

## THE NECESSARY DAILY PROPORTION OF FOOD.

Dr. Mott gives the following daily proportion of food as requisite to sustain life healthily and soundly:—

1st Class.—Persons of moderate health and little exercise, 12 to 18 oz. of food, equal to 10 oz. of nutritious matter.

2nd Class.—Persons of good health and ordinary labour (mechanics, etc.,) 18 to 24 oz. of food, equal to 16 oz. of nutriment.

3rd Class.—Persons of sound health, hard labour, and consequent violent exercise, 24 to 30 oz. of food, equal to 22 oz. nutriment.

## WHY SHE WEPT.

Old Nancy had been telling Bijah that she'd give the court as good "sass" as he sent, and that he might give her six months, and be hanged to him. She walked out with an ugly look in her eyes, and her teeth shut, and was impatient for the affray to begin.

"Years and years ago," began his Honor, talking as if to himself, "I used to pass a white house on Second Street. It was so white and clean, and its green blinds contrasted so prettily, that I used to stand on the walk and wonder if the inmates were not the happiest people in Detroit. They were happy. They had plenty. They had children who played games on the green grass, and the birds sang all day long in the arbors."

Old Nancy looked around uneasily as he waited a moment. "As years went by, the white house turned brown with neglect. The birds went away. The children died, or grew up ragged and uncivil. I well remember the day the husband and father put a pistol to his head and ended his shame and life together. The wife was drunk when the body was brought home by the crowd."

A low moan of pain escaped the old woman's lips.

"It was her love for drink that killed that man—that buried the children—that sent the birds away—that passed the place into strangers' hands," whispered the court. "Is the woman dead?"

Old Nancy groaned as her tears fell.

"No, she lives. She has no home, no friends, no one to love her. There must be times when she looks back to plenty, peace and happiness, and has such a heartache as few women know of. There must be times when she remembers the graves she once wept over, and children's voices must some time remind her of the tones of those laid to rest long years ago. I would not be in her place for all the wealth in the world."

"O, sir, don't talk to me—don't call it up!" she moaned as she wrung her hands.

"You may go," he quietly said; "You have not long to live. There are those here who can remember when you had silk instead of rags—when you rode in your carriage instead of wandering through alleys and lying in the gutter. Some morning you will be found dead. That will be the last act in a drama so full of woe and misery and wretchedness that it will be a relief to know that you are dead."

White as a ghost, trembling in every limb, and weeping like a child, she passed out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## CHARACTER OF CRITICISM.

Fastidiousness, the discernment of defects and the propensity to seek them in natural beauty are the proof of taste, but the evidences of its absence. It is at least an insensibility to beauty; it is worse than that, since it is a depravity, when pleasure is found in the discovery of such defects, real or imaginary. And he who affects this because he considers it an evidence of his taste, is at least pitifully ignorant; while not seldom punished by the conversion of that affectation into a reality. And it is the same in the criticism as applied to works of literature. It is not the eye for faults, but beauties that constitutes the real critic in this as in all else. He who is most discerning in the beauties of poetry is the man of taste, the true judge, the only critic. The critic, as he is currently termed, who is discerning in nothing but faults may care little to be told that this is the mark of unamiable dispositions or of bad passions; but he might not feel equally easy were he convinced that he thus gives the most absolute proofs of ignorance and want of taste.

## Words of Two Meanings.

"What is thee doing there?" a mild-faced Quaker said to a well-grown youth on North Tenth Street, some evenings since, who was amusing himself and some boys and girls looking out of the neighboring windows, by pinning bits of paper, fancy-colored cards, &c., to the rear garments of passers-by, without much regard to age or sex. "What is thee doing there, I say?"

"I was only *ad-dressing* the lady, sir," was the pert reply.

The mild-faced Quaker collared that youth, shook him as a terrier would a rat, beat his head against a board fence, then laid him down and rolled him over again and again in the mud. Then, when the youth got up timidly, wondering if "a section of the day of judgment" had not overtaken him, and still further wondering if it was quite through with him yet, the Quaker said:

"Does *thee* know what I was doing? I was *red-dressing* that lady. Now, if thee has any garments better or cleaner than thy muddy ones, perhaps thee had better re-dress thyself."

But the youth crept home and undressed to have his wounds dressed.—*Phil. Sun. Trans.*

## DEATH.

This is the first heavy loss which you have ever experienced; hereafter the bitterness of the cup will have passed away, and you will then perceive its wholesomeness. This world is all to us till we suffer some such loss, and every such loss is a transfer of so much of our hearts and hopes to the next, and they who live long enough to see most of their friends go before them, feel that they have more to recover by death than is lost by it. This is not the mere speculation of a mind at ease. Almost all who were about me in my childhood have been removed. I have brothers, sisters, friends, father, mother, and child in another state of existence; and assuredly I regard death with very different feelings from that I should have done, if none of my affections were fixed beyond the grave. To dwell upon the circumstances which in this case lessen the evil of separation would be idle; at present you acknowledge, and in time you will feel them.

USELESS WOMEN.—It is when the fashionably brought up girl is reduced to poverty that she realizes her own uselessness. In large cities there are thousands of women who can do nothing in particular—educated, accomplished, refined, but unable to earn a living at anything anybody wants done. The number of these cases is frightful. The other day a young woman who had lost her husband and been swindled out of her little property by a lawyer, applied for work. She could speak three languages and teach four; she could teach music; she could copy letters, direct envelopes, entertain their company, sing—she had never made bread nor even her own dresses, and could not read aloud so that any body would care to listen to her. She had good nature and an extra boarding-school finish, but there was nothing of practical, available training between the upper and under side of her equipment. And her case represents that of hundreds. The girl of the period is ornamental, perhaps, but certainly not useful.

THE LATE ALVIN ADAMS.—Mr Adams, the founder of the Adams' Express Company, and the late Captain Coit of Norwich, were close friends, and it is related that the former often sailed with the captain on his voyages between New York and Norwich. On one of these journeys, Mr. Adams said to Captain Coit, "I wish I could find something to do." The captain, with his well known business readiness, replied, "Do you see those bundles and packages in the berth of my stateroom? Their number is increasing with every trip; they are in the way, and the care and attention I have to give to them consumes more time than I can afford. Suppose you collect and take charge of these private packages for a fair compensation. I think you can easily build up a paying business." Mr. Adams was not slow to grasp the idea and embrace the offer. From this obscure and insignificant beginning sprung in a short time the Adams Express Company. The first express contract made by Mr. Adams from Boston to New York is among Captain Coit's papers.—*True Flag.*