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THE CODE.

It is not so many years ago that sharp political words caused bloody deeds. In these degenerate times men will call each other liar, thief, and all the catalogue of bad names, while the world listens to it, incredulous as to which one the hard names belong. Lament as we may the bloodshed of those early days, the strict accountability to which men were then held for their words certainly made them less intemperate of speech.

St. Louis witnessed one terrible example of political homicide nearly fifty years ago. Very few of the living residents of that time remain to relate the exciting and bloody incidents of the Pettis-Biddle affair. Then, as now, finance and money were favorite topics of politicians.

The Old United States Bank had been chartered and brought into operation by the political party then in power. The parent bank in Philadelphia, under the Presidency of Nicholas Biddle, with numerous branch banks in several States, had finally astonished the primitive financiers of those days by the ease with which public money could be "hocuspocussed." The great bank had proved to be a firstclass political machine. It had served the interest of its managers and others, and might have made everybody rich in paper money if meddlesome people, old Hickory Jackson in particular, had only left it alone.

Those unreasonable people insisted upon a balance sheet, and then the great bank came to grief. The accountants of the bank had plenty of figures, and the tellers were short of money. Hard-faced men of business then, as now, preferred money to figures, and that preference made trouble. The blame was naturally thrown upon the shoulders of the bank president, Mr. Biddle. The newspapers called him hard names. He defended himself as well as he could, but the great bank came to an inglorious end.

At this time, Thomas Biddle, a brother of Nicholas, was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, ten miles below St. Louis. He was a paymaster in the army, with the rank of major. He is described as a proud, sensitive man, somewhat overbearing in his manner. Major Biddle felt the newspaper attacks upon his brother very keenly.

The State of Missouri was admitted into the Union just fifty years ago, and, like all new States and communities, there was a considerable amount of local legislation necessary, which helped to excite and stimulate public feeling. All these causes, no doubt, had an effect, and in some measure helped to bring on the tragedy which caused so much sorrow.

An article appeared in one of the St. Louis papers, reflecting severely upon the financiering of Nicholas Biddle. Major Biddle was enraged at the attack upon his brother, and resolved to punish the offender. He called upon the editor, and demanded the name of the writer. Spencer Pettis, a well known citizen, was named as the author of the article. Pettis was boarding at a hotel, and at that time was sick in bed. Whether Biddle did or did not know of his sickness is not material now; it is only fair to presume that he did not know it. At the early hour of five o'clock in the morning Biddle went to Pettis's hotel, learned from a colored servant the location of his room, went to his room, found the door unlocked, entered. Pettis was asleep. Biddle at once snatched the covering from the helpless man, and gave him a severe cowhiding in the bed.

Public opinion was the strongest law then in existence. Biddle found himself in the ban, and his attack upon Pettis was denounced as a dastardly outrage. Smarting under this more keenly than ever, Biddle tried to bring about a hostile meeting, but failed. Judge Fergenson, a magistrate of the city, bound both parties over to keep the peace. Finally, Biddle caused a message to be sent to Pettis, intimating that if a challenge was sent it would be accepted. The challenge was sent and accepted. The place of meeting agreed upon was the great sand-bar in the river opposite the city, known then and since as Bloody Island. It was a safe place for honorable bloodshed. The island was within the jurisdiction of Illinois. The authorities of Illinois would not molest, and the authorities of Missouri could not.

A duel between two well known citizens in a small place, such as St. Louis, was then, of course, known to everybody. Each man had his friends and defenders, while among the reckless and indifferent bets were freely offered and accepted on the result.

The meeting took place one afternoon in August. The day was Friday. The little city was bursting with excitement. Long before the hour for the hostile parties to cross the river, crowds of excited men lined the river bank, discussing and commenting upon the affair. When the time came each principal and his seconds were rowed across to the island in the batteaux or large boats then in common use. The crowds on the St. Louis side still remained to watch the result. It was five o'clock before the two men stood face to face with each other and death. When about to measure off the distance, a difference occurred; Pettis and his second desired fifteen paces, but Biddle, being very near sighted, claimed five paces, and Biddle's claim was allowed.

When the signal was given both men fired simultaneously, and both fell. The seconds and surgeons did all that was possible; but they were mortally wounded. They were carried down and placed upon the batteaux, which were rowed across to the city as rapidly as possible, one boat going above and the other below the usual landing places. The whole city was on the river bank to meet the occupants of the boats when they should land. When the terrible results of the meeting were known there was universal sorrow. The next day, Saturday, Pettis died. Biddle lived until Monday. His body was then taken to Jefferson Barracks and buried with the honors of war.

And so, through the unhappy financiering of a political bank president, two worthy gentlemen met with tragic deaths. The little city has grown out of all resemblance to itself since then. Of the crowd of men who witnessed something of that affair nearly half a century ago, not half a dozen are now living, and the tragedy itself is so wholly forgotten that in only some time of political ferment like the present, a white-headed, feeble old man gossips of what he saw fifty years ago.

JOY IN ONE HOUSEHOLD—A WAYWARD DAUGHTER'S RETURN AFTER TEN YEARS OF WANDERING.—Ten years ago in Manchester, England, there lived Mr. Ephraim Marshal, his wife, and several bright children. The eldest, Martha, proved to be the wayward one of the flock, and ended her folly by eloping with Henry Jenkins, a young engineer. They were married, and setting sail for America all tidings of them were lost. Mr. and Mrs. Marshal afterward journeyed to New York, and he was employed by the New Jersey Central Railroad Company. He lives in a neat little cottage in Bayonne. It is Marshal's duty to care for the station at Centreville. While on his rounds in the blinding snow storm of New Year's night he stumbled across a bundle on the threshold of his door. It contained a sleeping infant wrapped in blankets. On its clothing was a card saying that the child's name was Jenkins. The couple were sure that it was the child of the wayward daughter, and requested the police to keep watch for her.

On Thursday Chief Whitney tracked a strange woman to a wretched room in New York, and she acknowledged that she was the daughter of Mr. Marshal. She was without food or fuel. She told the Chief that after she ran away with Jenkins he was employed in a New York dry goods house. He became dissolute, and sank into poverty and disgrace. Her life was one of trial and suffering. Four children had been born to them, and all had died except the little waif. Two weeks ago she heard where her parents were, and she determined to send the child to them, and throw herself into the river. She went from Bayonne with the intention of committing suicide, but her resolution failed her. That night she was restored to her father and mother, who wept over her return.

FRANKLIN'S MANNERS.—Although the philosopher was popular with the French people generally, as the representative of the Democracy, he was disliked by the leading aristocrats like Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and Madame De Chevuy. The latter thought him anything but gallant. At a repast where she sat by the side of him, and where he was habited in the memorable brown coat, brown waistcoat, breeches of same, and cravat striped with red, she thus describes her impression: "That which I saw most remarkable in him was his mode of eating eggs. He emptied five or six into a goblet, mingling salt, pepper and butter, and thus made a *joli ragout philadelphique*. He cut with his knife the pieces of melon he wished to eat, and he bit the asparagus, in place of cutting off the point with his knife on the plate, and eating it properly with a fork. You perceive it was the mode of a savage."

MEIGG'S FORTUNE.—Mr. Henry Meiggs, the enormously wealthy railroad contractor of South America, is a native of New York State, and about sixty-five years old. He first sought his fortune in California, and opened up the immense lumber interests on that Western coast. He engaged in many schemes of public benefit. But being obliged to borrow money, the usurious rates of interest then prevailing in California took him beyond his depth, and he went to South America, leaving behind him heavy liabilities. There he made large sums as a railroad contractor, and then settled the California claims. He owns two residences, one in the city of Lima and the other in the suburbs, where he dispenses hospitality to every American and foreigner, and especially to Californians, on every possible occasion. No American was ever hard pressed for money without Mr. Meiggs coming to his rescue, and supplying him with means to go to any part of the world he might desire. His "Quinta," or private dwelling house, is situated in the midst of sixty acres of pleasure grounds, filled with the rarest fruits and flowers.

A committee of Nevada miners are codifying the laws of poker.

THE LAST STROKE OF FORTUNE.

Twenty years ago an old house was still standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage containing five small windows. It was the house in which the first painter of the Flemish school, the immortal Rubens, was born, A. D., 1576. Sixty years later than this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story, which was usually let to lodgers, was empty at the time we write of. Two lodgers, however, occupied the garret. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

"You had better go up stairs again," said the old man to his wife, "and see how the poor lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken anything?"

"It is only half an hour since I was up stairs, and he had not come in. I took her some broth at noon, but she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she would not want anything more."

"Poor lady! This time of year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and not even a decent bed to lie on, and yet I am sure she is something or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her?"

"If she wants for anything it is her own fault. That ring she wears on her finger would get her the very best of everything."

There came a knock at the door, and the woman admitted the old man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down upon the tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bidding a short "good-night," groped his way up the steep and crooked staircase. On entering the chamber above, a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

"I could not help it," he said. "I had been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here a servant stopped me, who desired me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through the town; they were ladies whom I had known before. I thought I could get a little money to pay for some simples that will be of service to you."

"I am cold."

"It is very cold. I must make you something which you must take directly."

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat the water, and the patient having taken what the old man provided, was carefully covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless until he perceived that she was fast asleep, and, indeed, long after; he then retired to a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed that she should endeavor to leave the house for a little while, and he succeeded in getting her to go as far as the Place Saint Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for, notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid unpleasant observation.

"Do you see that person yonder?" she said, suddenly. "If I am not much mistaken, it is the Duke of Guise."

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he now approached them.

"Parblen!" said he, "why, this is Mascali. What, are you married?"

"He does not know me," sighed the lady. "I must have altered."

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word into the Duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily took off his hat and bowed nearly to the ground.

"I beg your forgiveness," said he, "but my eyes are so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you—"

"For the love of God," interrupted the lady, hastily, "name me not here. A title would too strangely contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been long in Cologne?"

"Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth and confiscated all my earthly goods. I am going to Brussels."

"And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caitiff?"

"He is in the zenith of his power."

"See, my Lord Duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You, the son of a man who, had he not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown on your own head, and I, once the queen of the mightiest nation in the universe; and now both of us alike—adieu," she said, suddenly, and drawing herself up, "the sight of you, my Lord Duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune may once more smile upon your steps."

"Permit me to attend your majesty to—"

A slight color tinged the lady's features as she answered, with a gently commanding tone:

"Leave us, my Lord Duke; it is our pleasure."

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand, he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner of the street he met some one, to whom he pointed out the old lady, and then hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person who was inquiring for Monsieur Mascali; he had a small package for him, and also a billet. Inside of this was written:

"Two hundred louis d'or constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use." "GUISE."

An the package contained a hundred louis d'or.

The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the pair two long years, but the last louis d'or had been changed, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix-la-Chapelle, to take up some small legacy. It was the 13th of February, 1632. A low sound of moaning might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw in the agonies of death. The moans grew more and more indistinct; at last a slight rattle in the throat was the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later an old man dressed in rags and tatters entered the chamber; but one word had escaped his lips as he stumbled up the rickety staircase, "Nothing, nothing." He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized the arm of the corpse with a convulsive motion, and, letting it suddenly fall, he cried:

"Dead, dead of hunger, cold and starvation."

And this lady was Marie de Medicis, wife of Henry IV., Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XII.; of Isabella, Queen of Spain; of Henrietta, Queen of England; of Christina, Duchess of Savoy; of Gaston, Duke of Orleans—dead of hunger, cold and misery; and Louis XII., the cowardly tool of Richelieu, his mother's murderer, is still called "the just."

THE RUSSIAN FLEET AND THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS ON BOARD.

The Russian fleet, which is to go into winter quarters in American waters, arrived in the port of Charleston a few days since. The Grand Duke Alexis, whose former visit to this country caused so widespread a sensation, accompanied the fleet, and will go directly to Washington. Here he will stay at least a fortnight, apartments having been engaged for him and seventeen of the most distinguished of his staff and the squadron at the Arlington Hotel.

The old Reverdy Johnson mansion, annexed to the Arlington on the north, is to be surrendered to the Prince and his companions. Senator Randolph and a few other guests now occupy some of the lower rooms, which will be vacated on the Prince's arrival. When in his seat the Senator from Maryland made this house celebrated for its hospitality. Since it became a part of the hotel it has been occupied by the members of the Japanese Ambassy and by the Emperor of Brazil. Its interior is conveniently arranged and the furniture throughout is rich and tasteful. The three floors which have been engaged by the courier in advance of the Russian fleet, have perhaps twenty parlors and bed-chambers, more than may be necessary to supply the wants of the party. They are laid with Wilton carpets, furnished with walnut, mahogany and oak, and lined with paintings of such merit as should provoke the curiosity of Alexis, as they excited the admiration of Dom Pedro. These paintings belonged to Stephen A. Dongglass and are now the property of his widow, Mrs. Williams. Some time ago she asked Mr. Rossle, the present proprietor of the Arlington, to take care of them for her, and he cared for them in the most appropriate way, by hanging them on walls where they would have both light and air. They are mostly old paintings and, like certain ancient canvases just found to have been long neglected in the gallery of the Luxembourg, were fading until they were put into view again. In the parlors and dining rooms their beauty is especially displayed, though they are rendered garish by overvarnishing.

The Grand Duke's second visit recalls many of his former American adventures which have never been alluded to. Made by manhood and bravery a strong friend of General Custer, with whom he seems to have shared the discourtesy of the President, he shot his buffalo on the plains and fell in love with Custer, and was smitten sorely by General Grant. But the strongest blow received by the son of the Czar, who now approaches us, was—let it be whispered delicately—given him by the courage and the graces of a young belle from Lawrence, Kan., who killed her buffalo on the same day he shot his, who was singled out by him at the subsequent grand ball at St. Louis, and to whom Alexis flung his heart hopelessly away.

NOT HIS FUNERAL.—The humorous incidents of the Brooklyn fire are not very plentiful, but here is one told by the New York *World*: "On that fatal night two youths, one a resident of Newark and the other of Brooklyn, attended the performance at the Brooklyn Theatre. They left the building previous to the last act, as the Newark boy had persuaded his Brooklyn chum to go home and sleep with him, and it was necessary to leave early to catch the train. No news of the terrible disaster reached Newark till the next afternoon. The day after this the Brooklyn boy returned to his home. He found a hearse at his father's door and all the other appliance of a funeral. Ringing the door-bell, he was met by a servant-girl, who nearly fainted at sight of him. "Whose funeral is this?" said the boy. "It's your own, darlin'," said the girl; "we got your body yesterday at the morgue, and you're just after bein' buried." The *denouement* may be imagined.

The actions of the Countess de Montijo, better known as the mother of the ex-Empress Eugenie, against the press all over Europe for libel are still going on. They have met with much less success in the provinces than in Paris. Damages were laid at 10,000 francs, and in Paris 1,500 francs were recovered, but the country courts generally give but 100 francs or 200 francs. The court of Privas, where the procurator proposed to dismiss the action, gave only 25 francs; and at Poictiers the judge gave no damages.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

ONE BELLE OF KENTUCKY.

A Once Rich and Petted Beauty Suing For a Divorce.

In the divorce case of Mrs. Josephine Adelaide Golding vs. Walter S. Golding, the parties appeared before Judge Lindley yesterday in the hearing of evidence on a motion for alimony pending suit. Dr. Golding, the defendant, is a well-known physician of this city, and Mrs. Golding was for about ten years the star of society at the Southern Hotel. The parties were married at Newport, Ky., in 1868. The lady was at that time the fascinating widow Crozart, a daughter of a former Kentucky Congressman (Tibbetts), and a grand-daughter of Gen. James Taylor, the founder of Newport, and the wealthiest man in Kentucky. She was reared in the lap of luxury, and received a finished education, and, besides the natural graces of person, acquired all the accomplishments necessary to make her a queen of society. A blonde of the purest type, with a physiognomy denoting great firmness and strength of character, and a form of matchless mold, she was admirably adapted to render happy the man who was fortunate enough to win her, and who was capable of appreciating her worth. For a time the wedded life of the couple was happy; but, as years rolled on, a cloud came over them, and several months ago they separated. The lady applied for a divorce, alleging unkind treatment and a fondness for the flowing bowl on the part of her husband.

In the hearing yesterday the lady was represented by Mr. J. C. Orrick, and the husband by Mr. B. A. Hill. Mrs. Golding was sworn, and stated that she was married in 1868, and lived with her husband most of the time at the Southern and Lindell hotels, at an expense of ten dollars a day for board alone. She had no means of support, not five cents, and depended on relatives. She did not even have the necessaries of life, and not sufficient clothing.

At the time of her last marriage she lived at Newport, Ky., and owned property there, in Covington and Cincinnati, valued at over $100,000; this property she had deeded to her husband for life, and she derived nothing from it. He had squandered at least $40,000 of her fortune; she had never kept house, but had lived with her sisters in Newport and Cincinnati, and supported herself on the income of her estate. She had married early, and was left a widow at 18, and wore the weeds for twelve long years. She took good care of her property until her second marriage, and after that her husband managed it. He was a physician, but she had no idea what his practice amounted to; she never valued money as money, and always lived well, as well as anybody in the United States, and was generous in her outlays. Her expenses amounted to over $2,000 a year before her marriage to Dr. G.

On being cross examined by Mr. Hill, Mrs. Golding stated that after going to the Lindell the doctor was unable to pay their board. She told him if he would make only $10 a week she would go to the country with him and live on that, but she would not remain at the hotel without paying her board, and so she left him. "Uncle sent me $20 and he appropriated it. I found it out through a letter from my sister, and when I asked him about it he looked mean. He a man? If I was a man I would be a man. I would not cheat my wife out of $20."

The lady spoke with great earnestness, and with the intonation of a practised elocutionist.

Mr. M. A. Wolf testified that Dr. Golding was the owner of some lots on Cozzens street, worth about $18,000, but encumbered and bringing in very little income—the interest and taxes eating up the property at the rate of $500 or $600 a year.

Dr. Golding told his side of the story, and exhibited some tenderness towards his wife. He had no charges to make against her. The breath of scandal had never reached her, and he was not disposed to resent the imputation she had cast upon him. He had labored hard in his profession, and it wasn't his fault if the city was distressingly healthy, and people refused to get sick or to die without medical attendance. He could not deny his convivial proclivities, but he had quit all that, and, by living on one meal a day, had reduced himself in flesh to his regular fighting weight. As for the property he had received from his wife, he was willing to give it all back to her; it yielded him but very little, and had been a good deal of bother to him. He could make a good living by his profession, and had always provided for his wife, giving her every luxury she desired, and not stinting her in anything.

Judge Lindley decreed that Mrs. Golding should receive $100 per month, payable on the 1st of every month, and that her lawyer was entitled to a fee of $100. The doctor appeared to be satisfied with the judgment.

MAXIMS.—Without danger, danger cannot be surmounted. With the humble there is perpetual peace. Wit once bought is worth twice taught. Words may pass but blows fall heavily. Yielding tempers pacify resentments. Youth is the season for improvement. Zeno, of all virtues, made his choice of silence.

There is this difference between happiness and wisdom: he that thinks himself the happiest man, really is happy; but he who thinks himself the wisest man, is generally the greatest fool.

WOMAN'S HAND.

There is scarcely in the whole scope of our enjoyment—it is a bold, bold assertion, but oh, how true!—a sensation more delightful than that arising from the warm touch of a woman's hand. Its very delicacy and weakness, as it glides into a more strong and manly grasp, is a fit emblem of the just confidence the heart is so desirous to bestow upon its destined protector. And while the nerves thrill over the soft fingers, and the electricity of passion is firing every vein—whilst a spirit richer and more refined than thought itself flutters in the bosom—how the heart seems striving to expand itself into that unutterable ecstacy of being, so seldom felt—so impossible to be described. Reader, invoke, we pray thee, the aid of memory, and let her recall, in moonlight fitfulness, the scenes of thy courtship—the April mornings of hope and fear—of love, joy and passion. Let those visions of bliss again rise in shadowy review, like the springing afresh of a rainbow fountain—and thou wilt own that whether amidst the luxuries of art, screened by a friendly shade from the too strict scrutiny of the brilliant chandelier, or in the solitude of nature's untimed magnificence—if thou couldst but win the confidence of her thou lovest, so seemingly unconscious it had escaped her maidenly keeping, that she would trust her timid hand in thine, thy thoughts were flooded with delight—thy very bosom glowed with a generous rapture. Oh! how you then swore to thy heart of hearts (a more holy, more pure oath than that of the altar) to protect, to comfort her—to minister to her joys, to be her guard, her guide, her all in all! If thou didst not, thou wast no lover. Perchance with the soft reminiscence of stolen glances (the first effect of unpledged love), timid speeches and ardent vows, comes the withering thought of faith broken, looks estranged, and vows forgotten—the cold countenance, the haughty answer, the disdainful smile. Alas! memory is too faithful a witness; and, when called to bear testimony to the dearest pleasure of "Lang Syne," dares never there be cross-examined.

A RUSSIAN STORY.—The Russian princes in Paris are all men of large incomes, but generally spendthrifts. One of them borrowed the sum of ten thousand francs from a money lender, giving his note for the same. On the day it fell due the holder presented it for payment, and was told by the prince that he had no money to waste in paying debts. At that moment a gentleman entered, and the prince handed him twenty thousand francs to meet the losses of the night before at the club. The lender tore up his note of hand, and said, when going out: "Now, prince, there is nothing between us but a debt of honor." The prince bowed and handed over the money without a word. The second begins in the same way, but when the lender presented his note the prince flew in a passion, called him hard names, and, drawing a revolver, made him eat the note of hand. A few days later the lender received his money, with a thousand franc bill thrown in as interest. Shortly afterward the lender received a letter from the prince, telling him that he was again in want of money, and asking him to present himself with 10,000 francs and stamped paper upon which to write his infernal notes of hand. The lender came with the money. "Where is your paper for the note?" he said, taking the money. "Here it is, prince," said the lender, drawing a large cake of gingerbread from his pocket. The prince laughed at the joke, and shortly afterward paid the debt with interest.

TIME'S REVENGES.—The Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer* says: "We are informed by those who seem to get it from good authority, that Mr. J. E. Webster, of this city, was, when a boy in New York, a schoolmate of Gov. Tilden, the President-elect of the United States. Mr. Webster, though formerly among the Republicans, is now among the strongest of the Democratic supporters. He is among those who have longest resided in Columbus. He has told us that when he first came to Columbus as a workman, somewhere in the 1830's, he endeavored to obtain accommodation for himself and mother at a large wooden hotel, which then stood at what is known as 'Jake Burrus's old corner,' but on account of their plain dress was refused. The mother was affected to tears, but the son remarked to her not to mind; she would still live to see him own the entire block. We believe he now owns every foot of it."

THE LIMITATION OF WOMAN'S EXPERIENCE AS AFFECTING HER JUDGMENT.—There are some vices which circulate through the world without invading the seclusion of woman. She cannot imagine what they are; consequently they remain so vague that she has no more blame for them than for the nebulæ in Orion. Financial operations, for instance, are so intricate that she shrinks from following them, and so foreign to the course of her life that they secure a languid attention. Her lover or husband can easily make it appear to her that his violations of trust are either the knavery or carelessness of others, or admissible procedures; and if she is as deeply in love as he in offense she will resort to connivance rather than divorce. Jessica plunders her father, and then calls out to her lover: "Here, catch this casket; it is worth the price."

True joy is a serene, sober emotion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind.

The Household.

The way to man's heart, the hungry sinner,
Since Eve ate the apple, is a good dinner.

TO MAKE HOMINY.—The lye in which the corn is boiled must not be strong; it is better to be weak, and boil it longer. Three hours is long enough to boil it in lye. Then pour it into a tub in which there is a pail or two of water. Drain it off, and put on enough clean water to cover it well. Then take a clean broom and stir, scrub and wash the corn with it briskly. Do this three or four times, after pouring off and adding clean water. Then let it stand half an hour in the last clean water poured on it. There is no need of putting hands about it at all while washing and rinsing it, not even when you take it out of the tub, which can be done with a saucer or a skimmer. If the weather is cold, drain the water off and let it stand out all night and freeze; then it won't take any longer to cook it than to cook a mess of beans. Boil it slowly, salt it a little, and then not until you are about taking it off the fire. Leave plenty of water about it in which it was boiled.

COLD BOILED HAM.—When a ham has been a long time boiled, and is becoming dry, cut some thin slices, dip in egg and bread crumbs, and fry quickly; serve immediately. Or, cut off all fat, mince the ham very fine, break into a pan half a dozen fresh eggs, add a table-spoonful of cream, a little salt and pepper, and set on the fire. As soon as the eggs are set or nearly solid, spread one-half quickly with the minced ham and fold the other half on to it, and slip carefully from the pan to a dish; garnish with parsely and serve hot. Or, take a pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together, put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage machine; boil a large slice of bread in a half-pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together; add an egg well beaten up; put the whole into a mould, and bake to a rich brown.

HAM FOR BREAKFAST.—Chop coarsely some cold boiled ham, put in a fry pan with a little butter, and pepper. When hot, stir in several eggs. When well set, pour on nice squares of buttered toast, and serve.

HAM AND EGGS.—Cut the ham in thin slices, broil very quickly on a very hot gridiron. Have ready some fried eggs and lay upon the ham, an egg upon each slice; lay on the serving dish in regular order and garnish with parsley.

STEWING CHICKENS.—Parboil two fine chickens, take them up in a large dish, cut them up, and separate all the joint bones one from another. Then take out the breast bone, add a little of the water they were stewed in, a blade of mace and a pinch of salt; cover closely with another dish, and put it in to stew until the fowls are tender. Serve hot in the same dish.

SOFT BREAKFAST WAFFLES.—One quart of milk, one pound of flour, half pound of butter, five eggs, two table-spoonfuls of yeast. Mix them over night and bake in the morning.

Around the World.

Variety is the spice of life.—*Dan Bryant.*

In Goshen, Conn., "experience meetings" are held, in which visitors to the Centennial Exhibition tell what they saw.

Delehanty and Hengler, the song and dance men, have come together again, after a two years' separation. They never ought to have parted.

The people of Pendleton, Ky., have united in a refusal to pay their taxes until an investigation of the suspected Treasurer's accounts is made.

John Brougham, speaking the other day of the great Macready, said: "His voice was like broken china clinking in the bottom of a dry well."

Dóre never goes to a cafe; lives with his mother; is industrious; plays the violin; was a friend of Rossini, and he rests from his painting to play on the piano.

Frederick May, of Medford, Massachusetts, left $115,000 to Harvard and Tuft's Colleges and two of the Massachusetts hospitals, and the Supreme Court sustains the will.

A snow-bound train on the Old Colony and Newport Railroad had a minstrel troupe on board, and they kindly entertained the other passengers with a concert.

The leaves of tobacco are now used to make a beverage not much different from tea. The new drink finds favor in London, and has been introduced in Boston.

The Rev. Henry Egler is in jail in Falmouth, Ky., for a serious offence. He refuses to make any disclosures, and says, remembering Beecher, "Other hearts would ache."

A man in New Orleans advertises that he will give tuition in law, religion and journalism, "fitting anybody to become an able lawyer, clergyman or editor in one year."

A Chicago artist has painted a picture of hell, representing sinners in a lake of burning brimstone. He desires to sell it to some evangelist to be displayed in revival meetings.

The manager of the San Francisco Benevolent Association is accused of stealing the society's money, and spending it in profligacy. He had kept up a pretence of piety, and was an eloquent exhorter.