## THE SWALLOWS.

The dusky swallows will return again, Their love songs in thy balloony to ging, Aud once again will beat thy window pane With restless, fluttering wing.

But these same swallows that restrained their flight, That lingered lovely in years before,

To contemplate thy charms and my delight, These will return no more.

Thy honeysuckle once again will bloom; Its sprays will climb the lattice of thy bower, And with new beauty in the twilight gloom

Its buds will burst to flower.

But blossoms fair of Summers that are past, Blossoms bedecked with trembling drops

of dew, Which fell like tears of day, too sweet to last----

They will not bloom anew.

Passionate words may the stern silence can throw off all restraint. Till then. break, adieu! Adieu, my adorable one, adieu!

And burning vows upon thy ear may fall; Thy heart, perchance, from sleep profound awake

At love's persistent call.

But that blind adoration, given in vain; These fond illusions, dear as they were fleet, No other will bestow on thee again-

Never again, my sweet.

## A POSTAL COURTSHIP.

"She really is the prettiest little creature I ever saw," said Mr. Willoughby Vane, as he turned from the window for the fiftieth time that morning. "Jane," he added, addressing the housemaid, who was clearing away the breakfast things, "have you any idea who to do." the people are who have taken old Mr. Adderly's house opposite?"

"Well, yes, sır, if you please," re-turned the hand-maiden. "I met their cook at the grocer's the other day, and she said that her master's name was Black-Capting Choker Black-and that he was staying here on leave of absence with his wife and daughter, SIL.'

"Oh, indeed; did she happen to mention the young lady's name?"

"Yes, sir; she called her Miss Eva." "Eva! What a charming name!" murmured Mr. Willoughby to himself; and then he added aloud:

"That will do, Jane, thank you." Mr. Willoughby Vane was a bachelor, 28 years old, rich, indolent and tolerably good-looking. He lived with a and mother. I long for congenial comwidowed mother in a pleasant house in panionship. Thine, Albany. and, having nothing else to do. had fallen desperately in love with his pretty vis-a-vis, [and anxiously sought an opportunity for an introduction. However, having discovered the name of his enchantress, he determined to

address her anonymously by letter. Having decided upon taking this step, the next thing to be done was to put it into execution, and having shut himself in his little study after many futile attempts, he succeeded in framing an epistle to the lady to his satisfaction, begging her, if she valued his peace of mind, to return an answer to "W. V., Postoffice, Albany." 'That done, he went out for a walk, and dropped the letter in the nearest box.

rly three times a day for a past observed a young man, with his "Twenty-eight! Good. Is your conhair brushed back, anxiously watching stitution healthy?"

you from the window of the opposite "I believe so. I have had the meahouse? And, although you have appasles, whooping-cough and mumps." rently never taken the slightest notice "Disorders peculiar to infancy.

of him, I trust that his features are not Good." And the captain scribbled away again. "Are you engaged in any business or profession?"

"Charmed by the graceful magic of 'None,"

"Then how on earth do you live?" "On my private income, captain." "Then all I can say is you're an uncommonly lucky fellow to be able to subsist on that. I only wish I could. What is your income?"

"About four thousand a year."

now I have a favor to ask you. When-"Is it in house property, shares in ever you see me at the window take no limited companies, or in Governments?" notice of me at present, lest my mother | If in public companies, I should be sorshould observe it. In a few days she ry to give two years' purchase for the will be going out of town, and then we lot.

"In the new four per cents."

"Good. I think I may say very My eyes are ever on you. Your own, good! What sort of temper are you?" "Well, that's rather a difficult question to answer," said Willoughby, smi-To which epistle came the following ing for the first time.

"Hang it sir, not at all!" returned the captain. "If any one asked me my temper, I should say, 'Hasty, sir-confoundedly hasty!' And Choker Black's proud of it, sir-prond of it!"

'Say about the average," answered Willoughby timidly.

"Temper average," said the captain, jotting it down. "I think these are the next morning. "I wish you would are about all the questions I have to ask you. You know my daughter by and not waste your time looking out of sight?"

"I have had the pleasure of seeing her frequently-from the window sir!" "And you think you could be happy with her?"

The worthy lady was a red-hot politi-"Think, captain! I am certain of it." "Very good Now, hark ye, Mr. cian, and for three mortal hours she kept him at his delightful task; at the Willoughby Vane. Marry her, treat expiration of which time he succeeded her well and be happy. Neglect her, in escaping to his own room, where he blight her young affections by harshness or cruelty, and hang me, sir, if I DEAREST EVA-I am overjoyed at | don't riddle you with bullets! Gad, sir, the contents of your brief communica- I'm a man of my word, and I'll do what tion. If, as you say, my features are I say as sure as my name's Choker not altogether repulsive to you, may I Black!" hope that you will consent to be mine

"I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of 

"Hang it, sir, No! Choker Black

you of any artifice or deception, I'll

knock you down with it. So now I

"One word more," said Willoughby.

"Certainly. You can be married to-

"Am I to understand that you consent

've taken a fancy to you!"

"You flatter me, captain!"

Back came the reply the next morn-"I know all about that," said the captain, "Keep your fine phrases for the girl's ears. Give me your hand, sir.

WILLOUGHBY.

DEAR WILLOUGHBY-Your reply has made me feel very happy. It is very dull here-no society except father never indulges in flattery. Don't be EVA. afraid to grasp my hand, sir; it is yours

altogether repulsive to you. I am that

Day after day I watch and dream and

Watch thee, dream of thee, sigh for thee

Fair Star of Albany-may I add, mine

noble stanza of the poet Brown. And

"DEAR SIR-Your answer is perfect-

ly satisfactory. I may also add, your

features are not at all repulsive to EVA."

soul she 1s!" ejaculated Willoughby.

"Bless her! what a delightful little

And he went out, ordered a new suit

of clothes and had his hair cut. "Willy," said Mrs. Vane to her son

do something to improve your mind,

the window all day as you have lately

done. Come and read the Assembly

debates to me, if you have nothing else

wrote the following note to Eva:

-mine only?

-to quote with some alterations the

WILLOUGHBY VANE.

individual.

sigh;

own?"

answer:

thine eye,

In this delightful manner the days as long as I find you plain sailing and straightforward. But if I ever suspect flew on-halcyon days, too, they were for Willoughby, and sweetened by the interchange of this and similar loverlike correspondence. On the following hope we perfectly understand each Monday morning Mrs. Vane left town other." on a visit to some friends in Saratoga, leaving her son to keep house at home. The same afternoon one of Captain to our union?" Black's servants brought the following note for Willoughby:

morrow, if you please. Sir, the happi-WILLIE-Have you any objections to ness of my dear child is my first considmy telling my dear papa all? Matters eration. Gad, sir, I am not a brutehave now gone so far that it will be not one of those unnatural parents peoimpossible for either of us to retract ple read of in novels. Choker Black what we have written. Let us take may be a fire-eater on the field; but, at papa into our confidence. I know his any rate he knows how to treat his own well, and flesh and blood.' have no fear that he will oppose our "Say no more about it. Clap on your union. Pray send me a line by bearer. hat and come across the street with me,

A Lottery for Life

In the war of Mexican independence, a captain in the insurgent army is giving an account of a meditated night attack upon a hacienda, situated in Cordillera, and occupied by a large force of Spanish soldiers. After a variety of details he continues:---

Having arrived at the hacienda unperceived, thanks to the obscurity of a moonless night, we came to a halt under some large trees, at some distance from the building, and I rode forward from my troops in order to reconnoitre the place.

The hacienda, as far as I could see in gliding across the trees, formed a huge parallelogram, strengthed by enormous buttresses of hewn stone. Along this chasm, the walls of the hacienda almost formed the continuation of another perpendicular one chiselled by Nature herself in the rocks, to the bottom of single projection, not a single tuft of which the eye could not penetrate, for weeds to check my descent. This sudthe mists which incessantly rolled up from below did not allow it to measure their awful depths. I had explored all sides of the building except this, when I know not what scruple of military honor incited me to continue my ride feel them tremble. along the ravine which protected the

walls and the precipice there was a narrow pathway about six feet wide; by day the passage would not have been ous enterprise. The walls of the farm took an extensive sweep, the path crept around their entire basement, and to follow it to the end in the darkness, only two paces from the end of a perpendicular chasm, was no very easy task, even for as practised a horseman as myself. Nevertheless, I did not hesitate but boldly urged my horse between the walls of the farmhouse and the abyss. I had got over half the distance without accident, when all of a sudden my horse neighed aloud. This neigh made where the ground was just wide enough for the four legs of the horse, and it

was impossible to retrace my steps. "Halloo !" I exclaimed aloud, at the risk of betraying myself-which was even less dangerous than encountering a horseman in front of me in such a road. "There is a Christian passing

the ravine ! Keep back!" It was too late; at that moment a man passed round one of the buttresses. which here and there obstructed the ac-

cursed pathway. He advanced toward me. I trembled in my saddle; my forehead was bathed in a cold sweat. "For the love of God! can you not re-

turn?" I exclaimed, terrified at the fearful situation in which we were both "Impossible!" replied the horseman,

in a hollow voice.

Between two horseman so placed, both upon this fearful path, had they been father and son, one of them must inevitably have become they prey of the abyss. But a few seconds had passed, and we were already face to face the unknown horseman and myself. Our horses were head to head, and their nostrils, dilated with terror, mingled together with their flery breathing. Both

## strengthened myself in my stirrups, to make the terrified animal understand

that his master no longer trembled. I held him up with the bridle and the hame, as every good horseman does in a dangerous passage, and, with the bri-dle, the boy and the spur together, succeeded in backing him a few paces. His head was already at a greater distance from that of the horse of the colonel, who encouraged me all he could with his voice. This done, I let the poor trembling brute, who obeyed me in spite of his terror, repose himself for a few moments-and then recommenced the same manœuvre. All on a sudden I felt his hind legs give way under me. A horrible shudder ran through my whole frame. I closed my eyes as if about to roll to the bottom of the abyss, and I gave to my body a violent impulse on the side next to to hacienda, the surface of which offered not a den movement, joined to the desperate struggles of my horse, was the salvation of my life. He had sprung up again on his legs, which seemed ready to fall from under him. so desperately did I

I had succeeded in reaching, between rear of the hacienda. Between the the brink of the precipice and the wall of the building, a spot some few inches broader. A few more would have enabled me to turn him round, but to atdangerous, but by night it was a peril- tempt it here would have been fatal, and I dare not venture. I sought to resume my backward progress step by step. Twice the horse threw kimself upon his hind legs and fell down upon the same spot. It was in vain to urge him anew, either with voice, (bridle or spur, the animal obstinately refused to take a single step in the rear. Nevertheless, I did not feel my courage yet exhausted, for I had no desire to die. One last and solitary chance for safety suddenly appeared to me like a flash of light, and I resolved to employ it. me shudder. I had reached a pass Through the fastening of my boot, and in reach of my hand, was passed a sharp and keen knife, which I drew from its sheath. With my left hand I began caressing the mane of my horse, all the while letting him hear my voice. The poor animal replied to my caresses by a plaintive neighing, then, not to alarm him abruptly, my hand followed little by little the curve of his nervous neck. and finally rested upon the spot where the last of the vertebræ unites with the cranium.

> The horse trembled, but I calmed him with my voice. When I felt his very life, so to speak, palpitate in his brain beneath my fingers, I leaned over toward the wall, my feet gently slid from the stirrups, and with one vigorous blow I buried the pointed blade of knife in the seat of the vital principle. The animal fell without a single motion, and for myself, with my knees almost as high as my chin, I found myself on horseback. I was saved ! I uttered a triumphant cry, which was responded to by the colonel, and which the abyss re-echoed with a hollow sound as if it felt that its prey had escaped from it. I quitted the saddle, sat myself down between the wall and the body of my horse, and vigorously pushed with my feet against the carcass of the wretched animal, which rolled down into the abyss. I then arose, and cleared at a few bounds the distance which separated the place where I was from the plain; and under the irresistible reaction of the terror which I had so long repressed, I sunk into a swoon upon the ground. When I reopened my eyes, the colonel was by my side.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

No aim at the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

How long does a widower mourn for his wife? For a second.

Creditors and poor relations seldom call at the right moment.

Offences are easily pardoned when there is love at the bottom.

The hours are a part of eternity, and their relation to it never ends.

Pity is the virtue of the law, and none but tyrants use it cruelly.

Falsehood always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.

A mere sanguine temperament often passes for genius and patriotism.

Moderation is commonly firm and firmness is commonly successful.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

He who betrays the confidence of one is not worthy the confidence of another. Freedom from low necessities can only come by reaching after satisfaction.

The world forgives with difficulty the fact that one can be happy without it.

Reason is the torch of friendship, judgment its guide, tenderness its ailment.

Promises hold men faster than benefits; hope is a cable, and gratitude a thread.

Industrious old ladies, as well as delegates, believe in the "you knit" rule.

It is a singular contradiction that when the mosquito visits you he stays to hum.

Our happiness and history are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it.

The attainment of our greatest desires is often the source of our greatest Sorrows.

Our years, our debts, and our enemies are always more numerous than we imagine.

Although cremation relates to dead subjects it is one of the live questions of the age.

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the greatest space thereof.

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

There are but three classes of menthe retrograde, the stationary, and the progressive.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or bind so fast as love can do with a single thread.

Avoid circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; but he who does one should never remember it.

He that would live at ease should always put the best construction on business and conversation.

To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is for the present. as blind as he that cannot He that gives good advice builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example builds with both. Those who think that to dress well: it is necessary to dress extravagantly or grandly, make a great mistake. New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones which the noble can bear to offer or receive.

week afterward he called at the postoffice to see whether an answer had arrived for him. As the week advanced Willoughby began to lose his appetite. and grew so restless and irritable that Mrs. Vane, like a fond mother, fancied that her dear boy was unwell, and begged him to consult their medical attendant. But her son laughed at the idea, knowing well that his complaint was beyond the doctor's skill to cure.

He was beginning to despair of ever receiving a reply, when, to his great delight on the seventh morning a letter was handed to him by the postmaster, written in a dainty female hand, and addressed to "W. V." Almost unable to conceal his emotion he quitted the postoffice, broke open the seal, and drank in the contents.

They were evidentiy of a pleasant nature, for he read the letter over again and again, kissed the envelope, put it into his breast-pocket, and hurried home to see his inamorata looking out of the window of the opposite side as usual.

For a moment his first impulse was to salute her respectfully; but immediately afterward he bethought himself that as he was still incognito, the young lady would perhaps feel insulted by the action. Besides, how could she have any idea that he was "W. V."? So he went in-doors and amused himself for three hours in inditing a reply to her letter, which he posted the same afternoon, and in due course a second answer arrived.

And so matters went on, a constant. inter-change of letters being kept up for a fortnight, during which time Mr. Willoughby Vane spent his days in running to and from the postoffice, writing letters and watching his fair neighbor from the window of the diningroom

"Confound it!" he would sometimes say to himself. "How very provoking the dear girl is! She never will look this way. I do wish I could catch her eye, if only for a moment. What a horridly sour-looking old crab the mother is! Depend upon it, Willoughby, that poor child is anything but happy at home with those two old fogies. Indeed, her letters hint as much." And having given vent to his feelings, he would put on his hat and walk to the postoffice, or shut himself in his room and compose another note to his "Dearest Eva."

At length, three weeks having flown rapidly away in this manner, he received a letter one morning from the young lady, which ran as follows: To "W. V "

Sir-As it is useless to continue a incognito, and reveal your true name that nothing inspires love like mutual confidence. Prove to me that I have not been imprudent in answering your letters, by at once informing me who you are. It is with no feeling of idle curiosity that I ask this, but simply for of justice. our mutual satisfaction. Yours, etc., EVA.

To which Willoughby replied by return of post:

DEAREST EVA (If you will permit me to call you so): Have you not for weeks EVA. and I'll introduce you to my daughter at once.'

"My own Eva. Do what you con-Scarcely knowing what he was about, sider best. My fate is in your hands. Willoughby did as he was told. They If your papa should refuse his consent, crossed the street together, and the cap-But I will not think of anytain opened his door with a latch key. thing so dreadful. Fear not that I shall "One moment, if you please," said ever retract. Life without you would Willoughby, who was titivating his be a desert, with no oasis to brighten hair and arranging his cravat. "Are you ready now?" asked the cap-

Willoughby looked exceedingly fool-

ish as he bowed to the two ladies. On

a couch by the fireside sat his enchant-

ress, looking more bewitchingly radiant

than ever, her vis-a-vis being a tall,

thin, angular woman in black that he

"What a contrast," thought Wil-

the adage. Let us leave the young

tongue then, I'll wager," said the cap-

tain, addressing the younger of the two

"My daughter, sir, said the captain.

"My daughter by my first wife." "And this\_\_\_\_" ejaculated our hero,

Mr. Willoughby Vane fled from his

home that night. About a month later

his almost broken-hearted mother re-

Art of Early Rising.

The proper time to rise is when sleep

The secret of good sleep is, the physio-

logical conditions of rest being estab-

lished, so to worry and weary the sever-

and the wise self-manager should not

allow a drowsy feeling of the conscious-

of self-discipline, the man who resolves

not to doze, that is, not to allow some

sleepy part of his body to keep him in

bed after his brain has once awakened,

will find himself, without knowing why,

an early riser.

turning to the young lady.

"Is my SECOND WIFE, sir!"

it. Yours until death. "WILLOUGHBY." tain.: "Quite!"

seat.

That evening, just as Willoughby "Mr. Willoughby Vane!" cried the had finished dinner, he heard a loud double knock at the street door, and on captain, ushering our hero into the its being opened a strange voice inquidrawing-room. Then, waving his hand, he added, "Allow me to introduce you

red in a loud tone: "Is Mr. Willoughby Vane at home?" to my wife and daughter." His heart beat violently as Jane, entering the room, said:

"A gentleam wishes to speak with you in the library, sır."

The answer was as follows:

And she handed him a card, inscribed "Captain Choker Black, 101st Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y."

had frequently noticed from over the "I will be with him in a moment," said Willoughby; and he swallowed a couple glasses of sherry to nerve him loughby, "between mother and daughfor the interview. "Annie, my dear, Mr. Willoughby Vane is nervous, no doubt. You know

"Captain Choker Black, I believe?" he said, as he entered the library.

"Your servant, sir," said the gallant captain, who, glass in eye, was busily people together, and he'll soon find his engaged in scrutinizing an engraving of the Battle of Gettysburg. "Your servant, sir. Have I the pleasure of ad. ladies, who immediately rose from her dressing Mr. Willoughby Vane?" Willoughby bowed.

"Then, sir, of course you know the business that has brought me here?" Terribly nervous and scarcely kuow- maie. ing what answer to make, our hero

bowed again. "Come, come, sir, don't be afraid to speak out! My daughter has made me her confidant, so let there be no reserve

between us. Eva has told me all!" Here poor Willoughby blushed up to the roots of his hair,

"You see I know all about it. You ceived a letter from him explaining the whole affair; and the postmark bore the have fallen desperately in love with the words: "Montreal, Canada." poor girl; and although you have never exchanged three words together, you are already engaged to be married. Mighty expeditious, upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! Pray, excuse me for laughing, but the idea is somewhat comical! Ha! ha! ha!"

As the captain appeared to be in a very good humor, Willoughby's cour-

age began to rise. "Don't mention it, sir. You are her father, have a right to do what you please. But I sincerely trust that you have no objections to offer."

"I? None! Believe me, I shall be decorrespondence in this manner, I think lighted to see my Eva comfortably set- al parts of the organism as to give them it is now time for you to throw off your tled. But, hark ye, sir. Business is a proportionally equal need of rest at business. I am a plain, blant man, and the same moment; and to wake early and position to one to whom you are fifteen years' solourn with one's regi-not totally indifferent. Believe me ment on the plains doesn't help to start of the sleeper should be secured; polish one. First of all, what are your prospects?"

And the captain drew a note-book ness or weary senses, or an exhausted out of his pocket and proceeded to ex- muscular system, to beguile him into amine our hero as if he was in a court the folly of going to sleep again when he has been aroused. After a few days

"You are an only son, I believe?" "I am."

"Good." And down went the note in the pocket-book.

"Your age?" "Twenty-eight next birthday." of us halted in a dead silence.

Above was the smooth and lofty wall of the hacienda; on the other side, but three feet distance from the wall, opened the horrible gulf. Was it an enemy I had before my eyes? The love of country, which boiled at that period in my young bosom, led me to hope it W88.

"Are you for Mexico and the Insurgents?" I exclaimed, in a moment of excitement, ready to spring upon the horseman if he had answered me in the negative.

"Mexico Insurgent,-that is my password!" replied the cavalier. "I am the Colonel Garduno."

"And I am the Captain Castamos!" Our acquaintance was of long standing, and but for our mutual agitation. we would have had no need to exchange our names. "Well, colonel," I exclaimed, "I am sorry you are not a us must yield the pathway to the other."

"I see it so plainly," replied the colo-nel, "that I should already have blown out the brains of your horse, but for the fear lest mine, in a moment of terror, should precipitate me with yourself to the bottom of the abyss. "What are we going to do?" I de-

manded of the colonel. "Draw lots which of the two shall leap over the ravine."

"There are, nevertheless, some precautions to take," said the colonel. 'He handling or cutting the cartridges there who shall be condemned by lot shall re- is no loss of the material, as sometimes "Stay sir, there is some mistake here," said. Willoughby. "This lady is"—and he pointed to the gaunt fetire backward. It will be but a feeble chance of escape for him, I admit; but,

in short, it is a chance, and especially one in favor of the winner." drawing by lot? By means of the wet finger, like infants, or by head and tail, like the schoolboys? Both ways were impracticable. Our hands imprudentgive a fatal start. Should we toss up a piece of coin, the night was too dark to enable us to distinguish which side fell should have dreamed.

"Listen to me, captain," said the colonel, to whom I had communicated my perplexities; "I have another way. The terror which our horses feel makes them draw every moment a burning breath. The first of us two whose horse shall neigh-" shall be the loser. We waited in deep and anxious silence ficient?"

earliest youth, had almost been passed line of low hills, brown and treeless. on horseback. If there was any one in the world capable of executing this equestrian feat, it was myself. I rallied myself with an almost supernatural ef. of her rival. fort, and succeeded in recovering my that he trembled beneath me. I surrounding parts.

Explosive of the Future.

The explosive of the future is undoubtedly blasting gelatine, the latest invention of Mr. Noble. Already on the Continent the manufacture of this new agent has assumed important dimersions, though here, owing to the stringency of the climatic test imposed by government its position is as yet scarcely established. Many of the latter operations of the St. Gothard Tun-Spaniard-for you perceive that one of nel were carried out with pure blasting gelatine; and in Austria, the richest of all the European countries in mines except Great Britain, the factories where dynamite was formerly made are now given over to its manufacture. It is simply a base actif, containing 93 per cent. of nitro-glycerine, with a base of 7 per cent. of collodin wool, that is itself an explosive, in place of the inert kieselguhr. As a blasting agent it is more homogeneous than dynamite, and, on account of its elasticity, is less sensible to outward impressions, while in occurs with dynamite. Its further advantages are that the gases after explosion are lighter and thinner, and leave no dust, developing at the same time a How were we to proceed to this more considerable power. Taking the power of dynamite at 1,000, and nitroglycerine at 1,411, blasting gelatine is represented by the figures 1,555, in addition to which superiority it is capable. ly stretched out over the heads of our unlike dynamite, of retaining its nitrofrightened horses, might cause them to glycerine when brought in contact with water. Sir Frederick Abel has kept it under water for a year without its undergoing the slightest chemical change. upward. The colonel bethought him of an expedient, of which I never complicated and delicate is the process complicated and delicate is the process

necessary for the production of this new explosive, it is never likely to be made by unskilled persons or concocted in a back shop in Birmingham.

White Women.

Intaccihuati, which, next to Popocatapetl, is the highest volcano in Mexico, is until the voice of one of our horses universally called the "white woman" in should break forth. This silence lasted the land of the Montezumas. Its shape, -for an age! It was my horse who as viewed from Popocatapetl, some 150 meighed the first. "You will allow me miles away, is suggestive of a dead neighed the first. "You will allow me miles away, is suggestive of a dead a minute to make my peace with Hea- giantess robed for bunal, the white shroud hair seems to stream in silvery locks from the snowy forehead down over the sides My education had been in the coun- of the bier. Her feet are turned toward try. My childhood, and part of my Popocatapetl, and between them lies a

> Do you wish a portrait that is not flattered? Ask a woman to make one

The usually accepted explanation of entire self-possession in the very face of the so-called boring sponge is that it death. As soon as my horse felt the forms the burrows in which it is found bit compressing his mouth. I perceived growing, its protoplasm eating into the

It is one of those strange inconsistcies of human nature that men prefer to do good through that of justice.

Be not penny-wise; riches sometimes fly away of themselves; sometimes they must be sent flying to bring in more.

Public discussious are an intellectual stamping mill, where the worthless quartz is crushed and the pure gold set free.

Virtue will catch as well as vice by contract; and the public stock of honest, manly principle will daily accumulate.

To find one who has passed through life without sorrow, you must find one incapable of love or hatred, or hope or fear.

Money in your purse will credit you; wisdom in your head will adorn you. and both in your necessity will serve you

Mark this well, ye proud men of action! You are, after all, nothing but unconscious instruments of the men of thought.

No state can be more destitute than that of a person who, when the delights of sense forsake him has no pleasures of the mind.

By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken.

Religion can no more be learnt out of books than seamanship, or soldiership, or engineering, or any practical trade what soever.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear experience.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

Love is the most terrible and also the most generous of the passions; it is the only one that includes in its dreams the happiness of someone else.

There is no courage in surrendering what is true; no real courage in defying public sentiment when that sentiment springs from the truth.

Deal very gently with those who are on the down hill of life. Your own time is coming to be where they are now. You, too, are "stepping westward."

In all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

It is much easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition, to stand up for

The action of man is a representative type of his thought and will; and a work of charity is a representative type of the charity within the soul and

ven?" I said to the colonel, with fail- showing the contour of breast and limbs. ing voice. "Will five minutes be suf- The face 18 perfect in outline, and long

"It will," I replied.

ends. Dozing should not be allowed. True sleep is the aggregate of sleeps, or is a state consisting of the sleeping or rest of all the several parts of the organism. Sometimes one and at other times another part of the body, as a whole, may be the least fatigued, and therefore the most difficult to arouse.