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Psalm of Marriage. Tell me not, in idle jingle, "Marriage is an empty dream!" For the girl is dead that's single, And girls are not what they seem. Life is real! Life is earnest! Single blessedness a fib! Man thou art: to man returned, Has been spoken of the rib. Life is long and youth is fleeting, And our hearts, though light and gay, Still like pleasant dreams are beating Wedding marches all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, In the house of life, Be not like dumb-driven cattle; Be a herdsman—a wife!

THE MUSIC TEACHER.

The funeral was over; her father was buried, and Letty Westinghouse stood in the parlor which was to be hers no longer. Her trunk was already in the hall, and she only waited for the carriage which was to bear her away. Letty was not quite alone. Walter Webster, her father's former clerk, who had long made this house his home, had stood by her in all her trouble, and it was to Walter she even owed the situation as music teacher which awaited her at Madame De Vrai's select establishment for young ladies, for it had been filled by his own cousin, who was leaving it to be married, and through Walter's intercession, had recommended Letty as her successor. Gladly would Walter have taken Letty to a home of his own; but this she had declined, so gently, yet firmly that he felt there was no hope for him, while he remained as much her faithful friend as ever. Walter thought, and so did others, that the twice-removed cousin into whose hands, as the heaviest creditor, all Mr. Westinghouse's property was about to pass, should at least have offered the daughter a home; but he did not, and Letty was so proud and independent she would hardly have accepted it if he had. She would depend upon herself, not anyone else, and very gladly accepted the situation at Madame De Vrai's until—ah, Letty! a new acquaintance had proffered a home for her, and when she came to her she would be happy. She had not told Walter of her home; but as he stood beside her now, while she took her last farewell of her old home, and once more ventured an entreaty that at some time, if not now, he might hope to win her, she judged it best to let him know. "I thank you so much, dear Walter," she said, "but it can never be. If I were free—I don't know—but I am not. Walter; I am engaged to Valentine Severance. Then since I cannot win you, I am glad there is something else," said noble-hearted Walter. "He is traveling abroad now, I believe." "Yes," said Letty. "You have written him since—"

Now, Letty, and ask him to take you. You can make him like you well enough to give you a marriage portion. We can't marry on air, Letty." "But we have hands to work with," she declared, earnestly, blushing as she spoke. "Bother work! I don't like work; I must have money—and I tell you, Letty, if I marry against the wishes of my folks I'll get nothing from them—nothing." "They oppose it, then?" queried Letty, with a sparkling eye. "Not yet. They don't know the change in your position; but, Letty, I tell you if they find out you are here, a mere teacher, I couldn't even get them to call on you, much less receive you into the family as an equal; I couldn't, indeed, Letty." Letty rose to her feet and slowly drew off her engagement ring. She was pale, and her eyes glittered, but her voice was quite firm. "You need not try, Mr. Severance. They will never be called upon to receive me into the family, for I will never enter it. Here, I return you this ring. I may be a teacher, but I am honored and respected here, and a thousand times happier than I could ever be as your wife, now I really know your nature." "Well, I'm very sorry, you know, Letty," stammered Valentine, shamefacedly, but taking the ring; "I wish this had not happened, but I don't see how we can marry if you persist in this." "I shall persist. I tell you Mr. Severance, I am honored and happy here, and I shall stay here; that is all. You wanted your release, and now you have it, and I am glad I know you before it is too late. Farewell Mr. Severance, now and forever." She turned and swept proudly out of the room, leaving him with the ring in his hand, in doubt whether to call her back or let her go; but selfishness triumphed. He could not marry a poor girl, and so he left Letty Westinghouse to fight the world alone, while he went back to finish his travels. Two years later Mr. Valentine Severance came home again, heavily in debt, and not having forgotten Letty quite so entirely as he could have wished, for he did care as much for her as he could for anyone. It was too hot to stay in the city, and in three days he was down in the country with a party of friends. The morning after their arrival, a lady and gentleman passed them, and something male Valentine turned and look after her. "Who is that?" he asked. "The greatest match of the season," replied one of his friends. "She came after we did, last night. That is Miss Westinghouse, the great heiress." "Westinghouse! I knew a Miss Westinghouse once, but she was not an heiress." "Was she the daughter of the whole-sale merchant who died in London two or three years ago?" "Yes; she was." "It is the same lady, then. If you remember, her father's property all went to a second cousin, who did not offer to do anything for the girl until he found out what kind of stuff she was. She went off somewhere teaching, and he let her teach for a year, all the while keeping an eye on her; and then he went to her, and told her that he had already settled half her father's property on her; and that he was alone and lonely, and if she would come and live with him, and be his daughter, he would make a will giving her all her father's property, and his own added to it. She went, of course, and people say they are much attached to each other. It's a fortune worth having, I tell you!" "I should think so!" said Valentine, wondering what lucky chance had brought him in her path so promptly, and if it were quite too late. No it could not be. She had cared for him, of course she would take him back. And to be watched for Letty's return from her ramble, and when she came near, with her escort, he sprang to meet her with eager hand. "Miss Westinghouse! Letty is it possible? Do you remember me?" She accepted his hand with a smile, saying, easily— "Mr. Severance! Oh, yes, I remember you well, and am glad to meet you again. But I am not Miss Westinghouse any longer—Mrs. Webster since the day before yesterday. This is my husband, Walter, dear, let me introduce an old friend—Mr. Valentine Severance." Walter stepped forward, and Valentine bowed to Letty's husband, of whom she was so proud, and went his way, sadder and wiser, and wishing he had been a better man, and thus not lost what Walter had won, when it might so easily have been his had he been true to his early love. When the Empress Eugenie visited Queen Victoria first after her flight from France, she threw herself in the Queen's arms and cried, amid tears and sobs, "Oh! it was all my fault—Louis did not want the war—but I would have touched! The Prince of Wales felt so touched by her grief that he had to leave the room. The price of fresh oysters in Antwerp, is twelve and a half cents each.

Hose Matches are Made. Large planks are cut up into blocks, double the length of the match, and put one at a time upon the cutting machine. Two large knives, converging at the points, are driven back and forth upon the block, and numerous little clamps beneath, wide enough apart to pass one match between, are pressed up, each taking off a match at every passage of the knives, at the rate of sixty a minute. The particles are packed in square frames and placed in a kiln dryer, over the furnace, where they remain twenty-four hours. They are taken out, and by means of curious machines are coiled upon an ordinary cotton band. On each coil there is a gross, or 14,400 matches, and the band is between each layer. A urious arrangement of the machine is, that it will coil nothing but a perfect match, and throws the defective ones aside. The coiling is slow, and one man can tend five machines, which will ordinarily coil about a hundred and fifty gross per day. After the coil is made up, the ends are planed down even and put upon a hot iron, which opens the pores of the wood. Both ends are then dipped into melted brimstone, into a composition of phosphorus, glue and other materials, and hung upon racks for ten minutes, at the end of which they are dry. The coils are then unrolled, the matches put in the square frame, cut in two in the middle, boxed and packed ready for shipment. The boxing is mostly done by boys and girls, and the smell of the brimstone is said to effect their health somewhat.

The Beauty of the Bismarcks. There is a pretty legend in connection with the Bismarck family which goes to show how the oak leaves adorning the Bismarck shield were added to the clover and the nettle leaves. It runs as follows: Many years ago there was a lovely maiden, Gertrude von Bismarck. Numbers of noble knights and courtiers sought her hand and heart, but she was, by her own consent and her father's wish, betrothed to a cousin, a noble and princely youth. One day there came to the castle where the beautiful Gertrude lived a prince of the Wenden, with one hundred horsemen, to try and win. She courteously, but firmly, refused him. The prince was greatly enraged, and, incited by her great loveliness, determined to gain her; so he called his warriors and said he would break the clover-leaf (Gertrude) with his own hand. On the same day he assailed the castle, which was so weakly defended. The castellan was soon overcome, and Wenden entered the castle, and then the maiden's chamber. "I come to break you in, you golden clover-leaf. You don't sting like stinging nettles. Clover does not sting," he said, and with that he put his arm around her. A moment more and he withdrew it, crying out, "Merry! Merry!" Gertrude held a dagger over him, then struck it into his heart, saying, "The nettle stings hard whoever will break or touch Bismarck's golden clover." Since then the Bismarck shield wears the oak leaves as a sign and crown of victory.—London Truth.

The Type Needle. The Burlington Hawkeye man had his funny column thrown into a wild whirl by somebody in the composing room the other day. But he is a philosopher, and thus he teaches a lesson to the impatient: "It is these little beauties of his profession that the careless workman cannot understand or comprehend that makes the journalist love his profession like a dog loves a hickory club. This is the last time we are ever going to complain, publicly. When in future the American people see things in this department they can't understand they needn't pester us with letters of inquiry. There are thousands of things in it that we don't understand, either. We are amazed, bewildered and enraged. They will have to ask the lynch-eyed proof-reader. Don't ask us. We are not going to talk about it any more. We believe in retribution. We can be calm. We believe in the future kind of future punishment. We are going to take things that we write just as the compositor and proof-reader get them up for us, and we are going to do our growing and swearing privately."

A Physician's Eccentric Will. The will of Martyn Paine, M.D., LL.D., late Professor in the University of New York, has been offered in the surrogate's court for probate, and is a very eccentric production, and is written by himself. He says, at the beginning, that it is due to his sister and other relatives to state that his affection for them would have prompted him to bestow his property on them, only that he desired to convey to the world an indubitable manifestation of parental love by devising his estate in the name of his deceased son, Robert Troupe Paine, and to show that his son's life was sacrificed through no fault of his own, but that he was a victim of temporary insanity, inherited from a maternal ancestor. He therefore bequeathed all his property to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, to be by them and their successors distributed in prizes in the name of his son, and gives long and specific directions for the distribution of these prizes when the income arising from his property amounts to \$8,000 a year.

New York Gambling Dens. "96-74-22-31-86-Keno!" The last word rings out sharply on the close air of a gaudy, carpeted room not a thousand miles from Printing House Square. Some fortunate fighter, the "tiger" has "struck a row," or, in other words, is the winner of a stake. On a raised platform or table is the dealer, whirling round and round an oblong, hollow vessel hung upon a pivot, through a hole in one end of which are constantly falling small ivory balls with numbers thereon. A crowd of men and boys, some of whom are "stated" the tables watching his every move, but still far row of "Keno" is a great difference. The well known case of an Ayrshire miner who lived twenty-three days, buried in a coal mine, without swallowing anything but small quantities of a chalybeate water smacked through a straw. He had the advantage of being shut up in a contaminating atmosphere, which, by diminishing nervous sensibility, lessened the cravings of hunger. Herard quotes the example of a convict who died of starvation after sixty-three days, but in this case water was taken. Cases of alleged fasting longer than this are certainly due to exposure. The insane appear to bear fasting better than those in their sober senses, and in some morbid conditions of the body nourishment may certainly be done without for a surprising length of time. Animals have an advantage over man, so far as living without food is concerned. Rattlesnakes exist many months without eating anything, and retain all their vigor and ferocity; and many creatures voluntarily spend four, five or six months in every year without eating or drinking. The tortoise, bear, dormouse, and other animals retire at their seasons to their respective cells, and hide themselves—some in caverns of rocks, and others dig holes underground, while some get into woods and lay themselves up in the clefts of trees.—Casey's Magazine.

Setting Bull Tells How Custer Fell. A correspondent of the New York Herald has had an interview with Sitting Bull, who, in describing the fight with Custer, was asked when he fell. The Indian replied: "Well, I have understood that there were a great many brave men in that fight, and that from time to time, while it was going on, they were shot down like pigs. They could not help themselves. One by one the officers fell. Any way, it was said that up there where the last fight took place, where the last stand was made, the Long Hair (Custer) stood like a sheaf of corn with all the ears fallen around him." "Not wounded?" "No." "How many stood by him?" "A few." "When did he fall?" "He killed a man when he fell. He laughed." "You mean he cried out." "No, he laughed; he had fired his last shot." "From a carbine?" "No, a pistol." "Did he stand up after he fell first?" "He rose up on his hands and tried another shot, but his pistol would not go off."

Choice of Colors. Nothing contributes more to the beauty of the skin than the choice of color. Females of light complexion ought to wear the purest white; they should choose light and brilliant colors, such as rose, azure, light yellow, etc. Women of a dark complexion who dress in such colors, as they often do, cause their skin to look black, dull, and tanned. They ought to avoid white robes, and rose-color and light blue ribbons. These, in particular, are best suited to them; green, violet, purple; and then that darkness which was only the effect of too harsh a contrast will suddenly disappear, as if by enchantment; their complexion will become lively and animated, and will exhibit such charms as will rival those of the fairest of the fair. In a word, the fair cannot be too careful to correct, by light colors, the paleness of their complexions, and darker women, by stronger colors, the somewhat yellow tint of their carnation. We must not omit a very important observation respecting the change of colors by light. Thus, crimson is extremely handsome at night, when it may be substituted for rose-color, which loses its charms by candlelight; but this crimson seen by day spoils the most beautiful complexion; no color whatever so completely strips it of all its attractions. Pale yellow, on the contrary, is often very handsome by day, and is perfectly suited to persons who have a fine carnation; but at night it appears dirty, and tarnishes the lustre of the complexion, to which it is designed to give brilliancy.

Living Without Food. It is true that many diseases, all the world over, arise from eating too much. But it is possible, on the other hand, to eat too little; and we doubt whether many could maintain a healthy existence on the meagre diet of such medical philosophers as the celebrated Cornaro. How long one could contrive to live without eating anything at all is a question of which few will be inclined to undertake the practical solution. Unfortunately, it has been solved over and over again in the case of many an accident and many a deed of cruelty. Without something to eat or drink man will not live beyond a few days, or at most a week. Access to water, however, makes a great difference. The case of a man who lived twenty-three days, buried in a coal mine, without swallowing anything but small quantities of a chalybeate water smacked through a straw. He had the advantage of being shut up in a contaminating atmosphere, which, by diminishing nervous sensibility, lessened the cravings of hunger. Herard quotes the example of a convict who died of starvation after sixty-three days, but in this case water was taken. Cases of alleged fasting longer than this are certainly due to exposure. The insane appear to bear fasting better than those in their sober senses, and in some morbid conditions of the body nourishment may certainly be done without for a surprising length of time. Animals have an advantage over man, so far as living without food is concerned. Rattlesnakes exist many months without eating anything, and retain all their vigor and ferocity; and many creatures voluntarily spend four, five or six months in every year without eating or drinking. The tortoise, bear, dormouse, and other animals retire at their seasons to their respective cells, and hide themselves—some in caverns of rocks, and others dig holes underground, while some get into woods and lay themselves up in the clefts of trees.—Casey's Magazine.

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Lapland. A French traveler, M. Vandel, who recently visited Northern Sweden to see the "midnight sun" as it appears on the 24th of June, gives the following account of the country and its people: "If the Lapps deserve the palm of ugliness among all the inhabitants of old Europe, their country is assuredly the most frightful of our continent. Horror is its special characteristic; stony plains smooched dried up marshes, the soil only shows at long intervals, covered with a blackish moss. We are crossing forests, but the fire composing them do not pass three feet in height. The zone of dwarf trees succeeds that of gigantic firs, like Lappe beside Scandinavians. Now and then a strip of cultivated land brings rest to the eye; yet and wheat ripen in forty days, and beneath an unobscured sun acquire a strange and rapid development. In the north, corn stalks are often taller than trees. Sometimes a few lowly flowers surge the hillsides with their sickly greenery, scarcely tall as grass which has just begun to grow. But these fugitive appearances do not last—the desert begins again. Tumble-down calms, in which the cattle are shut up in water, occur here and there on the plains, and only and through their ruinous appearance to the gloomy desolation of the landscape. The country, nevertheless, is not without inhabitants; there are neither towns nor villages, but miserable buildings scattered along the river side appear at short intervals. Perched on blocks of stone, which in winter defend them against the assaults of the snow, they look rather like huts affording shelter to a nomad population than permanent shelters for the protection of families under a climate the most rigorous in the world. Broad castles stand up against the walls, their purpose is to bear the sledges which were used yesterday and will be used again to-morrow. On the threshold half-naked children gaze at us as we pass; their yellow hair thrown like a golden nimbus round their heads. Sometimes tall men smoke their pipes gravely before their door, all wearing red flannel shirts, scarlet caps and a kind of sleeveless vest in coarse woollen stuff, black or green. Under a sky without light, in a colorless country, the Finns have a passion for those bright tints and high tones of color which nature denies them. The women wear gowns striped blue and red and parti-colored bodices." The night of June 24 is celebrated in Northern Sweden by a festival which has perpetuated itself from pagan times. In Finland it is preceded by a universal open air bath, taken by persons of both sexes and all ages. The day of the 24th is chosen by a song folks for their betrothal on Mount Avasax. On the first rising of the sun, a hymn is sung by women. As soon as the full, disk appears there is an explosion of joy; choruses are sung, long strings of dancers stream along the sides of the rounded plateau of the mountain, and bonfire mix their pale light with the sun's rays.

Stems of Interest. The Alabama penitentiary is said to have earned \$25,000 above expenses in September. "Call me pet names—something typical of sweet sounds," he murmured, and she said he was a gay lute. A Maryland bride, forty years old went off in a span on the important words were to be spoken, and was taken from the church to an insane asylum a raving maniac. Senator Morton's full name was Oliver Hazard Perry Throck Morton, and he used to be fond of predicting all these incidents to his cronies. It was his legal preceptor, John Newman, who persuaded him to leave out some of those names. "Picking up gold in the streets" does not seem to be a thing to be such at Ballarat, Australia, even now. A little girl recently picked up a piece of quartz which contained more than two ounces of gold. A woman fell into an open coal-hole in the pavement in front of a shop at Richmond, Ind., the other day, and in falling thrust her head through a window. The shopkeeper helped her out and charged her one dollar and forty cents for the broken glass.

The Virginia (New.) Chronicle says: "The timber used in the Comstock mines costs \$17,000 a day; the firewood, mostly consumed by the steam engines, \$6,000; candles burned in the mines, \$10,000; the quicksilver lost, \$1,000; and the ice needed to cool the water for drinking in the hot lower levels, \$1,000 a day. The Consolidated Virginia alone uses ice daily worth \$100. More than two tons of bullion, containing forty per centum in value of gold, are produced daily, valued at from \$100,000 to \$150,000." The entire Continent of Europe possesses 19,500,000 spindles against 30,000,000 in the United Kingdom, but the consuming power of the Continent spindle is greater than Britain's. They take fifty pounds per spindle, while Britain's rate appears to be only thirty-three pounds. The United States have 10,000,000 spindles, and their capacity is greater still, reaching sixty-three pounds per spindle. In consequence of this, the annual consumption in the United States reaches 630,000,000 pounds, that of the Continent 1,035,000,000 pounds, against 1,300,500,000 for Great Britain.

The Bones of Columbus. In 1796 they were supposed to be the mortal remains of Christopher Columbus, in the discoverer of America, were transferred with great pomp from the cathedral San Domingo to the cathedral of Havana. History records that the body of Columbus was first buried, in 1506, in the Convent of St. Francis, whence it was transferred a few years later to the Carthusian convent at Las Cuevas, and thence to San Domingo in the year 1586. Recently some workmen making repairs in the cathedral at San Domingo discovered a walled orifice containing a leaden case with an inscription showing conclusively that the contents were the bones of Christopher Columbus. The case was afterwards examined by several government officials, who attested their belief that the remains were those of the great discoverer. The ancient records of the cathedral having been destroyed by vandals long ago, no facts concerning the supposed removal of these remains to Havana can be ascertained in San Domingo; but it is conjectured that the monks palmed off to the Spaniards the remains of somebody else, retaining to themselves and their cathedral the venerated bones of the great navigator. The case has been placed in proper custody in the Church of Regina Angelorum until arrangements are made to erect a fitting monument over the remains.

His Off Year. He stood shivering under the Central market, a drop of rain finding its way down his spinal column now and then. He recognized the fact that the season had closed, and that sleeping under shade had become cold and monotonous. "I've got to lay out plans for the winter," he was heard muttering as he dove into his empty pockets. "I'm kinder 'traid the public are sick of grasshopper and fire sufferers, and I know they are up to snuff on the dodge of the clergyman driven out of Arkansas by the Ku Klux." "Let's see? I might be a Russian or Turkish exile, but I can't talk the language. I might be a settler driven out of Idaho by the Indians, but the war is ended. All those ker-ens and gunpowder accidents are old, the public don't care any more who gets hurt on the railroads, and my eyes are too good to play off blind." "Nother hand-organ wouldn't pay, the chestnut business is too cold, and folks won't buy any more south-side cures. Hang it, all the dodges are played, and here I am as hungry as a wolf and clothes all gone!" "It looks as if the day wasn't far off when we'll have to go to work and wear ourselves down to the bone to get a living."—Detroit Free Press.

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The Virginia (New.) Chronicle says: "The timber used in the Comstock mines costs \$17,000 a day; the firewood, mostly consumed by the steam engines, \$6,000; candles burned in the mines, \$10,000; the quicksilver lost, \$1,000; and the ice needed to cool the water for drinking in the hot lower levels, \$1,000 a day. The Consolidated Virginia alone uses ice daily worth \$100. More than two tons of bullion, containing forty per centum in value of gold, are produced daily, valued at from \$100,000 to \$150,000." The entire Continent of Europe possesses 19,500,000 spindles against 30,000,000 in the United Kingdom, but the consuming power of the Continent spindle is greater than Britain's. They take fifty pounds per spindle, while Britain's rate appears to be only thirty-three pounds. The United States have 10,000,000 spindles, and their capacity is greater still, reaching sixty-three pounds per spindle. In consequence of this, the annual consumption in the United States reaches 630,000,000 pounds, that of the Continent 1,035,000,000 pounds, against 1,300,500,000 for Great Britain.

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His Off Year. He stood shivering under the Central market, a drop of rain finding its way down his spinal column now and then. He recognized the fact that the season had closed, and that sleeping under shade had become cold and monotonous. "I've got to lay out plans for the winter," he was heard muttering as he dove into his empty pockets. "I'm kinder 'traid the public are sick of grasshopper and fire sufferers, and I know they are up to snuff on the dodge of the clergyman driven out of Arkansas by the Ku Klux." "Let's see? I might be a Russian or Turkish exile, but I can't talk the language. I might be a settler driven out of Idaho by the Indians, but the war is ended. All those ker-ens and gunpowder accidents are old, the public don't care any more who gets hurt on the railroads, and my eyes are too good to play off blind." "Nother hand-organ wouldn't pay, the chestnut business is too cold, and folks won't buy any more south-side cures. Hang it, all the dodges are played, and here I am as hungry as a wolf and clothes all gone!" "It looks as if the day wasn't far off when we'll have to go to work and wear ourselves down to the bone to get a living."—Detroit Free Press.

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