

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Old Time is the fittest of wags,
And puzzles the world with his rules;
He gave all to-day to the wise,
To-morrow he promised the fools.
At first he made naught but to-day
With its joys, its successes and sorrow,
Then to keep on good terms with the world
He promised he'd make a to-morrow.
The idle rejoiced at the news,
Put their hands in their pockets and slept,
Believing the promise of Time
Would be most religiously kept.
They never conceived that the roguish
Had promised to-morrow in fun,
So quietly went to decay,
Leaving all to-day's work to be done.
At last they woke up but to find
To-morrow was really a myth,
And thought what they'd do, when too late,
If they had the time to do with.
They prayed to old Time to return,
'Twas merely the wasting of breath,
For they found, as he laughed and flew on,
That to-morrow was nothing but death.

THE GYPSY'S PREDICTION.

Esra Alden was in love with Clara Scudder; and, sometimes, in moments of great exultation—for he was a modest youth, as every true lover should be—he had dared to think that she did not frown upon his passion.
But Clara was the squire's daughter, and an heiress, while Esra was but a small farmer, and so far from successful in that pursuit, that it seemed absurd, as well as impossible, that he should aspire to the hand of the lovely Miss Scudder, who had been courted in vain by fine London gentlemen. So he had sighed and cast longing looks from his place in the choir (where he sang in a fine tenor voice on Sundays) into the squire's pew; and more than once he thought pretty Clara blushed brightly, and he knew well enough that she always smiled sweetly and her voice when she spoke to him, had a caressing sound, and altogether her manner toward him was not discouraging. But Esra would not be encouraged. He felt it was useless for him to ask the squire for his daughter's hand unless he had a good pot of money in his own hand with which to back his proposal. So, instead of trying to compass the desired end by increased industry, he neglected his little farm more than before, and spent his whole time in wishing that he could find a pot of money somehow, in the manner of old-fashioned stories—at the foot of a tree; under the foundation of his house. I believe he would even have sought for it at the end of the rainbow, like the boy in the nursery rhyme, if he had been told there was a good chance of finding it there.
Suddenly a rumor spread abroad that a wonderful gypsy had appeared, who was telling people's fortunes that came true in the most remarkable manner, and all the countryside was in a state of excitement on the subject. She was of somewhat exclusive character, this madam gypsy, and could only be consulted in a certain place, in the shadow of a wych-elm, in the open air, and during certain hours these hours being between the last rays of the declining sun and the first shadows of coming night. Of course the rumor of the gypsy's marvellous fortune-telling reached Esra Alden, and equally, of course he was much exercised in mind concerning it. He found out the place where the fortune-teller divined these fair fortunes.
One evening after watching the sun slowly disappear behind the western hills, he repaired thither, stealthily, and a little afraid of meeting Clara Scudder somewhere in the vicinity, for the wych-elm was just on the further side of the squire's park.
However, he met no one, except a hurried squirrel, fast speeding to its home, and it was even more scared at being met than he was, so he hastened to the wych-elm, and there sure enough, was madam gypsy, sitting curled up against the trunk, and looking precisely as if she were waiting for him. She was a very old woman, bent almost double. Her lined and wrinkled face was the color of butternut, and the tangles of her hair hung in elf-like grizzled locks about her brow, and over her cheeks. But her black eyes had a wonderful brilliancy and such a keen look that they seemed to see right through him. She was wrapped in a tattered old scarlet cloak, and a hood of the same was drawn well over her head. She gave a quick nod to Esra, and motioned him to take a seat at her feet, which he did with his heart thumping as if he were before the Delphic oracle.
And when she spoke, he had to bend his head and listen very attentively, for not only did she mutter her words in a very toothless fashion, but she spoke in so low a tone that he had some difficulty in hearing her.
But he made out what she said—
"I was expecting you, my son, and I know what you come for."
And when she held out a hand even more brown than her face—a shaking tremulous hand.
Then Esra made haste to cross the palm with silver, that being, as he well knew, the time-honored custom.
Esra had in his pocket a half crown piece, with a hole in it, and a cross drawn on its face, which he had kept many years for good luck.
So, as there could be no more auspicious occasion than the present for using it, he timidly placed it in the

gypsy's hand, and again bent his ear attentively to listen to her unintelligible mumbling.
"I know the desire of your heart, my pretty gentleman," said the gypsy. "It is a certain maiden, not a hundred miles away, only you have the faint heart that seldom wins a fair lady. But if you could find a pot of money, your spirit would be bolder. Listen to me, and obey me, and you shall have your wish."
Esra did listen with all his ears, and as you may suppose, they were just then pretty long and wide and capable of taking in a large amount.
"You must dig up every foot of land you possess," proceeded the gypsy; "you must not grow weary in your search—you must dig and dig, continuously, and plant and harvest, and dig again if necessary; and mark my words, sooner or later, you will find the pot of money and the maiden will be yours." Esra listened with faith, and departed with joy in his heart.
He fulfilled the fortune-teller's injunctions so well, that all the countryside took to talking of him after the gypsy disappeared. He not only dug but he plowed, sowed and harrowed.
He seemed taken with a sudden mania for farming, and work which before had been distasteful and monotonous, now that he had an object in view, was full of excitement and interest.
At first he dug and dug; looking for his pot of money; as it did not turn up he continued to dig, full of faith, and growing every day more and more interested in his own efforts.
"What on earth has got into Esra Alden?" asked the neighbors, one of another. "Why, he has taken to working like one possessed. He's hired a man, too, and the pair of 'em are at it from the first dawn of daylight till nightfall."
"Whatever has got into him he's going to have the best crops of the year," answered one. "Lucky man. Just when there's going to be a rise in flour, too, and he has no end of wheat growing, and in splendid condition."
"Why, Clara, isn't that Esra Alden's farm?" asked the squire, as his daughter one day drove him past it, in her pretty pony carriage.
"Yes, sir," returned Clara, with a faint pink stealing into her cheek.
"Has someone else farmed it, then?" asked the squire. "There isn't another farm around here fit to compare with it."
The pink in Clara's cheek deepened to a lovely crimson.
"Oh, no, papa," she said, softly: "it seems Esra—Mr. Alden, has just developed a talent for farming."
"And a first-rate talent, I should say," remarked the old gentleman. "A man who can show such a farm as that can hold his head as high as anyone."
Clara's eyes glowed and sparkled. She touched her ponies lightly.
Her happy thoughts rushed off into the future at a pace to rival even their fast trotting.
As the neighbors had foretold, Esra Alden had particularly fine crops that season. His success at farming having also developed his commercial ability, he sold all that he had to sell to excellent advantage.
"Well," said Esra, as he counted up his gains, and tied them securely in his money-bag, "I haven't found my pot of money; but this little pile is not to be despised, and I shall keep on. By George! I wonder if this is what the old gypsy meant."
Esra had some time on his hands now for dreaming. He took to sighing for Clara once more, but in a much more hopeful spirit.
"I will speak to her father," he thought, "and if he gives me encouragement, I will ask Clara if she will marry me."
Now some young men would have thought it safer to win the daughter's consent first; but Esra was too honorable for that.
"If the squire won't have me," he said to himself, "it's no use to ask Clara. She would never disobey her father. I shouldn't care half as much for her if she would."
So he took his money-bag in his hand and sought the presence of Squire Scudder.
The squire sat reading a volume in his handsome, old-fashioned parlor, being in a very genial mood, he received Esra with the most encouraging kindness, and listened to all he had to say with a benignant smile.
"It is not a great deal," concluded Esra, holding up his money-bag, "but there's plenty more where I found this, sir."
"And, pray, where did you find it, Mr. Alden?" asked the squire, rather taken aback.
"At the roots of my wheat and barley," answered Esra, adding with a laugh—"to tell the truth, sir, I consulted a fortune-teller, and she told me to dig and dig, and I would certainly find a pot of money. I haven't found it yet, but I intend to keep on digging, and I don't doubt but what I shall find it by-and-by."
Squire Scudder burst into a hearty laugh, and kindly patted Esra on the shoulder.
"I don't doubt but you will, my lad," he said cheerily. "Honest industry is the best pot of money any young man

ever found. As for Clara, you can talk over that matter with herself—she's sitting there by the window, hidden behind the curtains."
Now that was dreadfully mean of the squire not to have given Esra a hint of Clara's presence before; but he didn't mean it.
It seems quite impossible for these old gentlemen to realize how serious such matters are to boys and girls.
Squire Scudder rose with a nod and a smile, and went away, leaving Esra in dire confusion, staring at the window curtains; and wishing the floor would open and swallow him.
But it didn't.
Instead, the window curtains opened and a lovely young lady stepped out from them.
So, Mr. Alden," she said coming forward, "you consulted the gypsy fortune-teller, too?"
"Oh, Miss Scudder—Clara—you have heard everything," stammered Esra, sinking into the chair from which he had risen in his first consternation.
"What a terrible fool you must think me."
"But I don't—I have great confidence in that gypsy's predictions."
"Then you consulted her too?" asked Esra.
"Dozens of times she positively had all my small silver."
"Well she got but a single piece from me, that's some comfort," said Esra, recovering somewhat, and venturing to laugh slightly.
"Was it anything like this?" asked Miss Scudder, producing one from her jacket and holding it towards Esra on the palm of her hand like cream.
Esra looked and started, and gave a little cry.
It was his own lucky silver piece.
He glanced into the laughing, blushing face; and then for the first time he looked straight into Clara Scudder's eyes.
They were very, very dark, and wonderfully brilliant; but this time they did not seem to look through him—they sank before his glance, and veiled themselves under lovely, long black lashes.
"Oh, Clara," murmured Esra, "you were the gypsy?"
"Of course I was."
"And you knew I loved you all the time?"
"Of course I did, you foolish fellow—that's why I had to invent a way of telling you so."
In a year Esra and Clara were married.

Like the Days of '49.

What is claimed to be as rich a gold strike as has been recorded for years in Colorado was made by E. O. Moody ten or twelve days ago, at the head of Georgia and America Gulches, in Summit county, near Breckenridge, Colorado. It was the case in the early days that Georgia Gulch yielded the largest nuggets and the coarsest gold near its head. Knowing this fact, and believing that it was evidence that the source of the gulch gold was in leads yet undiscovered Moody led the scene of his early summer's successful prospecting and went up the gulch to where he has made his latest strike. The ground was covered by a placer patent, owned by Captain A. J. Ware, who made Moody a promise that he would deed him a half-interest in any valuable lead he could discover. Upon this promise Moody commenced work.
He followed every rich streak he found up the hill. By this means he has discovered three leads, all said to be rich in gold, but the last one rich beyond precedent. In sinking a six-foot shaft he got out dirt from which he panned out over \$600 in wire gold and nuggets, beside a pile of rich ore, which is full of gold. Then he began tracing the lode and has opened it for 1,500 feet in a dozen or more places, and in every hole it is said to show the same richness. Much of the gold is on bunches of thin, matted wires, which the miners call "wool."
Moody has obtained his deed to a half interest, and is at the clam putting in eighteen hours a day panning out ounces of the yellow metal. Captain Ware is not a particle excited, but takes his good fortune very coolly. One gentleman stated to a reporter recently, with an entire abandonment to the magic of big figures, that Moody would show up \$10,000,000 worth of ore in two weeks.

Personal Journalism.

Benjamin Franklin the most successful editor we ever possessed and the wisest one, wrote on the abuse of the American press, as follows: "On examination of the Pennsylvania Gazette for fifty years from its commencement, it appeared that during that long period scarcely one libellous piece had ever appeared in it. This chaste conduct of your paper is much to its reputation, for it has long been the opinion of sober, judicious people that nothing is more likely to endanger the liberty of the press than the abuse of that liberty by employing it in personal discussions, detraction and calumny. The newspapers have set this state in a bad light abroad. I have seen a European newspaper in which the editor, who had been charged with frequently calumniating the Americans, justified himself by saying that he had published nothing disgraceful to us which he had not taken from our own printed papers."

He Laughs at Locks.

"Locks? Locks won't keep burglars out. Why, I can open any kind of lock that has ever been invented, without key or combination." The speaker was a close-shaved, clean-cut, penetrating looking man. He stood in a locksmith's shop on Fourth and a-half street, dangling the dial of a combination lock on the end of a bent wire.
"Do you make a practice of breaking open safes?"
"I open safes when nobody else can. That is, I open safes when the locks are out of order or the combinations lost. Sometimes a man will oil the lock of his safe and it gets gummed up so that the tumblers won't work and he can't get it open. Some men are forgetful and lose their combination. Safes are sold at sheriff's sales sometimes and, the owner being mad, won't give up the combination. When anything of that kind happens they send for me."
"Do you blow them open?"
"No. If the lock is broken so that it won't work I drill a little hole alongside the dial and pick the lock with a small bit of wire. If the lock is all right, only the combination is lost, I go to work to find it and don't deface the safe at all. It takes me from three seconds to six hours to open a safe, according to the kind and the method I employ."
"But how can you find the combination. Does it not take a long time?"
"By testing. As to time, it depends upon circumstances. If I know the man who set the combination I can find it in a very few minutes. If I don't, it takes longer. You see, I study the character of the man, and if I know him pretty well I can strike his combination through his character. When a stranger comes to me to say he has lost his combination I make a study of him, and in nine cases out of 10 I can hit it the second or third trial, but if he did not set the combination himself it is more difficult. Then I study the lock instead of the man, and I am sure to get it open in a few hours. Oh, no! It wouldn't do to tell you how. Safe openers are dancers in a community. They are always watched by the police. They keep an eye on me all the time. I have them trying my door all hours of the night, and there's generally one somewhere around. No, I couldn't teach you how to open safes. But you might not find it easy to learn. There is a kind of association between me and locks—an understanding as it were. We have the same way of thinking."
"Could you open a burglar-proof time lock?" asked the scribe.
"I can open the best lock that was ever made in five or six hours. These little office safes I wouldn't put that much time on; they don't pay enough. I just take a hammer and break the knob off and can get into the safe in about three seconds."
"What do you get for opening a safe?"
"For a little three second safe I get \$10. For a large safe such as they have in banks and brokers' offices, and where they don't want the lock injured I get \$250."
"Could you open the great safe in the United States treasury?"
"Easily. I could get rid of the time lock and everything in six or seven hours, and wouldn't make any particular fuss about it either. No safe was ever made but it had some weak point known to the maker, so he could get into it in case the lock should refuse to respond. If there wasn't they would have to break the concern all to pieces if the lock broke. Now I know where to find these weak places. I can strike within a quarter of an inch of it every time. It is generally covered over by a thin sheet of steel or boiler iron, and by cutting away a block three or four inches, which is easily done, I could drill into the best safe that has ever been made. It would not be any trouble for burglars to get into the treasury safe if they understood locks as I do."

The World's Granite.

All over the United States, in the larger cities may be seen great buildings, handsome and costly specimens of architecture, and structures which are marvels of engineering skill, the carved and polished walls and towers of which once lay in ragged masses on a little island far out in the bosom of Penobscot Bay in Maine. This island is the southerly of a picturesque pair known as North Fox and South Fox, each being incorporated as a town, named respectively North Haven and Vinalhaven. It was as long ago as 1765 that South Fox saw its first white settlers, and twenty-four years afterward it was incorporated as a town, named as above for John Vinal, Esq., of Boston, some of whose relatives yet live on the island. The southerly half of this seagirt, town is one solid mass of beautiful granite, and the quarrying of this stone has created a pretty village of 2,000 people at one of the many snug coves—Carver's Harbor.
For nearly half a century stone for building and paving has been sent from Vinalhaven, but it was not until the decade of 1850-1860 that very much was done. In 1851 Moses Webster and J. B. Bodwell, one a New Hampshire boy, and the other from Massachusetts, went to the rocky island, and with a capital of about \$300 began quarrying

operations. They had few tools and no machinery, but got out the stone the best way they knew, and then slowly conveyed it to the shore on drags drawn by cattle. When the Government built two big fronts in New York harbor in 1852 or '53 the contract for furnishing the stone was given to Bodwell & Webster, who managed to fill the bill all right, and thus got a good start in the world. Since then they have prospered, and now do probably the largest quarrying business in the United States employing from 600 to 1,000 men, as the volume of trade varies, paying \$25,000 to \$50,000, a month in wages and keeping the whole island community happy and prosperous.
To see 500 quarrymen, teamsters, blacksmiths, cutters and polishers all at work, "hammer and tongs," is an interesting sight. Were it not for the fact that granite is found in strata of quite uniform thickness, quarrying would be a most difficult and expensive operation, and a great part of the stone would be wasted. When a quantity of stone is to be taken out the first thing necessary is to make a "head," that is to cut downward through the horizontal strata until a whole transverse section of a layer is exposed to the foundation. Then, at the desired distance back from this head, which resembles a ditch twenty to fifty feet long, the quarrymen drill what are known as "Miller holes" into the granite. A Miller hole consists of three triangular orifices, drilled closed together, and some depth into the stone. Generally one group suffices; occasionally two or three are drilled. Into these holes are poured tremendous charges of gun powder, which, when exploded start the whole mass of stone as far as the "head" from its strata bed. After that it is easily split up by driving little iron wedges into a series of holes drilled on the dimension line. Immense derricks, gayed up by heavy wire rigging, and operated by stationary steam engines, swing the stone from place to place in quarry, out of their reach rollers of iron and hard wood are used for the heaviest pieces. Ponderous trucks, drawn by 1,500-pound horses, go floundering along toward the cutting shops with great blocks triced up under their rear axles with chains. The truck wheels being about fifteen feet high, it will be seen that a large stone can be carried in this way without dragging.

Courting Sticks of Old.

In early New England days, as far back as the middle of the eighteenth century, when hospitality was a practice as well as a virtue, there was in most houses only one large assembly room, and there the family and all the guests and chance callers gathered on winter nights about the blazing fire logs. We know that youth was youth, and love was love, and young men were timid and maidens were shy, and courtship went on in those days. How was courtship possible in this common room where every word was heard and every look taken notice of? We read in the admirable volume on the recent centennial of Long Meadow, Mass., by Prof. Richard S. Starrs, of that town, in the winter evenings for the convenience of young lovers, since there was no "next room," courting sticks were used; that is, long wooden tubes that would convey from lip to ear sweet and secret whispers. Was this an invention peculiar to Long Meadow?
It is a charming picture that this calls up of life in a Puritan household, this tubular love-making, the pretty girl (nearly every girl is pretty in the firelight of long ago) seated in one stiff high-backed chair, and the staid but blushing lover in another, handling the courting stick, itself an open confession of complacency, if not of true love. Would the young man dare to say "I love you" through a tube, and would he feel encouraged by the laughing, tender eyes of the girl when she replies through the same passage, "Do tell?" Did they have two sticks, so that one end of one could be at the ear and the end of the other at the mouth all the while? How convenient, when the young man got more ardent than was seemly, as the flap went round, for the girl to put her thumb over the end of the tube and stop the flow of soul? Did the young man bring his stick, and so announce his intention, or did the young lady always keep one or a pair on hand, and so reveal both willingness and expectation? It was much more convenient than the telephone, with its "hello" and proclamation to all listeners at the end of the line.

St. David's Day.

In days gone by St. David's day was observed by the royalty in England, and in 1695 we read how William III. wore a leek on St. David's day, "presented to him by his sergeant porter, who hath as perquisites all the wearing apparel his majesty had on that day, even to his sword."
The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

Up or Down.

An Illinois philanthropist wishes to benefit the poor by teaching them to eat their bread and butter with the buttered side down. He says that the sense of taste is most acute on the tongue, and that a very small amount of butter is satisfactory if put in the obviously right spot.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Counsel over cups is crazy.
A bow long bent, at last waxeth weak.
Humanity judges humanity by itself.
The way to get a start in life is to start.
Do not despise another because of poverty.
Do it well, that thou mayest not do it twice.
Malice sucks the greatest part of her own venom.
He who throws dirt must soil his own hands.
Talk to the point and stop when you have reached it.
It is not death that makes the martyr, but the cause.
There is no power of genius that can do the work of toil.
If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.
True merit like a river, the deeper it is, the less noise it makes.
The secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.
We ought not to judge of men's merits by the use they make of them.
The truly valiant dare everything but doing any other body an injury.
Choose brave employment with a naked sword throughout the world.
The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.
He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.
There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quaintness of wit.
Religion is not a thing of noise and spasms, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.
Genius follows its own path and reaches its destination, scarcely needing a compass.
There are always a few who believe in the quadrature of the circle and the perpetual motion.
Life consists in the alternative process of learning and unlearning; but it is often wiser to unlearn than to learn.
Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.
Life, according to an Arabic proverb, is composed of two parts—that which is past, a dream; and that which is to come, a wish.
Decent and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness.
Observe system and order in all you do and undertake. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend upon yourself.
Do not nurse your troubles to keep them warm, and avoid that useless and senseless habit of constantly referring to them in your conversation.
When Fortune comes smiling, she often designs the most mischief. When Fortune caresses a man too much, she is apt to make a fool of him.
We are linked both to the past and the future, and our duty to the former, well fulfilled, will best fit us to discharge our duty to the latter.
He that does not know those things which are of use, and necessary for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.
Books are also among man's truest consolers. In the hour of affliction, trouble, or sorrow, he can trust to them with confidence and trust.
Perhaps your master knows what a capital plowman you are; and he never means to let you become a reaper because you do the plowing so well.
Pride is like the beautiful acacia, that lifts its head proudly above its neighboring plants—forgetting that it, too, like them, has its roots in the dirt.
He is poverty-stricken who is so absorbed in the one little inclosure of which he holds the title deeds that he loses his grasp on the bending universe.
Calumny crosses oceans, scales mountains and traverses deserts with greater ease than the Scythian Abaris, and, like him, rides upon a poisoned arrow.
Courage that grows from constitution often forsakes the man when he has occasion for it; courage which arises from a sense of duty acts in a uniform manner.
What I object to in Scotch philosophers in general is that they reason upon man as they would upon a divinity; they pursue truth without caring if it be useful.
To be always intending to lead a new life, but never to find time to set about it, is as if a man should put off eating and drinking from one day to another, till he is starved and destroyed.
Indolence is a delightful but distressing state; we must be doing something to be happy. Action is no less necessary than thoughts to the instinctive tendencies of the human frame.
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.
It is a great and noble thing to cover the blemishes and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues upon the house top.
Real forgiveness is that which we accord to a child who has been naughty and now is penitent. Forgiveness is the right thing from us all to each other. Full of faults and shortcomings we know ourselves to be, cannot we forgive the like frailties in others? Temptation is a fearful word. It indicates the beginning of a possible series of infinite evil. It is the ringing of an alarm bell, whose melancholy sounds may reverberate through eternity. Like the sudden, sharp cry of "Fire!" in the night, it should rouse us to instantaneous activity, and brace every muscle to its highest tension.