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The Changed Cross.

"It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
Although it knew and felt the better part;
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
And all the needful discipline of life.

And while I thought on these as given to me,
My trial tests of faith and love to be,
It seemed as if I never could be sure
That faithful to the end, I should endure.

And, thus, no longer trusting to His might,
Who says, 'we walk by faith and not by sight,'
Doubting, and almost yielding, to despair,
The thought arose, my cross I cannot bear.

Far heavier its weight must surely be,
Than those of others which I daily see;
Oh! if I might another burden choose,
Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.

A solemn silence reigned on all around,
E'en nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.

A moment's pause, and then a heavenly light
Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels, on silvery wings, seemed everywhere,
And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.

Then, one more fair, than all the rest to see—
One to whom all others bowed the knee,
Came gently to me as I trustingly lay,
And, 'follow me,' he said, 'I am the way.'

Then speaking thus, He led me far above,
And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
Larger and smaller than my own had been.

And one that was most beautiful to behold,
A little one with jewels set in gold;
Oh! this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear.

And so the little cross I quickly took,
But all at once my frame beneath it shook;
The sparkling jewels, fair they were to *see*,
But far too heavy was their *weight* for me.

This may not be, I cried, and looked again
To see if there was any here could ease my pain;
But one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.

Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined;
Wondering, I gazed, and still I wondered more,
To think so many should have passed it o'er.

But oh! that form so beautiful to see,
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me,
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colors fair;
Sorrowing, I said, '*This* cross I may not bear.

And so it was with each and all around,
Not one to suit my *need* could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my guide gently said, 'no *cross*, no *crown*.'

At length to him I raised my saddened heart,
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
'Be not afraid,' He said, 'but trust in me,
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."

And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet,
With forward footsteps turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide.

And there, in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear and ready to obey,
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.

With thankfulness, I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best;
The only one of all the many there,
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And while I thus my chosen one confessed,
I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest,
And as I bent, my burden to sustain,
I recognized *my own old cross again!*

But oh! how different did it seem to be,
Now I had learned its preciousness to see,
No longer could I unbelieving say,
Perhaps another is a better way.

Oh, no! henceforth my own desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me,
And so what e'er His love sees good to send,
I trust its best, because He knows the end."

A WIFE'S SECRET.

"The Lawrences are going abroad," said Robert Dana to his young wife one evening. "I met Tom to-day, and he said he and Carry would sail on the 26th, and the furniture be sold at auction."

"Oh, how we shall miss them! and what a pity to have that handsome old furniture scattered among strangers! We have had many happy times there, Robert."

"Yes, Annie; it was there I first saw you, do you remember; you were playing chess on that old Chinese chess-table, so absorbed that you did not see me come in; and I stood wondering who that little maid in blue could be. I don't like to have that table sold at auction, dear; I wish it would occur to Carry to send it to us as a farewell present."

"That would be very nice; but as she is not at all romantic, she has no idea how or why we value it."

"I suppose if I offered to buy it, Tom would not accept any pay; and then we should feel as if we had begged a present."

"Yes; and, besides, we can not afford it, Robert."

"How much is it worth?"

"It must have cost a hundred dollars when it was new; but I presume it will go for fifty, as it is somewhat defaced. We must not think of it, though, dear. You know the last of our 'luxury-fund' went for the Dickens reading, and we agreed to have no more treats till fall. I dare say we should not play very often if we had it—reading aloud is so much nicer."

Thus the brave, conscientious little woman turned away from the tempting theme, and it was not resumed between them. Annie Dana, however, had a great fund of that tough quality which is now blamed as "obstinacy," then praised as "firmness." The more she told herself the chess-table was unattainable, the more did a persistent inner voice reply, "I must have it!" But how? Dozens of schemes occurred to her, but none that seemed practicable. When she awoke in the night, the weary question flashed back, and with it, like an inspiration, its answer. She would write a story for the——— *Magazine*, and so earn the needful money. Had she not at school, several years before, sent two or three anonymous stories to a country weekly, just for the frolic of it, and had they not been printed? To be sure, they were not paid for. She would almost have scorned money then, so deliciously sufficing was it to see her own words in print. But there must be the sordid reality of payment now; and how delightful to surprise Robert with the table, show him her article, and enjoy his appreciating praise! But before this dizzy climax could be reached, much must be done. What should she write about? When find time? How bid for the table? And all without Robert's knowledge? Absorbed in these questions, she appeared sadly absent during breakfast, greatly to her husband's surprise and mystification. After she had put two spoons in his saucer, asked for butter when already supplied, and poured maple syrup over her steak, he began to be alarmed, insisted on feeling her pulse, and inquired if she had slept well. Annie disclaimed sickness, but admitted that her night had been restless; and finally, to please him, promised to take a nap during the day. Never having concealed any thing from him before, the weight of a secret was far from pleasant; but she consoled herself by thinking how well it would all end. For the first time since she knew him, she was glad to have Robert go, so eager was she to be free to plan, perhaps to write, her story. Her usual duties about the house were faithfully performed; but the outline of a romance was flitting through her head all the time, and she was glad when free at last to sit down at her desk.

For an hour her pencil flew busily: ideas thronged at her bidding; words came freely to express them. The first sentence only troubled her. Five or six beginnings were made only to be scored out: this seemed too formal, that too abrupt, another too sentimental. She feared she must resort to the charming old formula, "Once upon a time." But the right words came at last, and then all went on bravely, till a neighbor came in, and the already-beloved heroine had to be exchanged for Robert's afghan and every-day chat. Then came other interruptions and duties; no more writing that day. The promised attempt at a nap occurred about half an hour before Robert's return, having been entirely forgotten till then; and though Annie lay on the sofa, with her eyes conscientiously closed, for fully fifteen minutes, her thoughts were on her heroine all the time, and once she sat up and made pencil memoranda on the back of a letter, hastily pocketed as her husband's step was heard. By the second night her plot was fully sketched in her mind, and it only remained to put it upon paper. Sometimes a whole day would pass, and not a moment of time could she find for writing, though exactly in the mood for it. Again, she would have leisure, but an almost unconquerable aversion to her pen; and if she tried to rally her powers by reading what was already written, it sounded like arrant nonsense: certainly no sane editor would accept it. The native persistency of her character, however, enabled her to finish her task, in defiance of many interruptions and discouragements, and the rough draft of her story was completed in two weeks. It was a funny-looking affair, on no less than twenty-three pieces of paper—half sheets and whole sheets, backs of envelopes and concert programmes; white, brown and tinted paper; some in pencil, some in ink—a most disreputable medley; but she was a happy little woman as she scrawled the last line, straightened her cramped shoulders, pushed her hair back from her flushed cheeks, and whispered, "Done at last!" A timely term of bad weather gave her leisure to copy it promptly. She was arranging her neat pages when Robert's step was heard on the piazza. She nervously crushed the MS. into her portfolio, and was just turning the key as her husband entered; but she looked so guilty and confused that he exclaimed,

"How, scared you look, Annie! Did you take me for a burglar?"

"Oh no; but aren't you early? There's no bad news, is there?"

"No, no, little woman; nothing of the kind. Been writing to mother? She'll be glad to hear from you. Are you going to let me read your letter?" Annie was in the closet getting his slippers, so he did not see her troubled face as she made some evasive answer, and changed the subject. Robert referred no more to her writing, and Annie believed his suspicions were not excited—that he would think of it no more. This was far from being the case, however.

The day before the Lawrences sailed Annie mailed her precious MS., under the *nom de plume* of "Cynthia Sullivan." She was very uneasy on her errand to the post, for fear some one might suspect her mission, and was glad to start on her way homeward, thinking herself unseen; but she was mistaken, for although her husband's office was in another part of the town, he saw her, and wondering at her strangely-agitated face, his jealous heart instantly suggested that she came from the direction of Tom Lawrence's office, as Tom had been an old and ardent admirer of hers. But he sought no explanation, and grew moody and sullen; his wife attributing his conduct to his old enemy, the dyspepsia.

As days went on she had her own inward anxiety to bear, for no reply came from the editors. Every other day she inquired at the post-office for "Cynthia Sullivan," but without success, till, at last, during the third week of suspense, an envelope bearing that name was actually handed out to her. Well was it that the postmaster was boxed in behind high wooden barriers, or he must have observed Mrs. Dana's strange agitation over the letter. She lost all sense of the ground beneath her feet as she hurried through the village, and out on a by-road, where, seated in a gap of the wall, behind a tangle of clematis vines and barberry bushes, she read, through happy tears, these beautiful words:

"*Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan:*

"Dear Madam,—Your MS., 'Stella's Summer by the Sea,' is accepted for ——— *Magazine*, and we herewith inclose for it our check for forty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Yours, etc."

There was the crisp, orange-lettered check, the more than realization of her wildest hopes! She felt that these editors were her dearest friends, and longed to do something to express her gratitude to them. It was almost too good to be true! and, as she walked happily home, one hand in her pocket clasping the wonderful letter, she feared she should wake and find it all a dream. Going in, she found on the table her husband's hat and an unopened letter, with a Liverpool post-mark, addressed to her in Tom Lawrence's well-known handwriting. Of course it was from Carry; she never *would* direct her own letters. But where was Robert? She went through parlor and sitting-room seeking him, tearing open the letter meanwhile. Not finding him, she was about going up stairs, but, remembering the precious check in her pocket, turned back, smiling happily as she recalled its contents, and locked it safely in her desk, quite unaware that Robert was watching her from behind the bay-window curtains. Yes, he had seen her come in, more joyously than for weeks past, with Tom's letter open in her hand; seen her look carefully about the rooms, hastily secrete a billet in her desk, and pocket the key. She never used to lock that desk, or have any secrets. To be sure, she showed him her letter afterward—but *that* was from Carry; the inclosure, so carefully hidden, was doubtless from Tom. And yet, while all his worst fears were thus revived, Annie's eyes were so pure and true, her manner so loving and happy, he could not doubt her long. After a night of reflection he resolved that if she had a secret it could not be an unworthy one: he would trust her and respect it. If her heart ever *did* regret its choice, he would win her back by patient tenderness; for he well knew that if man had a guardian angel, his little wife was his.

Now followed many happy weeks, during which Annie showed no absence of mind, made no mysterious journeys, received no private letters. Robert's resolutions were easily kept, and he almost forgot the perturbations of the summer. Coming home by an earlier train than usual, one frosty evening in November, as he turned up the hill from the station he saw his wife, a few rods before him, coming from the post-office with a letter in her hand. She went slowly homeward, reading as she walked, too much absorbed to hear him behind her. "What can interest her so?" he wondered. Just then the envelope, a common yellow one, fell from her hand and fluttered down the icy path toward him. He picked it up, intending to laugh at her carelessness, but one glance at the address drove all color from his face, all jesting from his mind. "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan," in a strange, masculine hand. For a moment Robert stood still; the November night seemed to close dark and cold around him with a chill that penetrated to his heart. Looking up at last, he saw his wife's light figure for an instant on top of the hill clearly traced against the lowering sky, then it turned into their own avenue and disappeared. Sintram-like the husband stood listening to the demon within him. Every half-forgotten mystery rose as an accusation against poor Annie, carrying all good resolutions away like a flood. "A secret correspondence! A feigned name! What could it all mean?" Crushing the hateful envelope in his hand, he strode fiercely on, determined to show it to her and demand to be told all. He reached his gate just as Annie entered the house. The light from within gleamed down the path a moment, then the door closed, and all was dark and cold.

"She does well," muttered Robert, bitterly; "she shut me out of her confidence long ago."

Suddenly the door re-opened. Annie came quickly out and down the avenue toward him. Does she see him? Oh no! She is searching for the lost envelope. Her husband drew back into the shadow of the hedge, watching unseen her flurried motions.

"What *shall* I do?" she exclaimed, in a low, troubled tone, close beside him.

His jealous mood swept over him like a wave; he stepped suddenly out before her, saying, in a cold, hard voice, as he thrust forward the envelope.

"Perhaps *this* is what you have lost!"

His unexpected appearance, passionate gesture and rude tone gave Annie a terrible shock. Starting backward, catching her breath with a gasp of fright and pain, she lost her footing on the icy slope, and fell down an embankment of several feet on to the carriage drive below. Terrified and remorseful, Robert was beside her instantly, only to find her lying, white and silent, on her side, her left arm broken under her. Neither of them ever knew very clearly what happened during the next half hour. Robert took his wife into the house. The doctor came, set her arm, prescribed for a disposition to fever, and ordered entire quiet. Annie scarcely spoke. The doctor was surprised to see one usually so bright and brave now apparently entirely subdued by pain. How could the good man know that the husband, whose loving concern was shown in every look and movement, had been the cause of the accident and of the mental distress, beside which the physical pain was as nothing? Annie had been perfectly aware of her husband's state of mind when he sprang out upon her. She knew that he suspected her of something wrong; that he was angry; had prejudged her cruelly. With all her sweetness of temper and warmth of heart, she had a good share of personal dignity and womanly pride; and to be condemned unheard, on a mere mystery of appearance, was more than she could well brook. She was too much hurt to offer any explanation. How could she when he had asked none? No; she lay perfectly still, submitting passively to all they did. Robert was more wretched than she, for he felt guilty. The white patience of his wife's face, her silence, and the bandaged arm across her breast reproached him horribly. He showed the doctor out, and returned to the chamber. Annie did not look up. Martha, the cook, who was very fond of her young mistress, was sitting beside her.

"If you please, Mr. Dana, I'll stay with her while you has your tea. It's all ready below, Sir."

Annie did not speak; so he went down and made a forlorn attempt at a meal. How empty the room was without its queen! how utterly desolate! He kept trying to think what he had said in that wild moment at the gate. He knew he had called her by every loving name while he was bringing her in, but he could not remember that she had returned one kiss, one loving word. She had only said, "Take care, Robert; it is broken;" and afterward, "Don't mind; it does not hurt much;" but her eyes had been averted, and her voice had a repressed tone he had never heard in it before. By-and-by he went back, sending Martha away. Annie's eyes were shut, but he felt sure she was not sleeping. Her cheeks were brightly flushed, her breathing rapid.

"She is as unhappy as I am," thought Robert. "How can she have the perfect repose the doctor ordered till we understand each other and are reconciled? This silence is killing us both. Somebody must speak first. It is she who is in the wrong, surely it is; and yet why can not I look at her and believe it? Why do I feel myself the guilty one?"

He leaned over his wife and studied her sweet face eagerly, as these thoughts agitated him. She felt him near, and yet how distant! Hot tears sprang to her closed eyes, hung on the thick lashes, ran over her burning cheeks, but she dared not look up. Pride was afraid of giving way. Robert saw her lip tremble, her tears fall, and he broke down.

"Oh, Annie, my wife, speak to me! look at me! I am afraid I have been harsh and cruel to you; but why, why do you have a secret from me?"

Wide open, honest, fearless were her eyes then.

"Robert! Robert! it was no harm. Could you not trust me? But I will tell you every thing. I never will have another secret. I have hated myself all the time. But it was only a story, for a surprise; and I am so glad that I need not be sly any more!" And then she burst into such wild sobbing and crying that Robert was fairly frightened.

He had never seen her beyond her self-control before, and, like all usually quiet and serene persons, her giving way was entire, and most distressing. It was a long time before she could tell her story coherently. In vain Robert begged her to wait till morning, assuring her that he was perfectly satisfied. She felt she could not sleep till every cloud was cleared away; so at last—interrupted by her own tears or laughter, by his tender caresses and self-reproaches—the whole history of the manuscript, the table, and letters was told. How the husband felt, as every link in the chain proved her so tender and true, can not be described. Suffice it to say that he, in his turn, laid bare all his heart before her, and that upon these hours of suffering and confession, of humiliation and joy, their mutual confidence and love were rebuilt upon a tried and perfected foundation. The next morning a reply was mailed to the editor's letter, the innocent cause of the trouble. It had contained merely a request for "permission to alter the name of Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan's story;" and, with Annie's acquiescence, the correspondence ceased, and "Mrs. Cynthia Sullivan" was known no more in the literary world.

A few weeks later, on the evening before Robert's birthday, his wife failed to meet him at the door on his return from the city, but in the parlor he found her, blushing and radiant, sitting at the dear old chess-table, trying in vain to keep up the traditional look of absorption in her game. The only drawback to the correctness of the picture was the sling in which she was still obliged to carry her arm. Perhaps it was this which sent the rare tears to her husband's eyes as he kneeled beside her and held her close to his heart.

Thus the quaint old Chinese table became one of the most cherished of their household gods, the companion of many a cozy winter evening, the silent preacher to Robert against all impatience and suspicion—to Annie against any concealment or disingenuousness. When February's magazine was published, Annie's arm was entirely strong again, and she enjoyed to the full the long-desired pleasure of hearing her story read and praised by the voice dearer to her than all the world beside.

The Population of London in 1871.

The following has been issued from the General Register office in London:

Up to the present date the population of London has, since the year 1861, been estimated for all purposes. Ten years have elasped since the last enumeration, and during those years the metropolis has seen many changes. That it was still increasing was evident, but no space remained open for new houses in the central parishes, merchants, traders, and professional men had left their mansions in the Cities of London and Westminster to reside beyond the boundaries, and many dwellings had been demolished to make room for railways and public works. The births have exceeded the deaths year by year, but the increase of London has for generations been kept up by immigration from the English counties, from Wales, from Scotland, from Ireland, and from foreign parts. Had that tide of immigration been retarded, or had it rolled on in an increasing flood?

The population in the year 1861 was 2,803,989; what was the increase? We have no longer to rely on estimate. The superintendent registers and registrars have by great zeal now furnished the actual numbers of people enumerated in the metropolis on April 3, and, although the returns have yet to be revised at the central office, it is thought right to publish their first results in order to show how far they agree with the estimates on which the rates of mortality are calculated.

Population of London estimated in the weekly tables for middle of year 1871, 3,258,469. Population enumerated as living at midnight on Sunday, 2d of April, 3,251,804. Calculated for that Sunday night, the estimate by the same method is 3,247,631, which differs only 4,173 from the enumerated population.

The population of 3,250,000 lives on both sides of the Thames—extending along its bank from Woolwich up to Hammersmith, and across its stream from Norwood to Hampstead—over 122 square miles; an area rather greater than a square of 11 miles to the side. On an average there are 2,669 persons to a square mile, and, as only a certain number of people live on a given area, it become evident that the usual hypothesis of increase in a geometrical progression would no longer apply to the growth of London, and in consequence the series was calculated in 1865 which has since been used in weekly tables, and of which the number cited above is one. The closeness of the estimate is another example of the constancy of the laws which rule human life and determine English progress.

The increase of the population in the ten years 1861-71 was 447,815. Not many cities in the world have a population equal to this increase of the metropolis of the British Empire in ten years.

How to See Down a Well.

It is not generally known, says the Lancaster (Penn.) *Intelligence*, how easy a matter it is to explore the bottom of a well, cistern, or pond of water by the use of a common mirror. When the sun is shining brightly hold a mirror so that the reflected rays of light will fall into the water. A bright spot will be seen at the bottom, so light as to show the smallest object plainly. By this means we have examined the bottoms of wells fifty feet deep, when half-full or more of water. The smallest straw or other objects can be perfectly seen from the surface. In the same way one can examine the bottom of the ponds and rivers, if the waters be somewhat agitated by winds or rapid motion. If a well or cistern be under cover, or shaded by a building so that the sunlight will not fall near the opening, it is only necessary to employ two mirrors, using one to reflect the light to the opening, and another to reflect it down into the water. Light may be thrown fifty or a hundred yards to the precise spot desirable, and then downward. We have used the mirror with success, to reflect the light around the house to a shaded well, and also to carry it from a south window through two rooms and then into a cistern under the north side of the house. Half a dozen reflections of light may be made, though each mirror diminishes the brilliancy of the light. Let any one not familiar with the method, try the experiment. It will perhaps reveal a mass of sediment at the bottom of the well that has been little thought of, but which may have been a frightful source of disease by its decay in the water.

The New York Police.

The first decided effort made to abolish the night watch and establish a Police Department in New York, so a local paper tells us, occurred in the year 1844 when Mayor Harper came into office. The movement was sucessfully carried out which selected the London system as it then existed as their model, even adopting the style of uniform. The consequence was that citizens received the force with positive disfavor, and the "M. P.'s," as they were called from wearing those letters embroidered on their coat-collars, were constantly reviled and even maltreated by the people. So great was the aversion manifested for the new police that they were unable to preserve the peace. When the old Bowery Theatre was destroyed by fire in 1845, the force on the ground was threatened by the mob, and were only saved from maltreatment by the opportune appearance of Judge Matsell and his Marshals who were permitted by the people to assume control and preserve order. This event led to the disbandment of the force, and the old "Leatherheads" as they were called until the present force was organized a few years after, again rejoiced in their undisputed control of the streets at night. The Department, as at present constituted, consists of a superintendent, 3 inspectors, a drill inspector, 34 captains in charge of precincts, 131 sergeants, 66 roundsmen, 1,828 patrolmen, and 73 doormen, an aggregate of 2,236. There are also a large number of clerks employed in the Central Office. The force is divided into thirty-two precincts, four court squads, a head-quarter detective squad, and a sanitary company. Seventeen patrolmen are on detailed service in banks, hotels, stores and theatres, whose services are paid for by those deriving benefit therefrom.

Massachusetts Farms and Farmers.

According to the last census returns, the cash value of the farms in Massachusetts was $116,000,000, with more than $5,000,000 worth of farming implements and machinery. The chief of the Labor Bureau for that State reports that more attention is each year being paid to manufacturers and less to farming interests. The general complaint seems to be that farmers have to pay high wages for all the help they employ, much higher, in fact, than the prices received for their crops warrant. The result is, that money invested in farming does not pay as well as it would in some manufacturing industry. The head of the Labor Bureau, in discussing this question, says that the price of labor cannot come down and the result will be a change of investment. The concluding portion of the report of this official takes a somewhat discouraging view of things, more so, the Springfield *Republican* thinks, than the circumstances warrant. The report says: "The methods of agriculture are yet crude, though growing year by year more and more into accordance with the demands of the age. Neither capital will invest, nor intelligent labor work, at a business that yields so grudging a pittance. Small farms, like small workshops must yield to larger enterprise. Aggregate capital will therefore call for congratulated labor, and as the wages of a people cannot be permanently reduced, machinery must and will be introduced to cheapen products, and make farm labor, as it has all other, more expensive; for in farming, as in every other productive enterprise, cheap labor is dearest, and dear labor cheapest. We have said that the foreign laborer is getting possession of our badly located or sterile farms. This is doubtless true; and if the former owners migrate westward, or bring their skill to the better lands nearer the markets of cities, making such change of culture and crops as the change of market demands, it will be better for all concerned."

Superstitions of Vampires.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "From a case now before the high tribunal at Berlin we learn that the superstition of vampires—corpses who are supposed to rise from their graves at night and suck the blood of those with whom they have held intercourse in life—is still general among the Poles and Magyars. A Polish gentleman died at his country seat at Roslasin in February last, leaving his family in excellent health. A few weeks after his death, however, his eldest son was suddenly and unaccountably taken ill, his short sickness ending in death. Similar cases, though not fatal, occurred among his near relatives. It was at once agreed that the deceased must be a vampire, and that his visits were the cause of this repeated illness. To save himself from the fate of his brother, the second son determined to apply the supposed only remedy, viz.: to exhume the body, cut off his head, and lay it with the feet, while another person was to collect the blood issuing from the wound to give the remaining relatives a drink. He obtained the assistance of a laborer, naturally at a heavy price, but was prevented on his first expedition by the interference of the parish priest. The next attempt proved more successful, and the deed was accomplished. It had been observed, however, by some person in the village, and was thus brought to the knowledge of the authorities. The absurd superstition threatens to cost the desecrator of the churchyard a three months' imprisonment. That was the verdict in the first instance, and though the Court Appeal has cancelled the sentence, the High Tribunal seems resolved to confirm it."

Alkali in Water and Land.—J. N. Sloan, of Sedgwick, Kansas, asked the Farmer's Club if there was any cheap and practicable method of removing alkali from water impregnated with it. Nobody knew of any simple way of doing it. Mr. Dewey, of the *Pacific Rural Press*—who was present as a visitor—said that the California farmers found that planting sugar beets in alkaline soils improved them, and made them fit for grain. Mr. Whitney said this was easily explained from the property of the soda salts to circulate through the cellular tissues of plants without assimilation, to which allusion had been made in the discussion about applying salt to land. He believed it was not considered safe to feed roots grown in alkali land to cattle.

The family of Warren Wolf, of Londonville, Ohio, were carried down an embankment 75 feet in height by a frightened team. All were seriously hurt.

"Cornering."

The operation of "cornering," as the term is, is played by brokers in the following manner: Four, five, six, or ten (as the case may be) brokers enter into an arrangement with each other to buy and get control of the entire stock of some company. They commence by depressing the stock as much as possible. To do this, they must all appear to be sellers, and cry down the price, representing it to be worth less and themselves heartily sick of everything pertaining to it. While they are publicly selling lots of one or two hundred shares, their agents or tools are buying all they can get hold of. As soon as they can buy all the cash stock they find in this way, they turn suddenly around and begin to buy on time. Parties not in the secret, of course, are willing to sell on thirty, sixty or ninety days—even though they do not possess the stock—thinking that before the expiration of that time they would be able to buy at a less price than they sell it at. In this way thousands of shares are sold, to be delivered at a future day, to the very men who own every share of the stock that has ever been issued. When the time arrives for delivery the sellers discover that there is no stock to be had but of the men to whom they has sold it. Of course they must pay whatever the owners choose to demand. If the game is well played, the cornerers will make as much in selling as they did in buying them. Should every one of the party prove true to his comrades, they will soon manage to get rid of the whole stock to outsiders at a high price. It will be readily seen that this is a very dangerous game unless well played; for should any of the parties interested "let fly" without letting the others know it, the game is up, and although he may make a fortune, it will be at the sacrifice of all the others.

Ingenious Thieving.

The London *Daily News* says: An example of the action of the Detective patrol is given by the Paddington Superintendent. One evening, Detective Urben and Police Constable Smith saw two respectably-dressed women loitering in Westbourne Grove. They were soon joined by a grey-haired gentleman, who carried a great coat on his arm. In a few minutes he left them and returned wearing the coat. The three sauntered along until they came to a considerable group of ladies who were around the window of a print shop. The police went into an opposite shop and watched. Presently the man came out of the group and stood where he could command a view of the street. After awhile one of the women joined him and handed him something, which he put in an inner pocket of the great coat; she then returned to her female companion, and the two placed themselves one on each side of a lady who was looking in at a print shop window. In a few moments, one of them came out to the man, and again handed him something, very much like a purse, which he put in his pocket. The policeman followed the lady, ascertained that her purse was gone, and then, with the detective, arrested the women and their companion. Two purses were found upon them, they were all three proved to be old offenders, and they were sent off for seven years' penal servitude. Such occurrences as these are happening frequently.

Trimming with Laces.

Very fine white muslin dresses, which are to be worn only on dressy occasions, are trimmed with point duchesse lace. The lace resembles Honiton, and at three and four inches in width, ranges in price from seven to nine dollars a yard. For black silk and black grenadine, black dutchesse enjoys an equal degree of favor. Valenciennes retains popularity, though such good imitations are made of this favorite lace, that it is sometimes difficult for even a connoisseur to tell the genuine French article from the Italian and German imitations. In the latter the patterns are often copied, but in the genuine the thread which forms the mesh in thinner and finer, and the flowers are more delicately wrought. The laundry will make these differences still more perceptible. Black and white lace are mingled together with good effect in elegant costumes, which are designed for evening, for dinner, or for receptions. The flowing dress sleeves, which have necessitated handsome under-sleeves, have made necessary either the needle-work collar edged with lace, or a lace collar to match them. Lace bows are worn at the throat, and fine lawn neckties which are lined with some bright color and tied in front in a loose sailor knot, are also edged with lace. Bright colored silk ties are trimmed with Valenciennes, with stylish black silk ties having the ends formed of alternate strips of Valvenciennes insertion and black silk. The ends which are square are edged with wide lace.

How Panama Hats are Made.—The process of making Panama hats is as follows: The leaves of the Pandamus, or Seren pine, from which these hats are made, are gathered before they unfold, the ribs and coarser veins are removed, and the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf, is reduced to shreds. After having been put in the sun for a day, and tied into a knot, the straw is immersed in boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place, and consequently bleached for two or three days, after which the straw is ready for use. The plaiting of the straw commences at the crown and finishes at the brim, and is a very troublesome operation. The hats are made on a block placed on the knees, and require to be constantly pressed with the breast. The coarser hat may be finished in two or three days, but the finest may require as many months.

Does It Pay to be Sick?—The *Medical and Surgical Reporter* estimates the cost, to the people of the United States, of medical services and medicines, at $100,000,000, and adds $25,000,000 for the quack medicines swallowed. "Let the people," it says, "study these figures awhile, and then reflect that probably one-half, or certainly a large fraction, of this expense, is incurred by a deliberate infraction of the laws of health; that, if they tippled less, smoked less, overworked less, were less 'fast' and less self-indulgent, they would save some thirty or forty millions a year."

My Love!

Bring me a lily crown! My love is fair!
No bloom less pure upon her brow must rest.
Twine wreaths of May and apple for her hair;
Pluck roses red to rest on her white breast.
Pelt her with golden cowslips when she sweeps
Through meadows daisy-starred, for at her feet
The bluebell hangs its gentle head and weeps.
My love is sweet!

Come to me, Spring, my love! the days are long;
Mourning is over since white winter's death:
The morning-carol and the even-song
Of lark and nightingale, the honeyed breath
Of myriad flowers, the soft scent of hay
Tossed in the meadows, and the sky's true blue,
Tell me that Spring has come, and point the way,
My love, to you!

Kiss me with kisses sweeter than the hay
Or milk-white lilies in the valley grown.
Your touch is tender, and your mouth is May;
Your voice dream-music, and your heart mine own.
Woo me to sleep with woodland melodies,
With breezes sighing through leaf wilderness:
My heart is sick, and hungers for your eyes
And your caress!

Tell me, my Spring, my love, how long 'twill last!
Say will your smile all sunshine melt with May!
Life is so sorrowful when love is past;
And love when warmest whispers its decay.
Nothing is sweeter than the kiss you blow,
No sound more welcome than your fairy feet;
And, as you wander, tears of tender snow
Surround you sweet!

Facts and Fancies.

Spotted veils, now so much worn, are very injurious to the eyesight.

Sixteen babies on one street in Detroit have been christened "Bismarck."

Vermont employs over 4,000 men in quarrying marble in the several parts of the State.

One person is born every four minutes and another dies every seven minutes in London.

A Chicago bishop waited two hours for a bride who had been disappointed in her bonnet strings.

Five hundred and twenty-five thousand six hundred trains leave London in the course of one year.

The Pennsylvania Legislature has passed a law fining a person $5 for attempting to "dead beat" railroads.

About 200,000 pounds of cloves are annually imported into the United States and about 1,000,000 pounds into England.

The *Medical Reporter* estimates that the people of the United States pay $125,000,000 annually for medicines and medical services.

Two girls at Saginaw, Mich., made a wager that they could take five grains of morphine without injury. They tried it and died together.

A Providence merchant saves his umbrellas by cutting a small piece out of the handle, which he carries in his pocketbook, ready to prove property at any time.

A Philadelphia baggage-master died lately in the attempt to mash a man's trunk. He had mashed thousands before, and this was the first one that threw off on him.

Every seventh person in London is in receipt of public charity. The cost of aiding this class has increased during the past ten years 68 per cent. faster than the growth of the great metropolis.

A Mr. L. P. Taylor, of Vermont, is at South Bend, Ind., on a short visit for the benefit of his health, the five Mrs. Taylors whom he left at home having proved too much of a load on his mind.

A couple out in Portland, Oregon, who found themselves divorced, through the machinations of the wife's mother, did the best thing possible under the circumstances—promptly got married again.

A country paper, speaking of the street-organ playing of a soldier without arms, who worked the crank with his foot, says: "His playing was far above the usual average; he threw his whole sole into it."

A mouse ran up the pantaloons leg of a Rochester Englishman while enjoying a quiet nap at one of the hotels. The poor fellow was so frightened that he jumped down a flight of steps and got arrested as a lunatic.

An infatuated young man in Chicago has indited many verses to the idol of his heart, closing with, "May Milwaukee eclipse Chicago, if ever I cease to love!" Pegasus could take no loftier flight than that—in Chicago.

It is announced on excellent authority that more than half a million pounds of willow leaf were made up at Shanghai, last season, and palmed off as green tea. The willow leaf as prepared cannot be distinguished from green tea.

The potato bugs are finding their match in some parts of the West in the soldier bugs, large triangular insects which attack the other fiercely and make shork work of them when they appear in any considerable quantities.

An English inmate of one of the Punjaub jails made two complaints to the inspector-general recently, one being that he was not supplied with grain-fed mutton, and the other that he was forced to feel the restraints of his position.

The newest top exhibited on the streets of New York is in the shape of a bird, which is attached to a rubber string, and flutters its wings and tail in a very life like manner, as the vender swings it in circles around his head.

A number of Milwaukee citizens are organizing a colony to go West. They will take along everything necessary to civilization, squat on some prairie that is vast enough, and have a well-built and flourishing city by the time snow flies.

The Chicago *Journal* thinks "the government throws away a great deal of money in keeping up the lighthouse at the mouth of the Chicago river. Only give a pilot a good nose and he would make the channel the darkest night without fail."

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever speculate, or wait for summit to turn up. You might just as well go an' sit down on a stone in the medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, an' wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

A school committee in a frontier district are reported to have summed up their opinion of an examination which they had attended by making to the pupils this address: "You've spelled well, and you've ciphered good, but you haint got still."

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