ONLY A WORD.

Only a word ! a little winged word Blown through the busy town. Lighter than thistle down. Lighter than dust by roving bee or bird Brushed from the blossoming lily's golden

Borne idly here and there Oft as the summer air

About men's doors the sunny stillness stirred. Only a word ! But sharp, oh sharper than a two-edged sword To pierce and sting and scar The heart whose peace a breath of blame could

Only a word, a little word that fell Unheeded as the dew That from the darkling blue Of summer midnight softly steals, to tell Its tale of singing brook and star-lit dell

In yonder noisome street, Where, pale with dust and heat, The little window flower in workman's cell Its drooping bell Uplifts to greet the kiss it knows so well A word-a drop of dew !

The Captain's Daughter.

But oh, its touch could life's last hope renew.

"No," said I, "you shan't have him." "Oh, pa!" said shc, "but I love him so I love him so dearly.

"I don't care," said I, "A common sailor like him!" and then she bellowed pected of a girl. My girl was a beauty, and she was the

only one I had—the only one I ever had and I owned a boat, and I was known over me, "I don't feel sure of that." everywhere as Captain Parker, of the Saucy Jane, and all I had Jennie would have Jack Blaze, as he was before the mast?

Well, I set my foot down, and supposed the girl would obey. But, lo and behold! what should I see one day when I came home from the river but a couple of people swinging on my gate!

It was Jack Blaze and Jennie, and his arm was around her waist. I bolted in between 'em like a shell, and I ordered Jennie to her room, and I ordered

happen if I saw him swinging on my gate a lovely day. The Saucy Jane's cabin was "If you weren't her father, sir," said Jack, "I'd not bear such words from you; took her out.

but, as it is, and you're an old man-' With that I fired a flower pot at him and out: called him a confounded mutineer, and he

water you mutiny. Now, I'm sorry to the boat way the very apple of my eye. I'll lock up the house and take you along her up and down the river.

"Don't be cross, papa," said Jennie. company with no one else; but if you derer. don't like it yet we'll wait."

"Wait!" says I. "Wait! Why, if I wanted you to marry, Jennie, there's the captain of a steamer told me last week I'd the prettiest daughter of any man he knew, and that he was tired of single life. The captain of a steamer, Jennie, think of that!" "I don't believe he's as nice as Jack," said Jennia; "and I love Jack." Then I shook her. I'm sorry to say I

shook her, and the next day I had her trunk sent down to the boat and took her under my arm to the same place. The cabin was good enough for a queen,

and the little stateroom a picture, and she seemed to like it.

You'd have thought I was giving her a treat instead of punishing her. She used to sit out on deck all the fine days, with knitting and sewing, or a book, and she sang to me evenings. But she didn't give up, not even when

she saw the captain-six feet three; hand-No, she stuck to Jack, and I stuck out against him as stiff as she, and so we sailed up and down the river, and Summer went

and Autumn came, and Winter was a-coming but my girl was obstinate as ever. It was my last trip. All Winter, after the river was frozen,

the Saucy Jane lay at the dock. "If you were a good, obedient girl," said I, I shouldn't have locked you up; but as it is I must.

So I kissed her-I was glad to remember afterward that I kissed her-and I victualled the cabin, and locked the door and put the key in my pocket, and off I went. there, when I settled my business, I dined, and it was evening before I got back to the Saucy Jane, or, rather, to Poplartown, where she lav.

I thought to myself, as I came down, that I had never seen the place so busy, but as I neared the dock, I saw that semething

There was a crowd there, and people were talking and shaking their heads, and somehow I couldn't see the smoke-stack of the Saucy Jane peer through the shadows as I might, nor the red and green lights at her head, nor any sign of her, and a great fear crept into my heart, and I began to shake and shiver. "It's only the fog," said I; but there was

"It's dark," said I, but the darker it was for the driver, whence the tank can be opthe brighter the lights would have shone

Then all trembling and shaking like an old man—like my old grandfather, who had after a run of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet, acthe palsy, used to do, I remember thinking | cording to its contents | The filling is done -I caught hold of a man who was passing

ing and said: Look here, man, what's the matter? What's the crowd about? What's happened ?"

said the men; "the Saucy Jane. She's streets. Hand sprinklers are used for the been run into and sunk by a coal boat. She planted alleys; the hose is screwed to hywent down in thirty minutes. The captain was away they say, and the men went on a spree. Only the cabin boy was there; they picked him up. You can just see her smoke-stack above the water. The coal feet amplitude. boat was hurt a bit, too. She's lying out

"Oh, my God!" said I. "My daughter!" an old coat, because it's swill

Then I didn't know what happened, but I found myself in the doctor's ship pretty soon and a crowd about me, and heard some one saving softly:

"His daughter was aboard. She went down with the boat-"I locked her in" said I. "Wretched old brute that I am! I locked her in that cabin; I murdered her-I, her father! The door was locked and the windows small, and I locked her in to drown like a rat!" Then I went off again, and it was all a

man sitting beside me. "Who is this?" I asked, not recognizing

"It's Jack Blaze, Captain. Do you find yourself better?" "Do you think I want to be better," said. "I want to die and go to Jennie, I

murdered her." "No, no Captain," said Jack softly to "You locked her up from her true love as loved her, but you didn't know what was coming.

"Oh, if I could die this minute," said I. Jack, if you have a pistol put it to my head! My little girl. "Well, she is safe from marrying me,

Captain," said Jack. "I suppose that's a comfort to you."
"Oh, Jack!" said I. "Oh, Jack Blaze, if my Jennie could come to life again, there's nothing I'd deny her! She might

marry a chimney-sweep, and I'd give her my blessing, let alone a good sailor like you, as I know nothing against, but that he's what I was thirty years ago. Oh, and wiped her eyes, as might have been ex- Jack, if Jennie could come back to life, I'd give her to you and be happy; but its no use, she's drowned.'

"Captain," said Jack Blaze, bending "Eh!" said I.

"To be sure," said he, "if she was in some day; and was it likely I'd give her to the cabin, locked up as you left her, she'd have drowned certain sure; but she mayn't

"Eh!" shrieked I again. "Indeed," said Jack, "I know she warn't." Oh, Lord, help me! Don't torture me,"

said I. "Speak out." "She warn't Captain," said Jack, "for fifteen minutes after you left I went aboard, burst open the door-there was no one there but the cabin boy-and took her out. Jack away, and I told him what would We went to the cabin together and we had stove in : the coalboat walked straight into the cabin, Captain, and it's God's mercy I

Then I heard a dear sweet voice, crying "Jack, open the door; let me come

"Jennie," says I've done well by you—
I hadn't cried before since I was flogged at school, but I cried like a baby then, and "But Mary," says I've done well by you, and at school, but I cried like a baby then, and "But Mary," says I've done well by you, and at school, but I cried like a baby then, and "But Mary," says I've done well by you. what have you done by him? I've taught how could I help it? For Jennie had come which is the same thing, and you've got was holding my head in her arms, and vant for you, and I ve got you down in my will for all I shall leave, and how do you and I never remembered that I had lost the

use me? While I'm away following the Saucy Jane until the next morning, though punish you. I daren't leave you alone, and I own another now, and Jack and I take

with me on my trips. The cabin is com- Jennie goes with us very often, for she fortable and you'll not suffer, and if you married Jack Blaze last Christmas, and 1 don't like it you shall lump it. Keeping like the lad—yes, I like him almost as well company with a fellow like that! Ugh!" as Jennie does. I think, for if I had been left to myself, and he had not set himself "Td like to go, I'm sure. As for Jack, against me that dreadful day, I should have he's the best fellow I know, and I'll keep no daughter now, and I would be her mur-

ing of shoeing and keeping the wagon in and then I had better luck. I know'd ings.

repair." flat bottomed punt, and for two days I down by my side on the floor, and every vet cushions, where yer kin lay with yer heard little besides "her model."

first draft made was for "painting" and much I'd won. I didn't keep any count, craft for yer; but if yer wants a solid craft "caulking"—"because" she needed "fix- but I know'd I was winning. leaked." For two more days the entire dollars, or may be two hundred dollars, but man kin sail her." conversation was devoted to the appearance I didn't know. I set there until day broke

decided to be the thing. Consequently a gown, and the bed wasn't mashed. She'd sundry potations, the old man grew conficarpentsr was enlisted and a rudder such as set up all night waiting for me. She seem- dential and voluble. a house carpenter and land lubber would ed tired and anxious, and though she lookfashion was made for the Pinafore.

fied with their own. The first of this old fellow's suggestions was a sail for the Pinafore. Therefore, the oars, which, by the way, were just paid for (the old ones hav- walked off, "give me a start." ing no "spoons"), were looked upon with disdain by our son and heir, who began hoisting his breeches and donning the man-I had to go a distance out of town, and ner of a skipper. The sail was made and stepped, and we supposed the goal reached, when a "leeboard" was found indispensable. are stolen about every other night, we sail came over the sweet-scented meadows: quietly forward, anticipating the new Pinafore which the old snare has promised to build cheap during Winter months."

Street Sprinkling in Paris,

The City of Paris employs one or two very effective devices for street sprinkling, one of these being a tank, or oblong box, made of sheet iron, and which has a seat erated. The capacity of this tank is some 340 gallons, and it works on a strip fifteen usual sight; two tramps going to work. feet wide at each passage; it is emptied by a leather or India rubber hose screwed the brisk air of men who really wanted to hydrants under the sidewalks, and so work and meant business. The farmer spaced that the tanks have only short dis stood still, leaning on his pitchfork, gazing tances to run when emptied. One tank intently at my motionless figure. Presentsuffices for an area of two and a half acres ly nis voice broke the silence once more, of metalled surface, or five acres of paved too?" he yelled. apparatus which is from forty to fifty feet but firmly, and moved on, without waiting

A WARKANT for a man's arrest is like -TY

Gen. Forrest's Game of Poker.

Several years ago General Forrest visited horrible dream, until I awoke to find it was ing to have a talk with him about himself, the orders are given; and then, if possible, night, and I was alone in bed, and I saw a sought him and entered into conversation let the orders be final. Do not consider it

a great poker player in your time.

known that no one was fonder of recountering his wonderful exploits.

"How much, general, was the largest stake you ever played?" "I once called \$48,000 in New Orleans."

"Did you win?" 'Oh, yes! I won it."

"What was your hand, general?" "It was three kings."

"But," says he, "the hardest game I a cent out'n.

know,' says she, 'but the Lord will provide.' would pray for me, I could make a raise sible to find discontent and unhappiness.

"Says she: Bedford, I can,t do it. It's wrong for you to do it, and I'd a heap rath-

such a fix before. Here we are with no a favorite resort for fishermen. Its natives money but \$7.30, and that won't pay our all own boats, and are celebrated for their landlord, who had been a silent listener. tavern bill. I can't lose no more than that skill with the hook and lineaport art sweet switch colore was some down hore? we'll have something to start on."

"Bedford, I know your mind is set on

it, and I know you are going to bet, wheth- said: er I am willin' or not; so I won't say nothing more about it.'

"But, somehow, I felt when I started that she was for me, and I jist knowed how 'twould be.

"Well, I went sometime before dinner, had three tables-one had a quarter ante, one a half, and one a dollar and a half. I Mary was setting up and praying; I felt

and 'like all other row-boats she 'I thought may be I'd won a hundred fishing in, there's your boat and I'm the ed mighty hard at me she didn't say a word.

> "How much was there, general?" "Just fifteen hundred dollars even." "And that," added the general, as he and I named the boat out of-of-"

A Chance for Work.

All along the marsh road the farmers were to take 'em ffshin' and sailin'. Well, the The situation was not changed. Inconbusy in their meadows mowing and turning fust day we ketched sixty-five blue-fish and venience, trouble, exasperation grew and This added, there is nothing now desired, their hay. A couple of regularly ordained Spanish mackerel, and when we got home multiplied as the time lengthened. but a new Pinafore "built to sail, you tramps, idle and aimless as myself, and sir, them fellers' hands, as wash 'tused to Late one morning Mr. Randolph, just arknow, not an old tub altered over." Bar- much better acquainted with the road, pass- hard work, was all cut and bastered. I rived, riding across the courtyard, met Mr. ring the daily renewal of a spunge, an oc- ed me, and I tagged along in their longing doctored 'em with sweet ile and flour, but | H., and checking his horse, leaning over casional rowlock, and rope and float, which wake. Presently the voice of the farmer they took a long time to heal, and they the saddle, said, with a courteous bow: "Hallo!"

The tramps halted. "Hallo yourself," shouted one of them. "Do you want to hire?" yelled the Judge of my astonishment when both tramps chorused back

tramps anyhow, or they wouldn't disgrace the profession in this way. But I stood still to listen and watch, for it was an un-

"Then come over here!" yelled the farmer, and the two fellows sprang over the fence and trudged across the meadow with "Don't that other fellow want to hire.

Good Housekeeping.

In the first place, the thorough house Nashville, and stopped at the old City Ho- keeper feels that the successful managetel. That night several gentlemen called ment of her domestic duties requires much to see him, among them a gentleman now thought and attention. She is, therefore, connected with the Banner. The room had quite willing to expend some brain power been crowded during the early part of the upon it. Now, suppose we set aside one night, and Forrest had received the usual hour each morning, and decide to devote attention bestowed on him. Now, however that entirely to our house. Let the larder he was sitting off by himself, and appeared first be visited, and the ways and means worn and tired out. Our informant, wish- for the day's food be well considered before at all derogatory to be seen studying a "General," says he, I've heard you were cookery book; we must be very perfect if we can learn nothing from other sources. 'Yes," says the general, "I have played Endeavor to have a change of food, and some," and his eyes began to sparkle with also a variety in the way of serving it-in the memory of old times, and he at once short, study your caily dinner. Have a seemed interested in the subject, for be it book up-stairs in which you enter all the orders and quantities which should be given to the tradespeople each day, and should the cook order extra or different things, let her understand that you intend to be the dispenser of your own income. A good housekeeper will have some plan in her mind for the week's food. She will know to make soup; and every housewife will soon find how expecting the soup to be ever played was at Memphis. Just after made, and explaining how it must be done, the war closed me and my wife went to will form the habit of having it done. Memphis, and stopped at the Worsham Our servants are very much what we make House. The next morning we got our them, and it has been the lazy and ineffi things together, and I emptied all of my cient system that housekeeping has degenpapers out of my trunk on the floor, and erated into that has made servants what Mary, (I'm not certain his wife's name was they are. In factories and workshops, the Mary, but that will do for the tale) went foreman or forewoman exercises constant over and over them, hunting for something supervision over the workpeople; so also to raise money out of. I emptied my pock- should our servants be looked after. After ets and Mary emptied her'n, and between the kitchen is attended to, walk up stairs feet deep with them fish a floppin' and us we had \$7.30. After huntin' over ev- and see if the rest of the work is properly erything we found that every man who carried on. Probably you have given some owed us was either dead or broke. I had order, see if it has been executed as you not one single paper on which I could raise wish. This general supervision will be ten times more effectual than the usual fault "After we got through the pile I looked finding by fits and starts-a grand row now at Mary and Mary looked at me. 'Now and then, when both mistress and maid what's to be done, Mary,' says I. 'I don't lose the control of their tempers, and which probably ends in notice to quit being given for nigh onto three days.' You see, Mary was one of the best women from one side to the other. Lastly, pay in the world, and she had a heap of faith your bills yourself: it brings you into conin her religion. I looked at her straight for tact with your tradespeople; it lets you a long time, and at last says: "Mary, you know more fully the current prices of artiare a mighty good woman, and I'm going to cles. Now, your hour's time well emtell you something. There's to be a big din- ployed, and done to the best of your ability, ner at — this evening, and I'm invited. dismiss the subject from your mind. Do They always play poker at that house, and not be worrying over dinners and servants you have always been agin me playing, and all day, always bemoaning shortcomings; I reckon you are right about it. But things and, above and beyond all, be morally have become desperate with us, and some-courageous. In a home that is well and how I feel if you wouldn't be agin me, but conscientiously managed, it will be impos-

A Fisherman's "Tall Yarn."

r you wouldn't.'

"But Mary,' says 1, 'I never was in and, there is a small village well known as a favorite resort for fishermen. Its natives "When did this occur, Cap" er-beaten son of the sea. He approached sharp. us slowly, raised his battered straw hat, and

"Just arrived, gen'lmen? Reckon you've come down to take a hack at the blue fish." "That is our intention," we said. "Have

you a boat fit for the purpose?" "Wall, you're right, gen'l'men. Do you see that sloop yonder?" and the old man and, sure enough, they were at it. They extended a stump of a forefinger in the direction of a cranky-looking, small-sized boat lying at anchor all alone, as if she did wanted my seven dollars to last as long as not deem herself fit company for her more I could make it, so I set down to the quar- modern-looking sisters. She was painted "We'll have a boat, and not a horse this ter table. We bet on until dinner, and by a dirty yellow, with a faded blue streak vacation," roared our hopeful, just out of that time I had enough to do better; and above the water line, and she possessed a school and just in his teens. "Because after we had eat, I sat down to the dollar- decidedly unprepossessing appearance. This when we've got a boat, we've got it, and a and-a-half table. Sometimes I won, and was suggested to the old man in a manner horse always eats his head off, to say noth- then again I'd lose on until about midnight which was not calculated to hurt his feel-

"I'll allow she sin't much on style So the boat was purchased, a second hand like it, and it made me cool. I set my hat said he, "and if yer want a boat with veltime I'd win I'd drop the money in the hat. head in yer gal's lap and munch candy Being the exchequer of the family, the We played on, and I didn't know how while she reads po'try to yer, she ain't the that ain't afeerd of wind or water to do yer

There was something in the force of his of "her bottom," "puttying her seams," and then we went home. I took my hat up argument that led us to place confidence in Once again in the water, she was found and went home without taking it off. When gain was made. We trudged back to the in the fence on either side for a long dis

"Gen'l'men," said he, "when you've heerd what I'm agoing to tell yer you'll al-In pulling about the river, on the banks I walked right up to her, and pulling off low there aln't no better boat in the bay our hopeful discovered a snare in the form my hat with both hands I emptied it all than the Sary Matilder. I calls her Sary of a boat-builder, who rented all styles of well made crafts, to make others dissatis- and counted it."

And then we set down Matilder after the youngest gal of Scuddee Conkling, who owns that big house down

"Gratitude," was suggested.

"That's the word, gen'l'men. Well, as I One morning I walked out by myself. from York, and they hired me for a week sharp pointed or not. Months passed away. wore gloves on 'em while they was here. Of course, this put an end to their fishin'; but they were gen'l'men, and they stuck to their bargain, and took out their week in But, Mr. Randolph, you began it. sailin' over the bay. They was very fond of sailin' along the beach and gatherin' shells and gull's eggs and beach plums and sea-weeds, and all that kind of trash-"

"Well, I don't think it'll hurt me," he tion. said, in answer to an interruption, and he poured out a half tumbler of Medford rnm. "Well, we was a-sailin' along one afternoon, huggin' the shore pretty close, when I heerd a tremendous screechin and flutterin' of wings, and I looks up, and there

actin' like they was crazy." "What's that?" says my passengers. "'Gulls a-feedin', sez I. 'Mayhap a old man in Suffolk County, if I do say it will soon starve them out.

myself, and I don't allow no man to give me pints about blue-fishin', and in less'n a minute I had two outriggers and four starn-

lines a-driftin' in the water behind us. "We sails up the smooth water right long-side of these rollin' waves, what'd remind yer of stoopin' along a stone wall, an there I see fish a-dartin' and a-flyin' like shrimp in a box. They rushed on them lines a hundred at onct, and, whish! away went the whole tackle. That happened ag'in and ag'in until I hadn't a squid aboard the boat; but I warn't comin' ashore without some of them fish; not by no means: so an idea struck.

"Boys,' says I, be you game?" "We be,' says they, and they looked game, spite of their sore hands. "Will you jine me in doin' what

mortal man has ever done afore?'

"We will, says they; we'll stick through thick and thin.' "With that I puts the boat about and sails down to where the sea was the roughest. 'Boys,' says I, 'brace up agin' that cabin an' hold on for your lives. Don't move till I say "scoop," and then you want to scoop.' There was a stiff breeze from when the cook should have sufficient stock the nor'west and I depended on that to help me through. I got astride the hellum and pinted the bow for a big wave that looked like it was a-goin to swallow us. Sary Matilder knew her repertation was at stake, and she wasn't a-goin' to lose it. She dashed right into it like a duck, and away she went two feet under water, and right below that school of fish that was a-fightin' and a-bitin' right over us. 'Scoop,' says I, and the way them fellers gathered in them fish was a sight to see. When we got out into the smooth water the cock-pit was three a-tryin' their best to get out. They was a slidin' over the decks, and when me and the young fellers had got 'em all stowed away, the gunnels of the Sary Matilder was only an inch out of the water, and three tireder men than we was never came back from a fishin' excursion. Why, them three men couldn't raise their arms to their heads

"How many fish did you capture?" we "Well, gen'l'men, by actool count there was just 1,167 blue-fish, and not one of them weighed less'n ten pounds. That's without countin' a bushel or so of small fish that we chucked overboard. I felt as if I'd done my duty that day, and I didn't blow much about it; but, somehow the story got out, and down comes some of them newspaper fellers from New York, and they offers me as high as \$25 to tell the story; but I wasn't agoin' to give it away. But I heerd last week them two young fellers was drowned in a fresh-water place in York State, and I felt somehow as the story had to be told some day or other. That's

for I swear I won't bet on a credit. If I the writer and friend stang in admiration "you're always interferin' where you ain't upon a large fleet of fishing-boats, which got no business. Come, boys," said he, "Well, I argued and argued with her, were anchered thereon. While thus en- turning to us, take a "nightcap" with me, but she wouldn't say yes. But at last she gaged we were joined by a low-sized weath- and I'll be on hand for yer at five o'clock

John Randolph Vanquished.

John Randolph was not always victor in the petty discords of the neighborhood. He was vanquished once, on a field of his own selection, by a quiet, resolute neighbor; and he confessed himself, not in so many words, but by his actions, as beaten at his own game. The locality must be described: The land of Mr. H. lay broadly between Bushy Park and the courthouse, and the land of Bushy Park lays as broadly between the residence of Mr. H. and the mill of the neighborhood on Staunton river. There were two roads to the courthouse for Mr. Randolph; one, the longer and worse, was the stage road from the courthouse to the river; the other, shorter and better, through the lands of Mr. H. There were two roads to the mill for Mr. H.; the shorter and better one through Bushy Park, and the stage road to the river, and then along its low, flat and muddy banks to the mill. These private roads had been open and free from

olden time. One morning the mill boy returned to the house and informed Mr. H. that the old way to the mill was cut off. Mr. Randolph had erected a strong post and rail fence in both hands and mashed it on my head him, and in two minutes a satisfactory bar- across the road, and there was no opening to "yaw around badly," when a rudder was I got to my room there sat Mary in her hotel, at which, under the inspiration of tance. Everybody went to mill, and every body soon found out the fact of the fence in the way. The one conclusion of all was the same. It was one of Mr. Randolph's freaks. Beyond, and deeper in the woods than the private road to the mill, was the private road to the courthouse. When on the next court day Mr. Randolph passed out of the woods on his own premises into those of on the P'int, I git an odd job now and Mr. H. he was confronted with a fence ten then during the winter down to the P'int rails high, with stakes and riders at every panel-a formidable obstacle in his way, and extending right and left as far as the eye could reach. He took in the situation, was a saying, a few summers ago there was and, as he was alone, it is not known that a couple of young student chaps came down he made any remarks, or whether they were "Mr. A., if you'll let me go to court I'll let you go to mill." "Certainly, Mr. Randolph, with pleasure.

"Yes, sir; and I'll end it. In a few days, strong, wide gates, over

each road, swung freely to every one who had occasion to go through in either direc-

How to Deal with Rats.

put crystals of the copperas and scattered

We clean our premises of these detestable vermin by making a white-wash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and over the P'int was more'n a million gulls rafters of the cellar with a thick coat of it. In every crevice where a rat might tread we

the same in the corners of the floor. The school of bunker or some dead sharks is result was a perfect stampede of rats and a-comin' through the inlet and the creatures mice. Since that time not a foot-fall of is a-feedin' on 'em. Howsomever, we'll either rats or mice has been heard about the run down and see.' With that I shook the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow reefs out'n the mains'l, and away she flew. wash is given to the cellar, as a purifler as Gen'l'men, when I got beyond that P'int I well as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, me for a reply. I shook my head sadly, see a sight what I'll never see ag'in. Right dysentery, or fever attacks the family. in the middle of the channel the waves was Many persons deliberately attract all the long can, with a head of fifty feet, accom- to hear the farmer's muttered comments on a-bilin' four feet high, and they was alive rats in the neighborhood by leaving fruits plish the task of throwing a jet of forty my laziness. An American may die, but with fish; blue-fish, gen'l'men, and whop- and vegetables uncovered in the cellar; and pers at that. On both sides of the channel sometimes even the soap-scraps are left open the water was as quiet as the licker in that | for their regalement. Cover up everything | may be deservedly censured, yet surely The Cabots discovered Labrador in bottle. Now, boys, there ain't no spryer eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you to dread the future is more reached to sustain our souls and strengthen

Bertha and the Ocean.

When Bertha looked from the windows of her home she could see the ocean shining, darkening and moving restlessly under the sun, the clouds and the wind.

Bertha little knew of the sorrow the ocean had created. To her it was a joyful mystery. Who put the great water there? Why did it whirl, dance, frown and smile along the beach and never go to sleep like little girls? These were questions Bertha asked herself and could not answer.

It brought her fine gifts, too, of pearly shells and trailing sea-weed, and traced rare curves and delicate markings along the

Bertha's mother used to sit by the window sewing, and once in a long while her hands would rest idly in her lap and her eyes looked far away over the rolling

Then Bertha would leave her play and nestle close by her mother's side and ask her many questions, and chief among them where her father could be and why he never came home; but her mother only answered, still looking at the waves, that father had gone away in a far country, she thought, and so it was not long before Bertha noticed, or rather felt, that her mother nevet smiled at the sea.

It was a lonely shore where Bertha lived, and she used to play about a great deal, talking sweetly to herself all the time.

Bertha was a queer little girl. Often she sat down in a sheltered nook, secure among the rocks, and wished there was some one to play with her. But there was no one. Often in the quiet afternoons she had long dreams about her father, who went away in a great ship, and whose face she could just remember.

From her place among the rocks she could see far away along the sand, a little village where there were white houses and a port, and once in a while a sail would grow slowly out from the silent horizon and glide gently towards that village ha-

"All the ships go in there," said Bertha, one day. "Perhaps my father will come that way. I must go and see if he don't right away this minute.'

Without thinking how frightened her mother would be or how long it would take her to reach the village, she ran swiftly away over the hot and shining sand.

For a long time she walked, and her feet began to ache and her heart to sink within her, for the village seemed further away than ever before. The sun went behind a cloud, and the

waves instead of dancing joyfully as when she started. now seemed to shout as they rolled in upon the shore, "Go back, return, over and over again. But when she looked back, her home was not to be seen. She was lost, and in her mind's eye she saw her mother running about among the

"Bertha, where are you?" The village, bertha sat down despondent and weeping. As she sat there wondering what she should do, she saw a bearded man approaching her. As soon as he reached her he put his great brown hand gently upon her shoulder, and said, very kindly :-

"My little lass, what is the trouble?" "I am loosed," said Bertha. "Lost, you mean," satd the stranger "And how came you so smiling,

s your name? 'Why don't you know?" she said. be Bertha. I was going to find my papa, because I and mamma be all alone and papa has been away a dreadful long time, such a long time I think he never will know the way back if I don't find him and show him where we live-oh look at that big white bird out there! But I be 'fraid I

can't find my papa now. Do you know where "-Bertha stopped talking suddenly. The stranger was pressing her in his arms so so close she could not speak, and there were

tears in his eyes. "I will take you home little one," said huskily. "Has you got a cold?" said Bertha; 'cause you don't talk right and plain like

When Bertha and the stranger entered the cottage her mother gave a great cry. That night the waves upon the beach had hushed Bartha to sleep before she could believe she had really found her fa-

ther at last. Fitteen Rules for the Table.

When you go to the table take your seat quietly and do not commence to eat until all your friends are served. Do not eat fast. Do not shovel your food into your mouth

with your knife, but eat with a fork and cut your food with your knife. If you are asked what part of anything you want, state it. If you do not the person waiting on you does not know what to give you.

Do not rest your elbows on the table. If a plate is passed to you keep it, and do not pass it all around the table. person who waits on you does not know who to pass the next to.

Do not make the drinking from cup or spoon a vocal exercise. Do not heap your plate with what you cannot eat. If anything is wrong with something you

are eating, do not speak about it or show it to anybody, but get rid of it as quietly and quickly as possible. Do not catch hold of knife, fork, or spoon with the whole hand with a grip like a lobster's, but hold them easily and in the right

When you pass your plate for more food, rest your knife and fork against either your butter plate or saucer. Do not reach for butter with your own

knife, but use the butter knife. Do not pour coffee or tea into a saucer to Do not blow anything to cool it. Do not leave the table while anybody is

eating without asking to be excused. A River of Ink.

In Algeria there is a river of genuine ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from the region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is morrows. strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle the acid of the one unites with dent poppies; he likes grass that is the iron of the other, forming a true ink.

All useless misery is certainly folly and he that feels evils before they con.e than talament to snat

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Few men are quite fit to live.

When the moon gets full it keeps late The oldest verse in existence—the

Universe. Ignorance has no light; error follows a false one.

There is no grief like the grief which loes not speak.

He who blackens others does not whiten himself.

It is a good sign when a man is glad that God see him.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never conceals one Ignorance is a subject for pity, not

A knowledge of mankind is necessary o acquire prudence.

Darkness, solicitude and remorse are grim and hateful company." The test of moral character is no in-

fallibility but recuperative power. Often a reserve that hides a bitter numiliation seems to be haughtiness. A great experience transforms. We

must even be more or less than our old When a human mind gets down to a deep in a rut of thinking it is hard to lift it out.

Flowers sweeten the air, rejoice the eye, link us with nature and innocence, and are something to love. This is the present reward of virtuous onduct-that no unlucky consequence

can oblige us to regret it. Integrity without knowledge is weak and useless, and knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.

It is so hard for us to understand why our friends do not feel our wrongs so poignantly as we do. The improved and pious way of gossiping is to sweeten scandal with the treacle of homilizing inferences.

Nothing in all this social universe is so utterly thrown away and trodden under foot as a dishonored woman. Hero making is a woman's work: even your sensible and practical woman

must take to hero making sooner or later.

Envy and malice are devils that drive possessed souls into the contemplation of that which aggravates their madness. The metaphysics of salvation are not so much consequence, when one is en-

gaged in the practice of actually saving men. It is one of the advantages of women that not pretending to be logical, they

can change front on the instant, when they see fit. There is no safe ground for a good sound preacher, but to attack wickedness and the sins and superstitions of foreign countries. he who sees evil in prospect meets it on

the way; but he who catches it by retrospection, turns back to find it. The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace restest not upon the world

but only God. He who begin by loving Christianity better than truth will proceed by leving his own sect or church better than Christianity, and end in loving his opinions best of all.

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pain and application. It is trouble-some, and like digging for pure waters, but, when once you come to the spring, it rises up to meet you. It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength,

than that it should be concentrated into eestacies full of danger, and followed by reactions. There are treasures laid up in the heart—treasures of charity, piety, tem-perance and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him peyond

death, when he leaves this world. A man's nature is best perceived in privateness, for there is no affectation: in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts, and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him.

The beginning of hardship is like the first taste of bitter food-it seems for a m ment unbearable; yet, if there is nothing else to satisfy your hunger, we take another bite and find it possible to

When one sin is admitted, it is gener-

ally found that it hath a companion

waiting at the door; and the former

will work hard to secure the admission of the latter, in which it generally suc-Women govern us; let us try to render them more perfect. The more they are enlightened, so much the more we shall be. On the cultivation of the minds of women, depends the wisdom

of man.

Make up your mind what you intend to do. Sit down and count the cost. Do nct undertake more than you can perform. It is unwise to commence work that you are not able to finish in due Oh, how full of error is the judgment

of mankind! They wonder at results

when they are ignorant of the reasons. They call it fortune when they know not the cause, and thus worship their own ignorance turned into a deity. Let those who are appointed to judge of the character of others bear in mind there own imperfections, and rather strive by sympathy to soften the pang

arising from a conviction of guilt, than by misrepresentation to increase it. Vice is very prolific. A lie hates to be alone, and must have company. He who tells one lie is sure to tell another to cover up the first, and a third to cover up the other two. After that he

becomes accustomed to it, and stops Make use of time, if thou lovest eternity; know yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be assured; today is only thine; which, if thou procrastinate, thou losest; which is lost forever. One to-day is worth two to-

A farmer likes a field that is filled with pure grass, fit for the service of the beast upon the hills, not that which is mixed with buttercups. So when we go to the sanctuary it is not flowers we want, to be a bouquet of beauty, but