

Aids to Longevity.

The tallor who desires to live long believes in the survival of the fittest. Her arms were white as milk curds; Her speech was like the song of birds; Her eyes were gray as mountain lakes, Where daisies and crocuses break; Her gown was pink; her name was Sally; Her summer years were barely twenty; She dropped the soap to glance and dally; And then the simple canno to plenty? I patted her fingers, dripping sweet; Where warmth and whiteness seem to meet; I made her blush, I made her pout, And watched her wring the lino out. Oh to meet her in the valley, Snatch her hand and call her Sally; Oh to find her on the hill, Kiss and call her Sally still! Oh to clasp her quite alone, And call her Sally of one's own; Thyne and mine were not at all; The lavender was blowing; Through the honey-suckle heat, And the roses were going. A Nevada school teacher died the other day, and the local papers announced it under the head, "Loss of a Whaler."

The Boston Transcript does not believe that this world was made in six days. It has taken over two hundred and fifty years to build Boston alone. A bashful young girl named Louisa, Will never allow you to ask Louisa, You never must touch, Or look at her much. Which the only way was tooupin, "Six Girls" is the latest novel. It is expected that a sequel entitled "Our Broken Gate" will be issued soon.

If kind of broke up the temperance man from down East. When he went into the rooms of the Deacons Total Abstinence Club to find the club believed in total abstinence from water. Art patron—"What! Seven dollars for this! Why, you only charged me two dollars and a half for that fine, large oil piece on the wall there." Great artist—"Exactly so. That little bit in your hand is done in water color. They come high just now on account of the drought."

A Rockland man saw advertised "a sure cure for drunkenness." He forwarded the necessary dollar and received by return mail, written on a valuable postal card in beautiful violet ink, the magic words—"Don't drink."—Rockland Courier.

A young Frenchman, who had sown a heavy crop of wild oats, determined to get married and settle down. On the wedding day his mother-in-law said to him: "I hope, my dear son-in-law, that you will be guilty of no more follies in future." "My dear madam," he replied, "I promise you that this shall be the last."

There are two farmers in Rockland whose property adjoins. One of them raised a full crop of potatoes in a certain field, while his neighbor's field on the other side of the fence produced not a potato. The singular circumstance is explained by the fact that the latter did not plant any potatoes in the field in question.—Rockland Courier.

The Dispensary.

We have all a great horror of being poisoned, without exactly understanding what it is. Poison is a disorganization of flesh and blood, or both. Poisons are of two kinds; one the result of medicinal agents taken into the stomach or circulation; the other the result of bites or stings of living creatures. I will now state two ideas which, if generally known and remembered, would save thousands of lives every year. If you have swallowed a poison, whether laudanum, arsenic, or other things poisonous, take a tablespoonful of ground mustard in a glass of water, cold or warm, stir and swallow quickly, and instantaneously the contents of the stomach will be thrown up, not allowing the poisonous substance time to be absorbed and taken into the blood; and as soon as vomiting ceases, swallow the white of one or two new eggs, for the purpose of antagonizing any small portions of the poison which may have been left behind. Let the reader remember the principle, which is to get the poison out of you as soon as possible; there are other things which will have a speedy emetic effect, but the advantage of mustard is, it is always at hand, it acts instantaneously without any other medicinal effects. The use of the white of an egg is that although it does not nullify all poisons, it antagonizes a larger number than any other agent so readily attainable. But while taking the mustard or egg, send for a physician; these things are advised in order to save time, as the difference of twenty minutes is often death.

ARNICA HAIR WASH.—When the hair is falling off, and becoming thin from the frequent use of caustic, ma-

The Old Turnpike.

We hear no more of the clanging hoof, And the staves rattling by, For the steam king rules the travel world, And the old pie's left to die. The grass creeps o'er the dusty path, And the water drives on, Where once the stage-horses, day by day, Lined its iron bed.

No more we hear the crackling whip And the strong wheels rumbling sound; And ah! the water drives on, And an iron horse is found. The coach stands rusting in the yard, The horse has sought the plow, We have spurned the world with an iron rail, And the steam king rules us now.

The old turnpike is a pile no more; Wide open stands the gate; We have made us a road for our horse to ride, And we ride at a flying rate; We have filled the valleys and leveled the hills, And unrolled the mountain side, And around the rough crags a dizzy verge Fearlessly we ride.

Mormon Marriages.

The first "celestial marriage" occurred by stealth on the banks of the Mississippi river, near Nauvoo, Ill. Joseph Smith "sealed" to James Noble a second wife. Noble's first wife soon died of a broken heart, and the second wife went insane and also died. When Smith married Noble the latter also married Smith to a second wife. The first Mrs. Smith clung to the prophet until a mob killed him, and then married a Gentle, and at last accounts was still living at Nauvoo. In defense of polygamy the examples of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Moses, Joshua, David and Solomon are cited. In corroboration of the Book of Mormon we are pointed to the buried cities of Palenque and Uxmal in Central America; to the mounds in the Mississippi Valley, and to other well-known vestiges of a pre-historic race. When a good Mormon dies who has "lived up to his religion" and has had a dozen or two wives and fifty or sixty children, he does not become a mere angel, like an ordinary Christian; he becomes a god, with a world of his own to reign over. A Mormon wife who opposes the polygamous marriage of her husband goes to hell and is "destroyed." A Mormon who obeys the mandates of the church in most respects, but neglects to go into polygamy, becomes a mere angel, who must become a kind of celestial servant to the gods of other angels. His wife must share in the same humiliating fate. The doctrine of "blood atonement" is simply this: That if an apostate's throat is cut, the spilling of his blood upon the ground will save his soul. If he is left to die a natural death, his soul will go to hell. A greedy many apostate son has been saved in Utah. This, in substance, is the Mormon religion.

Dwellers in Trees and Earth-Eaters.

A French naval doctor, M. Crevaux, has lately made important explorations in the northern parts of South America, more especially in the valley of the Orinoco and its affluents. Among other facts of observation he states that the Guaranos, at the delta of that river, take refuge in the trees when the delta is inundated. There they make a sort of dwelling with branches and clay. The women light on a small piece of floor, the fire needed for cooking, and the traveler on the river by night often sees with surprise long rows of flames at a considerable height in the air. The Guaranos, dispose of their dead by hanging them in hammocks in the top of trees. Dr. Crevaux, in the course of his travels, met with geophagous, or earth-eating tribes. The clay, which often serves for their food whole months, seems to be a mixture of oxalates of iron and some organic substances. They have recourse to it more especially in times of scarcity, but strango to say there are eager gourmands for the substance, individuals in whom the depraved taste becomes so pronounced that they may be seen tearing pieces of ferruginous clay from huts made of it and putting them in their mouths.

Society ought to be able to protect itself from this evil. The privileges of a free press are not so sacred as the purity of children. But a press may without giving license to the men who desire to abuse it to pour streams of filth into the minds of the young.

HOARSENESS.

Bake a lemon or sour orange for twenty minutes in a modern oven, then open it at one end and dig out the inside, and sweeten it with sugar or molasses, and eat. This will cure hoarseness and remove pressure from the lungs.

Remarkable Paintings.

The Canon saw me glancing at a picture on the wall, and immediately sprang up and called my attention to an engraving of the Tribute Money and spoke of its great merit. Near that hung the Sistine Madonna, and near by a small engraving of the beautiful Pieta of the National gallery. "I think that so beautiful," he said, "Whenever I am in London I find time to run in and see it." "I know of no picture of our blessed Lord comparable to this."

Canon Westcott has a thin but tender mouth, which wears a perpetual sweet, gentle, reverent smile, respectful in its effect by a slight respectful incline of his head. He has a nervous temperament, and his manners are quick and very courteous. His manner, as a lecturer, is charming, and he has always that sweet smile. His wife and daughters sat in the seat with me at the lecture. Extended, and the room was crowded.

Other Eminent Men.

We heard the much admired Bishop of Durham preach, and address the Total Abstinence Society, and W. heard him preach before the Association of the young men of the University for the Prevention of Vice. Professor Seeley looks like Henry Ward Beecher. His mouth is thin, his hair sparse and white. He is short, broad-shouldered, short-necked, very erect and stiff when he takes his rapid steps. His eyes are keen and acute, and his nose is straight and youthful-looking face tells a story of a deal of fun which is aching to burst out. The Girton and Nuneham girls crowd to his lectures on History, as well as the Cambridge students.

The Ubiquitous Cambridge Student.

As night begins to fall, the student becomes a floating presence everywhere, bat-winged, floating in the air. When the chapel bells ring, the young men hurry from all directions, and as they near the chapels, if they chance to be late, they throw their arms aloft to shake off their black gowns, and not seldom the change to the white robe is effected in the street, (although many keep their surplices hanging in the outer chapel rooms.) Monitors stand at the doors to take down the names of the students who enter. It is amusing to see five dignified men forming a semi-circle at Trinity, and scanning each other before making a mark on the long roll which each holds in his hand, and more amusing still to watch one who, far up in the choir, goes with his work after the services have commenced.

In Memoriam.

It is very pleasant to sit in the antechapel at Trinity, itself a huge church, and look, now and then, at Lord Bacon, who lounges at ease in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, not caring who comes or who goes, and at Newton, who stands near him, and seems eager to tell us all about the laws of the creation. One look cast beyond, lights on Barrow, the picture of elegance. Locke, under his cap, with the symbols of the arts about him, looks out from the wall, and other sons of *Alma Mater* are remembered by stones beneath our feet or by bust or statue, so that we seem to be in a company hardly less alive or less interested in the services than those gathered in the choir.

A Wonderful Room.

On the 6th of November I attended service in King's Chapel. The anthem was one of Handel's. The music swelled until it seemed as if the stone canopy of the roof would sink shattered. The room is three hundred and sixteen feet long, and the vaulted tracery, made of massive blocks of stone, seems to hang in the air.

Ob, don't you remember

The Fifth of November, The Gunpowder Treason and Plot? We saw two scullions between 'Towyn and Gown' on the evening of Guy Fawkes' Day, and the gowns of the students told the tale this morning. For chapel, however, the torn gowns were exchanged for angel's drapery. Our tickets gave us admission to seats among the canons in Trinity Chapel on "Scarlet Sunday," or Founders' Day. The rattling off the names of the benefactors in a dull,

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"By getting well and strong as fast as you can," said Mrs. Dardanel, really touched by the girl's enthusiasm. "And here is a ten dollar bill for you," for you see added, with a smile. "You may need some little trifle of dress, or there may be a drive, or a picnic, or an excursion going on, in which you will want to participate."

The Pleasures of the Table.

The simple food will not suffice to maintain a community in mental and physical health, and to produce the highest form of efforts. A people who live on rice will usually be found dull and unenterprising better than grow unmanly. Monotony in food, as in other things begets dullness. For all classes there must be something in life to look forward to if men are not to become sated; and, constituted as we are at present, the pleasures of the table must continue to form an important element among the pleasures available for man. But if the use of luxurious food be defensible on these grounds, absolute waste of food, at any rate produces the ill effect pointed out without any compensating advantage.

The diner at every glutinous city feast contributes his quota to the already existing distress in some other part of the community. So does the guest at a charity dinner. The money he subscribes to the church is merely a transfer of wealth which leaves the world neither richer nor poorer; the dinner he eats or leaves increases the poverty of his neighbors.

Procrustes was the surname of Polyphemus, or Demestres, a legendary robber of Attica, who had an iron leg upon which he placed all the travelers who fell into his hands. If they were longer than the bed, he cut enough from their limbs to make them fit; if they were shorter, he stretched them out to the desired length. He was slain by Theseus on Mount Cephissus.

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"But, cried Mrs. Dardanel, an idea suddenly occurring to her much buffed and befrizzled head, "there is Mrs. Daggett's farm, a few miles farther down the shore. She takes boarders for five dollars a week, and I believe it is a very nice place. If you think it advisable, I will take a month's board for the girl there. I really feel as if the dear little thing belonged to me."

"An excellent plan, madam, an excellent plan," said the doctor, oracularly. I have no doubt but that a month of sea air would make quite a different person of her. Helen Hyde could scarcely believe her own ears when Mrs. Dardanel beamingly announced her intentions. "The seaside!" she cried, her pale face flushing all over, "the seaside! Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of it all my life. And for a whole bright, long summer month! Oh! how shall I ever thank you?"

"By getting well and strong as fast as you can," said Mrs. Dardanel, really touched by the girl's enthusiasm. "And here is a ten dollar bill for you," for you see added, with a smile. "You may need some little trifle of dress, or there may be a drive, or a picnic, or an excursion going on, in which you will want to participate."

December.

BY A. ARBORN KELLY.

The hollow winds complaining sweep Across the frozen mere; Old bones now his hours doth keep With crisp and hoarse cheer, Above the flowers which patient sleep And dream the Spring is near.

Now every fruit hangs from the trees, Solitarily hung with gold; Now crystal leaves away in the breeze, The fruits of frost and cold. Far richer than fair June's are these, Tho' perfume none they yield.

The North king o'er the landscape breathes, And to the south's arrayed In sparkling gems and snowy wreaths, And beautiful is made, Hisley sword he proud unabashes, And Irish host is laid.

Across the pond's dull leaden glip The noisy skater's hiss; The merry laugh is on each lip, And joy illumines each eye; With merry hearts they on their trip, Beneath the cold gray sky. A thousand joys with due come, December, cold and gray; In all thy reign there is no gloom, To darkness of our way, So sweetly dear you make our home, Our feet care not to stray; Sweet Summer hath no charm like this, Tho' wintry month and cold; The darkness though it round the entrance, That's a month may hold; In the death health and mirth combine To all his joys unfold.

