The Chatham Record.

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THE HOME CONCERT.

Well, Tom, my boy, I must say good-by.
I've had a wonderful visit here;
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could
Away from all that my heart holds dear.
Maybe I've been a trifle rough—
A little awkward, your wife would say—
And very likely I've missed the hint
Of your city polish day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof
Sheltered us both when we were boys,
And the same dear mother-love watched us both,
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet you are almost a stranger now;
Your ways and mine are as far apart
As though we never had thrown an arm
About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom;
Your wife and children are fair to see;
For couldn't breathe in the little cot,
The little home, that belongs to *me*.
And I am lost in your grand large house,
And dazed with the wealth on every side,
And I hardly know my brother, Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert was grand, last night,
The singing splendid; but, do you know,
My heart keep longing, the evening through,
For another concert, so sweet and low
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear
Of one so cultured and grand as you;
But to its music—laugh if you will—
My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night
(For the clash of the music wearied me),
And close to my heart this vision came—
The same sweet picture I always see;
In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,
Half in shadow and half in sun,
A mother chanting her lullaby,
Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell
From the mother's lips, I heard the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
She echoed the song with "Goo-a-goo."
Together they sang, the mother and the babe,
My wife and child, by the cottage door.
Ah! *that* is the concert, brother Tom,
My ears are aching to hear once more.

So now good-by. And I wish you well,
And many a year of wealth and gain.
You were born to be rich and gay;
I am content to be poor and plain.
And I go back to my country home
With a love that absence has strengthened too—
Back to the concert all my own—
Mother's singing and baby's coo.

CHANGE PARTNERS.

"Change partners!"

We were dancing a quadrille, and I, smiling, held out my hands to John Loring, who left Lilian to be gracefully led to my place by Rudolph. But the smile died away upon my lips.

Why did Lilian grow so deadly pale, and Rudolph frown and compress his lips? I made some blunder, for John said, in his grave, sedate way:

"You have made a mistake, Debby, this way!"

Then my hand was clasped in Rudolph's again, and we waited for the side couples to dance. But I could not help watching Lilian talking so fast to John, her cheeks red again—too red—her eyes feverish, and her animation too marked for my sly little cousin. Rudolph was pale now too, and something had disturbed his boyish brightness.

I was glad when the dance was over, and we wandered off to the conservatory. Nobody minded, for Rudolph and I had been engaged for five years, and this ball was one of the many given in honor of his home-coming. He had gone to California to seek his fortune, leaving me plodding away at music teaching to support myself, Aunt Charlotte, and Lilian, who was then only fourteen years old.

We were poor enough in those days, both Rudolph and his betrothed, and for four years there was but little variation in the monotony of money gained for both. Then fortune gave her wheel a sudden, most unexpected whirl in our favor—Rudolph made a successful speculation that lifted him at once to wealth, and my grandmother died and left me an heiress.

It was a little bewildering at first to be mistress of a handsome country seat, a town house, carriages, jewels, and a large bank account, but I had not always been poor, and I soon became accustomed to my splendor.

If I had kept my dear little crippled aunt and Lilian with me when every week's income had to be divided with painful economy, it was scarcely probable that we would separate when I was able to give them luxuries. And John Loring was still my friend, as he had been when mamma was living and poor papa's affairs were found to be so embarrassed after his death.

There was no mystery about my engagement, and when Rudolph came home we were all making a summer sojourn at Wylde Glen, where my country seat was located. John was at the hotel, but he came over often, and all the neighbors were very sociable. So we had balls, picnics, croquet parties, and every sort of festivity, to amuse Rudolph, while my trosseau was being made in New York, and a wedding trip discussed.

This ball of Mrs. Maitland's was one of the last, for autumn leaves were falling. I had thought when I was dressing for it, that the years of poverty and toil had not left their traces upon Rudolph's face as they had on mine. I was always fair and blonde, but I looked faded, washed out, and my blue dress did not become me.

Or was it Lilian's face looking over my shoulder that made me think so? Lilian was fair, but her rippling hair was a perfect bronze color, eyes brown, and soft as a fawn's, and her lips tinted like rose petals. In her low, broad brow, and sensitive lips, you read genius, for the child was an artist born, with wondrous musical gifts and rare fancies. She was tall and slender, the perfection of grace, and her dress of fleecy white, with green leaves in her hair and on her breast, suited her charmingly.

And yet I was only twenty-five, certainly not old. Rudolph was five years older, and still, despite his brown beard and manly carriage, Rudolph was boyish in his frankness, his enjoyment of fun, his energy, and love of athletic sports.

He had been heavily burdened, though he had been rich. But I—ah me! I had nursed mother through two years of sickness, after father failed in business, and died soon after. I had gone to Aunt Charlotte's when she fell down stairs, and her busy usefulness left her forever. s had remained with her, taking her pupil with my own, and helping Lilian to get an education.

It was a hand to hand struggle with poverty and heartache, varied by weeks at a time of nursing Aunt Charlotte through weeks of agonizing suffering, and it had left me aged beyond my years. Many a time I would have despaired but for John Loring—one of papa's business friends, and our adviser in all matters of difficulty.

But it was all over. I was rich. Rudolph was at home, and as tenderly loving as I could wish. Only—as we walked to the conservatory, I wished Lilian had not grown so pale when we changed partners in the quadrille, and Rudolph took her little white gloved hand in his. He talked gently to me as we stood by the plashing fountain—told me of some purchases he had made for our home, and commented pityingly upon my weary eyes and cheeks.

"All this dissipation is too much for you, Debby," he said, and I hated my old-fashioned name as he spoke it. Lilian was softer, more musical. Why was I named for my grandmother?

"I will bring a carriage for you to-morrow," Rudolph said, "and take you to some quiet place to rest for a few hours. Ohly you and me, Debby, remember!"

And I was content again until, passing Lilian's door, long after we returned home, I heard her sobbing.

What ailed the child? For weeks she had been growing pale and nervous or fitfully gay, and never had her music moved me to tears as it had done of late. Aunt Charlotte seemed changed, too, tender to me with an added tenderness, and overscrupulous about leaving me alone with Rudolph.

I wished sometimes that Rudolph was not quite so careless and merry; he jested about all things; and yet I have heard him sigh over Lilian's sad song as if he was broken-hearted. It made me feel old that so often their merriment jarred upon me, for when Rudolph first came he treated Lilian like the child he had left five years before. When we rode they would race their horses, leaving me far behind, for I am not a brave horse-woman, while Lilian, so sensitive and gentle at all times, is fearless on horseback.

They would sing gleeful duets together Rudolph's clear tenor well supporting Lilian's sweet, pure tones, while I—humiliating to confess, had become so disgusted with leading childish fingers through scales and exercises, that I never touched a piano when it could be avoided.

I looked upon it all complacently enough, often turning to smile at John as these two jested or made merry at my expense; but I did not like to see it all change. Of late Lilian had seldom come into the drawing-room during Rudolph's visits, and Rudolph missed her. I was sure of that; for, while he was always affectionate and kind, he was abstracted often.

John, too, stayed away more than usual, and John was my best friend. I was not even as confidential to Rudolph, for he had been five years away, and was not changed as I was.

It was altogether strangely uncomfortable, when one considered that I was to be married in October, and go to Europe with Rudolph, whose ancestors were German, and who had a desire to visit his grandfather's home in Munich. Lilian had helped to plan out a most tempting tour for us through England, France, Spain, Italy, and Germany, and Rudolph complimenting us both upon our German, which was familiar to him, his mother having taught him to speak it at home.

The day after the ball was stormy, and we slept late. At least I did not sleep, but I stayed in my room. There was some letters to be written, and I was preparing a rough draft of a deed of gift to Aunt Charlotte. I did not want two town houses, and Rudolph had bought a superb mansion that he was fitting up for his bride. So my house I resolved to give to Aunt Charlotte, with a sufficient sum to maintain her in comfort after I left her. Nobody knew but John, and he was coming to take my papers and make them out legally. Did I say that John was a successful lawyer? I knew that he would come, even if it did rain, though I scarcely expected Rudolph till evening, as the rain would prevent our proposed excursion.

It was late in the forenoon when I went down to the library, a small room adjoining the drawing-room, and separated by a curtained arch. Being a woman's home, the library had never been very extensive—more a cosy reading-room than study.

I was waiting there for John, nestling in the easy chair, and wondering if it was the ball that made me so languid, when I heard the drawing-room door open, and presently Lilian touched the keys of the grand piano, her fingers gliding into a dreamy nocturne that was one of her late favorites. The curtains were looped so that I could see her, in her white dress, with no ornament but soft lace, and I sighed to see how wan and white she looked, what quivering pain was on her sweet mouth and in her large eyes.

Some one else saw it, for while se played, Rudolph came in. All the merriment was gone now from his face, and he leaned on the piano, listening, and not noting how her fingers faltered as he fixed his eyes upon Lilian's face.

When he spoke he said:

"I am going away, Lilian."

"You are wise," she said faintly."

"I can make some excuse to Debby, and I will stay in town until you all come—to—the wedding! I was a miserable coward last night, Lilian, torturing you and myself; but I will not offend again."

"No," she said, gently, "I am sure of that. We must both be brave, for Debby must never know. Neither you nor I could be false to Debby, Rudolph. Think what she has been to me?"

"And to me! My faithful love!"

The mist was gone from my eyes, and I knew the whole secret of what had puzzled me. Rudolph had found the gentle, sympathetic love that suited his manly nature, and Lilian the brave protector that her timidity needed.

And I—Debby—what ailed me? For I was glad! Glad to see my lover faithless in heart—true in honor.

I had not heard John come in, but when I turned my head he was there, with stern lips and drawn brow, until he saw my smile. Then a glad light leaped into his eyes, and he whispered:

"Oh, my darling, it is so? You are not heart-broken! You do not love him?"

"It must have been a girlish fancy," I said, astonished at myself.

"But the woman's heart! Debby, have you never guessed the torture it was to me to know that you were not free. Do you not know that I have loved you, always, my darling?"

His darling!

"I did not know," I faltered. "I only felt—"

"What?" he asked, as I hesitated.

"Happy beside you," I said, softly; "lonely without. John, I know now—why I have not been happy since Rudolph came."

"You are mine," he said, oh, so tenderly. And I put my hand in his and let him press one kiss upon my lips. Then I pushed back the curtains fully, and went into the drawing-room.

Lilian was still at the piano, but Rudolph was standing by the window, watching the rain with gloomy brow. I crossed the room quickly to his side, while John stopped to speak to Lilian.

"Rudolph," I said quietly, "you must not go away."

He flushed, and said:

"Debby? You heard!"

"Yes. I—I—"

John came to my rescue as usual. Taking Lilian's hand he led her forward, smiling as he said:

"Do you not understand, Rudolph? Change partners."

And that told the whole story. There were two weddings in October, and Lilian went with Rudolph to Europe, while John and I settled down in my old home with Aunt Charlotte forour guest until her own child returns to her.

HEARTS OVERWORKED.

SOME GOOD ADVICE ON THE PRESERVATION OF A PURE HEART.

No organ in the body is so liable to be overworked as the heart. When every other part of the body sleeps, it keeps on its perpetual motion. Every increased effort or action demands from the heart more force. A man runs to catch a train and his heart beats audibly. He drinks wine, and his blood rushes through its reservoir faster than ever was intended by nature. His pulse rises after each course at dinner. A telegram arrives and his heart knocks at his side. And when any one of these "excitements" is over, he is conscious of a corresponding depression—a "sinking" or "emptiness," as it is called. The healthy action of all the members of our frame depends upon the supply of blood received from this central fountain. When the heart's action is arrested, the stomach, which requires from it a large supply of blood, becomes enfeebled. The brain, also waiting for blood, is inactive. The heart is a very willing member; but if it be made to fetch and carry incessantly, if it be "put upon," as the unselfish member of a family often is, it undergoes a disorganization which is equivalent to its rupture. And this disorganization begins too often nowadays in the hearts of very young children. Parents know that if their sons are to succeed in any of those competitive examinations which have now become so exigent, high pressure is employed. Hence young persons are stimulated to overwork by rewards and punishments. The sight of a clever boy who is being trained for competition is truly a sad one. These precocious coached-up children are never well. Their mental excitement keeps up a flush, which, like the excitement caused by strong drink in older children, looks like health, but has no relation to it. In a word, the intemperance of education is overstraining and breaking their young hearts.

If in the school-room some young hearts are broken from mental strain, in the playground and in the gymnasium others succumb to physical strain. "It is no object of mine," says Dr. Richardson, "to underrate the advantages of physical exercise for the young; but I can scarcely overrate the dangers of those fierce competitive exercises which the world in general seems determined to applaud. I had the opportunity once in my life of living near a great trainer, himself a champion rower. He was a patient of mine, suffering from the very form of induced heart disease of which I am now speaking, and he gave me ample means of studying the conditions of many of those whom he trained both for running and for rowing. I found occasion certainly to admire the physique to which his trained men were brought, the strength of muscle they attained, the force of their heart; but the admiration was qualified by the stern fact of the results."

The symptoms of failure of the heart from overwork are usually restlessness and irritability. Sleepless nights are followed by an inability to digest a proper amount of food; and meals, which have probably been taken at irregular intervals and in haste, become objectionable. Stimulants are now resorted to; but these nourish a workingman as little as a whip nourishes a horse. They give him an exciting fillip; but the best medical men tell us that in nine quarts of alcohol there is less nourishment than could be put on the blade of a table-knife. The patient—for he is a patient by this time—is conscious of a debility which he cannot shake off, and sleep now, even if it come, does not refresh. Occasionally, as the man is pursuing some common avocation, he is struck with the fact that thoughts are not at the moment as clear to him as they ought to be. He forgets names and events that are quite familiar, or he is seized for a moment with a sudden unconsciousness and tendency to fall. "When we sit writing or reading or working by gaslight, and the gas suddenly goes down and flickers, we say "the pressure is off at the main." Just so in a man who in declining health suddenly loses consciousness, when his mind flickers, then, in his organism, the pressure is off at the main—that is, the column of blood which should be persistently passing from his heart to his brain is for the moment not traveling with its due force, to vitalize and illuminate the intellectual chamber."

But, indeed, it is not by overwork so much as by worry and anxiety that our hearts are disorganized. "Laborious mental exercise is healthy, unless it be made anxious by necessary or unnecessary difficulties. Regular mental labor is best carried on by introducing into it some variety. New work gives time for repair better than attempt to complete rest, since the active mind finds it impossible to evade its particular work unless its activity be diverted into some new channel." Business and professional men wear out their hearts by acquiring habits of express-train haste, which a little attention to method would render unnecessary.

We speak now of the heart-breaking effect of passion, and first of anger. A man is said to be "red" or "white" with rage. In using these expressions we are physiologically speaking of the nervous condition of the minute circulation of the man's blood. "Red" rage means partial paralysis of minute blood-vessels, and "white" rage means temporary suspension of the action of the prime mover of the circulation itself. But such disturbances cannot often be produced without the occurrence of permanent organic evils of the vital organs, especially of the heart and of the brain. One striking example is given by Dr. Richardson in the case of a member of his own profession. "This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted by want of due control to pass into a disposition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every trifle in his way was a cause of unwarrantable irritation. Sometimes his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves; and when the attack was over there were hours of sorrow and regret in private, which were as exhausting as the previous rage. In the midst of one of these outbreaks of short severe madness he suddenly felt, to use his own expression, as if his 'heart were lost.' He reeled under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then recovering, he put his hand to his wrist, and discovered an intermittent action of his heart as the cause of his faintness. He never completely rallied from that shock; and to the day of his death, ten years later, he was never free from the intermittency. 'I am broken-hearted,' he would say, 'physically broken-hearted.' And so he was; but the knowledge of the broken heart tempered marvelously his passion, and saved him many years of a really useful life. He died ultimately from an acute febrile disorder."

Envy, hatred and all uncharitableness exercise almost as destructive an influence on a man's physical nature, and particularly upon his heart, as they do upon his moral character. To say that "sorrows grieve the heart" is more than a metaphor. Cromwell hears his son is dead, and "It went clean to my heart, that did," is his physiologically correct description of his experience. When Hamlet thinks of the "wicked speed" with which his mother married his father's murderer, indignation forces from him the words, "But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue." Permanent intermittency of the heart is often induced by a single sudden terror. Whenever, from undue excitement of any kind, the passions are permitted to overrule the reason, the result is disease; the heart empties itself into the brain; the brain is stricken, and both are ruined.

Wine is commonly said to "make glad the heart;" but such hilarity is short-lived; and it would seem from the latest discoveries of science that the drunkard is even physically a heart-broken man. The heart is nothing more than a force-pump to keep up the circulation of the blood. The pulse indicates the beats or strokes of the pump. If the beats be more than seventy per minute in a middle-aged person, something is wrong; there has been some kind of over-stimulus. The use of alcohol increases the number of beats, just as a violent fire makes a kettle boil over. This over-action of the heart is a terrible enemy to good health. It is killing by inches. The fact, however, only breaks on people when the mischief is far advanced and past remedy. Our counsel to habitual imbibers of alcohol is, "Look to your pulse," for on the proper working of the heart length of days in a great measure depends. The throbbing of the heart is a criterion and guide which all can understand.

These few illustrations show us that if we would keep our hearts whole we must cultivate that self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control, that "alone lead life to sovereign power." Did we know ourselves and our real capacities, we would not break our hearts working and worrying to attain objects which have been placed beyond our reach. Rather we would be wisely ambitious of serving our generation in that way and in that place to which our powers and circumstances point. The fretful stir—unprofitable that wears out life—generally arises from false ambition striving after impossibilities, which by reason of self-ignorance are not perceived to be such. And, surely, if a man will rightly value and reverence himself, he will be content to well use the one talent that has been intrusted to him rather than make himself miserable and ruin his health in competing with those who have received five or ten talents. It is well to "scorn delights and live laborious days;" but the energy of which we in these islands are rightly proud is too much developed when competition breaks our hearts, and when, for the sake of getting on, we throw away life itself. Speaking of the Arabs, in his book "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," Mr. R. Bosworth Smith makes the following not unnatural reflection: "It is surely a relief to turn, if only for a moment, to the supreme contentment of an Arab with his lot, to his carelessness of the future, to his ineffable dignity of repose from the feverish activity, the constant straining after an ideal which can never be satisfied, the "life at high pressure," which is the characteristic of the more active, but hardly the more highly gifted races of the West. It is not that the Arab lacks the intelligence or the power to change his condition—he does not wish, or rather he wishes not, to do so." Knowing well that the "pains and penalties of idleness" are even greater than those of overwork and anxiety, we warn the indolent not to lay the flattering unction contained in the foregoing words to their souls. They are quoted for the sake of those whose danger lies in an opposite direction.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—"Caws" and Effect.—The following verdict was recently handed in by the foreman of a coroner's jury——: ——"We are of A Pinion that the decest met with her death from Violent infirmation in the Arm produest from Unoan Caws."

—"Young man, we eat rind and all here," said a boarding-house keeper to a boarder who was taking off the outer portion of a piece of cheese. "All right," replied the boarder, "I'm cutting this off for you."

ADAM'S LONELY BOYHOOD.

In beginning a series of sketches concerning the youthful days of eminent people, it seems eminently fitting that we commence with Adam. It is rather difficult to conceive Adam as a boy, we admit, owing to the popular superstition that has painted him coming into the world full grown, with whiskers and mustache complete, and prevailing belief that there wasn't a boy in the world until Eve came and raised the Old Boy with Adam; yet we prefer to think of our ancient progenitor as having had something of a boyhood, and we suppose we have as good a right to theorize upon the subject as any one else.

Adam was probably as mischievous, naturally, as boys generally are. In fact, Darwin says he was "a perfect little monkey," which, we believe, is a synonym for mischievousness the world over. But he had no companions in his gambols. If he staid out after dark, and got to cutting up, it was all by himself. And what sport could he have ringing door bells without a lot of other boys to scamper away with? And consider the melancholy fun of fastening cords across the walk at night with nobody to trip over them.

We can imagine young Adam, with all the instincts of a boy two inches thick in his nature, looking about for some way to divert himself as other boys do, and whimpering to himself, "Can't have any fun!"

Of course, he couldn't by any possibility have any fun. No fun running away from school, or stealing off to go in swimming, because there was no one to lick him when he got home. No fun sneaking up into the hay-mow to indulge in a surreptitious game of euchre—always bad to "play it alone." He couldn't play "tag," because he might yell "I've got the tag" all day, and there would be no one to come and take it away from him. "Hi-spi" had no charm, for a boy soon gets tired of hiding when he has to go to work to find himself. And where is there a boy who likes to work and "find himself?"

The more we think about Adam's lonely boyhood the more we are inclined to pity him. He never knew what a circus meant, at least not until Eve came and introduced him to one. But we have nothing to do with that now, as we are only treating of Adam's boyhood. True, there was a big menagerie all round him, but the animals were tame affairs, lambs and lions lying down together in the most spiritless concord, and the hippopotamuses and canary birds playing with each other like kittens. Little Adam never sat way up on the highest seat and gazed awe-stricken while a man in spangled tights sprang, whip in hand, into a cage of savage beasts, that rolled their eyes, gnashed their teeth, and roared until the canvas overhead flapped for very fear. No, indeed. He never saw a thin-legged female in short skirts ride a loping horse around a ring and jump through a hoop, while a man with his face painted white, and his mouth a red exaggeration, tells that convulsive story about stuffing hay into his shoes to fill them out, and his calves going down to eat the hay. Young Adam never saw the "old clown," though he came very soos after Adam's day, and the jokes he commenced with he has been getting off ever since.

And how about base ball? Do you suppose that Adam knew anything about that exhilarating diversion that is now doing so much toward developing the intellects of our American youth? There is no likelihood of it, not while he was a boy. His son Cain, however, seems to have been the first who got up a "club," but it was the death of his brother Abel.

While there were so many things that the boy Adam missed, think not that his solitary life was not without its compensations. There was no other boy to steal his marbles, or hide his top, or jeer at him because he had to wear his big brother's cast-off cloes, or holler across the street that he had "a letter in the post-office," or fix a bent pin for him to sit down on, or make faces at his sister, or spell him down, or steel his dinner, or tell on him when he had been in mischief, or beat him out of his sweetheart. Adam escaped these and a thousand other annoyances that boys subject each other to. He hadn't any brothers and sisters to tease and worry him, and with whom he was compelled to divide his playthings and any nice things to eat that might come that way. He could leave a piece of sweet-cake lying around anywhere, knowing that none of the rest of the children would touch it; and at night, on retiring, he could stick his "gum" on the headboard, confident that it would rest undisturbed until morning.

Whatever trouble and annoyances his matrimonial life may have brought him, we find a kind of satisfaction in reflecting that Adam's boyhood was exceptionally free from care, and on that account we are bound to conclude that his life was not an entire failure.

—A spiritualistic seance was being held, at which it was announced that the spirit of the "Immortal William" would pass through the room. A skeptic took a handful of tin tacks to the meeting place, and quietly sprinkled them over the floor. The solemn moment came; a ghastly form entered and took a noiseless stride forward. There was a slight shiver in the white object, and a muttered noise was heard: a second step followed, not quite so steady, and another muffled ejaculation; but at the third stride Shakspere's disembodied form sat plump down upon the floor, and swore like the British army in Flanders.

—"Eugene Yuss, will you name an adjective signifying sweet?" "Tart, sir!" "Why, you idiot, that means sour." "Please, sir, I meant sweet'art." Then that boy was promoted from the top of the class up to the foot, and the schoolmaster smiled as he said it was because he was a 'Gene-Yuss.

—A boarding-house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points, the weak point being her coffee and her strong point the butter.

Varieties.

—It was only a little kerosene lamp that broke, but it took $40,000 worth of property along with it at Casco, Me., the other night.

—A Boston house has lately received a 200,000 clothes-pin, a 100,000 broom-handle, and a 5,000 ream sandpaper order from Great Britain.

—The value of goods carried over the Pennsylvania railroad during the year 1876, amounted to the sum of $590,942,158, not including the value of the goods carried by express.

—Out of the $1,500,000,000 annually earned by English workingmen, they only save $20,000,000 instead of $75,000,000; which they could easily do; the balance is mostly wasted in drink

—The ammonia of the commercial fertilizers manufactured in the suburbs of Augusta, Ga., has completely driven out the chills and fever and other malaria that used to infest the locality.

—The Empress of Austria's parents—Maximilian, Duke in Bavaria, and the Princess Ludovica—have just celebrated their golden wedding at Tegernesee, the celebration being strictly *en famille.*

—Washington has a population of 131,000, of whom 42,000 are colored.—There were found twenty-two colored over 100 years old, one being reported as old as 110. Seventy persons were between 90 and 100.

—The official statistics of immigra- for the last thirty years show that Germany and Ireland have furnished us more than 2,000,000 immigrants each, but that Germany is upward of 400,000 ahead of Ireland.

—Castor beans are now very successfully cultivated in Southern Illinois, St. Clair county alone yielding, it is said, about 300,000 gallons of the oil, of which there are several large manufactories in St. Louis.

—A carbine which Wm. W. Leeman, one of John Brown's captains, dropped in Potomac during the Harper's Ferry fight before he was killed, was found recently, and is now on exhibition at Chambersburg, Penna.

—Population is pouring into Kansas at an almost unprecedented rate. During the year ending last month about two million acres of Government land were taken up, and the increase of population is estimated as 150,000.

—General Lew Wallace has left Indianapolis for Santa Fé. His family will not join him immediately. He has nearly completed his promised historical novel, and will go on with the work in the intervals of his official labors.

—Portugal has but one university, Coimbra, founded in 1290. It has 70 instructors and 1,100 students. There are 2,350 elementary schools, and parents whose children cannot read and write by fifteen, lose their political rights.

—The Bank of England was started in 1694 with a capital of £1,200,000. A century ago, in 1778, its notes in circulation amounted to £7,000,000; now they exceed £39,000,000—and the bullion has increased from £2,000,000 to £24,000,000.

—Mr. Murat Halstead has just had the grievous misfortune of losing his seven-year-old son—a bright child who has been staying with friends in Missouri during the visit of his parents abroad. It is the first break in that pleasant group of clever and pretty children.

—There is a hail insurance company in France—and only one—whose profit and loss account for 1877 shows a profit of 851,889 francs, after writing off the loss of 1876 of 720,120 francs. Its premium income for the year amounted to 3,637,097 francs in respect of 52,917 policies, and its losses to 1,206,784 francs.

—"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change "a bit." If you take off another, you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off still another, it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that, if you wish to be rid of a "habit," you must throw it off altogether.

—The public debt of Europe was divided as follows in 1876: France, $4,687,921,400; Prussia, $229,852,375; Italy, $2,000,000,000; Russia, $1,254,810,000; Spain, $2,650,000,000; Turkey, $927,000,000; Great Britain, $3,884,852,720. These are the heaviest debts, and they bear hardest on Turkey, Italy, Russia and Spain. While some of the debts may have slightly decreased in the last two years, others have greatly increased, as in the cases of Russia and Turkey.

—Prince Albert Victor, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, a boy with an erect figure and a heavy face, is to enter a military academy by-and-by. When he is seventeen he will go into the army, and, it is said, is not unlikely to emulate the example of his soldier-like uncle, the Duke of Connaught, and undertake at first the most subordinate duties. Prince George of Wales is to adopt the naval profession.

—Nothing hurts a man more than to seem small in his own eyes. It is the slavish feeling that degrades the slave. A base ambition makes the man that cherishes it base. No one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty, never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you. They cannot by all their efforts take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character, and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, in point of fact, unharmed.