

### Parted.

A hasty word, a proud farewell,  
Brief anger and repentant tears,  
And life sounds dulled like a muffled bell  
Through weary space of years.

Oh, foolish tongue! that idly spake,  
Oh, foolish heart! so proud to be,  
Oh, foolish lovers! who may wake  
Who 'tis too late the truth to see.

So it fell out. He went away,  
And she was left alone to grieve,  
And dimmer shone the sun by day,  
And paler rose the moon at eve.

Henceforth for each the sapphire shen  
Grew graver in the summer skies;  
The golden lights upon the green  
All faded into somber dyes.

The songs of birds, the rippling linn  
Of fountain as it rose and fell,  
To them all tuneless had become,  
And rang for hope a dreary knell.

And so they parted—and the tide  
Of love rolled on its far-off way;  
Earth stretched a desert plain out wide,  
Where'n no fair oasis lay.

Yet often in foreign lands did he  
Recall her image as he passed  
That moon: and in her fancy she  
Beheld him as she saw him last.

Until through memory heart to heart  
Drew nigh, though oceans rolled between;  
Time plucking out the ranking dart,  
They lingered over what had been.

With loving longing for the past,  
Oh, foolish tongue! that idly spake,  
Oh, foolish lovers! who at last  
To your own foolishness awake.

### The Four-Leaved Clover.

My mother and I were spending the summer with my uncle, David Gregory, at his home. The kind old gentleman had written to me to bring one of my schoolmates with me. "Some one (he wrote) who loves the country." I invited Elsie Ventnor. She was not a scholar like myself, but lived with Mrs. Du Bois, teaching the children who were day scholars.

One afternoon uncle came in where we were all sitting over our fancy work, and said, with a smile:

"Madge, put this in the Bible for me. See, it is a four-leaved clover. I found it just now. Some good fortune must surely be coming to me."

"When I had done as he asked he sat down and unfolded a new plan for our amusement.

We were to get up tableaux and invite all we chose to help us, and conclude with a dance.

"Oh, uncle, how nice! When shall it be?"

"As soon as you wish. I will have everything done for you that is necessary, and you may use anything in the house you like for the purpose. I want you to enjoy yourselves as much as you can. It will be but a dull house after the gay memories to enliven it."

When he had left us I exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, isn't it a pity that uncle never had any children? He is so fond of seeing young folks enjoy themselves."

"Hush, Madge!" she hastily replied: "for mercy's sake! never say anything like that before your uncle."

"Why not, mamma? He lived with Mrs. Du Bois, teaching the children who were day scholars."

"I wondered a good deal in my mind over that scrap of conversation, but I did not ask any more questions. It was no hard matter to get a therry party to join us, and such fun as we had, rummaging in the attics, with Deb's assistance, for old fashioned things to turn into use.

One afternoon mamma called Elsie and myself into her room to look through an old trunk she had found stowed away in the back of an unused closet.

"Here, girls, examine. I shouldn't wonder, from the peep I have taken, if we had found a treasure trove."

We were both delighted. When we had taken out its contents—old fashioned dresses, feathers, laces, etc.—in a tray, all by itself, was a dress which would have driven Queen Mab to envy, and which was evidently more modern in its fashion than the other articles strewn around us. It was a long trained skirt of the palest lilac silk, with an overdress of lilac tulle, covered with embroidered clover blossoms, as if some careless hand had flung them in profusion all over the delicate material. The rosettes on the tiny slipper's were decorated in the same way, and a wreath of white clover, sprinkled with mimic dewdrops, lay with them.

"I think, Madge," said mamma, "it must have belonged to your uncle's sister, Hilda. I have heard she was a great belle in her day."

"Oh, mamma, we'll have a tableau called the 'Spirit of Good Fortune,' and Elsie shall wear the dress. Come, dear, and try it on."

Even the famous belle herself could not have looked fairer than did my friend, when we had arrayed her in the beautiful costume. Instead of the name I had chosen, mamma thought it would be just as appropriate, and much prettier, to call the tableau "The Four-Leaved Clover."

The evening came, and all the tableaux were successfully gone through with, and great applause except the last.

When I was helping Elsie to dress, she opened a case, and taking out a massive chain clasped it around her neck, saying:

"I will wear this to-night, Madge."

"Why, Elsie! what an exquisite thing."

"Yes, it is all I have left of my mother's. I never wear it, as it would hardly be suitable for my plain dresses. See."

And opening the diamond studded locket which hung from the chain she showed me the picture within.

There, smiling at me, was a face something like Elsie's, only more rosy, more radiant. It was the only time Elsie had ever spoken to me of her mother, and I wished she would say more. But the bell rang for the last tableau, and we hastened to our places—I among the audience, and she to appear as "The Four-Leaved Clover."

The curtain rose, and Elsie stood in a graceful attitude, landing the symbol of good fortune to a youth, who, on bended knee, waited to receive it. The diamond studded locket on her white neck caught the light in a hundred sparkles, and the dew spangled clover flashed it back again. It was a brilliant picture; but we hardly had time to admire it sufficiently, for with a low groan my uncle fell heavily forward from his chair to the floor.

Then all was confusion. The young people did not stay for the promised dance, and to a darkened room they carried the old gentleman, while a physician was hastily sent for. No one could account for the strange attack until uncle, after a long time, awoke to consciousness.

Then Deb, the old housekeeper, with strangely working features, came into our room and said:

"Miss Ventnor, may I have the chain and locket, you wore to-night?"

"Wondering Elsie rose and got it for her."

"Deb, Deb!" I exclaimed, "what is the matter?—how is dear uncle?—why do you wear Elsie's chain?"

"Miss Madge," solemnly interrupted Deb, "with that clover dress came misfortune to this house, and now it has brought good luck back again, I think."

And without stopping to explain her ambiguous sentence or answer my question she departed. When Deb came into the room again, it was to say uncle was better and wanted Elsie. When we were alone Deb told me a strange story—that my uncle had had a child, a beautiful daughter, who had married against his will, and whom he had refused to forgive until it was too late.

"Miss Madge, it was at her coming out party she wore that dress—she was always fanciful—and at that party she met the gentleman she married. With my own eyes I saw her father clasp that chain and locket (here a light broke in upon my mind) around her pretty neck. When he refused to let her marry her lover (whom he knew was dissipated) she ran away, Miss Madge, and they went abroad to a foreign country. Her husband died, he heard. But with all Mr. David's trying, we could never get any news of her till this day. At last, through your means, Miss Madge, her daughter, Mr. David's own grandchild, has been brought to his very house."

Here the good woman clasped her arms around me and wept for very joy.

Elsie told how she came to be with Mrs. Du Bois. When madame had first established her school, she was in her garden one day, and saw a young woman passing on her way from the station, carrying a child in her arms. She was struck by the weary look in the pale face. And going to the gate, she called her to come in and rest. Madame made her comfortable in her sitting-room, and hastened to bring some refreshment. When she reached the room again, she saw the young woman had fainted, as she supposed. But it was not a faint—it was death. No inquiries could discover who she was, and she was quietly buried—plain, good madame herself erecting a plain monument to her memory. The baby's clothes were marked "Elsie Ventnor," and so madame called her.

**A New Party Word Book.**

All remarkable and respectable people—Ourselves.

Everybody—That portion of the community, small or great, which sides with us.

Nobody—Everybody who holds or expresses opinions antagonistic to ours.

The opinion of the country—This is argued at by an exceedingly simple arithmetical process, namely, by subtracting the views of "nobody" (in the above sense) from those of "everybody" (as before defined).

**Common sense**—The opinion common to all those who agree with us.

**Patriotism**—Our views of the interests and duties (especially the former) of our country. Of this quality we have, from the very necessity of the case, an exclusive monopoly. A claim to any share in it on the part of others may be described indifferently as "blind philanthropy," "mischievous humanitarianism," or "bigotted fanaticism."

**Well meaning** but misguided people—Persons whom it may be desirable to deprecate but impolitic to abuse.

**Spouting**—A deprecatory epithet for all talk but our own.

**Faction**—Departure from our pet programme.

**The herd**—The world minus our clique.

**Intelligent public spirit**—Open advocacy of our views.

**Fatuous fussiness**—Public advocacy of any others.

**Atrocity**—Venal errors on the part of our clients.

**Ferocity**—The indignation of those who dare to denounce them.

**Sentiment**—The root of all—political—evil.—*Punch.*

**The Missing Link.**

Some years ago a traveler came back from Africa with a marvelous story of a region inhabited by men with tails. From quite another quarter of the world the report now reaches us that the half ape half man is no myth. The Rev. George Brown, who has recently visited the New Britain and New Ireland group of islands to the east of New Guinea, writes that the natives of Blanche Bay positively affirm the existence of a race of men with tails at a place called Kalili. When it was suggested that the supposed men might be gorillas the blacks indignantly resented the imputation upon their intelligence, and asked whether apes fought with spears, planted yams and built houses. A minute description was given of the curiously formed savages, and from this it would appear that nature has been somewhat inconsiderate in her design of the appendage. The tail, the natives say, "is hard and inflexible—so much so that they have to dig a hole in the sand before they can sit down, as they die at once if the appendage is broken." The people provided with this dangerous ornament are, however, represented as rather proud of it. "Any child born without it is destroyed, for fear it should be ridiculed when it grows up."

**An exchange remarks:** "This is the time to go out wolf hunting. Nothing will give you higher percentage on your time and money than chasing the wolf from your poorer neighbor's door."

### Nothing Lost by Charity.

The *Detroit Free Press* says: One of those tall hardened, heart braced chaps often read in romance made his appearance on the Campus Martius and his sympathies were at once aroused by the sight of three or four old men standing around with their backs and waiting for work.

"I'll be hanged if it isn't tough," he replied, when they told him that they hadn't had any work for a month. "How would you like some oysters?"

They smacked their lips by way of reply, and he gathered up a crowd of eight, marched them to a restaurant and ordered oyster stews for each one.

"It just does my soul good to see them eat!" he said to the owner of the place as the eight got to work.

"Yes; it's a beautiful sight," was the reply.

"It makes me feel good in here," continued the stranger, laying his hand on his heart.

"A good deed brings its own reward," was the soft answer of the restaurateur, as he calculated his profits.

"I can't rest here. I must do further good," said the big hearted stranger, and he rushed out and brought in three men, a chimney sweep, two boys and an old woman, and ordered more oysters.

The fifteen people went for oyster soup in a manner to amaze, and their guardian nudged the restaurateur in the ribs and said:

"See the gentle lambs! Oh, that I could feed the poor of all America!"

"You are a good man, and Heaven will reward you," replied the proprietor, as he filled the dishes up again.

The stranger said he wanted to bring in just five more, so as to say that he had fed an even score, and he rushed out after them, while the restaurateur sent after more oysters and crackers.

The stranger didn't return. He was last seen climbing into a farmer's sleigh and guiding his team to the west. The fifteen in the restaurant licked their plates clean and departed in joyful procession, and the last one had passed out before the man who furnished the soup had got through waiting for the return of the big hearted stranger. There were watchwords and expressions, delivered in the purest of English, but what mattered it to the fifteen soup devourers who drew up in the line opposite and

"Resolved, that them oysters just touched the spot."

**Interesting Phenomena in 1877.**

On March 1 Mars will pass Jupiter, near the point the sun reaches at his extreme southern declination, but this sight will not be as interesting as the former, as Mars will be nearly overshadowed by the superior brilliancy of Jupiter.

But the astronomical event of the year will be the opposition of Mars, which will occur on the fifth of September. This happens once in a little more than two years, but owing to the ellipticity of the planet's orbit a greater degree of brilliancy is presented when opposition and perihelion occur together, as in the case this year, Mars coming to perihelion Aug. 21, and to opposition fifteen days later.

During the months of August and September the fiery little planet will blaze nearly all the night, with a brilliancy rivaling that of Jupiter itself. Oppositions of Mars are valuable for determining the sun's distance, by means of the planet's horizontal parallax, being for this purpose inferior only to transits of Venus. The comparative movements of Mars and Saturn will be interesting, the former passing Saturn on the twenty-seventh of July, retrograding past him on the twenty-sixth of August, and finally passing him on the third of November in direct motion again, Saturn being in retrograde motion all the time.

On the ninth of November Venus and Jupiter will again be in conjunction, being about three hours' distance from the sun. They will not, however, be nearer than about two and one-half degrees, Venus being at her greatest heliocentric latitude south, and Jupiter but little past his descending node. During the months of September, October and November the four planets, Venus, Jupiter, Mars and Saturn, will all be visible in the evening sky, forming in the first half of November two pairs, Venus and Jupiter, low in the southwest, and Mars and Saturn high in the southeast, about eight or nine degrees below the equinoctial, a sight as beautiful as it is rare.

**A Hard Time.**

Among the inmates of a charitable soup house in St. Louis is a graduate of Harvard who is well connected in the East. He has been unfortunate in his efforts to support himself and is too proud to write to his friends and let them know how wretched a failure he has made since he graduated. He goes out every day in search of work and gets an odd job occasionally. His habits are good; he is intelligent; he is careful of his pennies and is striving to save enough to take him to another town. The moral right of a man, who has friends that are willing to help him, to fall back upon public charity may well be questioned. The incident, however, illustrates a condition of American society which has not been known until within a few years. Education is not as valuable capital as it was twenty or fifty years ago. It was easier then for a college graduate to win immediate success than it is now. He had only to go from college to a village in a Western State and live natural growth of the town would set him on his feet and enable him to make rapid progress in professional or business life. Collegians who acquire literary taste and culture at their universities, but who are above following their fathers' calling on farm or in shop, now have to struggle terribly hard in American cities, East and West, to keep the wolf from the door of professional life.

**LYONNAISE POTATOES.**—Into a saucepan a large lump of butter and a small onion finely chopped, and when the onion is fried to an amber color throw in slices of cold boiled potatoes, which must be thoroughly stirred until they are turning brown. At this moment put in a spoonful of finely chopped parsley, and, as soon as it is cooked, strain through a colander, so that the potatoes retain the moisture of the butter and many particles of the parsley.

### THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Failures for the Year 1876 as Compared with those of 1875—Some Interesting Statistics.

During the year 1876 there were in the United States, according to the report just made by the mercantile agency of Dun, Barlow & Co., 630,099 persons reported in business. Of these 9,09 failed with liabilities amounting to \$191,117,786. In 1875 there were 7,740 failures with \$201,060,353 liabilities, showing an increase of failures for the year of 1,350, as compared with 1875, which year in turn showed an increase over 1874 of nearly two thousand failures. The liabilities of the parties failing in 1876 show a decrease over those of 1875. In Canada of 54,282 persons doing business during 1876, there failed 1,728 against 1,968 in 1875. The liabilities in 1876 were \$25,517,991 against \$28,843,907 in 1875. For New York city the number of failures in 1876 was 887 and the average liabilities of each \$37,479.

It may be interesting, says Messrs. Dun, Barlow & Co., to discover in what sections of country the financial pressure has been the most severe, and with that view the following table is presented:

No. in Business	No. of Failures	Amount of Liabilities.
New England States.....	77,550	1,314 \$37,637,062
Middle States.....	165,184	2,909 72,244,681
Western States.....	225,309	3,139 52,875,541
Southern States.....	87,140	1,361 23,083,396
Pacific States.....	22,313	369 5,262,236
Canada.....	54,000	1,728 25,517,991

An examination of the above table confirms the impression, which has been very general, that trade in the Western and Southern States has been less disastrous than that of the Eastern and Middle States. It is a significant circumstance, that the failures in the Middle States are one in every fifty-seven names reported in business, while in the Western States the proportion is one in every seventy-two; but the comparison between the East and the South is even more significant, for in New England, with all its wealth and solidity, one in every fifty-nine has yielded to the pressure of the times, while in the South, with all its poverty, its political and other disabilities, the percentage of failures is only one in every sixty-four. Even in Canada, where there is a gold basis, light taxation, freedom from political complications, and all other favoring conditions, the above showing is indicative of much greater pressure than in the United States, the failures in the Dominion being one in every thirty-two. In England no very accurate figures are obtainable, and none of course as yet for the past year, but for 1875 a return was made of 1,700 failures among 60,000 firms prominent in trade, indicating a failure for every thirty-six firms reported in business, with an average liability of \$87,970. The figures for the United States, showing a failure of one in every sixty-three, with an average liability of \$21,000, indicate that the pressure of the times has been either not so great in this country as elsewhere, or that it has been borne with less disastrous results.

It would be unfair to conclude that the trade of the country is in an unpromising condition, because the failures show such a marked increase. A wider view would include many circumstances that would bring more comfort. For instance, it is undeniable that the past year has witnessed a marked improvement in the values of many leading staples, as compared with the prices prevailing in 1875. It is equally true that in extent of profitable trade there has been a perceptible gain, and there is no denying the fact that, in many branches of business, a much larger number have added to their available surplus during 1876 than in 1875. Many articles had reached a par value, in illustration of which the statement may be ventured that, as far as further depreciation in prices was concerned, specie payments might have been resumed in the early part of 1876 without causing any material disturbance in values. Not only had some prices reached par—and in some cases below it—but it was a settled conviction that the stock of goods in all hands nearest the consumer had reached the lowest possible point. Production, warned by previous losses, had been regulated to the extent of positive wants; and the pressure to sell, so apparent in 1875, was largely diminished. Thus, barely the first half of 1876 was reached, when all the conditions of stock, supply, demand and price favored an improved condition of business. That this improvement did take place in September and October was everywhere evident; but the heated Presidential contest, and the miserable middle as to the result of that contest which has since prevailed, has almost completely paralyzed business. The last two months of the year, therefore, were most disappointing, and from causes exceptional and temporary in character, the promise of the early autumn of improvement in business was not fulfilled. It is significant, however, that the failures in the last quarter of 1876 are less by twenty per cent. in number than for the last quarter in 1875, while the total liabilities for the last quarter of 1876 are not one-half of those of the corresponding quarter of 1875. The same favorable comparison also holds good as to the decreased number of failures which occurred in the fourth quarter of 1876, as compared with the larger number in the third quarter. \* \* \* It is true that the gloomy cloud of the political contest obscures these condi-

tions somewhat, and that a winter of extreme severity, with difficulty of transportation and other causes, retards their action to some extent. But, that these favoring conditions not only exist, and continue to increase, none can doubt. The year just closed has been a most prolific one in largely augmenting the wealth of the country. Cotton, grain, sugar, tobacco, gold and silver, petroleum, and numerous other resources of this great continent, have been produced in quantities sufficient to yield nearly 1,000 millions of dollars. While the producing power of the nation has thus been exhibiting itself, on the other hand, the economy of its people has been equally clearly demonstrated on the other. The importations have dwindled to dimensions smaller than was at one time thought possible, and the restricted purchases of domestic as well as foreign goods, in all sections of the country, afford the strongest possible indication, that the foolish extravagance which so universally prevailed in the first five years of the decade, is being succeeded by lessened living and business expenses, and a safer basis generally is thus being reached.

### Items of Interest.

Be thankful for the least and hope for the best.

Vanderbilt's golden secret—Mind your own business.

Swallowing the bristle of a toothbrush has been known to cause death.

The latest slang is: "He's a good fellow, but he's bit off more than he can chew."

During the last eighteen years England has spent nearly one thousand millions of dollars on her navy.

A child sat down on a hot stove hearth in Pittsburgh, and was permanently branded with the words "Base Burner."

An English journal says there are no fewer than 1,756 patents for railway car couplers, and yet directors are not satisfied with anything that has been laid before them.

The *Scientific American* gives this good advice: To never go into your barn with an uncovered light, and never set your lantern on the barn floor, but hang it up.

It was a year ago that a pretty young bride began to follow the occasional recipes for cooking that have appeared in this journal, and with such success that she has just married her second husband.

Says the *Waco (Texas) Examiner*: Government lands cost \$1 per acre, and good whisky \$2 per bottle. How many men who landless who during their lives have swallowed whole townships—trees and all.

The new census in Paris shows that the city has a population of 1,900,000. This was the population in 1870, just prior to the Franco-German war, so that the city has simply regained lost ground.

There is an unusual interest manifested in kitchen maids by the young men of Memphis, Mo., caused by a statement in a local paper that a young lady, heir to \$10,000, is working as a domestic in a family there.

The combined capital of the Rothschilds is stated by Emile Burnout, the well known publicist, to have attained in the past year to the almost incalculable sum of seventeen billions of francs, or \$3,400,000,000.

There have been an unusual number of poaching prosecutions in England this season. It is likely that before long the game laws will undergo a revision. There is great discontent among farmers, more especially in Scotland.

The report of the United States commissioner of education shows that in the States and Territories the annual income of the public schools is \$88,648,950, and the estimated value of the sites, buildings and all other school property, \$173,833,545.

A Washington lady got angry at a young naval officer because he reminded her that he had once participated with her in a dance in which there was a kissing forfeit. "A woman does not get half so angry when she is kissed as when she is told of it."

The Japanese government have followed the suppression of the last insurrection by sentencing twelve leaders to capital punishment, 234 to hard labor for life, and fourteen to forfeiture of rank and estate. A large number were pardoned, and 169 committed hari kari.

God purifies the soul very much as we air our rooms. He throws open all the windows—the windows of feeling, of impulse, of imagination, of purpose—and sends a strong current of vitalizing grace sweeping through them, until every element of our nature is reoxygenized and made healthy and bracing.

A five-year-old tot, who had always closed her prayers at night with "And God help Katy to be a good girl," opened her eyes on that point one night in green apple time, and said, very decidedly: "I ain't a-going to say the Lord, for I don't want to be a dood girl, I want to eat green apples and swallow 'em."

After the battle of Chattanooga the surgeons made several incisions in the leg of a soldier who had been wounded in the knee by a musket ball. Out of patience at last, the soldier exclaimed: "Why are you carrying me up so?" "We're trying to find the ball," answered a surgeon. "Why didn't you ask for the ball in the first place?" indignantly cried the soldier; "here it is in my pocket!"

The points in a Saratoga county (N. Y.) love story are that Frank was discarded by Liza in obedience to the dying injunction of her mother; that they parted at the gate of the cemetery; that she gradually pined until at the point of death; that she sent for Frank, but he was on his death bed with fever; and that they died on the same day, and their bodies were simultaneously carried through the cemetery gate where they had parted.

### Take Our Advice.

If husbands were always lovers, says an exchange, life would be pleasanter than it is. But they are not. They never were and they never will be.

Our advice to young women is like that of *Bunch*, when asked to say something to a couple about to wed—"Don't."

Don't what!

Well, first and foremost, of all things, don't marry a drunkard. Depend upon it, if you cannot keep him sober during those days of the average woman's strongest influence over wayward men, the season of courtship, the chances will be against success. Some women have succeeded in this labor of love, but there are 10,000 failures to one success. It is a field of missionary labor that very few of the sex are fitted to enter. If John gets drunk once a month while he is billing and cooing, depend upon it he will require semi-monthly sessions of Bacchanalian recreation when he becomes a Benedict. A man who gets drunk is necessarily a bad or foolish man when he is under the influence of liquor, and is very apt to soon become a bad man whether drunk or sober. The romantic idea that a woman who can reform a drunkard is deserving of a crown of glory is all the veriest bosh. They would be shocked by the suggestion that a man who marries a fallen woman and restores her to a life of virtue would be deserving the praise of all mankind. The latter would be a much easier task than the former, and more likely to succeed.

The debasement in one case is generally incurable, and scorns the influence of kindness or affection; while in the other the opportunity to escape from a life of degradation would in most cases insure hearty co-operation with the missionary in such a field.

But the drunkard, as is generally the case, may be addicted to a number of other vices, each one of which ought to be considered as repulsive as that of drinking. Still we find pure, virtuous, refined and delicate women risking their lives and happiness in the delusive hope of rescuing and restoring them. Instances of the terrible failure in this missionary field are to be found in every street and lane of a great city, accompanied by scores of the dissolute widows and orphans of those who have staggered into drunkard's graves. Still the experiment is tried by new votaries, who foolishly think they can succeed where others fail. It is a terrible delusion. Love and devotion are powerless on a drunkard. Nothing but an iron will and firmness that few women possess can check the career of a man who has once taken hold of strong drink. He must become subject to her will, and be restrained from his evil course by a power stronger than love or kindness.

There are enough men who become drunkards after marriage for all reasonable purposes of experiment, without taking them fully trained in a career of vice and debauchery. Therefore we say: "Girls, don't do it."

**Some Remarkable Winters.**

The Methuselah of the New London *Telegraph* volunteers the following information concerning remarkable winters. None but the "oldest inhabitant" will be likely to recall the periods to which allusion is made. Hear him:

Now is the time to trot out paragraphs about remarkable winters—winters that have distinguished themselves by being either colder or warmer than the law allows. No well regulated newspaper will neglect this duty. Referring back to our files, we find that in 1172 the temperature was so high that leaves came out on the trees in January, and birds hatched their broods in February. In 1289 the weather was equally mild, and the maidens of Cologne wore wreaths of violets and corn flowers at Christmas and Twelfth Day. In 1421 the trees flowered in the month of March and the vines in the month of April. Peaches appeared in May, and little boys commenced to fall out of apple trees a little later. In 1572 the trees were covered with leaves in January and the birds hatched their young in February, as in 1172. In 1586 the same thing was repeated, and it is added that the corn was in ear at Easter. To the best of our memory there was in France neither snow nor frost throughout the winter of 1538, 1607, 1609, 1617 and 1659. Finally, in 1662, even in the north of Germany, the stoves were not lighted, trees flowered in February and outdoor bouquets were showered on the newspaper offices without number. It seems but as yesterday. Coming to later dates, the winters of 1846-7, when it thundered at Paris on the twenty-eighth of January, and that of 1866, the year of the inundation of the Seine, may be mentioned as very mild.

**Eating vs. Drinking.**

If you would keep from drinking so great a quantity of ardent spirits, eat more. Eat nutritious food. Eat something whenever you take a drink. The drunk, in all cases, comes from a stomach full of whisky and no food. There is a fact yet to be learned by many, and that is, they do not eat enough of real blood, bone, nerve and tissue making food. You may half starve to death on salt fish, potatoes, cabbage, turnips, fried liver, stewed kidney, and a score of other dishes that please the taste, but add little or nothing to the body force. Eggs, the best of steak, mutton and bread are what one requires for strength. It is this unconscious, half starved condition which causes so much of the craving for a temporary increase of strength, and that is quickest gained through a glass of whisky; that gives, for a few moments, a spasmodic impulse to the wheels of life, sending them whizzing and spinning around for a few moments; then comes reaction, and they turn more sluggish than ever. The best spirits in the world reside in good blood, and worst in bad. It is that which sends false imaginings, suspicions and dependencies to the brain.

A Toronto paper has just disgusted the fashionable world of that city by inserting a mysterious paragraph announcing a stylish wedding for a given morning. The church was fairly jammed with aristocracy that crowded to assist at the nuptials of a Pullman car conductor and landlady—both colored.

### The Coat of Mail.

The reported duel between Bennett and May has brought about the duel stories in the scrap books of the editors. Here is one story told: When Fighting Fitzgerald was introduced at the French court to King Louis XVI., the ambassador thinking to compliment the courage of Fitzgerald, said: "Your majesty, this brave gentleman has killed nineteen antagonists, in as many duels, and never has been wounded!" The king replied in sorrowful rebuke: "M. l'Ambassadeur! I should have been more pleased to have heard that he had saved the lives of nineteen persons, or of even one of his majesty's subjects." It was a fact that he had never been wounded, though opposed by excellent marksmen, who were instructed in those days to aim between the belt and throat; for, to shoot above or below, was considered ungentlemanly and non-savaliere.

Fitzgerald was a terror in the society of every club, and he belonged to many; for no person dare blackball him, for fear of a leaden ball in return. No one presumed to put his name upon the bulletin for expulsion for fear of bullets in his own body. He insulted any one who offended him by a blow on the face with his glove. The insulted gentleman was compelled to challenge him, which gave Fitzgerald the choice of weapons—his deadly pistol, with which he had often "snuffed" a candle out at ten paces.

People wondered how it was that he was never wounded. Many were the surmises, with bated breath and whispered suggestions. At that time, in Ireland, dueling was the fashion, and ladies favored no lover who had not been out with his man. Fitzgerald, of noble family, was their reigning favorite.

There lived in county Galway a rich country gentleman, Richard Martin, who became renowned as a modern Richard Cour de Lion. He was the father of "Animal Martin," so called from his humanity to animals—the Henry Bergh of Parliament. Richard Martin was a quiet, home man in manners the reverse of Fitzgerald, who was frolicsome and perfidious.

The conversation at a club turned upon the marvelous career of the latter, when Mr. Martin observed that he did not believe Fitzgerald dare fight a duel with his body to his belt entirely naked. This suggestive remark reached the duelist, who instantly insulted Martin by striking him across the face with his glove. Richard Martin had never fought a duel, being opposed to it on principle, unless for libel and slander, or gross personal assault. He was, therefore, compelled to challenge—on which fact rare Fitzgerald insisted that the principals should be placed at thirty paces distance, approach each other at the signal, and fire at pleasure as they approached—each step, of course, lessening the distance between them. This arrangement was agreed to, the distance measured and the men placed face to face. "Are you ready, gentlemen?" "Yes." "One, two, three, and fire!"

It was noticed that Fitzgerald was nervous, even in the preliminaries, for the original remark of Martin causing the duel strongly suggested knowledge or belief as to the fraudulent concealed armor. They had advanced only two paces each, when Fitzgerald suddenly fired, and for the first time, missed his man's bullet, however, carrying away a portion of Martin's shirt ruff. The arrangement was that when either had fired he was to stop and receive the fire of his opponent. There were twenty-six paces left between them, and Richard Martin slowly advanced, and when within only four paces fired point blank at the very heart of Fitzgerald, who stood erect, smiling and unhurt. Martin instantly reversed his pistol, seized the barrel, and rushing upon Fitzgerald, inflicted a terrible blow before the seconds could interfere, and as quickly tore open the discolored shirt of his prostrate foe, disclosing the eyes of all that concealed bullet-proof coat, lined with a wadded inner coat, impervious to bullet, sword or dagger.

After this duel, and in consequence of it, came in the fashion of fighting naked to the waist.

Fitzgerald died almost instantly. Richard Martin was tried for murder and acquitted by acclamation, not only by the jury, but by all Ireland, England and Europe, who saluted him as a public benefactor.

**Blow Your Own Horn.**

Blow your own horn. Yes, give it a blast and let modesty blush if she will. This false delicacy has been the stumbling-block of thousands of really good, capable men. Make a noise—it will attract somebody. Let the world know that you are alive and intend to drive things until you get to the top of the hill and have made a fortune. To the man of energy and perseverance mountains are but molehills. This only the drones that fail. They are always looking on the black side, predicting disaster, always complaining of hard times—always waiting for something to turn up. Such men never have and never will find good times, nor prosperity. Neither will they ever find friends or admirers among first-class business men. If you would succeed in anything, don't stand still. Go ahead. Don't be afraid. Do something. If you don't blow the horn somebody else will, but not for your benefit except "in a horn."

**Troubles of the Fishermen.**

A sorrowful story from the ocean comes to us by the way of the old seaport of Gloucester, Mass., ten vessels being reported missing from the fishing fleet. These craft usually carry about ten men each, and the loss of life, if these are schooners, will be large. It is a heavy loss for the hardy little community in Cape Ann to bear. The fishermen of the North Atlantic coast endure many hardships in pursuit of their dangerous calling. This cold and stormy season has witnessed many disasters; but this latest is one of the saddest repetitions of the old and tragical story of suffering, danger and death on the sea, and of hope deferred, despair and lamentation on the land.