POETRY.

TREASURES.

Friendship is a precious treasure
Use it well!
Joy 'twill give you without measure,
Slight it not, and never blindly
Treat it coldly or unkindly—
Use it well

Honor is a priceless jewel—
Use it well!
It is never cold and cruel;
It is warm, and kind, and cheering,
Noble, stadfast, and endearing—
Use it well!

Truth's a treasure great and glorious—
Use it well!
It will make your work victorious;
Better far its riches olden
Than the wealth that's merely golden—
Use it well!

Courage is a mighty treasure—
Use it well!
It will give you strength and pleasure;
It will drive away all sadness
By the conquering power of gladness—
Use it well!

Hope's a germ with light undying—
Use it well!
While the hours are swiftly flying,
Let its talsmanic beauty
Lead you on through paths of duty—
Use it well!

Moments are life's richest treasures—
Use them well!
They will bring eternal pleasures,
If we never treat them lightly,
But improve them ever rightly—
Use them well!

LITERATURE.

A BIT OF SCANDAL SPOILED.

'Poor thing! I do feel for her. Though she is a person I never saw, yet here seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot but——'

'Oh, I dare say you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the wretch, I suppose, is in bed.'

'But what could have induced a girl to tie herself to such a man.'

'Well, I don't know—the old story, I suppose—false appearances, for no girl in her senses would have married a man with his habits if she had known of them beforehand.'

'There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the real character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh, the wretch! I have no patience with him.'

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy curtained houses that form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one mistress of the said nice looking cottage villa, and the other her guest—a country matron, who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commiseration of both was the object of a handsomer villa exactly opposite, but apparently the abode of great wretchedness.

On the following morning Mrs. Barton and her guest, Mrs. Kennedy, were at the window of the parlor, which commanded a full view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs. Morton, when the hall door was quietly opened, and was as quietly shut again by the lady herself.

'There she is, poor thing!' cried Mrs. Barton. 'Only look how carefully and noiselessly she draws the gate after her She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she makes, even in the street, may wake that fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation.'

Mrs. Kennedy, with all the warmth of a truly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes, as far as the street allowed, this quiet looking, broken spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the neatly tripped straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, with a most intense and mysterious sympathy; and then, fixing her anxious, interested gaze on the opposite house, she said—

'And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend, for, were ennedy to act in such a way, I'm sure I wouldn't endure it for a week.'

It does seem scarcely intelligible,' answered Mrs. Barton; 'but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her breakfast by herself; for, without any wish to pry, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out—I suppose to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople; and you will see her by and bye return, looking up as she approaches at the bedroom window, and if the blind is drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself, 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds I am not there to give him his breakfast!' Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve—or one—or two; and I have seen him sitting down to it, when she was having her dinner!'

'And when does he have his dinner?'

'Oh—his dinner! I dare say that is a different sort of thing from hers, poor thing! He dines, no doubt, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere, in fact, but at home.'

'When does he come home generally?'

'At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four, and five in the morning. Indeed, our milkman told Susan that he has seen him sneaking in, pale, haggard, and worn out with his horrid vigils at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast.'

'I wonder if she sits up for him?'

'Oh, no; for we see the light of her solitary candle in her room always as we are going to bed, and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her—poor solitary soul! I don't know that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature.'

'Dear, dear, it is terrible!' sighed the sympathising Mrs. Kennedy. 'But does any one visit them—have they any friends, do you think?'

'I don't think he can have many friends—the heartless fellow; but there are a great many people who call, stylish people, too, in carriages; and there is he—the wretch!—often with his half sleepy look, smiling and handing the ladies out as if he were the most exemplary husband in the world.'

'Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences.'

'No—even that comfort is denied her. She has no one to cheer her—her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. But perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make? Oh, I should like to know her. And yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband. Barton, you know, wouldn't know such a man.'

'My dear Mary, you have made me quite melancholy. Let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon, and here we are, losing the best part of the day in something not much removed from scandal.'

The ladies hereupon set out, saw all the 'loves of bonnets' in Regent street, all the 'sacrifices' that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford street, bought a great many things for 'less than half the cost,' made calls, and laughed and chatted away a pleasant exciting day for the country lady, who, happily for herself forgot in the bustle the drooping, crest-fallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in Merton Road.

The next day a lady friend called on Mrs. Barton.

'I find,' she said in the course of conversation with that lady and her guest, 'you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of mine, Mrs. Morton.'

'Mrs. Morton!' exclaimed both her hearers, pale with excitement and curiosity. 'Mrs. Morton! Oh, how singular that you should know her—poor, miserable creature! Oh, do tell us about——'

'Poor, miserable! What can you mean? You mistake. My Mrs. Morton is the happiest little woman in the city.'

'Oh, it cannot be the same,' said Mrs. Barton. 'I mean our opposite neighbor, in Hawthorne Villa. I thought it couldn't be——'

'Haythorne Villa. The very house. You surely couldn't have seen her husband who——'.

'Oh, the dreadful, wretched, gambling fellow! interrupted Mrs. Barton. 'I would not know such a man.'

'He,' in her turn interrupted her friend Mrs. Law—'he a gambler! He is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amiable, and passionately fond of his young wife.'

'My dear Mrs. Law, how can you say all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood—a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose—who comes home to his desolate wife at all hours, whose only estensible means of living is gambling, or something equally disreputable—who——'

'You have been most grievously misled, again interposed Mrs. Law. 'Who can have so grossly slandered the best of men? He cannot help his late hours, poor fellow! That may be safely called his misfortune, but not his fault.' And the lady warmed as she spoke until she had to untie her bonnet, and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

'His misfortune,' said Mrs. Barton; how can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases.

'But he cannot help it; he would be too pleased to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is over."

'Then, what in Heaven's name is his business?'

'Don't you know?' said Mrs. Law, looking extremely surprised. 'Why, he is an editor of a morning newspaper!'

THE GARMENTS WHICH THE COMING WOMAN WILL WEAR.

[From the Boston Globe.]

The Boston Woman's Club is just now industriously investigating the dress problem, and endeavoring to find some form of costume which shall relieve overburdened femininity of its weight of clothes, and protect it from bedraggled skirts and dampened ankles. Several members of the Club have experimented for some time in this direction, and not long since a meeting was held under its auspicies at Freeman Place Chapel for the exhibition of such garments as these members or others have devised. It was not a secret affair, for women were welcomed, but no man could obtain admittance. Reporters were unceremoniously excluded, and an artist of Leslie's Illustrated, who endeavored to get in to obtain sketches for his journal, was forbidden to enter. Mrs. Caroline Severance, President of the Club, superintended the exhibition, and there was a large attendance, indicating no little interest in the subject to be considered.

The first lady to present articles of dress was Mrs. Dr. Blake, who exhibieed some garments which she had found better adapted to her peculiar needs than the prevailing feminine costume, but she also said she would not recommend them to general use, for she was aware of something better, invented by Mrs O. P. Flynt, who, although not a member of the club, had spent considerable time in perfecting a desirable substitute for the apparel of the present, which would be exhibited during the afternoon. This announcement created no little flutter among the members of the Club, for Mrs. Flynt was known to them and to many readers of the *Globe* as one who, for many years, has been a fashionable dressmaker and caterer to to the ultra fashionable and fastidious tastes of the *elite* of the city. Her suits in the courts against Mr. A. L. Coolidge to collect a bill of nearly $2,000 for dressmaking for his wife for a single quarter, two or three years ago, has hardly yet ceased to be a topic of conversation. That such a person should have invented anything to be commended by those lady dress reformers seemed preposterous, and there was a general rustle of surprise and frequent glances of incredulity.

The curiosity of the members of the Club was not immediately gratified, for Mrs. Crane was the next to exhibit the result of her labors. She held up for inspection an article which she said was a "chemiloon," combining chemise and drawers in one garment. This, she said, she had tested and approved, and it was on sale at Messrs. Jordan, Marsh, & Co.'s. She also exhibited a series of suspenders intended for the support of skirts, hose, etc., and an ingeniously strapped and immaculately ruffled "form improver," for which she claimed considerable merit. Mrs. Dr. Dio Lewis had quite a number of novel garments to show, each of which, as she described them, seemed to have for its chief merit its capacity to be "fastened together by two pins," to which commendation the ladies did not seem to take kindly, for they have already have had sufficient experience with things which require pins for fastenings. How to get rid of the pins is one of the problems they are trying to solve.

At this point, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe declared that she was in a great hurry, but desired to see Mrs. Flynt's inventions before taking her leave, and that lady came forward. Not being a reformer, nor a member of the Club, Mrs. Flynt lacked the self-possession and fluency of some of the other ladies, but she succeeded in making herself intelligible, soon forgetting the peculiarity of her position in her interest in her topic. She is a rather short, broad, blonde woman, on the shady side of forty, and wore a simple black silk skirt and grey redingote, with black velvet collar, cuffs and buttons—plain enough for a reformer, but in excellent taste. She told the club that by the invitation of some of its members she had come in to show them her ideas of dress reform, and that she would begin at the beginning. This she did by exhibiting a large doll dressed in clothes adapted to a child just beginning to walk. Her system, she said, applied the same principle to suits for females of all ages, the leading idea being to suspend the weight herotofore borne upon the waist and hips from the shoulders. In this model, the underskirt, worn next the body, was of an elastic knit fabric, to which was sewn bands of unelastic material for supports, the clothing for the lower part of the body being buttoned to the waist. The main point of support for all the clothing was the point of the shoulder, although its weight is distributed upon the whole of the upper part of the chest.

Another doll was then shown, intended to represent an older girl. This was provided with a loose waist, at the natural belt point of which were two rows of buttons, one for hose, underdrawers and flannel skirt, and the other for white skirts and the skirts of the dress, which was separate from the waist, thus sustaining the weight of all the clothing from the shoulders and upper part of the chest, as in the first instance. Mrs. Flynt then showed doll No. 3, which she said was a fully developed young lady. As it came into view, Mrs. Howe asked why its underdress had so many more bands, tapes and buttons than the child's garment before shown, to which question Mrs. Flynt expained that a lady wears heavier clothing and requires support where a child does not, and proceeded to explain the function of each strap and button, showing that while none were useless, there was provision in the garment for all the uses of the wearer. This garment had no waistband, but served as a support for stockings, woollen and cotton drawers, and flannel skirt, all the weight resting on the shoulders. Mrs. Flynt insisted on a loose waist, illustrating her meaning of the word "loose" by saying that while her own waist measure was twenty-seven inches, she made belts a full yard in length. Here Mrs. Howe interrupted again in astonishment with, "But, Mrs. Flynt, are you really in these clothes?" to which the reply was made, "Yes, I've worn nothing else for more than a year," a declaration which was received by the audience with hearty applause. In describing this garment, Mrs. Flynt recommended her hearers to use concave French bone buttons, as they button easily, hold several button-holes each, and never cut the thread, which was also received with applause. Mrs. Howe seemed not to be able to recover from her surprise that these articles had actually been tested by wearing, and again asked, "Mrs. Flynt, have you really discarded corsets?" to which the answer was, "Yes, and I weigh 175!" an admission at which the audience again cheered heartily.

After this digression, doll No. 4 was shown, wearing next the stage of a lady's underdress. It was a single garment, combining a chemise, underskirt, corset-cover, if corsets are worn, habit shirt with bosom, and undersleeve, finished with buttons at the neck for a collar or ruff, and at the wrists for cuffs or ruffles. This garment, which included so much, had neither gather nor plait, but was very comely and graceful. Several ladies declared that it was pretty enough for a chamber dress, and examined its "cut" with much interest. It was, intended, besides the above uses, to serve as a support for a hoopskirt or its equivalent, white skirts and dress skirt, the latter being detatched from the waist, as is now common. Every garment this model young lady had on was suspended from her shoulders, but she had as pretty a figure as could be desired. In lifting her arms above her head, in illustrating the ease of these garments, Mrs. Flynt declared that she could feel the lifting of the clothing to the soles of her feet, while in walking she felt its support as she did no other clothing.

Mrs. Flynt's garments were warmly commended by most of the ladies, who seemed astonished that clothes could be devised which would so entirely relieve the waist and hips from pressure, and at the same time be comely and graceful. Mrs. Dr. Lewis, however, objected, declaring that to support the clothing from the point of the shoulder was unnatural; it should rest where a man's suspenders do, midway between the shoulder point and the neck; but Mrs. Flynt defended her idea, and offered if Mrs. Lewis would call and leave her measure to make her an entire suit, that she might give it a trial.

Mrs. Flynt then resumed her exhibition by displaying to the audience a waterproof skirt, by the use of which the wearer is entirely protected from rain or mud or dew. The outside was of ordinary waterproof cloth, but the peculiar merit of the garment was its "protector," which extended up under the skirts, completely enveloping them. Mrs. Flynt told the ladies that the day before she had worn this garment for two hours in a first-class shower, in the streets of Boston, wearing at the same time a white ruffled skirt and a silk dress with eight ruffles, and came in as dry and clean as when she went out. The waist of this garment was of the same material, cut in a graceful and striking pattern. The skirt was recommended for travelling, and she proceeded to exhibit to the wondering audience a series of eight pockets in it, sufficient to carry quite a wardrobe, besides ordinary travelling conveniences.

The interest of the ladies in Mrs. Flynt's exhibition was such that, during the afternoon, she was compelled to explain them four times, and the last time she was compelled to stand upon the top of the pulpit that all might see. Mrs. Livermore remarking that it had never been more worthily filled. There was not only an eagerness to see and a disposition to approve, but a large number of ladies desired to order the new garments at once. Mrs. Flynt, however, declined all orders, saying she was not yet prepared to execute them, but she hoped ere long to put her inventions in the hands of those who would supply the demand. Since this exhibition, her residence has been thronged with visitors eager to see for themselves the wonderful garments of which their friends who were at the meeting have told them. More than 1,000 ladies have examined them, and are hearty in their commendation, and Mrs. Flynt, who has retired from her former business, finds herself more sought for than ever before. It is evident from the interest taken in her garments that the Boston ladies believe in them, and need only the opportunity to accept them, and discard the dragging and draggling over-weights with which they are burdened.

JOSH BILLINGS SAYS:

Thoze who never had ennything at home, when they travel, seem to do it on purpose to find fault.

We are all of us apt to judge ov the cloth in a man's coat bi the fashion it iz kut in.

Trieing to please everybody iz like trieing to apologize to a lot of hornets for running against their nest.

Morality iz the bread of literary reputashun, but bread mixt with morality iz the bread and butter ov it.

The man who expekts to git ahead here belo by pulling others bak aint goin to git a grate ways from where he started.

There iz no kind of vittles that will phatt a man so fast as a clean conshinese.

Gravity is generally a kounterfit which a man cheat himself with and tries to cheat others with, too.

Envy is the bitterest pashun of the harte; it is even more subtle than revenge.

I have made a cluss kalkerlation on it, and I find that, with whiskey at six cents a glass, a man will drink a good farm and fetch up in the poor hous in just thirteen years and four months.

Yu kant liv and di happy my yung frend, bi serving the devil; this has bin tried by az smart men az the world has ever produced, and proved to be a profound failure.

Wize men are just as apt to overshoot the mark as phools are, but I have alwuss sed that it iz a respektable miss for either ov them to make.

If a man kan stand sudden prosperity without making his head swim, he haz got the right kind ov stuff in him.

A lazey man alwuss thinks he works harder then enny one else, and I guess he iz more than half rite.

Falling desperately inluv iz anold-fasbioned complaint! folks don't do it any more, it aint fashionable.

A gentleman, talking in a Sunday-school, a Sunday or two ago, asked the scholars why Simon was kept in prison. One of the teachers quietly prompted a boy to say that it was for a hostage, and the youth not quite catching the words, piped out, "He was detained for postage."

A party sat down at a well-spread supper table of a Sound steamer, upon which one of the dishes contained a trout of modorate size. A serious looking individual drew this trout towards him, saying apologetically, "This is fast day with me." His next neighbor, an Irishman, inserted his fork into the fish and transferred it to his own plate, remarking, "Sir, do you suppose nobody has a soul to save but yourself?"

RANDOM READINGS.

A little faded flour—A crust of bread.

Why is the letter Y like a young lady? Because it makes pa pay.

Quip says that on week days you buy your music by the sheet, but on sundays you can have it by the choir.

"God made the country, and man made the town." Who made the watering-places? Well, the devil had a hand in that.

An Irishman remarked to a companion on observing a lady pass, "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" 'Thin' replied the other; 'botherashun! I've seen one as thin as two of her put together."

A western poet gives this parting advice to the bridegroom:

Be always kind and never say "shall"
And do what you can to please her,
For she is a hum-bred 'Merican gal,
And the che-i-ld of our hum-bred Cæsar.

THE fashion reporter of an Austin City, Nevada paper, described the belle of the masquerade ball in the following astonishing language: "The most gorgeous, stunning, richest, high-toned, firstest-classest, nicest, or any other adjective for costume in the "outfit," was that worn by Miss Frankie Clarke. She was the highfaultinest, gayest and glausest gal in the room. She appeared as a page, and she was a page that no man would have any other man to read. Both in costume and action she was as perfect as a big sun-flower." A couple of days after the appearance of this notice, into the editorial room of the paper stalked a young man. His brow was wrapped in thunder, his body in a tweed suit, and his hand clasped a lump of hickory. He pulled a paper out of his pocket and pointed his fingers at the paragraph, said "I want ter see the man as wrote that ere." "I am the individual," replied the person. "What did yer go and do it for, that's wat I want ter know?" 'O, because I thought you'd like ter see your gal made out one of the most bewitching females that were ever sent on earth to keep a man from his hash and drive balmy sleep from his pillow." "Now look here. Ever sense that was published I cant get a word out of her. She sits in front of the looking-glass and keeps a gazin on herself, and makin' squint eyes at her dress, and puckerin' up her mouth, and actin' as if she was a blasted sight better than anybody else. I want this ere thing fixed, or there'll be a editors situation vacant." He looked significantly at the club. For a moment the reporter stood in profound thought; then his face brightened, and he said, "I'll fix it in next weeks paper. After you've seen the next issue, call and tell me the result." The young man left. In the next week's paper appeared the following paragraph:

"A CORRECTION.—We made a grave mistake in our issue of last week. In our description of the masquerade ball, we accidently substituted the name of Miss Frankie Clarke for that of Miss Georgie Waller. Any one who is acquainted with the first named lady must have discovered the error. It is true that she appeared for what was intended as a page, but she looked a good deal more like a bootblack in hard luck. She is not good-looking her actions were absurd, and every man in the room kept as far from her as possible. She thinks of moving out of this community, as it's unappreciative. When she goes she will be escorted out of town by a brass band. The people of Austin will gladly miss her from among them."

The next day the young man entered the office. In his hand he bore a rifle, and his belt was ornamented with a big six-shooter and a tremendous bowie-knife. He sailed up to the reporter. "I look warlike, don't I? I don't feel a bit like fightin', you bet You jest oughter have seen her when she read that correction. Why, she jest danced a jig with madness, and she sot down and cried, and then she came up and threw her arms around my neck, and said, "Arthur do you love me?" 'You bet your best bonnet on that," said I. "Well, never expect me to speak to you again unless you go and kill the feller as writ that slander." In course I promised, and now I am here to kill you.' He laughed long and heartily. After a time he quieted down and the reporter said, "I suppose, to make it all right between you and your gal, I've to become a corpse. I'll do it. Sit there a minute and I'll fix the business." He sat down at the desk, scribbled away for a few minutes, and then returned with a sheet of paper on which was written:

"OBITUARY.—It grieves us to be compelled to announce the sudden death of Mr. Charles Keller, the young and talented fashion editor. In a moment of mental aberration, he had slandered an estimable, accomplished and beautiful young lady of this city, named Miss Frankie Clarke. Yesterday her betrothed called at this office, and asked for the writer of the slander, and when he discovered him, shot him on the spot. This paper will be unable to give fashionable gossip hereafter. We find it impossible to fill the place left vacant by Mr. Keller. Though erratic, he was a man of kindly heart, and could listen more attentively to stale stories and drink more bad whiskey than any man in Austin. R.I.P.

"That's your sort," said the infuriated lover. "That's the thing to a T. Come along Mr. Corpse, and hist a little lightening." The lady was satisfied when the paragraph appeared in the next issue of the paper, her lover was regarded as a hero, and the Austin paper ceased to give reports of fashionable balls.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

The skill, the art, the mighty toil, that have been devoted to the adornment, and to the desecration of this most ancient place of worship, have been of extraordinary magnitude. The greatest legacy of Egyptian antiquity, the Great Pyramid, demanded indeed a greater amount of naked human labor; but in Moriah there is a compulsion of the features of Nature herself to the surface of the builder. In actual bulk, the Great Pyramid is to the Temple rock as five to nine, if we descend but as far as the sills of the five double gates of the mountain of the house. If we carry the comparison down to the level at which the lowest foundation of the walls is inlaid in the rock at the angles of the enclosure, the bulk is three times that of the Great Pyramid. The cubic contents of the mason's work may not amount to a tenth part of that piled up by Souphis. But the hill has been honey-combed with chambers and galleries; and the declining part to the south covered with vaults and arches, to which Geezeh can show no parallel. No merely artificial structure could have so successfully resisted the resolute efforts of the two greatest military nations of the ancient world to destroy its existence and obliterate its memory. No other monument, long surviving the era of Asiatic and Italian power, can ever, like the noble Sanctuary, mark by its very ruins the successive periods of its glory and its fall!

If we regard not so much the evidence of the labor devoted to the work of the Temple as the effect produced on the mind by its apparent magnitude, we may suggest the following comparisons: the length of the eastern wall of the sanctuary is rather more than double that of the Great Pyramid. Its height, from the foundation on the rock at the south, and near the northern angles, was nearly a third of that of the Egyptian structure. If to this great height of one hundred and fiftystwo feet of solid wall be added the descent of one hundred and fourteen feet to the bed of the Kedron, and the further elevation of one hundred and sixty feet attained by the pinnacles of the Temple porch, we have a total height of four hundred and twenty-six feet, which is only fifty-nine feet less than that of the Great Pyramid. The area of the face of the eastern wall is more than double that of one side of the Pyramid. Thus the magnitude of the noble Sanctuary of Jerusalem far exceeded that of any other temple in the world. Two amphitheatres of the size of the Colliseum would have stood within its colossal girdle, and left room to spare. The Colliseum is said to have seated eighty-seven thousand spectators, and accommodated twenty-two thousand more in its arena and passages. For such a number to have been crammed within its circle, the space for each person must have beed limited to seventeen inches by twenty inches. Allowing two cubits each way, or four square cubits for each worshipper in the Temple, the Sanctuary would have contained thirty thousand: the Chel, excluding the Priests' Court, twenty thousand more, and there would yet have been room in the Great Court and the cloisters to make the total reach to more than two hundred and ten thousand.—*Edinburgh Review.*

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