Beneath those leafy boughs. All day among the scented grass The crickets leap and sing, And green and golden shadows pass Like swallows on the wing.

How calmly in the sheltered nook The summer hours may go, Yet bright and joyous as the brook That sings with deep'ning flow.

O world, with all thy cities' pride, Thy plains and valleys green, Thou hast not in thy bound'ries wide, So sweet, so fair a scane.

#### A BRAVE WOMAN.

At Mr. Lonsdale's aristocratic manfee, so that Mrs. Lonsdale was languidly eating orange marmalade when cle praising the delicious pine-scented "Suicide is the last resort of the cowhad just come from Moon Mountain.

"Left a widow!" echoed Mrs. Lonsdale. "And with six daughters. What a very unpleasant circumstance!"

"She was my favorite cousin," said ever saw. I suppose, Naomi"-with a served for you, cousin Naomi." little hesitation-"we couldn't take her in here?"

"Take her in here?" repeated Mrs. Lonsdale. Lonsdale. "Why, where could we put actually haven't room to accommodate

"Well, well, I'm sorry for poor Mary," said Lonsdale. "I think she had the bluest eyes I ever saw. Six daughters, and we never had one. Perhaps, Naomi," with the old hesitating formula, "you wouldn't like to adopt one?"

"Thank you," satirically observed his wife. When I do receive an adopted child into my house it will not be the country article."

At the solitary little farm on Moon Mountain, however, the same topic was being discussed while Mrs. Drix was sewing on the simple mourning which the bereaved family could afford.

Helen was washing the dishes, Rosie was darning the carpet with a piece of woolen yarn of the same color and Lizzy was trimming seven plain straw hats with bands of crape, as inexpensively as possible. Susy was picking over a shining tin pan of dandelion greens for dinner. Esther, the youngest and rosiest of all, was feeding a little flock of downy chickens, and Sarah, the eldest, was absent at a neighbor's, helping to make up the spring outfits of half a dozen boys.

"Sarah was always so handy with the needle," said Mrs. Drix, with pardonable pride.

"But, mother," sald Rosie, looking up from her work with a troubled countenance, "what are we to do?"

"Mother," said Lizzy. "our Lonsdale cousins in Philadelphia are rich. Couldn't we go to them?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Drix. "I wrote to them, telling them of our affliction, and they sent back a letter full of common-places, without even offering to help us."

"But they are rich, and we are

"Yes, and they live in splendid style, Hattie Cooley says so," added Susy.

"Very likely," said Mrs. Drix "But as long as there are seven pair of hands in this family and God spares our health, I do not propose to turn genteel beggar!"

"But, mother," began Rosie, who was the care-taking member of the family, "I really think-"

"I've settled it all in my own mind," said Mrs. Drix, stitching away until her needle looked like a gleam of steel lightning. "The house is large, although it isn't built after the latest fashion. The air is wholesome and there is the Black Spring, where people come to get the water for ten miles around, I mean to keep boarders!"

"Hurrah for the little mother!" cried Essie, clasping her plump hands. "And I may help you make custards and do up preserves, mayn't I, mamma?"

Susy and Esther shall help me." declared Mrs. Drix. "Sarah can always earn her living by tailoring work. Helen shall go into the glove factory; I'm told they need new hands there. Lizzie can help Mrs. Dart, the milli- ing. ner, and Rosie is to be nursery governess at Mrs. Millingham's. And if between us we can't earn a livelihood it account-and Rosie was in high favor will be very strange.

Susy and Essie were delighted. Rosie naturally regarded her position as a decided promotion. Helen, however, dropped a tear into the pan of hot water which she had just poured out. compounded.

"The glove factory, mother?" she repeated. "But it will be such a gaged at Saratoga," said the city lady. strange, lonesome place. I don't think "I am getting rather to like Moon I shall like it."

duty, child," said the brisk little wid- have grown to like them very much." ow. "I'm an American woman, and Mr. Lonsdale himself entered as she they cannot discourage me. This is a spoke. country for the woman's rights."

"Mary is going to open a boarding- is the news, Mortimer?"

house," said Mr. Lonsdale again to his her."

"Very laudable of her, I am sure," en't a cent to call our own!" said Mrs. Lonsdale with a yawn.

"Suppose you were to go there for a can't very well stay here while the painting and repairs are going on."

"I don't know that I can endure that sort of living," said Mrs. Lonsdale dubiously. "Mary Drix used to be the best

housekeeper I ever knew," answered her husband. "Do you suppose she will take me

cheap?" "I should imagine so." So Mrs. Lonsdale wrote a patroniz-

ing letter to her husband's cousin bespeaking the best room. But when she got to Moon Mountain there was only one little square room sion in Philadelphia the earliest letters left. The fame of the Black Spring were brought in with the rolls and cof- had gone forth in all directions, and a newspaper editor promulgated an arti-

her husband read out the contents of air and well populated trout brooks of ard. Don't you know, Mortimer, that the letter with the black edge which the mountain-and the consequence it is always darkest just before daywas that the farm house was full. "But this room is too small," said

Mrs. Lonsdale, fretfully. "It's all I have left," said Mrs. Drix, "and I could have let it half a has just come over from Carragee farm. Mr. Lonsdale. "As bright a girl as I dozen times over if it hadn't been re-

> "You'll take me at a reduction from the usual prices, I suppose?" said Mrs.

"I shall charge you just what I a widow and six young women? We charge everybody else, neither more nor less," answered Mrs. Drix. "But I'm a relative," pleaded Mrs.

> "What good does that do me?" said of this size are \$15 a wcek."

"But that is too much," whined Mrs. Lonsdale. "How much did you expect to pay?" it!"

asked Mrs. Drix with a curious sparkle in her eyes. "In this wilderness here," said Mrs.

Lonsdale, "\$10 would be-" "If those are your ideas we never shall come to terms," said Mrs. Drix. "But if you are really cramped for

money-" idea of the perpetual demand on us for Drix.

"I will take you for twelve dollars." Mrs. Drix completed her sentence as if her husband. the other had not spoken.

And the bargain was completed. Mrs. Lonsdale had not been in the house a week before she took her husband's cousin severely to task.

olive-green suit has the best room in all the happier for having been ruined." the house," said she. "The very best." "Yes," said Mrs. Drix, "he is my mother's uncle. He was always very good to my poor husband."

price?" "Yes," confessed the widow. "He is

stairs, so of course he must have the first floor room."

"But I'm told he only pays half

"But he hasn't any property?" body will rent it of him because the land is so rocky, and the farm house was burned down last fall when there youd that he has nothing."

Mrs. Lonsdale frowned. seventy years old without having laid up some little provision for the future,"

she said. "I was thinking," said Mrs. Drix, "that perhaps Cousin Mortimer Lonsdale would contribute a little something to his support, as we are equally rela-

ted." "You may be very sure that he will

"Very well," said Mrs. Drix calmly. "He shall never want while I can help him."

The very next week, however, old Mr. Darrow was found dead in his armchair. And by will he had left everything he possessed to his grand-

niece, Mary Drix. "I wish you joy of Carragee farm!" have to pay taxes on it, so it will absolutely be money out of pocket." "It was all he had to give?" said

Mrs. Drix. Meanwhile the family was prospering. Sarah was engaged to marry a thrifty young farmer of the neighborhood. Helen was earning a good liv-

Lizzy was contemplating the setting up of a small milliner's shop on her at Millingham Place.

Even Mrs. Lonsdale admitted that her French cook could not excel the creams, delicate cakes and delicious puddings which these young damsels

"I'm almost sorry our rooms are en-Mountain. And your table is decided-We must all of us try to like our ly good. Mary. And as for the girls, I

"Well," said the lady airily "what,

"Bad news," said Mortimer, in a wife. "She has requested me to insert | hoarse accent. "We are ruined! The an advertisement in the dailies for business has gone to wreck-the cashier has gone to Belgium-and we hav-

Whereupon, naturally enough Mrs. Lonsdale went into hysterics, screamfew weeks before the Saratoga season ing, "Oh, heaven! we are ruined, opens?" suggested Mr. Lonsdale, "You ruined, ruined! My life has ended, Mortimer-I might as well die as

starve." When Mrs, Drix came in, Naomi was widely loading her husband with reproaches and struggling with him. Mortimer Lonsdale stood with some thing glittering in his hand. Mrs. Drix went up to him and took it away

with gentle authority. "Give me that pistol, Mortimer," said she. "Get up, Naomi, and leave off crying and sobbing. If ever you needed to be a woman, you need it now,"

"I can never redeem myself," said Mortimer hukeily. "You had better have let me shoot myself, Mary" "Pshaw!" said Mrs Drix, curtly.

"We are ruined-we are ruined!"

light?" "I don't know what you mean," said

"Then listen to me. The old lawyer He says that they have struck a rich vein of iron on the rocky hills there. A stock company want to buy it of me for \$80,000, and I've agreed to sell it. Uncle Darrow was as much your granduncle as he was mine. We'll divide the money, Mortimer, you and I."

"But I've no right to it Mary," faltered he.

"Not by law, perhaps," said the widow, "but you have by equity-at all the widow, fixing her blue eyes full on events, half of it shall be yours. What Mrs. Lonsdale. "My terms for a room | do I want with \$80,000? Half of it will be great riches for me. The girls are all doing well, and I like to lead a busy life. Nay, Mortimer, you must take

> He turned away his face. "Mary," said he, "you have heaped coals of fire on our heads!"

"Mary," sobbed Mrs. Lonsdale, "you are an angel."

So Mr. and Mrs Lonsdale settled on' a pretty farm on Moon Mountain, and, strange to relate, their only son, Geof-"My dear Mrs. Drix, you have no frey, eventually married pretty Essie

"So you'll have to adopt one of Mary Drix's girls, after all!" jocosely said

'She's a perfect little darling!" said Mrs. Lonsdale, who had softened strangely of late; "and her mother has shown me what a complete fool I made of myself. She has brought me to my "That horrid old man in the faded senses, Mortimer, and I think we are

# The Soldier's Life.

Going into winter quarters was to

the veteran what holiday time is to the

school-boy. First of all there was the feeling that you were settled down for very old, and can't go up and down a time, the prospect of a long and much-needed rest, with an increase of personal comfort. The dreary boxes of hard bread were exchanged for broad "He owns Carragee farm, across the sheets of fresh loaves from the Governmountains," said Mrs. Drix, "but no- ment bakeries. The sutler and the paymaster arrived, and every table groaned with simple but high-priced luxuries. Hut-building grew into an were so many fires in the woods. Be- art, A few men of mechanical instincts would explore the woods, in search of all sorts of odd-shaped roots and "Nobody has any right to live to be branches, creating out of these unpromising materials specimens of rustic work remarkable for neatness in design. Usually the huts were built of rough logs, split in half to give the interior walls a finish. Shelter tents were stretched over the rafters, the chinks between the logs were stopped with wet clay, and a chimney completed the edifice. Six men formed a mess, shelfnot," said Mrs. Lonsdale, with empha- like bunks affording sleeping space at either end. In the center stood a cracker-board table, with a few stools or a couple of chairs made out of flour barrels. The muskets and equipments hung on pegs on either side of the door. which was made of canvas on a frame, or the universal resource, a crackerbox. In these snug huts the men forgot their trials and privations, and enjoyed the simple pleasures at their comsaid Mrs. Lonsdale. "Of course you'll mand. Chess, checker, and backgammon boards were obtained from the sutler or were manufactured, and it was a poor hut that could not boast of a pack of well-thumbed cards. These games served to relieve the tedium of winter life, for in stormy weather there was not much drilling and very little fatigue duty. A great deal of pipecarving was done, the roots of laurel being abundant, while the ambitious devoted their leisure to inventing patent machines. One of the most valuable agricultural implements now in the market owes its origin to a soldier mechanic, who completed the details

> Think of ease, but work on. A foul morn may turn a fair day. A shrewd observer once said that in walking the streets on a slippery morning, one might see where the goodnatured people lived, by the ashes

in a winter hut.

thrown on the ice before the doors. Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonest duplicity by whomsoever exhibi-

#### Picturesque War.

The expedition which Lord Wolseley has projected up the Nile is called by the English journalists as original and daring as anything in the annals of war. It may, however, have had its prototype in the ancient Pharaohs, who sent large expeditions into the Soudan, beyond the territory that acknowledged their sway, to procure drugs, ivory, ostrich feathers, lions and slaves. These expeditions may possibly have ascended in the small Nile boats which are represented in the tombs and temples, The English are going to attack the rebels in row boats. The Londoners speak of this as original. It is the common way of going to war with the river tribes. This expedition was to leave Sarrar about the 1st of November. What it will do, now that it is impossible for the liars of the Soudan and of Cairo and of England to any longer conceal the fact that Gordon is as safe in Khartoum as the Khedive in Cairo, and that no "rescue" is needed, it is impossible to predict. But it seems to be belived that the English troops will continue on up the Nile in the expectation of restoring allegiance to Egypt by a show The expedition was to contain 7,000 men in a flotilla of 800 small and nar-

row boats. Each boat is 32 feet long by seven feet broad and will carry ten boatmen, ten soldiers and food for one hundred days; they draw only twenty inches of water and can be sailed, rowed or poled or "tracked"-that is pulled along by a rope. It is thought that boats of this size can be hauled over the rapids with little difficulty. Of course the only reason for following the river in its roundabout way is that the men may have water, the want of which presents an almost insuperable obstacle to the crossing of the desert by a large army. If this plan is carried out, the expedition will be a novel and in some respects a pleasant adventure. The climate of the upper Nile in winter is superb, with no rain, no dampness, fairly cool nights for sleeping, and a temperature of seventy degrees during the day. The voyage, to be sure, if it lasts a couple of months, will be rather monotonous, and we imagine that rowing the boats up the swift current will cease to be amusing after the first day. No progress worth speaking of can be made by poling, and tracking is about as slow as rowing. It requires a good deal of strength to pull a small row boat up the stream, with only four or five persons in it, and when it is attempted to row a boat thirty-two feet long, and loaded down with men and provisions for three months, it will be no joke. Sails may perhaps be utilized occasionally, for the prevailing wind on the Nile in winter is from the north but, in taking this great circuit, with its numerous short bends, there will be a good deal of distance where sails cannot be used. To ascend the river in a row boat is also less pleasing than on a dahabeah or steamer, whose decks are high enough out of water to give a view over the high and steep banks. To pull along against a three-mile current, in fact to crawl along, in the river, with little to see on top of the monotonous banks, will be anything but inspiring. Probably, however, the soldiers will walk a good deal of the time, and drag their boatloads of food. Certainly the expedition will be watched with interest.

# Henry Clay's Medal.

Henry Clay, when presented in Febuary, 1852, with a large and elegantlyexecuted medal, by some of his New York friends, received it by reading a written address, and then, in a conversational manner, expressed a favorable opinion of the bead, as giving his features with great truthfulness, but playfully remarked that he did not know before that his nose was so prominent; and then added, in allusion to the great intrinsic value of the medal from its material: "Who can tell but fifty or a hundred years hence, some Goth may get hold of this and say the nose of this old dead fellow will serve to buy me a great many things that I want, and may carry it off? However, it is a capital likeness, I think. The artists," said Mr. Clay, "have not generally succeeded well in taking my features, but that has been in a great measure my own fault; for my face never retained long the same expression, and, especially when I am under any excitement, it changes every moment. John Randolph once paid me a high compliment, not intentionally, ferhe seldom complimented any man; but, without intending it, he paid me what I esteem one of the highest compliments I ever received. He said that whenever a debate is coming on, if I can get a sight at Mr. Clay's face I can always tell which side he is going to take." Strange to say, the medal was soon afterwards stolen between Washington and New York from a lady to whose care it had been intrusted, and the original donors had a fac-simile made, at considerable expense.

# Protective Union.

The working women's Protective Union of New York has a record to be proud of. It has been in existence 20 years, and during that time has expended \$65,000 in the conduct of 7,000 prosecutions for attempted frauds upon working girla

#### Victoria's Fortune.

Her Majesty possesses an immense fortune. The estate at Osborne is at least five times as valuable as it was when it was purchased by the Queen and Prince Albert about forty years ago. The Balmoral property of her Majesty now extends over 30,000 acres. Claremont was granted to the Queen for life in 1866, with revision to the country; and her Majesty purchased the property outright three years ago for £78,000. Probably its market value is not much under £150,000. The Queen also possesses some property at Coburg, and the Princess Hohenlohe left her the Villa Hohenlohe at Baden, one of the best residences in the place. With regard to personal property Mr. Nield left the Queen over £500,000, and the property left by the Prince Consort is believed to have amounted to nearly £600,000; but the provisions of his will have been kept a secret, and the document has never been proved. The Queen must also have saved a vast sum out of her income, which has always been very well managed. Since the death of the Prince Consort the general administration of the Queen's private affairs has been confided to Lord Snyder, who is a consummate man of business. I have reason to believe that in due course application will be made to parliament on behalf of the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Indeed, there is to be a royal message on the subject of Prince Al; bert Victor's establishment next session. The country will not, however, be asked to provide for the younger members of the royal family. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are already wealthy, and on the death of the Duke of Saxe Coburg Gotha they will migrate to Germany; but the Connaughts, Albanys, Christians and Battenburgs will look to the Queen for provisions; and so, also, will any of the younger children of Princess Alice who may happen to make poor matches. It will be seen, therefore, that the Queen will have plenty to do with her fortune, large as it undoubtedly is; and although in the event of her Majesty's death the country would be asked to provide for Princess Beatrice, yet she naturally will occupy an important place in her mother's will.

### Harvest of Salt Marshes.

Thousands of large haycocks are visible over the length and breadth of the Jersey marshes. Laboring in these great harvest fields that rest on watery fondations is not attended with the arcadiant charm which is associated with the same work among clover and timothy. There is no suggestion of lowing kine, no sweet scented breath of new mown hay, no rest at noonday beneath the cool spreading trees. The fragrance of the salt meadows is that wafted from the sluggish ditches and stagnant pools cheked with the decaying vegetation of years, and from the great sources of oozy, malarious slime which the receding tide exposes to the sun. Mosquitos are born in millions in these congenial breeding spots, and swarm constantly about the ears of the mowers.

This salt hay, after being cut and stacked, is left in the meadows untill winter weather has so stiffened the marshes that horses may be safely driven on them. Then the hay is hauled to the farm or premises of the owners. This hay is prized and principally used as bedding, although it serves in some places as food for cattle especially if upland hay is scarce and

high. Large quantities of it are sold in Newark and Elizabeth to livery stables, brewers and manufacturers for bedding for horses. It is worth about what the purchaser may feel like paying for it, although in some seasons it has brought \$5.00 a ton.

# The Best Medicine.

Speaking generally it is not to the laboratory of the chemist that we should go for our potash salts, but to the laboratory of nature, and more especially to that of the vegetable kingdom. They exist in the green parts of all vegetables. This is illustrated by the manufacture of commercial potash from the ashes of twigs and leaves of timber trees. The more succulent the vegetable the greater the quantity of potash it contains, though there are some minor exceptions to this. As we have already stated we extract and waste a considerable portion of these salts when we boil vegetables and throw away the pottage which our wiser and more thrifty neighbors add to their everyday menu. When we eat raw vegetables, as in salads, we obtain all their potash. Fruits generally contain important quantities of potash salts. and it is upon these especially that the possible victims of lithic acid should rely. Lemons and grapes contain them most abundantly. Those who cannot afford to buy these as articles of daily food may use cream of tartar, which when genuine, is the natural salt of the grape.

Court wisdom ardently. First understand, then argue.

Be just to all, but trust not all. The beauty of the face is a frail possession, a short-lived flower, only attached to the mere epidermis, but that of the mind is inuate and unchange-

able. A MAN'S domestic relations don't bother him as much as the relations of his domesties.

#### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Fall not out with a friend for a tri-

A flow of words is no proof of wis-

A good paymaster never wants workmen.

Attend to duties promptly and faith-

Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray. Yield always to reason, but never to

passion. The sublimest miracle in the universe is Man.

Friendship is the bud of the flower of love A friend to everybody is a friend to

nobody, Form plans with care, to execute with vigor.

The old man's staff is the rapper at death's door. The agitation of thought is the begin-

ning of truth. Children have wide ears and very long tongues.

Be forgetful of self, and live not to yourself alone. Many without punishment, none without sin.

Mediocrity is the dry rot that paravzes Progress. Pleasure in work is the mere delirium of rhapsodists.

Little things console us because little things afflict us. Whatever is worth adopting, is

worth sticking to. Remember that a good example is a very convincing teacher. Second thoughts are the adopted

children of experience. Be respectful towards others, thereby commanding self-respect. Learning is pleasurable, but doing is

the height of enjoyment. All life aims are in vain that aim at anything less than heaven. Being found true of heart, heaven is

the goal of the humblest life. Malice sucks the greatest part of her own venom, and poisons herself. The lowest deeps and the loftiest

heights are in the heart of man. The Cant of politics is searcely less reprehensible than its.corruptions It is the best proof of the virtues of a

family circle to see a happy fireside. Kind hearts are more than coronets. and simple faith than Norman blood. Many persons consider themselves friendly when they are only officious.

No pleasure is comparable to standing on the the vantage ground of truth. Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by men.

If you are determined to live and die a slave to custom, see that it is at least a good one. The beggar is the only man in the

universe who is not obliged to study appearances. The best and most important part of a man's education is that which he

gives himself. The best and most important part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.

A man can frequently polish his

boots with better grace than he can polish his manners. That which is won ill never wears well, for there is a cause attends it

which will waste. The man whose rule of life is policy never knows the glow or the glory of

honest enthusiasm, Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much

your eyes cover it. Have the courage to provide entertainment for your friends within your means-not beyond. Scholars are frequently to be met

with who are ignorant of nothing save their own ignorance. Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things.

and is not hurt by them. He that, to the best of his power, has secured the final stake, has a perennial fountain of joy within him. Genius is only entitled to respect

when it promotes the peace and improves the happiness of mankind. "In the sweat of thy brow shall thou eat thy bread." This is a curse which has proved a blessing in disguise. A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather but vanishes as soon as a cloud approaches.

Work of hand or head is not an end in itself, but a means to the development, progress and happiness of man. Nothing makes the world seem sospacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitude and lon-

In the literary as well as military world most powerful abilities will often be found concealed under a rustic

garb. Have the courage to acknowledgeyour ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pre-

We often meet with more instances of true charity among the ignorant and poor than among those who profess to be Christians.

Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky, but the stars are there, and will re-appear. The same corrupt dispositions which

incline men to the sinful ways of getting will incline them to like sinful ways of spending. He who is truly in peace never suspects others. But he who is ill at ease

and discontented, is disturbed by various suspicious. So quickly sometimes has the wheel turned round, that many a man has lived to enjoy the benefit of that charity

which his own piety projected. Have the courage to work and support yourself, though it may be by handling the pick, rather than sponge on your relatives, and act as a dude.

Have the courage to wear old clothes until you can pay for new ones; and do without rather than borrow, particularly from any than a near friend.