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Woman's Voice.

Not in the swaying of the summer trees,  
When evening breezes sing their vesper hymn—  
Not the minstrel's mighty symphonies,  
Nor ripples breaking on the river's brim,  
Is earth's best music; these may have awhile  
High thoughts in happy hearts and larking care  
begin.

But even as the swallow's silken wings,  
Skimming the water of the sweeping lake,  
Stir the still silver with the sweeping rings—  
So doth one sound the sleeping spirit wake  
To brave the danger and to bear the harm—  
A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.

An excellent thing it is! and ever lent  
To truth and love, and meekness; they who own—

This gift, by the all gracious Giver sent,  
Ever by quiet step and smile are known;  
By kind eyes that have wept, hearts that have sorrow'd.

An excellent thing it is—when first in gladness—

A mother looks into her infant's eyes—  
Smiles to its smiles, and sadness to its sadness—

Tales at its piteness, sorrows at its cries;  
Its food and sleep, and smiles and little joys—  
All these come over blent with one low, gentle voice.

An excellent thing it is when life is leaving—

Leaving with gloom and sadness, joys and cares—

The strong heart failing, and the high soul grieving—

With strongest thoughts and wild, unwanted fears;

Then, then a woman's low, soft sympathy  
Comes like an angel's voice to teach us how to die.

But a most excellent thing it is in youth,  
When the fond lover hears the loved one's tones—

That it's, but longs, to syllable the truth—  
How their two hearts are one, and she is own;

It makes sweet human music—oh! the spells  
That bunt the trembling tale a bright-soul maiden tells.

—Edwin Arnold.

"A Desperate Character."

AN ADVENTURE IN LONDON.

I went to Covent Garden theater one night last season. We were let out at 12, and set off to my lodgings I knocked; there was no answer. I knocked again; a window was thrown up and my landlady's head appeared.

"Who are you?" she screamed.

"Let's in, please; it's me!" I answered.

"Then, Mr. Mc, if you don't come home before 10 you may still sit till morning. I never wait up for my lodgers—my door is closed at 10" and then the window closed with a bang.

"No go!" thinks I. "I have no money, I'll go to a railway-station and wait in the waiting-room till morning;" which resolution I proceeded to carry out by walking briskly for the bank.

I turned into Moorgate street, and was just thinking whether I should go to London, Brighton and South Coast or the London Bridge station. I stopped to think. There was a confectioner's shop just in front of me. Oh! that it were open! I had three-pence left.

Just at this moment a tall, broad-shouldered man came up to me and viewed me from top to toe. I looked at him. He was dressed in dark clothes; a pea jacket and cap-trap cloth hat, with a peak lying level on the forehead, gave me a feeling of awe. The thought forced itself upon me that he was a garratter. He spoke flat.

"You're Mr. Sam?" and he laid his finger on his nose.

"You've guessed it," said I, thinking it best to agree with him, although my name was Tom.

"Then come along!" and away we went.

"Did Butler give ye e'er a pistol?" he asked.

"No," said I, beginning to tremble, "He said he wanted them himself."

"Just like him. He told I'd find you standing at Moorgate street, between 12 and 1, opposite the confectioner's, with your right hand in your pocket."

"I'm in for it," thinks I, "but I must go through with it. But whatever will it come to at all, at all?"

He led me through a labyrinth of streets, walking rather fast, till we emerged upon the city road. Then he made straight for the Angel, and thence took a cab for Fleet street. What object he had in doing this I cannot say. He did not offer to explain; in fact, not a word passed between us till we got out at the top of Ludgate hill.

From thence we went into a back street, and out of that into another, no matter which, and suddenly stopping opposite a shop, he exclaimed:

"That's our crib!"

"Is it?" says I.

Whereupon he produced from his pocket a rule. The shop was evidently a tailor's, as it had bars standing out like the rungs of a Jacob's ladder, from each side of the door, to exhibit stock upon. My friend stepped on the first of these, which was three feet from the ground, and speedily measured the height of a large glass fanlight over

HOME LIFE IN PARIS.

Peculiarities of the Parisians.—How People Live in the French Capital.

This picture of home life in Paris is given by a writer in the *Decorator and Finisher*: Wherever one sees a yellow bill upon the door of a Parisian house he may be tolerably certain of discovering within a neat apartment, well furnished, having at least a bed-room, a parlor, a dining-room, a kitchen, and usually an ante-room into which the entrance door opens. The windows, extending to the floor, are hung with lace and stuff curtains; the doors have portieres upon either side, rugs as a rule, take the place of carpets, the bed is under the protection of a canopy, even if it be no more than muslin, and a heavy wardrobe, with a full length mirror in the door, is often the point de resistance in the room. A show silk down quilt is thrown over the bed, and a bolster of huge proportions rests at the head. The top of the mattress averages three or four feet from the floor, and suggests the advantage of step ladders and the utter discomfort of little people. The peculiarity, however, of the French bed is its restful quality, for it is so whether it be found in the Palace of the Elysee or a third-rate apartment house on Montmartre, in the Hotel de l'Athenaeum, or the most provincial of pensions.

The impression began to steal over me that I was committing or helping to commit, a felony, and that if caught I might get into trouble. I thought of running for it; but the remark my companion made at that moment, to the effect that it would be a short run if I deserted him (for he seemed to see I didn't like the job), deterred me. I dared not explain that he had made a mistake, for I felt sure that he must have mistaken me for some one of his own. "I must go through with it," thinks I. "He'll leave me outside to watch, and I'll hook it then?" So I went on.

He crossed the street again the moment the policeman was past interfering with us, and producing a piece of stout black cloth he applied the ride thereto, I holding it against the shutters, while he set out "three and a half by two" thereon. This done, he cut within two inches of the measurement all round, and then producing a treaclepot from his pocket, he smothered one side of the cloth with treacle, and, desiring me to hold it, he mounted the shop-door, so to speak, again; and I gave him the cloth, which he immediately clapped on to the sky-light, the treacle making it adhere firmly to the glass. Then, looking at his watch, he cried:

"By Jingo! he'll be here this minute!" and away we walked. A glance behind us, as we turned the next corner, Not yet in sight! We stopped and waited, but the policeman came not. My friend muttered an oath, adding, "I go. Come along; but keep your weather-eye open!" And off we went.

"Perhaps he is watching us," I suggested. But the idea was discarded as not in the nature of a policeman "like that one we saw."

We arrived at the shop. He mounted again, and drove a string through a hole in the cloth. Then he ran a diamond round the edge of the glass. A gentle pat, and it gave way. Now I saw the use of the cloth and string. He could hold the glass by the string; and he slowly let it down into the shop, and, producing a long-shaped pad, he laid it along the bottom of the fanlight to cover the glass edge, and threw one leg into the opening and got astride of it!

"Follow me," he muttered, and ducked his head under the door-head. But before he could draw in the other leg I mounted the ladder, and, seizing it, gave him a pull that kept him from going in, at the same time yelling, "Police! Thieves! Murder! Police!" at the top of my voice. And lo and behold! the policeman appeared at the corner at that moment. A horrible oath from within, a pistol-bullet whistling past my head, and I ran for death and life. I did not stop till I found myself in Broad street.

In the next day's papers I saw the account of the capture of a burglar by one policeman, who had watched two burglars from the corner, and saw one enter the house, and the other leap up the wall like a cat, grab at a disappearance leg, and yell "Police!" and run.

The one that was caught got seven years' penal servitude, and "the police are searching vigilantly, though as yet unsuccessfully, for the other, who, it appears, is a desperate character!" They never caught him.—Cassell.

Bachelor Life in Turkey.

Both state and church combine to make the life of a Turkish bachelor miserable. As long as his parents are alive, he can live with them without much trouble. As soon as they die he must get a permit from the civil and religious authorities before he can be admitted to any household. Then the proprietor thereof, in the interest of public morals, must see to it that other persons than females wait upon his boarder. If the bachelor be rich enough to occupy a house or to rent unfurnished chambers, he cannot possibly obtain that simple privilege unless he shows that a woman of good repute lives with him therein. A mother or sister or aunt removes that difficulty. But a man without kindred may go an indefinite period without a home.

A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He is richly endowed who is cheaply diverted.

The weak sinews become strong by their conflict with difficulties.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

To love is to admire with the heart; to admire is to love with the mind.

Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny.

Unfriendly indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.

Physical exercise and intellectual rest in due season should never be neglected.

A solid and substantial greatness of soul looks down with neglect on the censures and applause of the multitude.

The primal duties shine aloft like stars; the charities that soothe and heal and bless, are scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

He is a good man, people say, thoughtlessly. They would be more chary of such praise if they reflected they could bestow none higher.

The path of duty lies in what is near, and men seek for it in what is remote; the work of duty lies in what is easy, and men seek for it in what is difficult.

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails.

Oh, there is nothing holier in this life of ours than the first consciousness of love—the first fluttering of its silken wings—the first rising sound and breath of that wind which is so soon to sweep through the soul to purify or destroy.

A City In Two Hemispheres.

At Quito, South America, the only city in the world on the line of the equator, the sun rises and sets at 6 o'clock the year round. Your clock may break down, your watch get cranky, but the sun never makes a mistake here, says a correspondent.

When it disappears from sight for the night it is 6 o'clock and you can set your watch accordingly. In one part of the city it is the summer season and in the other part it is winter. The present dwellings in Quito are wonderful.

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Life and Death in Nature.

For some inscrutable reason, which she has as yet given no hint of revealing, nature is wondrously wasteful in the matter of generation. She creates a thousand where she intends to make use of one. Impelled by maternal instinct, the female cod casts millions of eggs upon the waters, expecting them to return after many days as troops of interesting offspring. Instead, half the embryonic gaffi are almost immediately devoured by spawn eaters, hundreds of thousands perish in incubation, hundreds of thousands more succumb to the perils of attending leathly infancy, leaving but a few score to attain to adult usefulness, and pass an honored old age, with the fragrance of a well-spent life, in a country grocery.

The oak showers down ten thousand acorns, each capable of producing a tree. Three-fourths of them are straightway diverted from their ardent intent, through conversion into food by the provident squirrel and the improvident hog. Great numbers rot uselessly upon the ground, and the few hundreds that finally succeed in germinating grow up in a dense thicket, where at last the strongest smother out all the rest, like an eaker. Ocello out in a harem of querine Desdemona.

This is the law of all life, animal as well as vegetable. From the humble hyssop on the wall to the towering cedar of Lebanon—from the meek and lonely anemone which has no more character or individuality than any other pin point of folly—to the lordly tyrant, the rule is inevitable and invincible. Life is own breeder, only to be destroyed almost immediately by a destruction nearly as sweeping. Nature creates by the million, apparently that she may destroy by the myriad. She gives life one instant, only that she may snatch it away the next. The main difference is that, the higher we ascend, the less lavish the creation, and the less sweeping the destruction. Thus, while probably one fish in a thousand reaches maturity, of every 100 children born 60 attain adult age. That is, nature flings aside 999 out of every 1000 fishes as useless for her purposes, and two out of every five human beings.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Grains and Meat in Europe.

In a paper on agricultural statistics read before the British association, W. Boddy gave some interesting facts concerning the food supply of Great Britain and the continent, as follows:

"At present the food supply produced in Europe is equal to about eleven months' consumption, but in a few years the deficit will be sixty instead of thirty days. The present production and consumption are:

"Grain consumption in the United Kingdom, 6,700,000 bushels; continent, 4,700,000; total, 5,400,000,000 bushels. Production of the United Kingdom, 3,200,000 bushels; continent, 4,750,000,000 bushels; total, 5,050,000,000 bushels. Meat consumption in the United Kingdom, 1,740,000 tons; continent, 6,372,000 tons; total, 7,112,000 tons. It appears