TWO VEILS.

From the nun's wan life a buried passion
Blossomed like a grave-rose in her face;
"Sweet my child," she said, "in what fair fashion
Do you mean to wear this lovely lace?

"Thus?"—and, with feverish hand and shaken
Round her head the precious veil she wound
"Faith in man," she said, "I have forsaken;
Faith in God most surely I have found.

"Yet, with music in the dewy distance
And the whole land flowering at my feet,
Through this convent-garment's dark resistance
Backward I can hear the fierce heart beat.

"Tropic eyes too full of light and languor,
Northern soul too grey with Northern frost:
Ashes—ashes after fires of anger—
Love and beauty—what a world I lost!"

"Sister," laughed the girl with girlish laughter,
"Sister, do you envy me my veil?"
"You may come and ask for mine hereafter,"
Answered very piteous lips and pale.

"No; for your black cross is heavy bearing;
Tedious counting these stone beads must be;
Oh, but there are jewels worth the wearing
Waiting in the sunny world for me!

"Sister, have a care—you are forgetting.
Do not broider thorns among my flowers,
Only buds and leaves; your tears are wetting
All my bridal lace." They fell in showers.

After years and years, beside the grating,
(Oh, that saddest sight—young hair grown grey!)
With dry boughs and empty wards awaiting
At the cloister door, came one to pray.

"Sister, see my bridal veil! there were never
Thorns so sharp as those within its lace.
Sister, give me yours to wear forever:
Give me yours, and let me hide my face."

TWO GREENBACKS.

One led a useless life, and was guilty of enormous sins in the way of omission. The other passed through an honorable career of real service and well-doing. To be sure, greenbacks are not endowed with life and free will; yet how people bow to them, and strive to get them, and submit to their power!

The two particular greenbacks, the adventures of which it is the purpose of this story to relate, were each of the denomination of $10. One was a bright, new one, and was one of a thick pile that lay in the desk of a fat old fraud in the shape of a wealthy citizen, whose small eyes sparkled complacently as he contemplated his hoard, and whose false tongue pleaded poverty in reply to requests for the payment of honest debts. That greenback's life was a very monotonous one. If it had a tongue to speak, it would have lifted up its voice in loud protest at being penned up in such a lonely place, and begged to be allowed to see something of the world instead of being doomed to the dreary, useless life it was leading.

Greenback No. 2 was a creature of more fortuitous circumstances. It was not so crisp and clean as the one that was kept in confinement, but its scars were honorable ones, won in a life of activity and hard service. We first behold it passing over the black walnut desk of a large manufacturing establishment into the hands of an honest looking man, with soiled clothes and a dust begrimed face. For convenience sake we will give the man a name—we will call him Luke Preston—though that is a matter of little consequence as regards the adventures of his greenback. The first thing he did was to call at Skettle's grocery, on his way home, and pay his week's bill. This amounted to $3.40, and handing over his $10 greenback, he received $6.60 in change. Further along he stopped at the meat market and settled up, paying out $2.10, having then remaining $4.50. With these two debts off from his mind, he went home and sat down to a good supper which one of the best of wives had prepared for him.

"Lucy, did old Garland saw that wood this afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes," was his wife's reply.

"Then I'll go around and pay him after supper."

"It is so cold and stormy to night I wouldn't go out. He can probably just as well wait until some time when you happen to see him."

"No," was Luke's reply. "He has earned the money, and may want it. It would be too bad to keep it from him. All he has comes from little jobs like this, you know."

And after the meal was finished Luke made his way through a driving snow storm to the home of old Garland.

"Good evening, Mr. Garland. I thought I would step around and pay you for sawing that wood. It's a dollar, I believe."

"Thank ye, sir, thank ye," exclaimed old Garland, while his wife looked up over her spectacles from a pair of socks which she was darning. "Yes, sir, that's right. Much obledged!"

"Not at all. It belongs to you."

"Yes, yes. You're right. But it ain't all of them as look at it in that way."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; there's lots of little debts standin' out that I can't collect; and there's Squire Clinch, in particular, as had ten cords of wood in his yard, which I took the sawin' of. I jest finished the job yesterday, and of course asked for my pay. But he allowed that he'd been doin' me a great favor in givin' me such a big job, and said I'd have to wait a week or two, as he was hard up."

"Squire Clinch too hard up to pay for his wood sawing! That sounds like a joke."

"'Taint much of a joke for me, for I need the money. I had to borrow three dollars of John Brady the other day, to buy some coal with, and he ought to be paid. But I had only enough to get a little flour with to-night, and I was wondern' how I'd put John off. Howsumever, I'll give him this dollar, and perhaps he will wait for the rest. I was going to get a pair of new boots, too. These old things let most too much cold in when a man stands still a day sawin' wood. But I'll have to wait till Squire Clinch isn't so hard up."

"Squire Clinch doesn't act on the right principle," said Luke, turning to go. "I hope he will pay you before long. Good night."

"Good night, and many thanks to you."

On his way home Luke saw a light across the way in the village printing office. He crossed the street and entered.

"Good evening, Mr. Quill," he said, my time for your paper is just out, I believe, and I wish to pay for another six months ahead."

"Ah, thank you, Luke; I wish all my subscribers acted on your plan."

"Don't they?" asked Luke.

"No, indeed. You would be surprised if I should mention the names of our most wealthy men who owe for from two to five years back."

"Well, I hope that won't ever be said of me. The rich ones, I suppose, think such small sums make small difference."

"There's where they are mistaken," replied Mr. Quill. "The life of trade is in these small sums. And a poor man's dollar is worth more than a rich man's promise, any time, for material and labor cannot be obtained without money."

Before returning home Luke bought some delicacies for a Sunday dinner, a weekly literary paper, and his wife's religious magazine. Besides, he gave ten cents to a little beggar girl, who held out a hand, blue with the cold, from under the shreds of a tattered shawl. When he finally reached home his pocket-book felt considerably lighter, but his conscience was clear. Of the trifle over two dollars which he had left he laid aside two dollars to deposit in the savings bank, where there was already quite a respectable sum to his credit.

Meanwhile the various divisions of his ten-dollar greenback, now scattered about in different hands, began to chuckle. They said, with one voice:—"That is what I like. I'll see something of the world, and in all probability do some good."

Let us see how it was. The three dollars and forty cents which he had left at Skettle's grocery went to help to make the quarterly rent which Skettle owed, and which was due that very night. He paid it to Mr. Balcom, the owner of the building, who in turn promptly handed it over to some workmen who had been making repairs. It so happened that a portion of it went to a carpenter who had a sick child, and who was thus enabled to purchase some needed delicacies, thereby, perhaps, saving the child's life. A dollar and a half of it went to a hod-carrier, who immediately took it and bought of Skettle sundry small packages of sugar, coffee, flour, etc. Skettle took this same dollar and a half and gave it to his wife, who wished to pay a woman for doing some little jobs of cleaning and scrubbing. Now, this woman was the hod-carrier's wife; and so this dollar and a half of Luke's greenback went first to Skettle, then to the hod-carrier, then back to Skettle again, then to his wife, and then to the hod-carrier's wife. It is not presumable that it may long lie idle in her hands. Curious, wasn't it?

And the two dollars and ten cents that went to the butcher? Why, this was paid to the boy who handed it to his mother, who in turn paid it to carpenter Bailey for some repairs made on her little cottage. Bailey settled up his coal bill, the coal merchant paid one of his teamsters, the teamster walked straight to the butcher's shop and paid for his week's meat, and the butcher put the money with another pile and paid it to a farmer for a good, fat cow. And what did the farmer do? Why, he went and bought a wagon at the factory that had paid the ten dollar bill to Luke Preston over his black walnut desk.

And the dollar that went to old Garland? He did as he had told Luke he should—paid it to John Brady as part of the borrowed sum. John Brady said he had need of the whole amount, but would get along the best he could. Of the dollar, fifty cents went for provisions, and the other fifty to a poor old cobbler for mending Johnnie's shoes. This had to be expended at the hardware store to replace a broken awl, and the hardware dealer paid it to a boy for shovelling the snow off his sidewalk. The boy ran home in exultation to his rheumatic mother to inform her of his good luck.

And the dollar that went to Editor Quill? He paid it to his "devil," from whose hands it went to a poor woman who had been making him a coat, and who held body and soul together by the earnings of her needle. The beggar girl to whom Luke had given ten cents bought a loaf of bread, and thus allayed the pangs of hunger that were torturing half a dozen brothers and sisters.

And the thirty odd cents expended at the newsroom went into a box of small change, which was subsequently counted over, and pinned in neat packages of one dollar each, and sent to the news company, where the supply of newspapers and magazines came from. These small sums of from five to 40 cents enabled the dealer to maintain his little stand, greatly to the convenience of those who depended on it for their periodical supplies of reading matter.

The two dollars remaining Luke deposited, as has been mentioned before, in the savings bank.

"Ah, ha!" exclaims some surly, short-sighted reader, who begins to see the point of this sketch, "so Luke Preston hoards up money too. Isn't it just as bad, in proportion, for him to consign his two dollars to idleness as for the 'fat old fraud' to keep his money so close?"

But pause and consider for a moment. The savings bank pays Luke five per cent interest on the deposits, and how could it do that if the money lay idle in its vaults? No, such is not the case. The savings bank took Luke's money, put it with that of a few other depositors, and lent it to a well-to-do farmer who wished to make some improvements in the way of building fences and barns and purchasing some choice breeds of stock. The farmer laid out the money to good advantage and paid the bank seven per cent interest, the extra two per cent going to defray the running expenses of the institution and affording its stockholders a small dividend.

Now about the time the farmer was ready to begin his improvements, business was slack in the establishment where Luke worked, and there was a prospect of his being thrown out of employment for a month or more. But he chanced to learn that the farmer required some labor that was in his line, and straightway entered into an engagement with him. And so the money that he had put into the savings bank was loaned to the farmer, and by him paid into Luke's own hands again, and Luke still receiving interest on it all the time.

And now we must leave Luke Preston's greenback to its fate. We have, of course, related only a tithe of its entire history; but we have seen it fairly launched on the tide of life, and the prospect is that its career will continue to be a busy one.

Now, let us take a look at the idle greenback that lay in the desk of the "fat old fraud." This individual was none other than the same Squire Clinch that had refused to pay old Garland for sawing his wood. If he had paid the debt promptly, Garland would have paid Brady in full on time, and bought the boots he so much needed. As it was, he had to go without the boots, and, in consequence, his feet were severely frost-bitten while, on a bitter cold day, he was engaged in sawing wood. This was a great misfortune, for he was disabled, except to a limited extent, from following his usual avocation, and forced idleness brought with it a winter of hardship and dependence on charity.

But the $10 greenback, along with its fellows, lay in Squire Clinch's desk for some time. The Squire had in tow a grand stroke of business. He held a mortgage on a certain valuable piece of property, whose owner was embarrassed in financial matters. The mortgage would soon become due, and then he meant to offer to buy the property at a price far below its real value, and, in the event of his victim's refusing to come to his terms to threaten instant foreclosure. With this transaction in view—and he almost always had some similar scheme ahead—he kept his cash in readiness in his own private desk, preferring not to deposit in a bank as the times were rather "panic-y," and the tighter and scarcer money was, the more the Squire thrived. He was a cautious, safe man—this Squire Clinch—and yet a bold and successful one too. His wealth increased year by year, for he was ever on the look-out to turn the misfortunes of others to his own gain. Still the money lay in his desk, waiting for the accomplishment of its selfish purpose, while it ought to have been in circulation, and a portion of it, at least, paying honest debts.

But few there are who are without an hour of disaster at some time in their careers, and Squire Clinch was no exception to the general rule. There was a burglary one night. The Squire's house was entered noiselessly while all the inmates slept, and his desk was silently and quickly opened. In the morning he found the lock lying on the floor, the lid tipped back, and the greenbacks gone! A great alarm was raised, and detectives set to work, but no clue to the money or robbers could be found. His money that had lain so secluded and, as he imagined, so safe, was gone beyond recovery. And with it the ten dollar greenback which we have mentioned. Instead of accomplishing the good it might have done, it was now serving bad purposes in thieves' hands. What a fate.

Which greenback was the more to be envied—that of Luke Preston, whose career carried it over so many checkered scenes, and whose passage, in its multiform divisions, from hand to hand, was in every case a message of gladness, a token of honesty, and a promoter of prosperity, or that of Squire Clinch, whose only chance from the dull monotony of its useless, selfish life, was such a disastrous one?

Let those in whose care the destiny of greenbacks may be placed take warning from these two cases, and so act on the lesson taught as to make the world prosperous, their neighbors glad, and themselves richer in the return sure to follow.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The race-course at Dubuque is cheerfully laid out around a cemetery.

Brazil, Ind., is very fully supplied with secret societies. It has only sixteen.

The latest joke is, that in Chicago a notorious vagabond has been sentenced, it is said, to the Common Council for two years.

Baraboo, Wis., advertises for a clergyman who can instruct the well disposed, and knock down and drag out disturbing sinners.

One man on the McMasters farm, near St. Joseph, picked 800 quarts of strawberries in seven days. His best day's picking was 180 quarts.

A Deputy United States Commissioner of Fisheries is soon to place 60,000 shad in the head waters of the Brazos and Colorado rivers, in Texas.

The case of Gallang vs. Gallang, in the Westmorland County Court, terminated Wednesday evening. The jury returned a verdict of "No cause for action."

There is no fruit in Florida that thrives so well as the fig. The orange is uncertain, and has ruined many cultivators; but the fig is never-failing.

The tin-boxing of sardines has begun in California. These delicate fish abound from San Diego to Puget Sound, and the boxers pay 50 cents per bushel for them.

In the Chicago Police Court last Friday two drunken bummers gave their names respectively as Henry Ward Beecher and Theodore Tilton.

John Wesley was never low spirited or fretful, and could not endure the society of people who were so. "I dare no more fret," said he, "than to curse and swear."

The salary of the Montreal Postmaster has been fixed at $4,000 a year. It was $2,000 under the late *regime*. John A. Macdonald's Government was so extravagant.

One of the best paying industries of the South is the manufacture of artificial ice, a branch of trade which is rapidly extending throughout all the great cities of that section of the country.

Dr. Janizewski of the Roman Catholic Church, Suffragan Bishop of Posen, has been arrested for violation of the ecclesiastical laws, and condemned to 15 months' imprisonment.

Here is a recipe for getting up a fashionable summer bonnet: Let the lady run her head into a sheaf of oats, and afterwards stick in a few field flowers here and there to light up her coiffure, and the thing is done.

What an amount of human (male) suffering is included in the fact that an old maid in Lowell, Mass., has had 40 offers of marriage, and can show documentary evidence to prove it.

Mosquitoes are described in a certain part of Minnesota as "thicker than the surrounding foliage, with wings like Apollyon's, a beak like an Arteslan augur, and a voice like the sound of many waters."

Mrs. Mary Feely, of St. Louis, travelling on the Vandalia train, though she put her pocket-book in her stocking, was robbed of it, her hose being cut open while she innocently slumbered.

"Nasty old gray-headed devils" is what the Rev. J. H. Magee, pastor of a Cincinnati colored congregation, called several of his most ancient deacons. Consequently shepherd Magee is in trouble with his sheep.

A rather unique wedding occurred at Camp Brown, Wyoming, lately, a young man named Gibson marrying a squaw 12 years old. The marriage was solemnized "amid an extraordinary exuberance of spirits."

The editor of the *Paducah Kentuckian* having accepted a nomination for the office of coroner, says that many years' experience within the precincts of Cairo renders him an excellent judge of a dead man.

Anselm Rothschild, a member of the Austrian branch of the Rothschild family died on Monday in Vienna. He was a descendant of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, five of whose sons settled in different cities of Europe and amassed great wealth.

It is rumored in Ottawa that the Halifax Collectorship, for which prize there has been such an unseemly scramble among Nova Scotia politicians, was settled on Saturday. Who the happy recipient of the office may be had not transpired.

Mr. Froude, a British authority on the shape and behavior of ships, considers paraffin the best material for models, because it costs less than wood, can be easily shaped, and may be remelted as often as desired.

The statement which recently appeared as to a gross outrage alleged to have been perpetrated upon a woman near Skead's Mills, on the Ottawa River, appears to have been a hoax perpetrated by a reporter addicted to depraved sensationalism.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers having its headquarters in England, is deemed the greatest and most successful trades union in the world. It began this year with 42,381 members and $1,100,000 in the treasury, while in 1853 it had but 9,747 members and $26,940 on hand.

Some of our "religious" contemporaries are anxious to have education made a political question, like the Peter McNab story and the Crown Land scandal, &c. Nothing but the stupidest malignity could induce men to so endanger the best interests of education as to make it the shuttlecock of contending parties. There are political questions enough. This should be a Provincial one, on which all could agree in liberal harmony.—*Halifax Express.*

A small steamboat, which is claimed to be the fastest in the world, possessing a speed of 24.61 miles per hour, has been constructed in England for the East Indian Government. The dimensions of this extraordinary little vessel are: Length, 87 feet; beam, 12 feet; draft of water, 3 feet 9 inches.

During the war of 1870, a German painter, having nothing else to do, frescoed his own dining room. A dealer coming there one day was so charmed that he gave him 60,000 thalers for the work of his leisure hours, and the panels containing the coveted paintings were carefully removed.

Miss Isadore Pratt, of Massachusetts, has succeeded in gaining admittance to the Royal Art Academy of Berlin; but being only a woman, her name does not appear on the roll of students, and for the same reason no money will be accepted from her, which she says is the only advantage she ever gained by wearing skirts.

Mr. Volekner, the analyst of the Royal Agricultural Society in England, says that if a man had to live exclusively on bread it would be better for him to eat brown bread, as containing more gluten, than upon white. As to arrowroot, the starch contained in the corn flours is quite as nutritious as arrowroot, which is costlier.

The champion mean man is located in Newport, R. I., again. It is a story of a landlord who lately, wishing to get rid of a sick tenant, threw several pails of water upon the floor of a room above, and allowed it to run through upon the consumptive's bed. Afterward, when the tenant had been removed, he hoisted a flag upon the premises by way of rejoicing and to show his disregard of public opinion. The tenant has since died.

The Canadian Government purposes making a treaty this Summer with the Plain Cree Indians, living between Fort Ellice and the south branch of the Saskatchewan, with a view to inducing the Indians to go to a distant reservation. This will open for settlement a tract five times as large as Manitoba, and equally fertile and richer in other resources.

Information has been received at the Treasury Department at Washington, that a quarantine of 15 full days has been ordered at Malta upon all vessels arriving there from the Provinces of Tripoli, Barbary, owing to the appearance of a malignant type of spotted fever at Bengkaz. The disease is described as very violent and fatal in form.

A priest at Santa Marta, in the United States of Columbia, followed Father Hyacinthe's example, and took to himself a wife. He has lately repented, and addressed a petition to the Bishop of Dibona, begging the pardon of the Church, and declaring that he has put away the woman. The pardon has been granted.

Mr. and Mrs. Brice Hayes of Delaware County, O., are the proud parents of a boy who, though but 14 years of age, weighs 400 pounds—a strong, well proportioned, and unusually intelligent lad. They do not, however, always have the same luck, for one of their children is singularly constructed, his feet pointing in the opposite direction from his face.

At a Presbyterian church, in Saratoga, a sermon was recently delivered on the Christian's regatta toward the heavenly goal. He was described as feathering his oar with precision, turning the stake-boat of life with all the resolution of faith, coming down the desperate course of the home stretch with vigor, fixing his eye on the heavenly Referee and taking good care not to imitate the disciple Judas and break his scull.

This harnessed electricity occasionally kicks up and breaks his traces, and, just to show that it is not wholly under full control, sometimes knocks a telegraph operator off his stool. This has been quite a common occurrence during the late storms throughout the country; and at Rutland, Vt., it seriously injured the operator and smashed things generally; including a special order forbidding "unauthorized meddling with the lines."

The following seasonable and touching extract is from St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald:* "Adolphus and Angelina flutter into the drug stores occasionally, and she says she'll take a little lemon in hers with the air of an old hand at the business. Then she watches Adolphus. He is shrewd. So he leans over the counter with a knowing wink, and says: 'I'll take a little of the same.' He's been there before and he gets it, but it costs him 20 cents a glass."

The telegraph is again to be utilized in a novel way in New York city, and made to do messenger duty for a new class of masters. The courts are to be connected with the principal law offices by wires and instruments similar to those which convey stock intelligence to all parts of the city. By this means the state of the calendar can be constantly known, and verdicts and decisions be promptly recorded in points where they are of most interest.

Two cases of heavy play, a London correspondent states, are now being talked of in West End circles. At one of the best Pall Mall clubs the other evening, a foreign Prince, who resides chiefly in England, took £4,000 at ecarte from a young gentleman whose conduct is not at all excused by the fact that he will have considerable difficulty in paying the money, if he ever pays it all. At another club, further west, a certain gallant captain renowned for his astuteness on the turf was clever enough to lose £2,000 to a well-known baronet at hazard, but in this case a check was handed over on the spot.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is reported as saying that Mr. Wilkeson besought herself and others when they first learned of Mr. Beecher's criminal intimacy with Mrs. Tilton, not to make it public. "To him it was a matter of money. He was a stockholder in Plymouth Church, the *Christian Union*, and in The Life of Christ. Now, the destruction of Mr. Beecher would be the destruction of all these. As Mr. Wilkeson expressed it, 'it would knock the Life of Christ higher than a kite.' Hence his concern in keeping the matter secret."

An investigation made by a Berlin physician into the facts and data relating to human longevity, shows the average age of clergymen to be 65; of merchants, 62; clerks and farmers, 61, military men, 59; lawyers, 58; artists, 57; and medical men, 56. The medium duration of life in Russia is stated to be about 21; in Prussia, 29; in Switzerland, 34; in France, 35; in Belgium, 36; and in England, 38. The idea is now strenuously urged by some that, under ordinarily favorable circumstances, man can live six or seven times longer than the years—14—required to attain puberty. Statistics are given showing that medical men in England stand high in the scale of longevity. Thus, the united ages of 28 physicians who died there last year amount to 2,354 years, giving an average of more than 84 years to each. The youngest of the number was 80, the oldest 93; two others were 82 and 89 respectively; three were 87, and four were 86 each; and there were also more than fifty who averaged 74 to 75 years.

A letter in *Nature* from Mr. A. Cowper Ranyard gives some interesting observations on the comet with the polariscope. It is stated that the light of the comet is by no means strongly polarized. The inference from the observations is that either (1) the tail of the comet consists of fine incandescent particles, or (2) of particles whose diameter is not small compared with the wave-length, or (3) of incandescent gas, or (4) of all three of these states combined. These views are contrary to the general belief hitherto entertained.

They have an emphatic way of courting among the hills of Missouri. A widow named Ruth Rush, who lives on the Upper Tygart, in Carter county, has a pretty daughter. Shelton Ham was at the house on a recent evening courting the daughter, when another lover, Thomas Pollard, arrived. The widow not liking Pollard, barred him out. Pollard threatened to break the door down, and swore that he would kill Ham. The widow went out at the back of the house and summoned a party of neighbors. They found Pollard battering the door and shot him. Then some friends of Pollard fired from the bushes, fortunately hitting nobody.

The Supreme Court of Maine has just rendered a somewhat important decision relating to the liability of telegraph companies for errors in the transmission of despatches. Some four years ago a business firm in that State telegraphed to a firm in Chicago by the Western Union line for ten thousand bushels of corn, but the despatch was made to read "one thousand," and before the error could be corrected corn rose and the firm lost nine hundred dollars. It was a night message, and the usual agreement that the telegraph company shall not be liable for blunders was signed, but the Court decided that such a contract, being against public policy, is void, and therefore awarded the amount claimed.

A wonderful story of disinterestedness comes from down east to the effect that, as a young lady was going aboard of a steamer at Portland on Wednesday last she lost a gold locket from her neck and it fell into the water. A young man, who was standing near and saw the accident, took off his coat and dived for the locket, and though he did not succeed in getting it at first, persisted in his endeavors until he found the jewel. The girl's father offered the fellow a handsome reward, but he refused it. Only think of a young man taking all that trouble merely to save a lock of some other young fellow's hair for a girl to gush over.

The island of Formosa, which has been partly conquered by the Japanese, is the most wonderful of almost unknown tropical lands. It is situated off the eastern coast of China, and contains from three to four millions of inhabitants, among whom are many cannibals. In 1867 Admiral Bell, of the U. S. Navy, attempted to punish two Formosans for cruelties practised upon the crew of the American ship Rover, which had been wrecked upon the coast, and a British commander gave the inhabitants a dose of shot and shell for the same offence. The recent Japanese expedition was undertaken to avenge the murder of several islanders who were cast ashore on Formosa in December, 1871. The people of Formosa are divided into tribes, some of which owe nominal allegiance to China. Great Britain will not be pleased with the announcement that Germany is preparing to send a colony there.

For three years James Shay has lived and grown fat at the public expense in the Erie County Almshouse. One day, lately, he was allowed a short time out, as he wanted to "look for work." When he came back, the keeper, suspecting concealed stimulants, ordered him to be searched. Strenuously he struggled, and passionately he protested; but they went thoroughly through him, and found upon his person something a great deal better than whiskey. In his vest pockets was the sum of $34.60. This encouraged the searchers to investigate the pauper's pantaloons, and in the the legs thereof, between the cloth and the lining they found seven rolls of bank-bills, each containing the sum of $100—so that Mr. Shay "panned out" just $734.60—a very well-to-do comfortable pauper indeed! He saw with feelings more easily imagined than described, all his little savings transferred to the official safe of the almshouse, and securely locked therein; and he feels pretty certain that when he gets his pile back it will contain $734.60, less the amount of a three years' board bill.

Galileo's Fall.

The close of the 16th century and the triumphs of the Jesuits gave the final blow to the vigor of the Italian mind. From that inauspicious moment, say one, no powerful and independent thinker, no Milton, Bacon, Newton, Hampden, flourished on the sterile scene of priestly tyranny. For two centuries the voice of free discussion was stilled, the wants and aspirations of the people found no utterance nor defender, or if one ventured to sigh for a new Italy he was shut up in the cells of the Roman Inquisition or banished to the chill regions of the North. The deliverance of Italy from its mental bondage and its spiritual foes has come at last from foreign hands and hostile arms, and the perpetuation of its novel freedom must rest in no slight degree upon the protection of a German lord. Yet it was to Italy that Europe once looked for its own deliverance from feudal tyranny and mental decay. Its prosperous republics, the centres of industry, taught to Germany and England the chief elements of civilization; the poets of Tuscany awakened the European intellect. But for Dante and Petrarch there could have been no Shakspeare nor Spenser; and when in its last decline, in the close of the 16th century, the poison of priestly tyranny had dissolved all its members, when there was no room for letters and no hope of mental advance, the genius of Italy had already clothed itself in the guise of painters and sculptors, and covered with a cloud of artistic glory a land that was swiftly perishing in the deadly embrace of Popes and Kings.

The trial and imprisonment of Galileo form the final scene in the death of the Italian intellect. The most eminent genius of his country, if not of his age, almost the founder of modern science, the peer and contemporary of Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, the successor of Michael Angelo, had Galileo obtained an utterance in Italy for scientific truth, the spell that rested upon her might have been broken. There might have bloomed once more a literature touched by the free spirit of Dante, a political progress that would have effected the Puritanical revolutions of the North. But with Galileo fell the independence of Italian thought. His abjuration is the saddest picture in modern intellectual history. Conscious of the truth, he was condemned to renounce it and repeat a falsehood. The Newton, the Herschell of his age, he was forced to abjure the favorite studies of his life, and pause forever in that path of scientific discovery which had already made Italy famous. All the world witnessed his fall, and he whose eye had first pierced the mysterious vault above, who of all his race had first brought tidings of new suns and planets in its sublime abyss, yielded to the terrors of torture, the fear of death, and sacrificed the integrity of his soul to the menaces of the church. With malignant joy the Jesuits saw the last great Italian perish within their toils, and were perhaps satisfied with the humiliation of Galileo.

When, at the close of his splendid career, covered with renown, yet shut up in his villa at Arcetri, the prisoner of the Inquisition, watched by envious eyes, threatened, should he murmur or rebel, with the most dreadful punishments of the church, Galileo, sick and worn with age and sorrow, lamented in letters to his friends that he had ever ventured upon those fatal studies which had served only to bring upon him persecution and shame, a fair-haired, blue-eyed poet from the cloudy North, who was just entering with an equal ardor upon the search for truth, visited the bright skies of Florence, saw with astonishment the imprisonment of its greatest genius, and heard, perhaps, from his own lips the unmerited sorrows that had fallen upon his later years. It was Milton lamenting for Galileo. In the cultivated society of Florence the young English scholar must often have remembered the lonely prisoner who, shut out from all the pleasures of intellectual intercourse, was confined in the distant villa. Milton at Florence wrote verses, was complimented in graceful stanzas, and was not slow to return the elegant adulation. Yet with all the more intelligent Florentines he saw typified in the fate of Galileo the quick extinction of Italian letters. In his defense of the freedom of the press, he relates to the English public how a severe Inquisition had checked at Florence all mental progress, how the accomplished Florentines lamented that they had not been born in a land like England, where learning was free, how nothing was now written in Italy but "flattery and fustian." "There," he adds, "it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition." The spectacle of the great philosopher, silenced, terrified, contemned, never passed from his mind. In his youth he had lamented over him tenderly. In manhood, when a mental tyranny like that which hung over Italy seemed about to envelop all England, and a persecuting church and a despotic king had nearly subdued its virtue, Milton, instructed by the fate of Italian thought, led on the defenders of freedom. And when, in his old age, blind and forsaken like Galileo, he poured forth in sonorous strains the treasures of a life of study, one of his most splendid similes, one of his most touching allusions, is when he paints the Tuscan artist on the height of Fiesole, and makes the chief glory of science lend aid to the immortal grandeur of his song.—*Eugene Lawrence in Harper's Magazine for August.*

A Green Ghost.

Mrs. Eliza Green, aged 30, and "having a fair English education," resides in Springfield, Ky. She is in a most unsatisfactory and undecided condition, for she is a widow, and she is not a widow. Mr. Green, it is true, is no more. He appeared, at least, to die on the 18th of March last; he was properly mourned for and his remains were properly interred with the usual religious ceremonies, while Mrs. Green and six little Greens together bewailed their bereavement. Under these circumstances, unless Mr Green could come back to stay permanently, it is difficult to see why he should come back at all. If he could only return simply to scare Mrs. Green and the small Greens out of their senses, why didn't he stay wherever he happened to be? We do not like to speak ill of the dead, but we must designate the course pursued by Green as truly reprehensible. It is generally in the middle of the night that he revisits his old residence, and then he wakes up Mrs. Green by groaning profoundly, and he frightens all the pretty half dozen of children—probably into fits—by breathing heavily and moaning outrageously. Occasionally he goes into the cellar and imitates "a horse rolling about and pawing violently." We do not say that Green does this badly; he may even surpass any real horse in the excellence of his pawing and rolling; but we do say, without fear of contradiction, that it is not the sort of thing to do in any widow's cellar at midnight, and with six children trying to sleep in the house.

But it is not only by his stertorous breathing and his absurd equine imitations that Green makes himself disagreeable. The other night he came simply as a Head and Shoulders! There is a ghost for you! No abdomen! no legs! Something like Raphael's much chromoed cherubs; only he was, though without the usual pulmonary arrangements, able to blow out all the lights! Then Green, whose passion for metamorphosis seems to be his prominent trait of character, appeared as a "little white dog"; and once he came as "a white gauzy cloud." At last Mr. Green, after all his incomprehensible groaning and moaning, began to talk in the English language. He met Mrs. Green in the cellar, this time with his legs on; for she was stooping when he arrived, and recognized him by these well remembered limbs. She looked up, and there stood Mr. Green, dressed in his grave clothes and quite ready for conversation. "Dick, my dear, what do you want?" said she. Well, he wanted to tell her that the other world was painful, and to advise her not to neglect her duty; he wanted prayers offered for his soul; and he left his love to all his relatives by name, and then, with the observation that he did not intend to come any more, either in kit-kat or at full length, Mr. Green was good enough to exhale, repeating, for some occult reason, the word "friend" three times. There has been a good deal of unaccountable knocking and groaning in the house since, but the widow has seen neither the legs nor the shoulders of her beloved since the subterranean *tete-a-tete.*

There is the story, and a very pretty ghost story it is, quite as well authenticated as any narrative of that impressive description, and quite as well calculated to electrify the human hair! Many a reader will scoff at it, and within a week, with his whole soul, believe something quite as incredible. However it may have once been in Denmark, there is very little in heaven or earth that is not dreamed of in our philosophy, or rather in the mass and maze of conjecture and delusion to which we give that respectable name.

Hanging for Horse Stealing.

We do not consider hanging at all a fit penalty for horse-stealing, even when the punishment is inflicted according to law. We regard lynching of all descriptions as extremely undesirable. Hanging a boy eighteen years of age for any crime is, *prima facie*, a barbarous business. The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* describes the murder of James Ross, who had been arrested for making free with the steeds of the farmers in that vicinity. Ross, in the custody of an officer, was on his way to jail, when he was seized, in spite of the constable's remonstrances, by a mob of armed men. Resistance was useless. Ross was dragged from his horse and taken into "the timber." Then, for the first time, this boy seemed to comprehend the awful fate which awaited him. He shook with fear and cried for mercy. With one end of the rope about his neck he burst into tears; he admitted that he had stolen horses; but then he added piteously that "he was a mere boy, and wanted time to reform." The only answer to this was the stern warning that he "had but five minutes left"; and four stout men significantly took hold of the rope. The lad was so agitated that he would have fallen to the ground if he had not been supported. Then he rallied again, and again besought mercy. He might as well have spoken to the deaf. Then came "silence for a moment," broken only by the tick of the watch in the spokesman's hand. There was no pity in their rigid faces. The shadows of night were gathering, and only a minute remained to him, when the boy began to pray, although in a tone so low that his words were indistinguishable. Then came from the executioner the cry of "Time's up;" and after the single exclamation, "O, my God!" the body of the young horse-thief was dangling 10 feet from the ground. His hands were thrown wildly up to catch the rope, but a moment after they dropped lifeless on each side, and the boy horse-thief was dead. The executioners mounted their horses and rode rapidly away, leaving the corpse there alone with the night.

It is curious to notice how, under these wild frontier conditions, the law is upon the one hand contemptuously disregarded, and upon the other studiously respected. After the lynchers had departed the Coroner came. He tenderly cut down the boy's body and proceeded to hold an inquest. The only witness examined was the bereaved constable, who swore in the most satisfactory way that the lad had been taken from him. The death proved itself, and the jury found that the deceased died by violence "at the hands of some party or parties unknown." This was deemed quite enough by every horse owner in the country. Their equine losses had been avenged, and why should they too curiously seek for the avengers, especially when such a search might have been personally inconvenient to some of them? There was one horse thief less in Holt County. So they thanked God, took courage, and kept perfectly quiet.

How to Find Water.

From the Hudson Star.

Mr. George Macy, of Ghent, was in this city a few days ago for the purpose of finding streams of water (if possible) on the Joel T. Simpson farm, this gentleman having recently erected several dwelling houses on the farm, and being desirous of locating wells for the use of his tenants. Mr. Macy brought to his aid the fork of two united branches of a peach tree, the ends of which he clasped tightly in each hand and thus walked about the premises in search of water. When a stream was crossed the peach tree rod would bend forward until the butt was perpendicular, and when Mr. Macy took a step over the stream the end would quickly return to its original position. It was quite an interesting sight to us to see the rod work in Mr. Macy's hands, as it was the first time we had ever seen this kind of manifestations. The gentleman informed us that he had found hundreds of streams in various parts of this county and in the State by the use of the rod, and had never been disappointed with the result of his discoveries of streams of water, as in every case good wells had been secured. The rod will not work in every person's hand; indeed, there are but few who are gifted with sufficient electric action to have the rod designate where streams of water are located. Mr. Macy relates many instances where he has been tested severely, but in every case he has convinced skeptics that they were not too old to learn the fact that there are a great many mysterious things in the world, and that a simple peach tree possesses astonishing powers.

A Ruffianly Romance—A Fickle Villain and His Wives.

[From the Calais Advertiser.]

A few years before the late war a certain Dr. Dow came to Calais and boarded for some time at the Calais House, then kept by George Wilder. After a while he removed to Princeton, where he practiced medicine, and in the course of time married Miss Spooner, a very respectable young lady of that town. The marriage occurred just before the war began, and soon afterward Mr. Dow enlisted. While in the army a daughter was born to him, and for a time he regularly sent letters and money to his wife. But after a while he ceased to do so, and nothing was heard of him until sometime after the war, when his wife learned that he had married the only daughter of a wealthy man in another State, and was living with her. She went to see him, but failing to find him, she saw his other wife, who said the doctor told her his first wife and their child were dead. She then returned home and procured a divorce. Some time after this she went West to work, and falling sick, and finding herself unable to support her child, wrote to her "ex husband" asking him to contribute towards the support of his daughter. He replied in a penitent letter, expressing a desire to see her and talk over matters. By agreement they met in Boston, and he provided amply for his daughter's support. A correspondence ensued between the divorced parties, which finally resulted in his offering to leave his second wife and re-marry the first one. She agreed, and about two weeks ago the wedding ceremony was done over again and the twice married couple have gone off to seek their fortune. What has become of the other wife we have been unable to learn. This is a strange story, but it is vouched for by friends and acquaintances of the parties, both in this city and in Princeton, and if we had the slightest doubt of its truthfulness we should not venture upon its publication.

Nova Scotia News.

George Brown has challenged Sadler, the English sculler, for a race in Ireland or America.

A young Englishman named Thomas Whitford was drowned at the Acadia Mines on Friday evening last, while attempting to cross a mill-pond on a raft.

Mrs. Robinson, of St. John, N. B., gave a very pleasing entertainment in Ryerson's Hall, on Tuesday evening last. She is an accomplished elocutionist, and her programme on this occasion was well chosen, and every piece admirably rendered.—*Yarmouth Herald.*

On Friday morning the extensive saw mills belonging to D. & J. Ritchie, situated in Newcastle, were entirely consumed. The fire was occasioned by a paraffine lamp exploding in the engine room. A man by the name of Holloran was burned to death, his body being found after the fire was partially put out. The mill was one of the finest in the Province, and employed 150 hands. The loss is put at $85,000, with insurance of $2,000 to meet it,