TO-MORROW.

If we be glad or sad, or grave or gay, If sobs or laughter fill our throats to-day, What will it matter when light fades to gay To-morrow?

If we have now or love or bitter hate, If scorn or pity on our pleadings wait, The world will be the same whate er our fate To-morrow.

Fret we to-day with hearts hot to the core With keenest anguish for what comes no Idle as dust the trifles we deplore. To-morrow.

The daisies nod above our head Insensate sleep we in our churchyard bed, Twill nothing count how we to-day have bled, Te-morrow.

The Black Man's Blessing.

"Oh dear !" exclaimed Nettie Ashley, as she put on her bonnet and shawl preparatory to going home. "I wish we were to have some kind of a real good time to-night."

"My sentiments exactly," returned Bessie Ames, as she tied her hoodstrings in a bewitching bow and surveyed herself in the mirror. "I move that we three, here and now, plan a frolic,"

"Second the motion," chimed in Gertie Wood. "What shall it be, a candy daub ?"

"No, no," laughed Bessie ; traces of our last candy escapade are yet visible in my hair, although comb and bursh have been vigorously applied."

"Listen, girls," cried Nettie, "I have an idea."

"For pity's sake don't lose it, Net," said Gertie, "but quick, let's hear." "It's something novel. Let's go begging."

"Go what?" asked Bess.

"Go out begging," explained Gertie. "We'll disguise, and go from house to house, asking for food. It will be real fun."

"You are a genius, Net," cried Bessie, "you'll be famous, yet."

"Probably," said Nettie. "Behold the future idol of fame working in box-shop for six dollars a week!"

"That has nothing to do with our proposed excursion," interrupted Gertie.

'Shall we go or not?" "Go by all means," said Bess, whose eyes were just sparkling with mischief

"But let's be going home ; we can play it on the way." The three girls started off in high

glee, and judging by the frequent laugter and suggestive nods of their head, everything was perfected ere they searated at the door of Nettie Ashle's bouse.

"Now, girls, be here at seven, ship, and in costume, mind," called but Nettie as she ran toward the door.

Had you been on hand at seven skrp, you would have seen two very foornlooking damsels ringing the bell o the Ashley cottage. Nettie answers the call and the visitors were ushed in with much laughter, and a fer moments later, you might have seen merging from the same house three hiserably clad girls, each bearing a baket.

"Where shall we go first ?" iquired

"We'll take Evans avenue neither of us is acquainted there," sponded Nettie. "They are all rich fo's on the avenue. Then we'll go ove to Lee street among the poor peopl and see what we can beg for our sicknothers." "I can never tell the sty with a

grave face," said Gertie. "But you must. See ere!" said Bessie, as they passed unde the street light. "Look, you must drw your face down so." And the rosy the face assumed such a serio-com expression that her companions bur into laugh ter. "Girls," she exclaiml, in a tragic voice, how can you laughin that manner when your poor other is so ill with consumption, and ou have little brothers and sisters dending on you for support, and are obted to beg from door to door ?-how ca you do it ?"

"Bess, you are incorrible," returned Nettie. "Such a dolul expression as that would be a fortie to any beggar, You actually looked/orse than Aunt Melissa when she is wing her visitors an extended accountf her 'neuraligy and rumatiz,"

"Here we are c Evans avenue," called Gertie. "w, girls, compose yourselves. Net, y are to go first." "All right," resnded Nettie, "I'll stop at this big born house. You two walk on a few sts, and wait in the

shadow of that belm." made her way toe back door of the rand. mansion. A trebling knock brought

Maggie, the sernt girl. "Please, ma'n," Nettie faltered, there's no one at me to depend on- me." and won't yorlease give me a little

something to \$?" "You're thivinteenth beggar that's dyin' mitheran' dead fathers, and touched my heart, and _____" hivin only kws how many childer to mouse hisse so he would."

"But yo wouldn't miss a little,,,

pleaded Nettie. "And I'd be so thank-

ful." "Will, thin, take these cowld buckwhates and begone; and she tossed the viands into the basket. With a smothered. "Thank you, ma'am," Nettie

departed. "What success?" cried the girls as Nettie reached them.

"Not exactly an enthusiastic reception, but I got some buckwheat cakes. Mave some ?"

"Not yet, thanks. Wait until you see my spoils," said Gertie. "Judge Jerkins lives in this house. He is one of the wealthiest men in the city, so I'll get something handsome there." And beggar number two started on her doleful errand. The judge's back door opened; the "help" contemptuously eyed her visitor, then slammed the door in her face with, "We don't take stock

in beggars." "Stingy things?" was the angry exclamation, as Gertie joined the girls and related her cold treatment.

In this way they visited nearly every house on the avenue, sometimes receiving cold bits and often nothing but harsh words.

"I'm disgusted with a beggar's life," said Gertie. "Let's go home."

"Just think, if we really were in distress and needed the food for which God. we've begged with what sorrowful hearts we should return. To think that these rich folks should refuse to give the crumbs that fall from their tables to the starving people of our city!"

"I am going down on Lee street and see if there is any more charity in a tenement house than a mansion," said Bess, "I'll only try one house; then nome it shall be."

They wended their way toward Lee street. At the corner stood a miserable little shanty. The windows were filled with rags, and everything indicated the extreme poverty of the inmate

"There," said Bess, "I'm going in here;" and she walked briskly to the door. At her timid knock the door opened, and she was confronted by an old negro, to whom she told her pitiful

"Cum right in, honey, cum right in. De ole man aint got much, but he never done sen' away de needy. Cum in a minute, chile."

Bess entered the hovel, and as she alarm. saw its meagre furnishings, her heart

"I cannot take food from him," she said to herself, "yet I dare not tell him the truth."

negro went to a little cupboard in one | try to make me believe I'm on this side corner of the room, drew forth half a of the bridge when I know I'm on the loaf of bread, and handed it to Bessie, other! Don't ye do it." saying, "Here, chile, dis am all de bread I hab in de world, but you take it to de pore sick mudder wid a brack man's bressin'."

"O, sir," cried Bessie, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "I cannot take the last mouthful you have, indeed I cannot----'

"Nebber min' 'bout dat : to-morrow I'll get some mo'. De ole man kin work, but de sick mudder can't. Take it to her, and tell her it comes wid de bressin' ob de ole brack man."

"How can I ever thank you!" tearfully exclaimed Bessie. "A thousand, thousand thanks!"

She opened the door and quickly ran to the girls, to whom with many tears she related the touching incident.

"I felt so guilty," she exclaimed, 'but I dared not tell him the truth. If you could have seen the tears roll down his face as I told my story, you would have felt what real charity was. To think of meeting in this lowly hovel one willing to give his last crust, when we have been so rudely repulsed by many who live in luxury !"

"It is the grandest example of charity I ever knew," responded Nettie, "and, girls, we must reward him."

"I have it," cried Gertie. "Day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day. Now, lets circulate a subscription paper in the shop to-morrow, and get the old man the best dinner he ever had."

and Bessie in a breath.

Gertie's suggestion proved a wise one. The next day they told their story and solicited money for their new friend. By night a cosy sum had been realized, and with many happy hearts they set out to make their purchases; then, each with a heavily laden basket. sought the old shanty. Again Bessie rapped at the door. The old man came, and seeing the three girls, eagerly peer-They did as rected, while Nellie ed into their faces and asked their er-

"Sir," said Bess, "we are come to confess a wrong."

"Guess you'se got de wrong place "I've a sick pher, we're very poor, den. None o' ye ever sinned 'gainst

"Last night," continued Bess, "I came here begging for fun. My mother is not sick, and I had no need of the after being he to-day. You all have food for which I asked. Your kindness

support. Ife'd be givin' to all o'yees, surprise, "who'd s'posed you could lie things, just give them a "soft answer," the master the poorer than a church like dat, wid such a powerful sorry and you can see how it can cheer and face!"

"I am sorry," returned Bess, "and bout you.

now we have brought you these baskets, which we hope you will accept with the kindest wishes of three giddy girls who will never think of your generosity

without a tear." "And please accept this envelope," said Nettie, as she handed it to him. Then they put down their baskets, and with a pleasant "good-night" left the old man gazing at his presents in a bewildered manner.

"Don't go far," whispered Gertie, as she closed the door. "Let's stand in that shrubbery where we can watch him through the window."

So, taking their places, they watched him as he opened the baskets and drew forth a fine turkey, vegetables, cakes end many other good things.

face?" asked Bessie. "He is opening the envelope now," said Gertie; "I wonder what he will

"Did you ever see such a happy

say to that !" As he broke the seal and drew forth the roll of money, the tears found ready vent; he looked first at the money, then at the edibles, as if to make sure it was a reality and no dream. Then, clasping both hands, he dropped on his knees, and the girls knew that "de brack man's bressin' " was finding utterance and favor before the throne of

Both Sides of a Bridge.

"Say, mister, are we on this side of the bridge or the other?" asked a placid old lady on a Court street car.

"We are on this side," responded the gentleman gravely.

"Laws me! Then we ain't anywhere near Greenwood Cemetery yet ?" "Yes, madame, we are within a few

squares of it." "Sakes a massy! I thought Greenwood was on the other side of the

"No, madame; it is on this side!" "Well, that pesky old conducter told me it was on the other side when we

started." "It was, madame, on the other side then, but we have crossed the bridge. "Then we are on the other side,"

"No. madame, we are on this side of the bridge. We've passed it." "And is Greenwood on the other

side ?" she asked, starting up in some

"No it's on this side." "Don't try to fool me with your nonsense!" exclaimed the old lady indignantly. "Don't try to make me think that Greenwood is on this side of the Placing the candle on the table, the | bridge when I know better, and don't

How A Little Child's Life was Saved.

Recently a woman, looking from her back window, in the city of Newburg, saw in the house opposite a little child hanging from a window still, but kept from falling by a dog who had caught the child's dress in his teeth. The woman had left her baby, 18 months old, on the floor of the front room playing with her toys and a little terrier dog that is its constant companion. The mother was away just three minutes, but when she came back and opened the door her infant's head, arms and shoulders were hanging beyond the stone sill of an open window, and near it, with its feet on a chair, stood the little dog holding on to the child's dress for dear life. Her child, unconscious cause he had no name; whereupon of any danger, was crowing at some ob- | Brahama said, "Let thy name be Rudject in the yard, while the dog holding | dra." on the dress, looked a mute appeal for haste and help. In an instant she was by her baby's side and the danger was past. When the dog had been relieved of his burden he pranced around the Here lies the body of Alexander Macphermother and the child with a delight Advertiser.

An old woman armed with a broomstick and a flat-iron put to flight two masked burglars the other day. When lovely woman stoops to flat-iron she "Agreed! Capital!" cried Nettie makes a success of it.

A Drop of Oil.

The sewing-machine went hard Brother Will came and looked over Amy's shoulder and knit his brow, as was his custom when in a puzzle. At last, turning back the machine, he glanced over the works, and said,-

"Do you oil it here, Amy ?" "Why, no, I never thought of that," A drop of oil was supplied, and in another minute the slender needle was flying through the work like a fairy. It was easy now to turn the wheel. That drop of oil on a dry spot in the machinery made all right.

There are many other places where a drop of oil works just as great wonders. sweet, cheery words. So when one is "Now," interrupted the negro, in angry and ready to do or say rash

Questions and Answers.

SATAN.-The word in Hebrew means Milton, in "Paradise Lost,"

> To whom the Arch enemy. And hence in heaven called Satan

WALSTEIN .- Rubezahl is the Fairy Puck of Germany. He aids the poor, guides the benighted, and succors the oppressed, but has no mercy on the proud and wicked. Pronounced Ru-be-

LEARY.-Diana of Poicters, Duchess of Valentinois, and favorite of Henry II. of France, was born Sept. 3, 1499; died April 22, 1566. Ninon de L'Enclos died October 17, 1706, at the age of ninety years and five months.

At Strasburg hundreds of folk began To dance and leap, both maid and man; In open market, lane and street, They skipped along, nor cared to eat, Until their plague had ceased to fright us; Twas called the dance of holy Vitus.

A "dancing mania" once widely prevailed in Germany and the low countries. It was called after Saint Vitus, because of the supposed power of that saint over nervous and hysterical affections.

FRESH WATER .- Salt junk is a nickname for beef used on board ship. Junk that is hard, ropy and salt.

"Can you give me a recipe to set the color in new goods, such as stockings, handkerchiefs, etc., and to prevent the color in fancy hose from coming off on the feet? I have tried a number of articles that have been recommended to me, but have never found anything that would answer the purpose.' It is recommended to soak them for some time in water, to every gallon of which has been added a tablespoonful of ox-gall. To prepare the ox-gall: Place the gall in a bottle, put in a handful of salt, and keep it closely corked. A tea-cupful of water will keep colored goods from fading.

C. S. L. M .- "Will you be kind enough to repeat Dr. Hall's recipe for drunkenness? Please state the quantity and the time to be taken?" Sulphate of iron, five grains; magnesia, ten grains; peppermint water, eleven drachms; spirit of nutmeg, one drachm. Take a tablespoonful in water, three acts as a tonic and a stimulant, and thus partially supplies the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevents that from the use of intoxicating drinks.

CURIOUS KATE .- "Please tell me the origin of the expression, 'He knows on which side the bread is buttered?" It would be impossible to tell you the origin of this proverb, which occurs in various languages. In the "Dialogue," by John Haywood, published in 1546, is this sentence: "I know on which side my bread is buttered;" and in Cowly's "Computations of Myles Hoggard," the sentiment occurs in this shape : "You know not on which side your bread is buttered." This is not the first time a question concerning buttered bread has been answered in this column.

Assam .- "Who was 'Rudra' mentioned in a recent account of travels in the Orient ?" He was the father of the tempest gods. The word means "run about crying," and the legend says that the boy ran around weeping be-

The following, is said, to have been copied literally froman old tombstone in Scotland:

mother and the child with a delight Who was a very extraordinary person, that was almost frantic.—Warwick Who was two yards high in his stocking

And kept his accoutrements clean and nest. He was slew At the battle of Waterloo, Plump through The gullet; it went in at his throat, And came out at the back of his coat.

"Nepenthe."-This word, which is so often used by poets, is the name of a plant, which, in torrid regions, supplies the travelers with a refreshing beverage. It has an urn or pitcher at the extremity of its leaves, generalty filled with pure and limpid water. This is covered with ishes during the day, and increases in quantity during the night. "Nepenthe" is also the name of a plant which th ancients put into wine to drive dull care away, when the wine itself could not.

The Fair Sex.

The governor of Wyoming has given more testimony in favor of women suf For cold mornings, when tempers are He says that it has had a beneficial ef- of i." apt to get frosted as well as toes and fect upon the politics and upon the brighten the way for yourself and all seekers than the men, but when elected take any credit that did not belo to office, they have in every case done him.

their duty satisfactorily; they are accorded entire liberty of action-frequently a wife votes in opposition to her husband, and it has even happened that wives have worked and voted for one ticket, when their husbands were

candidates on the other." A very good reason has been assigned for the inferiority of female labor, even in industries where bodily strength is not required. Girls learn a trade not as a life's business, but as a means of earning a temporary livelihood. They are ever hoping that some day they may marry, and, after marriage, they will require to work at their trade no more. This has an evil influence on their success. A man, on the other hand, having chosen a trade or profession, knows that his position in life depends on his proficiency, and that he has nothing else to fall back upon. Hence, if he is only spurred on by the ambition which every man ought to possess, he will almost certainly surpass his female competitor.

POOR GIRLS .- The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor, and to depend upon is the bull-rush of which ropes were others for a living, and are perfectly helpformerly made, and salt junk means beef | less. If misfortune comes upon their friends their case is hopeless. The most folorn and miserable women on earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them a great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around; the rich are very likely to become poor, and the poor rich. Skill to labor is no disadvantage to the rich, and is indispensable to the poor. Wellto-do parents, fail not to educate your daughters to work : no reform is more imperative than this.

"Gath" gives an interview with one of the prominent physicians of New York, who expressed some pretty strong opinions regarding the effect of the social usages in large cities on the health of women. Gath says: "Speaking to one of the best known physicians in this city, especially of women's diseases, yesterday, he said: "The tendency of times a day, until the craving for strong education in our large cities, and pardrink has subsided. This preparation | ticularly in New York, is to destroy the girls for motherhood. They are very up, have blooming skin, fine eyes and absolutely physical and moral prostra- hair, delicate and generally small feation which follows a sudden breaking off tures; but so little care is taken about exercise and regular habits with them, that the moment they marry, they develop functional diseases, which make them miserable as wives and companions, and their children are scrawny wretched little things, not fit to live. Is this not partially due to climatic conditions?" It is due to many things, climate included-to vicious dressing, to wearing shoes that do not permit of exercise, to case. I know a citizen here who lives in a good house, makes \$7000 or \$8000 per year, and has brought up a pretty daughter. She was taken into society very young, and by the time she got to be eighteen she fell in with a young bank clerk, and the result was a marriage. He was earning perhaps \$2000 or \$2500 a year, and could not keep house in New York; so he went up to Harlem. Consequently, he spends a part of every day and evening on these elevated railroads. haggard and discouraged. His wife, beautiful in every form. meantime, dissatisfied that she cannot keep house in New York as when she lived at her father's, is complaining and unhappy. She has been sick ever since the birth of her only child, which is a little sickly, miserable object, not fit to be brought into the world. Large, strong, numerous children such as we used to see, are no longer raised in the

An Honest Boy.

In a country school a large class were standing to spell. In the lesson there was a very hard word. I put the word to the scholar at the head and he missed it; I passed it to the next a lid when full; but the water dimin- and the next, and so on through the whole class, till it came to the last scholar-the smallest of the classand he spelled it right, at least I under stood him so, and he went to the head, above seventeen boys and girls, all older than himself. I then turned round and wrote the word on the blackboard so that all might see how it was spelled. and learn it better. But no sooner had I written it than the little boy at the head cried out: "Oh, I didn't frage as practiced in that territory, say it so, Miss Wilson; I said e instead

And he went back to the foot of fingers tips, there is no magic like a few government of the territory; that the his own accord, quicker than he had women take an interest in the election, gone to the head. Was he not an and that "a smaller percentage of honest boy? I should have always women than of men stay away from the thought he spelled it right if he had not polls; they are less persistent office- told me, but he was too honest to

The Progress of Invention.

One hundred years ago when thread numbered 150 by the standard set up by spinners, which was considered they utmost degree of fineness possible by English spinners, a pound of cotton spun to such fineness would give a thread seventy-four miles in lengthsufficient to reach from Boston to Concord, N. H. The machinery of to-day spins for useful purposes thread numbered 600-from one pound, a threadone hundred and ninety-five miles in length. And machinery has been constructed so delicate that a pound of cotton has given a thread reaching 1,061 miles-farther than from Boston to Chicago. The weaver of my boyhood could throw the shuttle perhaps twentyfive times a minute, but not at that rate during the day-human muscle would break down under such rapid action. In 1850 Compton's loom threw the shuttle fifty times a minute, whereas so great has been the advance of invention that the loom of to-day is considered a slow-moving mechanism if the shuttle does not fly two hundred and forty times a minute! "No man can take as a gift to-day a cotton manufactory equipped with the machinery of 1860," was remarked by the late superintendent of the Amoskeag Mills. "We are breaking up the machinery of the machinery of those days for old iron."

In some departments of cotton manufacture, a man with the present machinery will do eight times the amount of work which he could do in 1860. In the manufacture of coarse cloth, an operative with ten machines does twice the work he could accomplish with thirteen machines before the war. There never was a period so fruitful in discovery, so fertile in invention, as the

The Passion for Collecting.

When the late Sir Henry Holland was a very old man he regretted that in early life he had not taken to collecting, and he touched off its advantages in a few neat sentences. The interest he said, "is one which augments with its gratification, is never exhausted by completion, and often survives when the more tumultuous business of enjoyments of life have passed away." In short he placed collecting where our fathers used to place whist. The young man who does not collect will be miserable when handsome to the eye as they are growing he is old. The inexhaustibility of the object adds immensely to the advantages of collecting. When Heber had all, or nearly all, the rare books he knew of, he began to gather duplicates. The print collector, in the same way, begins with ordinary impressions. He thinks he can get together a complete set of some maser, perhaps, and succeeds pretty well until in an evil-or shall we say a happy ?-hour he comes upon a proof: Then all must be proofs. First states are rare, but all must be first states. As his eye grows in knowledge he perceives late hours and parties and a general | that no two impressions are exactly neglect of the laws of health. There, I alike, and that while one is good can put my hand on a represenative for this feature, another is good for that. Against the particular collector may be set the universal; but universal collecting has a serious drawback. It seldom approaches completion in any one branch. The omniverous collector is, as a rule, too easily pleased. It is impossible that he should be an equally good judge of all the things he buysivories, bronzes, embroideries, Elzevirs, pictures, scarabs, gems, porcelains, coins, etchings and so on. A grain of special knowledge will be more useful riding up and down, and has grown than a catholic appreciation of the

Orthoepy.

In pursuance of our purpose to give weekly a short chapter on the pronunciation-or rather the mispronunciationof common English words, we beg to premise that all polysyllibic words have at least one accented syllable. Continuing our illustrative examples alphabetically, we give to-day :

Al-lop'-a-thy, not al'-lo-pathy. Al-păk'-a, not al-lapăk'-a. äl'-ter-kate, not awl'-ter-kate. A-me'-na-ble, not a-men'-a-ble. Amour-a-möör', not am'-möre nor

Ant-ark -tik, not ant-ar -tik. An-te-pe-nult', not an-te-pe-nult. A'-pex, not ap'-ex. Ap-pa-ra'-tus, not ap-pa-rat'-us. Arabic-ăr'-a-bik, not a-răb'-ik nor

Archangel--ark-an'-gel, not arch-an'-

Archipelago - ärk-i-pel'-a-go, not irch-i-pel'-a-go. Architect-ir-ki-tect, not ir-chi-tect.

Archives--är'-kivez, not är'-chivez nor är'-këvez. Arctic-ark'-tik, not ar'-tik. Arid-ar'-id, not a'-rid.

Aroma-a-rô'-ma not ăr'-o-ma. Auction-awk'-shun, not ok'-shun. Ay or aye, meaning yes-an affirmtive vote-are pronounced ai, not i nor a,

Aye, meaning forever, or always o (chiefly used in poetry), is pronounced a, a not ili nor i.