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POETRY.

A SUMMER-DAY SONG.

BY GEORGE MAC DONALD.

The morn'g awakes his brooding dove,
With outspread wings of gray,
Her feathered clouds she in above,
And roosts a nother day.

No motion in the deeps of air!
No trembling in the leaves!
A still contentment everwhere,
That neither damps nor grieves.

A film of shew'd I'er grey
Hides in the e'en'g air;
White-wing'd fowls leave their way
Behind in go-as-is blue.

Dream on, dream on, O dreamy day!
Thy very clouds are dreams:
Yon child is dreaming far away—
He is not wishing for us.

THE STORY-TELLER.

THE BROTHER'S REVENGE.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes the history of a tragedy on the Plains in the Far West:

Riding out above Julesburg, a rock was pointed out to me, at the foot of which had been erected a tragical monument of which made me shiver cold. The place was in a deep canyon, surrounded by high bluffs, and there was a loneliness and silence in the frowning rocks that oppressed every visitor, and made them glad to hasten their departure from the gloomy dell. Many years ago two young men came from the East, and ascending the Missouri, engaged in the fur business. They were bosom friends, and prospered in all their undertakings; money flowed into their coffers and they became wealthy; still they stayed in the West that had been so generous to them, and finally determined to make it their permanent home. One of the young men had a sister, who lived at St. Louis, where the partners went annually to sell their furs and divide the profits of their business. The girl, infatuated by the tales of adventure told her by her brother, longed to visit the great West, and begged so hard that her brother finally consented. For a whole year she lived at the hunter's ranche on the head waters of the Missouri, and when the time came for the partners to go down the river and sell their furs, the brother was sick and could not go. The girl was loth to leave her brother, but he urged her to go home and her brother, saying he would soon be well and follow after her, intrusting his darling to his friend and partner, the two set out in a Mackinaw boat, well manned and provided with every comfort. The brother grew worse and the summer wore away before he was able to travel. In the meantime the partner returned, bringing him news from home and a division of the annual profits, which were larger than ever before. The brother, pleased with the manner in which their business had been managed, readily yielded to the suggestion of his partner to delay his visit home, and he returned to active operations, and went down in the spring with furs. All went well until mid-winter, when the brother received a letter from his home that nearly crazed him. The letter was from his mother, and gave a long, circumstantial account of the ruin and seduction of her daughter, Nima, by his partner. The girl had confessed every thing, and told how he had seduced her while bringing her home down the Missouri, and then abandoned her. The poor girl, unable to bear her shame, had become a maniac, and soon would be a mother. The first impulse of the brother on reading the letter was to seek out at once and kill the villain who had ruined his family, but he thought the momentary suffering inflicted by a ball not enough punishment for such a scoundrel, and so devised a plan for revenge that no Indian could have dreamed of. Keeping the receipt of his letter a profound secret, he went on with his business as usual, and every day met his partner on the same terms of friendly intimacy as formerly. When the skins were packed and all in readiness to go down the river the brother went to Fort Benton and there had executed a will, leaving the name of the person who made it blank after which he returned to his camp on the Jefferson Fork. He then represented that on the Platte great profits were to be made in the fur trade, and proposed to his partner that instead of going down the Missouri they should ascend to old Fort Kearney and trade their boats at the mouth of the Missouri. The inducement was that if they found all as they would establish a branch business at Fort Laramie, and the partner assented to proposals so for the advantage of both. They set out, taking with them ample means to carry the hour and to meet the journey. They were many days, and finally came down the trail to Bernard's. Under some pretense or other he induced his partner to ascend with him into the lonely pass, and he secured the keys to the trunk. At first the partner thought it was some cruel joke, but when the brother produced the letter and read it, the poor man knew but too well his time had come. He confessed all and asked to be shot, but the brother had another fate in store for his victim. Coolly embracing his partner, he sat down to see his partner starve to death. On the third day the ill-fated man signed the deed bequeathing all his property to the injured girl, and the brother attached a fictitious name as witness to the instrument, by the terms of which he was made the executor of his partner's estate. He then wrote letters saying he had fallen very ill of fever on the plains, and if he did not recover these letters would be delivered by his beloved partner. All this the infuriated brother compelled the poor man to do, and then quietly awaited the end. Day by day the partner grew weaker and the brother gloat-

ed over his misery, often reading to him the letter from his mother.

The poor man promised to marry the girl and make all the reparation in his power to the family, but the brother was deaf to entreaties. At last the partner—dwindled to a skeleton—died and the brother, after burying his victim's emaciated corpse in the sand, resumed his journey to St. Louis. There he gave out that his partner had died while on his way through the Rocky Mountains, and in proof of his assertion delivered the letters. The will was also proved, and the girl became the dead man's heir. Two years afterwards the brother was shot by Indians, and before he died confessed what he had done. Some hunters visited the place and dug up the skeleton, around the neck of which still was the chain by which the poor man when living had been fastened to the fatal rock. The spot is still pointed out to travellers, and the tale told of how the brother, day after day, cut his meals in the presence of his wretched prisoner, but would not give him so much as a crumb or a cup of water to slake his thirst.

Always Begin Right.

We once knew an old friend who had but one piece of advice to young beginners: it was, "If thee'll only begin right all will go well." We have often thought that there was more in the recommendation than even the good Quaker saw, for there is something in beginning right in life to which the adage, "begin right" will not apply. Success is but a synonym for beginning right.

Who, for example, is the healthiest, the early-riser or the sluggard? It is the man who begins the day right, by leaving his bed with the sun, and inhaling the fresh air of morning, not the one who remains till eight or nine o'clock in a close chamber, sleeping a dull, stupefying sleep. Who gets through his day's work the earliest? The early riser. The man of business who is at his store soonest, is always best prepared for the customers of the day, and often, indeed, has sold many a bill before his laggard neighbors were about. Sir Walter Scott used to have half his day's writing finished before breakfast. A shrewd observer has said that a late-riser consumes the day in trying to recover the hours he lost in the morning. Mind and body undertake without sufficient capital, connection, or knowledge. It ends unfavorably. Why? Because it was not begun right. A young professional man, whose probationary period of study has been spent in pleasure rather than in hard reading, complains that he cannot succeed. Why, again? Because he has not begun right either. A stock company blows up. Still why? Ten to one, the means employed are not adequate to the end, or else it was started with inefficient officers, and in either case it was not begun right. Two young house-keepers break up their gay establishments, which had long prospered, perhaps, to their father's, taking her husband with her. Why? They did not begin right, for they commenced on too large a scale, forgetting that the expenses of a family increase every year, and that, in no event is it safe for a man to live up to his income. An inventor starts a manufacturing business, which his improvements in machinery are brought into play; but after a while he finds himself insolvent; his factory is sold; another reaps where he has sown. Why? Ah! like too many others, he has undertaken more than he has means to carry through; he did not begin right, and his ruin was the consequence.

But, above all things, life should be begun right. Young men rarely know how much their conduct, during their first few years, affects their success. It is not only that older persons in the same business form their opinions of them at this time, but that every beginning acquires, during these years, habits for good or ill which color his whole future career. We have seen some of the ablest young men, with every advantage of fortune and friends, and the seeds of ruin and early death by indulging too freely in the first years of manhood. We have seen others, with far less capacity, and with many lacking but industry and energy, rise gradually to fortune and influence. Franklin is a familiar illustration of what a man can do who begins right. If he had been too proud to eat rolls in the street when he was a poor boy, he would never have been Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of France. Always begin right. Survey the whole ground before you commence any undertaking, and you will then be prepared to go forward successfully. Neglect this, however, and you are almost sure to fail. In other words, begin right. A good commencement is half the battle. A false first step is almost certain defeat. Begin right!

Fire Without Flame.

An experimenting Detroit chemist took a piece of threadbare cotton cloth, and placed it in the centre of a chest filled with paper and rags. Although the room was not tight and the weather was cold, there was a smell of fire about the room in eight days. Unpacking it the experimenter found the rag half charred. In April he made a similar experiment with a pair of painter's overalls, which he rolled up with pine shavings and crowded in next to the roof-boards of a loft. In a week the smell of smoke alarmed a workman in the next room, and the overalls were found to be, on fire. And during the hottest weather a handful of old cotton rags, not smeared with oil, became hot enough when hung up in a tin box in the sun to light matches which he had placed among them. These facts show the necessity of caution in putting away rags, especially those that may be saturated with oil, benzine or other inflammable substances.—*Exchange.*

Dickens's Humor.

The humor of our great Genie seems, when we begin to analyze it, a very simple matter—merely the knack, as we have before said, of seeing crooked—of peering every figure into oddity, to wit, a gesture, a look, the merest trait, is sufficient; nay, so all-sufficient does the trait become that it absorbs the entire individuality; so that Mr. Toots becomes a Chuckle, Mr. Turveydrop incarnate a Department, Uriah Heap a Cringe; so that Newman Noggs cracks his finger-knuckles, and Carker shows his teeth, whenever they appear; so that Traddles is to our memory a Forelock forever sticking bolt upright, and Regard (in *Little Dorrit*) an incarnate Hook-nose and Moustache eternally meeting each other. Enter Dr. Blimber:—"The Doctor's walk was stately, and called actually express the juvenile mind with solemn feelings. It was a sort of march; but when the Doctor put out his right foot, he gravely turned upon his axis, with a semi-circular sweep toward the left; and when he put out his left foot, he turned in the same manner toward the right. So that he seemed, at every stride he took, to look about him as though he were saying, 'Can anybody have the goodness to indicate any subject, in any direction, on which I am un-informed?'" Enter Mr. Flintwrench:—"His neck was so twisted that the knotting ends of his white cravat actually dangled under one ear; his natural acrobatic and energy always contending with a second nature of habitual repression, gave his features a swollen and suffused look; and altogether he had a weird appearance of having hanged himself at one time or other, and of having come about ever since, halter and all, exactly as some timely hand had cut him down. This first impression never fades or changes as long as we see the figure in question.

Akin to this perception of oddity, and allied with it, is the perception of the incongruous. Never did the brain of human creature strange, and exactly as blanches, funnier coincidences, more side-splitting discrepancies. This man was say? a pump, the more so as his feelings ran to water. That man was a spider, such a conical spider—"a horny-skinned, two-legged insect, getting who spun webs to catch unwary flies, and laid into holes into which they were entrapped." Yonder trips the immaculate Pecksniff, "caroling as he goes, so sweetly and with so much innocence, that he only wanted feathers and wings to be a bird."

Here, as elsewhere, the whole power lies in the incongruity of the whole compared in the reader's perfect knowledge that Pecksniff is a humbug and an impostor, and that there is nothing bird-like or innocent in his nature. The vein once struck, there is nothing to hinder the writer from working it for ever. His path swarms with oddities and incongruities; Wagner-like he mixed these together, and produced the Homunculus, Laughter. And just as the perception of oddity and incongruity varies in men, varies the enjoyment of Dickens. Quiddity for quiddity—the reader must give as well as receive; and if the faculty is not on him, he will turn away contemptuously. A weasel looking out of a hole is enough to convulse some people with laughter; they see a dozen odd resemblances. Other people, again, walk through all this topsyturvyland with a scarcely a smile. Life in all its phases, great and small, seems perfectly congruous and ship-shape;—much too serious a matter for any levity.—*St. Paul's Magazine.*

A Plea for Tolerance.

A large and varied survey of the miseries of mankind has led me to conclude that every man is a being much to be pitied. One cannot be angry with men, or be otherwise intolerant of all their errors and shortcomings when one thinks that most men have teeth—that some men shave—that we have to get up and go to bed (both of them detestable operations) every day—that there is hardly any place, however remote, in which there is not more than one delivery of letters in the course of the twenty-four hours—that any human being, however foolish, can annoy any other human being, however sensible (though thousands of miles should separate them), by informing him abruptly in a brutal telegram, of all the unpleasant things that can happen—that pleasures are taken in the same degree as pains, and that rather like poison, dinners lasting sometimes three hours—that we have to live with creatures, very like and yet very unlike ourselves, who are strangely attractive to us, and whom we fondly and vainly endeavor to manage (they every day in these times becoming more unmanageable)—that children will scream at the top of their voices and wear out shoes in the most reckless manner—that most of our abodes are but vertical continuations of sewers—that it is always too hot, or too cold, or too rainy, or too shiny, or too misty, or too dazzling—that old ladies will have the windows up in a railway carriage when the wind is south, and young ladies the windows down when the wind is east—that there is such a thing as public speaking, and that no one can say or write anything with reasonable brevity—I say again that a male human being is a creature whom one cannot regard but with the most pity; and even his slight aberrations from perfect virtue are results which may naturally be expected to follow from the adverse circumstances that surround him.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

INDIAN RECORD OF TIME.—There is no word in the Indian language for the word "year." Indians reckon time by the return of snow, or the springing up of flowers, and the flight of the birds announces the progress of the seasons. The motion of the sun marks the hour of the day; and these distinctions of time are noted in numbers, but in language and illustrations of highly poetical character.

To Those About to Marry.

My advice is to marry as quickly as possible, for none but those who are, unhappily, versed in such matters can be aware of the manifold evils, to say nothing of major, evils which a long engagement entails. The position of an affianced pair, after a time, becomes almost ridiculous. Premature congratulations are poured forth by some over-enthusiastic friends, while others cease to believe in the reality of an ultimate settlement, and become suspicious of the sincerity of your professions, and almost personally affronted at your delay. Then the difficulty of sustaining, with appropriate effect, the character of an engaged man is something enormous.

I say nothing of the difficulty which a lady in that delicate position has to encounter, for we all know that they experience but little difficulty in making themselves perpetually agreeable—at least before marriage; but with regard to a man, think of the amiable and excusable deceptions he is forced to be guilty of—the real distaste, but professed pleasure, with which he accompanies a beloved object to a festive board for two mortal hours at least, he has to sit, the observed of all observers, next to the idol to whom he has been paying unceasing devotion for the greater portion of the day, and to whom now he has to make himself agreeable—having exchanged a very limited hand-in-hand mutual assurance company of their own; but their acquaintance is scarcely to be quoted, as the partnership was shortly afterward dissolved forever, and the lady and gentleman are at present thousands of miles apart, and each belonging to another firm.

It is impossible for a man of business not to sympathize with an eminent physician, who informed his future wife that he had no time for courtship; but that if she would marry him, and be ready on a certain day, he should be happy to meet her at the church and make her his bride.—*Temple Bar.*

Saturday Night.

What blessed things Saturday Nights are, writes some one in the *Tribune*, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish light of noon, when the pale yesterdays look beautiful through the shadows, and faces change color, and smiles wreathe again in the hush; when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old-fashioned fire, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated."

Saturday Nights make people human; so their hearts to beating softly as they use to be, and their souls to soaring at them into war-drum, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos.

The ledger closes with a clash; the iron-doored vaults come to a bang; you go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business ceases for a while. The door is unlocked, and the jars all the week gently close behind him; the world is shut out. Shut out, in the rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank.

Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow! Saturday Night's nothing to you, as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black-eyed, but above all, true-eyed—got a little home, no matter how little, and a little sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half in it, of a Saturday Night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God, and take courage.

The dim and dusty shops are swept up; the hammer is thrown down; the apron is doffed, and labor hastens with a light step, homeward bound.

Saturday Night! feebly murmurs the laughing as she turns wearily upon her couch, "and is there another to come?"

"Saturday Night, at last!" whispers the weeper above the dying, "and it is Sunday to-morrow, and—to-morrow!"

Rewarding Honesty.

The *Detroit Free Press*, of Wednesday, gives this: Yesterday morning a lady from the East, who crossed from the Great Western depot to the Detroit and Milwaukee road to go West, dropped her pocket-book in the depot at Windsor, and made outcry enough to scare every one within a block. A ragged little boy, with his hair sticking up through his boots, came forward with the pocket-book, which he had found. It contained, as the lady informed the railroad officials, \$7,000 in bonds, \$7,000 in notes, and \$1,000 in greenbacks, making its cash value to her as good as \$15,000. She was, of course, well pleased with the boy's action, and asked his name, age, the circumstances of the family, and finally opened the pocket-book to reward him. She hunted all through it, found two ten cent shipplasters, and, handing them to the lad, told him to always remember that a good action was sure to bring a good reward. The boy jerked off his old hat, thanked her, and ran off to buy ten coils of wood and a barrel of flour and other stuff to last his widowed mother until spring. He's going to look for pocketbooks all the rest of the winter, and when he finds another, he's going to hand it right over—probably.

Prof. Stowe's Mistake.

An exchange gives the following amusing anecdote of Rev. Prof. Stowe, husband of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe:

While visiting at a little town in Massachusetts, last summer, Prof. Stowe desired a friend to secure a horse and vehicle to take himself and wife to a town nine miles distant, where he desired to consult some genealogical records. His friend said that he would do his best, but that there were no decent turnouts in the village. A little in advance of the hour appointed, Dr. Stowe noticed a phaeton at the door of his host, and, hastily summoning his wife, entered and started on his journey. To his surprise the horse was a very fleet one, and the phaeton exquisite, with its silk and satin linings, ivory finishing and easy springs. Bowling along on his abrupt entrance of his host at the town whence he started, who exclaimed:—"Dr. Stowe, have you been stealing a horse and phaeton?"

To the astonished doctor it was then revealed that he had by mistake taken the establishment of a newly-married couple, a young couple, who had come to call upon the doctor's host, and who were astonished, an leaving, to find his beautiful turnout—a wedding present—gone, and replaced by an old worn-out horse and chaise that had been brought there by the lively stable-keeper for Dr. Stowe.

A stern chase ensued, but the doctor was not captured until he had reached his destination, as stated, whence, after mutual explanations, he drove home in the old chaise. The comment of the Episcopal clergyman on the case was this:

"It is curious, Dr. Stowe, of not attending the church where the commandments are read every Sunday."

A Japanese Carousal.

A correspondent in Japan writes the following: "On my way east, during our homeward journey, the Governor, who had accompanied us for two days, managed to let us see an Aino dance. We seated ourselves in our tea-houses, and the sliding doors on one side were all removed, and the Ainos, under a Japanese officer, assembled in a little yard adjacent to the tea-house, to dance and sing for our entertainment. The feast commenced by a generous distribution of saki (rice whiskey) to them to warm them up to their work. They drank prodigious quantities of this before manifesting any excitement, but when it began to work they sang in a most eccentric and homeward journey, the Governor, who had accompanied us for two days, managed to let us see an Aino dance. We seated ourselves in our tea-houses, and the sliding doors on one side were all removed, and the Ainos, under a Japanese officer, assembled in a little yard adjacent to the tea-house, to dance and sing for our entertainment. 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