

BE A WOMAN.

BY A. KODJELLOV.

Oh I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Fleeting with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
"Strive, my dear, to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?
Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman! naught is higher
On the gilded crest of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman! On to duty!
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's giddy lady—
Be brave, whole-souled, true woman.

HIRING A CLERK.

The following is not a new story, but it is a true one, and we think it will bear repeating: A great many years ago, a tall muscular looking man walked into a wholesale grocery in Boston. He had evidently arrived from some of the backwood towns of Maine or New Hampshire. Accosting the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:—

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I do not know what can you do?"

"Do?" said the man; "I rather think that I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well—if I was to hire a man, it will be a strong wily fellow, one that could lift well; one, for instance, that could shoulder a sack of coffee like that yonder, and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There now, cap'n," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I hitch to; you can't suit me better. What will you give a man that will suit you?"

"I will tell you," said the merchant, "If you will shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for one year, at a salary of \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger. By this time every clerk in the store had gathered around, and were waiting to join in the laugh against the man, who, walking up to the stack, threw it across his shoulder with perfect ease, as it was not extremely heavy, and walking with it twice across the store, went quietly to a large hook, which was fastened to the wall, and then hanging it up, he turned to the merchant and said:—

"There now, it may hang there until doomsday; I shan't never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister. Just give me plenty to do; and one hundred dollars per month, and it is all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant, discomfited yet satisfied, kept to his agreement; and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm, and worth a million dollars."

EFFECT OF GROANING.

A certain Dutchman made his entry into New Orleans last summer while the cholera was raging there, and was greatly troubled in finding a boarding house. He inquired of the first one he saw if they had the cholera in the house, and learning that they had, he went to another; determined not to stop at any house where the disease was doing its work of death. At last, after a long and weary search, he found one where there was no cholera, and he took up his quarters there. The master of the house was a godly man, and had a rule to have family prayer. While he was offering the prayer, he groaned with some force and fervor, when the dutchman started up and cried out:—

"Vot ish ter matter?"

"Nothing," said the host.

In a short time he groaned ag and the Dutchman started, his eyes glarin like saucers, and exclaimed:—

"Oh! mein Got! der is something the matter mit you."

"No," said the landlord, and to calm his apprehension, he added, "I'm a Methodist, and it is the habit of the members of the Methodist church to groan during their devotions."

This was enough for the Dutchman, who rushed into the street for a doctor, and then begged him to run to the house on the corner.

"Have they got the cholera?" asked the doctor.

"No, worse; dey got the Methodist, and der man vill die if you don't run quick."

Cleanings.

Why is a spider a good correspondent?—Because he drops a line by every post.

When anger rises, think of the consequences.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are shewing you the grounds of it.

The blush is nature's alarm at the approach of sin, and her testimony to the dignity of virtue.

Why is a treadmill like a true convert?—Because its turning is the result of man's conviction.

Use not evasions when called upon to do a good thing, nor excuses when you are reproached for doing a bad one.

Every heavy burden of sorrow seems like a stone hung round our neck; yet are they often only like the stones used by pearl divers, which enable them to reach their prize and to rise enriched.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCE.—Said a friend to a merchant, who was trying to collect some outstanding bills, "You have a good deal of money coming to you, haven't you?" "Yes," replied the merchant; "and I can't help wondering why I have to run so often after what is coming to me."

Benevolence in itself is godlike; but beneficence alone is but a godlike statue—an effigy embodying a divine idea, but an effigy in marble. Add to beneficence sympathy and the statue takes bloom and life.

SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.—Chateneuf, Keeper of the Seals of Louis XIII., when a boy of only nine years old was asked many questions by a Bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said:—"I will give you an orange if you tell me where God is." "My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where He is not."

The following is an alarming evidence of the progress of the photographic art:—A lady, last week, had her likeness taken by a photographer; and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

CHEER UP.—Keep a brave heart. It matters not whether the sun shines on you or not, if you only have sunshine within. Do not pout and complain of "nasty weather," but see the sunny side of the subject, and laugh the storm or misfortune in the face. Should trouble overtake you, look it out of countenance—it will soon disappear.

HOURS THAT SHINE.—There is a sun-dial in Italy which bears this inscription:—"I mark the hours that shine." Aye, that is the secret of a cheerful and grateful heart to "mark the hours that shine." He who does this, will ordinarily find more hours that shine than are clouded—more good than ill in his lot; and he shall never be able to say, I have no occasion for thanksgiving.

The other day a lady fell off the Brooklyn (New York) boat into the East River. A poor Irishman dived and rescued her. When she was safe on deck again, her husband, who had been a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave fellow a shilling. Upon some of the bystanders expressing indignation, Pat said, as he pocketed the money, "Don't blame the jittleman—he knows best; mayhap if I hadn't saved her, he'd have given me a dollar!"

Hahnemann, the founder of the Homeopathic school, was one day consulted by a wealthy English lord. The doctor listened patiently to the statement which the patient made to him. He then took a small phial, opened it, and held it under his lordship's nose. "Smell! Well, you are cured." The lord asked, in surprise, "How much do I owe you?" "A thousand francs," was the reply. The lord immediately pulled out a bank note, and held it under the doctor's nose. "Smell! Well, you are paid!"

ECONOMY.—"Waste not, want not," is a good old proverb. "He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much." A person who takes no care of the materials committed to his hands by his employer will never duly husband his own property. Economy and wastefulness are habits that will influence us in all things, both when we are engaged about our own substance or that of another. To waste another's goods is the same as to rob him. The loss in both cases is equal, and the principles whence they spring very much alike. The man who takes care of his employer's goods is sure to look after his own, and thus is on the road to prosperity.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity. Eternity! stupendous thought! The ever present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain composing the life God—the golden thread entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchre; its pleasures, they are but bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty, can come no footsteps of decay.

STRANGE CRIME.

(Telegram to Manchester Guardian.)

To-day, at Warwick assizes, before Mr. Justice Blackburn, Frederick Farley, 55, plumber, of West Bromwich, was indicted for wounding James Hamilton Marr, at Birmingham, in February last, with intent to murder him. The prosecutor is a banker in Upper Priory, Birmingham, and the prisoner had through him frequently advised trade bills, but there had been no unpleasantness. On several nights prisoner called at the bank, which did not close until six o'clock, and he always carried a long parcel. On the 16th of February last he called and asked for the prosecutor. He was told he would shortly be disengaged, and he waited with the mysterious parcel in his possession. Suddenly he attacked Mr. Marr with a short stick, into the end of which two sharp steel spikes had been firmly fixed. He stabbed Mr. Marr, but the spike struck a metal button, which it split in two, and then entered prosecutor's coat. But for this obstruction the medical witnesses thought the blow would have proved fatal. The prisoner made several other stabs at the prosecutor, and on assistance arriving he hurled the instrument at Mr. Marr, when it struck in the doorway through which he had just passed, penetrating half an inch. The prisoner struck two men, named Gilliver, violent blows on the head with a hammer when they attempted to arrest him, and he was also found possessed of a new butcher's knife. When in the lock-up he attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat. The defence set up was that the prisoner, from injury sustained to his head years ago, was not sane at the time. The jury found the prisoner guilty of attempting to murder, and he pleaded guilty to a previous conviction for forgery. His Lordship said the object of the attack was evidently robbery, and he sentenced the prisoner to penal servitude for life. The prisoner clung to the bar, and asserted that he had had a most unfair trial.

AMERICAN.

The San Francisco papers say that Josie Mansfield has bought a house in that city, which she will occupy permanently.

The *Versailles* (Mo.) *Gazette* says that there is a sheep-eating mule in that neighbourhood, which feeds on mutton and grass alternately. He has eaten up a large number of lambs, and the poor dogs have been blamed for it.

Michigan has a law making it a misdemeanour punishable by fine and imprisonment, to aim a firearm at any person, whether it be loaded or not, and if harm come of such an act, the perpetrator is responsible criminally and pecuniarily.

Miss Lillie Donovan, a New Orleans beauty, recently addressed the following challenge to a rival, Miss Julia Riddle:—"Miss Julia: When you get ready to choose your sekonds and the hour to fite and the place let me no, for I'm ready. Your mistress."

The peach growers of Jersey and Delaware always circulate preliminary wails concerning the shortness of the crop in order to stimulate the market; but this year some one has peached that the growth promises very extraordinary things both in quantity and quality.

A friend of the *Christian Register*, New York, writes a clergyman that he has got so far in politics as to hurrah for Gr., but doesn't know whether to end with ant or eeley. The clergyman replies by referring him to Proverbs vi, 6—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard."

An afflicted patron of intelligence offices thus gives vent to his emotions in an American paper: "Earnestly solicited—A person of culture and aesthetic taste to preside at the kitchen range where there are only two in family. Salary, whatever such a superior mortal could deign to ask."

The Lebanon (Ky.) *Standard* says that two men came into Greensburg last week from Bush creek and wanted to enlist in Gen. Hobson's regiment of Union volunteers to aid in putting down the rebellion. They had never been in town before, and had not heard that the war was over.

Miss Maggie Knight, of Holyoke, Mass., recently patented a square-bottomed bag for the use of grocers and others, and now she has still further increased the value of her invention by inventing a machine for folding bags, by which two girls can make thirty thousand bags per day.

The Lynchburg (Va.) *Republican* says that Mrs. Woodson, the mother of "Stonewall" Jackson, lies buried in the neighbouring burying ground of the late James Westlake, Esq., near the Hawk's nest, Fayette County, West Virginia. The grave is uncared for, and the burying grounds are in ruins.

Tying a line, on the end of which is a fish hook, to a large rocket, hitching the hook to a man's hat and then getting him to fire off the rocket, is the latest form of practical joking in Troy, New York. It works to the intense astonishment of the victim, and the intense amusement of the jokers.

"Slaughter of the Innocents" is what the Cincinnati *Gazette* calls the butchery of three hundred dogs without muzzles. The city offered fifty cents a head for dogs found without muzzles, and the boys set to work taking muzzles off of poodles and stealing house dogs from the doors of their owners.

Eastern farmers little appreciate the attractions of cultivating the soil in the West. In Iowa, for instance, the sons of toil are fighting the potato-bug, chinch-bug, cut-worm, wire-worm, grub-worm, army-worm, gopher, ground-squirrel, mice, rats, meadow-mole, caterpillar, curculio, blackbird, mischievous neighbours and rambling stock.

Following the pattern set by New York, Philadelphia has raised a fund of several thousand dollars to provide free excursions for the poor children of the city during the summer, and committees of its foremost citizens have undertaken the superintendence of the charity; and Baltimore and other cities are preparing to do likewise.

It is stated that thirty of the best European engravers are engaged in New York in manufacturing counterfeit plates of European bank notes. Fifty persons travel between New York and Europe, carrying over the counterfeit bills to the Old World, and

as many more act as agents in the larger cities of Europe for the circulation of spurious currency.

A brother and sister, named Moses and Anna Paulette, have just been sent to the asylum from Albany. For some months past they have imagined that the city of Albany was indebted to them in the sum of \$52,000, and they have attended every court during the period, expecting the case would be passed upon. They have also supposed that their neighbours intended to poison them, and for the last four or five nights have sought refuge in the station house.

The Boston *Globe* says there are scores of men in that city in all the learned professions who do the greater part of their work under the influence of opium. For this fact it names two causes, the unpopularity of alcoholic drinks and the occult demands of a high civilization. But this ought to be borne in mind by those who are tempted to use this narcotic; it is almost impossible to break off its use, and its continued use is physical destruction.

Virginia City has an awful and exciting mystery. The bodies of two unknown women were found in an obscure cabin in an unknown part of the city last week. The bodies maintained the rosy hue of life peculiar to arsenic eaters, with no indications of decomposition or decay; both were fashionably attired in dresses of costly material, with the accessories of lace collars and undersleeves of costly material. Nearly the entire population had been to look at the corpses, but they were still unrecognized.

The San Salvadorian troops, commanded by Mendina alias Mendineta, have occupied Omoa, Honduras. The town itself was defenceless, and was soon in the hands of the enemy. The Hondurian fort fired on the town, killing seven San Salvadorians. Some of the balls penetrated the British Consulate and other buildings. The San Salvadorians then took the women and children of the town, including the wife of the President of Honduras, and placed them in the main street, where they all remained as hostages, threatened with death unless the fort surrendered. Pillaging had already been inaugurated. Mendineta compelled the acting President, Gomez, to nominate him (Mendineta) as President of Honduras. The inauguration occurred on the 17th. The Hondurians were averse to the inauguration, and none were present at the ceremonies, while many fled to the woods.

Lieut. Burke, of the Texas Mounted Police Force, and others have been examined before a United States Commission on Mexican outrages, sitting at Brownsville. Their evidence shows an appalling record of murders. Numbers of army officers and soldiers and couriers have been killed for plunder. State officials and custom officers have been killed, and their bodies mangled with Indian malice. Men have been killed within the limits of Brownsville, and officers besieged at the mouth of Rio Grande, murdered by parties crossing in full daylight. Nothing is safe from the spoilers and thieves, who are armed with Spencer and Winchester rifles. A war of races is looked on as inevitable.

HOW A MAN'S FRIENDS NEARLY STRANGLER HIM.

(From the St. Louis Republican.)

A man named Henry Neeley went down into a well on Saturday night at Bissell's Point for the purpose of recovering a hat which had been dropped in. In a short time he gave a signal of distress, which told those above him that he was being overcome with foul air. There was but little time for deliberation. A rope was hastily procured by the bystanders, one end of which was formed into a noose and let down to the sufferer. After angling a moment the man in the well gave the rope a little jerk, and the men at the other end commenced pulling it up. When about half way out they discovered that the noose had fallen over the man's head, and that he was dangling by the neck. Horrified at the discovery, they wisely concluded that death by strangulation was no worse than death by suffocation, and so they continued to pull away until they landed Neeley on terra firma in an unconscious state. By the application of proper restoratives he was reanimated, and is now doing well.

SUICIDE IN HYDE PARK.

In the *Times* of Tuesday information was given of the suicide, in Kensington Gardens, of a young gentleman named Frank Sharpe, and the facts disclosed at the inquest, which was held by Mr. Bedford, at the Kensington Workhouse, within thirty hours of the occurrence, were peculiarly distressing. The deceased, who was about 23 years old, and was connected with the corn trade in the City of London, was married only on Saturday last, and the marriage seemed in every way a suitable and happy union. On Monday morning, between seven and eight o'clock, the deceased went up to a constable in that part of the Gardens known as St. Gover's Well, and asked him where the Albert Memorial was the Memorial being a prominent object at no very great distance. The constable replied, "Why, there it is." The young gentleman thereupon exclaimed, "Oh, dear! I don't know what's the matter with me this morning. I feel quite bewildered." About three minutes afterwards three pistol shots were heard. Two gentlemen who were returning from bathing in the Serpentine saw a young man firing a revolver in the air; he fired two shots rapidly without apparently aiming at anything. Then they saw him leap into the air and fall lifeless on the ground. The two gentlemen and the policeman reached the body very quickly, and it was found that the deceased had placed the muzzle of the revolver at the centre of his forehead and had thus caused instantaneous death. In his pocket was a letter addressed to his brother, and also a note, with a sovereign, saying that the money was for whoever found his body and took it to the dead-house. The constable at once went to the house of the brother, where the sad news was known almost at the very moment the man knocked at the door, for the early post had brought letters from the deceased stating his resolution to take away his life, and saying where his body would be found. It was apparent that the letters had been written on some other date than that on which they were posted, for there were creases and the fresh date was filled in. In

the letters he spoke about himself as being weakly in frame, and as unable to bear the work of life, and unfit for his then position. Evidence was given, showing that the deceased had acted very strangely at times towards his friends; that he had no pecuniary troubles, and that his mind must have given way before a growing melancholia. The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased committed suicide while in an unsound state of mind."—*Times*.

FOREIGN.

An expedition to fix the exact locality of the garden of Eden is spoken of.

A brother of Mrs. Scott-Siddons is about to make his debut as an actor at Bristol, Eng.

Her Majesty has recommended Parliament to grant a pension of £1,000 a year for life to the widowed Countess of Mayo.

A fall of manna is reported at Cannanore, in the Madras presidency. It is a gummy, honey-like juice, sticking on the leaves of the trees and the grass.

The brother of the King of Portugal, who is said to possess a remarkable tenor voice, lately made his debut at a private concert in the salon of the French President.

A Jewish faculty has been established by the Emperor of Austria in the Imperial University, to be equal in rights and privileges to the Roman Catholic and Protestant faculties.

The *Vossische Zeitung*, the great advertising medium in Berlin, is offered for sale. A stock company offered three million thalers for it, but the proprietors asked one million more.

A London journal states that 120,000 square feet of land on the Holborn Viaduct in that city has been let upon a building lease for £15,000, or \$75,000 gold per annum.

It is rumored that Commodore Jenkins, weary of the bore of doing nothing on land, is about to resume the position of principal old salt of the Cunard line, and take command of the *Scotia*.

The Russian Government has decided that foreign insurance companies must deposit \$377,000 (half a million roubles) in the bank of Russia, as a precedent to being admitted to do business in that country.

The English rivers are to be stocked with American black bass, a quantity of the young fry from Saratoga Lake having recently been despatched to England for the purpose of trying the experiment.

The investigation preliminary to Marshal Bazaine's trial is scarcely likely to be completed before the end of September, and it is expected that the actual trial will not take place before the beginning of October.

At the annual meeting of the British Woman's Suffrage Society, Jacob Bright, M. P., said he believed they would soon obtain the object for which they were working, as the question had risen into national importance.

At a garden party near Henley, Eng., the other day, each lady on arrival was presented by the hostess with a pair of galoshes, one hundred pairs having been telegraphed for from London when the morning proved unpropitious.

The Duke of Cleveland has lately bought an estate in Yorkshire belonging to a Mr. Millbank, who is a member of the House of Commons. The money to be paid is as follows: One million dollars down, and one hundred thousand dollars a year.

Many varieties of the American grape are now successfully cultivated in France, among them the Clinton, Cunningham, Delaware, and Taylor. They are said to grow luxuriantly in the French vineyard soil, and the wine made from them is of a superior quality.

Dejazet, the French actress, who has entered upon her seventy-fifth year, is drawing crowds nightly at Marseilles, to see her in the plays of "Monsieur Garat" and "Gentil Bernard." She dances, say the French critics, with the most elegant dexterity.

The marriage of Captain W. B. Hallott of the missionary brig *Morning Star* to Miss Mercy R. Hall, of Yarmouth, is thus announced in a Hawaiian paper:—

"HALLETT—HALL.—Ma keia kulanakauhale, June 4, ma ka Luakini of Kaukaea, mareia e Rev. W. Frear, o Kapena Uilama B. Hallett o ke kiauia Missionari Hokuao, la Miss Mercie R. Hall of Yarmouth, Mass., Ma kahi o Rev. J. F. Pogue ka luana ana."

Another great historic house—Northumberland House, in Trafalgar Square, London—is doomed. The Metropolitan Board of Works are elaborating a great scheme for making a new road through Northumberland House to the Victoria Embankment. The scheme is estimated to cost several millions of pounds. Northumberland House alone being down for £489,500. It is stated that the Duke of Northumberland is favourable to the scheme.

The historical lime or linden tree, under which Martin Luther preached at Ringthal, in Saxony (because the neighbouring town of Mittweida would not allow the Reformer to appear in public, and the Ringthal church proved too small), was burnt to a mere stump on the 26th June. The accident is attributed to the sordid practice of some peasants having used fire to expel and "hive" a swarm of bees "on the wing" which had taken refuge in the old branches.

The London *Echo* says the failure to convict Stokes of the attempt to murder Flak is not altogether surprising, though it is of course due to the confusion of mind almost always observable in a jury. On the fact it was clearly their duty to convict, leaving the law responsible for the result. But falling into the usual error of jurymen, some appear to have supposed it their business to decide upon the equity of the case; and feeling that Stokes had rid New York of a social pest, and perhaps also having a sympathy for him as a man whom Flak had sworn to ruin, they would not convict. This is practically a miscarriage of justice; and in England, as well as in America, this habit of juries to overstep their duties results in a failure of justice ten times for once that it operates beneficially.