THE STORY OF LIFE.

JOHN G. SAXE.

Say, what is life? 'Tis to be born ; A helpless babe to greet the light With a sharp wail as if the morn Foretold a cloudy neon and night; To weep, to sleep, and weep again. With sunny smiles between-and then?

And then apace the infant grows To be a laughing, sprightly boy. Happy despite his little woes. Were he but conscious of his joy ! To be, in short, from two to ten, A merry, moody child-and then?

And then in coat and trousers clad, To learn to say the decalogue, And break it, an unthinking lad, With mirth and mischief all agog: A truant oft by field and fen, And capture butterflies—and then?

And then, increased in strength and size, To be, anon, a youth full grown ; A hero in his mother's eyes. A young Apollo in his own: To imitate the ways of men In fashionable sin-and then?

And then, at last, to be a man, To fall in love to woo and wed! With seething brain to scheme and plan To gather gold or toil for bread ; To sue for fame, with tongue and pe And gain or lose the prize-and then?

And then in gray and wrinkled eld To mourn the speed of life's decline To praise the scenes our youth beheld, And dwell in memory of lang syne; To dream awhile with darkened ken, To drop into his grave-and then?

How he Bought a Sewing Machine.

Just across the street from the Methodist Church, in the principal street of Benton, is a small one-story house, consisting of three rooms only. This is occupied by Mrs. Cooper, a widow, and her only son, Johnny, with whom it is our purpose to become further acquainted. When the great rebellion broke out, Johnny's father was one of the first to enlist. It was a great trial to him to leave behind his wife and son, but he felt if his duty to go. For more than a year he wrote cheerful letters home ; but one dark day there came over the wires tidings of the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, and in the list of killed was the name of James Cooper.

It was a sad day for Mrs. Cooper; but she had little time to mourn. The death of her husband threw the burden of maintaining herself and Johnny upon her shoulders. After a while she obtained a pension of \$8 a month, which helped her considerably. One-half of it paid her rent and the other half paid for her fuel and lights. But it costs a good deal to buy food and clothes for two persons, and she was obliged to toil

a school companion, who seemed to be in a hurry. "Where are you going, Fred ?" he inquired.

"I'm going to pick cranberries for Squire Baker."

"How much does he pay ?" "Two cents a quart."

"Do you think he would hire me?"

asked Johnny with a sudden thought. . "Yes, and be glad to get you. He's got a good many cranberries on the have been drowned.

asked Johnny modestly.

service," said Johnny.

sewing machine."

with interest.

parlor.

courage."

was conducted up stairs into a private

Mr. Barclay advanced toward him

"Is your little girl quite recovered ?"

"Yes, nearly so. I thought it best

the day, as she might have got chilled.

And now, my dear boy, how shall I ex-

press my gratitude to you for your noble

conduct? Under God, you have been

the means of saving my dear child's

life. I am quite unable to swim, and I

"I am very glad I was able to be of

"I cannot allow such a service to go

unrewarded," said Mr. Barclay. "Ade-

quate compensation I cannot offer, for

money will not pay for the saving of life;

but you will allow me to give you this

as a first installment of my gratitude,"

He pressed into the hands of the aston-

tonished boy a one-hundred-dollar bill

"One hundred dollars !" exclaimed

"Oh, I am so glad !" said Johnny,

"But don't you want to buy some-

"No, sir ; I would rather have a sew-

Then Johnny, encouraged by Mr.

Parclay's evident interest, proceeded to

tell him for nearly a year he had been

saving up money, without his mother's

knowledge, to buy her a machine, in

order that she need not work so hard in

future. But thus far he had only suc-

ceeded in saving up \$15. Now, thanks

able to buy it at once. "And it'll come

thing for yourself?" asked Mr. Barclay,

delighted. "Now I can buy mother a

Johnny, in bewilderment. "Do you

really mean to give me so much ?"

"It is little enough, I am sure."

shudder to think what would have hap-

vines, and he's afraid there will be a frost to-night."

"Then I'll go and ask mother if I can with a smile of welcome. "I am glad go. Just hold on a minute." to see you my brave boy," he said.

"All right." Having obtained permission Johnny rejoined his companion, and proceeded at once to the swamp. The fruit was abundant, for the crop this year was to let her lie in bed the remainder of unusually good and Johnny found that he could pick quite rapidly. When

noon came he found he had picked twenty quarts. "Can you come again this afternoon?"

asked the squire. "Yes, sir," said Johnny, promptly.

"I shall be very glad to have you, for | pened but for your timely presence and hands are scarce."

Johnny had already earned forty cents, and hoped to earn as much more in the afternoon. He was so excited by his success that he hurried through his din-

ner with great rapidity, and was off once more to the swamp. He worked till late, and found at the end of the day that he had gathered fifty quarts. He felt very rich when the Squire handed him a one dollar greenback in return for his services. He felt pretty tired in consequence of stooping so much, but the thought that he had earned a whole dollar in one day fully repaid him.

"Mother," said Johnny, when he got home, "if you are willing, I will keep this money There is something very particular I want it for."

"Certainly," said his mother. "You shall keep this and all you earn. I am very sure you will not wish to spend it unwisely."

ing machine than anything." "No, mother, you may be sure of that."

On Monday, it so happened that the teacher was sick, and school was suspended. Johnny found no difficulty in obtaining a chance to pick cranberries for another neighbor. He was determined to do a little better than on Sat urday. When evening came he was to this unexpected gift, he would be paid for fifty-three quarts-one dollar and six cents.

"I wish there were cranberries to be just right, too," he said, with sparkling

"Well, here's the money," and he took coming home from the store, he met | went home and changed his wet clothes. the letter. He had recognized the gentleman as a Mrs. Cooper was unwrapping the mamerchant from the city who had been

chine. "What is this ?" she exclaimed boarding at the hotel for a week or two. in delighted surprise. "A sewing He felt a glow of satisfaction in the machine! Who could have sent it? thought that he had been instrimental "Do you know anything about it in saving a human life ; for it was very Johnny ?" evident that, her father being unable to "Yes, mother. It's a birthday preswim, the little girl would but for him sent for you from me."

"My dear boy! how could you ever In the afternoon he went to the hotel have made money enough to pay for and inquired for Mr. Barclay, for he it ?" had heard the gentleman's name. He

Then Johnny told his mother all about it. And her eyes glistened with pride and joy as she heard, for the first to remove to a large extent the temptime how he had worked for months with this end in view, and she could not help giving him a grateful kiss, which I am sure paid Johnny for all he that we are enabled to enlist a natural had done.

It was really a beautiful machine, and, though Johnny did not know it cost considerably more than the hundred dollars he had sent, Mrs. Cooper than she had hoped.

ter," she said, with a sudden recollection.

"So I haven't" said Johnny.

What was his surprise on opening it to discover the same hundred-dollar bill which Mr. Barelay had originally given him, accompanied by the following note:

"MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND -- I have bought your mother a sewing machine, which I send by express to-day. I hope it will please you both, and prove very useful. I also send you a hundred dollars, which I wish you to use for your-The sewing machine will be none self. the less your present to your mother, since both that and the money are a very insufficient recompense for the service you have rendered me. Continue to love and help your mother, and when you are old enough to go into a store I will receive you into mine.

There was great joy in the little cottage that evening. Johnny felt as rich as a millionaire, and could not take his eyes from the corner where the handsome new sewing machine had been placed. And his mother, happy as she was in her present, was happier in the thought that it had come to her through the good conduct of her

A Femine Orchestra Leader.

So many women have drifted into all sorts of trades and professions during the past few years, and been successful in them too, that it has come to be an established fact that women are capable of doing anything they make up their mind to do-that is those who have any minds to make up. Among the is Miss Emma Steiner, of Baltimore, or rather formerly of Baltimore, of New York now. She is under contract with Rice as musical director of one of his operacompanies. She manages the stage, directs the music and leads the orchestra. Quite enough for one woman to do, isn't it ? From her childhood up she has been, as her friends express it "music mad." There is nothing about music she does not understand, and seems to be capable of doing the work of half a dozen women. Miss Steiner is slight and graceful in appearance, with brown hair and which, to use a man's phrase, "means business." She does mean business; nay, more than that, she means success. Of the word fail she knows nothing. She is of German extraction and unites with her musical temperament a deal of that hard-grained common, and which will bring her to the accomplishment of all her undertakings. Now that there is such an interest taken in palmistry, one involuntarily notices the hands of every stranger he meets. Miss Steiner's are

Poisonous Leaves.

which they cannot measure, and can hardly be blamed for falling into, it is a wonder rather that they so seldom incur fatal consequences, than that they should sometimes eat leaves of an injurious character. The only safe rule for children to observe is never to eat anything that they have not been positively

assured is wholesome by their parents. No doubt it is an excellent thing that children should be so well nourished as tation to eat wild leaves. Moreover, modern gardening has brought into perfection so many table vegetables dislike to the juices of uncultivated plants on the side of caution, as compared with the pleasantness of the wholesome green meat of home. But children sometimes will stray on a ramfound that it worked admirably, and ble, and become hungry when at a diswould lighten her labors more even tance from "shops" or home, and thus it cannot be useless to know what are "But you haven't opened your let- the more dangerous kinds of leaves which must be avoided by all who wish to preserve their lives. The strongest barriers of prohibition we can erect should be placed to protect the young from their own heedlessness, which at times leads them to do all forbidden things, and to test all maxims and

commandments, disobedience to which is supposed to entail divers pains and penalties.

Some of our most admired flowers, which we should least willingly banish from cultivation, are associated with green leaves of a very poisonous character. The narrow long leaves of the daffodil act as an irritant poison; the delicate compound leaves of laburnum have a narcotic and acrid juice which causes purging, vomiting, and has not unfrequently led to death. The narrow leaves of the meadow saffron or autumn crocus give rise to the utmost irritation of the throat, thirst, dilated pupils, with vomiting and purging. The dangerous character of aconite or monkshood leaves is doubtless well known, but each generation of children requires instruction to avoid above all things these large palm-shaped leaves, dark green on the upper surface. The utmost depression, often blindness, tingling all over the body, parching and burning of the throat and stomach, are some of the horrible symptoms which are preludes to death from this most

deadly of vegetable poisons. Almost equally desirable is it to avoid the large ovate leaves to the foxglove. The heart has been known to be depressed so exceedingly by the action of these leaves as to beat only seventeen times a minute, with the pupils of the eyes widely | Mister, are you acquainted with that dilated. In a case of this kind it can- lady you were sittin' with ?" "Cersufferer should be kept strictly lying indignantly; "that is my daughter." down, to save the strength of the heart | "Then you must know all about her," longing to attractive flowers.

case, the administration of melted fresh. butter freely has proved beneficial; and Beset as children and the ignorant. after vomiting has taken place freely, are, says Land and Water, by dangers strong coffee should be given. Savin and yew leaves are both most poisonous, yew being narcotic as well as acrid, although it is vulgarly supposed that the fresh leaves are not injurious-a mistake from which some have suffered.

Parrots.

Parrots are wonderful birds in many espects. They have great individuality, and their differences are as remarkable as their likenessess. Some of them show a great deal of friendship and affection, and will follow their owner like a dog. In the wild state they live in companies. They eat voraciously and are very destructive. After gorging themselves they go in quest of water, and frequently bathe until soaked to the skin. They mate when young, and the male takes tender care of the female, never separating from her; she lays two eggs in a season. It takes a couple of years for the plumage to get its full richness of color. The birds brought to this country are captured when very young. There is a great difference in talking capacity between these birds. The gray African parrot is the best talker. The Mexican parrot is highly prized. These birds live to a great age when well cared for, and their owners become strongly attached to them in a little while. Very interesting stories are told of their talking. They catch phrases wonderfuly sometimes, and make amusing attempts to sing. Their sayings are so apt at times that they almost appear to have intelligence. A capital story is told of a parrot owned by Lady Stanley. One day the Dean had several distinguished clerical visitors, and as the day was warm and the windows were opened Lady Stanley's parrot took the liberty of flying into the yard and perching himself upon the top of a tree. Every effort of the company to entice or frighten him from his high perch proved unavailing, and the guest suspended operations and stood together looking at the handsome fellow. The parrot turned his head to one side to take in the situation, and then said, with a gravity the Dean never surpassed, "Let

Particular about His Society.

us pray."

Your friend, HENRY BARCLAY."

early and late with her needle to make up the requisite sum. Johnny was now 11 years old, and might have obtained a chance to peg shoes in some of the shce shops in the village, as indeed he wanted to do; but Mrs. Cooper felt that he ought to be kept at school. As she would not be able to leave him money she was resolved at least to give him as good an education as the village schools would allow.

One evening, just after tea, Mrs. Cooper laid down her work with a little sigh. "Johnny," said she, "I will get you to run over to 'Squire Baker's and say that I shall not be able to finish his shirts to-night, but I will try to send them over in the morning before he goes."

"You don't feel well, mother, do you ?"

"No, I have a bad headache. I think I shall go to bed early and see if I can't sleep it off."

"I don't believe it agrees with you to sew so much," said Johnny.

"I sometimes wish I had a sewingmachine," said his mother. "That would enable me to do three times as much work with less fatigue."

"How much does a sewing-machine -cost ?" +

"I suppose a good one would cost not far from a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars ! That is a good deal of money," said Johnny.

"Yes, quite too much for our means. Of course there is no chance of my being able to purchase one."

As Johnny went across the field to Squire Baker's he could not help thinking of what his mother had said. He had hoped the cost of a machine would not exceed twenty dollars, for in that case there might be some chance of his earning the amount in time. Occasionally the neighbors called upon him to do odd jobs, and paid him small sums. These in time might amount to twenty dollars. But a hundred seemed | very near the shore, yet too deep for quite to large for him to think of accumulating.

I don't get enough to buy a sewing mother will like."

The next day was Saturday and school did not keep. It was about the first of October. In the town where Johnny lived there were many swamps planted with crauberries, which were now ripe , and ready for gathering. It was necessary to pick them before a frost, since this fruit, if touched with the frost, will decay rapidly. As Johnny was toration of his daughter, and Johnny

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picked all the year round," thought eves. dollars." But this was about the last of his

picking. School kept the next day, and though he got a little time after school, he could only pick a few quarts. When the cranberry season was over, Johnny found himself the possesser of four dollars. After that his gains were small. Occasionally he ran on an errand

for a neighbor. Once he turned the grindstone for about half an hour, and received the small compensation of one cent from a rather parsimonious farmer. Johnny was about to throw it away, when the thought came to him that, small as it was, it would help a little.

So the autumn slipped away; and winter came and went. In the spring Johnny found more to do. On the first day of June he counted his money and found he had fifteen dollars.

"It'll take a long time to get a hundred dollars," sighed Johnny. "If mother would only let me go to work in a shoe-shop ! But she thinks I had better go to school. But by-and-by there'll be a chance to pick cranberries again. I wish there'd be a vacation then."

One morning Johnny had occasion to cross the fields near a small pond about half a mile from his mother's house. He was busily thinking about his little fund, and what he could do to increase it, when his attention was all at once attracted by a sharp cry of distress. Looking up, he saw a gentleman in a rowboat on the pond, who appeared to be in the greatest trouble.

"Boy," he called out, "can you swim?" "Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Then save my little daughter, if you can. She has just fallen out of the

boat. There she is." The little girl just appeared above the surface of the water. Luckily it was any one to venture who was unable to swim. Our young hero had plenty "Still," thought Johnny, "I've a good of courage. Moreover, he was an expert come to me ; I'll look out for them. I father before he went to the war. when I might be doing something. If stripped off his jacket and plunged in. thing." A few vigorous strokes brought him to she was sinking for the third time. He held her till her father could re-

ceive her from his arms into the boat. "Let me lift you in, too," he said.

"No, sir ; I'll swim to shore," said Johnny.

"Come up to the hotel this afternoon. I want to see you."

The father applied himself to the res

"for it will be mother's birthday Johany. "I should soon get a hundred | in a week from to-day, and I can give it to her then. Only," he said, doubtfully, "I don't know whom I can get to buy it."

> "I can help you there," said Mr. Barclay. "I am going to the city in a day or two. I will select the machine, and | latest aspirants for favor in a new field arrange to have it sent down by express on your mother's birthday."

"That'll be just the thing" said John-"Won't she be astonished ? I nv. shan't say anything to her about it beforehand. Here's the money, sir; I thank you very much for that and for your kind offer."

"I ought to be kind to you, my dear boy, when I think how much you have done for me."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"Good afternoon. Call again tomorrow, and you shall see the little girl you have saved."

Johnny did call the next day and made acquaintance with little Annie Barclay, whom he found a sprightly little girl of four years of age. She took a fancy to our young here, with whom she had a fine game of romps.

Mrs. Cooper knew that Johnny had saved a little girl from drowning, but never inquired what reward he had received, feeling sure that he would tell her some time. As for Johnny, he had his reasons for keeping silent, as we know.

At length Mrs. Cooper's birthday came. Johnny was full of impatience for evening, for then the express wagon would arrive from Boston with the present for his mother. As soon as he heard the rumble of the wheels he the wagon stopped at the gate.

"Come here, youngster, and give us a lift," called the expressman. "I've, got something heavy for you."

It was a large article, looking something like a table; but what it was Mrs. Cooper could not tell, on account mind to try. I won't wait for jobs to swimmer, having been taught by his of its many wrappings. "There must be some mistake," she said, going to have a good deal of time out of school Without a minute's hesitation he the door. "I am not expecting any-

"No, there isn't," said Johnny, "it's machine, I may get something else that the little girl. He seized her, just as all right, directed in large letters to Mrs. Mary Cooper, Benton."

"I shall want fifty cents," said the expressman.

"I've got it here," said Johnny, seeing that his mother was searching for her pocket-book.

"O, by the way, here's something else-a letter directed to you. That will be fifteen cents more."

"Indeed !" said Johnny, surprised. seeds, cores, etc.

emphatically a pair of musical hands, long, slender, and firm, with well-knit fingers-fingers capable of bringing forth sweetest music or of arousing great volumes of passion with their touch. This young woman is decidedly an outgrowth of the present decade. She has a work to do and does it without ever stopping to think whether she is the clinging ivy. She is a keen, bright business woman, and has, by her industry and ability, added very materially to the fortune inherited from her fam-

ily .- Family Leader.

smooth mass.

TOMATO MARMALADE. - TO \$WO pounds tomato allow two pounds sugar and the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Scald the tomatoes, take off the skins, mix the sugar with them and boil them slowly for an hour, skimwhen eaten. ming and stirring ; add the juice and grated rind of the lemon and boil another half hour, or until it is a thick.

Leaves of coarse weeds, however, provide an abundant quota of danger ; but frequently their strong scent and bitter of museous taste give timely warning against their being consumed. The tall hemlock is everywhere known to be piosonous, and it is one of the most abundant occupants of the hedge. A peculiar "mousy" odor can generally be recognized on squeezing the leaves, which are deep green in color and trebly compound, the small lobes being lanceolate and deeply cut. It is said that the mousy smell can be detected in water containing not more than a fifty-thousandth part of the juice. Hemlock is both an irritant to any sore place and a general harcotic poison, producing headache, imperfect vision, loss of power to swallow, and extreme drowsiness, with complete paralysis of voluntary muscles and muscles of respiration. The water dropwort, too, a flourishing ditch plant; the water hemlock and fool's parsley must be ranked among our most dangerous poisonous plants belonging to the Umbelliferous order. The fool's-parsley leaves are sometimes mistaken for genuine parsley, but their nauesus odor and darker leaves should prevent this. ran to the door. To his delight stepping outside the prescribed limits of The Nightshade order is another with dangerous and often extremely poisonous leaves. Indeed, no nightshade can be shade, with its oval, uncut leaves, soft, regarded as safe, while the deadly nightsmooth and stalked, is in the highest degree to be avoided. Henbane and thorn-

> large, arrow-shaped and glossy, have there are more left-handed women than often caused death. Two are sufficient men. His general conclusion is that in to produce great pain, vomiting, etc. the evolution of the species there has One of the very disagreeable symptoms been a steady tendency 'to the develop--The Italians dry and pulverize the is a great swelling-up of the tongue ment of the right side of the body at pulp of the tomato. The ripe tomatoes from the amount of irritation; children's the expense of the other, and that the are macerated, and, when reduced to a tongues especially may become so swoll- examples of left-handedness still to be thin pulp, it is strained to remove the en that the swallowing of remedies or met with in the superior race are meres of emetics is very difficult. In such a "survivals,"

"Say Mister," said a red-headed man the other day, approaching a gentleman who had just alighted from a car at a station to procure a sandwich ; "say, not be too forcibly recollected that the tainly, sir," responded the gentleman as much as possible. The leaves of the continued the red-headed man, conpasque-flower and the ranunculus are fidentially. "I say, is them teeth o' to be named as being injurious and be- hern natural ?" "They are sir," replied the gentleman, repressing his emo-

tion. "And that hair, is that hair hern, or is it a wig ?" "That hair is perfectly natural," said the gentleman, sternly with an uncomfortable itching in the vicinity of the foot. "You don't tell." smiled the red-headed man in rapture; "I say, does she paint or is that her own color ?" "She does not paint, and the bloom you are so good as to notice is the flush of modesty," answered the gentleman, preparing for the worst; 'Why do you ask these questions ?" "Because if all you say about her is true I don't mind sittin' alongside of her for a mile or two myself, but if you are giving me any steer on the racket. and I get onto it, I'll hoist you and the the girl right up the stovepipe without stoppin' to ask where you come from or where you're going to !" And when the gentleman lifted him off the platform with the toe of his boot the redheaded man got up and announced with a smile that he knew the girl was all made up from the first, and he'd be dogged if he was goin' to "set" down by a curiosity that a man had to fight for, not as long as there was a dog in the baggage car that he knew was genuine.-Brooklyn Eagle.

-Dr. Gostan Delaunay has just communicated an interesting paper to the French Anthropological society, in which he seeks to establish that righthandedness is not an acquired habit. apple conspicuous members of the dan- but is a natural attribute, characterisgerous classes. Holly leaves contain a | tic of the superior races. Savage tribes, juice which is both narcotic and acrid, he states, and communities in an infecausing vomiting, pain and purging. rior state of civilization, show a much Even elder leaves and privet leaves may larger proportion of left-handedness produce active and injurious irritation than highly civilized people do. Idiots and epileptics offer a very large percen-The leaves of the arm or cuckoo-pint, tage of left handed individuals, and