NUMBER 48.

A SCENE FOR A STUDY.

BY JEAN INGLOW. White lay the snow over roof, over wold-White hung the moon in the frosty sky; And huddled sheep, that crouched in the fold, Wore the white raiment dropped from on high; But a little window, rustle and old, Gleaned cheerly red on the wanderers nigh,

A painter passed on his way, that night;
"What a scene for a study!" the painter said; "Fairly gleams that ruby light, Icicles fringe it from overhead «Oh, moon, then art ghostly! Oh! world thou ar

I'll look in the window all warm and red."

So he looked—but whatever his eyes might see His pencil told me, his lips were dumb, I might guess, but who would listen to me!

And the days of the painter have told their sum, Would you know, you must wait till your soul is free,
And you two meet in the world to come.

Mere is the study the painter wrought; A little way off that window glows, And the prints of the children's feet are brought, Up to the doorway, athwart the snows, And the moon beams fell like an afterthought, And silvers their pathway who now repose

Cold shows the world and the sky round about, And warm breaks that ruddy light between; Of the painter's thought I need not doubt, For long like his study his life has been ; Ab, long time his lot was to walk without, From the one light apart in a wintry scene.

But I hope, where the white flakes freeze no

more,
I hope, where winter is over and gone,
For the cold of the night that went before no almost forgets how he made his moan; And doomed him to work in the world-alone.

LOTTIE'S BALL DRESS.

"Do you think it is best for us to go, Lottie ?"

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mellen had been married scarcely more than a year -not long enough for the first gloss to be worn off her wedding ringrot long enough to forget the enchanted gold shine of the honeymoon; and now, upon this clear December morning, the young wife sat at the breakfast table, in a most becoming neglige of rose-ribbons and dove-colored cashmere, with an open note in her hand, and her blue eyes sparkling with delighted animation. A pretty picture to look upon, for Mrs. Mellen was very pretty-a tall, velvet cheeked blonde, with her hair shining like braided one beams, beneath the coquettish little breakfast-cap she wore.

"Best, Clarence? Why, of course, it is best! Lulu Sparks would give her ears to get cards to Mrs. Benedict's

"I dare say," said Mr. Mellen, dryly. "But did you ever read La Fontaine's Fables?"

"What do you mean, Clare?"

"Only that it contains a story concerning an iron pot and a crockery pot, that swam down stream together. Of course, the china pot gots mashed."

'I don't see what your ridiculous old fables have to do with me."

"A great deal, my love! Mr. Benedict is a rich banker. I am only confidential clerk, in his brother's employ, Mr. Benedict has a thousand dollars, probably, where I have one. Our spheres lie apart. Is it best, then, for us to compete with them in any one respect?"

"Because we attend a ball at their house, we needn't necessarily compete ginning to pull at the fringe of her breakfast napkin. "Of course, if they invite us, it is only natural to suppose that they want us to come,"

"I presume, my dear, we are invited out of compliment to Mr. Benedict's brother, who is kind enough to think favorably of your humble servant."

"And it would be very rude not to

"I don't think regrets would be taken in bad part, Charlotte. Besides, what have you to wear that would compare with the toilets of Mrs. Bentley Benedict's fashionable friends?"

"That's just what I was going to speak about," said Mrs, Mellen, " I really did need a new silk dress. That hall. pea-green affair is actually beginning to look shabby, and the black silk I had when we were married is positively oldfashioned by this time."

"It is only thirteen months, Lottie." "But fashions alter so, Clarence, you know. Now there's a lilac moire antique at Grant's-the lovliest shade you ever saw, and a positive bargain, on account of there being only twenty-two yards in the pattern. I can get it for eighty-five dollars, and sister Helen will lend me her point-lace flounces to trim it with, and-"

"Eighty-five dollars, Lottie! And for a moire antique dress? Do you know, my dear, that that is almost onetenth of my year's salary ?"

"One must look decent, once in a

while."

He shook his head gravely.

to invite us to this ball, but you must

write a declination." Charlotte burst into tears, and for the first time since their wedding-day, Mr. Mallen stalked out of the room without a good-bye kiss.

That afternoon came up a hurried note from the office, as follows:

DARLING LOTTIE: Please send, by DARLING LOTTIE: Please send, by the bearer, my valire, with a few changes of linen and other necessaries, for an absence of eight or ten days on business for the firm. Inclosed you will find a fifty dellar bill for the painter—a debt which ought to have been attended to before. Take a receipt. Be careful of yourself while I am gone. I wish I could have run up to say adieu, but time presses. If you are lonely, but time presses. If you are lonely, get one of your sisters to come and stay Affectionately, CLARENCE, with you.

Lottie had been crying all the morning, but now her eyes glittered, A new brightness came into her face as she hurried hither and thither, putting up her husband's things. And after the monds set her off rarely. messenger had gone, she looked down at the fifty dollar bill in her hand.

"Eight or ten days," she repeated to herself. "I'll go to the ball, after all, with Helen and her husband. I'll take this money and buy the moire antique. Grant will wait on me for the other thirty-five, I am sure; and as for the painter, just as likely as not he's in no hurry for his money, and if he is, I'll dollars. I was always Uncle Jesse' favorite niece."

And this cager young woman threw on her bonnet and shawl, and hurried down to Grant's to buy the remnant of lilac moire antique.

"Oh, certainly! certainly! Mr. Grant was in no hurry at all for the money. He would wait Mrs. Mellen's must say I don't like the looks of this. convenience any length of time she I'm afraid we have trusted him too far, chose to mention."

And he unfolded the rich fabric, skillfully holding it up so that the light should strike its rosy sheen to the best possible advantage.

How beautiful it was! Amethysts shot with glimmering lines of silverbuds of spring violets in the sunshinemidsummer sunsets! Lottie thought or all these beautiful things as al looked at it.

"Pray send it home at once," she said, laying down her fifty dollar bill, "and credit this on my account."

And then she tripped around to the dressmaker's.

Mrs. Parkerson was at the dressmaker's-a plump, rosy, widow, with more money than she knew how to spend. She had always liked young Mrs. Mellen, and now entered with alacrity into her plans.

"A nice place to go, my dear," said she. "Once let yourself be seen at one of Mrs. Benedict's parties, and your a letter from poor Pepper. position in society is settled at once. I have cards myself; but, of course, so - "My wife is dead. God knows ery, which method would destroy too soon after my poor brother's death I whether it is your fault or not. Had many stamps. They are passed to two could'nt go out. And you're to go in you paid the money you owed, I might other squads, who in as many opera lilac moire antique, ch, my dear? I'll have sent her west, to her native air. tions perforate the sheets between the tell you what-I want you to look nice, and I'll lend you my diamonds!"

Lottie's cheeks flushed exultantly as she thought of Mrs. Parkerson's diamond necklace, with its glittering pendwith them," pouted the young wife, be- ant, and the bracelets studded with gems, to say nothing of the great solitaires, like drops of dew that hung from applied to its rightful destination. her ear-rings.

"Oh, Mrs. Parkerson!" she exclaimed breathle sly, "how can I ever thank you."

"Look as pretty as you can, my dear," said Mrs. Parkerson, good naturedly. " That's the way to thank me !"

Miss Mousley, the dressmaker, and Mrs. Mellen were in deep consultation as to whether the front of the dress should be out a la Pompadour, or with corsage, the next day, when the latter was summoned down stairs. There stood Mr. Pepper, the painter, in the

interrupting you," said he, humbly doffling his cap; "but Mr. Mellen told me you would let me have the money on my little account !"

Lottie crimsoned. "I am very sorry, Mr. Pepper," said she, nervously; "but you must call

again next month !" "Mr. Mellen said you'd pay me with-

out delay, ma'am." "I can't help what Mr. Mellen said," exclaimed Lottie. "I haven's the money. That's enough !"

"But ma'am, I was assured I should have it without any mistake. I need it tions of the stem, as in the ordinary ma'am, to send my sick wife out west plant, are grouped about the upper to her mother's, and-"

"I have no time to stand here talking any longer," said Lottie, mortified, the ordinary garden variety; but from ashamed, yet still endeavoring to pur- its presenting the very distinctive dif- post-office department. The pay of the electric bells-one for the yeas, the more numerous than ever, and conse-"No, Lottic. I am sorry to seem suade herself that the man had hard or unkind, but this is so wild an no business to be so persistent. "I of close botanical examination. The idea that I can only conclude that you will let you have the sum as soon as peas are of remarkably fine flavor, exhave not thought sufficiently about it possible. In the meantime you must celling in delicacy those of the choicest yourself. Mrs. Benedict is very kind | wait !"

Pepper went away with a sad face, which haunted Mrs. Mellen for many a day, and Lottie returned to the dressmaking operations.

The lilae moire antique was made and fitted superbly. Sister Helen, who had a rich husband, lent the point lace flounces and scarf and Mrs. Parkerson's manservant brought around the satin casket of diamonds early in the afternoon; and Lottie Mellen went to Mrs. Benedict's ball, in the same carriage with her sister and sister's husband.

"For once, I am equal to any millionaire's wife on the avenue," thought Lettie, with a thrill of triumph at her heart.

Her entrance made a sensation. She was quite aware of that as she swept through the brilliantly lighted rooms; and it was no small wonder, for she was as beautiful as a vision, with her golden hair, deep blue eyes and queenly height, while the lilac moire antique and dia-

Mr. Bently Benedict leveled his eyeglass at her, as she passed on, after the usual presentation to her host and hos-

"So that is the wife of your confidential clerk, eh, Joe?" said he to his brother, "A silk gown for a royal princess, point lace that couldn't have cost less than one hundred dollars a yard, and diamonds that blaze like write to Uncle Jesse to lend me fifty comets! I don't exactly fancy that sort of a confidential clerk myself! Le! me see-how much did you tell me you paid him? Fourteen hundred a year?" Mr. Joe Benedict looked uneasily at

the brilliant vision. "I can't account for it," said he slowly. "I always supposed Mellen to be a reliable sort of a fellow, but I

although the accounts seem straight enough. I'll look into them to-morrow.' He did look into them.

"So far they are right," he said to himself. "But it's better to be on the safe side. A clerk whose wife dresses like a duchess can't be altogether straight. I'll discharge him !" So Clarence Mellen lost his situation,

hard times looking him gravely in the

Mr. Benedict told him frankly why. "I saw your wife at my brother Bentley's ball," said he, "dressed in moire antique, costly lace and diamonds. I bring no acquisition-I have ro complaint to make-only, in these days of embezzlement, forgery and defalcation, one has to look out for himself. And straws show which way the wind blows. '"

When Mr. Mellen went home he found a lawyer's clerk in the hall, with

"He wrote It would at least have been a chance of stamps. Next they are pressed once life for her, But she is gone now, and more, and then packed and labeled, and I have only to say that if the bill is not | packed away in another room, preparasettled at once, I shall resort to the extremest measures."

This was the first Mr. Mellen knew that the fifty dollar bill had not been

"I hope you are contented now, Lottie," he said, as he went up stairs to the room where his wife lay sobbing on the sofa. "You have rained me !"

And Lottie knew- at last how dear a price she had paid for her one night of triumph at Mrs. Benedict's ball.

Peas Three Thousand Years Old.

In the course of late explorations in the ancient ruins of Egypt, Gen. Auderson, an English traveler, found inclosed in a sarcophagus beside a mummy, a few dry peas, which he preserved carefully and, on his return to Great of the whole number used, or equal to Britain, planted in the rich soil of the "Begging your pardon, ma'am, for island of Guernsey. The seeds germinated, and soon two little plants appeared, from which, at maturity, sufficient peas were gathered to plant quite a large tract of ground in the following season.

Some of the plants thus raised have attained a height of over six feet, and have been loaded with blossoms of York is supplied differently. Twice a exquisite odor, and of a delicate rose tint. The peculiar feature of the growth is the stem, which is small near the root, but increases in size as it ascends, requiring a support to value. In answer to the orders sustain it upright. The pods, instead of being distributed around all porextremity.

The vegetable, it is said, belongs to farences above noted, it seems worthy known varieties.

Postage Stamps.

Every United States postage stamp in use is made here in New York. The contract was held by the American Bank Note Company from July 1, 1863, until the same day in 1873. That was for three terms of four years each. The Continental Bank Note Company at that time offering to do it for one-half the amount required by the other company, the contract was awarded to them. The office of the Continental is at the corner of Greenwich and Liberty streets, but as it was desirable to have the postage stamps made in a perfectly fire-proof building, the fifth story of the Equitable Life Insurance building, on the corner of Broadway and Cedar street, was rented for that purpose.

The office here is for the use of Mr. Daniel M. Boyd, the government agent, and Mr. Charles F. Steel, the agent and superintendent appointed by the company. The facts given in regard to the making of the stamps were obtained by your correspondent from Mr. Henry Bowen, Mr. Boyd's assistant. Two passanger elevators run to the top of the building, and on leaving them, the only entrance to the postage stamp rooms is by means of a door which is constantly kept locked and guarded by a janitor, who always sits inside to answer the bell which is just outside. On the right hand side are the office and printing room, and away to the left, at the front of the building, are the other

rooms used in making the stamps. In printing, steel plates are used, on which 200 stamps are engraved. Two men are kept hard at work, covering them with the colored inks and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy at printing them with large rolling hand-presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity. After the small sheets of paper upon which the 200 stamps are engraved have dried sufficiently they are sent into another room and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition, made of the powder of dried potatoes and which is better than any other kind, for instance, gum arabic, which cracks the paper badly. This paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that used for bank notes. After having been again dried, this time on racks, which are fanned by steam power for about an hour, they are put between sheets of pasteboard and pressed in hydraulic presses, capable of applying a weight of two hundred tons. The next thing is to cut the sheets in half; each sheet, of course, when cut, contains a hundred stamps. This is done by a girl with a large pair of shears, cutting by hand being preferred to that of machintory to being put in mail-bags for dispatching to fulfill orders. If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred is burned. About five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care is taken in counting them. During the process of manufacturing the sheets are counted cleven times.

There are 36,000 postofiles throughout the country, and they use in the course of one year 700,000,000 postage stamps. A week or two since 64,000,-000 finished and 87,000,000 unfinished stamps were put into the safes. The New York post-office alone uses 120,-000,000 a year, somewhat over one-sixth the amount required by 6,000 other offices. Four times a year the different post-offices send an order for the number of stamps they expect to have occasion to use during the coming three months. Of course, if they run out during that time, they are at liberty to send for more. The office here in New month an order is sent for about 500,000 of various denominations. Three cent stamps are, of course, in much greater demand than those of any other the stamps are made and sent to the offices, and there counted immediately in the presence of a witness. An accompanying blank receipt is filled up and sent to the third chine." An electric apparatus is to be assistant postmaster at Washington, who has charge of this branch of the majori y of postmasters is not by any other for the nays. The votes will be means extravagant. The holder of that registered instantaneously on a frame position in Guthrie, Ind., receives the work behind the president, opposite the

same. Others get two, three, four, five, and so on up to \$6,000. Although a salary of a few dollars is not in itself of importance, the holding of such an office generally is. For instance, in a little village the postmaster is almost always the owner of the grocery store, and the villagers, while waiting for the mail, find it convenient to lay in a stock of provisious, so that the postoffice draws custom. Besides, the postmaster is usually considered a man of much importance in a small town. I know a storekeeper who is the postmaster of a village in the southern part of New Jersey, and who gets only twelve dollars a year for that position. But he wouldn't resign it for three times that amount every year.

It is only the postmasters of large towns or cities who receive as much as four thousand dollars. Mr. J. L. James. the postmaster of this city, gets a salary of six thousand dollars, the largest given, but really small, considering the large amount of responsibility and work which it involves .- New York Letter.

A Terrible Alpine Accident.

The Journal de Geneve of a recept

date contains the following account of a catastrophe on Mont St. Bernard : "A few days ago it was rumored in Sion that a frightful accident had happened at a few kilometres from the Great St. Bernard. This rumor, unfortunately, proved to be well founded. On the 19th of November, at the break of day, a carayan composed of twelve Italian workmen, returning to their country, left the Bourg St. Pierre and the tavern of Proz, where they had passed the night, and, despite the foul weather and difficult state of the roads, attempted to cross over the mountain pass or to reach the refuge, as circumstances might allow. The sky was dark and there was a violent snowdrift. On reaching the spot known as the Montagne St. Pierre, half-way between the starting point and the place of refuge, they were joined by two monks, preceded by the convent servant and a large-sized dog, who, according to the rule of the monastery, came to meet the snow became intense, Suddenly a frozen water-spout, called veura in the language of the mountaineers, whirled through the air, and whisking up the fresh-fallen snow, enveloped the travelers. The first column, composed of five Italian workmen, two monks, the servant, and the dog, disappeared under a shroud of snow several metres thick without any avalanche having fallen from the mountain; the seven others who were following were stricken down by the same cause a short distance from the first, A deadly silence followed. Suddenly the seven last victims buried in the snow succeeded in emerging from beneath the white surface. They re saved, and they returned to the starting-place after having made every endeavor to resone their comrades from the grave in which they are probably at this moment of writing still alive One of these men succeeded by the force of instinct and the energy of des pair in breaking through the ice piled above him. It was the monk Contat from Sembraucher. He dragged his bleeding limbs about a mile and a half from the grave where he had been buried for several hours, and reached the first hut called the 'hospital,' and situated close to the Velan. It is there the young monk was found the next morning nearly insensible, after having been twenty-seven hours alone, without food or assistance of any kind, by his brother monks of the convent who had come to look after the victims of the accident. How had they become aware of the catastrophe? The dog Tuco had succeeded in scratching through the snow and found his way back to the convent. At the sight of this noble animal, with his bruised and bleeding body, the monks no longer had any doubt as to the fate of their two brethren, and started at once to seek for them. A flask of spirits applied to the mouth of the only survivor of this seene, which is here narrated from his own description, restored him to life for a brief space, for a few minutes later he was a corpse. His colleague and other six companions, buried beneath the voura, have not yet been found. This is the most terrible accident which has happened on Mont St. Bernard since the year 1816." Ir is contemplated to introduce into

the French assembly a "voting mainstalled on the desk of each member; there are to be two knobs like those of small salary of \$1 per annum, and names of the members, set down in there are many others who get the alphabetical order.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SNAILS are to be taxed in Paris, which will make them go still more slowly. A New potato, known as the White Queen (reine blanche), is being culti-vated in France. In good soil from twelve to fifteen acres are formed, many of which attain or exceed twenty-two pounds. The flavor is said to be very fine. Planted in February or March, it becomes ripe in July.

THE scaffolding around the Vendome column is being removed. The monument has been reconstructed in every particular except the statue. This has been ordered. It has been determined to put up Napoleon in Roman costume, which was the model adopted by Napoleon III.

HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL calls such language as this "A Kiss:"
Only the roses will hear;

Dear,
Only the roses will see!
This once—just this!
Ah, the roses, I wis,
They envy me!

Here is a half-blown spray ; Bsy,
This shall love's anadem be?
A rose-strong wreath
For thy brow, and beneath
A rose for me!

JOHN PAUL on materialization : Mother of Moses ! It does sometimes seem to me that people, so far from not knowing enough to go, in when it rains, don't even know enough to get under a tree. Here the fools sit gaping at the show on the stage; why doesn't some one seize "Santum" by the scruff of the neck, and hook on to "Honto" by the top-knot?" If they're spirits they'll melt away and dissolve, and there's no harm done; and if on the contrary. they prove to be hulking louts of farmers humbugging in rags and feathers, the broad of a shovel could be applied to no better agricultural purpose than the putting of a//heavy top-dressing where it would make; sitting down uncomfortable and standing up the only thing to be thought of.
Otis O. Hall, of San Francisco, was

a bank teller, two years ago, at a salary of \$2,500. He loved Miss Sharon. Miss Sharen loved him. Mr. Sharon vised Otis to wait a pair of years, travel in Europe, grow worldly-wise, return and marry. All this Otis did as he was parentally advised. He left his situation in San Francisco, made an extensive tour of Europe, and a short time ago returned, the period of his probation having elapsed. He got back just in time to read in the newspapers of the marriage of Miss Sharon, his betrothed, to T. G. Newlands, a young lawyer of San Francisco. It was also stated for Hall's further edification that Newlands had received \$1,009,000 in cash for his beautiful bride. Hall got a position as clerk in a Chicago hardware store, but he is not happy .- Chicago Times.

A Cincinnati youth, who parts his hair in the middle, made a slight mistake at a theater in that city the other night. In order to obtain a clearer perception of a high note by a singer, he reached in his cont-tail pocket and brought forth what he thought was an opera-glass, but what proved to be a revised compilation of Deringer. People in his immediate vicinity were surprised and somewhat frightened to see him elevate the ordnance to his eyes and steadfastly gaze down into his dark dark caverns of death. It was upon first impression, thought to be a cool deliberately planned suicide, but when he quietly put it back in his pocket and brought the real article into requisition the horror melted from before their eyes, and it became apparent that it was only a mistake after all. A few hairs whose beat lay on the larboard side of the young man's skull had by some means gotten on the starboard side; hence the slight aberration of mind.

BISHOP CLARKE'S rosy probabilities: "The speaker sail that no man can judge of the age he lives in. The generation of to-day was drifting with the progressive world. It was an age of transition, and, the speaker hoped, from a lower to a higher plane. It was probable that there would be greater luxury in the i ear future for the race than was ever before known, and the hours of labor would be decreased with the application of steam machinery. Man would be freed from all servile labor; society would not be necessarily corrupt because it became rich ; the saints were not all poor by any means, and leisure did not of necessity imply indolence. There were great thinkers today as well as in fermer times, the only difference being that they were now quently less noticed. As science rose in its grandeur men would recognize the God who created the eternal, and a spirit of true reverence would be thus implanted."