OTHER DAYS.

mee'll swept thro' childhood's hours.

sigh the wildwood and the dell.

be sunny days of yore,

an and crystal dew,

hight and winning hue;

shem no more;

of the flowers,

also emerald fell.

onside to my own:

mawering tone,

evement send-

footfall of a friend.

used early youth-

light to dearer eyes

ver more shall rise-

leved the best.

s death's fingers pressed,

said still on mem'ry roll,

at of the soul;

withered flowers:

and it round me plays,

bt of other days.

KILE GRIFFITHS.

TALE OF THE WELSH COAST.

like a duck-pend, calm as glass and

ground, a girl seated on a heap of

ack and resting against an old

a right earnest .-

and hour since I left von."

and the lips pouted.

Falone "

we and broken, and long dis-

had found its last haven in

real, her pretty brown dimpled

Cassell's Magazine.1

er every throb was truth;

whose light, indeed, is hidden by the

long lost tones and glances back-

all vet am searching for the sweets

mark of early morning breathing

my heart is vainly beating, for it throbs ever ludierous in itself, had a softening ef- with the portrait of a man within. or its fect on Faith. Her big brown eyes grew the lowers that lay beneath it such a

shamefaced whisper. "Only I told you I wouldn't wonder if last. Who gave you that?" the sun has risen higher, and the dew you took to a foreign girl, Kyle. Some say they're prettier than we are," the morn's sweet breath has withered

"You would ha' wondered, though," re-I'd like to see the woman. Faith, give me consciousness, she stammered out,as he paths my young feet threaded weight of other footsteps on the Do you think I'll be content with the back bought it." of your head to-night?"

the shours of friendly voices woke re-I some and echo only sends me back away, and there was a faint quiver about he came back, and said very hoarse and where some object was plainly discernible the ruddy lips. Perhaps bernext words ex- low .waves a hollow rustling at my every plained it :

here wakes no more a rustling from most at once, Kyle."

ners hearts as well as voices in the whose every pulse was faithful, and time o' waiting one way, lassie." whose wealth of kindly fixshes sent "How, Kyle?"

"Didn't your father say I was to wait for He was gone the next moment; and Faith, rum inter the stern-sheets-quick!" gain will shine upon mc-suns that you till I was a captain? I'm going as cap- sobbing bitterly with grief and anger, went They are brave, kindly men, those Welsh trin; leastways that's what they calculate it gate waiting for her. at. Some business with the New York He had been courting her for the last two courage and kindness wasted when they sadder, light averted from the eyes agents, I think; but I suppose you've heard months; and she-had coquetted with him. found the object of it was-only a dog! They

the chastened radiance of that charter another vessel to bring you back? at it as any Belgravian beauty; and Faith, very feebly to lick the hands that had saved Yes: but won't it take you longer?"

and cargo ready. Mr Denbigh's arranged her fascinations on the "weaker" sex, till the collar. all that. Did you know his son-the new arrival of a new first mate for her father's The captain opened it. "To Miss Falth junior partner-is to ship with us?"

se mem ries I am tracing while this rosy her face was now; and yet the crimson nurship in the firm of Denbigh & Co., his em- of refined delicacy, he took the paper out sky was fading into blues and violets. He the gathered darkness beams darkened over his eyes, giving them an odd, himself, bad "cutout" all the restin no time, Philip Denbigh. No room for my; but no news; and we students at the hospital and

an' I'm a masterful man myself, an' don't bigh came to Amiwch-Mr. Denbigh, who you, an' make you happy, as I would ha' and with a low sob the wind swelled through hold with no Co.'s in salt water. Hows'- was what she called a gentleman; some one | tried to, had He been willed to let me,"

her color still high.

you think of him?

about her knees, her head unenough."

ick It was all very quiet at of a sea-cook! Well, Faith, I wonder-"

valid by a step came trampling Faith snatched her hand away angrily .and smooth sands. The young "He has more manners than you." cried and the confession, "But I am engaged!" segloved with a deeper red, and she, panting, and ruffling like an enraged began to heave and her hands sparrow, "he is a gentleman at any rate, and tears (from the lady). solved tremendous scenes of masculine discipline and tireless energy had alone pre- his eyes; but he laughed, "Ha, ha! you to its mate. Not being a bird, of people he don't know more than to speak woe and anguish, and feminine contrition however, she coquetted-sat to. Oh."-and here her feelings were too and soothing. gut the sunset she did not see, much for words, and an indignant little | Finally Denbigh left the house, determinand almost screamed when a sigh and shiver filled the gap.

own and bearded and muscular, Even the violet was dying out of the sky round the stern of the ruined now, and cool gray shadows crept up from she had at last consented to keep and wear which a short exclamation, half the east, and threw a sombre tint over the as some small salve to the giver's wounded wretch first with his own strong arms; and disgreat gladness, took her straight man's face. A small, cold wind rose out of affections. She loved Kyle far, far better then, seeing there was no room for more, cut and hugged her till she the sea, ruffling its breast with long, fret than his rival; but Phillip Denbigh was so the rope that held the boat to the sinking ful lines, like the puckered face of an ailing handsome and sweet-spoken, it would be ship, and stayed alone-to die! the down! put me down! How child. 'It chilled the dimples in Faith's downright cruel to refuse him such a trifle as is to rule, sir? Let me go, please cheeks, and blew the soft brown locks off hanging the trinket round her neck for a day her yesterday coming up the high street at Kyle's stern brow ; and far overhead a gull or two; and no one need ever know. flew by, with a long shrill scream, like the Nevertheless some one did know-now; you're given me a kiss, Faithie," ther, keeping his hold good-hu- wail of a banshee. Before it ceased Kyle and the sweet-spoken gentleman got a savtet with something of reproach in spoke:

bine eyes. "What! not one af- "He is a gentleman, is he? I thank God, conths' waiting? Why, lassie, I then, I am not. Had I been one I might towed for me a bit better nor have been betrothed to some fine lady, back. He'll never leave me so. He must of care. I hungering for this minute l'stead o' the daughter of an honest seafaring man like myself. Faith, twice these beauty, that night. of the reminder-perhaps even five minutes have you found fault with my taing of his arms—touched her.— manners. I don't say they're finer nor a back. The Olinda sailed three days later, churchyard-wall where stands a rough stone weird, unearthly shrick, made my efforts shaggy. The bands against my chest had a post when he versilles, but neither cares gan had a warm little heart, al- rough sailor's have need to be, but you and Faith's two lovers sailed in it. Kyle cross, "To the memory of the cap'ain and fruitless." ears younger and smaller than never laid blame on them before. Has this had a beautiful black retriever, which he had crew of the Pride of the West." Gainst which it was beating now. gentleman been teaching you to do so in my been used to leave behind to "take care of Kyle's prayer has been granted—perhaps

that a true woman, the moment absence this time?" go she began to cling, and put up | Women are constitutionally cowards .-Faith Morgan was a very woman. For all fe for you, Kyle," she said, "only reply at first she, metaphorically, turned me so," and forthwith she be- tail, and took refuge behind that ever-ready ation before he went. Patience! it would be ke a haby He made no answer shield of femineity, a burst of tears. It was back, and she would be geod -so good and rkissing her with close, tender not until they had lasted long enough to meek. He must forgive her then. prant eyes, till the tears were | make Kyle apostrophize himself as a brute

that she sobbed out: and some one might be pass that I love you as you are better than—and evening, on the Irish Sea. It had been blow-The no let me go. You're so yet-oh!" Another burst, and the pretty ing great guns all day, and for many days a visit to a neighboring town, and while (my young wife's brother) would come to there are one was?" asked the head dropped very near Kyle's knee. In- and nights before; and the waves had wrestbing his hold, however, and voluntarily he laid his hand caressingly led terribly with a crazy barque which, with of her sin reached home before her. On her until a bloodhound at his throat would choke

stion on the boat's keel be softened, soothing tone. has a better right to kiss "Am I crue, Farmer, and the figthen, don't cry. Mayhaps I was overbury themselves in the foam-crested waves been found out, notwithstanding it had been I waited for the next lail. It came—that the men. I must go after Philip immeteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth of Decemthen, don't cry. May maps I then, don't cry. May map I the men done among strangers. One staid maiden deep hush that follows the gasty wind. I diately." was specially earnest in her rebukes, and the about young Denbigh an' you. They said striven like a living thing to weather the was specially earnest in her rebukes, and the about young Denbigh an' you. They said striven like a living thing to weather the was specially earnest in her rebukes, and the about young Denbigh an' you. You don't say so?" door open, and her arms he had been taking my place, an' though I cruel storm. while he was still peering wouldn't believe it, nor even hearken to Where was she now? The huge breakers, she asked. 'You had better go and see Dr. while he was still peering wouldn't believe it, not even death and purple- Lothrop. She did go, and told him all holt and looked into the night; a black pall

wonder you didn't try I'd feel like killing him an' you too." tweet another man and his believed him, and trembled at the mingling too awful in their piteous mutilation for any you to tell me the name of the woman who the saller, staring; "but there, of passionate tenderness and wrath in his human name, against the pitiless rocks, only has been making all this trouble." She told, A sweetheart; and besides you tone. Instinctively she turned and clasped to suck them back again into the black and Go to that woman and tell her from me herer a girl in Wales, or Eng. his strong hand in both hers, her face turn- boiling gulf below. Above, great storm-rent that if she wants to get to heaven she had

hat could meet my fancy save | ed up coaxingly. bigh to me but father's partner"" "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES EESIDE."

Torms, \$2 per year, in advance,

# EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1874.

the name of all that's comely, you wouldn't ing down into the sweet eyes. The moon, sea was breaking in unresisted fury-the have me compare you to a Yankee girl, just rising, glittered on something which, steam of a vessel with the broken bowsprit unnoticed by her, had escaped from the and foremast just visible amongst the foam The honest indignation in his tone, how. folds of her neckerchief-a golden circle, and spray. Greatly as the wind had lessened that sail looking red now before the angry "Faith," said Kyle Griffiths, in a tone sun was all the captain of the pilot-cutter

> in' a grand new trinket since I saw you cies. It had been a work of danger to get He spoke too suddenly. With a quick, a nest of rocks; and there was a look of relief

frightened gesture she snatched away her on more than one hardy, sunburnt face, when hand, as if to hide the bauble. With a face the order was given to tack and 'bout ship forted Kyle, promptly. "Prettier than you! deeply, terribly red, the red of cowardly again. your hand, and turn your face this way .- "I-I-it's nothing-father's-I mean I

Without a word Kyle loosed her wrist to "hold all hard." He took her hand as he spoke, and she let and rose up. Without a word he turned "There's summat living arterall," he said, him keep it; but her face was still turned from her; only when he had gone ten steps pointing to a ridge of low outlying rocks,

"Father says you're going away again al- an' you know it. I can't say if it was for "A man down on all-fours!" cried one of the first time, but I can say it shall be the the crew. "Look, he's moved a bit higher. "Aye; when he came aboard to meet us last. I wondered"-and his voice sank Poor fellow! he must be a rare plucked un he gave me the offer. It did seem hard, desper still-"that you shou'd shrink when surely to ha' kep' life in him so long." to him now, as you will; I want no wife on | mayn't be able to get over near him; an, I whom I can't depend in word an' deed." say, one o' you lubbers, chuck a bottle o'

tain this time and only for a six weeks' home to find Philip Doubigh at the garden | pilots; I have owed my life to them, and

Flirting is not an amusement confined to the hauled him into the boat none the less, al-"That the Olinda was to be fitted out for upper ten. I have heard of a young Pata- most too much spent, poor fellow, to second sale and that you were to take her over an' gonian squaw who was as finished an adept | there efforts; and then, while he was trying an only child and the prettiest girl in Aml- him, his beautiful eyes full of a dog's grat-"I doubt not. They're to have the boat web, had been wonderfully fond of trying itude, they saw he had a tin flask tied to his ever, I shouldn't mind so much if I liked who were fine clothes, and had white hands. They gave that paper, with the deg-a "Do you?" said he, stooping forward to back to the old habits?

take the donor into the bargain.

Followed a wakening for silly little Faith. Followed anger (from the gentleman) and

and Faith remained with the locket, which

age snubbing on this afore-mentioned even-

his lassie love while he was gone." He took better by his death than if he had lived to it with him this time; and Faith nearly wept | carry it out. As Faith says: her lovely eyes out, that she had been too proud to own her folly and seek a reconcili- hard and stern for ord nary folk."

"How c-c-cruel you are! You kn-n-now sun went down in stormy grandeur, one cold ciated in West Springfield: "A young lady, resume her former seat, while upon it. Involuntarily his voice took a creaking timbers and leaking pores, with return she was visited and called to most the brave young life down there forever. bas a better right to kiss "Am I cruel, Faithie, and to you? Nay, the gale, at every lurch they seemed like to brought upon the church, and which had storm to hear if he was breathing near me;

fragments of timber, torn and twisted scraps | Well, I am glad of it, and hope you will go when you first came here." He looked like it at the moment, and she of sail-cloth, and battered, shapeless things, again and enjoy yourself. And now I want "Don't think o' such things, Kyle, love: gathering thickly over the threatening vault; her tongue." deathon America," said Faith you know I never could. What's Mr. Den- and low on the horizon the san, like a bloodred hand, pointed from between them to OLD yarns-darned stockings.

suddenly wet, and her voice sank to a half- which strove for steadiness, "you're wear- cared to show even now to its tender mernear the wreck at all, hanging as she did in

> Suddenly the captain caught up his spyglass, which was lying beside him, and after a hasty glance through it, roated to the men

even by the naked eye. "There! just above "Faith Morgan, you have told me a lie, the line o' high water. Can't none o' ye see?"

a'most too hard, when I'd hoped to have a I took you in my arms a while ago. I won- "Lower the boat," said the captain sharplittle rest aside of you afore I went away der now you dared let me do it, wi' that man's ly. "Now, my lads, ready all. Jim" (to an again. But, after all, it will shorten the face lying between my heartan' your's. Go old pilot), "give us a coil o' that line. We

know; but I am afraid they thought their

favorite vessel, the vessel he had command- Morgan, Amlwch" he said, reading some-"Yes," she said. Good Heaven! how ed himself until he was admitted to a part- thing within; and then, not being a person ployers. Kyle Griffiths, big as a giant, true and opened and read that. This was what it was looking at her, and the brows suddenly as the light of day, and masterful as he said said: "Boat just left with the crew and the city. The whole place was aghast at the flerce expression. His voice, however, was and won Faith for his own undivided pro- wish for it. Remember that. I give mine on dissecting-room, who were connected with perty. She never even cared to look at any | board, with willing heart, to him you gave | the asylum, had to nerve ourselves to help one else when he was by; and, I believe, it to ashore. God bless you, sweetheart. capture the escaped wild beast. owner's son. I'd liefer take any other pas- loved him as entirely as was in her nature, Forgive me rude words as I forgive your I had gone to the dissecting-room alone, senger. They're apt to fancy that because with most worshipful affection; but when falsehood. There's a Saviour more merciful and was about to commence using the knife they're boss ashore they need be boss aboard. Kyle was away at sea and young Mr. Den- than we are, an' to him I pray to care for on a subject. There was a storm raging,

and a curly moustache-and when this hero | beautiful black retriever-to Faith Morgan. "And don't you?" asked Faith timidly, testified an immediate and violent admira- It was all that ever came to port of the illtion for herself, how could she help going fated Pride of the West, the ramshackle old barque, which had been hastily patched up, look her full in the face. "He's been a deal | She did not help either. Mr. Denbigh | and thought good enough to last one voyage at Amiwch since I left, people tell me, an' made love; and she smiled and flirted, all un- more. Boat and crew were never heard of you must ha' seen plenty of him. What do conscious in her flattered vanity of what the again. They must have perished with their neighbors were saying, until, just three days | fine young owner in the vain attempt to "I, Kyle?" her eyes drooping beneath the before Kyle's return, the suitor brought mat- reach land, that stormy night; and there was sharp scrutiny-"I-I don't know. He's ters to a crisis by a declaration. They had no tongue left to tell of those bitter eight pleasant-spoken and civil. I think he's nice a tiff about a photo of Faith, which Denbigh | weeks when the "sweet-spoken" gentleman had stolen and put in his locket; and he had strove, by every vulgar boast and innuendo. "And I think him a cross between fool brought her a fine gold locket with one of to torture the man whom he considered his and ape," quoth Kyle Griffiths shortly; "son himself in it, and begged her to accept it and successful rival-the man who was no gentleman, but who had the grand old knightly for that : his blood was up, and it roved with feelings that would have made him bear any- eager ferocity through the room and over thing rather than, by word or retort drag the frail walls. With the light bound of a the name of the woman he loved into an un- leopard I gained the door and shot the seemly dispute-the man whose unswerving double bolt. A gleam of rage darted from served them even so long-the man who, think that will keep me out?" when the ship had struck, and the cowardly He leaped to the ground. In an instant scoundrel who owned it was clinging in fran- the light was out. ed to try again on his return from America; tic, helpless terror to his knees, when the men were shouting for the captain to join them and cast off, lifted in the miserable

And Faith? Faith is living still. I met Amlwch, with her married daughter, each holding a hand of a wee, toddling, brown-"Kyle will hear I refused him, and come | tears, the brow never wrinkled under a cloud of the building, and it swayed and bent

ask my pardon first," thought the weeping "I must be goin' home to my old man." The din of my pulses made thunder in my He did not ask pardon, however, nor come nie, sweetums," and then turned just at the and the sobbing wind rising ancw with

"He was a rare good man, but hard, over-

DANCING AND FAULT-FINDING .- Rev. Mr. Nightingale contributes to the Springfield Republican the following story of Rev. Eight weeks all but two days-when the Dr. Lothrop, an eccentric parson who officistrained and naked masts bending beneath severe account for the disgrace she had thus I listened in the intervals of the now fitful poor girl felt very bad. What shall I do? human shadow of sound greeted it.

The Light of Stars.

The night is come, but not too soon: And sinking silently, All silently, the little moon Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or beaven, But the cold light of stars; And the first watch of night is given To the red planet Mars.

Is it the tender star of love? The star of love and dreams?
O no! from that blue tent above, A hero's armor gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise. When I behold alar, Suspended in the evening skies, The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand And smile upon my pain; Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand, And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light, But the cold light of stars: I give the first watch of the night To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will, He rises in my breast, Serene, and resolute, and still,

And calm, and self-possessed. And thou, too, whosee'er thou art. That readest this brief psalm, As one by one thy hopes depart, Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this, And thou shalt know ere long, Know how sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong.

### The Maniac.

The maniac was a giant. He had broken his heavy chains as Sampson had broken his withes-had torn open the door of his celltorn the keeper literally to pieces-burst open the door-killed the watchman with a heavy iron bar he wrenched from the doorand escaped with his formidable weapon into

the long aisle of forest trees, and flashed with the gathered force of an ocean wave against the dead-house. Simultaneously a hand struck the light door, and the yell of a maniae rang through and through my brain.

Above the door, through the small ventilator, the face of the madman and the murderer peered down at me. "Ah, ba! I have caught yount last-here

-and alone I have been waiting for you. You took me once, didn't you? Ha, ha! Let me in!

my powers to action. I held his eye an instant; but it was evident he was too wild

"Wait," I cried, "I have a weapon in my hand keen as a razor. It is poisoned by the dead hady I have been working on Barst the door, and I'll plange it in your heart. If it but touch you, you are a dead man. You may kill me, but I'll you also, as certain as fate ! "

The swarthy giant shook the door until its hinges creaked and groaned beneath his hand. Then, laughing again low to himself, eved thing between them. A bright, bonny muttered, " Fool, I'll outwit you yet," and old woman she is too, with as comely a face | stole off in the darkness. I heard him. as if the eyes had never been washed in salt | for an instant, pressing against the wall inwards with the weight. Then silence. she said, stopping at the corner. "Kissgran- ears, as I tried to hear his stealing tread,

A thousand times I heard his low, murderous laugh. A thousand times I felt his brawny strength against the door, and saw his wild face looking down at me through the gloom; but still he did not come. I tried to think he had abandoned the design, and slank off discouraged; but I knew it was not so-I knew he was crouching in some corner, on the watch to spring on me when I passed.

Could I stay there all night? No. cortainly not. An hour more, and Harry Leigh

When the storm swelled again I drew the the foul-tongued gossips, it sort o car he clearly and about it. 'And so, my dear, you went to the hung over the earth and sky. I had as good in the angle of the great door, crouched bewhen you spoke up for him. Faith, messel, when you spoke up for him. Faith, messel, against the gray and iron-bound party and danced, did you? 'Yes, sir.' a chance to pass him in the obscurity as he hind the jutting wall, waited for me! He a chance to pass him in the obscurity as he hind the jutting wall, waited for me! He to eath me were to play me false with any one, I think to eath me. With my knife in my teeth, drew his lips back over his teeth, in the and the massive thigh bone of a skeleton to fell him with, if I must, I drew off my shoes and his eyes settle into a dall, lurid glare, "J'm, de man don't make such fools of and stepped out into the darkness, A sud- impossible to describe, as he bissel out, denectives about women as de women do den whirl of the tempest almost took me off . Hat this is twice-twice you trimaph; about men. If day look at de moon day sea my feet, and a brick, dislodged from one of | wait till the third time!"

and brake in half on the payement.

known only to the doctors.

dreading horribly lest some sadden break in would have been a heavy, heavy life atter." the sky might reveal me to the wild eyes. that watched for me-but no.

Safely passing the summit, I threw my leg over for the descent, and felt my loot seized. It was but the climbing tendril of a wild tine, skirting the wall. Grasping my knife in my right hand, I copt along the bushes for fifty yards, then struck across the lawn for the side entrance. The darkness perplexed me, but 1 thought 1 was steering straight. Saddenly my foot struck bricks. What was this? I tried to recollect. There was no pavement round that part of the

be suital. I pushed on uncertainly; and feeling a weight in the air, put out my hand to grope for some clue to my whereabouts. I was in an alley-flanked with stone walls far above my head. I gave a sadden turn. In an instant I knew I was in the subterranean passages of the asylum. Turning to retrace my steps, the opaque density of some heavy body crouched between me and the outer air. I heard its stifled breathing-its stealthy tread approach me from the very door of the deadhouse here! A struggle for life with a madman in these narrow, gloomy vaults-to lie in the pool of one's own heart's blood in this undiscovered tomb-and my young wife,

Constance! -- was maddening.

For an instant my brain was on fire. Then I thought there might be an exit-other devious windings in which I could clude my deadly pursuer. Going deftly lackwards, I turned the angle in the wall, and then plunged at the utmost speed of a young and active man along the back passage. Inanother crossed path, I struck into it in the opposite direction. The maniae instantly followed me. What a race through those cavernous depths of the mid-house! What tragic pitfalls might lark at every step ?-What black and stagnant pools lie waiting to engulf me? What deeper depths of icy blackness into which to fall-and fall for-

The passage grew narrower. We were, perhaps, under the very centre of the building, and farthest from the outer air. I had tried to breathe moiselessly; the effort exhausted me. I knew nothing of the labyrinths; could only guess at our position by the distance from the entrance. I lead counted the turnings we had made. I thought I could retrace them. My strength was failing. I was the fleetest, but he was most enduring.

Presently be would run me down. It was a terrible venture, but the necessity was eminents I would try it. Gathering all my force, I darted like an arrow on into the larkness. The suddenness of my increased speed baffled him. I succeeded in putting fifty vards between us, gained and turned the next angle; then, drawing myself against the wall, with every nerve and muscle strained into preternatural tension, with the mighty heaving of my spent chest crushed into silence by an iron offort of despairing will, I awaited for him to pass me. I heard him coming rushing on with new strength through the blackness, reach the angle, turned it, striking his nursive body against the jutting stones. I heard him spring like an animal along the track I felt his hotbreath like steam-the form of his set jaws breast. It was Lion-my dog, Lion.

the whole night in the dead house? It is in the pipes of an organ. near day; the door has been opened this two hours, and Derby and King bave been asleep, I was getting on my boots to look for you?" | Toolition snith there are just thirty-two

me that?"

in some danger, and I could not keep him sixth and seventh of May; the seventh and "Danger! Well we can't talk now, of July; the twelfth and seventeenth of

Rouse yourself; I have had an interview August; the sixth and seventeenth of Sepwith your maniae, and he is prowling tember; the sixth of October; the fifteenth around the grounds after me now. Call up and nineteenth of November, and the tif-

"Yes; don't waste a second."

In five minutes the whole force of the hospital was out in the ground. We took him dumb ferocity of a mad brate, as he saw me,

clouds, black too, but fringed with fire, were better make more use of her feet and tess of the claimages, grazed my head in its passage. Around the blazzing grais, in the claimage thing, it's a use not and down the claimage. With bated breath, and a seep like the hands over the gladdness of our required; I nobber looks under my hands over the gladdness of our required; tread of a panther scenting his prey, I and after the story was over, and the hurror -dots you.

parted the thick darkness and turned my first, and the harginer after (at the close of face towards the hespital. He might be my adventure), and Durby and King had either here—at any step along the passage— left, and Harry Leigh and I steed at the or hid in the angle of the wall at the door ' window watching the young winter day rise through which I must enter. This seemed over the hills, there was something very like most probable; but there was another door toors over the bold, bright blue of his eyes as he pointed to the granite walls of the I thought I would clade him. With laft- mad-house, and said, "Constance would nite caution I began to scale the high wall, boxs gone there, Keene, or died, and mine

NUMBER 12.

#### ---A Fire Engine Moral.

I stood silently near an engine, and learned a lesson. It was in the fine, out of the way of the fire, but the lose was in its place, The engineer was a quiet, reliable-looking man, and there he stand. He second to be doing so little; he said nothing; there was no running and shouting " Fire! fire! there is a fire! put it out! come and help! Don't

But there was the interconnection of the order, bright and clean, and it worked like a living, conscious thing. Its short, quick strokes were like pulsarious, now and then it seemed to sheken a little, and then it. started up with renewed vigor, and we know that far off, at the other end of the line, its

work told. The engineer was quiet and en'm, now he opened the door and looked at the fire; now he touched a valve where the pressure was too great, and let the steam escape; now he added more fuel; now he raked our some ashes. And another man with oil touched the machine here and there, where the fric-

tion was fiercest. They did not look at the five, did not go near, and yet they were doing their atmost. You might have said the, took no interest in it, that they were wanting in feeling; there were plenty of people who made more talk, and lemented for the poor man who was losing his all, perhaps; but after all, who was doing most?

There is a story running about which tions as to that which does not concern

"There was a man in (say New Jersey or anywhere) who made a large fortune. Do you know how he made it?"

" By minding his own busine pa"

I thought of this at the fire, and from all I took the lesson of which I spoke, in Chris-

" Blessed is be that shall stand in his lot. in the end of the days." We want more Caristims like those men

at the engines, who shall smallly and earnestly do their part and arrend to their own business, with no special talk, but a great deal of work.

## Silmulants

The habitual tea-drinker finds this feagrant borb to be a very pleasant stimulant, The amplement symptoms which tenspoisons ing produces in a patient not innred by habit disappear in the seasoned tea-drinker. leaving only a certain exhibitation which appears to be perfectly innomous. If ten is a safe stimulant, it is certainly an agreeable one, and there seems to be no valid reason why brain-workers should refuse themselves the solace. Coffee is equally good. French people find in coffee the most efficacious remedy for the temporary torpor of the mind which results from the processes of digestion, Balsac drank great quantities of coffee whilst he wrote; and this, it is believed, brought on the terrible nervous disease that accelerated his end. The boot proof that ten and coffee are favorable to intellectual expression is that all nations use one or the other as flung neross my face-and he stopped. I side to conversation. In Arabin, there is felt that he was feeling for me !- that he never any talk without the inevitable coffice. was crouching on the stones. I saw the red that fingrant Arabian berry prepared with of his eyeballs glare up to me through the such delicate cunning that it yields the perdarkness. I felt the touch of his icy flesh feet arona. The wisdom of occasionally on my band. Like lightning he raised him. using these various stimulants for intellectself, and throwing his vast weight against und purposes is proved by a single considerame, pinioned me to the stones. And the tion. Each of us has a little eleverness and marrage of a mad man at bay surged up. a great deal of sloggish stupidity. There wards to my brain. I clasped my knife con- are certain occasions when we absolutely valsively, and seized him by the throat, re- need the little eleverness that we possess, solved to die hard. It was hairy-it was The orator needs it when he speaks, the thick coat of fur. I clasped him to my how stupid he may become when the oration is delivered, and the lyric set down on paper. The stimufant serves to being out "Great heaven, Keene! what kept you the talent when it is wanted, like the wind

## Unincky Days.

"Why in the name of common sense did days in the year up a which it is anadvisable you let this dog out after me ! Will you tell to join bands, namely: the first, second, third, fourth, seconds, tenth and twelfth of Jan-"Why he howled like a maniae, and many; the first, sixth and eightle of March; clawed at the door till I thought you were the sixth and elementh of April; the 50th, fitteenth of June; the fills and nineteenth ber. As to the best day of the week, why : " Monday for wealth;

Teesday for health; Wednesday the best of all. Thursday for crosses; Friday for losses: Saturday no luck at all."

A cotesho philosopher thas unburdened bimself on one of woman's weaknesses a room in it; and if they bear a mouse note-