face. So numerous are the mosquitoes in

some localities of South America, that the wretched inhabitants sleep with their bodies covered with sand three or four inches deep, the head only being left out; which they cover with a clath; and travelers have been obliged to have recourse to the same expedient. Even thick clothes afford at best a very partial protection, being readily penetrated with the sharp proboscis of the insect.

According to a writer in the Popular Science Monthly, a house should be so placed that the direct rays of the sun can have free admission into the living apartments, because the sun's rays imart a healthy and invigorating quality to the air, and stimulate vitality man beings as they do those of plants, and without sunlight human beings, as well as plants, would sicken and die. The aspect, therefore, should be south-

east. It appears that young Leggett, who fell down a precipice at Cornell University and was killed, was put through an initiation into the mysteries of the Kappa Alpha fraternity, and was blind-folded at the time. The sad accident in itself, of course, proves nothing as to the wisdom or folly of the proceed-ings, but it does indicate that they were conducted with inexcusable carelessness. Leaving a man blindfolded to grope about a precipice fifty feet high could hardly have been meant for