



POETRY. The Two Loves. The love that will soonest decay, The love that is sweetest to die, The love that will soon fly away, Is the love That is told by a sigh. The love that is surest to last, The love that a woman's heart needs, The love that will be kept last, Is the love That is spoken in deeds.

MISCELLANEOUS. HOW HE LOST HER. I know that Margaret was engaged to tell me that I loved her. "I don't know what you mean," she exclaimed, with an expressive lift of the jetty eyebrows; but the liquid orb beneath avoided mine, and that encouraged me to sauciness in my turn. "It is of no consequence that you should, of course; but you don't imagine that you were going to flirt all summer with a fellow of my self, and get off unsinged yourself?" "Why not?" she laughed. "You don't seem seriously damaged."

out he wrote the letter, and I took it to the city the next day. Ross Bently grew slightly pale as he read. "I suppose you know that the bulk of Miss Stone's fortune was in the hands of Clark, Vernon & Co.?" I carelessly observed. "I was not aware of it," Bently said, losing another shade of color. "Oh, well it was. Can anything be saved out of the crash, do you suppose?" "Not anything, I am very sure," he stammered. And thinking he might like to meditate upon the aspect of affairs, I took my departure, saying that I would call before I went away again to take any message he might like to send. When I called next day he gave me a letter for Margaret; but he looked anywhere but at me as I took it. I caught a glimpse of Margaret's blue dress on the piazza as we drove up to the hotel; and without waiting to go to my room first, I hastened to her, and gave her the letter. Then, much as I would have liked to stay until she had read it, I had no excuse for doing so, and therefore left her. I waited with something more curiosity for her appearance at dinner than time, but she did not come at all. I ate nothing myself, and spent the evening pacing the piazza with my cigar, and watching her window. But not so much as a shadow of what I watched for crossed my vision. Remembering Bently's face as he gave me the letter, I could imagine that he might have written something unpleasant; but I was not prepared for the contents of the missive. Margaret placed in my hands the following morning, coming suddenly upon me where I lounged on the shore. "I suppose that was what you went to town for," she said, with an angry scorn, under which I quailed, for I felt guilty; and as I read I winced again.

The second! A more disgraceful epistle, I never perused. I Margaret had loved him ever so dearly, this would have certainly ended it. He dissolved the engagement without so much as saying "by your leave." He did, indeed, say nothing about hastening to speak while there was yet an uncertainty as to how seriously the failure had involved other people. But that was the most rest-giving, and only gave Margaret the clue to the self-hatred for the extraordinary conduct back to her without a remark. "Well," she asked, "really you have nothing to say?" "Shall I challenge him to mortal combat with horsewhips?" Tears of anger sparkled in Margaret's beautiful eyes. "How could you humiliate me so?" she said. "I? Miss Stone?" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Gurney," she said, haughtily. "And I beg yours, Miss Stone, for meddling. I suspected Mr. Bently, but not for anything quite so cold-blooded. Shall you break your heart about such a selfish fellow?" "Indeed, no! but I am very angry." "At whom; him or me?" "At both of you."

I suppose I must have looked terribly abashed and confounded. I tried to, for she put a little hand on my arm, and she would have swiftly withdrawn it, but I captured the frail thing and held it. "I suppose I ought to be very thankful to you," she said, struggling a little, and blushing in the most lovely manner. "If you will permit me, I will punish him for you," I said, gravely. She looked up inquiringly. "By marrying you?" "Oh!" "Don't you think it would?" I said. "Perhaps."

We were quite sure of it the first time we changed to meet Bently after our marriage. His face was as good as a picture.

A Mountain Heroine. Sketch of a Young Lady who Presented a Terrible Railroad Accident in Tennessee. The heroism displayed by Julia Whalen on the occasion of the recent disaster on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad in the vicinity of Carter's station, has very naturally awakened an interest in her history. Julia is the daughter of Elizabeth Whalen nee Elizabeth Lacy. Her father is represented to have been a genial, generous, well-to-do Irishman, whose chief moral infirmity was a love of strong drink. He enlisted early after the commencement of the late troubles, in the Federal army, and died in Kentucky. Shortly after the war Mrs. Whalen was married to "Johnny Burke," another Irishman. The latter his her husband, perhaps, kind enough in his death, but laborious and faithful in the capacity of section hand on the railroad, until smitten by paralysis some two years since. After this his disposition was greatly changed. He contracted an unreasonable and bitter prejudice against Julia. To such an extent was his hatred manifested that he frequently threatened her life. In consequence of all this, the little girl sought refuge at night in the home of her grandmother, who lived close by, returning every morning, with a heart forgiving and free from resentment, to engage in the ministrations of love to her ungrateful, cruel, and implacable step-father. Matters grew from bad to worse, until the solemn

question seriously and unavoidably presented itself to the mother: "Shall I give up the husband, or shall I surrender the child?" She elected the former alternative, and Johnny traveled to "parts unknown." Julia was reared, from her early childhood, within a few paces of the railroad, and hence became acquainted with a large number of the company's employes. Among these she was known as "Little Julia," a pet name which she still wears despite the fact that she is now somewhat above the medium stature, and nineteen years old. Her physique is rather of the spare order, while her face is one of unusual beauty and sweetness. In manners, Julia is easy and gentle—traits which, associated with her unusual beautiful face, render her at once prepossessing and attractive to all who are brought in contact with her. Her education, as the result of poverty, is rather limited, although we learn that she has for years most anxiously and ardently cherished a desire to be educated.

We are permitted, says the Knoxville Herald, to extract from the letter of a cultivated Christian lady, to whom we are largely indebted for the facts contained in this communication, the following statement on the occasion referred to: "Her presence of mind, on the morning of the fearful collision, was wonderful. She first thought of motioning down the freight train from Bristol—then reflected that it would be impossible for it to be checked up; so she ran on the track toward Carter, tore her red shawl from her shoulders and waved it, pointing back to the train, invisible to the engineer, but first approaching. She was so excited that she barely escaped—witnessed it all, and has been confined to her bed since."

I was informed by the conductor and engineer of the eastern-bound train that but for the timely appearance of this heroic girl every one on this train would most likely have been killed. So excited, so earnest, and so persistent was she in her efforts to save the lives of others that she appeared totally forgetful of self, and remained on the track until the engine was within less than five feet of her person. Indeed, it was at first thought by the engineer and conductor that she was killed.

Reflections. The morning, gay and blithesome, arrives. It is nature's delightful resuscitation. Hail! enchanting period of serenity and cheerfulness, beautiful in its appearance—animating and exhilarating in its influence. Creation rejoices. The beasts of the earth are recruited—the birds of the air express their pleasure, and warble their Maker's praise. Man feels himself refreshed and is conscious of a new spirit of enterprise. He is recovered from the lassitude of evening, and the torpor and slumber of night. He is risen from a state which bears a visible resemblance to death. His sprightliness returns—his powers assume fresh vigor, and he seems as if the morning were never to end. But soon comes the change! Time moves, as if on eagles' wings, and flies with an almost incredible rapidity. Phebus, with more than giant strides, pursues his course, and noon-day splendor exists. But here is still to pause; the fleeting moments will soon be intermingled with "the years before the flood." A moment we may wait, when words will wealth to buy.

Loud is the call to ponder. Improvement of the present is demanded. The meridian is short, and duty and exertion are not to be omitted. Time is precious and irretrievable. How precious should it be while in possession. And what solicitude should be indulged, that it ever be applied to some valuable purpose! But time mispent, though irrevocably gone, may yet, by redoubling diligence in the right employment of what may remain, be in a measure redeemed.

The all-important process forces assent, and exacts obedience. For shortly will the shades of night recur. The season of activity is closed, and the efforts of industry are superseded. Has the day been lost, how sorrowful is the reflection! Have advantages been suffered to escape, what dissatisfaction and remorse ensue! The voice of warning cries—Repeat not folly, abandon crime! Let every succeeding day witness the faithful performance of duty, and realize the benefit to be derived from endeavoring to attain an habitual preparation for death. So shall pure pleasure sparkle around thee in the morning, emit its lustre on thy path at noon, and not forsake thee in the evening of life; when, as it shall draw toward a close, the prospect of immortality shall brighten, and thy solace and support shall be, the genuine hope which rests on the rock of ages.—David S. Bogart.

A MEASURING PAIL.—A very handy thing is a pail so graduated and marked that one can tell at a glance how many quarts of fruit and milk are in it. A six-quart pail can be measured carefully and then marked with a little ridge running round the pail—made by running a groove on the inside of the tin, like the ridges that are put on a stove-pipe. Any good tinmith can make one, and make it accurately enough to serve as a measure for quarts. Pails thus marked become almost indispensable.

Beware of "The Ivy Green." The Harrisburg Patriot tells the following sad story of the death of a young man in that city from poison, engendered by contact with the plant known as the "poison ivy." About a week ago, a young man named Logan Ellis, aged nineteen years, and a comrade named Dare, aged seventeen, son of E. O. Dare, Esq., Broad street, went to the Island opposite the city, on a foggy morning, for the purpose of shooting ducks. Visitors to Independence, Belle's and Ripley's islands have no doubt noticed bright green vines, running up the trunks of large trees, at these resorts, to a great distance, clinging to the branches in some instances, till they grow downward again to the starting point, and run along ground, over logs and debris, many feet from the stem. Among these vines the young hunters rambled, and owing to the fog, the poisonous matter penetrated their garments, poisoning their lower extremities in a fearful manner. A few days after, the poison broke out over the body of young Dare, in the shape of an eruption, but the young man was kept indoors and promptly recovered. His legs, body and arms, however, were frightfully swollen. Young Ellis, who is in the employ of Mr. Swope as driver of a team, was affected in the same way, and continued his work up to Saturday, when he complained of being sick, and was shortly afterward taken very ill. He took spasms on Saturday night, and suffered the most excruciating pain till death relieved him of his sufferings some time during Sunday afternoon. The poison, it is thought, struck into his system, reaching the vital parts, causing death. Ellis resided with his parents on Fulton street, near Sayford alley. The vine used to style the common wood ivy, and clinging to the oak trees in most of the American forests.

Potatoes. The following is from a little work on "Vegetables," by Dr. Smith, an Englishman. Where he gives the nutritive value of potatoes compared with flour or bread, remembering one penny equals about two cents; and there are about 60 pounds of potatoes to a bushel; that from five to seven cents is the price of our one-pound loaves of bread. Hence, at our market prices to-day, potatoes are about as cheap as bread: "Potatoes are deficient in mineral matter, so that they are unfit for sole food, but that defect is supplied by the addition of hard water, milk and other elements of food. There are 760 grains of carbon and 24 grains of nitrogen in one pound; that more than two and a half pounds of potatoes are required to equal one pound of bread in carbon, and more than three and a half pounds in nitrogen. Hence, when potatoes are 1d. per pound and bread 1d. per pound the former are two to three times dearer than the latter, but the former are valuable for their juices in addition to their nutritive elements. New and waxy are said to be less digestible than old and mealy potatoes; but the time required for digestion may be regarded as nearly the same for bread, viz., from two and a half to three and a half hours. Ten grains of potato consumed in the body produce heat sufficient to raise 2.6 pounds of water, one degree Fahrenheit, or to lift 19.77 pounds one foot high. The water in which potatoes have been boiled is not used for food, for it is not only nearly destitute of nutritive matter, but it is said to contain [it does contain, C. H. L.] substances which are deleterious to life. The effect of eating good potatoes, whether new or old, is less than that of rice."

Thoughts for Saturday Night. The body is the shell of the soul and the dress is the husk of the body; but the husk often tells what the kernel is. Sin is never at a stay; if we do not retreat from it we shall advance in it, and the further on we go the more we have to come back. The symptoms of spiritual decline are like those which attend the decay of our bodily health. It generally commences with loss of appetite, and a disrelish for spiritual food. Every kindly word and feeling, every good deed and thought, every noble action and impulse, is like the arkward dove, and returns from the troubled waters of life bearing a green olive branch to the soul. A man that puts himself on the ground of moral principle, if the whole world be against him, is mightier than all. Never be afraid of being in the minorities, so that minorities are based on principles. Many of us have to lament not so much a want of opportunities in life as our unreadiness for them as they come, and "it might have been" is oftener the language of our hearts, than complaining words. God sends us "flux," but our "spindle and distaff" are out of repair. Better a thousand fold sacrifice cleanness than fervor; better crucify reduced taste than quench holy passion; better have the outward forms of devotion imperfect and inartistic, than lose the spirit which alone gives them value; better that music should be discordant than soulless, the prayers broken and rugged than cold and undevout, the altar bare and unattractive than the floor that ought to burn on it extinguished, the temple nude and unsnappily than the God absent.

Fashion Notes. Black silks embroidered in colors are very fashionable. In hair ornaments ruby garnet headbands are new. Few, if any, brides this season have worn white satin. Marabout feather head-dresses are worn now by the dowagers. About a yard and a quarter of material makes the rear overskirt just now. Bead, jet and ball fringe retain their well-earned popularity. Scotch-plaid jewelry may be considered fashionable to a certain extent. There is no change whatever in bonnets. The rakish, jaunty and flaring head-gear prevails. Short walking skirts are fast vogue in popularity. The silly fashion was carried to a ridiculous extreme. The new crystal lockets introduced for the holidays are very pretty and destined to attain general popularity. In full dress toilets overskirts are shams and merely simulated by means of clever and adroit trimming. There is some probability of the revival of crinoline in all its glory next summer. The news ought to occasion regret. Our belles are wearing the large lace collars after the style of those worn fifty or sixty years ago by our grand-mothers. Seal skin has had its day for the time being. It is cheaper and more common this year than it has ever been. Black velvet (small) muffs, trimmed with fur or wide black satin ribbon, continue the most fashionable. Martha Washington breakfast caps for young married ladies are new. They are not especially pretty, and if Martha ever wore one she must have looked a veritable gay. The side pockets are now made for evening dress entirely of flowers. The band from the waist-belt is also covered with flowers, and a very pretty effect is produced. The finest French flowers are used. A new style of trimming light silk evening toilets is bands of silk shade darker, over which is fine Hamburg insertion, edged on either side with narrow lace. For demoiselles who admired large corollas, a new style just introduced is the head of a stuffed humming-bird with diamond eyes, enclosed in a wide hoop of burnished gold. They are rather "overwhelming."

The standard mode of trimming street dresses is with felt-plated flounces and deep overskirts (apron front), and each ends of the same material behind. The bustle is worn by many, although it cannot be said to be generally fashionable. Velvet is very little worn this season. There is little if any economy in buying this material, more especially as velvet was never so cheap as now. Many ball costumes this season, of silk, are trimmed with feather trimming of the same shade as the dress, and simulate the overskirt. The floral necklaces—now so fashionable—are made of wax, paper, or linen flowers. They fall below the bust and form a very beautiful ornament.

The Belles of the Bible. It is an interesting fact, and true to a great extent, that the styles of dress and ornaments of the Hebrew ladies of the present day—and, in fact, the prevailing toilet of all ladies—is much the same as during the time of Solomon. With all the changes and variations of centuries, the elegant Phoenicians, and the luxurious Persians. Even patient Job became impatient at the dresses, and Isaiah denounces the "women of the period," living for nothing but dress and flirtation, with one desire to "see and be seen." The tunics worn by the ladies in the time of Solomon was much like the polonaise of to-day, and the belts with fancy clasps now worn are about the same as the leather girdles and silver buckles worn of old. We also find recorded that trains were worn to dresses, and that camels' hair shawls were common. Embroidered mantles, fastened with golden pins, are also spoken of. The hair was also filled, dyed, and put up in coils; little curls were let hang over the forehead, and, strange to say, the girls of Solomon's time, it is stated, used paint. Veils were worn, and sandals were made of blue and violet-colored leather, with fancy laces. Solomon, as it is related, said to a Shu-

lamite, "How beautiful are the feet with shoes, O, prince's daughter." Hair nets were worn, and earrings of all forms and much value were common. Bracelets on the right arm, strings of pearl and heavy gold chains around the neck, rings on the fingers, and other ornaments, were all worn by the ancient Hebrew ladies. Left to Die. A horrible story is told in the Allentown, Pa., Herald, of a lunatic named Levi Handwerk, who was discovered by a hunter on Blue Mountain, imprisoned in a brick cell about four feet square, where he had been immured for twelve years. The father of young Handwerk died when the latter was young, leaving him \$5,000. The mother married a second husband, after which young Handwerk was belted up in this prison in the woods, and left to live or perish as he might. After the discovery was made, the Coroner and others from Allentown proceeded to the place in Washington Township, where Handwerk was found imprisoned, and found a constable from Slatington already making preparations for his removal. The iron bars guarding the entrance were taken down, and the unfortunate man was found lying on a patch of straw, and encased with dirt, while the surroundings were too filthy for description. His limbs had become paralyzed, and he was unable to stand upright without assistance. It is said that the reason given for his imprisonment in this filthy den was that it was unsafe for him to be at large, and that if he had been sent to a lunatic asylum, the money he possessed would have been appropriated by the State for his support. Handwerk has been sent to the County Alms-house.

A Warning to Criminals. We should imagine that the terrible death of Douglas and Mosher at Bay Ridge, Long Island, and the grisly sight of their bodies lying in the Brooklyn Morgue, would have a depressing effect upon the gentlemen who belong to the burglarious profession. Most undoubtedly in east side saloons, and especially in the bucket shops along the river front, the circumstance has been discussed, and bar-rooms held entranced by the recital of the dead because of a career of crime as this was stopped, is apt to rub the tinsel off the idea, if it ever existed. And there is no doubt that a lady's fascination is excited over a certain class of people by the stories of felony written with such rose-colored ink by Mr. Ainsworth and others of his ilk. Only the other day the police force of Philadelphia made a descent upon a cellar in which were a dozen or fifteen lads, constituting a juvenile gang of thieves, each of whom had been originally led astray by the influence of the yellow covered ruffians of crime. Perhaps Mosher and Douglas began in this manner. However they began, and however they have lived, it is certain they have given in their death the most terrible emphasis to that rather trite heading for a copy book, "Honesty is the best policy."

The Shepherd Dogs. In Scotland they often lend their shepherd dogs, and though they perform their duty well they never make a mistake, and adopt the new master "for good and all." A gentleman stopping for a few days with a shepherd's family, observed a fine dog come in every day at dinner time. He received his ration and then went away. "I never see that dog except at dinner time," remarked the guest, inquiringly. "The reason is," said the farmer, "we have lent him to our neighbor, Jamie Nicol, and we tell him to come home like a dog to his dinner. When he gets his dinner, he goes away back till his work is done." Fine working dogs they have in Scotland, with a great deal of national good sense. Three dogs were lying asleep before the fire, when some one whistled them out. "Two arose and the other lay still." "It is odd," said the visitor, "that this dog does not get up like the others." "It is no his turn," remarked the farmer, "he was out at the morning."

A Great Hunt. The wild West of this continent is becoming a favorite hunting ground for sport-men from abroad. The largest party of hunters that has yet come over is to arrive in the spring. It will be under the guidance of Col. McCarty, who commanded a regiment of Texans during the late war, went with Maximilian to Mexico, afterward fought with the French at Sedan, and later joined the service of the Khedive of Egypt. The hunting party for the West will consist of one hundred English gentlemen with their servants and dogs. A Chicago several Americans will join it. The general starting point will be Dallas, Texas. The hunt is expected to last six months through Northern Texas, Colorado, California, Oregon and Washington Territory, with a return in the autumn to Kansas for buffalo hunting. A Canadian murderer executed them to put off the day of execution, owing to his being afflicted with the toothache; but the sheriff said he'd go to go to mill next day and he couldn't possibly accommodate the prisoner.

Work is going ahead on the Fayetteville and Florence Railroad, says the Fayetteville Gazette. To stand on the graded track and look along the line, it has just the appearance of a railroad. There are only two things to make it appear still more so; the iron and the engines; and we are going to put them on, too, when we get done the grading. The Charlotte Southern Home says: "Mr. Harry L. Groner hung himself in South Point township, Gaston county, on the 28th December, 1874. He had given evidences of insanity some time before. There was no reason for the suicide known to his most intimate friends. Mr. G. was a good citizen, and his sad fate has cast a gloom over a large section of the country."

An Irishman asked a woman the price of a pair of fowls and is told a dollar. "A dollar it is, my darling? Why in my dollar you might buy them for sixpence apiece." "And why didn't you stay in that blessed cheap country?" "Och, faith, and there was no sixpences there, to be sure!"

ENGLISH LAND OWNERS.—The number of land owners in England is constantly decreasing. Two centuries ago it was about 200,000. In 1851 the census reported the number at only 30,315, and 1871 it was reduced to 22,394. The incomes of the landed proprietors have increased immensely. A lad who borrowed a dictionary to read, returned it after he got through, with the remark: "It was werry nice reading, but it somehow changed the subject werry often." It was his sister that thought the first ice cream she tasted was a little touched with the frost. An old bachelor says: "When I remember all the girls I've met to gether, I feel like a rooster in the field exposed to every weather! I feel like one who trades alone some bare-yard all deserted, whose oats are fed, whose hens are dead, or all to market started."

When a Chicago policeman goes behind a lumber pile and shoots three balls through his hat, and runs up to headquarters and tells about his adventure with the Bon-borders of Kansas, they raise his pay on the spot. Merit is always rewarded in Chicago. The exclamation of an old lady on hearing of the execution of a man who had once lived in the neighborhood was: "Well, I know'd he'd come to the gallows at last, for the knot in his handkerchief was always slipping round his left ear."

At a meeting of the Republican Central Committee of New York, held on the 20th inst., resolutions were adopted sustaining President Grant and setting forth, that if anything illegal was done, it transpired without the knowledge of the Executive. And when that blushing San Francisco bride showed a check for a million to her husband he burst into tears, and exclaimed with intense error: "And even this shall not separate us!" STOVE POLISH AND SOAP.—If stove polish is mixed with soap-suds, the lustre appears immediately, and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does. An Arkansas grocer has been sent to the penitentiary for six years for shooting a man who kept helping himself to the crackers. People who dance never pay the fiddler. It is those who get up the ball.