POLLY AND PETER.

My uncle is throbbin with Freddy;
My mother has gone to the fair;
I've ought to be steady as steady,
And baby, she's dead in her chair.
I must brush up the hearth to look neater,
And put all the tinsels away,
There's no one to help me but Peter,
And Polly—why Peter's at play.

Just hear how the turkeys are gettin
And the chill is as kum ry as two
I'll see if the sparrows are grinin,
And then there's the churning to do;
In summer we churn in the cellar,
So he will be gone there to stay—
I must think of a story to tell her
While Peter—but Peter's at play.

It is time that the chicken was green
And my mending is scarcely begun—
Hence Peter come up from the cellar,
And we never have dinner till one;
I'll make this mouse a bib sweater
And bring out some cobbles on a tray—
He must be well treated, poor Peter,
He does work so hard at his play!

—Dora Read Goodale, in St. Nicholas

Isora's Bridal Vow.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

"I do."

"Tell me how?"

"I read and fear him, and yet I am his plighted wife. Each day that brings our marriage nearer will wring my heart the more. If you will only use the influence in my behalf, if you will only persuade him to resign that mad idea of wedding one so far below him—oh, lady, the prayers of a grateful heart will follow you forever, during your whole life."

"Why, what is this," said the stranger, laying her hand upon her shoulder and looking her in the face with a piercing glance. "Do you not love him?"

"Indeed, I do not."

"Not care for the rank, or wealth, or luxury he can give you?"

"No."

"Perhaps you love another?"

Rose burst into tears.

"I did. I do. I shall always love him," she sobbed.

"Why does he not come to your rescue? Why does he not be tamely let Sir Laurence bear you away?"

"Alas, he is dead."

"So! You are young to know such sorrow. And does Sir Laurence know this?"

"He does."

"And still persists in his suit?"

"Yes."

"Have you parents?"

"A father."

"Why does he not protect you?"

"He is in league with Sir Laurence to break my heart," said Rose, wildly. "They are forcing me into this marriage, and think that the paltry toys they give me will take away the pain I feel. But they will see how they have mistaken me when they wind beside my grave."

"Tut! You are too young and fair to talk of dying. You shall live. I wish with all my heart that your young lover might have been spared to share the life with you." But wipe those tears away. I can save you. And I will. But, tell me, when will Sir Laurence visit you again?"

"This evening, probably."

"And when is the wedding day?"

"One week from this."

"He gives you little time for preparation. How many months have passed since your lover died?"

"Not one," said Rose, in a low voice.

"Why, this is worse than heathen cruelty. And your own father to urge on the sacrifice."

Rose caught her hand and kissed it.

"Oh, don't be angry; do not ask me to reveal my father's secret. I dare not do it. He is in Sir Laurence's power—his very life is at stake."

"And yours is to be given up to save it!" said the lady, musingly. "Sir Laurence has not altered since the days when I first knew him, if this is the price he exacts for his silence. Have you tried to escape from your promise?"

"With silvery night."

"And what was his answer?"

"That he would release me, but if he did so the law must take its course."

"The law! Then has your father transgressed it?"

Rose was silent, but her pleading look answered for her.

"Well, I will ask no more! I will not tempt so good a daughter to betray her father's secret. But in this matter I can aid you and I will. For the present I can do little, but in a week may things may happen, and your bridal shall not take place until I am there. In the meantime, when Sir Laurence annoys you say to him, 'What was Isora's bridal vow?' I warrant you the words will make him change color and set him to thinking of his own affairs to the exclusion of yours."

"What was Isora's bridal vow?" repeated Rose, with a bewildered air.

"Yes, those are the words. Do not forget them. Simple as they may seem there lurks a spell in them that will make his cheek blanch and his heart sink within him. 'What was Isora's bridal vow?' she added, wildly. "Aye, what was it, indeed? It will be well for him if he remembers it in time and guides his course accordingly."

"And if he asks me what I mean and where I heard those words?" said Rose, timidly, "what am I to answer?"

"Say to him—tell him—why, tell him all."

"Of your visit?"

"Yes, at night I care," she answered, recklessly. "And say—last he shall doubt you—show him this."

She threw off her gauntlet as she spoke, and taking a ring from her finger, placed it in the hand of Rose. It was a star of diamonds, with a ruby of great purity and brilliancy blazing like an eye of light in the center.

"Show him that and he'll ask no more questions, I'll warrant."

She drew on her glove as she spoke and bade Rose, with a black horse seeing her coming set up a loud and joyful neigh, and she threw her arm round his arching neck and kissed him on the forehead before she mounted.

"The poor creature knows no better than to love me," she said, as she seated herself in the saddle and took the bridle in her hand. "Remember that if he ever comes to you—pest him—use him gently for my sake when I am gone. Adieu." She waved her hand as she tightened the snaffle rein, and the good steed dashed away along the forest path in the direction of Winstanah. While Rose stood gazing after her another rider approached the cottage from the same direction. Sir Laurence, mounted on a thoroughbred bay, and riding at full speed. He leaped to the ground and saluted Rose as warmly as usual, but his face was pale and his eyes wild and fixed, as if he had seen some dreadful thing.

"You look ill, Sir Laurence," said Rose, watching him narrowly.

"No doubt, no doubt," was his hurried reply. "Something strange has happened me. I have seen a ghost of my youth."

"When and where?"

"But now, and here. Pshaw! what do you ask me these foolish questions for, and what can you know of Rose. I want you. I must have you at once—at once! I'll see—by heaven—if that—if anything else in this wide world will have the power to drive the memory of the past away! 'Tis nothing but memory. I know that full well. And you, sweet Rose, shall exercise it when you are once my own."

"What have you seen?"

"A ghost, child!" he said, harshly. "Trouble me no more about it; but go into the cottage and make ready to accompany me to London tonight."

The girl shrank from him with a look of dismay and fear.

"Impossible!"

"Tut! There's no such word as that in my whole life. I have seen your father. He consents to the plan and will go with us to give you away. A special license will do the rest, and as Lady Gray you may buy all the fripperies and gewgaws your heart can desire. Hilt gives you cards Blanche, so far as that is concerned. Only let me end this business at once and forever by calling you mine."

"Sir Laurence!" she cried, in utter desperation—"Sir Laurence, what was Isora's bridal vow?"

Scarcely had the words left her lips before she repented having spoken them. Sir Laurence gazed at her wildly a moment, then gasped for breath and staggered back against the fence on which she was leaning. His features worked convulsively, his blood grew purple, and a fringe of white foam stood upon his stiff and rigid lips.

"Oh, forgive me!" she cried, wringing her hands in fear and distress. "I did not think that I should pain you so. What shall I do to help you?"

"Call no one—do nothing—never speak of this if you value your life. Answer me. Whom have you seen? Who dared to mention those words to you or bid you repeat them to me.

"A woman—a lady," sobbed Rose.

"Where did you see her?"

"Here.

"When?"

"Not half an hour since."

"Was she walking?"

"No, mounted.

"On a black horse?"

"Yes."

"Did she know of this?"

He touched the diamond ring she still wore—his gift to her that day.

"She did."

"From you?"

"No; from others."

"You did not deny it?"

"How could I?"

"And she gave you what did she say?"

"That she had known you once—and far too well for her own peace of mind here or hereafter."

"Ha! what more?"

"She promised to save me—I faltered Rose.

"From me?"

"Yes."

He drew a long breath as she spoke.

"Is my soul, you are bold to say it to my face. How was she to do this?"

"I do not know."

"And she bade you ask me that question?"

"She did."

He stamped his foot upon the ground.

"It was no dream, then—no vision of the lead that I saw—but herself! herself!"

He sprang to the saddle, then bent down again to speak to Rose.

"Go, go as I bade you. We leave to-night for London."

"Sir Laurence!"

"Girl, do you dare to trifle with me now? You had better face the mouth of the lion who has lost his mate than mine if you disobey me! Let me find you in readiness. I shall come or send for you before the twilight falls. If you are wise you will obey the summons."

He gave his horse the rein and galloped swiftly away, and Rose, burying her face in her hands, stood sobbing at the garden gate as if her very heart would break. The tallman in which she had trusted so implicitly had failed her where could she turn for help or comfort now?

CHAPTER VII.

A hand laid somewhat roughly upon the girl's shoulder roused her from that fit of grief. She looked up, half dreading to see Sir Laurence again by her side. But it was her father who stood there. One look from his set and lowering face told her that it was almost useless to plead her cause with him.

"Father there was a woman here to-day—a lady."

"Pshaw! What time have I to stand here listening to your tales of ladies? We must be on our way in two hours. Rose, on I must be escaping by myself that in the public bustish of the business."

"Wait hear me one moment. This lady knew much of Sir Laurence. She said she could save me from him. She told me to show him this, and he would never molest me again."

"A sparkler! And did you show it to him?"

"Yes."

"Why not?"

"She told me to ask him a question, and when he heard it he fell into such a paroxysm of rage and fear I dared not show him the ring. He looked as if he was dying, father, when I said those words."

"And what wonderful words were they then?"

"What was Isora's bridal vow?"

"And he seemed so startled?"

"Startled is no word for the agitation Sir Laurence manifested, father. He was like a man who saw a spirit stand before him. The fact he said that he had seen a ghost of his youth rise up suddenly in his path, and made me question him no more about it."

"Hem! And this lady—did he see her?"

"I cannot tell. But from the words that fell from him afterward, I thought he had at least caught a glimpse of her."

"It is strange,—very strange," said John Allwynne, musingly.

Rose hearing this took heart of grace.

"So strange, father, that I think I ought to know what his words and action meant before I become his wife."

"So you are barking back to the old scent again, are you? It won't do, lass; it won't do. I'll see Sir Laurence myself about this matter, and have a full explanation before you are Lady Gray. You can leave your honor safely in your father's care, my girl. And now hasten into the house and get ready such things as you need, for in an hour's time we must be on our way."

Rose wrung her hands despairingly, then glanced toward the distant pool, and grew strangely calm.

He followed his daughter in the cottage, and began his own preparations for departure, without saying another word to her upon the subject which so engrossing the thoughts of both.

She on her part was equally silent. And when she was ready they sat down, side by side (yet with what a wide mental gulf between them!) to await the coming of the carriage which Sir Laurence had promised to send for them in case he could not come in person to escort her to the Hall.

At twilight the conveyance came—a plain, close carriage, with coachman and footman in attendance, the latter of whom presented Rose with a sealed note.

She opened it and read as follows:

"Sudden and unexpected business revenues my presence at my seat. Hence, my dearest Rose Go you with your father, and I will meet you in Southampton.

LAURENCE."

She handed it to her father without a word, and allowed him to lead her to the carriage. Tears were in her eyes as she bent forward in her seat to see him fasten the cottage door—tears, for she felt as she passed by the quiet, woodland pool. But she said nothing. Their journey through the forest was a sad and silent one; for John Allwynne was self seemed wrapped up in a reverie of his own.

At Southampton Sir Laurence met them and handed Rose, with deference and respect, from the carriage to the train, which was already in waiting. In a few minutes more they were off past the power of returning, even if they had wished to do so.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Bridegroom's Chase.

Among the Arabs a curious custom prevails at the marriage. After various ceremonies the bridegroom is led in the evening into a large, dimly lighted room. Here, huddled on the floor in one side, are the female relatives and friends of the bride, all of the same height and size, all sparing precisely similar clothing and closely veiled. One of these is the bride, and it falls upon him to find out which it is. If he has been wise he has bribed some of the spectators to give him a sign to guide him, but if not he attempts to seize the veiled figure which he thinks to be his bride. If possible she slips from his grasp and runs away, with him in hot pursuit. An exciting chase follows, which terminates in catching her, when he tears the veil from her face. If it turns out that he has chosen correctly and that she is the bride, the chase is ended, but if not he must try again, after the captured girl has had time to arrange her disordered dress and take her place once more among the companions. Again he makes a selection and, after another long chase, succeeds in unveiling a second maiden, possibly only to find he has caught the same girl again. Many hours are consumed in this way, and it often occurs daylight before the unlucky bridegroom secures his bride.

An Estate Obtained by a Pun.

Land transfer has lost a great deal of the simplicity which characterized the operation in the olden time. The pleasant land of Bosham, in Sussex, once belonged to the archbishop of Canterbury, but was hard coveted by Earl Godwin, supported of the last of the Saxon kings, whose treasury was unfortunately too empty to purchase it. He obtained the place by a novel system of land transfer. His lordship attended a church ceremony in the archbishop's cathedral, followed by his retainers, and, in accordance to time-honored custom, said to his grace, "Da mihi basium," following "Give me the kiss of peace," intuitively suggesting "basium" he ingeniously substituted the provincial pronunciation of Bosham. The bishop graciously replied, "Do tibi basium," which, being interpreted, is "I give thee the kiss," which he did. But Godwin said, "Thou hast given me Bosham," to which all his retainers cried, "Why cert'nly," and the whole crew at once rode off to take possession of the delightful Saxon sex territory. The archbishop could not help himself and allowed the transfer to pass, for law had greatly complicated matters since then.—London Telegraph.

A Faithful Servant.

Rostopchin was the governor of Moscow when Napoleon's army, planned the burning of that city, and so great a serious check to Napoleon's career. One day the Emperor Paul returned from a parade greatly irritated because he considered the cloth furnished for the soldiers' uniforms to be of very bad quality. He ordered Rostopchin to write at once, and desire that the cloth should every year be procured from England. The court replied that to do so would end the Russian cloth manufacture and ruin all the Russian merchants. As the emperor insisted, he wrote the letter and gave it to him to sign. After the signature he added, in his own hand: "Do nothing of the kind, he is crazy." Paul evidently observed that he was trying something, and Rostopchin quietly handed him the letter. Paul was walking up and down the room. He turned pale, still strode violently back and forth, and then suddenly threw the letter into the fire. "You are right," he said, embracing Rostopchin; "would to heaven that all my servants were like you!"—Argonaut.

Now They Go Slumming.

Country visitors to New York almost always visit Trinity churchyard, the gallery of the stock exchange, Brooklyn bridge and Castle Garden. Since the investigation of New York's crime and its protected quarters has been given such prominence, in the newspapers very many strangers now go "slumming" on their own account, visiting Hester street and the shady precincts in the Tenderloin district.

Testing His Ability.

Loiterer, at railway station—Why does that boy get up a yell every time a locomotive whistle blows?

Small Boy—He's tryin' tee see if he's got voice enough to drown the noise of the engine.

Loiterer—What for?

Small Boy—He wants ter find out if he's adapted for sellin' papers.

Ready for Anything.

Mr. Friesque—Dear Miss Grabber, may I dare to hope that some day you will be my wife?

Miss Grabber—You may, Henry, and the sooner the better. Get your life insured and the license to-morrow. We'll get married the day after. Delays are dangerous.—Judge.

Willy's Reason.

Willy—I know why the longest days come in summer, Uncle Ben.

Uncle Ben—Won't you tell me why, Willy?

Willy—Why, because then it is vacation!—Puck.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

THE LOOKING GLASS AS A SERMON SUBJECT.

If We Could Only See a Reflection of Our Hearts the World Would Indeed be Better—The Truths of Jesus Christ Are Forever Interesting.

BROOKLYN, Oct 28.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has left India and is now on his homeward journey, has selected as the subject of his sermon to-day through the press: "The Looking Glass," his text being Exodus, 38: viii: "And he made the laver of brass, and the foot of the laver of brass, of the looking glasses of the women assembling.

We often hear about the gospel in John and the gospel in Luke, and the gospel in Matthew; but there is just as surely a gospel of Moses, and a gospel of Jeremiah, and a gospel of David. In other words Christ is as certain to be found in the Old Testament as in the New.

When the Israelites were marching through the wilderness, they carried their church with them. They called it the tabernacle. It was a pitched tent; very costly, very beautiful. The frame work was made of the finest boards of acacia wood set in sockets of silver. The curtains of the place were purple, and scarlet, and blue, and fine linen, and were hung with most artistic loops. The candlestick of the tabernacle had shaft, and branch, and bowl of solid gold, and the figures of cherubim were wrought out of the purest of gold; and there were lamps of gold, and snuffers of gold; so that scepticism has sometimes asked: Where did all this material come from? Well, it is not my place to furnish the precious stones, it is only to tell that they were there.

I wish now more especially to speak of the laver that was built in the midst of that ancient tabernacle. It was a great basin from which the priests washed their hands and feet. The water came down from the basin in spouts and passed away after the cleansing. This laver or basin was made out of the looking glasses of the women who had frequented the tabernacle, and who had made these their contribution to the furniture. These looking glasses were not made of glass, but they were brazen. The brass was of a very superior quality, and polished until it reflected easily the features of those who looked into it. So that this laver of looking glasses spoken of in my text did double work; it not only furnished the water in which the priests washed themselves, but it also, on its shining, polished surface, pointed out the spots of pollution on the face which needed ablution. Now, my brothers and sisters, everything in that ancient tabernacle was suggestive of religious truth, and for the most part positively symbolical of truth. I think that the laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text as all suggestive of the gospel, which first shows us our sins as in a mirror, and then washes them away by divine ablution.

Oh, happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away!

I know to say that this is the only looking glass in which a man can see himself as he is. There are some mirrors that flatter the features, and make you look better than you are. Then there are other mirrors that lengthen the features, and make you look worse than you are; but I want to tell you that this laver of glass of the gospel shows a man just as he is. When the priests entered the ancient tabernacle one glance at the burnished sides of this laver showed them their need of cleansing; so this gospel shows the soul its need of divine washing. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." That is one showing. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." That is another showing. "From the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no health in us." That is another showing. The world calls these defects, imperfections, or eccentricities, or erratic behavior, or "wild oats," or "high living;" but the gospel calls them sin, transgression, filth—the abominable thing that God hates. I was just now glance at that mirror that made Paulery out, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" and that made David cry out, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and make Martin Luther cry out, "Oh, my sins, my sins!" I am not talking about bad habits. You and I do not need any Bible to tell us that bad habits are wrong, that blasphemy and evil speaking are wrong. But I am talking of a sinful nature, the source of all bad thoughts, as well as of all bad actions. The apostle Paul calls their roll in the first chapter of Romans. They are a regiment of death encamping around every heart, holding it in a tyranny from which nothing but the grace of God can deliver it.

If you could catch a glimpse of your natural heart before God, you would cry out in amazement and alarm. The very first thing this gospel does is to cast down our pride of self-sufficiency. If a man does not feel his lost, undone, ruined condition before God, he does not want any gospel. I think the reason that there are so few conversions in this day is because the tendency of the preaching is to make men believe that they are pretty good anyhow—quite clever, only wanting a little fixing up—a few touches of divine grace, and then you will be all right; instead of proclaiming the broad, deep truth that Paul, when he was ready thundered to a race trembling on the verge of infinite and eternal disaster. "Now," says some one, "can this really be true, that there is no good man, that there no good in us?" In Hampton court I saw a room where the four walls were covered with looking glasses; and it made me feel nervous which way you looked, you saw yourself. And so it is in this gospel of Christ. If you once step within its precincts, you will find your whole character reflected; every feature of moral deformity, every spot of moral taint. If I understand the word of God, its first announcement is that we are lost. I care not, my brother, how magnificently you may have been born, or what may have been your lineage or ancestry, you are lost by reason of sin. "But," you say, "what is the use of all this—of showing a man's faults when he can't get rid of them?" Now, Christ was the use of that burnished surface to this laver of looking glasses spoken of in the text, for it only showed the spots on the consecrated priests needing of washing, and there was nothing to wash with?" Glory be to God, I find that this laver of looking glasses was filled with fresh water every morning, and the priest no sooner looked on its burnished side and saw his need of cleansing, than he washed and was clean—glorious type of the gospel of my Lord Jesus, that first shows a man his sin, and then washes it all away!

I want you to notice that this laver in which you see yourselves reflected of looking glasses—was filled with fresh water every morning. The servants of the tabernacle brought the water in buckets and poured it into this laver. So it is with the gospel of Jesus Christ; it has a fresh salvation every day. It is not a stagnant pool filled with accumulated corruptions. It is living water, which is brought from the eternal rock to wash away the sins of yesterday—of this moment ago. "Oh," says some one, "I was a Christian twenty years ago!" That does not mean anything to me. What are you now? We are not talking, my brother, about pardon ten years ago, but about pardon now—a fresh salvation. Suppose a time of war should come, and I could show the government that I had been loyal to it twelve years ago, would that excuse me from taking an oath of allegiance now? Suppose you ask me about my physical health, and I say I was well fifteen years ago—that does not say how I am now. The gospel of Jesus Christ comes and demands present allegiance, present loyalty, present moral health, and yet how many Christians there are seeking to live entirely in past experience, who seem to have no experience of present mercy and power. When I was on the sea, and there came up a great storm, and officers and crew and passengers all thought we must go down, I came to thinking of my life insurance, and whether, if I were taken away, my family would be cared for; and then I thought, is the premium paid up? and I said, yes. Then I felt comfortable. Yet there are men who, in religious matters, are looking back to past insurance. They have let the premium out, and they have no use for the present, no hope nor pardon—falling back on the old insurance policy of ten, twenty, thirty years ago. If I want to find out how a friend feels toward me, do I go to the drawer and find some old yellow letters written to me ten or twelve years ago? No! I go to the letter that was stamped day before yesterday in the postoffice, and I find how he feels toward me. It is not in regard to old communications we had from Jesus Christ, it is communications we have now. Are we not in sympathy with him this morning, and is he not in sympathy with us? Do not spend so much of your time in hunting in the wardrobe for the old, worn out shoes of Christian profession. Come this morning and take the glittering robe of Christ's righteousness from the Savior's hand. You say you were plunged in the fountain of the Savior's mercy a quarter of a century ago. That is nothing to me; I tell you to wash now in this laver of looking glasses and have your soul made clean. When our civil war had passed the government of the United States made proclamation of pardon to the common soldiery in the confederate army, but not to the chief soldiers. The gospel of Christ does not act in that way, it says pardon for all, but especially for the chief of sinners. I do not now think of a single passage that says a small sinner may be saved, but I do think of passages that say a great sinner may be saved. If there be sin only faintly hued, just a little tinged, so faintly colored that you can hardly see them, there is no special pardon promised in the Bible for those sins, but if they be glaring, red double crimson, then they shall be as snow. Now, my brother, I do not state this to put a premium upon great iniquity. I merely state this to encourage that man, whoever he is, who feels he is so far gone from God there is no mercy for him. I want to tell him there is a good chance. Why, Manasseh was a murderer, assisted at the execution of Stephen; and yet Paul was saved. The dying thief was saved. Richard Baxter swore dreadfully; but the grace of God met him and Richard Baxter was saved. It is a vast laver, go and tell everybody to come and wash in it. Let them come up from the penitentiaries and wash away their crimes. Let them come up from the dens of abominable houses and wash away their dirty. Let them come up from their graves and wash away their death. If there be any one so worn out in sin that he does not get up to the laver, you will take hold of his head and put your arms around him; and I will take hold of his feet, and we will plunge him in the laver of glass, the great laver of God's mercy and salvation. In Solomon's temple there were ten lavers and one molten sea—this great reservoir in the midst of the temple filled with water—these lavers and this molten sea adorned with figures of palm branch, and oxen, and lions, and cherubim. This fountain of God's mercy is a vaster molten sea than that. It is adorned not with palm branches, but with the wood of the cross; not with cherubim, but with the wings of the Holy Ghost; and around its great rim all the race may come and wash in the molten sea. I was reading the other day of Alexander the Great, who, when he was very thirsty and staggering at the head of his army, had brought to him a cup of water. He drank it, and then he said, "I can not drink this, my men are all thirsty;" and he dashed it to the ground. Blessed be God! there is enough water for the host—enough for captains and host, "Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely"—a laver broad as the earth, high as the heavens, and deep as hell.

Oh, my dear friends, I wish I could coax you to accept this gospel. If you could just take one look into this laver of looking glasses—spoken of in the text, you would begin now spiritual salvation. The love of Christ—I dare not, toward the close of my sermon, begin to tell about it. The love of Christ! Do not talk to me about a mountain; it is higher than that. Do not talk to me about a sea; it is deeper than that. And that is all for you! Oh, can you not love him? Come around this laver, old and young. It is so burnished you can see your sins; and so deep you can bury them all away. Oh, mourner, here bathe your bruised soul; and sick one, here cool your hot temples in this fount. Peace! Do not cry any more, dear soul! Pardon for all thy sins, comfort for all thy afflictions. The black cloud that hung thundering over Sinai has floated above Calvary, and burst into the shower of a Savior's tears.

Tablet for the Tea Pot.

A chemical addition to the tea table is the patent Tanocea, or tea toning tablet, a careful preparation of gelatine and alkaline salts, which, when added to an infusion of tea as ordinarily made, dissolves rapidly and combines with and dissolves the tannin contained in the tea, thus minimizing largely, if not entirely, the chances of that dyspepsia which is one of the worst effects of over indulgence in tea drinking. This is brought out in London, properly for the use of the greatest tea drinking country in the world.

Tolstoi's First Literary Work.

Count Tolstoi laid the foundation of his literary reputation by writing news letters from Sebastopol during

The best baking powder made is, as shown by analysis, the Royal.

Geo. Edson
Com'r of Health, New-York City.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The standard encyclopedia used by the Chinese consists of 5,020 pretty volumes.

Stamp duties yield the British government $60,000,000 a year. They are levied on legacies, insurance, deeds, bills and receipts.

A hog discovered a large owl in a Georgia farm yard. The owl was blinded by the sun and the hog cornered it and killed it.

The tallest man of whom there is authenticated measurements was Funnam of Scotland, who was eleven feet and six inches in height.

Japan has been afflicted by fewer internal revolutions than any other nation, the existing government having held unbroken sway for 2,400 years.

The only clothing materials used in Madagascar are silk and rofia cloth, the latter is spun from a fiber taken from a native plant and is seldom exported.

Dante, like many other men of high poetic temperament, was subject to fits of melancholy and alternating with wild spells of amatory passion. By many of his contemporaries he was regarded as insane.

In 1736, when he was 60 years old, Dean Swift was disabled by frequent attacks of deafness and vertigo. His infirmities rapidly increased, and in 1740 oft-repeated fits of passion ended in violent mania. This continued for two years, when it left him, and the last three years of his life were spent in speechless torpor.

Market Gardeners and Farmers.

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W. N. U.—D.—XII—44.

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