



SUNDAY MORNING IN CENTRAL PARK—JEWS DRINKING MINERAL WATER.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 726.]

marked eyebrows and curly dark hair, a certain expression of amusement in her glance which her mouth keeps the secret of, and for the rest features entirely insignificant—take that ordinary but not disagreeable person for a portrait of Mary Garth. If you made her smile, she would show you perfect little teeth; if you made her angry, she would not raise her voice, but would probably say one of the bitterest things you have ever tasted the flavor of; if you did her a kindness, she would never forget it. Mary admired the keen-faced handsome little Vicar in his well-brushed threadbare clothes more than any man she had had the opportunity of knowing. She had never heard him say a foolish thing, though she knew that he did unwise ones; and perhaps her foolish sayings were more objectionable than any of Mr. Farebrother's doings. At least it was remarkable in her character never to show beforehand for the predicted imperfections of the clerical character sustained by Fred Vincy. These irregularities of judgment, I imagine, are found even in riper minds than Mary Garth's: our impartiality is kept for abstract merit and demerit, which none of us ever saw. Will any one guess toward which of those widely different men Mary had the peculiar woman's tenderness?—the one she was most inclined to be severe on, or the contrary?

"Have you any message for your old play-fellow, Miss Garth?" said the Vicar, as he took a fragrant apple from the basket which she held toward him, and put it in his pocket. "Something to soften down that harsh judgment? I am going straight to see him."

"No," said Mary, shaking her head and smiling. "If I were to say that he would not be ridiculous as a clergyman, I must say that he would be something worse than ridiculous. But I am very glad to hear that he is going away to work."

"On the other hand, I am very glad to hear that you are not going away to work. My mother, I am sure, will be all the happier if you will come to see her at the vicarage; you know she is fond of having young people to talk to, and she has a great deal to tell about old times. You will really be doing a kindness."

"I should like it very much, if I may," said Mary. "Every thing seems too happy for me all at once. I thought it would always be part of my life to long for home, and losing that grievance makes me feel rather empty: I suppose it served instead of sense to fill up my mind."

"May I go with you, Mary?" whispered Letty—a most inconvenient child, who listened to every thing. But she was made exultant by having her chin pinched and her cheek kissed by Mr. Farebrother—an incident which she narrated to her mother and father.

As the Vicar walked to Lowick any one watching him closely might have seen him twice shrug his shoulders. I think that the rare Englishmen who have this gesture are never of the heavy type—for fear of any lumbering instance to the contrary, I will say, hardly ever: they have usually a fine temperament and much tolerance toward the smaller errors of men (themselves inclusive). The Vicar was holding an inward dialogue in which he told himself that there was probably something more between Fred and Mary Garth than the regard of old playfellows, and replied with a question whether that bit of womanhood were not a great deal too choice for that crude young gentleman. The rejoinder to this was the first shrug. Then he laughed at himself for being likely to have felt jealous, as if he had been a man able to marry, which, added he, it is as clear as any balance-sheet that I am not. Whereupon followed the second shrug.

What could two men, so different from each other, see in this "brown patch," as Mary called herself? It was certainly not her plainness that attracted them (and let all plain young ladies be warned against the dangerous encouragement given them by Society to confide in their want of beauty). A human being in this aged nation of ours is a very wonderful whole, the slow creation of long interchanging influences; and charm is a result of two such wholes, the one loving and the one loved.

When Mr. and Mrs. Garth were sitting alone, Caleb said, "Susan, guess what I'm thinking of."

"The rotation of crops," said Mrs. Garth, smiling at him above her knitting, "or else the back-doors of the Tipton cottages."

"No," said Caleb, gravely; "I am thinking that I could do a great turn for Fred Vincy. Christy's gone, Alfred will be gone soon, and it will be five years before Jim is ready to take to business. I shall want help, and Fred might come in and learn the nature of things and act under me, and it might be the making of him into a useful man, if he gives up being a parson. What do you think?"

"I think there is hardly any thing honest that his family would object to more," said Mrs. Garth, decidedly.

"What care I about their objecting?" said Caleb, with a sturdiness which he was apt to show when he had an opinion. "The lad is of age and must get his bread. He has sense enough and quickness enough; he likes being on the land, and it's my belief that he could learn business well if he gave his mind to it."

"But would he? His father and mother wanted him to be a fine gentleman, and I think he has the same sort of feeling himself. They all think us beneath them. And if the proposal came from you, I am sure Mrs. Vincy would say that we wanted Fred for Mary."

"Life is a poor tale, if it is to be settled by nonsense of that sort," said Caleb, with disgust. "Yes, but there is a certain pride which is proper, Caleb."

no sort of work," said Caleb, with fervor, putting out his hand and moving it up and down to mark his emphasis, "that could ever be done well if you minded what fools say. You must have it inside you that your plan is right, and that plan you must follow."

"I will not oppose any plan you have set your mind on, Caleb," said Mrs. Garth, who was a firm woman, but knew that there were some points on which her mild husband was yet firmer. "Still, it seems to be fixed that Fred is to go back to college: will it not be better to wait and see what he will choose to do after that? It is not easy to keep people against their will. And you are not yet quite sure enough of your own position, or what you will want."

"Well, it may be better to wait a bit. But as to my getting plenty of work for two, I'm pretty sure of that. I've always had my hands full with scattered things, and there's always something fresh turning up. Why, only yesterday—bless me, I don't think I told you—it was rather odd that two men should have been at me on different sides to do the same bit of valuing. And who do you think they were?" said Caleb, taking a pinch of snuff and holding it up between his fingers, as if it were a part of his exposition. He was fond of a pinch when it occurred to him, but he usually forgot that this indulgence was at his command.

His wife held down her knitting and looked attentive.

"Why, that Rigg, or Rigg Featherstone, was one. But Bulstrode was before him, so I'm going to do it for Bulstrode. Whether it's mortgage or purchase they're going for I can't tell yet."

"Can that man be going to sell the land just left him—which he has taken the name for?" said Mrs. Garth.

"Deuce knows," said Caleb, who never referred the knowledge of discreditable doings to any higher power than the deuce. "But Bulstrode has long been wanting to get a handsome bit of land under his fingers—that I know. And it's a difficult matter to get, in this part of the country."

Caleb scattered his snuff carefully instead of taking it, and then added, "The ins and outs of things are curious. Here is the land they've been all along expecting for Fred, which it seems the old man never meant to leave him a foot of, but left it to this side-slip of a son that he kept in the dark, and thought of his sticking there and vexing every body as well as he could have vexed 'em himself if he could have kept alive. I say, it would be curious if it got into Bulstrode's hands after all. The old man hated him, and never would bank with him."

"What reason could the miserable creature have for hating a man whom he had nothing to do with?" said Mrs. Garth.

"Pooh! where's the use of asking for such fellows' reasons? The soul of man," said Caleb, with the deep tone and grave shake of the head which always came when he used this phrase—"the soul of man, when it gets fairly rotten, will bear you all sorts of poisonous toad-stools, and no eye can see whence came the seed thereof."

It was one of Caleb's quaintnesses that, in his difficulty of finding speech for his thought, he caught, as it were, snatches of diction which he associated with various points of view or states of mind; and whenever he had a feeling of awe he was haunted by a sense of Biblical phraseology, though he could hardly have given a strict quotation.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

"GENTLE September, thou art here!" and even in this most uncertain and unprecedented of years we have hopes that we shall recognize the harvest month by "the tempered heat that lingers in the sun's spent rays." September is a favorite month, bringing gifts of luscious fruit and golden grain—bringing also, this year, promise of moderate temperature instead of the terrors of protracted heat. August made few friends at his last coming; fierce and unrelenting seemed he, as torrid days and nights lengthened into weeks—a heated term which at the time seemed unendurable. But poor August seldom gives satisfaction; if he brings heat, we fret; if cold, we say, "How unseasonable!" If it is dry, we lament for the scant hay crop; if wet, we groan over the injured grain and fruit. How seldom, alas! we thankfully remember any blessings brought by the weather, so habitual are complaints concerning it. Last year at this time, between the drought and the plague of grasshoppers, there was scarcely left any green thing in many sections; now almost every where vegetation is fresh and flourishing, from the frequent and abundant rains. Extraordinary as the summer has been in its protracted heat, its violent storms, its sudden changes, there has been no widespread epidemic stretching its black death-wing over our cities; absentees do not fear to return to their homes, which seem all the more dear after wanderings which, however pleasant, have involved many privations.

Western cities grow with wonderful rapidity. In 1838 St. Paul had but three inhabitants, one of whom "still lives;" in 1849 it had 400 inhabitants; in 1855, 4400; in 1857, 9973; in 1865, 13,210; in 1870, 20,045; and in 1872, about 30,000. The growth of Minneapolis is not far behind that of St. Paul. The infant colony of Colorado Springs, about seventy-five miles from Denver, had no existence a year ago. Now it numbers one hundred and fifty-nine houses, has a large hotel, which is constantly crowded, two or three churches, four public parks, several embryo public institutions, and a newspaper.

The Church of the Disciples—Mr. Hepworth's new church—is expected to be ready for occupancy next January. It is on the corner of Forty-fifth Street and Madison Avenue, and will be one of the largest in the city, having accommodations for 3000 persons.

Lake Tahoe is the wonder of California—though California, to be sure, has many wonders. This gem of lakes is the largest in the world at the same elevation, being from eight to ten thousand feet above the sea, and walled in by mountains which rise two or

three thousand feet above the surface of its waters. These same waters have three distinct colors: near the shore pure emerald, farther out a deep and beautiful blue, and toward the center of the lake an inky black. No purer water can be found anywhere. Lake Tahoe is thirty-five miles long and fifteen wide, and four varieties of trout sport in its waters—the silver, black, red, and cross breeds. The mountains surrounding the lake are studded with pine and cedar, tamarack being the most attractive and graceful of the trees. An endless variety of shrubs and undergrowth, and flowers of varied colors and delicate and tiny shapes, carpet the mountain-sides, or bespangle the meadow slopes near the water. The thermometer in the vicinity of this lake varies from fifty to eighty degrees, seventy being the average summer temperature.

Connecticut boys are worth \$250 apiece; Ohio boys are valued at \$10,000. This inference is drawn from the fact that a boy having been run over and killed at Blandford, Connecticut, the case was settled for \$250; while a man who shot a boy who was stealing some cherries in Cincinnati has been sued for \$10,000.

A sensible ape in the London Zoological Gardens favors the Darwinian theory. He is gifted by nature with a fine tenor voice, and has concluded that he should no longer hide his talents. Hence he has suddenly begun to sing. His melodies may be those of ancient times, and not comprehended fully by the present man. There is no question but that he has a voice of remarkable power and compass.

At a hotel up among the mountains a few evenings ago there was a "sheet and pillow-case" party. (Is any one so ignorant as not to know what that is?) Two of the company, for the sake of having some fun, approached Henry Ward Beecher, who happened to be staying at the hotel. Extending their congratulations, they announced themselves as "Greeley men." "I am glad to see you," responded Mr. B., "and hope to see all your party in grave-clothes before November."

The *Evening Mail* is a very enterprising paper, and manages to give its readers many spicy items not familiar to common folks. This is its version of an old story we remember to have read a long time ago in the book of Acts, chapter xx. verse 9:

"Second-story windows are miserable places to go to sleep in. They are very uncomfortable, especially if a person chance to wake up on the sidewalk below with a broken neck. A very estimable young man in St. Louis tried it a few nights ago, and it is to be presumed that Morpheus got tired of holding him in such a difficult position, and let him drop. His friends gathered him up in the morning, but could make no farther use of him, and have laid him in the cold, cold ground."

New England girls are sensible to do such work as they can get. Among the table girls at the Ocean House, Old Orchard, are fifteen sea-side-teachers. At nearly all the great mountain and sea-side resorts in New England there may be found waiting on the tables accomplished young ladies, who thus employ their vacations.

In Cashmere 100,000 persons are employed in the shawl manufacture. The weavers are all men, and most of the spinners women. The real Cashmere thread is made from the down, not the hair, of the Thibet goat. This down, or wool, is all carried to Cashmere for manufacture, the business being under such strict governmental control that no real wool can be sold, or smuggled into any other province of India. Fine shawls are made in other provinces and sold as genuine Cashmere, but are an inferior article. These shawls are of two kinds: one is made by weaving small pieces and sewing them together, the other by embroidering the pattern on a plain woven cloth. The weaving of a shawl of ordinary pattern occupies three weavers three months; the more elaborate ones from twelve to fifteen months.

A visitor at St. John, New Brunswick, says that there are no trees to speak of in the town; that while the public park, King Square, boasts a few, they are exceedingly small in size. Neither are the houses elegant—they are wooden, and generally unpainted. What attractions St. John has for the outside world may be difficult to understand, for it is really a fashionable summer resort, full of strangers from all quarters. But it is a cool, clean, healthy place, and, moreover, a charming one.

It often rains on the summit of Mount Washington; indeed, some slanderous person asserts that it rains there half of the time, and that when it doesn't exactly rain, it is dewy and damp. Then it is that some fifty or seventy-five people are packed into the Tipton House, which will comfortably hold not more than half that number. What a pity that mountains are not owned by the United States! Somebody always obtains a monopoly of delightful regions, and then charges the poor public a good round sum for looking at them. One can not get to any noted spot without going over private ground; and then you are forced to pay somebody for showing you what lies right before your eyes. An American traveler abroad, who suffered much by the importunities of guides whose services he did not need, adopted the following plan: "When I see one approaching," said he, in commenting on the matter, "I at once offer to guide him. It is an idea from which he does not rally in time to annoy us. The other day I offered to show a persistent fellow through an old ruin for fifty kreutzers; as his price for showing us was forty-eight, we did not come to terms."

In 1848 a French woman, who earned her living by washing, was passing in the streets of Paris when a pistol was fired at M. Thiers. The bullet missed the intended victim, and lodged in the flesh of the woman. She is now in her fifty-ninth year, and enjoys saying to the President, "I received in my arms the bullet which was destined for you in 1848."

Peaches can be peeled rapidly by dipping them for an instant into strong hot lye, and afterward into cold water.

Certain English botanists are engaged in the acclimatization of a plant brought from New Granada, which will enter into competition with our ink manufacturers. It is the *Coriaria thymifolia*, or ink plant. The juice which is extracted from it, and which is called "canchi," is at first of a reddish tint, but in the space of a few hours assumes a hue of the deepest black, and can be used in its natural state without preparation. The merit of this canchi consists in its not affecting steel pens as the ordinary ink does, and besides, it will resist the action of time and the influ-

ence of chemical agencies. During the Spanish régime all the public documents were written with this ink, otherwise they would have been rendered illegible through the influence of the sea-water.

Extraordinary news has come from the stars. Dr. Huggins, the eminent English spectroscopist, by uniting spectroscopic appliances with a fine telescope which has been placed at his disposal by the Royal Astronomical Society, in London, has made remarkable discoveries. He finds that many of the stars are traveling far more swiftly than has been supposed. Sirius is receding from the earth at a rate exceeding twenty miles a second. Arcturus is traveling toward us at a rate of some fifty miles a second. Dr. Huggins can trace a tendency among the stars in one part of the heavens to approach the earth, while the stars in the opposite part of the heavens are receding from us; and the stars which are approaching lie on that side of the heavens toward which Herschel long since taught us that the sun is traveling. But there are stars not obeying this simple law; and among these Dr. Huggins recognizes instances of that community of motion to which a modern student of the stars has given the name of star-drift. It happens that one of the most remarkable of these instances relates to five well-known stars known to astronomers as Beta, Gamma, Delta, Epsilon, and Zeta, of the Great Bear, all of which are drifting bodily through space, and receding from the earth at the rate of about thirty miles per second.

"Raine's Charity," in the London parish of St. George, has existed since the beginning of the last century. It takes its name from its founder, and its object is the presenting of a marriage-portion of one hundred pounds to those young women who, having received the required education in the schools of the charity, shall, at the age of twenty-two, be best recommended by those whom they have served, after leaving the schools, for piety, industry, and continuance in the principles of the Church of England. These marriage-portions are distributed by lot every 1st of May and 26th of December. Six girls are chosen as candidates, and the unsuccessful, if they continue unmarried, may draw again from time to time till they obtain the prize. The wedding of one of the fortunate prize-winners takes place at the same time as the drawing for another of the portions, and the 1st of May is a day of exciting interest and cheerfulness throughout the London parish of St. George. The church-bells ring, a flag flies from the top of the church tower, the happy couple who receive the money are married at the church in presence of all the children of the schools and the trustees of the charity, and then the whole party return to the asylum, where the next marriage-portion is drawn for.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WHAT prevail along the coast?" asked a teacher of a pupil. "Dense fogs." So stood the question and answer in our geographies. It was after school-hours, but the teacher was bound to do her duty, and kept us there to learn a lesson we did not learn in school-time. "What prevail along the coast?" asked the teacher again. "Bull-frogs!" was the startling and prompt reply.

A gentleman who has been enjoying the "comforts" of a country boarding-house says that his bed constantly reminded him of Richard III., because it was "deformed, unfinished," and "scarce half made up."

ARMS HAVE THEY, YET TOIL NOT—Chairs.

HANDS HAVE THEY, YET STEAL NOT—Clocks.

"I am speaking," said a long-winded orator, "for the benefit of posterity." "Yes," said one of his hearers, "and if you keep on much longer your audience will be here."

As showing how easily the most absurd mistakes in typography may arise, the *Birmingham Post* recently apologized to its readers for having described the infamous cancan as a "delicious dance." The critic had written "delirious," which the printer had read as delicious.

AUTUMN LEAVES—When winter comes in.

The barber's duty is twofold. He is a brusher of whiskers and a whisker of brushes.

A wit being asked by a seedy poet whether he had ever written any thing that would live, replied, "Before you trouble yourself on that score, I advise you to write something that will let you live."

A milkman in Detroit has been at the pump thirty-eight years.

"Do you enjoy good health, Zachary?" "Why, yez, to be sure; who doesn't?"

Mice harm the cheese, but girls charm the he's. The same is true of their respective eating of cheese and cheating of he's.

"I'm sorry," observed the clergyman, in a sympathizing tone: "Mrs. Burt has a heavy burden to bear. 'Yes, she does—that's so,' acquiesced the old farmer. 'She's laid there flat on her back this seven year. Seems sometimes as if I should get altogether worn out. I do wish she'd get well—or suthin.'"

Some one in speaking against suicide says, as a clincher, that it is the height of impoliteness to go any where unless you are sent for.

A MAN OF LOW EXTRACTION—A cheap dentist.

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates again and again be considered a refined man?

A model bill, made out by an old farmer against his neighbor, reads as follows: "Neighbor A, Dr. to B to horse and waggion, goin' to mill, once since and twice before, one dollar."

THE MOST TASTEFUL HARE-DRESSER IN THE WORLD—The cook.

A student of the Wesleyan University at Middletown, Connecticut, who is near-sighted, began a handkerchief flirtation with what he thought a beautiful young lady in the street; but on coming nearer it proved to be his mother.

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes?—They correspond, but never meet.

Two good-natured Irishmen on a certain occasion occupied the same bed. In the morning one of them inquired of the other: "Dennis, did you hear the thunder last night?" "No, Pat; did it rally thunder?" "Yes, it thundered as if heaven and earth would come together." "Why the devil, then, didn't ye wake me, for ye know I can't sleep when it thunders."