J. McL. Hassington

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Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
Dryden.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.

For three days a terrible gale drove before it the ship *Pembroke*, bound to Liverpool from the Sandwich Islands. Under bare poles, with every timber groaning and creaking, with the tall masts bending like reeds, with heavy seas and blinding spray sweeping her decks fore and aft, the vessel boomed on, rolling, plunging and quivering in her desperate struggle with the tempest.

At mindight, just before the ending of the third day, a fearful cry, not loud but hoarse and deep, went through the ship:

"We have sprung a leak!"

Then the lights from the two lanterns hung up in the main and mizzen shrouds fell upon the sturdy forms of seamen hurrying to rig the pumps. Soon the dismal clang was heard, as the stout fellows toiled and toiled; but all to no purpose.

"Oh, Henry, what shall we do? The leak is gaining upon us!" cried despairingly the young wife of Mr. Rogers, the first mate.

She was a fine, noble-looking woman, and was liked and respected by every man aboard ship. A true daughter of Eve, her love for her husband was so deep and absorbing that she would have followed him through any hardship or peril sooner than separate from him for a long period.

Now, as the sturdy, good-looking young mate heard his wife's cry of alarm, he flung an arm around her waist and bade her be of good cheer.

"If it should come to the worst," said he, "we will probably fall in, ere long, with some other craft."

Meanwhile the leak steadily gained. The captain sent his carpenter into the hold.

"Captain!" cried the latter, when he returned, "it is all up with us! There must be a big hole in the ship, as the water in her is already seven feet deep."

A look of dismay settled on every face.

"Get the boats ready!" said the skipper.

While the men were obeying the order, the ship's hull, settling lower and lower, was soon nearly engulfed in the rushing, roaring seas. The sailors had barely time to put a bag of sea biscuit, a couple of cans of prepared meat and a breaker of fresh water in each of the boats, when, with a sidelong sheer, the vessel rolled half way over to leeward, as helpless as a log, preparatory to going down.

The mate and his wife, with eight men, took the long boat; the rest of the ship's occupants, amounting to ten sailors, entered the quarter boat. Just as the two light vessels put away from the doomed craft, the latter plunging her bows under, a dull report was heard, as the hatches were burst open by the rising water in the hold. A minute later, elevating her stern, the ship sank out of sight in the stormy ocean.

In the darkness and amongst the heavy seas the mate's boat soon became separated from the other. At dawn no sign of the latter could be discovered by those who looked for it. Keeping the boat dead all day against the wind, the mate, with his companions, vainly watched for a sail.

Thus day after day passed, until nearly a week had elapsed, by which time the scanty allowance of sea biscuit having given out, there was nothing to eat left in the boat, while in the breaker (a small cask) there remained hardly two quarts of water. Three days later, neither land nor a sail having yet been fallen in with, the sufferings of the people in the boat, reduced almost to a state of starvation, were terrible.

"Oh, Harriet!" gasped the mate, on the morning of the tenth day after the ship had been abandoned, "if I could only obtain food for you—even provided the rest of us had none—it would be a great comfort to me."

"Nay," answered the young woman, in a faint voice, while tears streamed down her hollow, flushed cheeks, "you should have my share, Henry. I could manage to wait for a sail, which I trust we shall soon behold."

Later in the day a wild, fierce expression gleamed in the eyes of the men. They exchanged significant glances, but at the time said not a word. Each, however, guessed the horrible thought that had entered the mind of every sailor, although they hesitated, as yet, to express it. At last a man named Michael Bruno—a half-breed between an Englishman and a Portuguese—let loose the dreadful idea.

"It must be done!" he almost screamed. "Two hours more without food will set the death seal upon us! One of us must die!"

"Oh, no! no!" cried Harriet. "We can wait still. We shall see a sail before long. I feel sure we shall."

But all her pleadings were in vain. Some paper was cut into strips, and, these being held by Bruno, the drawing of lots to see who should die was commenced, it having been arranged that he who drew the shortest slip was to yield up his life for the benefit of the rest.

As pale as death, Harriet sat watching the drawing. A moment later she beheld her husband looking at a small bit of paper in his hand, while the hoarse voice of Bruno grated on her ear:

"Mr. Rogers has drawn the short slip! He must die!"

"Ay, ay, men," said Rogers, "I will soon be ready!"

His wife flung herself upon his bosom.

"Never shall they tear you from me!" she cried, twining her arms about his neck.

"But, Harriet," he said, "it is necessary. It is only fair that I should die."

"You must not; you shall not!" exclaimed the young woman. "We can all go without food some hours longer, during which we may see a sail."

"No! no! no!" cried Rogers's shipmates simultaneously. "We must have food now."

Hunger had driven them to desperation. Their teeth were clenched, their eyes wild and bloodshot, their faces more like those of wolves than of human beings.

"Let me go, dear Harriet," said the young man to his wife. "Let me bid you good-bye, and may Heaven bless you!"

Some of the young men advanced toward Harriet, who still held her husband in an embrace from which he could not disengage himself. Turning towards the sailors, she said:

"Back! back! Never shall you tear me from him! But if you must have a human life, take mine instead of my husband's!"

At this the men drew back. Even at that dreadful moment they could not endure the thought of killing a woman. The first officer, who had watched his chance, now by a sudden movement, taking advantage of his wife's head being turned, and nerved to additional strength by the harrowing thought that his shipmates might at length come to the conclusion of accepting Harriet's proposition to sacrifice her life, broke from her entwining arms and ran towards the bow of boat. There he was quickly joined by the other men, one of whom now placed himself as a barrier between the young woman and her husband, whom she was making frantic efforts to reach.

Perceiving that she could not pass the man, she fell upon her knees, and, in a voice of the most heart-rending agony, again begged the others to take her own instead of her husband's life. But her supplications were in vain. She saw her husband leaning back, prepared to die, while Bruno proceeded to sharpen his knife for the dreadful purpose on one of the hoops of the breaker.

Having at length prepared the weapon, he stopped over the young man to cut his throat, while a companion stood by with a tin cup to catch the blood.

"For mercy's sake, wait!" she cried. "Look first and see if there is not a sail in sight."

The men obeyed her request. They scanned the ocean far and near, but no sign of a sail was to be seen.

"How do you know that there is not one hidden by that mist?" she inquired, pointing toward a small fog-bank a league to windward.

"There is none," one of the men answered. "I feel sure; I looked at that very spot before the fog settled there, about fifteen minutes since."

"No, no; you may be mistaken. I conjure you, I implore you, to wait till the fog clears up, when you may see a sail."

The men exchanged glances.

"It's no use!" cried Bruno. "But, to satisfy you, we will wait a few minutes before we take your husband's life."

At this Harriet started up. With her hands clasped and her hair streaming down her back, she stood, her eyes turned toward the sky.

In this position there came upon her face an expression that had never been seen there before. It was almost divine, filling the countenance with an unearthly beauty, lighting the eyes with such a radiant gleam—a look of such strong, concentrated will, blended with heavenly supplication, that the rough men drew back with mingled respect and awe, trembling under a sort of supernatural influence. A moment the young woman stood thus, and then from her parted lips came her voice, full of strange, weird power, making the blood leap in every vein:

"Oh, heaven! A sail! a sail!"

The words were simple enough, but the manner in which they were uttered thrilled her listeners to the heart. Instinctively they all glanced around upon the ocean, as if expecting that the prayer would be answered. North, south, east and west they looked, but they saw no sign of a vessel. When about five minutes had passed, however, Bruno was seen pointing toward the strip of fog, which, slowly rising like a curtain, revealed a sail.

Yes, there it was, sure enough, and with a cry of joy, Harriet, no longer kept from her husband, flung herself upon his breast, while the others gave expression to their feelings by hoarse shouts, sobs and frantic laughter. Signals were made, the vessel bore down for the boat, and the occupants were soon on deck, to be kindly treated by the captain of the bark *Java*, bound to London. The half-starved men were agreeably surprised to find aboard this vessel their shipmates of the quarter-boat, which, it seems, had been picked up four days previously.

In due time the vessel arrived at her home port, where the sailors related how Harriet Rogers had saved the life of her husband. Some of the men insisted that ten or fifteen minutes before she uttered her prayer there had been no vessel at the point where it was discovered. Of course they were mistaken, having doubtless looked in some other direction; but this they firmly denied, with the common superstition of seafaring men, declaring that the sail appeared just when and where it did, in answer to the "Wife's Prayer."

[From the Hornet Annual.]

EXECUTION BY IMPALEMENT.

One Horrible Method of Administering Justice in Japan.

One morning while I was at Yokohama I was informed that a criminal was about to be publicly put to death, and the morbid curiosity which has more or less a strong hold upon most of us induced me to sally forth and witness the execution. This is what I saw. When I reached the place appointed for carrying into effect the capital sentence, the unfortunate convict, a fine-looking Japanese in the prime of youth and strength, was standing under a huge post, in the midst of a little posse of guards. The post had a cross-piece. Nearly nude, he was standing erect, but as motionless as a statue, while his fearless but dreamy eyes gazed straight into the distance before him, as if he was looking at some far-off object looming upon a horizon visible only to his abstracted vision. There was no token of terror in his determined face, no sign of shrinking in his quiescent but tensely-strung body. Presently there was a movement among the little knot of those surrounding him. His jailors moved aside, and there strode into the circle a gaunt, repulsive-looking native, clad from head to foot in a dress of dingy yellow. The executioner—for it was he—was accompanied by a couple of assistants, who carried some half-dozen long, round bamboo rods, about a couple of fingers thick at the largest end, and tapering to half that size at the other, which was sharply pointed. The rods were laid upon the ground, and the trinity of death clapped hold of the living statue before them. In a trice the human effigy, who made no attempt at resistance, and who, as far as I observed, never even opened his lips, was grimly dangling on the post, his arms stretched out right and left along the cross-piece. There was now a slight pause. The executioner dallied with the bamboos, and the poor creature spread-eagled on the post still looked into the shadowy distance, still was dumb; but I thought I could detect a yellow pallor stealing up his face. Perhaps he was collecting all his resolution to meet the terrible ordeal he knew was close upon him. The principal executioner, who meanwhile had selected a couple of bamboos to his mind, now stepped to the left side of his expectant victim, spat upon the point of one of his weapons, and with a twisting, thrusting motion, pushed it easily into the armpit. The poor wretch upon the cross turned his gaze slowly down upon his executioner, and his lips slightly opened. But he made no struggle, and he uttered no cry. His resolution, his courage, were superhuman. I looked at the executioner. He was calmly continuing to push the bamboo further and farther into the body. In a couple of minutes, though it seemed much longer, the bloody point of the instrument emerged from the top of the sufferer's shoulder. There was a slight exclamation of satisfaction from the crowd; just the sort of hum that escapes from those watching the daring swimmer when his head appears above the surface after a long dive; and the fiend at the other end of the bamboo stopped wriggling, let go his hold and stepped back. Now, I thought, he is going to give the poor, tortured creature his *coup de grace*. Not a bit of it. He crossed to the opposite side of the post, calmly inserted the second weapon in the same spot on the sufferer's other flank, and worked away till it too came out above the armpit. All this time not a single groan, not one despairing cry for mercy, escaped the man thus doubly impaled. His head drooped a little upon his chest, and his eyes were half closed, but he was evidently alive and conscious. At this moment, to my amazement, the executioner and his assistants, picking up the unused bamboos, began to walk away. "What," I asked, "is the execution ended? Are they going to leave the man in that fearful agony?" "Oh, yes," I was told, "all is over. The criminal is finished with. He will die presently—in an hour, two hours, three hours, or, as he seems very strong, perhaps not till nightfall; but nobody will touch him any more. The bamboos will be left in him, and when he is quite exhausted then he will expire." I could bear no more. I was powerless to interfere, but, sick at heart, I turned on my heel, loathing the barbarous cruelty I had just witnessed, and cursing the damnable civilization that permitted it. I learned afterwards that the unfortunate wretch had lingered ten hours before death (which in Japan would seem as brutal as justice) remembered and released him.

His slow death is accounted for by the fact that a Japanese executioner is carefully taught to avoid the vital organs of the victim he has to impale. The more slowly the victim expires, the greater the reputation of his butcher.

THE BAR ROOM AS A BANK.—You deposit your money—and lose it. Your time—and lose it. Your character—and lose it. Your health—and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your self-control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul—and lose it.

Coerced innocence is like an imprisoned lark—open the door and it is off forever. The bird that roams through the sky and the groves unrestrained knows how to dodge the hawk and to protect itself; but the caged one, the moment it leaves its bars and bolts behind, is pounced upon by the fowler or vulture.

The vain abhor the vain, but the gentle and unassuming love one another. It is the effect of sympathy in the latter, the want of it in the former.

ROMANCE OF A DUST BARREL.

The honor and fortune of a lady once hung upon the result of a law suit in one of the New York courts. The most important part of the evidence in her favor was in the contents of three letters. She had put them away in her desk, but when she searched it the letters were not to be found. They had been stolen.

The lady's counsel informed her that unless those letters could be produced the case would go against her. The trial came on, and on the morning of the third day the lady did not appear in the court. The counsel were annoyed, but went on with the cross examination of the plaintiff, the lady's husband.

Suddenly the woman rushed into the court-room, and excitedly exclaimed to her counsel, so loud that the court and jury heard her: "I have found them!"

Examining the package she handed to them, the counsel found three old letters, which had been badly torn, but were now skilfully patched together. They were dirty and stained.

"If the court please," said the counsel, "I now offer in evidence three letters, which, up to this moment, we could not find."

"Let us examine them," said the plaintiff's counsel. They looked at them carefully, and then remarked to the court:

"We object to the admission of these papers. They purport to be written by some person, but they are so patched and pasted that there is no way by which they can be identified as the genuine letters."

"We propose, if your honor please, to show that they were written by the plaintiff, were lost, and found in a most extraordinary manner," replied the lady's counsel.

The court examined the letters, amid the silence of the audience and the anxiety of the husband. "You may identify them," at last said the Judge, "and then offer them in evidence."

The plaintiff was again placed on the stand.

"Did you ever see these letters before?"

The witness's hand trembled while he held the letters, and his face grew white.

"It is possible," was his hesitating reply.

"Are they in your handwriting?"

"It looks like my writing."

"Are not the signatures yours?"

"They look like my writing."

"Have you any doubt that they are your signatures?"

He hesitated.

"I can't say that I have," he stammered out.

"That is all."

The letters were admitted as evidence and the woman's honor was saved.

Those letters had been thrown from a waste-basket into a dust-barrel. A rag-picker, while searching the barrel, was attracted by the signatures. He read a few words. They excited his curiosity. He searched for and found all the pieces, and carefully put them together, for he saw money in them.

One day he saw the same name in the papers, and connected with the lawsuit. He sought out the lady, Providence leading him to her rather than to her husband. She paid him a good reward, and instantly hastened to the court-room.

The letters saved her from ruin. Few of those who saw their exhibition in court knew how she found them. But to-day that rag-picker owns a paying stall in one of the city markets, the result of his finding the pieces of three old letters in a dust-barrel.

A BEAUTIFUL ALLEGORY.—Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, was at one time defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offence. After an elaborate and powerful defence, he closed his effort with the following striking and beautiful allegory:

When God in His eternal council conceived the thought of man's creation, He called to Him the three ministers who constantly waited upon the throne—Justice, Truth and Mercy—and thus addressed them: "Shall we make man?" Then said Justice: "Oh, God, make him not, for he will trample upon the laws." Truth made answer also: "Oh, God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries." But Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed: "Oh, God, make him; I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths he may have to tread." Then God made man, and said to him, "Oh, man, thou art the child of Mercy; go and deal with thy brother."

The jury, when he had finished, was drowned in tears, and, against evidence, and what must have been their own convictions, brought in a verdict of not guilty.

LOVING FRIENDS.—Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth. If there is coolness or unkindness between us, let us come face to face and have it out. Quick, before the love grows cold. Life is too short to quarrel in, or to carry black thoughts of friends. It is easy to lose a friend, but a new one will not come for calling, nor make up for the old one.

True zeal will always inculcate moderation without diminishing a conscious intrepidity.

Nothing so prevents our being natural as our desire of appearing so.

THE SULTAN'S RUSE.

Sultan Hassan, wishing to see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favorite minister, and, taking with him a large amount of treasure in money and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with the tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who, gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that the Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and, fortunately for himself, still in disguise, learned, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death and the usurpation of his minister; finding, on further inquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants; nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honor of the sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremony had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, inquired what should be its name.

"Call it," he replied, "the mosque of the Sultan Hassan." All stared at the mention of this name, and the questioner, as though he could not believe he heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. "Call it," again cried he, "the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan!" and throwing off his disguise the legitimate sultan stood revealed before his traitorous servant.

He had no time for reflection; simultaneous doors leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his father.

ASTONISHING EFFECT OF THE IMAGINATION.—A strange case is that of Henry C. Ershman, living near the boundary of the county, near Sweetwood, who is the owner of considerable property. Up to within several weeks ago he was hale and hearty. Notwithstanding his abundance of this world's goods he generally wore one suit of clothes during the week and on Sunday. Several weeks ago he was startled because he imagined that a very offensive odor either came from his ears or mouth or the pores of the skin. He was greatly alarmed, and imagined he was sinking into galloping consumption, and was gradually decaying. He was unable to sleep, became haggard and emaciated, and even his friends began to imagine that his end was near at hand. He dressed himself regularly, and was determined to keep on his feet. He went into the fields and in the woods, determined to fight down his disease, but wherever he went the same dreadful stench and feeling came over him. Finally, an old woodchopper met him in the woods one day. The woodman had a long talk with him, and he stood quite close to examine him. Then the woodman asked the sick man for his coat. It was examined. The woodman carried it away twenty yards, and it was discovered that the stench followed. The coat was thoroughly examined, and a dead mouse was found in the lining. The mouse had by some means gotten into the lining of his coat and died there, and its decaying body caused the unpleasant effluvia. When this was known the sufferer gained courage, and as he slowly realized what imagination had done, he rallied and was soon on the road to health.—*Reading (Pa.) Eagle.*

THE SPIRIT OF SELF-SACRIFICE.—The spirit of self-sacrifice is one of the great beauties of holiness. Husband yielding to wife, wife to husband; brother to brother; sister to sister; friend to friend; in great things, but in small, especially. First and foremost, see that the spirit is with you at home; then carry it abroad into the world. It is a spirit that will sweeten happiness and brighten troubles, and when the soul is ready to wing its flight to its eternal home, it will have the unspeakable consolation of knowing that it has not lived to itself; that it has left the world happier and better in some degree than it found it; that it has been faithful to its earthly mission. So will it listen with unutterable bliss to the sentence: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"—*Argosy.*

We love much more warmly by cherishing the intention of giving pleasure than an hour afterwards when we have given it.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

A FAMOUS DUEL.

Once in a while duels are fought in which a lady is a purely incidental cause. Such a duel took place in South Carolina, in 1853, between Messrs. John Dunorant and J. D. Legare. These gentlemen were devoted friends. Legare was attentive to a young lady of beauty and worth in the upper part of the State. The two friends went to the village where she lived to get some shooting. They were, of course, frequent visitors at her father's house. One day Legare imagined he detected a sudden coldness on the part of the young lady and her family toward himself. In questioning his friend as to the probable cause of it, he asked him if he had ever made any remarks about him to one of the family. Dunorant replied that he had said nothing of consequence; that on one occasion he had been asked if Legare ever drank, and had answered that he sometimes did. Legare at once attributed the change, real or supposed, in the behavior of the lady to this statement or admission on the part of his friend. A prolonged discussion ensued. Dunorant was disposed to be conciliatory, while Legare was very much angered. The issue between them was finally narrowed down to a demand on the part of Legare that Dunorant put in writing precisely what he had said to the father of the lady. Dunorant declined to do this. He contended that the demand was an implied insult. Legare persisted, and, upon Dunorant's remaining firm, sent him a challenge. Dunorant promptly accepted it, and the details of a meeting were arranged. Dunorant was a very poor shot with the pistol. It is said that on the evening before the duel he went out to practise, and could literally not hit a barn-door. Legare was a capital shot. From the very first, however, Dunorant contended that he would kill Legare at the first fire. He never modified his assertion, but said all the time: "I will kill him when I draw the trigger!"

When the men were on the ground a curious thing occurred. When the second who was to give the word called, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" Dunorant responded in a firm and steady tone, "No." He then drew a small pen-knife from his pocket, opened it deliberately, and, fixing his eyes squarely on Legare, walked toward him. When he had traversed only two-thirds of the intervening distance he stopped, and, reaching down, cut a small twig that stood between him and his opponent. He then returned to his position, shut his knife carefully and put it in his pocket. Pronounced "Ready," and said to his second, "I am going to kill him." The men being in position, the command, "Fire! one—two—three!" rang out upon the air. A ring of smoke curled from the nipple of each pistol, and Legare dropped dead in his tracks. Dunorant stood for a moment as if he were carved in stone, and then, dropping his arm slowly, turned to his second unhurt.

THE THREE SONS.

Nobility of soul chiefly consists in doing good to those who have injured us. A worthy man, full of years and wealth, wished to divide his possessions between his three sons, in order that he might enjoy in his lifetime the pleasure of seeing them independent and prosperous. After making an equal division of his property, and giving to each his portion, he said: "There still remains in my possession a very valuable diamond. I intend it for him among you who will deserve it best, by performing some generous, noble action, within the next three months."

The three sons departed, but met again at the end of the prescribed time. They present themselves before their judge, and the eldest begins as follows:

"Father, during my absence a stranger found himself so circumstanced as to be obliged to intrust all his money into my keeping. He had no receipt from me, and could produce no proof, no security; nevertheless, I faithfully restored the whole. Was not this praiseworthy?"

"You did only your duty, my son," said the old man; "it would have been scandalous to do otherwise, for honesty is a duty; yours was an act of justice, not generosity."

The second son in his turn related his story: "In my travels I came to the border of a lake. A child had just fallen into the water. I jumped in and rescued him before the eyes of the villagers, who will attest the truth of my statement."

"That was well done," replied the father, "but it was simply an act of humanity."

At length the youngest brother began:

"My father," said he, "I found my mortal enemy, who had wandered off the track during the night, asleep and unconscious on the edge of a precipice; the least movement would have been fatal, as on awaking he must have tumbled into the abyss. His life was in my hands. I took all proper precaution to awake him gently, and drew him away from the danger."

"Ah! my son," cried the father with joy, and embracing him tenderly, "without dispute, the ring belongs to you."

Extended preparations are on foot in Berlin for the marriages of the Princesses Charlotte and Elizabeth. They will be the first princesses of the house of Hohenzollern to be married since it became invested with imperial dignity, and especial *eclat* will therefore be given to the ceremonies. The Prince of Wales, the King and Queen of the Belgians, and fifty other persons of princely families will be present, and the traditional dance with flambeaux will be executed by twelve Ministers of State.

The world needs less philosophy and more potatoes in a hill.

"TINY TIM."

Toole was acting in London in "The Christmas Carol," playing *Bob Cratchitt*. A little delicate girl, one of the children of the dresser at the theater, whose pale face and interesting manner fitted her well for the part, played *Tiny Tim*. The sickly little child was a favorite in the theatre, and especially so with Mr. Toole. During the performance of the piece, as the reader may remember, the artists sat down regularly to a supper of roasted goose and plum pudding, which was, in the present instance, genuine material. Toole was in the habit of chopping the viands up and giving them to the children performing, and they, when they had eaten the first helping, relished the second. Little *Tiny Tim*, however, like Benjamin, appeared to eat seven times as much as her brethren. She was the first to return her plate for more, and always made away with more than an ordinary adult could eat of goose, supplementing this colossal repast with plum pudding enough for half a dozen. Toole gradually felt an aversion growing in him for the child. Her pallor and sickness seemed to him suspiciously allied with indigestion, the first fruits of gluttony. He struggled against this feeling for a time, but it mastered him, and he could not think kindly of the little one. One day, in a fit of disgust, he saved off a piece of meat and bones from the savory bird and flung it into her plate with a piece of plum pudding, which left little for the others, hoping that the child for once would be satisfied. But she wasn't. With a punctuality worthy of a landlord, she returned for more. Toole was shocked.

"My dear," said he, "you will make yourself sick if you eat so much. I gave you enough for three or four big boys. You could not have eaten it in this time. Where are the bones?" he added, looking at the empty plate.

The poor child hung her head. Toole spoke again, rather sharply.

"Please, sir," sobbed *Tiny Tim*, "my little sisters ate it."

And, following the direction of her eyes toward the wing, there he saw a hungry little horde of ragamuffins, pitching into the Christmas cheer with an energy that indicated how much they needed it. A light was let in upon him. Little *Tiny Tim* had been filling the stomachs of her hungry little brothers and sisters, and not her own. She never took another grudged morsel from the table. Toole told the story to Dickens, who listened attentively, and at its conclusion, with a burst of warm goose and half the plum pudding next time!" and if the actor did not follow the warm-hearted novelist's instructions to the letter, he acted up to the spirit of them, and *Tiny Tim's* family never lacked a square meal during the run of the piece.

THE EDUCATED YOUNG LADY.—What better is she for education if she persist in silliness and loudness, and obtrusive manners? Her researches among the treasures of science, and familiarity with the thoughts of genius, are of no value if they cannot furnish her with subjects for conversation more mighty than the gossip of society, the scandal of the day, and the probable intentions of young men who never had an intention in their lives, and are not capable of one until their brains acquire more solidity. Her artistic accomplishments are absolutely worthless unless they teach her how to beautify and adorn her home, how to distinguish the false from the true, how to be in her own person an embodiment of that grace and purity and chaste beauty which the world worships in the marble and canvas of the old masters; unless they teach her a radical abhorrence of all the hideous distortions of fashion; of outward show, with inward untidiness; of tawdry ornaments, obtrusive finery and unclean trailing tatters. Of what avail is it that she knows every law of her own body, and can trace for you with scientific accuracy the working of every organ and the linked steps of each wonderful process of life, if she lives in daily violation of them all; laying a murderous hand upon respiration and circulation, lunching at midnight upon fruit, cake, pickles, and dreaming unutterable things in a room with all the windows hermetically sealed?

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE REASON.—Sothern invited a party of gentlemen to dine with him. The hour had arrived, and, with one exception, so had the guests. "We may as well begin," said Sothern, "—— is sure to come, and he would rather we did not wait for him;" upon which the company sat down, and were just finishing soup when the card of the missing guest was handed to Sothern. A sudden inspiration of fun led him to propose that before the gentleman came in they should all get under the table. Without an objection, and trusting to Sothern's wit for some comical *denouement*, the unsuspecting fellows hurriedly crept under the table and awaited results, totally ignorant of the fact that their wicked host did not follow their example, but had quietly continued his soup. The belated guest came in full of apology for his tardiness. "Don't mention it," said Sothern; "it isn't of the slightest consequence; we are only at the soup; sit down and be helped." The gentleman did so, but with a puzzled look at the empty chairs about the table. "Oh," said Sothern, "you miss the other gentlemen. They are all here, but, from some extraordinary reason, they all got under the table! What they are doing is more than I know." It is easier to imagine than to describe the variety of expression upon the faces of the deluded victims as one by one they came crawling sheepishly out from under the table.