

The Home Circle.

THE SINGER AS A NURSE.

THE MEETING BETWEEN HER AND HER WOUNDED HUSBAND.

Pauline Lucca, the renowned prima donna, is now in New York, and will for a season delight American ears with her songs. Her husband was a lieutenant in the Prussian army, and at one of the battles around Metz was seriously wounded. The meeting between herself and her husband, as he lay on his bed, dangerously wounded, is thus described by a German paper:

Madame Lucca entered, and her eyes sought the husband she loved so well; but what a scene of wretchedness met her gaze! In a small, stuffy room stood a bed, fitted by its size duly for a child. On it lay the form of a man at least six feet in height, with his legs hanging down over the end of the bedstead, his head and face almost entirely concealed with wrappers and bandages, and his mouth and nose swollen, and the color of lead.

"Is that my husband?" asked Madame Lucca, in a quivering voice.

"That is Lieutenant von Rhaden—yes." She sank down upon a chair and covered her face with her hands.

"Madame," said the surgeon, in a tone of gentle reproach, "I should not have brought you in here had not your husband often told me that you were a woman of extraordinary strength of mind."

Mme. Lucca arose. Her face was pale, but her demeanor resolute.

"My husband shall not be mistaken in me," she said, with a determined look, approaching the bed. "Adolph," she whispered, "your Pauline is here."

"He is still asleep," observed the surgeon.

"But his eyes are wide open," she replied.

"Only the left eye; the nerves of that one have been torn by the shot, he cannot close it again, any more than he can move the lashes; he is deaf in the left ear; he has no power either over the left side of his mouth, or the left side of his face generally."

"And will this always remain so?" inquired his wife anxiously.

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "We must hope for the best."

"Pauline!" sighed the patient, with a tongue injured by the shot.

"Madame, be kind enough to step behind the head of the bed," said the surgeon rapidly, in a low tone. "Your husband, the Baron, is on the point of waking, and the sudden sight of you would be too much for him."

The sick man moved; the surgeon sat down by the bedside and felt his pulse. "You have been asleep a long time, Baron. Do you feel at all relieved?"

"A little," murmured the patient. "I have had another pleasant dream."

"About your wife? you pronounced her name."

"Yes, about my Pauline; I saw her bodily at my bedside. She was weeping, and whispered, 'Adolph.'"

"And supposing your dream should turn out true?" said the surgeon, sounding his way.

"I would sooner believe," replied the sick man, with a mournful smile, "that an angel had come down to me from high Heaven above."

His wife, profoundly moved, could restrain herself no longer. "Adolph!" she exclaimed in a voice choked with tears, as she sank down on her knees by his bed.

We will not dwell further on the scene of their meeting. The surgeon had to restrain, to console and to tranquilize the two. By resorting to the argument that the war had rendered thousands still more wretched, he succeeded in restoring the young wife to her composure and even her good spirits.

"May my husband take anything?" she inquired. "I have brought a case with compressed vegetables." She sighed involuntarily as she mentioned this ominous vegetarian diet.

"At present only coffee," said the patient half inarticulately; "coffee, coffee! nothing else!"

"Oh! I am very great at that!" she cried, in perfect good spirits once more. "You shall have as fragrant Mocha as you ever drank with me at Hiller's!"

The surgeon sent immediately for a coffee machine, and in a quarter of an hour the Mocha was steaming in the cups. The sick man—as Mme. Lucca relates herself with great satisfaction—let her pour out five cups of it for him, so greatly was his stomach in need of nourishment.

Her next care was to procure a more airy room and soft bedding for herself and maid, as well as for the patient. The surgeon informed her that in all Pont-a-Mousson they knew of only one house where rooms and bedding were still to be had. But the owner, a government official, declared that all his own family were ill, and so he kept his house closed against every one.

Hereupon Mme. Lucca rose with all her old energy. "The government official wants to be better off than my husband? I have not a pass from Count Eulenburg for nothing!" and seizing her bonnet and umbrella, she turned towards the door.

"Adolph, you shall soon have better quarters. Rely upon me."

So speaking, she darted away toward the house in question. After she had knocked violently a long time the door was at last

opened. A meagre-looking individual, in a dressing gown of a large flowered pattern, and a skull cap on his head, presented himself.

"Mein Herr!" she said, without more ado, "I require you to give me two airy rooms and three of your softest beds. * * * Ah! you do not understand! Bon! Tresbien. Then I will show you that what was paid for me at school was not thrown away." Hereupon she explained in the purest vernacular, according to the easily intelligible system of Toussaint Langenschoidt, that she would pay whatever he chose to demand for the rooms and the beds; should he, however (she continued), think fit to pretend with her, as with others, that he was hard of understanding, she would have him and all his lot turned out into the street at the shortest notice. To prove the power she possessed she showed this brightly-flowered individual in the skull cap the pass she had obtained from Count Eulenburg. The effect was drastic. The government official instantly drew in his horns; he placed two of his best rooms and three beds with clean bed-clothes and well-stuffed feather beds at the disposal of so dangerous a lady. He certainly demanded an enormous price; but Madame Lucca paid it in glittering Friedrichs d'or without haggling. This appeared to impress him deeply.

The removal of the sick man and the entry of his extremely healthy wife, with her maid and the compressed vegetables, took place the same evening.

"There, Adolph," she observed, with a certain pride to her husband, as he sat up in his soft bed, "this blessing would never have fallen to your lot had I not understood a little French."

For ten days did she tend the patient with true devotion. Despite the fearful miasma produced by the festering of the wound she never left his bedside. Her maid did the cooking, and steamed every day a quantity, prescribed by the physician, of the compressed vegetables, which had to be taken in a very liquid form by the patient, whose condition continued gradually to improve every day.

AN ECCENTRIC FRENCH DUEL.

Among the reminiscences told of the Franco-Prussian war is the account of a curious duel between two subordinate officers in the French army.

"You intend to fight a duel, eh?" asked the commandant.

"Yes, Colonel. Words have passed which can only be wiped out by blood. We don't want to pass for cowards."

"Very well, you shall fight, but it must be in this way: Take your carbines, place yourselves on a line facing Malmaison, where the enemy is. You will march upon their position with equal step. When sufficiently near their posts you will then fire upon them. The Prussians will reply. You continue to advance and fire. When one falls the other may turn upon his heels; and his retreat shall be covered by one of my companies."

The matter was arranged as the commandant had dictated. At twenty paces from the walls of Malmaison one of the adversaries was wounded, staggered, and fell. The other ran to him, raised him up, and carried him off on his shoulders amid a perfect hail-storm of balls—both, thenceforth, entitled to the greatest honor and respect from the whole regiment.

TRUSTING GOD.

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess, that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were removed, they should be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case: God has been depriving me of one mercy after another; but as one is removed, he has come in and filled up its place. Now when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety. If God had only told me some time ago that he was about to make me as happy as I could be in this world, and then had told me he should begin by crippling me in all my limbs, and removing me from my usual sources of enjoyment, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing this purpose. And yet how is his wisdom made manifest even in this!

FANNY FERN ON FASHION.

When I say that the street dress of the majority of respectable women of New York to-day is disgusting, I but freely express my emotions. I say the respectable women, and yet, save to them who know them to be such, their appearance leaves a wide margin for doubt. The clown at a circus wears not a more parti-colored costume; in fact, his has the advantage of being sufficiently "taut," to use a nautical phrase, not to interfere with locomotion; while theirs—what with disgusting humps upon their backs, and big rosettes upon their shoulders, and loops, and folds, and buttons, and clasps, and bows upon their skirts, and striped satin petticoats, all too short to hide their clumsy ankles—and more colors and shades of colors heaped upon one poor little fashion-ridden body than ever was gathered in one rainbow—and all this worn

without regard to temperature, or time, or place—I say this presents a spectacle which is too disheartening to be comical. One cannot smile at the young girls who are one day—Heaven help them!—to be wives and mothers!

A DISCONSOLATE SHOWMAN.

A Western showman was exhibiting a giant-ess who kept the scales in the vicinity of six hundred pounds. She was, "like heavenly pastures, large and fair," and proved a very profitable card. In order that these voluminous and profitable charms should not be sequestered from him, the showman secured a life interest in them by marriage. Unfortunately the bride sickened unto death, and a council of physicians declared her recovery impossible. The disconsolate showman wandered out of the village where "unmerciful disaster" had overtaken him, and leaning over a fence, gave way to a flood of tears. A sympathetic bystander, learning the cause of his grief, attempted consolation by depicting what the future might have in store for him. "Oh," said the pseudo widower, "that is all very well, but the thing that worries me is what I am to do now. You see she's so big that I'm pestered to know whether I'd better coax her into a graveyard to die, or get up two expensive funerals."

A WORD FOR THE WIFE.

There is much good sense and truth in the remark of a modest author, that no man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence he will resort to his merchandise, or his farm; fly over lands, sail over seas, meet difficulty, or encounter danger, if he only knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for his happy hours, while for his unhappy moments of darkness no sympathizing partner is prepared.

WHIRLPOOLS OF FIRE.

Not long since, the water of Raritan bay was impregnated with phosphorus. The whole bay was covered with phosphorescent bubbles. These bubbles were about the size of peas. They could be seen oozing from the bottom of the bay to the depth of three feet. There was a fair wind, and as the water broke against the boats riding at anchor, it seemed to cover them with a spray of white fire. The beach for miles was fringed with a broad ribbon of phosphorescent light, and the piers, deluged with the burning water, seemed like break-waters of illuminated alabaster.

The splashing of oars stirred up small whirlpools of fire. At Richmond Valley, Mr. LaForge's Newfoundland dog jumped into illuminated sea, stirring up great eddies of white light. When the dog re-appeared on the beach, his shaggy hide shone like the satin dress of a ballet dancer under a strong calcium light.

Probably the most beautiful sight was an immense school of terrified mossbunkers. Millions of these golden fish dashed over the water in sweeping circles, like circus riders. The face of the bay for hundreds of feet seemed like an enormous revolving pin-wheel. Near the shore the water seemed of a milky color. The white seemed to be reflected in clouds, and the air seemed to be surcharged with electricity. Sheet lightning danced on the clouds in the West, and an unnatural quietness reigned in the bay.

The phenomena lasted from nine o'clock in the evening until three in the morning, when it died away. It was most brilliant about midnight.

AN ORIGINAL FISH STORY.

There is a colored skeptic living near Panola, Miss., who treats religion with more levity than solemnity, and who fishes on Sunday. Being remonstrated with some weeks ago, he replied irreverently that he would go the next Sunday morning "before God gets up, and catch a nice string of fish." Accordingly, on the following Sunday morning, he repaired to the banks of the Tallahatchie river, very early, and threw his baited hook and line in the stream. Scarcely had he done so, when there was a violent struggle at his hook, and a counter pull from the shore brought to the surface of the water a huge catfish, which found voice to say—

"You shall remain here fishing all the days of your life, till God gets up," and then disappeared. Since that time all efforts to drag the unfortunate fisherman from the bank of the river have proved unavailing. It is evident that he labors under a strange hallucination, but he insists it is the judgment of the Almighty, and that he must continue angling in that spot until he receives absolution from his offended Maker. The fish story is of course entirely original with the Panolians.

A gentleman who was a mighty hunter was plagued with a degenerate son, who manifested no great predilections for his father's pursuits. One day he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his mortification,—"Cuss me, Tom, if you're not getting perfectly worthless; you'll neither hunt nor fish. I'll be hanged if I don't send you to school."

A TWO-MINUTE SERMON TO GIRLS.

"Ladies—caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in an unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar, why do you not go out into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, and elasticity to your steps, and vigor to your frames? Take exercise; run up the hill on a wager, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences, leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and, after a day of exhilarating exercise, and unrestrained liberty, go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady—rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frocks, command a regiment of pots and kettles, feed the pigs, milk the cows, and be a lady when required, is the girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But you, pining, screwed-up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-ortgaged, music murdering, and novel-devouring daughters of fashion and idleness—you see no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint, and more liberty of action; more kitchen and less parlor; more leg exercise and less sofa; more pudding and less piano; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist strings, and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed."

HE WILL SWEAR.

A story is told of two prominent ministers of Newport, the favorite New England summer resort, which is too good to be lost. Rev. Dr. T. of the Trinitarian Congregational Church, and Rev. Mr. B. of the Unitarian, being on the best terms, were one day invited to dine at the house of a mutual friend. Mr. B., for some reason, failed to come, and some one at the table took occasion to remark upon his excellent qualities.

"Yes," said the doctor, "he is a very fine man, but isn't it a pity he will swear?"

"Mr. B. swear! What do you mean?" was the general exclamation from all sides.

"Mr. B. is a very fine man," persisted the doctor, "but I am sorry to say he sometimes swears."

Being pressed for an explanation, he finally yielded. Some time before, the two had been out fishing together, and as the doctor stood on one rock, he heard some conversation between Mr. B. and a fisherman, who were at a little distance from each other. The fisherman said,—

"I've got a d— good bite."

"So have I," answered Mr. B.

"You see," persisted the doctor, "that though Mr. B. is a very fine man, he will swear."

A NATION OF LIARS.

The island of Ceylon is very beautiful, the scenery lovely, and the soil productive in spices and many kinds of fruits; indeed, it is said that it alone might produce sufficient coffee for the consumption of the entire world. The natives, however, are far from pleasing; they are generally of short stature, very effeminate-looking, apathetic, and such liars that it is impossible to depend upon their word. If they may but repose for hour after hour under a tree, with a piece of bread fruit beside them, they seem to care for little else. The men wear their hair turned up behind with a comb, the height of the comb denoting the rank of the wearer. This, and the small features, gives them altogether such an effeminate appearance that it is difficult for an European to distinguish them from the females.

A visitor lately entered one of the schools, and seeing a row of boys sitting with their backs towards him, and each with a comb in his head, unconsciously asked if boys and girls were educated together. One of the natives of high rank was lately called on to give evidence at a trial, and swore such complete falsehoods that he was imprisoned for perjury. He applied to the English governor, and with surprise asked why he should be punished for what his people did.

"My father," he said, "was a liar, and my grandfather was a liar, and my great-grandfather was a liar, and we are all liars. It is the custom of my country. Why should I be punished?"

The time-honored practice of a young lady winning a pair of gloves by kissing a somnolent old gentleman may be described on his part as kidnapping, and on hers as kidnapping.

Rowland Hill made a good remark upon hearing the use of the letter H discussed, and whether it were a letter or not. If it were not, he said, it would be a very serious affair for him, for it would make him ill all the days of his life.

The WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm Street, is conducted by Bell Belmont, on the good old English principle, which gives the greatest satisfaction to its numerous patrons. The bar is most tastefully decorated, and pronounced by the press to be the Prince of Bars. Under the entire management of Mrs. E. Belmont, who is always proud to attend to the customer's wants. A spacious billiard room, and attentive waiters, render the WHITE HART a popular place of resort. Adv.

Grains of Gold.

"I go through my work," reprovingly said the needle to the idle boy. "But not till you're pushed through," triumphantly replied the little boy to the needle.

An exchange gives the substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who died in a state of inanition:—"Death by hanging—round a rum-shop."

A would-be suicide in Maine is going to sue the apothecary who sold him arrowroot instead of arsenic, for obtaining money under false pretences.

They do business with despatch in Texas. A man who had lost a valuable mare received the following telegraphic despatch: "Mare here. Come get her. Thief hung."

A tipsy stutterm, trying to walk on an icy pavement, exclaimed, "Very a-singular, w-w-whenver water freezes, it always fr-fr-frozes with the slippery side up."

"O my dear! there is a most lovely set—pin, ear-rings, and breast-pin. Do go buy them."—"Yes, my dear: I mean to go by them as fast as possible."

Fashion is something that causes Betsy, the servant girl, who goes bareheaded all the week, when the sun is shining, to wear gloves and carry a parasol on Sunday, when it is cloudy.

"Pa, are you still growing?"—"No, Frank. What makes you think so?"—"Because the top of your head is coming through your hair."

A grocer was complaining that several boxes of candles had been stolen from him, of which he could get no trace—when a customer advised him to be of good cheer, as the candles would undoubtedly soon come to light.

A broken-hearted widower in Indianapolis, has erected a pine slab over his wife's grave, and presented a fine piano to the girl who was kind to him during his afflictions.

Old Scotch lady—"Tak' a snuff, sir!" Gentleman (with large nasal promontory, indignation—"Do I look like a snuffer?" Old lady—"Well, I canna jist say you do, though I maun say ye hae grand accommodations."

Long ago, at a dinner-table in Massachusetts, a gentleman remarked that A—, who used to be given to sharp practice, was getting more circumspect. "Yes," replied Judge Hoare, "he has reached the superlative of life. He began by seeking to get on; then he sought to get honor; and now he is trying to get honest."

An Arkansas paper says that one citizen of that State, eighty-three years of age, lately married a blooming widow of thirty-five; and that another Arkansian, ninety-eight, less unfortunate than his younger fellow citizen, on the same day, fell down stairs and broke his neck.

During the late conference at Worcester, Mass., says an exchange, the following dialogue was overheard between two newboys: "I say, Jim, what's the meaning of so many ministers being all together?" "Why," answered Jim, scornfully, "they always meet once a year to swap sermons."

Splitting the difference.—A young man asked his sweetheart if he might be permitted to kiss her, and give her an affectionate hug. "No," said she, "I can't allow that; but I'll tell you what I will do; I'll split the difference with you—you may kiss me, and I'll hug you."

A New York journal, in speaking of the magic strains of a hand organ, says—"When he played 'Old Tray,' we noticed eleven pups sitting in front of the machine on their haunches, brushing away the tears from their eyes with their forepaws."

Cuffy said he'd rather die in a railroad smash up than a steamboat burst up, for this reason: "If you gets off and smashed up dar you is; but if you gets blowed up on the boat, whar is you?"

The learned Dr. West, having married a lady by the name of Experience, who was very tall, being asked what he thought of the married state, he replied, that "by long Experience he had found it a good thing to be married."

A lady who had recently given each of her female servants a pair of her cast-off shoes, found the following impromptu on her chamber mantelpiece one morning—

"How careful should our mistress be,
The narrow way to choose
When all the maids within the house
Are walking in her shoes!"

An editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beaux." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate typographical error had made him say, "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beans."

VERY ADHESIVE.—"Really, my dear," said poor Mr. Jones to his better-half, "you have sadly disappointed me. I once considered you a jewel of a woman; but you have turned out only a bit of matrimonial paste." "Then, my love," was the reply, "console yourself with the idea that paste is very adhesive, and will stick to you as long as you live."

The Norwich "Advertiser" says, "A young lady, very pretty, walked around the new road (seven miles), in one hour and forty-five minutes. We remember escorting her around the road once by moonlight. Time—four hours and forty minutes. But then she said she wasn't in a hurry. The old folks had gone to camp-meeting."