

THE WATCHERS.

We keep the watch together, Doubt and I. In stress of midnight weather, Stand peering into darkness, Foreboding rock and shoal; Or, shrinking in our weakness From waves that o'er us roll.

We pace the deck together, Faith and I, And catch in darkest weather The far-off eastern sky, Where, robed in dazzling splendor, Shine planet, star and sun, Where, lost in truths eternal, Doubt, Faith and I are one.

HE BROKE UP THE SCHOOL.

"That is the new school house, is it?" inquired Miss Alice Ray, the new teacher, as the farmer's plodding little team passed by a little white house standing endwise to the road, inclosed in a rather dilapidated fence.

"Yes, that's where you will hold forth," remarked Uncle Zeke Woodburn, but "I'm afeared you won't hold out long, for we've got the toughest set of boys in the State;" and Uncle Zeke gave a kind of cackling little laugh as he thought of the timid demure little damsel at his side, controlling the boys of the Bear Creek school.

"But don't the Directors expel them when they are beyond the control of the teacher?" asked Alice, her heart beginning to sink at the prospect before her.

"Expel 'em! no; we never expel nobody; if a teacher can't boss the school we just let it boss him; it ain't our fight, an' the school here generally bosses the teacher, and that's been some pretty good men licked in that school-house, by the boys."

"I did not know the school was so unruly," said poor Alice, wishing heartily that she had hired out as a washer-woman, instead of trying to teach the savages of Bear Creek.

"Oh, well, mebbe it won't be so bad this winter; that's Jim Turner, he's one of the toughest of 'em; he'll be 21 in a month, and you'll get rid of him; but that's the Brindley boys, they're mighty nigh as bad."

Poor Alice listened with a sinking heart. The cold, hard duties before her were dreary enough at best; but to go alone and unknown into a strange neighborhood to teach her first school, and to be met at the outset by such dark prophecies, made her feel homeless indeed. She was naturally a timid, shrinking little thing, and if she had possessed anywhere on the whole broad earth a roof to shelter her, she would have turned back from Bear Creek school even then. But she had no home. Her mother had died when she was but 14, and she kept house for her father two years when he died, leaving her all alone. Before he died, he advised her to expend the little sum he would be able to leave her, in fitting herself for a teacher, and Alice had fulfilled his directions so literally, that when she had completed her course of study at the normal school, she had hardly \$10 left, and when she paid Uncle Zeke for hauling her and her little trunk from the nearest railroad town to the district where she was to teach, she had but \$5 left.

On Monday morning, as she started for the school house, she felt as if she was going to the scaffold. Her course of pedagogics in the normal institute had included no such problem as this school promised to be, and if it were not for very shame, she would have given her single \$5 bill to any one to take her back to the railroad, and pay her fare to L., the town where she had attended school.

When she arrived at the school-house about twenty or thirty pupils were grouped around talking, but a spell of silence fell upon them, as she walked up and saluted them with a "good morning," which was more like the chirp of a frightened bird than anything else. As she unlocked the door and entered what she had already begun to regard as a chamber of torture, two or three slowly followed her in to the room, and depositing their books upon the whitened desks, took seats, and fixed their eyes upon her with a vacant stare that did not help to strengthen her nerves.

All the rules and regulations of her "Theory and Practice of Opening School Upon the First Day," seemed to vanish and leave her whirling in dizzy helplessness. She tried to think of some cheerful remark, but her brain refused to form the thought, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She could see in the faces of her pupils, most of whom were in the school room, that they were aware of her fright and enjoyed it thoroughly. By a strong effort she partially recovered herself, and bravely resisted the temptation to lean her head on the desk and have a good cry. She felt that she must do something or faint, so she rang the bell, though it lacked fifteen minutes to 9.

She began taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and by the time this was completed felt more at ease. She then began examining the pupils in the different branches, in order to assign them to their proper classes. She had finished the examination in all the branches, except the advanced reading class, which was principally composed of grown girls and young men, among whom was the terrible Jim Turner of whom she had been warned.

Several members of the class had

read and it was now the turn of Moses Bradley a huge, heavy-set fellow; with small malicious eyes, and a general air of ruffianism. When he was called upon to read, he did not rise from his seat, but began to read in a thick, indistinct voice from a book hidden in his lap.

"Mr. Bradley, will you please stand up while you read?" asked Alice. "I can read just as well settin' down," replied the fellow with a dogged air.

"But it is one of the rules of a reading class to stand up to read," said Alice, her heart quaking with fear, as she foresaw the incipient rebellion.

"I reckon you will have to make a new rule for me, then," impudently answered Mose, glancing sideways at his companions with a grin of triumph.

"If you do not obey me, I shall be obliged to punish you," said Alice, bravely, though she could scarcely stand up.

"I guess all the punishment you could do, wouldn't break any of my bones," replied the ruffian leering at her impudently.

"But I can break your bones for you in half a minute, and I'll do it if you don't stand up and read as the teacher asked you to," said a voice at the other end of the class, and Alice looked in that direction, and saw Jim Turner step from the class and face the astonished Mose.

Mose's insolent manner abated in an instant, his face turned pale, and he muttered something about not being "bossed by other boys," but he stood up as he was commanded.

Alice could have kissed her young champion for very gratitude, but she mustered all the dignity she could command, and said:

"Mr. Turner, I cannot allow you to interfere in the management of my school: take your seat."

The youth obeyed without a word, but kept his eye on Mose, as if watching for any delinquency. After this little episode the exercises proceed without interruption till noon.

Alice had no appetite for dinner. She leaned her throbbing head upon the desk, and wondered wearily how long she could endure this.

She was aroused by one of the little girls running up to her, exclaiming: "Teacher, teacher, the big boys are fighting!"

She followed the child exclaiming "Oh, why did I ever come into such a den of wild beasts?"

At the rear of the school house, stood Jim Turner, engaged in a hand-to-hand combat with Mose Bradley and his two brothers, both of whom were grown. As Alice stepped around the corner, Jim sent Mose reeling to the earth, and then turned like a lion upon his two remaining assailants. They rushed at him from all sides, but Jim was as active as a panther, and Bill Bradley fell as if shot, from a left-handed blow, and his brother Tom followed him in an instant. By this time Mose had secured a ball bat and rushed upon Jim, but the latter evaded the blow, and wrenching the bat from his hand, knocked Mose headlong with a blow of his fist.

As the discomfited trio arose, Jim laughed lightly, and asked them "how they liked it as far as they had got," picked up the bat he had taken from Mose, and called out, "Come on, boys, let's have a game of ball."

The combat ended so quickly, that Alice had no chance to interfere, but she felt that it would not do to let this open violation of school rules pass unpunished, she rang the bell. When the pupils were assembled, she called the culprits up to the desk and asked who began it. The Bradleys stood sullen and silent, but Jim answered: "I would rather not tell what it was about, but I began it by knocking Mose Bradley down."

Alice knew the fight was the result of Jim's espousal of her cause in the reading class, and her voice faltered as she said:

"Then I shall have to punish you; hold out your hand."

Jim obeyed her instantly. She took up the ruler with a trembling hand, and began the punishment. Jim's face never changed a muscle. The look upon it was one of quiet obedience, in which there was no trace of either: bravado or sullenness. As Alice indicated the blows upon the hand so quietly held out to her, the thought rushed upon her mind that she was smiting the only hand that had been raised to befriend her in this lawless region.

Her face grew pale, the blows fell feebly, the tears began to run down her cheeks, the ruler from her hand, she sank into her seat, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a storm of sobs.

Then Jim's countenance changed. His lips quivered, he dashed his hand across his eyes to clear them of an unnatural dimness, and the great lump in his throat seemed to choke him. A chuckle from Mose Bradley recalled his self-possession, however, and as took a step or two toward the latter, with eyes that fairly blazed with hot indignation.

Mose rapidly retreated a step or two and his chuckle died an untimely death, and for a full minute silence reigned over the school room. At last Alice raised her head, and in a broken

voice dismissed the pupils to the playground.

As the children passed out, she heard some say, "So, you got a whipping after all, Jim," and Jim's reply "Yes, and I got enough to pass some of it around, if anybody is anxious about it."

At 1 o'clock Alice rang the bell, with a feeling of utter despair; but no school ever moved more smoothly than did her school that afternoon. Quiet, obedience, study, good lessons, and respectful attention were universal. But Alice had determined to quit the school; she felt as if she would rather be the poorest washer woman, than to be badgered, bullied and tortured for months at a time by a set of brutal ruffians, whose parents employed her for the sole purpose of enduring this martyrdom.

So when Alice locked the school-house door that evening, it was with a mingled feeling of relief and humiliation that she started to offer her resignation to the directors. As she left the school-house, she saw Jim Turner a few yards ahead of her, walking rapidly toward home. She called his name, and he stopped and respectfully waited until she had overtaken him.

"Mr. Turner," she said, "I am going away in the morning, and I wish to thank you for your brave defense of me at the school to-day, and to ask your forgiveness for the punishment I so unjustly inflicted upon you," and in her earnestness Alice held out her little trembling hand, and Jim instantly grasped it.

"I have nothing to forgive," said he; you could not do otherwise, and neither could I; but you are surely not intending to quit the school?"

"Yes," answered Alice, "I would rather die than pass through three months of such scenes as I have to-day."

"But you will have no more trouble; there is no one in the school that would be at all likely to give you trouble, except the Bradley boys, and as long as I am there, I will answer for their good behavior."

At last Jim's eloquence prevailed, and Alice finally consented to teach a week longer, and at the end of that time she decided to stay, for never did a school move more smoothly. At her request, Jim was allowed to remain during the term, and as soon as it closed, he went to college.

Alice taught the Bear Creek school successfully for three years, but in the end Uncle Zeke's prediction was verified, for Jim Turner came back and broke up the school.

He married the teacher.

The Carboniferous Jungle.

If we could suddenly transplant ourselves from the gardens and groves of the nineteenth century into the midst of a carboniferous jungle on the delta of some forgotten Amazon or some primeval Nile, we should find ourselves surrounded by strange and somewhat monotonous scenery, very different from that of the varied and beautiful world in which we ourselves now live. The huge foliage of gigantic tree-ferns and titanic club-mosses would wave over our heads, while green carpets of petty trailing creepers would spread luxuriantly over the damp soil beneath our feet. Great swampy flats would stretch around us on every side, and instead of the rocky or undulating hills of our familiar Europe, we should probably see the interior country composed of low ridges, uplifted as yet by the slow upheaval of ages in the Alps and Pyrenees of the modern continent. But the most striking peculiarity of the scene would doubtless be the wearisome uniformity of its prevailing colors. Earth beneath and primitive trees overhead would all alike present a single field of unbroken and unvarying green. No scarlet flower, golden fruit or gay butterfly would give a gleam of brighter and warmer coloring to the continuous verdure of that more than tropical forest. Green, and green, and green again; wherever the eye fell it would rest alike upon one monotonous and unrelieved mass of harsh and angular verdure.

A Cucumber Fish.

There was quite a sensation created on Sullivan's Island, S. C., recently by the capture of a fish of a genus hitherto unknown in our waters. It was beached by the waves and taken by a party of ladies, who were unable to satisfy themselves as to what manner of fish it was, until one of the party, a lady from Michigan, now visiting the island, and whose knowledge of ichthyology is by no means limited, threw light on the subject. The fish belongs to the species known as sea cucumber and to the genus holothurina. They are not rare by any means, the only remarkable feature of its capture being the locality in which it was found. The fish is indigenous to tropical waters, and it is the first ever caught in our harbor. In size it is about six inches long and is shaped very much like a cucumber, from which it takes its name. It has neither fins or feet, but swims by the action of its body as an eel does, its body being very supple, considering its bulk. It has a large mouth, which is surrounded by a soft frizzy fringe. It will eat almost anything, and can be easily kept in an aquarium for years with proper attention.

Musk.

One of the most common perfumes is that of musk, which occurs in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Every body is familiar with the musk plant which grows in our gardens, and which the ladies are so fond of having in their rooms. Beet has a musky odor; but there are two species of plants which grow on the slopes of the Himalayas, one at the great altitude of 17,000 feet which smell strongly of it. Among animals there are a musk beetle, cuttlefish, duck, shrew, mole, rat, ox, and deer, all of which owe their distinctive title to the fact of their having that odor in a greater or less degree. The muskrat of musquash, however, and the musk deer are the only animals which secrete the musky substance in a special receptacle, from which it can be readily taken as a commercial commodity. The best musk is obtained from this deer which is found in Central Asia from the Himalayas to Pekin, at elevations above 8,000 feet. Unlike other deer, they are without horns, and a peculiarity of the male is that it has two long, slender teeth which project from the upper jaw, with an inward curve, in the form of tusks. The female is of little account to its human foes; but the male is much sought after on account of its musk pouch. This is a bag about the size of a small orange, situated on the lower part of its body, and containing from half an ounce to two ounces of the precious perfume. In 1881 China alone exported 2,503 lbs., valued at £41,501, or nearly one guinea per ounce. 7,000 ounces are said to be exported annually from British India, while quantities of an inferior kind are obtained from other countries. As a perfume musk is remarkable for its diffusiveness and persistence of its scent; everything in its vicinity catches and retains its odor. For this reason it is not a desirable article of cargo on ships that carry anything intended to be used as food. In the East it is held in great repute for its medicinal properties, being one of the most powerful anti-spasmodics known. It owes its value to its extensive use in perfumery. Mixed with highly volatile vegetable scents, it gives them greater permanence. Large quantities of it are used in the manufacture of toilet soaps. Of late owing to the expensiveness of musk, and to its being so much adulterated by dealers, what is called American musk has come into considerable use as a substitute for the superior kind. This is obtained from the musquash of North America, a small, beaver-like rodent, millions of which are killed annually for their skins, which are made up into cheap furs. The musky secretion obtained from this creature has proved an excellent substitute for true musk in the scenting of toilet soaps. If a cake so perfumed is retained for a month it would require a very skilled perfumer indeed to distinguish the odor from that of the best Tonquin musk. It also used in the cheaper essences, although here the result is not so satisfactory.

Sweets and Fruits.

The free use of sugar with the spring and early summer fruits, to say the least, is unwise. These sub-acid fruits, appearing during the early hot weather, while the blood is thick and impure from the use of the carbonaceous food of the cold weather, are manifestly intended by the Creator as "spring medicines," whose acids act with great effect on the liver, enabling it to secrete the vile impurities of the blood, purifying the blood, while this retuse matter—waste—is the natural stimulant of the digestive process and of the bowels. It will be observed that later in the season, when the blood has been so far changed as to fit it for the season, and as the cool weather approaches, these perishable fruits—all intended for the season in which they appear—lose this purifying acid element and become considerably sweeter. The free use of these artificial sweets with cream—a heater also—must tend to counteract the benevolent intention of the Creator in this wise arrangement, that of adapting all these delicious fruits to the season and the immediate needs of the system in such weather. In such matters it is always safe to watch the indication and instructions of nature, or the God of nature, who in His wise providence is ever merciful to man.

English Racing.

Archer continues to head the list of winning jockeys in England. By the way, it is not generally known that but for his father's objections, Archer would have come to this country instead of Feakes, the present chief jockey for Mr. Kelo, Archer and Feakes were both jacks in Lord Falkmouth's racing establishment, and both showed equal talent in the saddle, and were steady, well-behaved and faithful boys. When the late Mr. Sanford wrote to Dawson, Lord Falkmouth's trainer, to end him a good jockey, Dawson selected Archer, but Fred's father had decided objections to the boy's emigrating. Thus it came that Feakes was sent instead, and Archer was enabled to continue on in a career of success which has been simply unparalleled in the history of racing. This year he had 201 mounts—won 87—lost 114.

Justice is not what is, but what ought to be. Blame not before you examine the truth.

An Exciting Buffalo Hunt.

Bill Nye tells the following story in relation to an exciting Buffalo hunt. Not very far back in the history of the Laramie plains buffalo were as common as antelope are there now, and on a good day you will see 300 to 500 antelope in a ride from Laramie City to Last Chance and back. Now, however, the buffalo have taken their flight from Southern Wyoming and drifted to the Northwest, where they can still be slain for a few more years. The day is not distant, I fear, when we will have only one buffalo apiece for the foreign dudes who come to our coasts to regain their health and marry our heiresses. We were rather startled one day in Laramie by the howl of "buffalo" on the streets, not long ago. Inquiring into the matter I found that the game had been sighted across the river, not over three miles from town. Everybody was wild. In ten minutes the livery stables were empty and every man with a team had a load of excited men moving toward the herd. It was a grand exodus, and for a mile or two it looked like a mass meeting. There were two or three guns and perhaps twenty revolvers in the party. Some of us were in express wagons, some in drays, and some in carriages. We hurried on excitedly until the advance guard set up a wild yell, which meant that the game was in sight and that no one in that crowd had ever seen a buffalo before.

Every one's eyes were strained to get a glimpse of the herd. Every one held his breath, waiting for the thunder and dust of the stampede. I had just decided that the whole thing was a sell, when one of the party pointed out, at a little distance on the foot-hill to our right a buffalo bull. This was our prey. One hundred and fifty of us, like an army with teamsters, had come out here on the plains to slaughter this melancholy brute. He was trying to eat when we were in sight, and was doing as well, perhaps, as any buffalo could without teeth. He had worn most of his hair off when the country was new, and it had neglected to grow again. His ears had been gnawed by coyotes and the ravages of time till they had a fringe on them over an inch deep. His back looked like one of those old-fashioned hair trunks, and his little five-cent tail had about as much hair on it as a ram-rod in full bloom. I never saw such a sad-looking face. It had an expression of deep-seated woe and pained surprise, such as a man has when a five-story brick warehouse falls on him. He had the same grieved, sorrowful look of reproach that a man might wear if he were to leap a nine-mile fence in the solemn hush of the night and fall into the embrace of a bulldog in the prime of life.

The old bull raised his head in a solemn way and tried to snort as he used to in the early history of the country, but it was a failure. He then tried to raise his tail and lash his sides with it, but the effort was not crowned with success. His tail had forgotten its cunning. He then tried to flash his eye, but it wouldn't flash. He turned slowly around, and, as well as the poor old foundered brute could, he tried to amble away. Then a brave man from the cultivated East, wearing a new suit of buckskin that he had just bought, rode fearlessly up to the old bull and filled him full of buckshot from the muzzle of a second-hand two-dollar gun. The veteran of the plains fell with a half bellow half groan and died. He would have died in a few days any how. It was an exciting hunt! The man who assassinated that feeble-old bull was at once named the Buffalo Slayer, and he had to go somewhere else to get work. I don't know why it is considered such a big thing to kill a buffalo. It is far more difficult to kill a good, able-bodied elk or deer. I saw an Englishman, at the Palmer House last summer who had, no doubt, failed to find a buffalo docile enough to stand still and be shot, so he was carrying home to Merry England the bleached and decaying skull of a buffalo killed fifty years ago, perhaps. Yes, sir he was carrying that thing 5,000 miles in a shawl strap.

England and Wales.

Out of the 26,000,000 inhabitants of England and Wales in 1881 a total of nearly 1,600,000 souls or rather more than one-seventh of the industrial population of the country, were engaged in the building-trade. This great army of workmen is under the control of 6,898 architects, independently of any aid that the latter (who are classified in the Census as "artists") may receive from 5,394 land, house and ship surveyors, or from 7,124 civil engineers. This allows an architect to superintend about 230 workmen, independently of carriers and of workmen in the primary stages of product that are subsequently perfected as house-fittings; and if we link the surveyors with the architects, we obtain upwards of 13,000 persons engaged in architectural designs and superintendence.

Florida Perfumes.

The manufacture of perfumes from Florida-grown flowers bids fair to become an extensive industry in the state. One firm at Jacksonville is already at work. It is reported that a gentleman from South Florida has patented a process for the utilization of the bloom of the mangrove and the sapodilla, and to extract the sweet fragrance from the cassava plant as well.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Economy is a great revenue. Life hath no blessings like a prudent friend. To love is to make a compact with sorrow. Money is not God, but it shows great mercy. The more you say, the less people remember. Don't be whining about not having a fair chance. Man is a reasoning rather than a reasonable being. No drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. The first step to virtue is to love virtue in another. Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues. As the body is purified by water, so is the soul by truth. Go after two wolves, and you will not catch even one. After the battle of arms comes the battle of history. The deeper you hide anything the sooner you will find it. Never take a crooked path while you can see a straight one. Disease comes in by hundred weights and goes out by ounces. The fool thinks he has argued a case when he offers to bet. In prosperity work is a duty, in misfortune it is a refuge. Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet upon the table. Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor. Verily hypocrites sink into a lower abyss than any other sinner. The future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother. He is rich who is satisfied with what he hath—whether it be little or much. Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping. Sudden expectations, which kindle the mind to a fever, sometimes chill the heart to a frost. How long, how slow, and how inscrutable can be one man's fate against another's finding out. Do nothing by halves. If a thing is right, do it boldly and well; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them. In judging of others, a man often erreth, but in examining himself, always laboreth fruitfully. Truth—the open, bold, honest truth—is always the safest, for everyone, in any and all circumstances. The pity which is not born from experience is always cold. It cannot help being so; it does not understand. The state of life is the most happy where superfluities are not required and where necessities are not wanting. If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat. We do not have great trials and sharp agonies and heroic works to do every day. It is very small strokes that make the diamond shine. It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of anything he was never reasoned into. Reason is a very light rider and easily shaken off. It cuts one sadly; to see the grief of old people; they've no way of working it off, and the new spring brings no new shoots out on the withered tree. This is the law of benefits between men; the one ought to forget at once what he has given, and the other ought never to forget what he has received. Contentment furnishes constant joy; much covetousness, constant grief. To the contented, even poverty is joy; to the discontented, even wealth is vexation. Chiefly the seashore has been the point of departure to knowledge, as to commerce. The most advanced nations are always those who navigate the world itself. Whosoever commands the sea commands the trade; whosoever commands the trade of the world commands the riches of the world, and, consequently, the world itself. In religious concerns, reason without faith tends to casuistry. Not in jurisprudence alone applies the ancient maxim (*Apices juris non sunt jura*)—Subtleties of law are not law. He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity. Reason is, so to speak, the police of the kingdom of art, seeking only to preserve order. In life itself, a cold arithmetician who adds up our follies. Sometimes, alas! only the accountant in bankruptcy of a broken heart. Like all Nature's processes, old age is gentle and gradual in its approaches, strewn with allusions, and all its little griefs soothed by natural sedatives. But the iron band is not less irresistible because it wears the velvet glove. When my reason is afloat, my faith cannot long remain in suspense, and I believe in God as firmly as in any other truth whatever; in short, a thousand motives draw me to the consolatory side, and the weight of hope to the equilibrium of reason. Accurate and just reasoning is the only catholic remedy fitted for all persons and all dispositions, and is alone able to subvert that abstruse philosophy and metaphysical jargon which, being mixed up with popular superstition, renders it in a manner impenetrable to careless reasoners and gives it the air of science and wisdom. Virtue is an angel; but she is a blind one, and must ask of knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal. Mere knowledge on the other hand, like a m-recreant, is ready to combat either in ranks of sin or under the banner of righteousness,—ready to forge cannon balls or to print New Testaments, to navigate a corsair's vessel or a missionary ship.