ONLY THE SUNNY HOURS.

Only the sunny hours
Are numbered here—
No winter-time that lowers,
No twilight drear.
But from a golden sky
When sunbeams fall,
Though the bright moments fly—
They're counted all.

My heart its transient woe
Remembers not;
The ills of long-ago
Are half forgot;
But childhood's round of bliss,
Youth's tender thrill,
Hope's whisper, Love's first kiss—
They haunt me still!

Sorrows are everywhere,
Joys—all too few!
Have we not had our share
Of pleasure, too?
No past the glad hearts cowers;
No memories dark;
Only the sunny hours
The dial mark.

—E. C. Stedman.

Napoleon's Three Warnings.

A Strange Story of the Great Corsican, as Narrated by Fouche.

The celebrated Fouche, Duke of Otranto, sometime chief of police to Napoleon, was retained but a short time, it is well-known, in the service of the Bourbons, after their restoration to the throne of France. He retired to the town of Aix, in Provence, and there lived in affluence and ease upon the gains of his long and busy career. On one occasion the company assembled in his salon heard from his lips the following story:

By degrees, as Napoleon assumed the power and authority of a king, everything about him, even in the days of the Consulate, began to wear a court-like appearance. All the old monarchical habitudes were revived, one by one. Among other revivals of this kind, the the custom of attending mass previous to the hour of audience was restored by Bonaparte, and he himself was punctual in his appearance at the chapel of St. Cloud on such occasions. Nothing could be more mundane than the mode of performing these religious services. The actresses of the opera were the chorists, and great crowds of busy, talkative people were in the habit of frequenting the gallery of the chapel. from the windows of which the first consul and Josephine could be seen with their suites and friends. The whole formed merely a daily exhibition of the consular court for the people.

At one particular time the punctuality of Bonaparte in his attendance on mass was rather distressing to his wife. The quick and jealous Josephine had discovered that the eye of her husband was too much directed to a window in the gallery where there regularly appeared the form and face of a young girl of uncommon beauty. The chestnut tresses, the brilliant eyes, and graceful figure of this personage caused more uneasiness to the consul's wife, as the stranger's glances were bent not less often upon Bonaparte than his were upon her.

"Who is that young girl?" said Josephine, one day, at the close of the service; "what can she seek from the first consul? I observed her drop a billet just now at his feet. He picked it up—I saw him."

No one could tell Josephine who the object of her notice was, though there were some who declared her to be an emigree lately returned, and who probably desirous of the intervention of the first consul in favor of her family. With such guesses as this the consul's wife was obliged to rest satisfied for the time.

After the audience of that same day had passed, Bonaparte expressed a wish for a drive in the park, and accordingly went out attended by his wife, his brother Joseph, Duroc, and Hortense Beauharnais. The King of Prussia had just presented Napoleon with a superb set of horses, four in number, and they were harnessed to an open chariot for the party. The Consul took it into his head to drive in person, and mounted into the coachman's seat. The chariot set off, but just as it was turning into the park. it went crash into a stone at the gate, and the First Consul was thrown to the ground. He attempted to rise, but again fell prostrate in a stunned and insensible condition. Meanwhile the horses sprang forward with the chariot, and were only stopped when Duroc, at the risk of his life, threw himself out and seized the loose reins. Josephine was taken out in a swooning condition. The rest of the party speedily returned to Napoleon, and carried him back to his apartments. On recovering his senses fully, the first thing which he did was to put his hand into his pocket and pull out the slip of paper dropped at his feet in the chapel. Looking over his shoulder, Josephine read upon it these words:

"Do not drive out in your carriage this day."

"This can have no allusion to our late accident," said Bonaparte. "No one could forsee that I was to play the part of coachman to-day, or that I should be awkward enough to drive against a stone. Go, Duroc, and examine the chariot."

Duroc obeyed. Soon after he returned, very pale, and took the first consul aside. "Citizen consul," said he, "had you not struck the stone and stopped your drive, we had all been lost."

"How so?" was the reply.

"There was in the carriage, concealed behind the rear seat, a massive bomb, charged with ragged pieces of iron, with a slow match attached to it and kindled. Things had been so arranged that in a quarter of an hour we should have been scattered among the trees of the Park of St. Cloud. Fouche must be told of this; Dubois must be warned!"

"Not a word to them," replied Bonaparte. "The knowledge of one plot only engenders a second. Let Josephine remain ignorant of the danger she has escaped. Hortense, Joseph, Cambraceres—tell none of them; and let the government journals say not a word about my fall."

The First Consul was then silent for some time.

"Duroc," he said, at length, "you will come to-morrow at mass, and examine with attention a young girl whom I shall point out to you. She will occupy the fourth window in the gallery on the right. Follow her home, or cause her to be followed, and bring me intelligence of her name, her abode, and her circumstances. It will be better to do this yourself; I would not have the police interfere in this matter."

On the morrow the eyes of more than one person were turned to the window in the gallery. But the jealous Josephine sought in vain for the graceful figure of the young girl. She was not there. The impatient first consul, and his confidant, Duroc, were greatly annoyed at her non-appearance, and small was the attention paid by them to the service that day. Their anxiety was fruitless. The girl was seen at mass no more.

The summers of Napoleon were spent chiefly in Malmaison—the winters at St. Cloud and the Tuileries. Winter had come on, and the first consul had been holding court in the great apartments of the last of these palaces. It was the third of that month which the republicans well called Nivose, and in the evening Bonaparte entered his carriage to go to the opera, accompanied by his aid decamp, Lauriston, and Generals Lannes and Berthier. The vehicle was about to start, when a female, wrapped in a black mantle, rushed out on the Place Carousel, made her way into the midst of the guards about to accompany Bonaparte, and hold forth a paper to the latter crying:

"Citizen Consul, Citizen Consul, read! read!"

Bonaparte, with that smile which Bourrienne describes as irresistible, saluted the petitioner, stretched out his hand for the missive. "A petition, madam?" said he, inquiringly, and then continued: "Fear nothing; I shall peruse it and see justice done."

"Citizen Consul"——cried the woman, imploringly joining her hands.

What she would have further said was lost. The coachman, who it was afterward said, was intoxicated, gave the lash to his horses, and they sprang off with the speed of lightning.

The Consul, throwing into his hat the paper he had received, remarked to his companions: "I could not well see her figure, but I think the poor woman is young."

The carriage dashed along rapidly. It was just issuing from the street of St. Nicholas, when a frightful detonation was heard, mingling with and followed by the crash of broken windows and the cries of injured passers-by. The infernal machine had exploded. Uninjured, the carriage of the Consul and its inmates was whirled with undiminished rapidity to the opera. Bonaparte entered his box with serene brow and unruffled deportment. He saluted, as usual, the assembled spectators, to whom the news of the explosion came with all the speed which rumor exercises upon such occasions. All were stunned and stupefied. Bonaparte only was perfectly calm. He stood with crossed arms listening attentively to the orotorio of Haydn which was executed on that evening. Suddenly, however, he remembered the paper put into his hands. He took it out and read these lines:

"In the name of heaven, citizen consul, do not go to the opera to-night, or, if you do go, pass not through the street of St. Nicholas."

On reading these words the consul chanced to raise his eyes. Exactly opposite to him, in a box on the third tier, sat the young girl of the Chapel of St. Cloud, who, with joined hands, seemed to utter prayers of gratitude for the escape which had taken place. Her head had no covering, but her flowing and beautiful chestnut hair; and her person was wrapped in a dark mantle, which the consul recognized as identical with that worn by the woman who had delivered the paper to him at the carriage door on the Place Carousel.

"Go," said he, quietly but quickly; to Lannes; "go to the box exactly opposite to us, on the third tier. You will find a young girl in a black mantle. Bring her to the Tuileries. I must see her, and without delay." Bonaparte spoke thus, without raising his eyes, but to make Lannes certain of the person, he took the general's arm and said, pointing upward, "See there—look!"

Bonaparte stooped suddenly. The girl was gone. No black mantle was to be seen. Annoyed at this beyond measure, he hurriedly sent off Lannes to intercept her. It was in vain. The box-keeper had seen such an individual, but knew nothing about her. Bonaparte applied to Fouche and Dubois, but all the zeal of these functionaries failed in discovering her.

Years ran on after the explosion of the infernal machine and the strange accompanying circumstances which tended to make the occurrence more remarkable in the eyes of Bonaparte. To the consulate succeeded the empire, and victory after victory marked the career of the great Corsican. At length the hour of change came. Allied Europe poured its troops into France and compelled the emperor to lay down the sceptre which had been so long shaken in terror over half the civilized world. The Isle of Elba became for a few days the most remarkable spot on the globe, and finally the resuscitated empire fell to pieces anew on the field of Waterloo.

Bonaparte was about to quit France. The moment had come for him to set foot in the bark which was to convey him to the English vessel. Friends who had followed the fallen chief to the very last were standing by to give him a final adieu. He waved his hand to those around, and a smile was on the lip which had given the farwell kiss to the imperial eagle. At this instant a woman broke through the band that stood before Napoleon. She was in the prime of woman's life; not a girl, yet young enough to retain unimpaired that beauty for which she had been remarkable among a crowd of beauties. Her features were full of anxiety and sadness, adding interest to her appearance even at such a moment.

"Sire! sire!" said she, presenting a paper hurriedly; "read! read!"

The Emperor took the paper presented to him. He shook his head, and held up the paper to his eyes. After perusing its contents he took it between his hands and tore it to pieces, scattering the fragments in the air.

"Stop, sire!" cried the woman. "Follow the advice! Be warned—it is yet time!"

"No!" replied Napoleon. And, taking from his finger a beautiful oriental ruby, a valuable souvenir of his Egyptian campaigns, he held it out to the woman. She took it, kneeling, and kissed the hand which presented it. Turning his head, Napoleon then stepped into the boat which awaited to take him to the vessel. The vessel took him to the barren rock of St. Helena.

And there he died.

Thus of three warnings, two were useless because neglected until the danger had occurred, and the third—which prognosticated the fate of Napoleon, if once in the power of his adversaries—the third was rejected.

"But who was this woman, Duke of Otranto?"

"That," replied Fouche, "I know not with certainty. The emperor, if he knew, ultimately, seems to have kept the secret. All that is known respecting the matter is that a female related to Saint Regent, one of the authors of the explosion of the street St. Nicholas, died at the hospital Hotel Dieu, in 1837, and that around her neck was suspended, by a silk ribbon, the exquisite oriental ruby of Napoleon."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

The Advantages of Dyspepsia.

Carlyle, like Johnson and Swift, had a powerful, but disordered body which from youth to old age never seems to have given him a day of serene joyous health. Dyspepsia, his malady was called. but it must have been of a peculiar kind, involving the whole nervous system. The slightest noise hindered him from sleep, which he sometimes could not obtain for three weeks together. He describes his sufferings, as might be expected, with graphic force—a sensation as if a "rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach;" his nerves all inflamed and torn up; and mind in most hag-ridden condition. After a journey he says he felt like a "mass of dust and inflammatory ruin." He speaks of six weary months of which he can remember nothing but agonized nights and days—of having suffered the pangs of Tophet almost daily; that his torments were greater than he was able to bear. Neither carefulness as regards diet nor constant exercise seems to have done much more than mitigate his sufferings. Yet he was powerfully built and really very strong, capable of enduring much bodily fatigue and such protracted mental labor as few could surpass. He never seems to have been acutely and dangerously ill, but was always ailing and suffering, a condition for which people with stout and rather blunt nervous organizations have often imperfect sympathy and comprehension. It is by no means the most dangerous illnesses which are always the most painful. Carlyle's maladies, no doubt, seriously affected his temper, which may well have been somewhat tart and hasty to begin with, and his irritability has become proverbial, a serious defect which, with one or two others, we shall have to consider presently. But a still worse result of his ill-health was the settled gloom and despondency in which he habitually lived—another well-known effect of gastric disturbance. Probably with radiant health he would have have been a melancholy man; his mind was naturally sombre and disposed to seek the darker side of things. Even before dyspepsia appeared, when he was a lad not 19 in the first letter of his which had been preserved, we find him speaking of this "dirty planet" in a style worthy of his atrabnious moods of later years. If this was his sentiment when in health, what could be expected when he fell into chronic disease? That which really happened. The most wretched and cheerless spirit to be found in history or literature. Carlyle lived in a cavern of black thoughts only lit up by occasional gleams of fantastic humor, which served but to show the vastness of the pit in which he dwelt. Never does he seem to have been visited by a ray of warm, genial sunlight.—James Cotter Morison, in Macmillan's Magazine.

An Elephant in a Barroom.

"Bamboo," the elephant of Kiralfy's troupe, has caused considerable excitement to the loungers and employees of Eiberle's Continental Hotel stable The beast has been feeling nervous and cross the last few days, and when her keeper, William Prenter, was not present, it has been very unsafe for a stranger to approach her. On Tuesday night a man claimed to be from Forepaugh's establishment attempted to examine one of her feet. While he was stooping over "Bamboo" wrapped her trunk around his body, raised him above her head, and tossed him against the wall. On Wednesday afternoon, on going to the matinee she got chilled by the snow and it was necessary to give her a gallon of Jamaica rum to restore the circulation of her blood. In the evening she went to the theatre as usual. At the close of the entertainment, when Prenter was returning with his charge, all the stablemen scattered and gave her a wide berth. as they are ludicrously afraid of her. Several men were standing in the rear door of Martin's saloon, which opens into the stable, and when the huge bulk came swinging along, beat a retreat into the saloon, closing the door after them. This seemed to be an affront to her elephantine ladyship, so she shoved against the double doors with a snort, pushed them open, and rushed in among a crowd of card-players and others. It is enough to say that they all went out of the front door, "and stood not on the order of their going," "Billy," the keeper, had rushed in after her and stopped her, but found himself alone with his pet. All else had ignominiously fled. She seemed to understand where she was, and instead of going out at the command of her keeper, raised her trunk aloft and opened her mouth all the time trumpeting loudly. Billy understood this language, and poured out a big glass of wine and gave it to her. Then she lowered her trunk, grunting gratefully, and backed out. One by one the men came back, and each one laughed at the rest for running out while he stayed in the room to see the fun. Yesterday, when visited by a reporter, she seemed kindly disposed, and was treated to rum and cakes, to her intense satisfaction.—Philapelphia Press.

"I Note None but the Cloudles Hours."

There stands in the garden of old St. Mark
A sun-dial, quaint and gray,
And it takes no heed of the hours that dark
Pass over it day by day.
It has stood for ages among the flowers,
In the land of sky and song;
"I note none but the cloudless hours,"
Its motto the whole day long.

So let my heart in this garden of life
Its calendar cheerfully keep,
Taking no note of the sorrow and strife,
Which in shadows across it creep,
Content to dwell in this land of ours,
In the hope that is twin with love,
And remember none but the cloudless hours
Till the dry-star dawn from above.

—William Croswell Doane.

A MODERN ABRAHAM.

The Sacrificial Murder of a California Boy by His Father.

From the Los Angeles Herald.

Mrs. John Smith, the wife of the inhuman fiend who butchered his thirteen year-old son near Westminister on the 4th of this month, was brought to this city on Wednesday last and placed in jail to await her trial as accomplice to the murder of her eldest child. The woman in personal appearance is not unprepossessing, and there is nothing in her face to denote absence of the motherly instincts of which she has shown herself to be utterly devoid. As she entered the room bearing in her arms a pale, and sickly looking infant, the reporter saw before him a woman small in statute. with a round face. She was scantily clad in an old dress, which seemed but the mockery of an attempt to keep off the cold gusts which now and then came sweeping through the jail-yard. A scrap of a shawl, gathered closely around her frail form and that of her crying babe, added meagerly to her physical comfort and formed but another line in a picture which, had it not been for her surroundings would have been an pressively sad one.

During the interview, which is in substance reproduced below, she would from time to time, look up into the reporters face with the flash of desperation in her eyes, and at other times the tears would well up from long-unused springs and flood the face and choke the sound of her voice. Her whole story seemed to be sincere; there was no effort at dissimulation or dissembling.

"Mrs. Smith, you are here to answer the charge of assisting in the murder of your own son. Have you any objections to stating to me what impelled you to this act?"

"I had nothing to do with it, sir. If I could have prevented it I would. My husband told me about an hour before he did it that the Lord demanded a sacrifice of us and that our boy had to die. I begged him to spare my boy. I cried and begged him to consider what he was about to, but all the answer he made me was that Jesus Christ had died for us, and the Lord had told him that our son had to die for his sake. He called my boy out of the house and told him that he had to die for our Saviour. The boy asked him if the Lord had commanded him to starve and Josiah told him "Yes." Then the little fellow knelt down and I knelt down by his side and his father stood up. He raised the knife, looked hard into the boy's face and then drove the knife into his breast. Oh, it was awful, once it was done!"

"What do you mean? Do you mean to say that the slaying of one of your children did not seem awful to you?"

"No; I felt bad a little, but when he told me that he was going to do it did not seem to me so terrible. It was only when I saw the boy fall over and a great stream of blood spurting from his body that I felt how terrible it all was."

"Had your husband ever been a religious man? Had he ever shown any symptoms of religious insanity?"

"No, sir. He was not a religious man. He believed in God, but did not follow any religion. He took to reading the Bible a great deal a few weeks before all this happened and used often to read me all that they say in the Bible about the sacrifice to the Lord. I begged him not to read them so much, but they seemed to have a terrible fascination for him, he weuld read over and over again about the Lord commanding Abraham to sacrifice his son Isaac and how He sent a ram to be the victim. He got to talking to his old father, who is now seventy-eight years old, and he said to him: "I am the Lord." His old father argued with him when he saw the way he was going, but it was of no use; and my husband would go on saying to him that he had God in him."

"How long have you been married to this man? Has he been a good husband to you?"

"This coming December will be sixteen years. I have no complaint to make against him, for he has been as good a husband to me as a woman could want. He was always kind to all of us, and did all that he could to keep us from want. But just before he did it he said that we must all fast and that he would not let us eat anything. The boy asked him frequently if God had ordered us all to starve and he always said He had. If it had not been that my head was sort of dazed and if the boy had not given in at once, I might have prevented the killing though he was mighty bent on it."

"How did your husband's talk on this subject of sacrifice affect you?"

"Well, I used to feel that if the Lord commanded me to starve or kill people, I would not do it. But, when he would talk to me and persuade me that a good wife should think as her husband did, I got so as to think that what he did must be right."

"Do you ever think of your murdered child?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I often do. I am always thinking of him, and I can hear him at all times asking so to be brought in and laid on his bed, and begging for a little water before he died. I have his face before me all the time, and I hear his voice in my ears day and night."

The woman continued with heartrending details of the boy's conversations with his father and his numerous attempts to make his father go back to fishing after he had given it up. She pictured in her graphic but illiterate way the sickening details of her child's death. During the course of her narrative deep sobs would interrupt her story, but they seemed to be more the results of emotional excitement than any natural grief of a bereaved mother.

Wit and Humor.

Patti says that while in bed at her hotel she was bitten by a mouse. Perhaps it was not a mouse, Patti. Try rubbing the woodwork of your couch with kerosene.

Gen. Sherman kisses every girl to whom he is introduced. Tecumseh always was a reckless cuss, much given to cutting away from his base and depending on the country for his supplies as he went along.

Altogether too voiceless: After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth, exclaiming, "Don't be so unspeakably happy."

It is stated as a positive fact that during the recent election a republican candidate was so unpopular that a crowd refused to take a drink with him. We had do idea that party spirit was ever carried to such an extreme as that.—Texas Siftings.

Liberal landlord—"What are you doing in my back yard?" Irish tramp (engaged in mending his clothes)—"I was jist a gatherin in me rints, sorr!" The squire drops the subject and retires. —London Punch.

Perfectly empty: "I do wish you would come home earlier," said a woman to her husband. "I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine that there's somebody in the house, but when you come I know there ain't."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Unconscious repartee. Uncle Dick (an eminent R. A).—"Well, Johnny, and what are you going to be?" Johnny —"I shall be a judge, like papa." Uncle Dick—"Ah! but you haven't brains enough, my boy." Johnny—"Oh, then I'll be an artist like you."—London Punch.

The Sham and the Real.

Every good thing has its host of imitators; every genuine article its counterfeits. Bad manners and wicked habits have theirs also, but he who shams the bad never boasts of it, while they who ape the virtues of the good or simulate the genuine never hesitate to place the counterfeit before the public in their most alluring tones. When these people imitate they always choose a pronounced type or popular subject to copy from; and when they claim to be as good as "So-and-So," or to sell an article equal to "So-and-So," the public may depend upon it that Mr. "So-and-So" and his article are always of the best kind. Thus the sham is always proving the genuine merit of the thing it copies.

A firm of enterprising gentlemen produce and popularize an article of household use, such as the Royal Baking Powder, whose convenience, usefulness and real merit make for itself an immense and universal sale. A hundred imitators rise on every hand, and as they hold out their sham articles to the public, yelp in chorus, "Buy this: it's just as good as Royal, and much cheaper!" The Royal Baking Powder is the standard the world over, and its imitators in their cry that theirs is "as good as Royal" are all the time emphasizing this fact. In their laborious attempts to show by analysis and otherwise that the "Snowball" brand has as much raising power "as the Royal;" or that the "Resurrection" powder is as wholesome "as Royal;" or that the "Earthquake" brand is "as pure as the Royal." as well as by their contortive twistings of chemical certificates and labored efforts to obtain recognition from the government chemists and prominent scientists who have certified the superiority of Royal over all others, they all admit the "Royal" to be the acme of perfection, which it is their highest ambition to imitate. But the difference between the real and these imitations, which copy only its general appearance, is as wide as that between the paste and the true diamond. The shams all pay homage to the "Royal."

A Milanese Beauty.

A writer in the London Spectator says: I cannot help being inflammable, especially in the neighborhood of Milan, which is surely responsible for the prettiest women in the world. With their wavy fingers, nut-brown eyes, marble-veined complexions, and the rich, black dresses, they would move an anthropologist (whatever he means in English), let alone a poet. So it was that I fell in love, in and for ten minutes, under Mrs. Balbus' eyes, at an open air breakfast on the Isola Bella— and that my passion was returned. We never spoke, but we loved. She was obviously engaged to the gentleman who was with her, but that did not matter. She was so pleased with my frank, but I trust respectful, adoration from the next table, that she changed her seat, and put herself, with a grace beyond the reach of art, in the light best calculated for me to study her. When she left, she made a Parthian turn, and gave me just one bow and smile, in which the most presumptuous of men could have detected nothing wrong—which were a privilege. I rushed to the stranger's book, and found her name was Antonietta C——, of Milan. Surnames are, as Charles Surface says, too formal to be registered in love's calendar. Besides, the gentleman looked fiery and might see this. And Italians fight duels, and I do not. But the surname was even more beautiful than the christian. And, ah! Antonietta C——, if ever you should read this, remember a poet who for that one glimpse would go to the world's end for you, if he had not so many other things to do, and if Mrs. Balbus did not say: "Tom you are simply foolish!"

Major Burke of the New Orleans Times Democrat went to work into a stone yard as a common laborer just after the war. He is now supposed to be worth half a million dollars, and to be looking toward the United States Senate.

J. B. Jermain, of Watervliet, New-York, sent a New Year card, wrapped in a $5,000 check, to Hamilton college.