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[illegible]

Triumphant Spring.

[illegible]

[illegible] the dapples of [illegible]'s sunny isle,
[illegible] a [illegible] wiles.

[illegible] I [illegible],
When [illegible] trembled on my brow,
[illegible] at my breast,
[illegible] lowly bow.

A [illegible],
And [illegible],
The [illegible],
[illegible].

[illegible],
And [illegible] breath,
Pulsating [illegible] touch
[illegible] death.

[illegible] beauty decked,
[illegible],
[illegible] and her [illegible],
And [illegible].

And [illegible] garland twined
Around her regal forehead, pale and fair,
[illegible] from some far off tropic clime,
And [illegible] the balmy air.

[illegible],
Save that of [illegible],
For [illegible],
[illegible].

I was [illegible],
And [illegible] w
The scepter I reluctantly did yield.
Age, Winter, at thy feet I laid it low.

As at my [illegible],
None deemed I [illegible],
Alas my life was but a fitful dream
That vanished [illegible].

Your [illegible],
And drank [illegible] from my ruby lips,
The floral [illegible] on my brow,
Touched [illegible] tips.

And I in dreamy [illegible] have lain,
Till roused by song [illegible],
I waken to the [illegible] warbler's call,
And answer back the [illegible].

All silently my [illegible],
Around the [illegible] of my heart;
Till bathed in [illegible] balmy [illegible],
You [illegible] half a [illegible].

As with your [illegible],
You [illegible] over by my side,
And long [illegible],
The [illegible].

'Tis vain, for [illegible]
[illegible],
Till scornfully I turn [illegible],
And [illegible],
As now upon the temple [illegible],
[illegible];
[illegible],
Now bows [illegible].

And, Winter, I would whisper in thine ear
I'd breathe [illegible] in cadence soft and low;
Beams not mine eye [illegible] bright
As sparkled there [illegible]!

If not my [illegible],
Flushed [illegible] cheek with [illegible]'s [illegible] glow;
The life-tide [illegible],
Still [illegible] its flow.

For as an idle dream [illegible],
That vanished [illegible] golden tones,
Behold the floral goddess reign thy throne,
And dare to bid defiance to her power.

Think not [illegible] of morn,
Nor pluck sweet buds [illegible],
Lest in its hurrying [illegible],
Time turns on thee [illegible].

And now, stern Winter, [illegible],
Seek not to clasp me in thy cold embrace;
I fear thy breath, [illegible] thy winning wiles
[illegible].

The jeweled sceptre once again I hold,
Go, seek another realm to reign as king;
Back in [illegible], and [illegible] there,
Forget the Floral Queen, triumphant Spring.

Oswego, March 7, 1871.

ST. MARIE.

I was engaged. I never could tell exactly how it came about. My betrothed was high bred, beautiful, belonged to aristocratic circles, and was declared by those who had become sufficiently acquainted with her intellectual development, to be wonderfully intelligent. I had never become intimate enough with my lady to make any such discovery. My mother said it was my own fault. Perhaps she was right.

Marian Cathcart was her name; and although we had been engaged several months, and I had made a point of spending at least two evenings each week in her society, I had never yet progressed beyond the formal Miss Marian; and she did not seem inclined to invite me to any less conventional platform. I used to wonder if, after we were married, I should simply change the Miss to Mrs., and Mrs. Marian her throughout our matrimonial pilgrimage.

My mother declared I had chosen wisely. I occasionally felt like suggesting that she should take all the credit to herself, for I certainly had no other voice or choice in the matter; but I argued that women must, of necessity, have more opportunities of judging of the virtues of their own sex than we masculine bipeds, who half the time are not able to discriminate between false teeth and natural ivory, or sham hair and the real article. So I pinned my faith on my maternal parent's stout sleeve of judgment, closed both eyes, took everything for granted, and "went it blind."

I occasionally caught myself wondering if there really was such a thing in the world as love. From a boy, I had been a great lover of sentiment and sentimental poetry—had formed an idea of my future partner, as most boys and girls do, I fancy believed that

> Love is the striving
> Of two spirits to [illegible],
> Sweetness lingering [illegible] as,
> Want that thirsteth for completeness,
> Planets twain [illegible],
> Each other's dear [illegible],
> Each from each its light [illegible],
> Till they melt into a sun

I was quite sure my spirit didn't strive in her direction. My soul had no want that she could satisfy, and the prospect was that "planets twain" we should remain (hadn't the slightest intention of rhyming then) to the end of the chapter.

It was respectable to marry. Old bachelors were held in almost as much odium by the public as old maids, and none of our family on either side of the house had ever been known to set aside the conventional [illegible] of matrimony; and they [were] all married well, too—that is, in their own set, as far back as we could trace.

Love was a "myth" my mother declared, simply a "something to fascinate school girls and silly youths, but which always disappeared when the years of discretion rolled around."

I was possessed of fifty thousand pounds; my affianced would have as much more when her father died, and so our financial future was assured.

Sometimes, as I looked in the mirror and surveyed the features which appeared as if there might be a soul behind them, I was tempted to some sort of understanding with myself; but family ties, society's restrictions, and the absence of real, independent, manly brain, kept me in that narrow, contemptible groove of prejudice in which I had been born and raised.

A few weeks before I had proposed, and been accepted, my lady mother engaged a new governess for my two young sisters, Minnie and Anna—the first twelve, the second fourteen years of age.

The reader, judging by the majority of stories, will, of course, imagine the moment this new individual is introduced to their notice, that the writer immediately fell in love, as is the general custom in such cases—but the reader is mistaken in that.

Marie de Vere (that was her name) was beautiful, talented and accomplished, and exceedingly attractive, on account of a womanly reticence, which was modest and captivating.

I had always admired shy women. Marian—excuse me, "Miss Marian"—had no such beauty. She was as self-possessed as a woman of forty, and as smooth as a frozen lake.

It would have been singular had I not looked with feelings of pleasure upon the little woman who glided so gracefully through the house, attending to her duties with a thoughtfulness and patience which seemed to me almost angelic. I found myself calling her St. Marie. Rather a strange name for a woman; but it came as natural to my lips as "sis" and "dear" when speaking to my sisters. We scarcely exchanged a word.

Our governess (of French extraction) was my social inferior, and my mother never allowed any approach to intimacy, or conversation, even, with such inmates of her households.

The first time I ever had the pleasure of a chat with the dear little creature, I shall never forget. It was a bitter cold evening, and my mother and sisters were out. When I entered the library, after dinner, Miss de Vere was writing.

"Do not let me disturb you," I entreated, as she proceeded to leave.

"I can write in my own room as well," she replied; only it is warmer here."

"Very well, then, you must remain," I answered. "If you consider it necessary for one of us to leave, I will depart immediately."

"One of us must leave. That you know, sir. And the reason for such necessity you also understand. If you prefer your own room, I will remain here. If not, the library is at your service."

There she stood, her pale face a little flushed, a bundle of papers in one hand, and her brown eyes fixed inquiringly on me.

"As you will, Miss De Vere," I replied. "But I am at a loss to understand why, when, without flattering myself, I think we shall be mutually pleased with an evening together, we may not enjoy it like sensible folks. Please be seated, and and let's converse a while like Christians."

She evidently did not bear the last of the sentence. Her eyes took a far-away, wistful look, and tears trembled on her fringed lids.

For a moment she stood silent and wistful, and then turned away with a simple "good night, Mr. Sinclair."

I would have detained her, even then, but she closed the door; and in a moment after I heard a light step upon the stairs.

When my mother entered the library shortly after, I was deep in the question of woman's rights, and had decided that, whatever the risks, I would direct my energies toward the total demolishing of all conventionalism, which prevented a decent man's enjoyment.

"What do you imagine, mother, to be the reason," I asked of this august individual, "that I could not persuade Miss de Vere to spend a little time with me in the library? She ran from me like a frightened fawn."

"Do you mean to insinuate, Frank, that you extended an invitation to Miss de Vere to that effect?" enquired my mother.

"Insinuate! No, mother. But I distinctly declare that I did extend an invitation of that character to Miss de Vere, but she declined it."

"Which distinctly proved that the governess had a more correct idea of propriety than a gentleman, born and bred, whose education has been conducted with the strictest regard to the demands of society. This only adds another proof of Miss de Vere's fitness for the position, and furnishes the first testimony ever received of my son's unfitness for the company of his equals and superiors."

And my mother, without another word, sailed majestically from the room.

"Knocked my head against a rock! I might have known it!" was my inward ejaculation.

The next evening I spent with my betrothed. She was as cold and formal as ever. Some way I began to be dissatisfied with the manner of my reception. Strangely enough I found myself unable longer to relish two hours' on the same sofa with a woman who invariably withdrew her hand from my clasp as soon as it was taken, and insisted that a kiss upon the cheek at coming and going was all the caressing allowed between engaged parties.

"Is this the way lovers usually behave, Miss Marian?" I ventured to enquire, after several ineffectual attempts to keep my arm around her waist.

"I presume so," was her reply, without the least heightening of color. "All well bred and refined persons agree in regard to the requirements of propriety, I presume," and then adroitly changed the conversation; but I was not to be driven from the new platform I had taken my stand upon by any such artifice.

"And you are positive that all well-bred and refined persons as you call them, are able to conjugate the verb 'to love,' and thoroughly understand its moods and tenses; and that all engagements between well-bred and refined persons are founded upon love, are you? I am to judge from your behavior that you are deeply in love with the individual now addressing you?"

"I can, I think, refer you to some philosophical treatise on the subject, if you like," was the reply of the lady. "But," she continued, "I trust you will see the propriety of leaving the discussion of this extremely disagreeable topic until some future time—after we are married, if you please. I scarcely think your mother would approve of such a conversation."

"Humph! probably not," was my most ungallant reply. "But what business is it to her how I make love?"

It seemed to me that night, as I lay my head on the pillow, that my position was anything but an enviable one; and, to save my life, I could not help contrasting the cold and passionless face of Miss Marian, with the soul-full, earnest expression of the girl I had named St. Marie.

Moonlight flooded my apartment; but the rays were cheerless, and served only to remind me of the rigid, ice-cold, society-fettered woman I had just left. Sleep came at last—blessed relief! In dreams, the Saint only was visible. Strange, how in every conceivable tone—now soft and melodious, now earnest and thrilling, now stern and commanding. A dreadful weight pressed down upon my chest. I could hardly breathe.

"Frank Sinclair!—Frank Sinclair!" rang out in terror-stricken tones, and with such a wealth of tenderness that I longed to open my hands and enfold the Saint; but I was powerless to stir hand or foot.

I felt myself forcibly lifted from the pillow, and held in a sitting position.

"Frank Sinclair, the house is on fire! Will you not awaken? For God's sake get up quickly! They are all out but you and I! The hall and rooms below are all in a blaze!"

For a second I gazed at the rapt countenance, then commenced to realize the situation. The cries of the firemen, the hissing and spluttering of the flames, the earnest pleading of the Saint, fell upon my ears with a strange commingling of emotions. Good heavens! how I loved the little woman that moment, fraught though it was with danger, and perhaps with death.

"Do you hear that terrible noise? We are lost if you do not make haste," came from the blanched lips.

It was but the work of a moment to prepare myself for flight, and then cover the dear child, who, for my sake, had risked her own precious life, with a thick blanket snatched from the bed; and, more like a madman than the conventional member of society I had always considered myself, I rushed through the dense smoke, through the hissing flames—down, down, almost suffocated, scorched, on fire, more dead than alive, into the open air, with my burden. I came to my senses in a neighbor's house, my mother and sisters weeping round me. Sitting by a table, her fair face resting on her hand; exhausted and grief stricken, sat my darling. I tried to rise, but could not.

"Marie—Marie, come to me; I want you!" I exclaimed, agonized at the thought of the poor child's loneliness and suffering.

"What does he mean?" asked my mother, evidently supposing me bereft of my senses.

"I mean, my friend, my preserver, my saint. Will you not come to me, Marie?"

She crossed the apartment, and shyly advancing to my side placed her hand in mine, and said, "Mr. Sinclair, I am so glad you are not dangerously injured. I feared that, in saving my life, you sacrificed your own"—and she burst into tears.

"St. Marie, it was you who kept me from destruction. Mother, sisters, servants—all left the house without one word of warning. You stood by me and I believe would have still have stood by me had I failed to awaken, and met death at my side. St. Marie, I believe I have always loved you."

"Let me examine his pulse, interrupted my mother, "he is certainly raving."

"Not a bit of it, mother," I replied, gaining strength by the opposition and rising to my feet. "This may not be just the time and place to declare one's love, in accordance with your strict ideas of social etiquette; but this night have I turned my back forever upon the heartlessness and selfishness of your so-called society. Marie, I love you!" and drawing the dear child to my side, defied the whole household. "Tell me you return my affection, and I shall be the happiest man on the face of the earth."

She made no answer, but allowed her head lovingly to remain where I had placed it.

That was answer enough.

The next day Miss Marian was apprized of the change of affairs. My mother has not yet become reconciled, but I have never had reason to regret the conflagration which discovered to me the boundless love of St. Marie.

Another Monster Steamship.—The largest vessel ever built on the banks of the Mersey was launched on Thursday, February 9th. The Liverpool Courier says that with the exception of the Great Eastern no larger craft floats in any waters. The new ship is the screw steamer Egypt, built for the service of the National Steamship Company between Liverpool and New York. All the vessels of the Company's fleet are of great size, but this latest addition is more immense than any of the others. The Egypt is in length over all 440 feet, on the load line 435 feet beam 44 feet, depth of the hold 35 feet, gross measurement 5,150 tuns. This enormous vessel, which has been built at the yard of the Liverpool Ship-building Company, Limited, Sefton street, will be propelled by engines of nominally 500 horse-power, but capable of working up to 2,500 horse power. They are on the compound principle of high and low pressure, and will be supplied with steam from six boilers, arranged in two sets of three each. The boilers will be fired at each end, and will carry a pressure of 75 lbs. per square inch.

The Limitations of Love.—A newly married man took his bride on a tour to Switzerland for the honeymoon, and when there induced her to attempt the ascent of one of the high peaks. The lady, who at home had never ascended a hill higher than a church, was much alarmed, and had to be carried by the guides with her eyes blindfolded, so as not to witness the horrors of the passage. The bridegroom walked by her side expostulating with her fears. He spoke in honeymoon whispers; but the rarification of the air was such that every word was audible.

"You told me, Leonora, that you always felt happy—no matter where you were—so long as you were in my company. Then why are you not happy now?"

"Yes, Charles, I did," replied she, sobbing hysterically, "but I never meant above the snow line."

A country clergyman says he has married but one couple in a year; and that they paid him nothing, stayed to dinner, as it was a rainy day, and then borrowed his umbrella when they left, which he has never seen since.

Letter from Europe.

Correspondence Advertiser & Times:

Rome, Feb. 18, 1871.

Among the Pagan and Christian monuments of Rome, none are more curious and interesting than what are known as the "Catacombs," and I, therefore, took occasion, quite early after our arrival in the Eternal City, to call upon the Cardinal Vicar, to obtain a permission to visit those of St. Calixtus, which are, in many respects, more important than any of the others. These Catacombs are situated beneath that triangular space which separates the Via Appia from the Via Ardentina, or Strada della Madonna del Divino Amore, and which, in classical times, was occupied by the Campus of the Divus Rediculus, and at present by the Vigna Amendola, about one mile beyond the walls of the city, through the Porta del S. Sebastiano. Over the entrance to the vineyard, under which they are situated, is a marble tablet with the name engraved in it. We were conducted by an excellent guide, who explained everything as we went along, groping our way with lighted candles, and it was about half an hour after we entered before we came out again; and had we been left to ourselves at any moment, we should have lost our way, and, unattended, could never have found daylight again.

It is impossible in a long letter to give a description of them. We find chapels, crypts, statues, stuccoed walls, with paintings representing scenes, animals, human figures, &c., and thousands of niches containing the ashes and bones of those who had been interred there tens of centuries ago. There is no question at all, but that these subterranean excavations served as places of refuge and worship to the early Christians, and of repose after their death. We did not take the trouble to visit any of the other catacombs, as those of S. Calixtus give us a correct idea of the whole, except that we went into the tombs of the Scipios, which are also on the Via Appia, and are of the same character as the catacombs of S. Calixtus.

We have also taken occasion to make ourselves acquainted with the campidoglio or capitol, and ascend to the top of the cupola, where we got a most splendid view of Rome and the campagna as far as the sea. This imposing building rises on the summit of Mount Capitolino, and is approached on the front side by a long steep flight of stairs. On the balustrade at the top of the steps are colossal statues of Castor and Pollux with their horses, said to be the trophies raised to Marius, and sculptured in the time of Septimus Severus. In the centre of the Piazzi in front of the capital is also a fine equestrian statue in bronze of Marcus Aurelius, and is said to be the only equestrian statue in bronze that remains of ancient Rome.

There is a very extensive monument of statuary connected with the Capitol, as well as other matters of interest which might be noted. It was in the church of St. Maria di Ara Coeli, just across the plazzi from the Capitol, that Gibbon says, that "on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat writing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the City first started to his mind." The old Flaminian Way extended from the Capitol, nearly on the present site of the Corso, to the Porta del Popolo, and so on to the Ponte Matle, where it crossed the Tiber, and very much of Roman history is connected with this locality. The Corso is one of the finest and busiest streets I ever saw; it is a mile in length, and is lined with shops, palaces, private houses, and an occasional church. The piazzis, palaces, villas and bridges, in and about Rome, are many of them magnificent, and identified with historical associations of singular importance, which I would be glad to describe had I time. Many of the palaces contain extensive museums and galleries of paintings, which are open to the public certain days in the week, and are much resorted to by strangers and visitors.

The museum and picture gallery of the Vatican are among the most extensive and richest in the world. I believe I referred to my audience with the Pope in my last, since which I have had a very pleasant interview with Cardinal Antonelli, although I was obliged to make use of the best French at my command, as the learned Cardinal informed me at once that he did not speak English. Since the Pope has lost his temporal power, his Primier has had but little to do but to visit with his friends, and chronicle the events happening in Rome, in connection with the Italian Government. The Prince and Princess of Piedmont have now taken possession of the Quirinal Palace, where they propose to reside for the present. I have seen them often, both at the Palace, and on the streets, and the Pincian Hill. They are a splendid appearing couple, and have made a very favorable impression upon the Roman people, much to the chagrin of His Holiness, and the high functionaries of the Romish church.

The King is expected here to-morrow for a short stay, and I doubt not that he will be well received. There is very much more that I might say in respect to the Eternal City, but I have not the time just at present to say more. To be at Rome seems a sort of honor, one of the important events—one of the grand reminiscences of our after life. Victorious by her arms, or dominant by her faith, Rome, for more than twenty centuries, has reigned over the universe, and notwithstanding she has undergone so many and such various vicissitudes she may still call herself the most beautiful and most interesting city in the world. R. H. T.

Mark Twain, it is said, has received from his publishers $17,000 for his "Innocents Abroad."

Jefferson as "Rip Van Winkle."

If any body has in his mind an image of Rip Van Winkle before he went up into the mountains and slept his long sleep it is, doubtless, just the good-humored, careless, effectionate, shrewd, loitering fellow who comes in with the children hanging all about him; and those children, with the little lovers afterward at his knees, gives us the key to the man. They are his good angels always. Unconsciously, in the midst of his idleness, and the maudlin folly that exasperates his wife, the children plead for him in our hearts. He is not bad whom children love. Shiftless, reckless, even drunken, he may be, but not bad. The wife orders him out into the black night and storm, but the little daughter clings to him. He, after all is a child, and they mutually love with the fondness of children. The pathos of the play culminates in Rip's fearful consciousness that the child does not know him. Perhaps the author was wiser than he knew. But Rip would not so perpetually absolved by us, as we look if we did not know that the children love him.

It is wholly a study of character. There is no proper action in the play. The plot is slight; a good-natured, drunken idler squanders his property, and leaves his wife to scrub and toil hopelessly. She loves and frets and despairs, and he, drunk or sober, only smiles good-naturedly, until, stung by the fatal discovery that his pretended effectionate sympathy for her passionate sorrow is only a trick to steal the bottle from her pocket, she delivers in one terrible sentence the accumulated heart-break of a life by bidding him begone from the house, which is hers, and never to return. He obeys, although, as the door opens into the awful tempest, she prays him to turn back.

He disappears in the storm; reappears upon the mountain, and among the ghostly crew of Hendrick Hudson, drinks and sleeps for twenty years; then awakens, an old man, and descends to the village to find himself forgotten, his wife married to the usurer, who beats her, his house itself destroyed, and even his daughter repelling him. Then comes the proof that it is he—that his property was never rightfully lost; and with his restored wife and daughter pressing upon him the cup which has caused all the sorrow, the curtain falls.

Rip is a racy original, one of the men who are everywhere and always delighted, from what is fondly called their profuse human nature, by which we really mean entire simplicity and kindliness—a heart overflowing with love and sympathy, but brave as a lion under all. This character is portrayed by Mr. Jefferson with such subtile felicity that if we only fancy him something writing poetry, we can imagine that we see Robert Burns. There are always those in the audience who feel toward Rip as many good people in Dumfries felt toward Burns. They were impatient with him. They were ashamed of human nature when they thought of him. He was an idle, dissolute reprobate. If Death hadn't wanted him, says Robert Collyer, in his noble lecture upon Burns, the sheriff was waiting for him. "So he died, and the good people hurried to bury him and all his nastiness out of sight; but they might as well have tried to bury the sunshine!" Mr. Jefferson shows [illegible] kind of character perfectly—the man who is loved by children and the unprosperous, by hostlers and fishermen and plow-boys, who brings no dinner to his wife unless he has good luck in shooting or trapping, but who, despite all, is a kindly human soul.—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for March.*

Cause of Sex.

The theory, says the Medical and Surgical Journal, that temporal and accidental conditions lead to the decision of the sex, has lately received a remarkable elucidation by the hotanical researches of Mr. Thomas Meehan. This gentleman, at the meeting of the American Association for the advancement of Science, last year read a paper on the laws governing sex in plants, in which the theory was propounded that only the highest grades of vitality produce the female sex. He exhibited specimens of the common sweet chestnut that there were two classes of male blossoms on this tree. One class appeared in the axis of the leaves in the weak branches. These were the numerous white catkins we are all so familiar on the chestnut tree. They usually fall before the last class opened, and probably had little to do with the fertilization of the female flowers. The female flowers only appeared from vigorous branches.—These bore only two or three female flowers, and then, if any matter was to be spared, continued on a weak male spike. If the tree is weakened in any manner, this last class of male flowers is not formed, all of this material then being required to form the chestnuts. When weakness is still greater, no female flowers are all borne, but all male ones. This is the reason why chestnuts are scarce in some years. He exhibited leaves from a large chestnut tree which had always born heavily, but only male flowers this year. The leaves were of a mottled yellow and green tint, showing that its nutritive powers were out of order.

This we regard as a most significant observation. It is, of course, a large jump, and one not authorized, from vegetables to the highest vertebrates. But the laws of sex are singularly alike throughout organic nature, and, as we write, a number of facts occur to us in corroboration of the view that imperfect nutrition leads to male, and perfect nutrition to female offspring. The inferior vitality of the male fœtus is of itself a singularly striking fact in evidence.

It would seem as if Burns was right when he says that, nature

> "Tries her 'prentice hand on man,
> And then she makes the lasses, O.

The colored people of New York city are considerably excited over the arrival of a real black prince from Africa. The name of this potentate is Rev. Jacob Von Brun, of the Bossa tribe of Liberia. The announcement that he would deliver an address drew together a large number of colored people at the Shiloh Presbyterian church, Sunday evening. The sable orator spoke in sad terms of the degradation of his people, and appealed to his audience to send colored missionaries to convert them. He came to this country not to beg, as he was very wealthy, but to awaken an interest in the minds of the people of this country in behalf of his own people, and to raise them from the awful and pitiable condition they are in, and to spread the word of God among them.

A new periodical the Ferret, described as "a journal of humor," has made its appearance at Swansea, South Wales. "Five numbers have reached us," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "but the humor as yet to come."

A Sleigh Load of Ladies on Fire

A most singular accident and one that should serve as a warning, occurred yesterday afternoon. Three ladies had arranged a sort of leap-year sleigh ride. A fiery charger and handsome cutter stood at the gate. To insure comfort, one of the ladies had provided two hot bricks, carefully wrapped in cloths, which were first deposited in the body of the sleigh, after which they got in and away they went, laughing and jingling over the snow.

In a very short time one of the excursionists remarked that she smelled smoke, but nothing was thought of it. A few minutes later, at the corner of Tenth and Messanie streets, the odor became so strong that the fair riders became alarmed and lifted the lap robe, when the smoke rolled out in dense volumes from the vicinity of their pedal extremities, and almost instantly flames burst forth.

One of the ladies leaped from the sleigh, her feet caught in the robes and she was dragged for some little distance, fortunately without sustaining any material injury. Another, more prudent, grasped the reins and stopped the horse, when the flames were speedily subdued. The result was, three dresses, three sets of skirts, &c., two fine robes and a sleigh ride completely spoiled, and three estimable ladies badly scared.

It seems that the cotton and newspapers in which the bricks were wrapped ignited, and of course the fire was directly communicated with all inflammable material adjacent. The ladies returned crestfallen to their homes, wiser, if not happier, and over a cup of Bohea passed resolutions discountenancing hot bricks and recommending gentlemen as superior comforters.—*St. Joseph Union.*

Cloves.—Cloves are the unopened flower of a small evergreen tree that resembles in appearance the laurel or the bay. It is the native of the Molucca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is now cultivated in the tropical region of America. The flowers are small in size, and grow in large numbers in clusters to the very ends of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened and whilst they are still green. After being gathered, they are smoked by a wood fire, and then dried in the sun. Each clove consists of two parts, a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flower rolled up enclosing a number of small stalks, or filament; the other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower cup and the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly seen if a few cloves are soaked for a short time in hot water, when the leaves of the flower soften, and readily unroll. Both the taste and smell of cloves depend on the quantity of oil they contain. Sometimes the oil is separated from the cloves before they are sold, and the odor and taste is in consequence much weakened by such unfair proceeding.

Food.—The quantity of food absolutely required in health varies according to sex, age, constitution and habits of life. The appetite is the best guide we have; we ought to eat when we are hungry but to eat as long as we are hungry is not always wise, perhaps never. Hunger does not depend so much on the emptiness of the stomach as upon the demand of the system for food, and eating cannot immediately [illegible] so that if we bolt our food, we may take into the stomach much more than the system needs. Here again we see the wisdom of chewing what we eat; the time thus taken up (to say nothing of the mechanical division of the food) allows the system to become aware of the fact that its wants are being supplied, and thus prevents our taking more than the necessary amount. When we feel a sensation of perfect satisfaction and quiet content, we have had enough. How few persons follow the wise old maxim, "always get up from the table hungry?" how many eat too much or eat too quickly, even though they leave off with an appetite! Excess of food kills thousands where want of it kills one.

Popular Errors.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become. To believe that the more hours children study, the faster they will learn. To conclude that, if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better is good for the system, without regard to more ulterior effects. To eat without an appetite, or to continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste. To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a night of weary waking in the morning.

Management of Brooms.—If brooms are put into boiling suds once a week, they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like new ones. A very dusty carpet may be cleaned by setting a pail cold of water out by the door, wet the brooms in it, knock it to get off all the drops, sweep a yard or so, then wash the broom as before and sweep again, being careful to shake all the drops off the broom, and not sweep far at a time. If done with care it will clean a carpet very nicely, and you will be surprised at the quantity of dirt in the water. The water may need changing once or twice, if the carpet is very dusty. Snow sprinkled over a carpet and swept off before it has time to melt and dissolve, is also nice for renovating a soiled carpet. Moistened Indian meal is used with good effect by some housekeepers.

How to Clean Chromos.—As chromos are very plentiful, the following method of cleaning them when soiled, is furnished by Prang, and may be of interest to our readers: When you clean them, use a soft chamoise skin (a drop of oil may restore clearness), or with a fine linen rag very slightly damped. Always tenderly. Next, whenever the original varnish coating is dull, bruised, or rubbed, revarnish it with a thin mastice varnish. Chromos, like oil paintings, should not be hung in a dark room, but in one with a diffused light, and never exposed to the direct rays of the sun. The chromos, after water-colors, keep and display better when placed under glass, as they lack the protecting cover of the varnish. The large chromos, after oil paintings, display, as a general rule, best when framed like original paintings. It is not necessary to put any of those under glass; it is a matter of taste—preserving them, at the same time, from dust and rough handling.

On Top of Mt. Washington.

From N. Y. World.

Perhaps no more startling phenomenon has been noticed by scientists during the latter half of the present century than the one, an account of which has just come from the philosophers now dwelling on the summit of Mount Washington. During the past few days, as everybody must have noticed, the weather of comparatively low-lying lands has been mild and pleasant, but on the top of Mount Washington it has been extremely severe, the mercury sometimes standing so low as twenty degrees below zero, and the wind blowing at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. On the morning of the 3d of March Professor Hitchcock and Sergeant Smith left their beds; the barometer was at ten inches, the mercury at twenty-three below, and the wind blowing with terrible force. Without waking the rest of the party to tell them how cold it was, the two scientists went about two miles down the mountain, one holding an anemometer and the other a sextant. Suddenly Sergeant Smith (who held the anemometer) noticed a singular veering of the wind, while, at the same time, Professor Hitchcock discovered a disarrangement of his instrument. The two turned and stood back to back, one holding the anemometer as high as possible, and the other bending forward.

The wind soon returned to its normal condition, but when the two scientists attempted to face each other, it was impossible for them to do so as they were frozen together by their pantaloons, near the lower extremity of their spinal columns. They could not stir; neither had taken the precaution to bring salt with them, nor was there a stove nearer than their house on the cliff. For hours they waited there; the sergeant wouldn't go back, and neither would the professor. At about 2 o'clock p. m. the rest of the party came down in search of them. Two learned gentlemen seized the two victims of science, and with great exertion pulled them apart. Singular as it may seem, yet the strange circumstances in which they had been placed, and, perhaps, the new physical conditions resulting from their violent separation, had produced in each such an extension of the oscocygis as to make them both appear as the progenitors of man—in other words, Darwin's position was reversed, and under the new aspects of nature, and in the strange struggle for life, incipient tails were plainly found on both. It is well enough settled in physics that sudden breakage produces electricity, and when the seats of the pantaloons of the two were examined it was found that the electricity had produced heat, the heat motion, the motion had developed life, and the pantaloons were seen to be true cutis. Evidently science is to do more for these philosophers than they are to do for science.

The Value of a Hoop Skirt.

(Correspondence of the New York Sun.)

Plattsburg, N. Y., Feb. 20.

An incident so romantic and unusual, and with a denouement so pleasing, occurred near here one day recently, that I send the particulars to you. Lake Champlain, on which this place is situated, is one of the most beautiful sheets of water probably in America, and Cumberland Bay, where one of the most brilliant naval engagements of the war of 1814 was fought and won by Commodore McDonough, of the American fleet, against the British under Commodore Downie, [illegible] one of the grandest skating parks or ponds [illegible] wish to see. It is the favorite resort of the [illegible] and gentlemen of the vicinity on moonlight evenings. One evening a short time since, a young lady and gentleman of the village, who had frequently been skating on the bay before, went out upon the bay, but believing in the old axiom that "two is company," went to an unfrequented part, where they could enjoy the skating and each other's society undisturbed.

After skating for some little time near the shore, the gentleman proposed that they should go further out, where the ice was smoother, to which she consented, and they accordingly ventured out about two miles. Here they found the ice in beautiful condition, and the gentleman was proceeding to do the grape vines, forward and backward roll, together with many other fancy figures well known to accomplished skaters, when suddenly the ice gave way beneath him, and in a moment he found himself struggling in the water and unable to extricate himself on its edge. The young lady true to her womanly instincts, began to scream at the top of her voice, but the privacy they had sought had taken them beyond the hearing of all who could have been of service to them. He besought her to go ashore and endeavor to procure assistance but she well knew he must perish before she could get back, even if she found no difficulty in procuring assistance. Then an idea came into her head, and she immediately put it in execution.

She first took off her jacket and dress, and tying them together undertook to reach him with one end; but it was too short, as the yielding ice warned her when she moved toward him and endeavored to throw him one end. What more could she do? She hesitated a moment; then slipping off her gaiter, both stockings were soon tied to the end of the dress and jacket, and yet it was too short.

In the meantime the young man was rapidly becoming exhausted, and if she was to save him no time was to be lost. For a moment her hands disappeared in the drapery about her waist, and then something fell upon the ice about her feet—it was her hoop-skirt. This was quickly severed into half a dozen pieces and added to the jacket, dress and stockings, and to her great delight, this made the line long enough to reach him. Bravely she tugged at one end of it, while he clutched the other end with the grip of a man who knew that that was all which stood between him and eternity. In a few minutes she landed him safely on the solid ice, and then the red jacket and dress were wrapped about her as best they could be, and the two started for home, where they arrived without being noticed by any one. Few were the words spoken on the journey home; but they must have been to the purpose, as the wedding suits are ordered, and before the ice shall disappear from our beautiful lake this spring, they will be married.

In Galena, Ill., the other day, a judge found before him a young girl arrested for creating a disturbance in the streets. Judge and prisoner gazed at each other for a moment, and then the latter said, "You know that your son was the cause of my ruin." The man bowed his head, and when he lifted it again tears were in his eyes, and he said in a broken voice: "Let her go, for my lips can never condemn her."

The right kind of timber for castles in the air—sunbeams.

A Terrific Hurricane.

St. Louis, March 8.—A terrific hurricane passed over a portion of East St. Louis, between 2 and 3 o'clock this afternoon. The wind at first came from the south-east, accompanied by a brisk shower, but suddenly veered to the south-west and came with a fury and force never before witnessed in this latitude.

It first struck the elevator on the bank of the river and took part of its roof off and passing in a due north-east direction totally demolished the freight depot of the St. Louis and Vandalia railroad, 800 feet long and 100 feet high. The freight and passenger depot of the Northeastern railroad, two freight depots, a portion of the passenger depot and ticket office and the large round-house of the Chicago and Alton railroad, the car-house scale office, the freight and passenger depots of the Toledo and Wabash road and a number of dwelling-houses.

A portion of the roof of the Terre Haute and Indianapolis depot was blown off and nearly all the derricks and other appliances used in the construction of the bridge were torn from their places and blown into the river. Everything in fact, within a space of from twenty to thirty yards wide was actually torn to pieces. A train of cars, including a 30 ton locomotive was blown from the track and hurled about forty feet into a slough. Another train of thirteen cars laden with grain was overturned and smashed, and one car was blown into the river.

A train coming in on the Terre Haute road when at Brooklyn, three miles north of East St. Louis was blown from the track and about forty cars standing on a side track of the Toledo and Wabash and Chicago and Alton roads about nine miles out were overthrown. The round house of the Chicago and Alton road after having been blown down caught fire from an engine inside and was burned. The engineer of the locomotive was burned to death. The number of the killed and wounded cannot be stated tonight, but seven are known to be killed, and between thirty and forty are seriously wounded, some dangerously, and a good many more slightly injured. It is believed a number of persons are still buried beneath the ruins. The scene is frightful. Houses are torn to fragments, others unroofed or upset, and still others are carried bodily from their foundations. Scarcely a building or tree or anything else within the track of the storm is standing. The wreck and ruin is complete. The pecuniary losses are estimated as follows: Chicago & Alton railroad, $500,000; Ohio & Mississippi railroad $200,000; Toledo & Wabash railroad, $125,000; St. Louis & Vandalia railroad, $20,000; Southeastern railroad, $30,000; Waggin's Ferry Company, $20,000. The steamboats lying on the eastern side of the river are seriously damaged.

Chit Chat.

A firm friend—an obstinate Quaker.

Is Tom Nast brother of the distinguished gymnast?

What music there would be among the lilies and tulips if their tiny trumpets should really blow as well as bloom.

"Well, there is something in that!" as the man said when he tried to put on his boot with a kitten in it.

Louisville has received in one day 255 barrels of flour and 308 of whiskey. Wonder what they do with so much flour.

A Hartford sign reads thus: "Our entire stock at less than cost. No! humbug." The exclamation point is in the wrong place this time.

[illegible] breach of promise case [illegible] the defendant in a "was in earnest about marrying the girl until he got the rheumatism."

A gentleman of color, arrested in Philadelphia, had four [illegible] in his carpet bag. He [illegible] put on dar was no fren' of his.

A wealthy widow, advertising for an agent, was overwhelmed with applications as the types, by mistake, made it "a gent."

The drum-major who ran away from Chickamauga, when reproached with cowardice, replied: "I'd rather be called a coward all my life than a corpse fifteen minutes."

"Have you seen my 'Descent into Hell?'" asked Herand of Jerrold, meaning a poem of his, so called. "No," the satirist spitefully answered, "I wish I had."

This is bad for the cabinet-makers: An exchange publishes the complaint of a Boston girl that, on making an effort to learn the cabinet-making trade, she was hooted out of every shop she applied to.

Mr. Spurgeon, the eminent London preacher, indignantly denies the statement that he once slid down the rail of his pulpit to illustrate the manner of a Christian's backsliding.

A Kansas politician, writing a letter of condolence to the widow of a "country member" who had been his friend, says: "I am pained to hear that ——— has gone to heaven. We were bosom friends, but now we shall never meet again."

A Hoosier critic compares Nilsson to the "Venice de Medica," and declares that her "dulcet and divine warblings" fell upon his "beatified heart" like the "splashing music of melodious waterfalls upon a bed of smashed roses."

"If the stars," writes Emerson, "should appear one night only in a thousand years, how would man believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown. But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

Boston, March 8.—The directors of the Union Pacific Railway held a meeting to-day. The President's report was presented and read, after which Hon. Jas Brooks of New York, was called to the chair and the meeting proceeded to elect directors for the ensuing year. The whole number of votes cast was 292,539 which was unanimous for the following ticket: Oliver Ames, John Duff, Elisha Atkins, Oakes Ames, Gardner Dexter, R. E. Robbins, of Massachusetts. L. P. Morton, Jas Brooks, Sidney Dillon, Andrew Carnagie, Thomas A. Scott, Edgar Thomson, of Pennsylvania. Geo. Pullman, of Illinois. C. Bushnell of Cincinnati, and Geo. M. Dodge of Iowa.

The officers of Vassar College have appointed a dentist for that institution, and instructed him to examine the teeth of all the young ladies in attendance upon it once a week.

A startling and sudden death happened at Venango, Pa., last week. Miss Eva Clark was having some teeth extracted, and the last one had been taken out, when she was taken with syncope, and never breathed again. They kept up artificial breathing some forty minutes, but she had resigned her life to a higher power.

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