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Golden Moments.

Oh! there are golden moments in men's lives
Sudden, unlocked-for as the little clouds
All gold, which suddenly illume the gates
Of the lost sun.

Oh, pray for them! They bring
No increase like the gains of sun and showers;
Only a moment's brightness to the earth,
Only a moment's gleam in common life
Yet who would change them for the wealth of worlds.

Love in All.

Name the leaves on all the trees;
Name the waves on all the seas,
All the flowers by rill that blow,
All the myriad tints that glow,
Winds that wander through the grove—
And you name the name of love;
Love there is in summer sky,
As in light of maiden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds
In the wind that gaily bounds
O'er the meads where, on the wind,
Bright bees hum and linnets sing;
Pat of raindrop, chat of stream,
Of their song sweet love's the theme;
Love there is where zephyr skips,
As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west mild evening glows;
Angel fingers fold the rose;
Silvery dews begin to fall;
Crimson shades to shadow all;
Holy nature veils her face;
Earth is lost in heaven's embrace—
Love is in an hour like this,
As in guileless maiden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night,
Trips fair Luna's silver light;
Hear of nature's pulse that beat,
Like the thread of unseen feet;
See from out the lambent north
Shimmering arrows shooting forth;
Love is in a meteor's start,
As in throb of maiden's heart.

Love's the essence of all things;
'Tis from love that beauty springs;
'Twas by love, creation first
Into glorious being burst;
Veiled in maiden's form so fair,
I do worship thee in her.
Spirit sweet—all else above—
Love is God, since God is love.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

MY VALENTINE.

Valentine's day, and I am sitting in the bay-window of my front room in the little semi-detached house which is now my home. The little maid has laid the breakfast things, but it is early, and I sit on the horsehair sofa in the window, looking out for the postman.

Not that his coming this morning has any romantic interest for me. Those days of romance are past and gone.

I am now arrived at the sober age of thirty-five, and it is time to have done with such folly. And yet, as I sit here, and the postman delays his coming, my mind wanders back to other Valentine's days long ago, when it was a matter of such deep interest to me.

One fourteenth of February in particular I remember, ten—let me see, sixteen years ago it was. How the years fly! and how short a time it seems! Those few bright years of a woman's life seem to go by magic, and when they are gone what remains? Always at one time or other an aching sense that they are gone, and sometimes, alas! the knowledge that she is doomed to loneliness for the years to come. I felt that at one time myself, but I am used to it now.

At thirty-five these romantic regrets should be done with. And especially when one lives the life of a daily governess (as I have done for some year past), the realities of life press too constantly and too unpleasantly on one's mind to leave room for day-dreams.

But on the fourteenth of February just referred to my governess life had not yet begun. I had then as fair a future before me as most young girls of my acquaintance, with equal chances of an advantageous and happy marriage, and a life of independence. At that time I was on a visit to some old friends, the Coventrys.

The family consisted of father, mother and two daughters—fine, hearty, good-looking girls, tall, strong and high-spirited. In that respect rather a contrast to myself, for I was small, quiet-mannered, and (as I was painfully conscious) rather plain in appearance. They saw plenty of company, for their father, 'Squire Coventry as he was called, kept a most hospitable house; and, especially during the winter, the house was continually filled with young people and amusement of all kinds was the order of the day.

In most of these amusements I took a part, and though I had neither health nor animal spirits equal to those of my friends, their kindness and heartiness made everything pleasant. They had a most especial fondness for practical joking (I mean a harmless kind), particularly the younger one, Kate, who was ably assisted in this line by her cousin, Charles Braintree, who constantly formed one of the party.

Kate and Charley were in every kind of escapade—companions in mirth, and frequently companions in misfortune, when the evil effects of their joking came home to their own door.

While I was at the Coventrys we attended a village church close by, where, the rector being absent, there officiated at the time a curate who had lately come to the place. He was a tall, slight man, rather good-looking; but he had a painfully-stilted, self-conscious manner, which quite did away with the prepossessing effect of his appearance. I at first attributed it to conceit, afterward, when I knew him better, to shyness. He seldom came to the house, although the Coventrys quickly made his acquaintance, and pressed him to do so, but invitations of all kinds he refused. During my stay, however, he gradually acquired the habit of walking home with us from church, our road lying partly in the same direction; he would part with us at the park-gates, with the stiffest of bows, refusing all entreaties to enter, and proceed to his lodgings in the village.

By degrees his visits to the house became more frequent, and of course the change was attributed to me. I could not help becoming consciousness that during these Sunday walks his place was generally at my side; and I suffered much from the sly looks and muttered remarks of which I was the subject. Our conversation on these occasions was of the primmest and most demure. Sometimes, after a silent walk of two or three minutes, a feeble request to carry my prayer-book, and that yielded to, a few remarks on the weather, and so on, and we were already at our journey's end; nevertheless this was sufficient food for mischief-loving friends to found a joke upon.

As to Mr. Bargill himself, he was "fair game." His conscious, conceited, and yet awkward and bashful manner, made him, I must confess, a most tempting subject; and while he had quickness enough to see that in some way or other he was ridiculed, his sense of humor was so dull that he could never comprehend the joke. All this combined to make him undergo torture when in my friends' society, and I verily believe he fled to me (quite, sedate and harmless as I was) as a refuge from their sallies. Whether that were so or no I know not, but by degrees I became quite used to his society, and from tolerating I got to like it and to miss him when he did not come; and when the jokes raged, I invariably took his part.

Valentine's day drew near, and of course Kate Coventry was full of business. There were valentines of all kinds to be dispatched and expected in return. Numerous "hoaxes" designed for particular friends, and the plots and schemes as to places of postage and disguise of handwriting, were truly wonderful.

"What fun it would be to send a valentine to Mr. Bargill!" exclaimed Charley. "What would he do with it? Put it into the fire, I expect, and never let any one hear of it. He would feel it an insult."

"Mr. Bargill!" exclaimed Kate, suddenly looking up from her work of directing and stamping envelopes. "Why, of course, he shall have one. How stupid of me to forget! It's important, though. I must take time to think of it. Of course we know who the sender will be!"

She glanced at me as she said this.

"Kate, please do not," I said, imploringly, blushing up to the roots of my hair, for I knew that I was doomed.

"Do not what?" replied Kate. "Oh! by-the-bye, Ethel, you're sure to receive some this year—one at least."

"Yes," broke in Charley. "Directed in a very stiff, upright hand. Now, who would think that such a very modest, retiring person would write such a very decided hand? You know who I mean, Miss Vane?"

So the remarks flew round, and I knew that remonstrance was vain, and that Mr. Bargill and myself were to be two of the victims on Valentine's day. Not only that, but I greatly feared that they intended sending either a valentine to me in his name, or, far worse, one from me to him.

For some reason this latter idea was torture to me. Of course what I received myself was a matter of little consequence. I should know whom to thank for it; but if I only could know how they meant to make use of my unfortunate name in playing their jokes upon him.

So time wore on, and I comforted myself by thinking that Mr. Bargill, come what might, would believe that I had sent him a valentine, more especially such a one as I feared they would send him.

"It will be as Charley said," I thought. "He will most likely put it in the fire, and no one will be a whit the wiser."

And then I caught myself wondering whether it would make him shy of our company, and whether he would cease the walks from church, etc. And I must allow that the idea vexed me.

"How very tiresome they are!" I said to myself. "And what bad taste it is to play these jokes on people," forgetting for the moment how often I had myself been a party to jokes of the kind.

At last Valentine's morning came. There was much excitement round the breakfast table when the post-bag, full to bursting, was handed in.

I waited patiently for my share of its contents. They were three. First, a letter from home in my mother's writing; secondly, a large document, directed in the stiff, upright hand I had been jeered at for; thirdly, a letter directed in a handwriting perfectly unknown to me. I opened the second-mentioned first.

"Now, Ethel, let us hear" assailed me on every side.

"That's the writing! I knew it would come!" shouted Charley.

"Thank you, I am much obliged to you all!" I replied. "It is admirably written; but this one is much better done"—as I spoke I held up the third-mentioned, written in the unknown hand. "That large one is too elaborate, Mr. Bargill, I am sure, would never send such a flowery composition as that. Now, this is sober, and to the point."

I had just read it, and was surprised to find only a short, simple, earnest offer of marriage—not much like a valentine, except that the writer slightly referred to the character of the day as a kind of apology for addressing me. It was signed only "J. B."

"I see," I said. "You thought by sending me two that I should certainly be caught by one of them. This last one is certainly the best. Some of your work, I suspect, Connie. It is not in Katie's style."

Constance protested her innocence; but in vain. Indeed, a general chorus disclaimer was raised round the table; but I simply ignored it, put the two valentines in my pocket, and began to read my mother's letter. This was of another kind. My father was seriously ill. My mother wanted me home directly; and the next day found me on my homeward journey, depressed at the thought of my father's illness, and full of regrets at leaving my friends.

Then began a season of calamity and trial. My father died, after a fortnight's illness, leaving myself, a brother and sister almost unprovided for.

The following year my sister, who had been engaged for some time, was married. My mother died soon afterward, and I was left alone—almost absolutely alone, my brother having gone abroad to seek his fortune, and I chose rather to seek an independence for myself than accept a home from my sister, who was not in affluent circumstances.

Thus began my governess life, which I am thankful to say, has been such a success that I am now able to live in comfort and to put by a mite for a rainy day. I have not spent much in traveling, though my kind friends, the Coventry's, sent me many invitations. Perhaps I am a little proud, for I think I could not mix in their society with just the same pleasure as in former days. However, they are unchanged to me, and always will be, I feel sure.

The clock had just struck nine. What a time I have sat here ruminating on past time! and the postman is not come yet. Valentine's day—that is the reason of the delay, no doubt.

Here he comes around the corner, but what a time he stops at each door! The five little dwellings to be visited before he gets here will take, I should think, another quarter of an hour, at this rate of going. Well! you will not be detained long here, my man. Sarah shall bring the breakfast.

Another ten minutes; he is here! Sarah puts two letters into my hand. Strange coincidence! one of them is in the handwriting of my old friend, Constance Coventry.

Constance Baintree she is now; she married Charley two years after my last visit. And bright, merry Kate is dead! My second letter, being evidently a business one, claims my first attention. It is from the mother of my eldest pupil. She is going abroad, and wishes my charge to accompany her. My three other pupils are at present in scarlet fever. My hands will be empty! What shall I do? Look for temporary employment? I should like to take a holiday, but know of nowhere to go just now.

Now for Constance:

"We have just come home from abroad," she writes, "and are settling in our new home, though it is a wretched time of year. I do want you so much to come and see me. Perhaps my reasons are partly selfish, for he will not see company yet, and I am dreadfully dull and lonely, but I know that will be no drawback to you."

She then goes on to say a good deal that is kind, and adds in a postscript:

"I said we were alone, but I forgot to mention that an old friend, or rather acquaintance, is with us whom I dare say you will remember in by-gone days—Mr. Bargill! We came upon him at Basle, when Charley was dangerously ill, and his kindness I shall never forget. I am so sorry that I ever laughed at or teased him, dear Ethel; he saved my husband's life! Do come."

That is all. And what a strange supplement to my meditations of the past hour. How the old familiar names recall the old days. I am at Barfield again, young and happy as of old! Constance's invitation is a tempting one. I should like to see her again in her new home; and Mr. Bargill? I smile as I remember the valentines, and I think on the whole I should like to see him again, too! It is decided. I will go and sit down and write to that effect.

Three days later, at five o'clock on a cold winter's evening, I am driven up the avenue at Braintree, trying hard, through the dusk and the drifting sleet, to catch a glimpse of my friend's new home. A double row of stately lime trees on each side of the drive is all that I can see, and as we draw nearer I perceive a fine old Elizabethan house nearly covered with ivy and creepers. It has been the home of the Braintrees for many generations, and has just descended to Charley from an uncle.

A bright light streamed forth when the door was opened, and Constance stood in the hall ready to receive me with open arms. In a second I was in a cozy little room with a bright fire, where lay her husband, looking not much older, but pale and delicate from his recent illness.

Constance led me to my room, and on leaving me, said:

"We have just a few friends coming to-night, dear; you won't mind? I'll send you my maid," and without waiting for an answer, she was gone.

I did "mind," but there was no help for it. Constance was always fond of society. I dressed myself as well as my limited wardrobe would allow, and she presently returned and escorted me to the drawing-room, where about fourteen persons were assembled; but among them all not one face was familiar to me save that of my host.

I quietly ensconced myself in a window recess, where I was partly hidden by a curtain. My eyes wandered for a moment rather anxiously over the group in a vain hope that I might discover Mr. Bargill, but in vain. No one was known to me there.

Dinner was announced. The party paired off. As I sat wondering who my partner was to be, Constance touched the arm of a portly-looking man who sat with his back to me, engaged in earnest conversation. He rose at once, and she led him up to me.

"An old friend, Ethel. Mr. Bargill, you remember Miss Vane?"

Was it possible? Was the fine-looking man before me the "shy curate" of former days? No need to ask if he remembered me. He gave a start, and colored visibly, when she uttered my name, and then I saw plainly the resemblance which I had failed to detect at first. He recognized me at once, too. I saw that, and it was no small pleasure to think that time's ravages had not altered me in his eyes, at least beyond recognition.

I went into the dining-room on his arm, and after the first few sentences our conversation never flagged. I then discovered how in mind as well as body he had developed and improved; or rather, having gained in assurance and manliness, those qualities which I imagined he always had possessed were suffered to come to the surface, while that stiffness of manner which was then called conceit, and which I now felt sure had proceeded from shyness, had vanished altogether.

When I returned to the drawing-room, I no longer felt myself alone in the company. I talked indifferently to my next neighbor, hardly conscious who or what she might be, my eye meanwhile watching the door with anxiety, until at last the hum of voices outside told that the gentlemen were coming.

There was a vacant seat beside me. Would he take it? Yes, he was evidently coming toward me. My heart throbbed loudly when down upon the chair I had guarded sat a fat old country squire who began to make himself agreeable to my next neighbor. I felt mortified and disappointed, and soon afterward took an opportunity of retiring to my old seat in the window.

I had not sat there many minutes when the curtain was drawn aside, and Mr. Bargill placing a chair for himself in my recess, sat down beside me.

"Mr. Bargill," I cried, as Constance's little girl, running up to us, "just look at my valentine! Isn't it a beauty? I have had such a lot, but this is the prettiest of them all, and I cannot find out who sent it. Do you know? I believe it was you. Now, wasn't it? Tell the truth."

"No, Carrie it was not I."

"I believe it was, though," she persisted. "I'm sure it was!"

"No, Carrie, indeed," he answered, while a grave smile hovered round his mouth, "I never sent but one valentine in all my life, and that—"

"Well, and that?"

"That one was never answered."

He looked at me, though he was speaking to her, and instantly I remembered my two valentines of long ago, that one in particular which was never accounted for, and which I had troubled myself so little about. In my own mind I had never doubted that it had been sent me by mischievous young friends.

I remembered now how strongly they had denied it, and how I had laughed at its contents. I reflected, what if it really had come from him?—had lain all these years unheeded and unnoticed? and now!

My cheeks burnt crimson as I turned my head away, and my confusion must have been evident to him.

Katie had flown away to exhibit her treasures in another part of the room. I heard a low voice beside me:

"Miss Vane—Ethel, will you answer it now?"

I did answer it, and in a way that I have never since regretted.

When my friend Constance came to visit me in my bedroom that night, I had a secret to confide to her, and was kissed and congratulated to my heart's content.

"But oh! Constance," I exclaimed, when she allowed me a pause, "how could you not tell me that that second valentine came from him, or that it did not come from you? How could you let me believe otherwise!"

"My precious child, did I not tell you," she answered, laughing, "a hundred times over?—and why were you so obstinately persuaded to the contrary? Why, the signature should have been enough! But never mind, 'all's well that ends well,' and this is just the very thing I should have wished."

"Yes," I said, softly, "I believe it is well; and though I shall only be a poor curate's wife, I shall be the happiest—"

"A poor curate's wife," broke in Constance. "Why, don't you know that Charley has given Mr. Bargill the rich living of Braintree, two miles from here, and I shall have you near me always? Oh! it is delightful. So you thought you were marrying a 'poor curate,' did you?"

The lovely rectory of Braintree has long been my home, and the "shy curate" the best and most devoted of husbands. Little does the title apply to him now! Beloved and respected by his parishioners, and known far beyond his own little circle for conspicuous talents, my home is all and more than I could wish; and as the fourteenth of February again approaches, recalling the happiest event of my life, with what different feelings do I greet it from when, ten years ago, I sat in my lonely lodgings, thinking sadly of "my Valentine's days" of the past.

Baby-Carriages.

The use of baby-carriages is deprecated by Dr. Henry H. Smith, of Philadelphia. He says that a child who is carried in arms is being constantly trained in balancing its head and shoulders, and that such infants are sooner able to sit alone and creep or walk more vigorously than those who in the continued supine posture of the baby carriage fail to receive their muscular exercise. There is also increased appetite, with improved digestion and nutrition. One of the evils liable to ensue from the constant use of the baby carriage is the jarring and concussion of the delicat brain and spinal cord of the infant created by bouncing the carriage over gutters or up and down the curbstones. This evil, Dr. Smith contends, is quite as serious to the infant as the concussion of the spine, the result of railroad travel, is to the full-grown man, the nervous system of the child being easily impressed by jars.

More than one thousand printing presses have been shipped to France from Philadelphia since the centennial.

True Manhood.

A true man is an earnest man, an industrious man, a sincere man, and above all a man who never stoops to perform a mean or vulgar action. His soul, his mind and his body grow in strength and beauty year by year. His true worth and greatness are to be justly estimated by taking into consideration his usefulness to the world and the happiness he conveys upon others.

Only a true man can become a great reformer or successful moral physician. A man must practice what he preaches in order to carry conviction with his theories of theology or philosophy; he must live up to his creed by acts as well as by words eloquently uttered. A man should never put himself forward for a pilot and live the life of a castaway. Earnestness and honesty are great helps in the highway to success. A man may have the genius of a Gray, the brilliancy of a Byron, the eloquence of an Everett, and the power of a Pitt, and if he not carry into the hearts of his readers or hearers that he is truthful he might as well talk to bare walls.

The soul of a true man is without deformity. No soul that is misshapen can long remain concealed from a knowledg of the world. It cannot be hidden by a sanctimonious face, plausible words, ostentatious benevolence, and pretentious piety. A bad character is as hard to conceal as the limp of a lame soldier. A man without genuine goodness is soon consigned to his proper level in society. He may hold his head high for a considerable space of time, but he is seldom ultimately successful in imposition. There are little loopholes in his mean nature through which keen and observing individuals may regard his imperfections. A man may outlive a bad reputation, but he cannot permanently sustain a good one by continuous fraud, dissimulation and hypocrisy. Nobody can commit fraud and many misdeeds without discovery. The fall of many individuals has been rendered hopeless by reason of their having attributed to themselves rare virtues and qualitiesof heart they never really possessed.

Another quality of true manhood is faith in and love for humanity. To be human is to be fallible. There is no sunny spot on this green earth where perfect beings dwell. The best and truest living men and women have their weaknesses and imperfections. Thus all should learn to look charitably upon the errors of others who are conscious of their own feelings.

There is much that is good and pure in humanity, as well as many things that are evil and odious. It is unreasonable to believe that all are hypocritical and false because one person has been untrue. It is unjust to affirm that one who has committed a single error has no remaining grains of good in him.

Remarkable Instances of Instinct.

Muskrats, in their winter excursions under the ice to their feeding-grounds, which are frequently at great distances from their abodes, take in breath at starting and remain under the water as long as they can. Then they can rise to the ice, and breathe out the air in their lungs, which remain in bubbles against the lower surface of the ice. They wait till this air recovers oxygen from the water and the ice, and then take it in again and go on till the operation has to be repeated. In this way they can travel almost any distance. This is really an intellectual operation.

The fierce dragon fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of he objects, or, he thinks, the man of fate in pieces. We cannot tell how the pupa of this fly came by the instinct that prompts it to leave the water and hang itself up to dry. But we may be able to explain this quite as soon as to unveil the origin of the hooks by which it hangs itself up.

Old song birds teach their tunes to the young by giving them music lessons, which are not paid for by the hour, and hawks drill their offspring in hawking.

A sparrow, whose leg was kindly set by a lady, brought another sparrow to undergo the same operation, and spent the winter nights for years in the apartment in which she had received the kind treatment, flying out every morning and returning every evening, except during the breeding season.

Did you ever observe the behavior of a kitten when it is given its first mouse? Up to that moment kit has been only the gentiest of creatures, and you wouldn't imagine that her purring voice was capable of a harsh sound. But, in possession of that mouse, behold the change! Her eyes snap and burn with lurid fire, and her growls are vengeful. This is real instinct.

Some little swallows once built a nest against a lime kiln. But the wall was so warm the clay soon cracked, and the nest fell down. Immediately they built it over, but again it fell. Not discouraged, they tried it a third time, with no better success. They built a fourth nest, which remained firm, and in it they reared a little brood. They had found and worked up a kind of clay that would stand the heat. They came back the next year and repaired their cottage with the same clay. This they did also the third year. Can swallows reason?

The Bamboo Tree.

Although no production of China is of so much importance to us as tea, the bamboo tree is, perhaps, to the Chinese themselves, the most valuable of all their land produces. It is used for every conceivable purpose, and has been called "a universal material." It grows to the height of about eighty feet, bears neither blossom nor fruit, and the leaves are narrow and small; many of the canes are much thicker than a man's arm. For building purposes its largest stems serve for pillars, rafters and planks; its leaves are thatching for the roof and the small fibers are matting for the floor. For household use it is made into bedsteads, tables, chairs and other articles of furniture; also into umbrellas, hats musical instruments, baskets, cups, brooms, soles of shoes, pipes, bows and arrows, sedan-chairs and wicks of candles. Its fine fiber is made into twine; its leaves as a kind of cloak for wet weather, called "a garment of leaves." Small shoots form the celebrated chopsticks; other tender shoots are boiled and eaten; the pulp is formed into paper; the pith into good pickles and sweetmeats; and a thick juice, which is pressed from it, is said to be an excellent medicine. For maritime purposes it is transformed into boats, floats, sails, cables, rigging, fishing rods and fishing baskets. By simply tying together a few bamboo reeds a swimming jacket is constructed capable of containing one or more persons. In agriculture, carts, wheelbarrows, water-pipes and wheels, fences and many other things are made from it. In the manufacture of tea it helps to form the rolling tables, drying baskets and sieves. It is the universal demand in the houses, in the fields, on water and on land, in peace and in war. Through life the Chinaman is dependent upon it, nor does it leave him until it carries him to his last resting-place.

Coal Mines Under the Sea.

A number of English coal mines are being worked under the ocean. In Northumberland the net available quantity of coal under the sea is estimated at 403,000,000 tons, and on the Durham coast under the sea, including a breadth of three and a half miles, with an area of seventy-one square miles, 734,500,000 tons. The latter mine is in a vein of an aggregate thickness of thirty feet, distributed in six seams. Engineers are considering how it can be worked successfully in the future.

Story of a Colorado Robber.

Of a noted robber in Colorado named Leaper, the Denver *Tribune* tells this story: It was getting late in the fall when just at evening one day there came a pale-looking man, riding a fine mule, and halted at Leaper's cabin to inquire if he was on the right road to Denver. He was informed that he was not, and that there was no other house within twenty miles; but if he would dismount he was welcome to stay during the night, and in the morning Leaper would take him across a mountain and put him upon the road. The traveler accepted the invitation, unsaddled his mule, picketed him by the roadside and entered the cabin. Injudiciously he boasted that he had a thousand dollars in nuggets he had washed from the earth that season, little thinking he was setting a trap to lose his own life.

This was about the last chance of the season for Leaper. A long winter would soon set in, and there would be nobody to rob. Men seldom traveled the mountains in the winter in those days, and it was necessary that the robber should be prepared to den up like the grizzly bear for another spring. When morning came the traveler saddled his mule, and Leaper his horse, and they started across the mountain to find the road to Denver. After traveling some distance, they dismounted in a gulch, when Leaper seized his victim by the throat, and demanded his money and his pistol. He then ordered him back in his saddle, and, taking a long lariat, lashed his feet firmly beneath the mule's belly and his hands behind him. This done, the fiend pulled the bridle from the animal's head and turned him loose, at the same time put spurs to his own horse and rode rapidly away.

The grass was fine in the mountains at this time, and the mule paid more attention to this than he did to the prisoner on his back. Mild words, unaccompanied by rein or cudgel, had no influence on the long-eared hybrid. He ate and drank until filled, then lay down for the night. He, however, lay upon his belly and knees, and indicated by his position that he would do the best he could for his unfortunate bed-fellow. When morning came the beast arose and determined to leave for other fields. Over rocks and through tangled woods he went—often nearly tearing to pieces his rider, until he halted at a tippling stream to take a drink. At this moment the rider heard the sound of an ax. He hallooed loudly for help. In a moment his call was answered, and a man dressed in a red shirt and buckskin breeches came in sight with an ax upon his shoulder. As he approached the mule became alarmed at his appearance and started off on a brisk dog trot, but not until the ax-man had gotten near enough to learn from the rider his sad condition.

The woodman now laid down his ax and started in pursuit. For hours he followed the mule and its lone rider in vain. At times he would almost lay his hands upon the creature, when peculiar to a mule, with a snort he would bound away with increased speed. Night was now fast approaching, and darkness would end the pursuit. The case was getting desperate. The pursuer had a pistol in his belt. He availed himself of the best opportunity he could get and sent a bullet whi zing through the animal's head. A moment and the rider was released, but too much exhausted to travel. A fire was kindled and two strangers who had met by chance this unusual way camped for the night among the rocks with the wolves all around them.

In the morning they succeeded in reaching a cabin a few miles away. After resting a few days and partly regaining the use of his limbs, which were nearly numbed, the man of fate departed to Denver. Here he made known the robbery, and described the robber so minutely that he was easily traced as the mysterious occupant of the lone cabin at the foot of "Warder's Hill," as it is called by the pilgrims of that day. Officers were sent for him and he was captured after a desperate struggle and died in prison of his wounds.

A Duelist's Experience.

Baron de San Malata, a Sicilian and a noted duelist, has recently gone to Paris to find a test of his skill as a combatant. He has fought forty duels, but in none of them has he been the challenger. It is told of him that during a heated political canvass, in the course of a discussion in a public square with a first cousin, the latter called him by some opprobrious epithet. The baron replied: "You are a coward!" The cousin answered: "Will you repeat that in five minutes?" "Assuredly." The cousin went home and returned with a revolver in his hand. The baron went up to him and said: "Giuseppe, see here! That revolver don't suit your hand; the stock never was made for you; for the life of you you could not use that pistol." As he ceased to speak he spit in his cousin's face. The suddenness and strangeness of this speech and attack so bewildered the cousin that he neither said nor did anything. The baron spit in his face again. Friends interfered. The cousin challenged the baron. The eve of the duel the baron's aunt, who knew what an expert swordsman he was, begged him to spare her son's life. He replied: "Giuseppe shall return from the field without even a scratch." The duel took place. The cousin attacked furiously. The baron only parried. At last he turned his head and looked at his seconds until his adversary became so weak that he could no longer hold his sword, when the seconds interfered and ended the duel. At another time he was challenged by the best broadsword man in Sicily, while he himself was not skillful with this weapon. The broadsword was selected by the seconds. On the field the baron took his sword in both hands and rushed upon his adversary, using the weapon as if it were a club. His adversary retreated. They were put in position again. The baron disarmed his adversary. A third time they were put in position; at the first pass the baron's sword broke within eight inches of the hilt; his adversary kept on, the seconds did not interfere. The baron became furious, rushed on his adversary, wounded him; then turned on the seconds and wounded every one of them, beginning with his own.

A French Farmer.

The lot of a French farmer is neither happy nor jolly. He fares frugally on soup and the thinnest of ordinary red wine or cider. The stock of his soup is bacon, and he eats butcher's meat only twice a week, that is on Sunday and market day. When he attends market he makes a succulent dejeuner and drinks a good deal of beer afterward at the cafe. This is his only cheerful time; at ordinary seasons he is morose, troubled about the weather, the conscription which is going to take his son into the army, and about politics, of which he understands just enough to be in constant dread of revolutions. He is conservative, that is to say, he upholds the government of the day, whatever it may be for fear of anarchy; but no government is popular with him, for every administration finds it necessary to lay on new taxes. The climate, however, is in his favor. A bad harvest is not a common thing in France, and a succession of bad harvests never occur. It is lucky for the French farmer that this is so, for there are few French landlords who would be in a position to remit any part of a year's rent after a bad harvest. The rule in France is that farmers' rent must be paid as punctually as lodgers' rent. If it be not paid, ejection is resorted to at once, and nobody thinks of looking upon the tenant as an ill-used man.

RELIGIOUS NEWS AND NOTES.

The deaths among lay members for the year ending July, 1880, numbered 21,350.

Five missionaries in South Africa have been killed in the war between the English and the Basutos.

The Congregationalists of the United States maintain sixty-six colleges and seminaries in heathen and Mohammedan lands.

The Buddhist priests in Japan have taken the Bible in their course of study, so that they can the better oppose the missionaries.

The Shaw university, at Raleigh, N. C., one of the Baptist schools for freedmen, has sent out more than 1,000 teachers among the colored people. It has now 275 pupils.

The Rev. J. S. McIntosh, of Belfast, Ireland, who was cabled both to Chicago and to the Second Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, accepted by cable the call to the latter.

About $60,000,000 has been expended for the war in Afghanistan, while the total sum given for Christian missions throughout the world during the past year is not far from $8,000,000.

There are 35,432 lay members connected with the foreign missions of the Methodist Episcopal church, and 276 churches and chapels. There are also 256 day schools, with 8,376 pupils.

The total number of Methodist communicants in the United States, according to the Methodist almanac for 1881, is 3,485,990. Total in the world, 4,695,990. The grand total of itinerant ministers is 31,731, of which 24,304 are in this country.

There were 105 new Congregational churches organized in the United States during 1880, and 205 ministers ordained or installed. In 1879 there were sixty-seven new churches organized and 173 ministers ordained or installed, while ninety-nine were dismissed in place of seventy in 1880.

There are no less than 150 students in the Baptist Theological seminary at Ramapatan, India, who are in training for the Christian ministry. Some of the students are married, and their wives are obliged to spend a part of their time in study, and some of them keep up with their husbands in the full course.

The population of Canada is divided as follows: Roman Catholics, 1,492,000; Presbyterians, 549,998; Anglicans, 494,049; Wesleyans and Methodists, 567,091; Baptists, 239,343; Lutherans, 37,935; Congregationalists, 21,829; miscellaneous, 65,857; of no religion, 5,575; no creeds stated, 17,055; total, 3,485,761.

"Sadlier's Catholic Directory and Ordo" for 1881 gives important statistics of the progress of Roman Catholicism in the United States. There are now twelve archbishops, with forty-eight suffragans, eight vicariates apostolic, and one prefecture apostolic. The number of priests returned is 6,409, and there are 1,170 ecclesiastical students preparing for the priesthood. The churches in the country have increased to 5,856, and the population is estimated at 6,377,330. In 2,383 parochial schools there are 423,383 children.

Tea.

When first introduced tea was not an universal favorite. It was then vehemently abused as an immoral, unwholesome decoction, from whose use the worst results must be expected to follow. In 1633 a learned German decided that it was nothing better than black water with an acrid taste, and a few years later a Russian ambassador at the court of the Mogul declined a large present of it for the czar, his master, "as it would only incumber him with a commodity for which he had no use." The Dutch were wiser men. They exported large quantities of dried sage, which pleased the Chinese so much that they gave two and four pounds of tea for each pound of sage, until the Dutch were unable to provide that material in sufficient quantities to meet the home demand for tea. For a long time Englishmen drank sage tea in preference to the genuine article; and to this day the use of sage and other herb teas is still frequent among the agricultural poor of some districts in England, and the tisannes of the French and Swiss have been in no way replaced by the more costly leaf. Morocco combined tisanne with tea, putting sugar in the teapot, and tansy and mint, the flavor of which would, doubtless, considerably disguise the tea, rendering the decoction as unlike that valuable beverage, as was the liquid which issued from the classic brown teapot of Mesdames Gamp and Prig, on the fatal night of their quarrel. Thibet kept clear of the admixture of other herbs, but had its own peculiar way of consuming its tea. This was by boiling the leaf with water, flour, butter and salt, and devouring the resulting mess bodily. In China, the common people add ginger and salt to the beverage, which they drink by the remarkable comes from the Chinese name for the leaf of the tea plant.

Cheese Made from Potatoes.

A foreign paper says that cheese is made from potatoes in Thuringia and Saxony. After having collected a quantity of potatoes of good quality, giving the preference to a large white kind, they are boiled in a caldron, and after becoming cool they are reduced to a pulp, either by means of a grater or mortar. To five pounds of this pulp, which ought to be as equal as possible, is added one pound of sour milk and the necessary quantity of salt. The whole is kneaded together and the mixture covered up and allowed to lie for three or four days, according to the season. At the end of this time it is kneaded anew, and the cheeses are placed in little baskets, when the superfluous moisture escapes. They are then allowed to dry in the shade, and placed in layers in large vessels, where they must remain for fifteen days. The older these cheeses are the more their quality improves. Three kinds are made. The first and most common is made as detailed above; the second, with four parts of potatoes and two parts of curdled milk; the third with two parts of potatoes and four parts of cow or ewe milk. These cheeses have this advantage over other kinds, that they do not engender worms; and they keep fresh for a number of years, provided they are placed in a dry situation and in well-closed vessels.

Cultivating Ants.

Many of the leading orchard proprietors in northern Italy and southern Germany are cultivators of the common black ant, which insect they hold in high esteem as the fruit grower's best friend. They establish ant-hills in their orchards, and have the police service of their fruit trees to the tiny colonists, which pass their time in climbing up the stems of the fruit trees, cleansing their boughs and leaves of malefactors, mature as well as embryotic, and descending laden with spoils to the ground, when they comfortably consume or prudently store away their booty. They never meddle with sound fruit, but only invade such apples, pears and plums as have already been penetrated by the canker, which they remorselessly pursue to its lastnesses within the very heart of the fruit. Nowhere are apple or pear trees so free from blight and destructive insects as in the immediate neighborhood of a large ant-hill five or six years old. The favorite food of ants would appear to be the larvæ and pupæ of those creatures which spend the whole of their brief existence in devouring the tender shoots and juvenile leaves of fruit trees.

Dying Words.

When death, the mighty conqueror, comes, we often find the spirit which has ruled in life still dominant; and the condensed eloquence of these utterances of expiring saints and sinners possesses an external significance:

Julian, the apostate: "Oh, Galilean thou hast conquered!"

Melanchton: "Nothing but heaven."

Tasso: "Into Thy hands, oh Lord."

Haliburton: "The beginning and ending of religion are wonderfully sweet."

Dr. Doddridge: "There is a hope set before me."

John Knox: "Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

Wilberforce: "I am very happy. Let me talk of heaven."

John Wesley: "The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell!"

Bishop McKendree: "All is well."

General Havelock: "Tell my son to come and see how a Christian can die."

President Edwards: "Trust in God and you need not fear."

Hobbs, the deist: "I am taking a fearful leap in the dark."

Mirabeau: "Give me more laudanum, that I may not think of eternity and what is to come."

Salmasius: "Oh! I have lost a world of time."

John Randolph: "Remorse."

Queen Elizabeth: "Millions for an inch of time."

Charles IX, of France: "If Jesus my Savior would number me with his redeemed."

Edgar A. Poe: "Rest, shore no more."

Goethe: "Open the shutters and let in more light."

Robert Burns: "Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave."

Keats: "I feel the daisies growing over me."

Byron: "I must sleep now."

Herden: "Refresh me with a great thought."

Heller: "The artery ceases to beat."

Grotius, the Christian philosopher: "Be serious."

Chesterfield: "Give Dayrocles a chair."

Washington: "It is well."

John Adams: "Independence forever."

Jefferson: "I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."

John Q. Adams: "This is the last of earth."

Stonewall Jackson: "Let us cross the river and rest in the shade."

Commodore Maury: "Bear me through the pass when the laurels bloom."

Nathan Hale: "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Admiral Nelson: "Tell Collingswood to bring the fleet to anchor."

Captain Lawrence: "Don't give up the ship."

Napoleon: "Head of the army."

Josephine: "Isle of Elba! Napoleon!"

Maria Louisa: "I will not sleep. I wish to meet death wide awake."

Madame De Staël: "I have loved my God, my father and liberty."

Madame Roland: "Oh, liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name."

Quinn, the actor: "I could wish this tragic scene were over; but I hope to go through it with becoming dignity."

Talma, the actor: "The worst of all is, I cannot see."

John Palmer, the actor. "There is another and better world."

Sir Walter Raleigh: "It matters little how the dead lieth."

Sir Thomas Moore, to the executioner: "I pray you, friend, see me up safe, and for coming down let me shift for myself."

Anne Boleyn: "The stroke will sever it."

Julius Cæsar: "And thou, too, Brutus!"

Nero: "Is this your fidelity?"

Tom Hood: "Oh, Lord! say 'Arise, take up thy cross and follow me.'"

A Wonderful Indian Marksman.

Should Bogardus, Carver, and Erb be unable to retain for America the world's championship at glass ball and pigeon shooting, perhaps we can bring out, as a last resort, Otto, of whose performances in shooting at the paper figure of a man, a San Francisco paper gives this account:

"A nickel five-cent piece was glued to the figure, and the young sharpshooter, blindfolded, turned round in various directions, and was finally placed in a direct line of the object, with a rifle minus a sight, and at a distance of some twenty-five feet. The first shot sent the nickel flying around the room, and on examination an indentation was found on its very edge. The second shot consisted of placing a small piece of tinted paper on the glass used as an eye for the figure, and then placing a large piece of cardboard in