

BETTER LUCK ANOTHER YEAR.

Oh! never sink 'neath fortune's frown,
But brave her with a shout of cheer,
And front her fairly—face her down—
She's only stern to those who fear!
Here's "better luck another year!"
Another year!

Aye, better luck another year!
We'll have her smile instead of sneer—
A thousand smiles for every tear,
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
And better luck another year—
Another year!

The damsel fortune still delects
The plea that yet delights her ear;
'Tis but our manhood that she tries,
She's coy to those who doubt and fear;
She'll grant the suit another year!
Another year!

Here's "better luck another year!"
She now denies the golden prize;
But spite of frown and scorn and sneer,
Be firm, and we will win and wear
With home made glad and goodly cheer,
In better luck another year!
Another year! Another year!

THE GIRL'S CHOICE.

Judge Williams, one of the best known justices occupying the U. S. circuit bench, after listening to a party of lawyers the other day, lighted his pipe, leaned back in a easy chair and said:

"Gentlemen, your stories of courtship and marriage are quite interesting and romantic, but I believe that it is reserved for me to tell you of a love affair which, I am inclined to think, will teach you that the common-place marriages of every day life are not worthy of a place in our most prosaic novels or even our spirited conversations. Quite a number of years ago, just after the war I was appointed judge of a southern circuit. I attended strictly to the discharge of my duty, and although very fond of ladies' society yet in my rounds I met very few representatives of the fair sex who in the least impressed me. One day, during an overflow, I crossed the river about 25 miles away from my regular beat, and the stream was so swollen that by the time I had landed, the sun had gone down and darkness had spread itself over the face of the earth, and, as far as I could discern, the bosom of the water, I did not find a road when I landed, and made inquiry of the ferryman, who, in effect, declared that he had never made geography a study and that I must take care of myself. Of course I intended to abide by the extremity of such advice, and after thanking my "water-side character" for information which, to say the least, was self-apparent, I turned, I knew not where, and began a solitary journey through the woods. I had not gone far when I came upon a large log house, surrounded by a well-kept fence and almost covered by a thick growth of wild vines. I was assailed at the gate by an army of dogs. Their fury brought out an old man who drove them away and in a voice of touching kindness asked me what I wanted. I explained my misfortunes attendant upon high water; that I was a Federal judge en deavouring to reach the appointment. He very cordially invited me into the house."

"A judge ur a constable is welcome at my house at such a time as this," he said, throwing more wood on the fire. "I've been cotched out myself and I know what it is. So you are a judge?" "Yes, I am a judge, holding the office under the United States Government."

"That means you ain't a State judge?" "Yes."

"Wall, it don't make any difference, I wouldn't help a State judge no quicker than I would you. Myra, see if there is anything to eat in the house."

I looked up and the girl to whom he spoke stood near me. She moved away immediately after being addressed, but not so soon that I failed to note the extreme beauty of her face. I saw her wealth of bright, firelight-reflecting hair, her glorious depth of eye, her ruddy fall-of-the-year cheek and raspberry mouth. She seemed to pay no attention to me, but obeyed without hesitation. Presently she re-appeared and announced that there was something to eat in the house and that it was spread on the table.

"Come," he said, and conducted me to the dining room. Although I was very hungry, yet I think that my appetite could have been satisfied by allowing my eyes to feast on the beautiful girl who attended the repast. The spare ribs and back bone and mashed potatoes were excellent, I admit, but that magnificent face which bent above it all, far exceeded any banquet that I had ever seen.

"Myra," said the old man, after we had gone in and taken position before the fire, "hand around the pipes."

The pipes were brought in and filled with natural leaf tobacco. We puffed and puffed and talked and puffed. I told my experience and the old man told his. I had been a captain under Uncle Sam. Jefferson Davis had made him a colonel. The old man had no family except Myra, his daughter. He seemed as devoted to her, and quite as much dependent upon her as Mr. Wickliff was upon Agnes. I had been so much interested in the conversation, and especially with the occasional glance cast at Myra, that I did not think to ask the old man his name until just about the time we were ready to go to bed.

"My name is Jassmire," he said; "I was wonderin' ef you was ever goin' to ask me, an' hanged of I'd a told you of you hadn't. Hope you'll sleep well."

I had him a cordial good night, and with one more glance at the beautiful girl, I followed the negro boy, who appeared with a lighted candle.

I scarcely remembered any of the conversation of the next morning, I know that I saw a beautiful face, that I sat down when an elfin little hand drew out a chair, that I heard the music of a sweet voice and when I left I looked into a pair of eyes, direct in earnestness. I don't know how I told the old man good-bye. I don't know that I thanked him for his kindness, even after he refused to accept pay. I don't know how I mounted my horse, whether I climbed on like all awkward judges do, or whether I was lifted into the air by admiration for the girl, and sat down on the saddle. The truth is, I don't know anything about it, except that after awhile, how long I'll be hanged if I know, I found myself riding along the road, deep in the contemplation of a divinely drawn picture which the very sunlight itself framed and hung before me.

The routine of court duty was very dull after this, and I longed for the time when I could wander back to the old log house, which to me held such enchantment. Previously I had lamented the fact that I had remained a bachelor, but now I was glad, because I had found an ideal. I don't know how many sentimental decisions I made during that session of court, but I don't think that it would shed the light of very much credit on my judicial career if the condition of the country should arise and demand a statement.

After awhile I went back to the old log house. I found the old man just the same. He welcomed me as if he had never seen me before, but with rapture I noticed that the girl spoke as though she had seen me before, and that she was glad to see me again. This time I was determined not to leave so soon, and, the truth is, I lingered several days. I walked by the river with the beautiful creature, and helped her gather the kindling at night. I roamed with her morning, night and noontide, and together we chased the rabbit and squirrel and even the fox, with all his slyness, didn't always escape our powers and skill. Not among all the neighbors was there such a "girling," and I, for myself, had never seen one to compare with her beauty, her grace and her voice. When I spoke of my leaving, the old man objected, and even the girl slightly demurred, but I told them that business of pressing importance was claiming attention from the North to the South. But the beautiful girl with rosy lips putting, declared in a way that would have paralyzed Paul, that I was so restless and wanted to leave them because as she thought, I had found them all dull. I made a great effort to go without showing the slightest emotion on my part, you know, and when the old man seemed so anxious that I should remain, I decided that I'd better go and return within a few days. I didn't care to overdo it, you understand. Well I went away, not because I really had any business, but because I did not care to injure my chances, for by this time, you may know, I was dead in love with Myra.

I couldn't remain away but a short time. When I returned they were all glad to see me. Myra, it seemed to me, wanted to kiss me, and I would have kissed her but I didn't have a good chance. She was more lovely than ever, and when at night we walked out under the stars I felt that she loved me. I dreamed of her. Her growing acquaintance with books pleased me, for I knew she studied for my sake. The old man, too, seemed changed toward me. He spoke when we were alone of family affairs, and told me how glad he was that I had come to visit him. I saw that he knew that I was in love with his daughter, and with thankfulness I noted that he encouraged my suit. One night, after Myra had gone to her room, and while the old man and I sat by the fire, the old fellow removed his gaze from the glowing coals and, looking at me, said:

"Myra is the best girl in the world."

"You needn't tell me that," said I, "for I know it."

"Her husband will be a happy man."

"A glorious man," I assented.

"I hope that you'll not regret the day when you came here."

"I know that I shall never do so. Myra and I understand each other."

"You do?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am glad of it. Myra is slow to speak out and I am glad that you know it. Speakin' on the subject might shock her. Well, good night," and he grasped my hand warmly.

"That night I could not sleep. I knew that the old man understood my great love for his daughter, and with a thrill I saw that it met with his approval.

Next morning I was determined to ask him for her, so, after breakfast, when he invited me to take a walk with him, I thought that he had divined my intention. Myra, too, seemed to know that something was likely to pass between us, for she shook her fist in a charming way at me when we left the house. I looked back and saw her peering at me, with such deep fixed love in her glances that I thought I

ought to go back and kiss her, but I turned to the old man and talked to him about his hogs and sheep. I decided to ask him for the girl, and although I knew he would willingly consent to our marriage, yet it was a difficult matter. "When I get to that tree," I mused, looking ahead, "I will ask him." Just as we came to the tree he stopped and said:

"You've knowed my darter for some time."

"Yes, sir."

"Not such a long time, it's true, but so long we almost look on you as one of the family."

"I am proud of it."

"Thank you, sir. Well, now I'll tell you. My darter is going to be married next week, and I want you to be with us."

"To whom?" I grasped.

"To a ferryman down here. She's been engaged to him a long time."

I said nothing as we returned, but when I found the girl alone I said:

"Don't you know that I love you devotedly?"

"Of course I never knew it, Judge."

"But I do, and want you to be my wife."

"Judge, I can't. I am going to marry Tom Patral, the ferryman. I know you are a good man and I don't want you to think I won't marry you because you are a judge. Position makes no difference with me, and if I loved a man I would marry him, even if he was a judge, just as soon as I would a ferryman, and I hope that you will understand that position has not influenced this case, for even though you are a judge, I must say that you have ever conducted yourself as a perfect gentleman."

"Why didn't you tell her that you had been a captain in the army?" said one of the listeners.

"I did," replied the judge, "but she said that the ferryman had been a teamster, and that while she would just as leave marry a captain as a teamster, yet she was compelled to turn to her ferryman lover, and now when I tell my wife of the choice, she says, 'Yes the girl was right in taking the ferryman.'"

"Water Baths."

"I take a sponge-bath of cold salt water every morning. Is it healthy? Is it better to use fresh water?"

There is no reason to believe that, for ordinary bathing purposes, salt water is any better than fresh. The salt is not absorbed, and if it were, we take it more conveniently with our food. Nor does it have any particular effect on a healthy skin.

The uses of water, as applied to the surface of the body are to cleanse it; to equalize the circulation; to lessen the susceptibility of the skin to changes of temperature.

The first object—that of cleansing—is accomplished by either cold or warm fresh water or soap. Cleansing with soap once, or at the most twice a week, is often enough, for the clothing absorbs the larger part of the impurities emitted by the pores. Too frequent bathing, especially with soap, removes the scarf-skin too rapidly, and unduly exposes the nerves which ramify on the surface. Good authorities believe that in many cases the nervous system has been injured in this way.

The second object—to equalize the circulation—is accomplished by immersing the body for a short time in hot water; by means of a bath-tub. Essentially the same thing is secured by the vapor bath. This brings the blood strongly to the surface and to the extremities of the body, thus relieving any pressure on the internal organs and soothing the system generally.

This plain hot bath may be used simply for cleansing purposes, but it is specially suited to the occasional needs of the feeble and to the first stage of a cold. After the bath the body should be wiped quickly, and the person should pass at once, without any exposure, to a warm bed. Half a pint of water, drunk as hot as can be easily borne, is helpful, especially in case of cold, or if the person has been in any way chilled.

The third object—that of lessening the susceptibility of the skin to changes of temperature—is accomplished by a cold sponge-bath. Here quickness is essential. The sudden application of cold contracts the capillaries and sends the blood from the surface. This is followed by a reaction which relaxes and dilates the capillaries, bringing back the blood with increased force.

The cold bath is not safe for persons suffering with a heart complaint, nor for such as are so feeble that the reaction does not readily occur. This reaction will show itself in a glow on the surface of the skin and in a feeling of warmth. The bath should be followed by a brisk rubbing of the body with a coarse towel.

By his death Paul Morphy left a great treasure in chess in his published games. They are the most beautiful in existence. They are accurate as they are brilliant. The analysts find them marvelously free from flaws. Though the troubled life of this rare genius has reached the last page, that which gave him renown is imperishably preserved, and will be a delight as long as chess retains its fascination for men of all climes and races.

A Wild Whale Hunt.

At Neah Bay, around Cape Flattery and down the coast from Tatoosh to Gray's Harbor, live various tribes of Indians, who, as hunters and fishers, are as hardy and fearless as any race of aboriginal men in the known world. While the writer was at Quillute, the Indian village forty miles below Cape Flattery, last fall, a whale was sighted off the beach, and four canoes at once started toward him. Soon we were upon the monster, who, rolling lazily along, paid no heed to the demonstrations of his puny assailants; but he was rudely awakened. The foremost canoe darted forward, and "thud!" went the harpoon into his broad back, buried nearly to the shaft. The canoe was stopped and suddenly backed, and none too soon, for with a sudden and terrific smash of his flukes on the water, barely missing the nearest canoe, he sounded. A number of sealskin bladders, fast to the harpoon-line, were thrown over, and each canoe, in turn as it came up, made fast with a line to the foremost canoe. Up came the monster, and with a fearful lurch all four canoes were dragged through the water at a fearful rate as he started for the ocean.

Four or five miles were run at this rate, when his pace slackened, and the hindmost canoe was hauled cautiously past the others, and another harpoon was dexterously planted, and this canoe assumed the front place in the procession, with the others bringing up the rear. Another wild rush, but shorter than the first, and a repetition of the performance, until there were half a dozen harpoons affixed and double as many sealskin bladders drifting around the exhausted monster, preventing his sinking or sounding. Finally, after hours of a prolonged fight for his life against his relentless foes, the coup de grace was given with the lance, a final plunge, and he was ours. Three hours of paddling with a nasty little swell on, and the whale sunk beneath the water was the hard task before the whales before the prize could be beached and fairly called their own; but gallantly they buckled to it, keeping time to their work with a high-keyed, monotonous chant, and an occasional ear-piercing, blood-curdling yell injected into it that was calculated to raise a casual spectator's hair on end.

The Pinjrapool, or hospital for animals, in Bombay, proved to be a large inclosure or series of inclosures, liberally provided with sheds and pens.

We entered at a gate where many natives were entering, without the customary formality of paying a fee. We were promptly met by a Mahomedan native in charge, who inquired of my companion, "Is your house well?" It is against the rules of Indian etiquette to specify the wife or child in seeking information touching the health.

"I heard," he continued, still in Hindoostanee, which was translated to me afterward, "that your enemies were sick."

This, again, is the Mokammedan way of intimating that the speaker has learned of your own ill-health. Circumlocutions are always employed in speaking of the health. I have learned a good many things about native customs which facilitate my intercourse with the people. For instance, I know better than to offer to buy of a Mahomedan of rank any article belonging to him which I may covet, for he is sure to give it to me instead, and then expect something worth twice as much in return. In the present case our host was to busy too waste much time in ceremonious babbles, and we began our tour of the institution forthwith.

First we visited the department of cows. Here were bossies with all sorts of diseases and misfortunes. One had a hind leg cut off above the knee. Several had stiff legs that projected in various awkward ways, and seemed to be quite paralyzed. Others had sores upon their bodies that were pitiable to look upon. There were a few calves that had not inherited the mother's disease, and these, we were informed, were given to poor people. The place was not inviting, of course, for no place can be where such loathsome ailments are brought together; but at least the animals had enough to eat, with kind treatment besides, and it is a rebuke to our civilization that we have no such institution. This hospital is a public charity, kept up by the "heathen" residents of Bombay, with such aid from outsiders as may voluntarily be contributed.

The horses' department was a repetition of the diseases and malformations witnessed among the bovines. Two very aged animals were dying upon the floor of their stalls.

The cat and dog departments were in different parts of the same inclosure. The cats were the most attractive. The dogs were dreadfully mangy, and all seemed to be afflicted with repulsive running sores.

"Wouldn't it be better to have separate pens for each dog?" I inquired.

"Surely these sores must be contagious."

"Yes, that is one of the considerations of the future. We cannot yet do all that we would. We have two carts out all day picking up diseased and homeless dogs."

"What is done with the animals as fast as they die?"

"Every night we gather them up, take them to a place in the suburbs of the city, and there bury them. You will notice that there are several dead dogs lying among the rest now."

"How many animals have you got here?"

"Oh, the number changes every day, of course; but you might say 1,500 in round numbers. Then you know there are two other branches of the Pinjrapool in Bombay, each of which has from 1,200 to 1,500 animals. Our facilities are inadequate to the work that is before us."

The same story of disease and age was told in the other departments, those for pigs, sheep, buffaloes, monkeys, porcupines, jackals and various kinds of birds. Besides those animals thus provided with pens, there were calves and goats wandering promiscuously over the premises, and thousands of pigeons flying about just above our heads. I have never heard of any institution elsewhere that was so extensive; and yet it is curious that in these days of humane societies pagan India should furnish this single example.

Caleb Cushing.

This great lawyer had an imagination and no sympathies, nor had he any creative or constructive ability. He was, perhaps, the finest "case" lawyer of his time. His splendid mind was splendidly filled with "authorities." Cushing did not know how to converse. An exchange of ideas, such as occurs in the ordinary conversation, was beyond his grasp. He could talk for hours when he had mounted the pedagogue's stool—in fact, he loved to talk when he could get into that didactic strain. He liked to instruct other people at no matter what expense of time and trouble. He loved his family very dearly. His attachment to his nearest relatives was very much closer than is usual. But he found difficulty in expressing his affection. They had very little in common, and when he was with them, Cushing let them do all the talking. Now and then he would break in with a remark almost incomprehensible to them. A little conversation at a relative's tea table shows the man's peculiarities. Cushing had said nothing for some time. At length, little Johnnie, the small boy of the family, reaching out for the raspberry jam, remarked: "I want some of that there."

"John," said Cushing solemnly, coming to the surface of consciousness again, "your remark is both vague and ambiguous." "Well," said Johnnie, speaking for the entire family, "I didn't understand you when you were here before, and I don't understand you now."

Dr. Stevenson has found that, contrary to a general belief, considerable quantities of zinc may be dissolved by water kept long in contact with it.

The panic of 1857 was followed by a religious revival.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

It is the virtue of the law, and not but tyrants use it cruelly.

We may measure our road to wisdom by the sorrows we have undergone.

Poverty destroys pride. It is difficult for an empty bag to stand upright.

That virtue which requires to be ever guarded is scarce worth the sentinel.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.

The best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty done.

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.

Improvement in the daughters will best aid in the reformation of the sons of this age.

Genius follows its own path and reaches its destination, scarcely needing a compass.

When death gives us a long lease of life, it takes as hostages all those whom we have loved.

To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is, for the present, blind as he that cannot.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things, and is not hurt by them.

He who formalizes on everything is a fool, and a grave fool is perhaps more injurious than a light fool.

The pity which is not born from experience is always cold. It cannot help being so; it does not understand.

Antithesis may be the blossom of wit, but it will never arrive at maturity unless sound sense be the trunk and truth the root.

No school is more necessary to children than patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood or the heart in old age.

If men had only temptations to great sins, they would always be good; but the daily fight with little ones accustoms them to defeat.

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.

The wisest are always the readiest to acknowledge that soundly to judge of a law is the weightiest thing which any man can take upon him.

To have a true idea of man, or of life, one must have himself stood on the brink of suicide, or on the door-sill of insanity, at least once.

The ruin of a State is generally preceded by a universal degeneracy of manners and contempt of religion, which is entirely our case at present.

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.

It will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

Charity is a principle of prevailing love to God and good will to men, which effectually inclines one endued with it to glorify God, and to do good to others.

If any one tells you such a one has spoken ill of you, do not refute them in that particular, but answer, had he known all my vices, he had not spoken only of that one.

We all know much better than we do, and believe more than we relate to practice. How few realize, in experience, the uprightness and nobleness of their convictions!

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in patiently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones are let on long leases.

The strongest passions allow us some rest, but vainly keep us perpetually in motion. What a dust do I raise! says the fly upon a coach wheel. And what a rag do I drive! says the fly upon the horse's back.

We are all inventors, each sailing out in a voyage of discovery, guided each by a private chart, of which there is no duplicate. The world is all gates, all opportunities, strings of tension waiting to be struck.

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 hand is not less irresistible because it wears the velvet glove.

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.

That which is won ill will never wear well, for there is a curse attends it which will waste it; and the same corrupt dispositions which incline men to the shameful ways of getting, will incline them to like sinful ways of spending.

The perfect marriage, as well as the perfect man, is an ideal. It is ahead of us something that lures on in the future, toward which, through manifold struggles, strivings and tears, humanity is working its higher and gradual approach.

The world is filled with a weary, anxious, heavy-laden humanity. It is through weakness that we must gain strength, through ignorance wisdom, through experience of the past, the way toward the future, through our love and faith the true "way of life."

We begin life by demanding vast material for happiness; long before middle life the reasonable mortal owns that happiness is an elusive essence, rarely found when sought as an end. But enjoyment we may daily find in trifles which for a moment, at least, unlock wide tracks of thought and feeling.

Virtue is an angel; but she is a blind one, and must ask of knowledge to show her the pathway which leads to her goal. Mere knowledge on the other hand, like a mercenary, 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.