As to a shrouded shrine. Once, thro' the misty distance, All on a sea of song, Led by a spirit tender,

Drifted my soul along. Nearing the mystic portals, Then from a deep disguise Flooded a light like morning Down from her starry eyes.

Eyes that were like twin oceans Troubled with fitful rain, Bright as the sky, for pleasure, Dark as the clouds, for pain.

Faint came a breath of odor, Light fell a rhyming tread, Rustle of robes anear me, Sudden, and swift, and sped.

Far, far away in the distance, Lieth the bounds of life, Lieth its pulsing sweetness, Lieth its quick'ning strife.

JANET'S WAGER.

'Well, I know one thing," said pret- her cousin. ty Bessie Carlton decidedly. "I never Brown doesn't how know she has lowered herself in my esteem by marrying such here are her wedding cards, Janet," and she tossed them across to her friend. "No, indeed," she went on, leaning back in her comfortable lawnchair, "my mind is made up, mark my words, Janet. I never shall marry a man with red hair." Janet laughed most provokingly.

warning tone, "there's no telling what you may do before you die, as old Miss Gaylord is always saying, 'we're born but we're not buried.' "

Bessie laughed, then asked seriously, "But why shouldn't I be sure? I never could fall in love with him, Think how unromantic it would be. In novels the heroes alway have 'waving auburn carls,' or 'jet-black locks,' I never have come across one endowed with my pet abhorrence, red hair,"

"I regret to express my feelings Bessie," said Janet coolly; "but I feel it my duty to tell you that you are making a goose of yourself," and while her friend stared in a mixture of surprise and indignation she continued calmly. "To begin with, you are not in a novel, so you can hardly expect young men with 'auburn tresses' and 'jet locks' flying to the wind, to be always hanging around doing nothing, as seems to be the aim of the impossible heroes in the impossible romances that you refer to, and to end with, you are only a girl doomed to live a useless, unromantic life, like all the rest of us, until some kind creature with black or red hair. I don't know which, shall take pity on you and marry you. So I wouldn't be so vehement against the unknown red-haired if I were you. Do you know," she cried starting up. "I will wager a box of French bonbons that you marry a man with not golden hair, not auburn, but real downright red hair; what will you give me if I win?"

"This diamond," answered her friend. lazily touching the beautiful jewel at her throat.

"O no," remonstrated Janet, "I won't take anything so handsome; you are too generous."

"Not at all," was the reply, "because I am sure I never shall have to give it up."

tone, "here come the boys," as across the lawn towards them came two hand- shot, than Janet bent forward, crying matter with your hair?" some young fellows.

them as he came up; "we heard your excited voices as we rode up the avenue, and with our customary courage flew to the rescue. Whose life is in of voice. "I am sure our plot will ruse to make you love me. 'Tis true I danger?"

"It is just this," explained Janet. man with red hair." Upon this Laurie am almost sorry for him. I don't was finished the blinds flew open and out "Bessie declares she will never marry a passed his hand complacently over his own blonde curls; "And I have wagered a box of bon-bons against her diamond pin that she will. Won't you turning to her cousin.

"Certainly, your majesty," And after a prolonged search amid his numerous pockets he produced a diminutive note-book wherein he made a most business-like record of the bet and the stake put up by both girls.

"And now we shall see who wins. I am all anxiety, although I think with ples, her admiration for Mr. Landsdale's Janet that you are doomed to lose your | many good qualities. bet, Miss Carlton," turning to her.

He was a tall, handsome young fellow and Janet's cousin, while his companion | subject of "Woman's Rights," Laurie Edwards, was only a friend down on a fortnight's visit.

Laurie was Miss Carlton's devoted slave, and now he cried eagerly. "I don't see why she should lose." am sure she has every opportunity to

win." ously, causing Miss Carlton to blush you think his hair is beautiful?" and Lourie to vow congeance against

ities, even to save herself from losing."

"What a beautiful sunset," cried

affected your cheeks, my dear," said Janet; "Won't you take this seat? It tirely." The answer to this kind offer was a

she could not resist laughing, a prorie and Bessie. Fred restored the peace | He broke it by saying, abruptly: of the party by saying quietly, as if nothing had happened:

"By the way, Janet, if you don't object, I think I'll ask Dick Landsdale a busy office?" down for a few weeks."

"Of course you may ask him - any one that you choose; why, where are you two going?" as Laurie and Bessie were strolling off.

"Just for a walk on the beach," answered Bessie over her shoulder. 'Won't you join us?"

"Two is company, four is none," called Janet. "Who is Dick Landsdale anyway?" she asked, turning to

"That's just the joke," he cried eashall marry a man with red hair. May gerly. "He is the nicest rellow going, but he has the reddest hair you ever saw. He is fascinating, handsome and a fellow as Clem Weston. I wouldn't intelligent-just the man for Miss Carlhave believed it of her. But the deed ton to fall in love with, Now this is is done; she really has married him; my plan: I shall insist upon his wearing a wig over his objectionable hair while visiting here?"

"But," interrupted Janet, "do you think he will be willing?"

"Oh, yes, I know Dick." was the reassuring answer. "Then I shall expect him to fall in love with Miss Bessie, and trust her own stony heart will "Don't be too sure," she said in a be touched; then when they are engaged he shall appear with his natural red hair, the plot shall be disclosed, I shall beg forgiveness, you shall win your bet, and the curtain will go down on the villains you and I, Laurie the disappointed lover, and the happy pair,

Dick Landsdale and Miss Carlton," "That would be splendid," cried Janet: "but suppose she doesn't fall in love with him, what then?"

"Why, nothing. There will be no harm done, only a crushed plot. But I am sure she will like him."

"Poor Laurie," said Janet, "I feel sorry for him."

"Well, you needn't, she doesn't care bores her awfully, and he'll get over it tending not to notice. in no time-I have been along there myself. Come now, let us join them on the beach. Remember, mum's the

A few evenings after, as Laurie and the two girls were standing on the gallery, preparatory to taking their customary evening ride, the dogcart came bowling up the avenue, drew up at the steps and out of it sprang Fred Miles, followed by a tall, dark-haired, grayeyed young man with an intelligent face and distinguished air. After the usual introductions Janet, with her most gracious smile, turned to the newcomer, saying:

"If you are not too tired, Mr. Landsdale, we will be happy to have you go to ride with us."

"I have already ordered his horse, so or not," interrupted Fred before his friend could reply.

around the horses, "you, Miss Carlton, "I took you for Mr. Landsdale." and Mr. Landsdale will go together, while we two prog along behind."

rangement, but, as it could not be help- face?" "Eh bien! nous verrons," was the ed, he submitted to his fate, though | "I haven't forgotten you, Dick," she quick retort. "Ah," changing her glowering darkly at his friend. No cried piteously, "but what," she hesisooner were the three ahead, out of ear- tated-then desperately, "what's the delightedly: "He's very handsome, just | "Now, don't be angry with me, darl-"What's the row," called one of as you said, and his hair is beautiful. ing, and I will tell you all about it,"

think he will stay much longer after rushed the conspirators.

this; he'll learn his fate and depart." of his aderation that she "would always have won, I have won, I have won!" be his friend, but nothing more," and As for Bessie, she forgave them both; the following day departed at war with then, with tenderest smile, said, laying

all men, or rather all woman kind. Bessie, unconscious of Janet's treach- in spite of your real red hair." ery, expressed to her without any scru-

"He is so intelligent," she said one evening after a long discussion on the

"Yes, dear, I agree with you," was the sympathetic reply, encouraging ing beds of trout in the small streams Bessie to go on. "And so handsome. that feed the main water, it will soon Don't you think he is handsome, devour thousands of eggs and shovel T Janet?"

"Very," said Janet, enthusiastically; then, glancing up with a mischivous One flock of wild ducks can easily de-"Oh, yes, we all know she has every look in her eyes, which Bessie remem- stroy the entire breeding prospects of opportunity," laughed Fred mischiev- bered only too well afterward, 'don't any trout stream in a short time.

"Lovely," cried her friend, "Ah, him; "but I doubt whether she will Janet; I think I shall-" She stopped A bad custom ought to be broken.

avail herself of these same opportun- short, overcome with confusion, for she was going to say "win my bet."

Janet understood, pretended not to Bessie, desperately; the country is al- notice, finished the sentence off in her ways beautiful, but especially so on sum- own mind and told her fellow conspirator that night she thought things were turning out very well.

"The rays of the departing sun have-At length the crisis came. They had been rowing on the lake all the evening is more in the shade than the one you Bessie and Dick in the front boat, Janhave. This vine will screen you en- et and Fred in the one behind. It was quite warm rowing in spite of the pleasant breeze hovering about, and Dick stony glare, which so amused her that had dropped his oars and stopped for a while to rest. Strange to say, silence ceeding which infinately disgusted Lau- had fallen upon him and his companion.

"I am going away to-morrow. Aren't you sorry for me, leaving all this beauty and pleasure for a dusty desk in

She had been leaning over the side of the boat, letting the water run through her hands, but now she started up glancing at him with a hurt, pained

look in her big blue eyes. "You are not really going so soon?" she said slowly, as if she couldn't believe it.

"Yes, really," he answered picking up the oars and begining to row with unwonted zeal.

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes." "Then," he said quickly, "I won't go right yet. I will wait awhile, then take you back with me. I am not a rich man," he went on hurriedly, "but I have enough to make my wife happy. Will you come, Bessie?" He dropped the oars, held out his hands for answer. She put her own dimpled white ones in his big brown ones.

Just then the boat ran into the wharf, bringing them back to their senses.

The walk home was very quiet and rather embarassing. Bessie wondered if it was exactly right to accept a lover without so much as asking her father's leave. To be sure, his indulgence and weakness to her was proverbial. Still she thought she ought to have gained his permission first. She expressed her fears to Mr. Landsdale, who set her mind at rest by producing a letter from her kindest of parents, giving him permission to try his fortune, winding up with "she's a dear girl, Landsdale, and as I like you, I hope you will succeed."

By this time they had reached the porch. With a hasty "good-bye" she sprang up the steps and rushed away to her room, where Janet, on her return, found her, vainly trying to cool her tell-tale cheeks.

"Won't you come out on the lawn a snap for him. You can see that he for a game of croquet" she said, pre-

"No, thank you; I have a raging headache. You go down like a dear girl. I will come down to-night. I may feel better then."

"Perhaps you may; it will be dark;" with which farewell shot she departed to inform Fred she thought "the blow was about to fall."

With the night and moonlight came Bessie out on the broad front gallery, blissfully unconscious that Fred and Janet were ensconced behind the blinds. waiting, as Fred expressed it, "to see the fun." She looked around, surprised to see no one, and had half determined to go back, when some one stepped cut from the shadow of the pillars and came toward her.

"Is that you Dick?" she cried, darting forward; but no-she drew back he will have to go whether he wants to with a hasty "I beg your pardon," for the moonlight shone full down on as red a crop of curls as ever were owned "There, Laurie." as a groom brought by man. "Excuse me," she went on,

"And so I am," answered a familiar voice, "surely Bessie, an absence of two Laurie frowned a little at this ar- hours can't have made you forget my

I never would have guessed it was he said, persuasively. "You know false if I had not known all about it." you said you would never marry a man "Yes," said Fred in a satisfied tone afflicted with red hair, so I adopted this succeed; I think she fancies him al- began it all as a joke, but soon I was ready. See how attentively she listens terribly in earnest." And then he told when be speaks. Poor old Laurie; I her the history of the plot. When it

"Pity and forgive, most beautiful la-Nor was Fred mistaken. After two dy, "the humblest of your servants," weeks of protracted misery, Laurie cried Fred, falling on one knee, while take it down in black and white, Fred?" could stand it no longer, so declared Janet overwhelmed her triend with his love, was told calmly by the object kisses, crying at the same time, "Oh, I

> her hand on her lover's, "I think I With the conspirators all went well, would have loved you anyway, Dick,

Trout.

The wild duck is probably the most destructive of all the enemies of the trout, for it confines insalf entirely to feeding on their spawn. Always a glutton, when a duck finds the spawnthe entire contents of the breeding places into its stomach, if not molested.

Elowers are the pledges of fruit.

Rise of a French Marshal.

Andoche Junot was a Burgundian by birth, born in 1771, and in his youth, after a preparatory schooling, he studied law but never practiced. When he was 21 years of age he enlisted in the army it went up to 50 cents. Curiously as a volunteer; it was in the height of enough, as the price of the copper has the revolution, a few months previous gone down, the uses for it have into the execution of the king, Louis creased, and hundreds of things are now XIV. In September, 1793, when Paris | made of copper that were formerly had become comparatively quiet under | made of cheaper metals or not made at the constituent assembly, Napoleon all. Who has not noticed the sudden Bonaparte, then scarcely known beyond the old convention and his own section of the army, was sent to wrest Toulon from the English and Spanish; and among the men under his command was things-all resulting from cheap copyoung Junot. During the slege that per, for brass is two-thirds copper and followed Napoleon had occasion one one-third spelter or zinc?" day to send a dispatch to a distant point. He was in the saddle, halted before the company to which Junot belonged, and, running his eyes along the line, he asked if there was one of them | Here is a copper tea kettle, such as I who could write. Junot raised his cap used to pay \$2.25 to import. I can now and bowed, upon which he was called sell it for 75 cents and make a profit. out and conducted to the right of the The home manufacture has increased line, where the musicians were; and here a large drum was set on end, paper, are employed who are new at the busipen and ink furnished, and the youthful soldier was directed to write. He improved. We are learning how to took the pen and dashed off the dis- make things to better advantage. We patch in a clear handsome hand, and can export instead of import. I do not signature when a cannon ball—a forty- it. Here are seamless edge, planished two-pound round shot-tore up the copper tea kettles, extra heavy, spun the paper a flirt to throw off the gravel, not so good as one of these-would cost missive and directed it; after which he leon bluntly, "you are cool headed and brave. What can I do for you?" "I can cause these worsted epaulettes to be taken from my shoulders and silver ones put in their place." "Very well," answered the commander with a pleasant nod, "you can ride?" "Anything that can be ridden by man, I think." "Then find a horse and carry this message to its destination. My orderly will furnish you. Bear the message and then report to me." On the following day Junot was made a lieutenant, and he was a captain at the end of the month, having, on account of his daring courage, won the sobriquet of "The Tempest." In the campaign of 1797 he was promoted to the rank of colonel, and in Egypt he was a brigadier-general. Afer this he became governor of Paris, then lieutenantgeneral, then marshal; and in the end he was made duke of Abrantes.

Paper of the Past.

given an overhauling and a lot of the goods." material sold to a junk dealer in West Chester, who, in examining his pur- ventions has required an immense chase discovered buried away under a consumption of brass and copper for lot of debris a large quantity of this old | electrical machinery. It has been found

bank paper. been placed away over 65 years ago and lightning and telephone lines for forgotten. The junk dealer sold his which, during the high price of copper find to a dealer who will dispose of it it could not be used. Now the copper in turn to some of the fashionable prin- wire trade is enormous and constantly ters. They will print in ancient and growing, and the varieties manufactantique type upon it wedding, ball and ured are many and curious. Tons other invitations, and thus what was upon tons of these varieties in wire are once intended for money will after a kept in stock, though only a short paper bears little or no marks, except a and copper are used in house, hard-It is made of pure linen fibre, by hand clocks, and fancy goods, where other as its rough edges attest. It is unusu- and cheaper metals were formerly that it is better than any paper manu- lously low price of copper. factured at the present time.

Phenomena at the Equator.

Twilight phenomena of a similar character to the appearances lately so prevalent were according to letters just received, observed in the Island of Mauritius. This is especially remarkable as in that island as a rule, night follows the day without any noticeable transition. On several evenings of October, kowever, there was a splendid glow in the west quite half an hour after sunset, and when night had fairly set in this glow soon extended over the whole sky, being reflected on the clouds and covering the island with a purple tint. The sea is described as apparently on fire, the vessels and their masts looking black and standing out in bold relief. The give. same phenomena was observed before

Cheap Copper.

Copper was never so cheap as now. The present price is about 13 cents a pound. The old price, a few years ago. was 18 to 20 cents, and during the war increase of articles made of brass-the beautiful placques on which the ladies paint, the tons of chandeliers, gas fixtures, frames, and a thousand or other

"How do you account for all this?" was asked of the manufacturer.

"I do not know exactly how to account for it," he said, "but it is a fact. enormously. Thousands of workmen ness Processes of manufacture have was just beginning to write the closing think the tariff has much to do with earth close to his left foot, covering him from the bottom up to the breast, makand the drum with dirt. Without so ing a body of great strength. I sell them much as the quiver of a finger, without to the trade at \$26 a dozen. It was not a perceptible hesitation, the writer gave long ago that one of them-indeed, one and then finished the mesage laughingly almost the price of a dozen. For a few saying as he did so: "That dirt is rather cents more we sell them nickel plated. too coarse for blotting sand; but it has They are used as ornaments for parlor done no damage." And he folded the stoves sometimes. Here are urns, tumbler warmers, cuspidors, jewelry handed it up to his commander, who boxes, brass mats, umbrella stands, had been all the while narrowly watch- hat racks, stove pipe collars, stove legs, ing him. "Young man," said Napo- stove platforms, and lots of things that could not have been made a few years ago, owing to the high price of the copknow of nothing general, unless you per. Now they are becoming articles of every day use."

In another large copper store were more than sixty varieties of brass placques imitating hammered work, at prices varying from \$1.80 to \$26 per dozen. This is comparatively a new business. In another store were copper bath tubs of half a dozen patterns, basins, closet pans, boilers, pipes and copper balls for water tanks. Walking up Fulton street among the wire stores, there were copper and brass cages, wire cloth, and other copper utensils sparkling in the sun.

"How do you account for the boom in the copper and brass business?" was asked of a merchant in that line of trade.

"Easily enough; we can buy cheap-

"What makes it cheaper?" "The coming in of Arizona and other western copper to complete with Many years ago, before the days of Lake Superior copper. The price has National banks, "shinplasters" were kept going down, but the demand for the only medium of trade. Gold was copper has kept pace with it. New scarce and treasury notes by no means uses were made of it every day. Forplentiful. Banks in those days gener- merly the lake copper people had it all ally lived about long enough to issue a their own way. They would calmly lot of notes and then went gently but announce the price of copper for the firmly to their graves. Naturally the year, and all we would have to do manufacture of banknote paper was an | would be to pay it. But now it is quite important industry, and among the different. The Arizona copper is not most active producers of it was the old | quite so good, but it answers just as Wilcox mill in Chester county, Pa., well for many purposes, and keeps the whose make was well-known, and whose price down. The lake copper is about wares found ready purchasers. The half a cent to a cent dearer, but the paper it made was of the finest kind, monopoly is gone. The old high tariff and the notes always outlived the bank on copper, from which fortunes were issuing them. The old mill is still made, is no longer of any account. We standing, but it has long since discon- no longer take any account of foreign tinued the manufacture of shin plas- copper, but we are now exporting ters. A few days ago the old place was plenty of it and plenty of manufactured

The rapid progress of electrical inout that copper wire has many quali-It was ascertained that the paper had | ties that make it desirable for telegraph long sleep make its appearance in fash- | time ago such a thing was unknown in ionable circles in another way. The the trade. Immense quantities of brass very slight discoloration of its long rest. | ware, water fixtures, railroad supplies, ally strong and a dealer said recently made to do, all owing to the marvel-

Whales.

The whales of the Pacific Ocean seem to be in love with the Pacific coast, and are hugging it very closely from San Francisco to San Diego, and are running very near to land. Hundreds of these seagoing animals, which are warmblooded and not fishes, are now within the reach of hunters of that game.

A little leak will sink a great ship. A man can do no more than he can. Charity is the first-born of religion. Custom is the most powerful mas-

A little more breaks the horse's back. A man apt to promise, is apt to for-

True refinement unites strength with

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

A day to come shows longer than a year that's gone.

No man envies the merit of another who has enough of his own.

When you come into the house, do you bring sunshine with you.

A man as he manages himself may die old at thirty, or young at eighty. It requires no small degree of art to know how to conceal it.

Action may not always bring happiness, but there is no happiness without action. As a man is known by his company,

so a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself. Not one is perfect; all have their de-

fects. Each one leans upon the rest and love can render this weight light. We think our civilization is near its meridian, but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star.

Any man can do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of their tempera-

When you fume and fret at the petty ills of life remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last longest.

Restraint and liberty go hand in hand in the development of character-indeed without the former the latter is impossible. The work an unknown good man has

done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green. A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain, while witty sayings are as eas-

ily lost as the pearls slipping from a broken string. We often meet with more instances of true charity among the ignorant and

poor than among those who profess to be Christians. Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on

your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. 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. The sting of every reproachful speech is the truth of it; and to be conscious is that which gives kindness

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

to the invective.

Our understandings are always liable to error; nature and certainty is very hard to come at, and infallibility is mere vanity and pretense.

Memory is a net. One may find it full of fish when he takes it from the brook, but a dozen miles of water have run through it without sticking. We sleep, but the loom of life never

stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down is weaving when it comes up to-morrow. There is a gentle element, and man

it with a caim, unrun soul, and drink its I ing waters till his heart is pure, and this is human happi-Love does not aim simply at the conscious good of the beloved object; it

is not satisfied without perfect loyalty of heart; it aims at its own complete-The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us and we see nothing

but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are There cannot live a more unhappy creature than an ill-natured old man.

who is neither capable of receiving pleasures, nor sensible of doing them. to others. It is necessary to hope, though hope should be always deluded; for hope it-

self is happiness, and its frustrations. however frequent, are yet less dreadful than its extinction. Thinkers are as scarce as gold: but he whose thought embraces all his subject, who pursues it uninterruptedly

and fearless of consequences, is a diamond of enormous size. True modesty is beautiful, because it announces the supremacy of the idea of perfection in mind; and at the same time, gives truth and sincerity the victory over force and vanity.

prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unpnofitable feeling a man can indulge in. The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick

In the lottery of life there are more

crust; but in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through. Let a man take time enough for the most trivial deed, though it be but the paring of his nails. The buds swell imperceptibly, without hurry or confu-

sion, as if the short Spring days were an eternity. God made both fears and laughter, and both for kind purposes;-Tears hinder sorrows from becoming despair and madness: and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

Some readers are like the hour-glass (their reading is as the sand; it runs in and runs out, but leaves not a vestige behind); some like a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier; some like a jelly-bag which allows all that is good to pass away, and retains only the refuse and dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave of Golconda, who casting away all that is worthless, preserves only the pure

In most men and women there is a reserve fund of sentiment and feelings which is inexhaustible: the dreams of youth do not fade entirely out of the sky even of those who are unfaithful to their early ideals; they still remain along the horizon line like the memory of a beautiful day. However men and women may distrust and restrain the expression of their deeper feeling, they are always eager to hear and quick to answer the honest utterance by another of that which lies silent and hidden

within themselves.