MY NEIGHBOR AND I.

Ob. I pitty my neighbor over the way, Who has nothing to do but to yawn all day; No little hands to tumble her hair, No little "nuisance" to vex her care, No little "torment" to worry and tease, Nothing to do but consult her own ease.

Poor, rich neighbor, I am sorry for you Sorry, because you have "nothing to do." Sorry, because as the days go by You are restless and weary, you know not

why, And once in a while I can see the trace Of many a tear on your proud, fair face.

You see I am only a laborer's wife, Doing my part in the treadmill of life; Loe, my husband, is off all day, Fighting the giants of want away; Baby and I are busy, too, Bat we've plenty of time to be sorry for

you.

Raby's a nuisance, a plague, and a joy, But then, you see, he's my own sweet boy; L have no time for a groan or a sigh, No time to be idle as the days go by; My arms are full as the day is long, Full as my heart with its happy song.

Poor, rich neighbor, over the way, Watching my baby and me at play; What of your wealth if your heart is bare ? "Tis to love and be loved that makes life so

No, neighbor mine, I can tell you true, Indeed, I'd rather be I than you.

A GIRL'S FOLLY.

A small, superior cottage of bright red-brick, sweet-scented woodbine trailing over its rustic porch, a green lawn before it surrounded by flowers, and a charming country landscape spreading doors. Oh, it cannot, cannot be as he out in the distance. Inside, in its small but pretty parlor, on the red table-cover waited the tea-tray, with its cups and saucers. The window stood open to the still, warm autumn air, and the French porcelain clock on the mantel-piece was striking five.

A slender girl of some 20 years came in. She was very lovely. But her bright blue eyes bore a sort of weary or discontented look, and her bright brown hair was somewhat ruffled. She wore a print washing-dress of black that, and when he went away he said again without a rest. and white, neither very smooth nor | he went for good." very fresh, and a lace neck collar fastened with a bow of black ribbon.

She had made an appointment to meet Reginald Vavasour, a rich young gentleman who had made her acquaintance down by the willow walk, and her to write about." lover, Thomas Watkyn, had told her he would call that evening. Just before he left, she said:

"May I ask you to do me a little favor, Thomas?"

"What is it?" he repeated.

"If you would not very much mind going home by the hill and would leave this note at Miss Ford's. I particularly wish her to have it this even. ing."

He paused for an instant, not replyng. She went on hurriedly:

did he take that way?"

Alison flushed and paled alternately; creeping upon her was that he and young Vavasour had met and quarreled. Perhaps fought and injured one another fatally. In these dread mo-

thoughts. "I asked him to go around that wanted him to leave a note for me at to him! I wish I could be with him the dressmaker's.

Old Mr. Watkyn sank into a chair, putting his hands before his troubled to say something, but she feared the face. "I see it all," he breathed faintly. "He must have fallen down the Scar."

Alison uttered a scream of horror. "Deceived by the mist, he must have

walked too near the edge," continued I should." the old man. "Heaven grant that it

such a night?" went out swiftly. Mrs. Reece grabbed her daughter's hands. They were icy

cold. "Alison, what passed between you and Thomas last night?"

"Don't ask me, mother. Let me follow Mr. Watkyn. I cannot rest in-

fears?' "Not one step until you tell me what away to the churchyard. She wanted passed," said the mother firmly. to look for a newly-made grave in that 'There's more in all this than meets the eye."

"He asked me to-give up talking to Mr. Vavasour,

"And you refused. Well?" "He told me I must choose between tears. "Oh, mother, it was all my

Mrs. Reece drew in her thin lips sternly. She was thinking.

"And what does it mean about your giving him a note for the dressmaker? the face of a pale, tottering man who I do not understand. You had nothing

flung them before her face to deaden all manner of emotions as she gazed at officers (the men remaining outside), and the sobs. But Mrs. Reece was a resolute mother at times, and she extorted the confession. Alison had improvised

the note and sent Thomas around the long way to deliver it, and so keep him from passing by the willow walk. "Oh, child, child!" moaned the dismayed woman. "If he has indeed fallen over the Scar it is you who have

"Speak to me, Thomas, speak to

me!" wailed Alison quite beside herself

him, wringing her hands, "Oh,

Thomas, speak to me! I loved you all

But Thomas neither spoke nor moved.

The voice that had nothing but tender

had so grieved might never beat in sor-

No person had seen or spoken with

him after quitting her the previous

night save the dressmaker, little in-

dustrious Miss Ford. She had an-

swered the knock herself, she related.

and he put the note into her hands,

saying, "Miss Reece had asked him to

leave it in passing. What a thick

winter months had given place to

She was very feeble yet. It was the

There she remained thinking and

Sunset came on, and was almost as

her mother, went to sit on the porch. illuminating and other purposes

words was silent now; the heart she

the while."

row or joy again.

walked away.

a warm shawl.

given him his death." And it proved to be so.

Watkyn in alarmed surprise. "Why blue sky around was flecked with pink and amethyst. Alison's eyes were fixed on the lovely scene with an en her lips were trembling. The fear raptured gaze, her lips slightly parting with emotions.

"Alison, what are you thinking of?" "Of him, mother. Of his happiness. He is living in all that glorious beauty. ments of suspense the mind is apt to I think there must have been an unconjure up far-fetched and unlikely conscious prevision in his mind by what he said that evening as we

> to-morrow. The mother paused; she felt inclined

agitation it might cause. "Well, well, child, you are getting

better," she presently answered.

"Yes, I do get better," sighed the girl. "I suppose it pleased God that

"Time smoothes all things, Alson. with them we might never learn the

way to heaven." Alison did not answer. Her feeble hands were clasped in silent prayer,

her face was lifted to the glories of the evening sky. It was at the same sunset hour, an

evening or two later, that Alison, who was picking up strength daily, strolled corner where so many of the Watkyns

av buried. She could not see it; the same gravestones that were there before were there now; there was no fresh one.

"Perhaps they opened the old vault them," continued Alison, bursting into for him," thought Alison, as she sat down on a bench just inside the gate, folly, all my temper; he could not see for she was too weak to walk back

The sun was going down to-night without any loveliness, just as a crimson ball, which seemed to give red light to learning that the earl was absent he the atmosphere, and to light up redly was coming up to the gate by the help he allowed them to go to the house and of a stick. He halted when he reached ask for plate. Two junior officers were The girl had got her hands free and it. Alison turned sick and faint with with them Lady Selkirk received the him, fright being uppermost.

> "Alison!" "Thomas!"

He held out his hand; he came in- later Jones wrote the following letter side; his pale, sad face wore for herits | to Lady Selkirk :--old sweet expression.

"Oh, Thomas, I thought you were dead," she burst out in a storm of sdos. "I came here to look for your grave. I thought I had killed you."

One of Paul Jones Exploits.

One of the most stirring chapters in the history of the navy of the American Revolution is that which tells the story of the four-weeks' cruise of John Paul Jones with the frigate Ranger, in

the Irish channel, in the spring of 1778. The Ranger was an 18-gun sloop, crank, slow, and of such poor repute that she was not thought good enough for so able a commander, while her subordinate watched st, that he should soon be officers seem to have been an indifferent riches cannot ensure happiness. I proway," she replied, in a timid tone. "I there. Oh, mother, I wish I was going lot. She had a gallant Yankee crew,

> by her dashing captain that for nearly a month she alone spread consternation along the English, Scottish and Irish

coasts. Jones's success was owing in a great degree to his audacity. He ventured into the land-locked waters of his enemy, fought, as Cooper savs, with a halter around his neck, hesitated at no enterprise however rash, and

never shirked an engagement. He may not be so, but I fear it. Was he In time you will be strong again and captured the Drake sloop of war, after mad, to attempt to cross the plateau on able to fulfil life's various duties with a short fight on equal terms, and hava zest. Trials are good -- oh so very ing made other prizes, and done a Catching up his hat, Mr. Watkyn good! for the soul. But for meeting variety of mischief at Whitehaven and elsewhere he sailed safely away by the North chaonel. It is said that the Ranger was the first man-of-war to

show the stars and stripes, the present national ensign having been adopted by Congress on the very day that Jones was ordered to the frigate.

Perhaps there is no exploit of this famous cruise which has been more widely celebrated than the descent upon the country-seat of the earl of Selkirk, at St Mary's Isle, on the Scotch side of Solway firth. This was near Jones's birthplace, his father, John Paul, having been gardener on the neighboring estate of Mr. Craik, of Arbigland. The object of the expedition was to seize Lord Selkirk, it being supposed that a prisoner of his rank might be useful in affecting the treatment of American prisoners in the hands of the British. Jones went ashore with a single boat's crew, but was about to retire when his men remonstrated. After some discussion

surrendered about £100 worth of plate. upon which the party withdrew without doing any further harm. A few days

JOHN PAUL JONES TO THE COUNTESS OF SELKIRK. 'RANGER," Brest, Sth May, 1778.

Madam: It cannot be too much Lord Selkirk. lamented that, in the profession of arms, the officer of fine feeling and of

sensibility should

40 of the inferior officers and crew,

killed and wounded. A melancholy demonstration of this uncertainty of human prospect and of the sad reverse of fortune which an hour can produce. I buried them in a spacious grave with the honors due to the memory of the than in his first, and recommends that brave. Though I have drawn my a certain portion of the national domain sword in the present generous struggle for the right of men, yet I am not in arms as an American, nor am I in pursuit of riches. My fortune is liberal enough, having no wife or family, and the equable flow of the streams which having lived long enough to know that there take their rise. This region, lying fess myself a citizen ot the world, however, and was so brilliantly handled totally unfettered by the little mean distinctions of climate or of country which diminish the binevolence of the ersed by white men. It is rugged and heart and set bounds to philan- broken beyond any possibility of boing thropy. Before this war began I had subdued to agricultural use. No gold at an early time of life withdrawn from or silver is there to tempt the miner. the sea service, in favor of "calm contemplation and poetic ease." I have sacrificed not only my favorite scheme of life, but the softer affections of the will be interfered with if it should be heart and my prospects of domestic set apart for the storage of moisture. happiness, and I am ready to sacrifice | It is especially important now, as the my life also with cheerfulness, if that forfeiture could restore peace and goodwill among mankind. As the feelings of your gentle bosom cannot be congenial with mine, let me entreat you, madam, to use your persuasive art with your husbond's to endeavor to stop this increase. Here are more than 5,000 cruel and destructive war, in which Britain never can succeed. Heaven can never countenance the barbarous and unmanly practice of the Britons in America, which savages would blush tinental divide. There is hardly a spot at, and which, if not discontinued, will soon be retaliated on Britain by a justly

enraged people. Should you fall in this (for I am persuaded that you will attempt it, and who can resist the power of such an advocate?) your endeavors to effect a general exchange Missouri, to Hudson's bay through the of prisoners will be an act of humanity Saskatchewan, or to the Pacific Ocean which will afford you golden feelings through the Columbia. on a death-bed.

I hope this cruel contest will soon be closed; but should it continue, I wage no war with the fair. I acknowledge their force, and bend before it with submission. Let us not therefore the amiable countess of Selkirk regard me as an forest must be left to cover this summit enemy. I am ambitious of her esteem and friendship, and would do anything consistent with my duty to merit it.

The honor of a line from your hand, in answer to this, will lay me under a singular obligation, and if I can render you any acceptable service in France or | will have no time to look after such a elsewhere, I hope you see into my character so far as to command me without the least grain of reserve wish to know exactly the bahavior of my people; as I determine to punish pend. Nevertheless it is a proof of a them if they have exceeded their strong, growing and intelligent public liberty. I have the honor to be with sentiment in this matter when the Presmuch esteem and with profound respect, -Madam, yours, etc.

To the Right Honorable the Countess of Selkirk, St Mary's Isle, Scotland. The promise to purchase and restore the plate was taithfully performed, and

a due acknowledgment was made by

Dickens and Wellington St.

A National Forest Reserve

President Arthur recently called the attention of Congress to the necessity of saving our forests from destruction. In his late message he is more specific which he names, be reserved from sale and held forever in permanent forest for the definite purpose of preserving north of Flathead Lake contains no settlers, and is practically unknown. It has never been surveyed and rarely trav-It is on no natural line of com . unication. No rights of farmer or miner source of one of the main feeders of Clark's fork of the Columbia, and as the woods are swept away from the regions drained by other tributaries of this river, its value will proportionately square miles of wilderness traversed by four or five parallel ranges of the Rocky Mountains, one of them the main conin all the proposed reserve where one can escape from the sound of water, tumbling down in cascades or rushing onward in pure streams from melting snows to the Gulf of Mexico through the

If our rivers are to remain navigable if the arid plains of Montana are to be converted into fertile farm lands by 11rigation, if the mountains themselves are to be saved from degradation, the of the continent where the water is collected in such abounding volume. It may be that our legislators will be so occupied in "making capital" for the Presidential canvass next year that they trifling interest as the water supply upon which the agricultural possibilities of thousands of square miles deident is moved to direct to it the attention of Congress in two successive messages.

The Catawbas.

An Englishman contributes to a leadng London Journal an interesting account of a visit paid by him to President Arthur. He remarks : "In the President's house were some chiefs of Proceeding up Wellington street the native tribe of Catawbas;" and he London, you are as certain to meet an goes on to say that these Catawbas actor as the Parisians say you are a "were undersized," and that "there white horse on the Pont Neuf. This was a timorousness in their looks," street is, besides, sacred to the august although in former times "the Cataw-Morning Post, to the Athenaeum, Field bas were noted for their ferocity." and other newspapers. Half way up is What does this Englishman mean? a pretty little office, small, but not Does he expect "Still Catawbas"-for inelegant, with a bowed editor's room. such, undoubtedly, were the Catawbas This was erst the first abode of House- presented to him by our hospitable hold Words, and here of summer days President-to be ferocious in appearsat Charles Dickens, busy with proofs, ance. Of course, when these Catawbas and giving cheery welcome to his con- are called undersized we can understand tributors. As the gifted, genial editor that they were probably of the variety came from the Charing Cross station called "pints." Conceding that this he almost invariably turned sharp out | was the fact, does it justify the Englishof the Strand, making for the retired man in finding fault with the President's back roads, through Maiden lane, hospitality. Were an American to call which so many men of letters fancy, on the Englishman in London, and were under the idea that back and tortuous the latter to offer him a pint of chamways seem shorter than the long straight pagne, would he like it if the American road. He passed by punctually and were to go heme and complain of the briskly along this favorite route, his small size of the champagne? Oblittle black bag in his hand. New, All viously he would not. Evidently the the Year Round has its home higher up, Englishman wishes to convey the imat the corner of York street. The pression that "in former times"-meanmention of Maiden lane suggests the ing, of course, the Presidency of Mr. name of "Rule" and his oysters-a Hayes-the Catawbas at the White famous place in that department. Rule House were larger than they are at presand his oysters have been known to ent. They were then "noted for their many celebrated persons-Thackeray, ferocity," remarks the writer. Are we Dickens, etc.-his two monstrous shells then to believe that Mr. Hayes ever in the window. Old "Rule's" was offered any man Catawba in any form? pulled down not long ago and rebuilt. The idea is simply preposterous. That It used to be recorded to the credit of good man never, while in his senses, "Rule's" that when there was a famine offered Catawba or anything else to anybody, and his friends ought instantly to deny the Englishman's insinuation different thing-Rule never varied. that Mr. Hayes was so far forgetful of Not many streets away I once saw a his duty to himself as to pander to an crowd about an oyster shop, while a Englishman's depraved appetite for any-

"I see that it is disagreeable to you. I have offended you too much."

"Not that," he answered, holding out his hand for the note. "But I can hardly spare the time for the long way this evening, as I have to call at Killick's for my father. However-" he said no more, but took the note.

"Good-by. Thomas."

"Good-by."

"I'm glad he took the note. I shall be safe now."

Miss Alison Reece was a clever young lady. The direct and near way to Mr. Watkyn's home would lead him his death-like face upturned toward the past the willow walk. She had devised blue sky. this impromptu note to her dreasmaker in the afternoon to prevent his taking that usual route. Had he seen young Vavasour cooling his heels within the precincts of the willow walk he would inevitably suspect he was waiting to keep a lover's tryst.

Alison was busy in the kitchen next morning when she heard her mother open the front door and some one come in. "It is that chattering Mrs. Bennett," thought she, as she dried the teaspoons.

"Alison, come here, called her mother, in a quick voice.

She went to the parlor just as she was-her sleeve turned back at the wrist, a large, brown Holland apron on. Very pretty she looked with it all. But it was not Mrs. Bennett who sat with her mother; it was a venerable, white-haired old gentleman - Mr. Watkyn, the elder,

"1 am come to ask about Thomas." said he. "I believe he came here last night, Miss Alison; at what time did he leave you?"

A prevision struck her with a sort of terror that something was wrong. "He left quite early," she faltered.

"Well, he has never come home." "Not come home!" she said, with a whitening face.

"I sat up till 1 o'clock, and then I that he had stayed at some friends her. But the young are strong in their which catches and holds the camphor conveyance as you please to direct. thought the mist must have kept him; house. I knew not what to think, and by slow degrees. that he would be home the first thing this morning. But we have not seen him, and I cannot hear of him."

Mrs. Reece was impressed with the spring, Alison, leaning on the arm of frightened, guilty took that Alison could not keep out of her countenance, and began to feel uneasy. "Cannot first she had sat there since that memyou tell what time it was when he left orable evening with her ill-fated lover. you?" he demanded, sternly.

"It was after dusk. It was just dreaming. They could not persuade after sunset-before the mist came on. her to come in, and so wrapped her m It must have been near 7 o'clock."

"Which road did he take?" pursued Mrs. Reece. And very reluctantly beautiful, curious, perhaps, that it Alison answered, for she foresaw it should be so, as the one he and she had would bring on further questioning: "The long road-round by the hill?"

"Round by the hill?" echoed Mr. molten gold in the glowing west, the lived down.

"They thought I was dead the two miles round between the cot- They thought for a long time that I necessity of winking at any action of tage and the farm a high and perpen- should die," he answered, as he sat persons under his command which his dicular precipice, called the Scar, had down beside her, keeping her hand in to be passed. The tableland, or plahis. "But the skillful medical men teau on the top was wide and a per- have raised me up, under God. I nope fectly safe road by daylight, since a in time to be strong and well again." traveler could keep as far from the "Can you ever forgive me?" the unprotected edge as he pleased, but on wailed, bitter, painful tears falling

a dark night, or in a thick fog it was down her cheeks like rain. "I shall most dangerous. Thomas Watkyn never forgive myself." must have drawn near the edge un-"No! Then you must atone to me wittingly and fallen over it. There he instead, Alison. Be all the more loving lay, on the sharp rock, when the poor to me during our future lives. We father and others went to look for him,

must pass them together, my dear." "Do you mean it still?" she gasped, 'Oh, Thomas, how good and true you are. If I can only be a little bi worthy of you."

with remorse and grief, as she knelt by They walked home slowly, arm is had been effected. arm. Neither could walk fast yet thought.

> tell her to-night." "I have told her myself; it was bes t

so," answered Thomas Watkyn.

Camphor.

heart cannot approve; but the reflection is doubly severe when he finds himself such actions by his authority.

madam, that he was from home, for it ers, as well in Europe as in America,

said; "she was so dreadfully low when expressing their discontent; observing she came out of the fever. I meant to that in America no delicacy was shown

obliged, in appearanne, to countenance This hard case was mine, when, on the 23d of April last, I landed on St Mary's Isle. Knowing Lord Selkirk's

powered and made prisoners of war.

was my intention to have taken him on board of the Ranger, and to have detained him until, through his means, a general and fair exchange of prison-

Mrs. Reece came to the porch to meet whom I met at landing that his lordthem. God is full of mercy, she ship was absent, I walked back to my

By the way, however, some officers "I did not tell her, Thomas," she who were with me could not forbear

"How did you like my discourse this

morning?" asked Parson Gcodenough

of Deacon Lightweight, the village

grocer, as they walked home from

church last Sunday morning. "Too long, brother, too long," replied the frank deacon; "I believe in having everything short." Yes, I've noticed

sarcastic parson.

interest with his king, and esteeming as I do his private character, I wished to make him the happy instrument of alleviating the horrors of hopeless captivity, when the brave are over-

It was perhaps fortunate for you

When I was informed by some men boat, determined to leave the island.

cannot (sufficiently) execrate the vile promoters of this detestable war-

"For they, 'twas they unsheathed the ruthless

And heaven shall ask the havoc it has made."

completement of officers and men. . .

by the English, who took away all sorts of movable property, setting fire not only to towns and to the houses of

the rich without distinction, but not even sparing the wretched hamlets and milch cows of the poor and helpless, at the approach of an inclement winter. Camphor is made in Japan in this That party had been with me the same way: After a tree is felled to the morning at Whitehaven; some comearth it is cut up into chips, which are plaisance therefore was their due. I mist it is that has come on," he re- laid in a tub on a large iron pot partial- had but a moment to think how I might marked to her in his pleasant, chatty ly filled with water and placed over a your ladyship the least injury. I in oysters-or, rather when prices were way, "Aye, it is indeed, sir," she slow fire. Through holes in the bot- charged the two officers to permit none run up so extravagantly, which is a answered, and shut her door as he tom of the tub steam slowly rises and, of the seamen to enter the house, or to heating the chips, generates oil and hurt anything about it; to treat you,

For many weeks Alison Reece lay ill camphor. Of course the tub with the madam, with the utmost respect; to with brain fever, hovering between life chips has a closely fitting cover. From accept of the plate which was offered and to come away without making a "gentleman" within-so he was styled thing stronger than water. and death. Some people said it was this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a search or demanding anything else. -was eating oysters for a wager; it is the shock that made her ill and took succession of other tubes with bamboo am induced to believe that I was punct- to be presumed "against time," as several were busy attending to his her senses away; others thought that connections, and the last of these tubes ually obeyed, since I am informed that she must have loved the poor young is divided into two compartments, one the plate which they brought away is wants, opening as fast as they could. man to distraction; no one, save her above the other, the dividing floor mother, knew it was the memory of her being perforated with small holes to last interview with him and the scheme allow the water and oil to pass to the last interview with him, and the schem- allow the water and oil to pass to the plate is sold I shall become the pride about him as he went through his season. Yet dancers must learn to ing to send him on the route that led to lower compartment. The npper com- purchaser, and will gratify my own his accident, that had well nigh killed partment is supplied with a straw layer feelings by restoring it to you by such Had the earl been on board the tenacity of life. And she grew better in crystal in deposit as it passes to the Ranger the following evening he would ideal of the beast, and the bivalves he cooling process. The camphor is then have seen the awful pomp and dreadful was consuming seemed to deserve more One warm April afternoon, when the separated from the straw, packed in carnage of a sea engagement; both wooden tubs, and is ready for the mar- affording ample subject for the pencil, his oyster exploits. ket. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes as well as melancholy reflection to the contemplative mind. Humanity starts

A rew weeks ago and the pitcher of back from such scenes of horror, and a base ball club coulán't walk down the society beanpoles suddenly crack a leg the street without having a brass band and a crowd of admiring citizens chasing after him, begging for his autograph. And now he gets jostled on dies suddenly need the skill of a banethe sidewalk, people trample on his setter, would cast a gloom over the fes-"Too The British ship-of-war Drake, mounttoes on the opera house stairs, and if tivities now fairly started that we do ed 20 guns, with more than her full told to go out on the prairie and back that in your weights, deacon," said the disputed with great fortitude on each sarcastic parson.

side for an hour and four minutes, Ar a New Jersey wedding the midwatched together more than six months before. The brilliant beams shone like molten gold in the glowing west, the The best method of disposing of half when the gallant commander of the

Dancers, Beware.

The whirling waltz is seductive and the lanciers alluring. The exhilarating The performer merely gulped or break-down has its attractions and the lively jig its votaries at this festive work before the public, his friends and practice moderation. Otherwise the backers encouraging him, but to un- late of the Niantic man who danced so interested persons he presented the beau fong and so hard that he broke his right leg may overtake our society beaux and belles before the ball season is over. In respect. This recalls "Dando" and cold weather the bones are more brittle, and as the prospects of a hard winter are excellent, the greatest care should be exercised. To see one of our male in the midst of a german, or, more terrible still, to see one of our young lahe complains he is called "Oscar" and not care to contemplate If the broken nose of the base ball field and the dislocated ankle of the skating season are to be supplemented by the broken leg