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H. A. LONDON, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ASPIRATIONS.

Our aims are all too high: we try
To gain the summit at a bound.
When we should reach it step by step,
And climb the ladder round by round!
He who would climb the heights sublime,
Or breathe the purer air of life,
Must not expect to rest in time,
But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek
To grasp alone for grand and great,
Disdaining every smaller good,
For trifles make the aggregate.
And if a cloud should hover o'er
Our weary pathway like a pall,
Remember God permits it there,
And His good purpose reigns o'er all.

Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts unabashed by fortune's frown;
Let *perseverance* conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet;
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,
Will lose the jewels at his feet.

ONLY A WOMAN.

Only a woman, shrivelled and old!
The prey of the winds and the prey of the cold!
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'er-bold.
Only a woman forsaken and poor,
Asking an alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll
The waves of the music go over her soul!
Silks rustle past her
Thicker and faster;
The great bell ceases its toll.
Faith would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman—waiting alone,
Icily cold, on an ice-cold throne.
What do they care for her?
Humbling a prayer for her,
Giving not bread, but a stone.
Under old laces their haughty hearts beat,
Mocking the moan of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! In the old days
Hope carolled to her her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life
Strong for her sake who was mother, or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death-shadows are;
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—no friends to her door
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

THE RIGHT MAN AFTER ALL.

Viola had found a lover; or, at least, John Ellsworth aspired to that distinction. He had known Viola since she was a little girl at school, and now was trying to win the first place in the young lady's affections.

Two years ago, the paternal Ellsworth had given John on his twenty third birthday a deed of a small, good farm near his own.

John set about making a home for himself, with one of his half dozen sisters to manage it, and went at his farming in earnest. And all the gossips of the neighborhood went about with chins elevated and noses wrinkled when his name was mentioned. And the younger female portion thought him rather a desirable object to manœuvre for.

Perhaps that was one reason why Viola had been so gracious to him. It was something to secure without an effort at tentions that all the other girls aimed for. But John Ellsworth did not realize his ideal. Under her calm exterior, she dreamed romances of the most vivid pink. She had heard hints and echoes of a world that lay outside her own sphere—a world of lights, and music, and gay dressing; a holiday life, with opera and theatre going nights in it; and days full of unlimited pleasure seeking.

One June night, driving over to see his lady, John found an unusual flush on her fair, calm face.

She rode with him—accepting his invitation in a matter of course way that was dreadfully discouraging.

It came out after a little. Mrs. Mornington—a great aunt—had sent for her photograph a month ago, not having seen her since she was a little child. Two days ago had come an invitation for Viola to spend a couple of months with her—the great aunt—in New York, and she was going to morrow.

"It's no use denying," the young fellow said, his voice growing husky, "that I'm sorry for this. I don't know what will come to you from this. You are not contented here—you never will be till you have had an experience beyond it—perhaps not then. I am not wise to tell you now, I suppose, but I love you, Viola. Mind, I do not ask you now for any return. I will wait for what the future shall put in your heart to say."

It was a long speech, certainly, for a proposal, but Viola listened very attentively to he. first proposal, and her blue eyes softened.

"Indeed, I do care for you, John, and you can't blame me for wanting to go. Aunt needs me, you see, and no one does here particularly. And I've never seen anything of society."

"I know, dear——"

"And I shall not forget you," interrupting him. "I shall always think of you," giving him her hand.

"For two whole months," a little sadly. "Good by, then," kissing the hand he held. And then Viola found herself alone, and went to finish her packing.

Viola's next two months were delightful. She was always prettily dressed, and Frank Thorpe passed his valuable time beside her.

Mrs. Mornington watched the girl narrowly, and when Viola came home the second week in September, it was with an invitation to stay through the winter.

John Ellsworth called on her the night after her return.

"You look well and happy he said scanning her face.

"I am," she said; and then she told him all about her delightful visit.

"And you are going to settle down with us now?"

"Oh, no! I shall stay here only a few days. Aunt is coming for me as she returns from a visit she is paying."

John Ellsworth went away early in the evening, having said no word of what had been in his heart all those weeks.

"Poor fellow!" Viola said, as she went down the moonlight road. And Frank Thorpe's dreamily sad gray eyes came up before her, and she forgot John Ellsworth's shadowy brown ones.

Mrs. Mornington came and took the young lady away, and Frank Thorpe was once again hanging about her—a most desirable matrimonial prize.

The Christmas holidays came and went. Frank Thorpe lounged in on Christmas day, and was paler and more listless than ever.

"Frank Thorpe, you are utterly stupid! What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Mornington.

"A general giving way of the system I should say."

"Nonsense! General laziness. In my day——"

"Oh, my dear madam!" starting up alarmed. "Indeed, I'll reform. I think I'm better already. Miss Viola, I'm intensely interested in the subject occupying your thoughts at present, if you'll tell me what it is," anxiously.

"I was wondering if you were ever in love, and how she treated you," laughed Viola.

Over Thorpe's face rushed a flood of scarlet. He glanced up, caught Mrs. Mornington's sharp eyes on him and flushed again.

Mrs. Mornington gave her first bit of advice to her young charge that night.

"Frank Thorpe is not the kind of a man to trifle with, my dear. I think he is in love with you. You can hardly do better."

"Do better!" raising her broad lids for a full steady look. "I hadn't thought there was to be any calculation. No, Frank doesn't care for me, aunt."

"If he is in love with you, so much the better. But come; Mrs. Grove's Christmas ball must be attended."

And Viola went to that ball, and froze Frank Thorpe, who unconscious of offense languidly assumed his usual station near her. There was something glacial and tremendous in her general style this night that provoked and amused Mrs. Mornington. But she was beautiful, too—more beautiful than ever—and so her aunt forgave her.

Among Mrs. Grove's guests that night was a rather grand looking man, who certainly was no longer young. Having lost one wife, he was now looking out for another. When he was presented to Viola, she was barely civil. Mr. Nicholson seemed to like it.

Frank Thorpe had ceased being frozen. To tell the truth, Viola made the advances. There was a shade more of languor in his manner, and his sad gray eyes had an added shadow; but he sought no explanation.

Restored to sunshine, he accepted that, too, with no particular demonstration, but he seemed to enjoy it. To outside lookers-on, the matter seemed to lie between him and Mr. Nicholson, whose attentions were perfectly straightforward and business-like.

One frosty, sparkling morning, Viola had been out for a walk. On the way she had met Frank Thorpe, as she was very apt to do.

He accompanied her home, and entered the house with her. There, Viola, feeling unusually bright, began ketching him on his purposeless life.

"If I were a man——" emphatically.

"Thank Heaven, you are not! However, go on.

"You put me out. Mr. Thorpe why don't you do some thing?"

"Do something? Don't I? I am your devoted attendant three fourths of my waking life."

"Yes; and get yourself and me talked about by everybody. Not that I care certainly," hurriedly, to cover her blunder. "I shall chose my friends where I please" making matters worse of course.

He sat up with sudden energy

"Miss Viola, if I were a woman——"

"Thank Heaven, you are not."

"Exactly. However, if I were, I certainly would not flirt with that antediluvian relic, Mr. Nicholson."

"Mr. Thorpe, I don't."

"Miss Viola, I beg your pardon, you certainly do."

She looked at him with an astonished red in her cheeks and light in her eyes. Then she laughed frankly and good naturedly.

"You see,"—leaning forward and laying his hand confidentially on her arm—"I can't bear to see a clear hearted, honest girl lowering herself to the ways of these artificial, brainless girls, who have been bred up all their lives to the business of catching a husband. You don't need any such paltry ambition. Wait till you find a man worth falling in love with, then marry him. Wait forever if you don't find him."

Viola sat motionless with astonishment. If any dumb thing had found a voice, she could not have been more amazed. And she had felt so fully called to administer advice.

While she sat, his hand still on her arm, and her eyes on his face, the door opened, and John Ellsworth was ushered in.

Viola swept towards him, with eager, outstretched hands.

"Why John! Why John! was all she could say.

And Frank Thorpe, being disturbed by this new comer, who was called John and received with such an outbreak of enthusiasm, gathered himself up and lounged away.

John Ellsworth was in town for a fortnight. Mrs. Mornington treated him with great politeness, and was always in the way in the most natural manner in the world, when he came. Viola always accepted his invitations, and when the time came for their fulfillment, there was some unavoidable obstacle in the way. Meantime, Mr. Nicholson's attentions grew more pointed, and Frank Thorpe kept out of the way.

Then Lent came, and there was a sudden cessation of gayety. John was called away by his father's illness, and Viola felt the inevitable reaction. And she did not know that she would live through it, and be ready and eager for another season when the time came.

It was alike everywhere. In the narrow circle out of which she had come there were jealousies, and heartburnings, and petty scheming—no better, no worse than she had come to know in the past weeks, though possibly less disguised by smooth, conventional polish of manner. Wait till she met a man she loved! She might wait till she was gray and blind. There had never appeared one to whom she would give a second thought, unless it were—well, perhaps John Ellsworth, if the life that would follow with him were not too narrow to breathe in; or Frank Thorpe, if he were not too lazy to speak. And then, by contrast, came a vision of Mr. Nicholson, and all his wealth.

If she had shown the first symptom of her moods to Mr. Nicholson, he would have desisted from his attentions at once. Here was youth and beauty in a statuesque state of perfection. That was what he wanted—the statuesque; and everybody considered it a settled affair.

I think Viola began to consider it herself. She had just one letter from John Ellsworth after his return, and he had said: "I love you Viola, and am waiting for you."

She did not answer the letter. But she was cross even with Mrs. Mornington for two days after it.

Then she was seized with a fit of home sickness, and but that her friend was taken suddenly and really ill nothing would have kept her there. Mr. Nicholson came more frequently than ever; in his way, very kind and considerate. Frank Thorpe was in and out, not so frequently as before that morning when John Ellsworth had come but often enough to keep himself in her thoughts.

One night, in early spring, Frank Thorpe came and took Viola out for a drive.

"You were looking tired. We may not have another such night in a month," Frank said.

In the half hour they did not speak half a dozen sentences, and when he set her down at her own door, and held her hand for a minute, as he said "Farewell," Viola felt that they were nearer each other than ever before.

Viola was one morning summoned to the drawing room to meet Mr. Nicholson. In the occupation of the past weeks she had had very little opportunity to think about him or his purposes. No girl ever went to meet the final question with less determination as to her answer. She knew his errand the moment she entered the room. Not that he was confused, or hesitating, or in any way disconcerted.

"My dear young lady," he said deferentially, "I want your permission to ask you a personal question."

"You have it sir," she said.

And then, in a speech which was more like a set oration than anything else Viola had ever heard, he offered her his hand and fortune.

The thought of saying no to such a stately piece of oratory as that, frightened her. But she did say it, very sweetly and gracefully, but also very decidedly, and Mr. Nicholson went away very red in the face and a good deal crest fallen.

She went up stairs to Mrs. Mornington.

"Aunt, I've done it! And I'm so surprised!"

"At what?"

"I've refused Mr. Nicholson."

"My dear I always thought you would."

"Did you? You astute woman! And I always fancied that if he asked me to be Mrs. Nicholson, I should say, yes."

"Perhaps you will be sorry by and by that you have said no."

"Perhaps! I shall never be surprised at anything again!"

"From a worldly point of view, you have made a mistake, my dear."

"Don't rub my feelings. They are sufficiently lacerated already."

A servant announced Frank Thorpe.

"Aunt, shall I——" and paused. Even in her reckless, over excited mood, she could not complete the sentence.

"Shall you be kinder to him than you have been to Mr. Nicholson?"

"Don't ask me."

So Viola went down to see her visitor, who was at the full tide of his languid, tired indifference.

"How entertaining you are to-day! Your conversational powers are something to be wondered at," Viola said at last impatiently.

"Entertaining?" opening his eyes with mild wonder. "I suppose that was your share of the interview. However, if you like, I'll begin. You are not looking so well as usual this morning."

"Thank you. What a very promising beginning!"

"But you have infinitely the advantage of Mr. Nicholson, whom I met just now. He seemed laboring under the impression that there had been an earthquake."

Viola laughed, and ended with a half sob.

"And so there had been. There, talk about something else. You needn't be entertaining anymore."

"I wonder," leaning towards her, a slow fire gathering in his dreamy eyes, "if I should find an earthquake waiting for me if I followed Mr. Nicholson's lead!"

"Miss Rawdon," the servant announced, and that put an end to it all.

Viola reasoned herself into a conviction that she was in love with Frank Thorpe, or if not actually in that condition, that she might easily find herself there. And because passive patience was not possible just then, she gathered up all John Ellsworth's gifts and letters, and put them out of her sight, as if he had anything to do with it.

The crisis was not far off. Coming in from an errand that night, she found all the dimly-lighted house empty, and went on from room to room, till in the library she opened the door on Frank Thorpe.

"Since you were not at home, I came to find for myself a volume Mrs. Mornington had promised me," he explained. But he closed the door as he gave her a chair, as if the *tete-a-tete* were part of his plan.

She looked up at his pale face and shining eyes, and felt her heart sink. And yet this was the conclusion to which she had reasoned herself a few hours ago.

And then five minutes of talk in which her part had been monosyllable, and Frank Thorpe had proposed and had been accepted; and she was crying quietly, with her head on the library table, and he was walking the room in an *agitato* movement.

We might as well begin with a clean record," he said, with a great deal of hard earnestness in his voice. "You are not my first love, Viola. Not quite two years ago she jilted me. I was in an awful spoony condition—there's no denying it; and, for a few weeks, thought it would be the death of me. One morning my letters and trinkets came back to me. There was not a word of explanation, and I did not choose to ask any. When I had tired myself out, and was in a condition to lie down in dust at her feet, the house was shut up and the family abroad. That's the whole of it."

"And the young lady's name?"

"Emily Prescott."

"Emily Prescott? Why, that is the young lady I met this afternoon. Just home from abroad—in Paris mourning. Her father and mother both died somewhere in France, in the spring, and she came home with the Mertons."

"Viola," staring at her with eager eyes, "I can't believe it," dropping into a chair. "My poor darling——"

A flash of color shot up into Viola's face. She went and stood by him, with her hand on his shoulder.

"It seems to me, Frank," in her most commonplace, practical voice, "that the little arrangement we entered into ten minutes ago might as well be quietly annulled. Your 'poor darling' is at present with the Mertons. Hadn't you better go up there at once, and re-arrange your programme?"

"I don't know. Viola, you will think me a scoundrel, but I believe I love her yet."

"Of course you do. Who doubts it? There, don't say a woman can't be generous. Think of my agony in releasing you, and go as soon as possible."

"You are generous, dear."

"That depends on our relative estimate of the sacrifice. Good night."

After that nothing could keep her in London, and three days after reaching home, driving her old fashioned pony-chaise through the green country road, she came upon John Ellsworth, walking, and he accepted her invitation to ride.

"It is so good to be here again. I was thoroughly home-sick."

"When are you to be married?"

"Never!" with a burst of vehemence; "unless you—oh, John!" with a hysterical sob.

At home a telegram awaited her. Mrs. Mornington was dead.

Mrs. Mornington died poor. She had spent all her money. So Viola was not an heiress, after all.

And the neighbors said: "After she found she could not get either of those city fellows, and that old lady disappointed her about her money, she came back here and took John Ellsworth. And he put up with it, but then there's no fool like a man when he's in love with a girl like that."

PRESENT DUTIES.

There is not a more common error of self-deception than a habit of considering our stations in life so ill suited to our powers as to be unworthy of calling out a full and proper exercise of our virtues and talents.

As society is constituted, there cannot be *many* employments which demand very brilliant talents, or great delicacy of taste, for their proper discharge. The great bulk of society is composed of plain, plodding men, who move "right onwards" to the sober duties of their calling. At the same time the universal good demands that those whom nature has greatly endowed should be called from the ordinary track to take up higher and more ennobling duties. Our country, happily for us, is full of bright examples of the greatest men raised from the meanest situations, and the education which is now being bestowed upon the children will multiply these examples. But a partial and incomplete diffusion of knowledge will also multiply the victims of that evil principle which postpones the discharge of present and immediate duties for the anticipations of some destiny above the labors of a handicraftsman, or the calculations of a shopkeeper. Years and experience, which afford us the opportunity of comparing our own powers with those of others, will, it is true, correct the inconsistent expectations which arise from a want of capacity to set the right value on ourselves. But the wisdom thus gained may come too late. The object or desire may be found decidedly unattainable, and existence is then wasted in a sluggish contempt of present duties; the spirit is broken, the temper is soured, habits of misanthropy and personal neglect creep on and life eventually becomes a tedious and miserable pilgrimage of never-satisfied desires. Youth, however, is happily not without its guide, if it will take a warning from example. Of the highly-gifted men whose abandonment of their humble calling has been the apparent beginning of a distinguished career, we do not recollect an instance of one who did not pursue that humble calling with credit and success until the occasion presented itself for exhibiting these superior powers which nature occasionally bestows. Benjamin Franklin was as valuable to his master as a printer's apprentice, as he was to his country as a statesman and a negotiator, or to the world as a philosopher. Had he not been so, indeed, it may be doubted whether he ever would have taken his rank among the first statesmen and philosophers of his time. One of the great secrets of advancing in life is to be ready to take advantage of those opportunities which, if a man really possesses superior abilities, are sure to present themselves some time or other. As the poet expresses it, "There is a *tide* in the affairs of men," an ebbing and flowing of the unstable element on which they are borne, and if this be only "taken at the flood," the "full sea" is gained on which "the voyage of their life" may be made with ease and the prospect of a happy issue.

THE HARDEST LESSON.

Life offers no lessons to mortals so hard to learn, no lesson hiding in its truth so keen a sting to self-love as this, that your prime has passed, and that you must make room for others; that the flower of your beauty, the flower of your genius, are in their decline; that you must wait in shadow whilst the younger bask in the splendor which you have left behind. How few are ever willing to admit that their time has come to learn it. Thus it is that we see so many women refusing to grow old gracefully. Instead of wearing their years as a crown, mellow and beautiful in the light of their declining sun, they deck gray hairs and wrinkles with hideous counterfeits of youth. This is why we see writers writing on reputations which they have long outlived; writing after they have ceased to have anything to say, except to repeat what they said better years and years. This is why we see men once in power still imagining themselves important, and in garrulous and impotent speech evoking the ghost of a reputation in the councils of younger men. And yet repose is not death. Rest has its recompense as well as labor. Through every mutation of our life we are followed by the divine compensations. Let us not begrudge them the youth once so bounteously bestowed upon us. They will rob no one; they will be but glad in their own share of the inheritance of being. Then let us thank God that he gave us our day—its morning, its noon, its peaceful twilight shadow. Let us be glad we had our day, and thus with rejoicing take our place among the things gone by.

TRICKING A RASCAL.

A MEXICAN STORY.

A lady of fortune, living in the city of Mexico, during the latter days of the occupation of Mexico by the Spanish, owing to some combination of circumstances, found herself in difficulties, and in immediate want of a small sum of money. Don—— being her godfather, and a respectable merchant, she went to him to state her necessities, and offered him a case of valuable jewels as a security for repayment, provided he would advance her eight hundred dollars. At the end of a few months, her temporary difficulties being ended, she went to her godfather's house to repay the money and receive back her jewels. The man readily received the money, but declared to his astonished goddaughter that as to the jewels, he had never heard of them, and that no such transaction had taken place. The senora, indignant at the merchant's treachery, instantly repaired to the palace of the Vice King, hoping for justice from this Western Solomon, though unable to conceive how it could be obtained.

She was instantly received by Revillagigedo, who listened attentively to her account of the circumstances.

"Had you no witnesses?" said the Count.

"None," replied she.

"Did no servant pass in or out during the transaction?"

"No one."

The Viceroy recollected a moment.

"Does your godfather smoke?"

"No sir," said the lady, astonished at this irrelevant question, and perhaps the more so as the Count's aversion to smoking was so well known, that none of his smoking subjects ventured to approach without having taken every precaution to deaden any odor of the fragrant weed which might lurk about their clothes and person.

"Does he take snuff?" asked the Viceroy.

"Yes, your Excellency," said his visitor, who probably feared that for once His Excellency's wits were woolgathering.

"That is sufficient," said the Viceroy; "retire into the adjoining chamber, and keep quiet—your jewels shall be restored."

His Excellency then despatched a messenger for the merchant, who immediately presented himself.

"I have sent for you," said the Viceroy, "that we may talk over some matters in which your mercantile knowledge may be of use to the State."

The merchant was overwhelmed with gratitude and joy; while the Viceroy entered into conversation with him upon various affairs connected with his profession. Suddenly the Viceroy put his hand first in one pocket, then in the other, with the air of a man who has mislaid something.

"Ah!" said he, "my snuff box. Excuse me for a moment while I go and fetch it from the next room."

"Sir," said the merchant, "permit me to have the honor of offering my box to your Excellency."

His Excellency received it as if mechanically, holding it in his hand and talking, till, pretexting some business, he went out, and, calling an officer, desired him to take that snuff box to the merchant's house, asking his wife, as from him, by that token, to deliver to the bearer a case of jewels which he had there. The Viceroy returned to the apartment where he had left his flattered guest, and remained in conversation with him until the officer returned; and, requesting private speech of the Viceroy, delivered to him a jewel case which he had received from the merchant's wife.

Revillagigedo then returned to his fair complainant, and, under pretense of showing her some rooms in the palace, led her into one, where, among many objects of value, the jewel case stood open. No sooner had she cast her eyes upon it than she started forward with joy and amazement. The Viceroy requested her to wait there a little longer, and returned to his other guest.

"Now," said he, "before going further, I wish to hear the truth concerning another affair in which you are interested. Are you acquainted with the Senorade—"

"Intimately, sir—she is my goddaughter."

"Did you lend her eight hundred dollars at such a date?"

"I did."

"Did she give you a case of jewels in pledge?"

"Never!" said the merchant, vehemently. "The money was lent without any security; merely an act of friendship, and she has invented a story concerning some jewels, which had not the slightest foundation."

In vain the Viceroy begged him to reflect, and not, by adding falsehood to treachery, force him to take measures of severity. The merchant with oaths persisted in his denial. The Viceroy left the room suddenly, and returned with the jewel case in his hand; at which unexpected apparition the astonished merchant changed color, and entirely lost his presence of mind. The Viceroy ordered him from his presence, with a severe rebuke for his falsehood and treachery, and an order never again to enter the palace. At the same time he commanded him to send him, the next morning, eight hundred dollars with five hundred more; which he did, and which were, by the Viceroy's orders, distributed among the hospitals. His Excellency is said to have added a severe reprimand to the lady, for having made a bargain without writing.

—In ordinary winter weather in Paris the services of 2500 publicly paid street sweepers are employed, with 2000 auxiliary hands at half wages. In very bad weather 7000 sweepers, besides inspectors and chiefs, are ready at a moment's notice to ply their brooms in all the streets of the city. They begin at three in the morning and end at four in the afternoon. Sometimes, however, they work for twenty hours.

Varieties.

—Woman suffrage has been rejected by California's Constitutional Convention.

—It is said that over 30,000 Hindoos have within a year professed christianity.

—It is two hundred and fifteen years since the first Bible was printed for the Indians.

—Gustave Dore has been promoted to the rank of a Grand Officer in the Legion of Honor.

—Dr. Philip Schaff says it is thought that the Revised New Testament, at least, will be published in 1880.

—It is estimated that 550 publications, more or less, concerning Dante, have been issued within the seven years dating from July, 1870, to July, 1877.

—Of the twenty Mairies of Paris, ten are now provided with libraries called popular, where taxpayers can procure instructive books gratuitously.

—A salmon, measuring 4 feet 5 inches in length, was recently presented to the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, by Frank Buckland, the naturalist.

—An Alabama child weighing fifty-eight pounds is said to be composed of fifty pounds of head and eight pounds of body and limbs, and to have a very bright mind and remarkably retentive memory.

—The longest word recorded in any language is used by Aristophanes, in his farce, "The Women met in Assembly." It is composed of seventy seven syllables and one hundred and sixty-nine letters.

—One of the largest of the Great Marston Salt Mines at Northwich, England, was lately lighted with the electric light. The experiment was so successful that this method of illumination is likely to be adopted.

—The Chicago Public Library contains 60,000 volumes, and with one exception has a larger circulation than any other library in the country. It specially abounds in German, French, Dutch, Norse, Swedish, and Bohemian books.

—They have an educated seal at the Westminster Aquarium which plays the guitar, beats a tambourine, climbs a flight of steps and takes a "header" from the top, smokes a pipe, fires a revolver and draws a boat to which it is harnessed, entering eagerly into the fun.

—The Mahrattas had a simple but effectual method of discovering wealthy Hindoos. They poured water on the leaves the people use instead of plates to eat their rice from: if it ran off the man was rich, because he could afford clarified butter, whereas the poor have only salt.

—A catamount measuring thirty-eight inches from the nose to the tip of his tail, was caught in a trap in Cameron county, Pa., by a boy ten years old. When the lad discovered what he had caught (he set the trap for a fox) he went home, got a revolver and shot the beast, which was furious to get at him.

—A French jeweller, in 1870, sold a lady a 5000-franc set of jewelry, giving a written promise to take the articles back if they were not approved. She wore them six years and then asked to have them exchanged for something of a newer fashion. The Courts have finally decided that he must do so, and a London tribunal has rendered a similar judgment where the customer wore a diamond ring three years before returning it.

—Judge Johnston, of Cincinnati, is quoted with saying that he was with Abraham Lincoln one day when a committee came to ask the President to suspend the draft until after his second election, on the ground of its unpopularity. Said Mr. Lincoln, quietly, "What is the Presidency worth to me if I have no country?" Whereupon the committee retired. The Judge says also: "Mr. Stanton told me the next day or so after Lincoln's death that there was a time when the members of his Cabinet had he disputed on questions of policy, but they so often found themselves wrong and Lincoln right, he came to have his own way, and they to have entire confidence in his 'inspirations,' as they called them. He was a man of wonderfully clear inspirations; a man who employed no spies or others to collect stories, but judged of the public sentiment by inquiring into his own breast, and asking himself what ought to be done."

—A serious and singular accident recently occurred on the Hudson River Railroad, in New York. A man named James Dick was standing near the track when one of the freight trains was passing. As soon as it had passed, Dick stepped into the middle of the track. By some accident it happened that the bell-rope which runs through the cars had become detached, so that it dragged about a block or more behind the train. When Dick saw this he took hold of the rope, notwithstanding the warning of one of the brakemen who was on the caboose. The consequence was that when the end of the rope got to him, it wound around his body like a whip-lash, and dragged him after the train. He flew through the air and swayed to and fro like the tail of a kite on a windy day. The rope was wound around his shoulders and right arm, so that he could not possibly extricate himself. The only thing that saved him was the cutting of the rope by William Wilson, a brakeman, who saw his situation. After being dragged for two blocks, he was picked up for dead and laid on a snow bank. He finally regained consciousness, and was sent to the hospital, where it was found that his skull was fractured, and he had received other grave injuries.