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ADVERTISEMENTS

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WOMANHOOD.

BY EFFIE LEE DAVIS.

I stand alone in the temple of time,
My youthful soul dismayed,
Whilst far behind the rosy clouds
Of happy childhood fade.
Sadly I draw the curtains that trail
From an arch of rainbow hue,
And the new-found path, with trembling form
And throbbing heart I view.

The cloudless sky of womanhood
Diffuses a mellow light,
And the pale stars hang like brilliant lamps,
Dazzling my joyous sight.
Luxuriant vines and tempting fruit
Border the golden path,
And silvery rills o'er a jeweled floor
Burst into a murmuring laugh.

And as I stood a handsome youth
Came forth with a loving smile.
Saying "I'll lead the timid maid,
Down womanhood's golden aisle."
And as he led me through the arch,
The air came soft and sweet,
We seemed to glide on snowy clouds—
Twas happiness complete.

Which was the Guilty One?

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

"I do think, John, you might let me have a little more money!"

Victoria Hale was sitting at the breakfast table, a pout upon her cherry lips, an ominous wrinkle between her brows. She looked very pretty, in her morning dress of fluted white lawn, with a breakfast cap of Swiss muslin and rose colored ribbons that were peculiarly becoming to her olive skin, and large, velvety black eyes.

Her husband, slowly sipping his coffee at the other side of the table, was quite as handsome and distinguished looking in his way. John Hale was chief book-keeper and cashier in a large firm on Wood street, and had scarcely been married three months as yet. Already, however, the bloom and charm of wedded-life had been dissipated in some degree. He had begun to discover that his divinity was not *all* divine.

"More money, Victoria?" he repeated, with a scarcely perceptible knitting of the brows. "Are you not getting unreasonable? Do I not keep you liberally supplied with all that I have to spare?"

"But it is so mortifying to go shopping with Mrs. Hyde and Mrs. Bonnington, and have to stand by while they are purchasing the sweetest things at *such* bargains!"

"Don't go shopping with them, then; that's my advice."

"You would shut me up, then, from all amusement and society?"

"Nonsense, Victoria! You know better than that! Here are your prettily furnished house, your garden, your little conservatory, to amuse you."

"I'm tired of them all," said the pretty bride. "One cannot be contented with the same thing forever."

"If you wanted a perpetual change, a continued whirl of excitement, you should have married a rich man."

"Don't be cross, John," said Victoria, coaxingly. "But you know all our neighbors about here are tolerably well off, and I don't want to be left behind. I shall be mortified to death if I can't have a croquet party in July."

"I have no special objection to that," said her husband. "I suppose it need not necessarily be expensive!"

"Not so very," said Victoria. "Of course we must have a band, and the sweets and ices from the confectioner's."

"Wouldn't your piano, and a little home-made cake and ice-cream do?"

"What nonsense, John? Do you suppose I could ask our stylish neighbors to such a two-penny sort of affair as that?"

"They would know it was as good as we could afford."

"And I need a lace parasol terribly. And oh! John, I had forgotten about Mrs. Lacy's cream colored ponies."

"I hope for goodness sake, she don't want you to buy them?"

"No, of course not. But she says I may use them while she's at Scarboro'. Isn't it kind of her?"

"I dare say it is very kind," said John Hale, ruefully; but do you chance to know how much a pair of ponies cost in the keeping—to say nothing of the expense of the groom?"

"Oh, if you are going to stoop to such petty considerations as that—"

"Well, well, use them if you like. I dare say we shall manage somehow."

"And the croquet party? Only thirty or forty people—just to pay our social debts. It's so shabby to be behind hand in such things."

"If you will be as economical as you can about it—"

"And the parasol! And the summer silk that is such a bargain at Peter Robinson's—"

"Yes, yes, yes! Only remember, Vic, that there *is* a limit to our funds."

She gave the croquet party, and had the satisfaction of hearing on all sides that it was the most elegantly gotten up little affair of the season in Holloway Road. She whirled down to the parks, and the Bayswater Road, with the cream-colored ponies. She bought the lavender summer silk, with a 'love' of a lace shawl to wear with it: paid Madame Fringe Furbelow four guineas to make it up, and had it ruined by a glass of lemonade the first time she ever wore it. She accepted an invitation to visit Yarmouth with a party of gay friends, and cried all night before she could induce her husband to consent.

"Vic, you don't understand," said John, with a careworn look on his brow. "We *must* study economy, or we shall go to ruin!"

"Economy!" sharply retorted Victoria; "I am sick of the very word!"

Her husband turned silently away; it way hard, just when he had most need of sympathy, counsel, and advice, thus to be repulsed.

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"They tell me," said Mr. Hardie, the senior member of the firm of Hardie, Blocke & Co., "that Hale's wife dresses the most elegantly of any one at Yarmouth this season."

"What, Hale, who keeps Denny's books? Young Hale?"

"Yes!"

"The deuce she does! How can he afford it?"

"Ah!" said old Hardie, taking snuff, that's a different matter. I don't know *how* he affords it. If I were Denny I should keep an eye to things!"

"They've had some serious losses already, I'm told," said the other.—"That burglary last week cost them a thousand pounds.

"Any trace of the burglars as yet?"

"No. The safe must have been opened by skeleton keys, Denny thinks."

"Humph!" grunted old Hardie. "If the cashier was any one but that Hale, that Denny trusts as he would trust himself—"

"Oh, nonsense, nonsense?" cried the other old gentleman. "There's such a thing as being *too* suspicious, Hardie! You'll say next that Hale is at the head of a gang of burglars!"

"He may be, for all I know," said Hardie, dryly.

Meanwhile, Mr. Reginald Denny began to be strangely mistrustful. Not of John Hale—he would as soon have thought of doubting himself—but of others about him.

"Hale," said he, "sometimes I think these knaves of burglars are nearer home than any one imagines!"

"Do you, sir?" A ghastly look came over the young man's features, as if he were in pain. "Impossible!"

"At all events it is worth looking into," said Denny. "The circle of suspicion seems to be narrowing down. Do you mind sitting up for a night or two?"

"Not at all, sir, if you desire it."

"I am sorry to ask it of you, as you haven't seemed well this last week or two."

"Pray don't mention it. I am well enough," said Hale' almost impatiently.

It was the first night of his vigil—a dark, tempestuous midnight, with rain falling outside, and the rush of equinoctial winds whirling down the chimney. Mr. Reginald Denny had gone home But some unanalyzed notion induced him to return quietly and by stealth, toward two o'clock in the morning. Letting himself in by his own private key, with a word of reassurance to the alarmed watchman who paced the warehouse, he noiselessly entered the counting-house.

The safe where the money and valuable papers were kept was wide open. Kneeling before it, with both hands full of bank bills, hurriedly transferring some to an open leather case in his right hand and putting others back, was John Hale himself.

In an instant, Mr Reginald Denny's iron grasp was on his arm.

"So I have got at the root of the matter at last," said he in a deep, stern voice. "So you are the burglar, John Hale!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the culprit, in dismay. "Have mercy!"

"Mercy on a heartless wretch—never! You shall pay the full penalty of your ingratitude and crime."

"Think for one moment, sir, of the situation in which I have been placed by an extravagant wife whom I fondly ten-

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sprang to his feet, and confronted the man whom he had so long been systematically robbing.

"You have discovered me," he cried, in stifled accents, "but you shall never convict me!"

There was a vivid flash, the report of a pistol, and the next instant John Hale lay dead at the feet of the horrified merchant.

"It was not so much his own fault as it was his wife's," people said when the ugly facts connected with John Hale's suicide leaked out. "He was weak, but not naturally wicked, and she persecuted him mercilessly for money. Poor girl! her dress, fashion and luxuries were dearly bought."

"And Victoria Hale, sitting pale and agonized, in her deep widow's weeds knew as well as if supernatural hands had written it in fiery letters on the wall that *she* had killed her husband.

The Philosophy of Dreams.

Professor Ferrier recently delivered at the London Institution a lecture on "Dreaming," explaining its phenomena by the results of his famous experiments on the localization of faculties in the brain. For each class of impressions there are, he said, special regions of consciousness in the brain. The impressions received are photographed on the brain, and are capable of being revived. But for this power of recalling them no knowledge would be possible. Memory, or the registration of sense impressions, is the ultimate basis of all our mental furniture. Each piece of that furniture has its function, like the letters in a compositor's case. We have a sight memory, a hearing memory, etc. When thinking, or engaged in ideation, we are but recalling, as shown by Herbert Spencer and Bain, our original sensations and acts of cognition. Commonly the reproduction is very faint, but in some instances it is nearly or quite as vivid as the original sensation. This is especially true of poets, painters, religious enthusiasts and others. Those portions of the brain which are most continuously in action during working hours require the longest rest during the hours of sleep. Hence the centres of attention would sleep while the functions allied to reflex actions would more easily awaken.

The brain in sleep Prof. Ferrier compared to a calm pool, in which a stone causes ripples, liable to interruption by other ripples similarly caused. So the ripples of ideation get confused. But again, the circle on the pool may not be interrupted, and then the ideation will be regular. The current of ideation may be coherent or incoherent. The most vivid association, which is a Dr. Read, the metaphysician, once dreamed of being scalped—there was a blister upon his head. Dr. Gregory, from having a bottle of hot water at his feet dreamed of walking up the crater of Etna. Visceral conditions are the most frequent sources of dreams; the hungry dream of feasts, the thirsty of water, the dropsical of drowning. Dr. Ferrier happily compares incoherent dreaming to the changes in a kaleidoscope. There is nothing new in dreams; the blind do not dream that they see, nor the deaf of music. In such cases there is a letter missing from the font of type. Our fancy is awake during dreams, and the faculties which should check it are asleep. Hence it is that nothing surprises us in dreaming.

Tobacco Mania.

Wherever it is grown, and indeed in regions where it cannot be raised, when once introduced a morbid craving for it is engendered so imperitive that persons once under its influence will go without food sooner than be deprived of tobacco. It is dreadful suffering which those addicted to an immoderate use of it are subjected in prison, where, as felons they cannot have it. Sailors at sea without tobacco become reckless, and are indifferent as to their fate. So universal is its use at the present day that no expectation need be entertained of limiting its consumption, or driving it out of the country. It accompanies civilization as some other customs of savage life follow the refinements of society. Thus ear-rings—millions of dollars being thus suspended to the ears of Christian women—is sanctioned barbarism. But they cannot be persuaded to abandon them; nor will men of intellect ever relinquish tobacco, even if by doing so their lives would be lengthened to one hundred years.

A certain lawyer on making his will bequeathed his property to fools. On being asked his reason for this singular bequest, he replied, that from fools he received it and to fools he returned it.

THE HISTORICAL MANNER OF ELECTING PRESIDENTS.

Every fourth year the people are stimulated and aroused from one end of the country to the other, by public meetings and by the press, and are excited in almost every conceivable way to defeat State action and centralize the country on some aspiring individual for the office of President in a way different from the prescribed constitutional method. Contentions, alienations, strife and bitterness are kindled, delegates, many of them of exceptional character and unworthy of confidence, men, some of whom are willing to be bribed, and if bribed cannot be punished, are chosen by persons no better than themselves, to assemble in convention and dictate to the people whom they shall vote for and elect to be their Chief Magistrate. The framers of the Constitution, anticipating many of there difficulties and aware also of the dangers that attend embittered contested popular national elections under ambitious and unscrupulous leaders endeavored to place the choice of Chief Magistrate remote from public commotion and angry controversy by intermediate and contingent agencies. The Constitution as originally framed, provided that each State shall appoint a number of electors equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled. These electors so appointed, were to meet in their respective States and vote for two persons, etc. The phraseology is peculiar. The President, Vice-President, Senators and Members of Congress must be *chosen* or *elected* to their respective offices, but electors of President and Vice-President are to be *appointed*. "No Senator or Representative, etc., shall be *appointed* an elector." "Two Senators shall be chosen by the Legislature," etc. Members of the House of Representatives shall be *chosen* every second year by the people."

It was obviously the intention of the framers of the Constitution that the electors should be appointed, not chosen or elected by a popular vote. They were in fact appointed by the Legislature of most of the States in the early years of the government. The Legislature of each State was to direct in what manner electors should be appointed—whether by a concurrent vote or a joint vote of the Legislature, or by the Governor and Council, or otherwise, the Constitution did not prescribe—that was reserved to the States respectively. It was clearly not to be a popular election. The electors appointed were appointed to meet, not collectively at the seat of government or at any central point, but in their respective States, and to cast their votes for two persons for President and Vice-President. They were not, however, to concentrate or specify which of the two should be preferred, but one at least of the persons voted for shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves.

The machinery to make a President, it will be remembered, was before the days of modern telegraphs or railroads, and as all the electors appointed were to vote in their respective States on the same day, it was believed that concert, centralization, combination, personal strifes, and any extensive national controversy would be obviated. Men of mature age and character, in whose judgment and intelligence the public had confidence, would, it was expected, be appointed and the electors, possessing patriotism, integrity, and candid judgement that would lead them to discuss the subject dispassionately when they met in the States, would vote for two men, one of whom might be a local favorite, but one at least would be qualified to administer the government. It was not expected that any one after General Washington, on whom all were united in the first instance, would be likely to receive the required constitutional majority, and be chosen by the vote of the electors in their colleges. In that event the electoral vote would be merely a nomination. The representations in Congress would then vote by States, each other State to cast one vote, select from the five persons who received the highest number of electoral votes the individual who should be President. By this process a number of statesmen, five at least, would come before the country. Unfortunately for the successful working of this carefully elaborated plan, there was in the violently contested Presidential election of 1800 such unity among the Republican opponents of the Adams administration, that there was a tie between Jefferson and Burr, who had each an equal number of votes and a majority over their competitors; but neither of the two principal candidates received a higher vote than the other. Every elector who voted for them, whether *appointed* by the Legislature or *chosen* by the people, intended Jefferson should be President. Under these circumstancs the defeated party, who had voted for other candidates, and were against both Jefferson and Burr, claimed that the choice of the republic was for Burr, and as by the Constitution Congress was in the event of a tie vote to decide between them, an exasperated and almost revolutionary proceeding took place. This unhappy intrigue and abuse of power, which threatened for a time the national tranquility, led to a change called an amendment of the Constitution, by which the political fabric that had been so carefully and elaborately constructed in 1787 was broken down.—*Hon. Gideon Wells, in the Galaxy for September.*

The Evils of Gossip.

A writer in all the Year Round says: I have known a country society which withered away to nothing under the dry rot of gossip only. Friendships, once as firm as granite, dissolved to a jelly, and then ran away to water, only beceause of this. Love, that promised a future as enduring as heaven, and as stale as truth, evaporated into a morning mist that turned to a day's long tears, only because of this. A father and son were set foot to foot with the fiery breath of an anger that would never cool again between them, and a husband and his young wife, each straining at the heated leash which in the beginning had been the golden bondage of a God-blessed love, sat mournfully by the side of the grave where all their love and all their joy lay buried, and all because of this. I have seen faith transformed to mean doubt, joy give place to grim despair, and charity take on itself the features of black malevolence, all because of the spell words of scandal and the magic mutterings of gossip. Great crimes work great wrong, and the deeper tragedies of human life spring from the larger passions, but woful and most mournful are the uncatalogued tragedies that issue from gossip and detraction,—most mournful the shipwreck often made of noble natures and lovely lives by the bitter winds and dead salt waters of slander. So easy to say, yet so hard to disprove—throwing on the innocent all the burden and the strain of demonstrating their innocence, and punishing them as guilty if unable to pluck out the stings they never see, and to silence words they never hear—gossip and slander are the deadliest and cruelest weapons man has ever forged for his brother's heart.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.—Electors meet at their respective State Capitals on the first Wednesday of December of the year in which they were elected, vote by ballot for President and Vice President, transmit a record of their votes to the President of the United States Senate. A law of Congress provides that the electoral vote shall be counted by the two Houses in joint session on the second Wednesday in February, next succeeding the meeting of the electors of President and Vice-President. The 22d joint rule of the two Houses provides that the Houses shall assemble in the hall of the House Representatives at 1 P. M., and that the President of the Senate shall be their presiding officer. No vote objected to by either House shall be counted. In case of disagreement the Senate retires and both bodies deliberate on the admission or rejection of the vote of any State. In case they agree on reassembling the vote counted, but in case they are divided the vote is not counted.—*Washington Star.*

Lord Derby has recently said: "Unhappily there is no international tribunal to which cases of dispute can be referred, and there is no international law to meet such cases. If such a tribunal existed it would be a great benefit to the civilized world." This is the great want of the world. Commerce, arts, religion, are spreading, but one war puts back civilizing influences for a whole generation. He who succeeds in leading the great powers to agree upon peaceful arbitration as a system, will deserve a statue of gold.

THIRTY feet apart is the right distance for shade trees. If immediate shade is desired, the trees might be planted fifteen feet apart and every other tree removed in three or four years. The late fall, after the foliage has dropped, is the best time for transplanting.

UNDER the English law a wife is now secured in her right to all earnings derived from any occupation she carries on separately from her husband. Previous to 1870 the wife was obliged to apply to the courts for this privilege.

War vs. the Gospel.

Not one word or deed of the meek and lowly Jesus, even remotely, sanctioned war. While the gospel proclaims "peace on earth, and good will toward men," the war-spirit introduces hatred and malice toward them. While the one would set apart one day in seven for rest and the worship of God, the others renders such rest and worship utterly impossible, by making God's day one of amusement and hilarity, the favorite day for the commencement of battles. While the one encourages meditation, the cherishing of emotions of sympathy, love, compassion and humanity, the other fearfully arouses the baser and most ferocious passions of our fallen nature. The one pronounces blessings on the peacemaker and on the merciful; but the other offers glory, the applause of men, emolument of social position to the warmaker. The gospel inculcates a forgiving spirit, and bids its followers if smitten on one cheek "to turn the other also." War knows no forgiveness, but desolates the whole nation for the offenses of a few. The gospel demands that we return good for evil; the war code knows no such spirit, but deals out evil for evil, insult for insult, blow for blow and blood for blood. The gospel encourages industry and economy, but war diverts from the usual pursuits of industry, fearfully destroying the bone and muscle, and just to that extent reducing the productiveness of the nation. While the one would improve the condition of man, socially and morally, the other wages war on every interest of humanity. Indeed, the cost of war and temperance exceeds all other expenditures, burdening the honest laborer with exorbitant taxation to support what only curses our humanity. The one blesses and elevates man, the other curses and degrades him. The one breathes the spirit of mercy, love and kindness to all; the other rankles with malice, hatred, revenge and cruelty. The one is of God, and in all respects indicates its high origin; the other is the enemy of all righteousness and as truly shows its low origin.—*Informer.*

The Girl Who Wins.

The day has passed when woman must be pale and delicate to be called interesting; when she must be totally ignorant of all practical knowledge to be refined and high bred; when she must know nothing of the current political news of the day, or to be called strong-minded. It is not a sign of high birth or refinement to be sickly or ignorant. Those who affect anything of this kind are behind the times, and must shake up and air themselves mentally, or drop under the firm strides of common ideas and be crushed into utter insignificance. In these days the active, rosy-faced girls, with brain quick and clear, warm, light heart, a temper quickly heated at intended insult or injury, and just as quick to forgive; whose feet can run as fast as her tongue and not put her out of breath; who is not afraid of freckles, or to breathe the pure air of heaven unrestrained by drawn curtains of a close carriage; and, above all, who can speak her mind and give her opinion on important topics which interest intelligent people, is the true girl who will make a good woman. This is the girl who wins in these days. Even fops and dandies, who strongly oppose women's rights, like a woman who can talk, if she is not handsome. They weary of the most beautiful creature if she is a fool. They say, "Aw, ya-as; she is beautiful, and no mistake, but she won't do for me—lacks brains," for which commodity it would seem she could have a little use in her association with him.

ONE WAY TO BE MISERABLE.—If you want to be miserable think constantly about yourself, your woes and your cares, your trials and your tribulations, pity yourself for the troubles you must bear and the evils that afflict you. Magnify every ill, see no comfort or blessing in the path of life stern destiny has planted your feet in. And if you want to make your friends miserable, too, keep your sad fate ever before them; forget that they may have bitter trials of their own, and insist upon entertaining them with a recital of your peculiar troubles, and seek for their constant sympathy and condolence. You will accomplish your amiable purpose by this course; but before long you will find yourself your only sympathizer, for your friends will vote you an unmitigated bore, and seek more congenial society, avoiding yours like the pestilence.

IT is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

A Touching Incident.

Some years since some miners, working far under the ground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the pit forty years before. Some chemical agent—an agent prepared by nature—arrested decay. They brought it up to the surface, and for awhile, until thoroughly exposed to atmosphere it lay the image of a fine sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face in death; the features were tranquil; the hair was as black as jet. No one could recognize his face. A generation had grown up since the miner had gone down into the shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman, who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which, through all these long years, she had not forgotten. The miner was to have been her husband on the day after that on which he died. There were no dry eyes when the gray headed pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse, and poured into his deaf ear many words of endearment unused for forty years. It was a touching contrast—the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young long ago, but time had gone on with the living and stood still with the dead.

COUNTRY PAPERS.—We heard a man the other day arguing that the city papers are cheaper than the country papers because they give more columns of reading matter for the money. Do the city papers ever give you any home news? None. Do they contain notices of your schools, churches, meeting, improvements and hundreds of other local matters of interest, which your paper publishes without pay? Not an item. Do they ever say a word calculated to draw attention to your county and its numerous towns, and aid in their progress and enterprise? Not a word. And yet there are men who take such contracted views of the matter that unless they are getting as many square inches of reading matter in their paper as they do in the city paper, they think they are not getting the worth of their money. It reminds us of a person who took the largest pair of boots in the box, because they cost the same as the much smaller pair that fitted him.—*Havre Republican.*

GOOD MORNING.—Don't forget to say good morning! Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teacher—and say it cheerfully and with a smile; it will do your friends good. There's a kind of inspiration in every "good morning" heartily and smilingly spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is also of all kind, heartsome greetings. They cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, and somehow make the wheels of life run smoothly. Let no morning pass that you do not help to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

A BROKEN heart is a distemper which kills many more than is generally imagined, and would have a fair title to a place in the bills of mortality did it not differ in one instance from all other diseases, namely, that no physician can cure it.

THE violet grows low, and covers itself with its own leaves; and yet of all flowers yields the most delicious and fragrant smell. Such is humility.

A TEA made of ripe dried whortleberries and drank in place of water is a sure and speedy cure for scrofula difficulties, however bad.

A PLASTER made of fresh slacked lime and fresh pine tar is a sure cure for a cancer, which with its roots, will come out.

THUS far in New York 1876 has been the best year on record for the export of domestic cottons with only two exceptions.

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in a storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Do not allow idleness to deceive you; for, while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.

THE population of Chicago, as just determined by the school census, is 407,661.

THERE is nothing so clear-sighted as a noble mind in a low estate.

PASSED to a third reading—love letters.

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