

HOW TO LIVE.

By thine own soul's law learn to live,
And if men thwart thee take no heed,
And if men thwart thee take no care;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give,
Nor bays they grudge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-sworn steadfast oath
And to thy heart be true thy heart;
What thy soul teaches learn to know,
And play out thine appointed part,
And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow,
Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth,
To thy full stature thou shalt grow.

Fix on the future's goal thy face,
And let thy feet be lured to stray
Now hither, but be swift to run,
And nowhere tarry by the way,
Until at last the end is won,
And thou may'st look back from thy place
And see thy long day's journey done.

WAS IT SUICIDE?

Jack Bancroft and I were old friends. I had known him from his babyhood, and loved him for the excellent qualities of heart and brain which he possessed to an uncommon degree. Jack was one of fortune's favorites, while I—well my lines had not fallen in altogether pleasant places; yet through all the changes of my changeful life he had remained firm friends.

One day he came into my study which, by the way, was parlor, dining and bedroom all in one, and declared I must take a holiday, and accompany him to a place in Jersey where he had spent a portion of the previous summer. I, nothing loth, accepted the invitation, only too glad to get away from the sweltering heat of the city, and the next evening found myself an inmate of a large farm house near Port Murray. A quaint old house it was too, surrounded by magnificent shade trees. An old-fashioned garden filled with a profusion of roses that made the air almost overpowering with their perfume. How I feasted on fresh eggs, milk and other delicacies! But my own special enjoyment of that summer outing has nothing to do with my story.

For a week or more we wandered around all day long with guns and fishing rods, shooting harmless little birds, and catching a fish or two. One evening we were seated astride a rail fence when Jack suddenly raised his gun and fired. The report from the gun was followed by a cry of pain.

"By George!" exclaimed my friend, "I guess I have shot some one."

We bounded over the fence, and made our way through a field of clover toward the spot from whence the cry proceeded. Under a tree we espied a girl, small and slim, with gypsy-like face, shaking her brown hand and moaning piteously.

"Are you hurt badly, little one?" I asked, stooping to examine the hand that had received the charge of shot.

"Not very much, sir. But oh, it frightened me so! I wasn't doing any harm, only just lying in the grass to rest," she replied.

"Poor little thing!" said Jack. "I am to blame, I am very sorry. Where do you live? I will take you home and dress the wound. I am something of a surgeon," he explained turning toward me.

The child hung her head and made no answer to the inquiry, which he repeated.

"I don't live anywhere. I ran away from Aunt Becky. She's a hateful old cat and beat me till I couldn't stand it any longer—then I ran away. You needn't ask me to go back to her, for I won't. My hand doesn't hurt much. Even if it did, it isn't as hard to bear as Aunt Becky's beatings.

She uttered the words in a breathless, terrified way, and gazed at us defiantly, as if to assure us that she would resist any attempt on our part to lead her back to the relative who had so cruelly used her.

"Poor little waif," said Jack, tenderly; "we don't want you to return to Aunt Becky. Then to me: 'Suppose we take her to the tavern where we lunched yesterday. There I can dress the wound and get her something to eat.'"

When she was convinced that we were inclined to befriend her, we had no difficulty in inducing her to accompany us to the tavern, about a mile distant. On the way there the girl, half child and half woman, told us that her name was Alma Lake. She was an orphan, and had lived with her aunt as long as she could remember. She had worked hard all her life and had always been harshly treated. Nobody had ever spoken kindly to her except her old grandfather, who died the previous year. Aunt Becky was glad when he died, because he had to be waited on just like a baby, and she (Alma) often wished she could die, too, and lie in the graveyard beside her dear old grandpapa.

When we reached the tavern Jack dressed the slight wound and ordered supper for our protegee. Before leaving her for the night we made her promise to remain at the tavern until we called the day following.

The wounded girl progressed favorably and in a few days was entirely well. Then the landlady, whom Jack had named the Countess of Blessington, told us she was willing to keep Alma for the summer season, providing she would agree to take care of the children and keep them out of her way during the busiest hours of the day. And when we informed Alma of the

proposition she gladly consented to remain.

I was very much occupied on a serial I was preparing for a weekly journal, and Jack was left to devise ways and means of whiling away the long summer days. Therefore he would frequently start off after breakfast and sometimes would not return until evening. One day curiosity prompted me to ask him how he managed to kill time, when he laughingly replied that he had turned schoolmaster.

"You see," he explained, "Alma takes the little Blessingtons into the woods every morning and keeps them there nearly the entire day. While they are playing near by she, under my supervision, studies from a dog-eared primer belonging to one of the children. The poor girl has never been to school, consequently can neither read nor write. But she has proven a wonderfully apt scholar. She has already mastered the primers, and to-morrow I am going to the village to purchase a slate, pencil and reader for her."

He appeared to take a genuine interest in the progress of his pupil and declared she learned more in a week than he could in a month.

The summer was passing away pleasantly enough. Jack seemed perfectly content with the rustic life we were living and I found it very restful—away from the noise and bustle of the city. One day I received a letter which made a trip to New York necessary. I inquired of Jack of my intended visit and asked him to accompany me. This he declined doing, saying he meant to start to Saratoga in a few days, to join his mother and sisters, who were already there.

Business detained me in New York much longer than I had expected, and after an absence of nearly two weeks I returned, believing of course, that Jack had departed for Saratoga long before. I was considerably astonished when our landlady informed me that he had not gone yet, although he had talked of going every day, but had finally decided to await my return.

I strolled down the road toward Lily Lake, a beautiful pond upon whose surface we had whiled away many an idle hour, wondering the while what my return had to do with his contemplated journey. As I drew near the spot I discovered Jack and his pupil standing under a tree on the lake's margin. He appeared to be earnestly expostulating with her as she stood before him with bowed head and hands clasped over his arm. The sight filled me with pain. I thought, is it possible that I have over-estimated his sense of honor? Can it be that he has wantonly taught this poor friendless child to love him? My better judgment told me that my suspicions were unfounded, and yet—I turned away, determined to question him closely regarding the matter, and if my suspicions were correct to read him a lecture he would not soon forget.

I was in my room when he came sauntering up the lane leading to the house. As I went out to meet him I observed that his handsome young face wore a troubled look.

"I am so glad you are back!" he exclaimed cordially, grasping my hand. "I could not get you returned."

"Why not?" I demanded coldly.

"Oh, confound it, on account of little Alma; she went on in such a dreadful way when I told her I was going that I had not the heart to leave her. You see, the poor child has always been so friendless. I tried to be kind to her. Don't look at me in that way, old friend; on my honor I meant no harm. It never entered my mind to think she would learn to care for me." Here his boyish face flushed slightly. "As God hears me," he continued, "I assure you I have never uttered one word of love to her. I will, I must, go away to-morrow; then you can tell her—but you will know what to say. I will leave some money with you, and when the countess ceases to require her services we must put her in the way to earn a decent livelihood."

He looked so perplexed and spoke so sincerely that the shadow of suspicion I had harbored concerning him left my mind.

"You had better leave immediately," I advised.

"I will. I will start by the first train to-morrow. And you will be kind to little Alma, for my sake, old friend, will you not?"

I assured him that hers was only a child's fancy, and that she would probably forget all about him in a week's time, and the idea seemed to comfort him greatly.

The next morning our host carried Jack's luggage to the depot and we, having time to spare, walked there. On the road just beyond the tavern we encountered Alma. She did not come to greet us, as was her wont, but looked sadly and silently at us. As we drew near I held out my hand and spoke pleasantly to her. She did not heed my greeting, but kept on, her eyes fixed on Jack's face.

"Our friend is going to leave us to-day," I remarked.

"Oh, take me with you, Mr. Jack!" she cried, rushing forward and grasping his hands.

"That is impossible, Alma," I said, somewhat sternly.

"But he will come back! Oh! say that you will come back!" she pleaded, still clinging to his arm.

"No, Alma, he will not come back.

Mr. Bancroft and his sisters will go to Europe in the Fall."

I took her brown hands in mine and motioned Jack to walk on. He stroked her cheek tenderly and without uttering a word turned away.

She gazed after him with a yearning look on her young face that made my heart throb with pity.

"Will you never, never come back!" she murmured in a tone so low that it did not reach his ears.

"Come, Alma, you are too old to be have so childish!" I remonstrated. "Take the children to the woods and I will see you when the train starts."

I turned and followed Jack, who was moving very rapidly. I did not overtake him, and when I reached the depot the train was just moving off. On the way back I looked for Alma, but failed to find her. Having important work to do, I proceeded on my way, determined to call during the evening. I became deeply interested in my writing, however, and did not go in search of her until the following evening. Then I learned that she had disappeared on the morning of Jack's departure.

"I suppose she has gone off with Mr. Bancroft," observed the countess in a severe tone.

"I think you are mistaken, madam," I replied, anxious to shield my friend, yet fearing her words were too true.

I sat down and wrote to Jack, telling him of Alma's disappearance, but made no comments on what I deemed his dishonorable act. Three days later Jack was back at the farm. When I repeated the story of her disappearance, he said, sadly:

"And you believed I returned here and took her away. You did me a great wrong, old friend. Nothing on earth could have induced me to take such a step. I have not seen the poor child since the morning I went away. Banish your unjust suspicions, and let us go in search of her."

When we were about leaving the house to begin our search, the landlady told us there was great excitement in the village, owing to the fact that some men, while rowing on the lake, had found the body of a woman floating in the water. The body had been carried to the tavern, and the county coroner had been sent for.

The news sent Jack into a terrible state of excitement. He started for the tavern at such speed that I could scarcely keep pace with him. When we reached our destination the countess told us the body was in the woodshed. She had not looked at it, but they said it was that of a young girl.

Jack and I went to the outhouse; where the dripping body lay on a rough table. Some kindly hand had placed a horse blanket over it. We moved the covering, and saw, as we both expected, the swollen, disfigured face of poor little Alma.

After one hasty glance, Jack turned away, unable to repress the sobs that did honor to his noble heart.

The coroner pronounced it a case of accidental drowning, and we kept silent regarding what we knew about our waif.

When the body was prepared for the grave, they found the book Jack had given her stowed away in the bosom of her dress. Jack paid the funeral expenses, and together we followed the remains to their last resting place.

We never could decide whether she threw herself in the water or was accidentally drowned, but hoped it was the latter. During Jack's absence in Europe, and according to his directions, I had a monument placed over her grave. It bears this inscription: ALMA LAKE, Aged fifteen years. "She hath loved much, and much will be forgiven her."

Diving-Bell and Armor.

There is a difference between a diving-bell and diving-armor. The bell is a hollow vessel, bell-shaped, inverted and forced down by pressure. The air within the vessel prevents water from rising and filling it. You can better understand it by forcing a goblet in a pail of water. By putting a small piece of wood—a bit of match—on the surface of the water, then forcing the goblet down over that, you can see exactly how much the glass is filled, and the extent of the air chamber, which, in a bell, furnishes a breathing space for the diver.

The diving armor consists of a round, copper helmet to go over the head provided with glass windows. This helmet is fastened down to the body by being connected with a breast-plate. The helmet is large enough so that the head of the diver may be turned about with ease. The body of the operator is encased in a rubber garment, perfectly secure against the penetration of water.

Air is pumped in from above by means of a tube which connects with the back of the helmet, and a second tube from the same place gives escape to the air after it has furnished breath to the diver. The body of the operator is carried down by means of heavy weights attached, and a signal rope is provided, so that signals may be given to those in the outer world. One hundred and seventy feet is the greatest depth that we know of any diver reaching. In 1856 Mr. E. Harrington recovered the iron safe of the steamer Atlantic, sunk four years before in Lake Erie, at the depth of one hundred and fifty-seven feet.

A Departed Race.

Plenty of men are yet living who remember when buffaloes in countless herds covered all of the vast plains between the Missouri River and the Rock Mountains, from the borders of Mexico to the Arctic region. It is not very long since. Only about fifty years ago their slaughter, to supply the demands of commerce, began, and then it was in a small way. The only article then sought was their skins, for conversion into robes. The trade was at first only with the Indians, and along the Missouri River and its tributaries. The Indian, as a rule, is not wasteful nor improvident in the destruction of game. He realizes that it is the mainstay of his life, and if he wastes this year it may cause him to suffer from hunger next year; hence he kills to provide meat for the present; and preserves for the future. The skins from animals so slain, after sufficing for his own wants, find their way to the trader, and thence into the channels of commerce. Thus began the trade in buffalo skins. As the white man became acquainted with the country he saw profit in it, and about 1830 traders began to reach out into the buffalo country, accompanied by professional white hunters, who made a life business of slaughter. However, they were not very destructive, mainly because of their indolence, and partially, perhaps, for the reason that their arms were very imperfect as compared with those of the present day.

First, trading posts were established along the eastern edge of the buffalo range, upon the Missouri River and its larger tributaries. Then the traders crossed the plains and located a similar chain of posts, or forts, along the western edge of the range. These latter were close up to the foot of the great mountain range and at that time, the old employes tell, the great tide of buffalo migration, north and south, with the changing seasons, surged up against the foothills, and diverging columns turned up the larger streams into the mountains and over the passes above the limit of timber growth into the parks and valleys, and even to the sage plains of our present Utah, Nevada and Idaho. Even then the white man's methods in a few years had a marked effect upon the vast herds. The great column narrowed from the sides. The flanking columns were cut off from the mountain passes. The buffalo became rare west of the mountains. The trading posts moved westward from the Missouri and eastward from the mountains. At first the change was slow, then it increased year by year and the dates of the abandonment of old forts and the occupation of new ones, twenty-five or fifty miles further out upon the plains, would show exactly the ratio of decrease in the millions of wild cattle that formerly roamed there. So the destruction went steadily on, but, as it now appears, slowly, until twenty-five years ago, when civilization leaped in one stride from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains. Then the tide of travel across the plains by many routes became great and constant. For hundreds of miles the roads led through pastures yet plentifully stocked with buffalo. The writer has within twenty years traveled for six days in succession upon a stage coach without being at any time in daylight out of sight of herds of buffalo. Of course the slaughter increased with the influx of the white man. They were killed for meat, and when that was not wanted they were killed for sport—mere wanton destructiveness, or to brag about. In this epoch, if such the period may be styled, commerce and the world reaped no benefit from the slaughter, except in the little bit of the meat that was eaten by the butchers and their comrades. The skins were not saved. No meat was sent to market.

Then came the railroads; two lines, the Union Pacific and Kansas Pacific, that penetrated the heart of the buffalo country in 1868 and traversed the entire breadth of it before midsummer of 1870. With them, in the hands of the masses, came also the deadly repeating and breechloading rifles, with which any pot-hunter could "pump" lead into a five hundred acre herd of buffalo with deadly effect, whether he could ever find the carcasses or not. That made no difference. If he wanted one animal he might just as well kill ten, or if he wanted ten it would take but little longer to shoot fifty, and in either case he could then pick out the best—provided the best did not go too far away to die. With the advent of the railroads the buffalo killing was for a time all done "for meat." Hundreds and hundreds of men went regularly into the slaughter. The only meat they wanted was hams and tongues. The rest was left to rot. Even the hams were taken only from the best animals, judged by inspection after death, determined by a knifed coroner's inquest. Buffalo hams became one of the largest freight items on the railroads. Carloads and train loads went to Eastern markets. Hundreds of tons rotted at the stations for want of shipping facilities, other hundreds or thousands of tons rotted before it could be transported from where killed to the railroads.

Where are there two things so opposite and yet so nearly related, so unlike and yet often so hard to be distinguished from each other, as humblity and pride?

ing in sight of buffalo, and it was not an uncommon thing for a train to have to wait for a moving herd to cross the track. Now buffalo are never seen from the trains, nor have they been for eight or ten years past. But there remained one more harvest to be gathered from the departed native life and grandeur of the great plains; a poor, pitiful, post-mortem harvest of stinking bones. After they had surfeited the East with odorous hams and glutted the markets of the world with "robes" killed in season and out of season, these gallant hunters turned scavengers and gathered the rotting bones and blistering horns of the countless dead. Railway trains that had in former years groaned under loads of meat and bales of hides were now loaded down with bones destined for Eastern manufactories of various kinds.

The British Parliament.

The House of Lords in England has 509 members, and the House of Commons has 652. What we particularly notice is the frequent "hear, hear!" with which his party encourages the successful remarks of the orator. But when he carries the war into the enemy's country, their party in turn arouse themselves, and as passionately cry, "No, no," in more or less energetic tones, to statements. In the House of Commons there is none of the applause, the clapping of hands, by which approbation is expressed in France and in the United States. The father of the House of Commons is Mr. Christopher Rice Mansel Talbot, M. P., Lord-Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, who has just completed his eighty-first year, having been born May 12, 1803. Mr. Talbot has represented the county of Glamorgan in Parliament since 1830, without intermission, and may certainly therefore be considered the "father" of the House.

In the House of Lords the seats of red morocco leather extend on three sides of a central table. Behind these benches are galleries for the wives and daughters of peers, the reporters and the invited spectators. The throne is at the top of the chamber, raised upon a platform and dais of carved wood, on each side of which are two chairs, one for the Prince Consort, which has been vacant since 1866, and the other for the Heir Apparent. The throne is of course only occupied on grand occasions at the opening of Parliament, when the Queen in person comes down to the House, drawn by the eight cream-colored horses, Hanoverian as is the dynasty, and reads the Ministerial speech, commonly known as the "Speech from the Throne." But the etiquette of the place always supposes the royal authority to be present; it is represented by the crimson chair, and every peer when he enters bows respectfully to the august piece of furniture. An absurdity less strange than it appears, for in England Royalty is above all things decorative.

Invasion of India.

A French officer, Captain Napoleon Ney, who has been recently employed on several important military missions, has published a remarkable communication on British and Russian rivalries in central Asia. It contains a curious account of a conversation which the writer had with the late General Skobelev, who at that time professed to regard the difficulties attending a Russian invasion of India as well nigh insurmountable. In reply to the question whether the Russians were able and desirous to invade India, Skobelev answered that he would not say anything relative to the political side of the matter. His personal opinion was that there was no question of central Asia involved, but simply a regrettable misunderstanding between England and Russia, which he was firmly persuaded would one day cease. He could not believe that two great European powers would wage war for the sake of some Asiatics. In the meantime General Skobelev was of opinion, from a military point of view, that the invasion of India would be more difficult than is generally believed. "In order to take Akhal, and having at my disposal but 5000 men, I had to get 20,000 camels from Orenburg, Khiva, Bokhara and Mangishlak at great expense and with the utmost difficulty. In order to invade India we should have, in my opinion, 150,000 men—60,000 for the purpose of getting in, and 90,000 to guard our communications. And how many camels would it not require, and where could they be found? This is a detail of transport. But modern warfare is hampered by such details. Then how is an army to live? Afghanistan is a poor country, incapable of supplying food for an army of 60,000 men." General Skobelev then went on to say that Russia had fixed her boundary in Asia at Persia, where she enjoys an influence similar to that of England in Afghanistan. The relations of Russia with Teheran he stated to be excellent, and it was agreed that Merv should mark the limit of the Czar's power in Asia. It was a good thing that Afghanistan on one hand and Kashgaria on the other interposed a barrier between Russia and India.

Where are there two things so opposite and yet so nearly related, so unlike and yet often so hard to be distinguished from each other, as humblity and pride?

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Men's merits have their seasons as well as faults.

One vice is more expensive than many virtues.

Much coin, much care; much meat much malady.

Good, the more communicated, more abundant grows.

Danger has a strange respect for those who defy it.

Better suffer from truth than prosper by falsehood.

The road to heaven is equally short where'er we die.

He who is scared by words, has no heart for deeds.

He who is of no use to himself is of no use to anyone.

Nothing is so secret but time and truth will reveal it.

Integrity is a virtue which seeks and needs no costumer.

A button is one of these events that are always coming off.

Manual gratification advances the pleasures of friendship.

To keep one's opinion is a cheap pleasure and a sweet one.

He who pretends to know everything proves that he knows nothing.

Why are persons fatigued like a wheel? Because they are tired.

What part of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to sell? Articles.

Pleasure may come of illusion, but happiness can only come of reality.

That which you have, and everybody else has at the same time—A name.

The ship that carries more passengers than the Great Eastern—Courtship.

A glove fight—Trying to put on a number five on a number seven hand.

The duration of passion is no more in our power than the duration of life.

Why is a clock always bashful? Because its hands are ever before its face.

"Darling, this potato is only half done." "Then eat the other half, love."

What vocalist can lay claim to having ever been listened to by an ear of corn?

Love is blind. That is why so many young people like to court in the dark.

Why is a tradesman who keeps enlarging his stock like a reptile? He's an adder.

What is that which never asks a question yet requires many answers? A door-bell.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

Show us the young lady whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

What is defeat? Nothing but education, nothing but the first step to something better.

Keep carefully out of a quarrelsome person's way, and still more carefully out of his ways.

A person under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them.

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side.

"Hard lines," muttered the tramp when he tried to cut a clothes-ropo and found it made of wire.

When a tree is felled, why has it no right to complain? Because it was axed whether it would or not.

Why is a comet more like a dog than the dog-star? Because a comet has got a tail, and the dog-star hasn't.

If you hit the mark, you must aim a little above it; every arrow that flies feels the attraction of the earth.

It is the pleasure of the gods—that what is in conformity with justice shall also be in conformity to the laws.

Whatever people may think of you, do that which you believe right. Be alike indifferent to censure or praise.

Estheticism is nothing new to the goat. From his earliest history he is known to have been just awfully all but.

The moment we feel angry in controversy we have already ceased striving for truth and begun striving for ourselves.

He who is dear to the hearts is near, though far as he can be; he whom the heart rejects is remote, though near as our very self.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he is sure of losing.

It is better to be a beggar than an ignorant person; for a beggar only wants money, but an ignorant person wants humanity.

Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-expanding circle.

Faith in a sublime truth, loyalty to a great purpose, will make the faces of men shine like the sun, and their raiment white as the light.

Whatever busies the mind without corrupting it, has at least this use: That it rescues the day from idleness; and he that is never idle will seldom be vicious.

Chivalry is not confined to the relation of the sexes. It is a sentiment which should rightly inspire all who are highly favored in any respect towards those who are less fortunate.

Men's fortunes are oftener made by their tongue than by their virtues; and more fortunes overturned thereby, also, than by their vices.

As the soil however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce good fruit.

Every man is not so much a workman in the world as he is a suggester of what he should be. Men walk as prophecies of the next age.

A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home, and the sweetest music in all the world to one who loves you. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.