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Poetry.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

She leans beside her mirror, in her old accustomed place,
Yet some thing unfamiliar is on her lovely face;
She wears a wreath, a snow white wreath, which yet she never wore;
It gives a paleness to the cheek, unknown to it before.

The maiden goeth to the grove, and, of the flowers beneath,
She takes the lily or the rose, to bind her midnight wreath;
But of one plant she gathers not, though fair its blossoms be;
Only the bride hath leave to wear buds from the orange tree.

Once, only once that wreath is worn—once only may she wear
The pale white wreath of orange-flowers within her shining hair;
They wear upon their soft wan bloom, the shade of coming years;
The spiritual presence is around of human hopes and fears.

Ay, let her soft and watchful eyes, upon her mirror dwell,
For, in that long and tender look she taketh her farewell
Of all her youth's unconsciousness, of all her lighter cares,
And for a deeper, sadder life—a woman's lot—prepares.

She leaves her old familiar place, the hearts that were her own;
The love to which she trusts herself is yet a thing unknown;
Though at one name her cheek turned red, though sweet it be to hear,
Yet for that name she must resign so much that once was dear.

It is an anxious happiness—it is a fearful thing,
When first the maiden's small, white hand puts on the golden ring;
She passeth from her father's house unto another's care,
And with may say what troubled hours, what sorrows wait her there?

Ah! love and joy are mysteries, both blessing and blest;
And yet how much they teach the heart of trial and unrest;
Sweet maiden, while these troubled thoughts and bridal fancies sweep,
Well may'st thou in native watch thy glass, and turn aside to weep?

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world goes in upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,
But grin and bear it with frown;
Since life is oft perplexing,
It is the wisest plan
To bear all trials bravely,
And smile when'er you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,
And thus spoil your to-day?
For when you borrow trouble,
You always have to pay;
It is a good old maxim
Which should often be preached—
Don't cross the bridge before you
Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,
If you would keep in mind
The thought that good and evil
Are always here combined;
There must be something wanting,
And though you roll in wealth,
You may miss from you casket
That precious jewel—health.

Though sorrows are strong and sorely,
Set trial may be your lot;
And earth has many trials
Which I consider worse—
But whether joy or sorrow
Fill up your mortal span,
"Twill make your pathway brighter
To smile when'er you can.

Miscellaneous.

Lillian's Lover.

I don't know why I should speak thus in the singular number, for certainly Lillian would count more than one lover when she came to visit at the farm-house of her aunt, relict of the late Jacob Andrews. Lillian had flitted with half the seniors of X— College, one after another, as well as the professors, at her own home, and, having enjoyed the advantage of such extended practice, she was, as may be supposed, aide and accomplished in that fine art. But, as she used to affirm, "a lover is a myth till he embraces him self." Lillian being somewhat out of health this summer, it had been decided that, instead of recruiting after the fashionable methods at the springs or the mountains, she should make a visit to the country town of Briarbanks, where the air was good and the diet wholesome, and the landscape unsurpassed.

She arrived at Briarbanks late in the evening, and, after being coddled with a cup of tea and custard, retired to her pillow without more ado. Consequently she was somewhat surprised on entering her aunt's breakfast-room, to find a handsome young man—dressed in homespun, of course, but not one whit less handsome for that—seated at her aunt's table.

"Good morning, Lilly," said that lady. "I hope you rested well. You look as fresh as a rose just blowed. This is John Yarmouth, Lilly."

"Indeed," thought Lilly; "one would suppose John Yarmouth to be a person of renown. It's as if she had said, 'This is John Bunyan, Lilly, or John Milton. Or the Yarmouth, for south; I never heard of none. Then: "Good morning, Mr. Yarmouth."

John pushed away his chair, rose to his full height, and held out a brown, honest hand awkwardly enough, for Mrs. Andrews had not told him that Lill was under the roof. "I hope you will find Briarbanks pleasant," he said.

"I mean to find it pleasant," returned Lill.

"And the saying is, when a woman says she will, she will."

"And when she won't, she won't!" added Mrs. Andrews.

"Oh, I don't know about that! I think she can be persuaded then."

"That is encouraging," laughed John Yarmouth.

"Who is he?" asked Lill when he had gone out.

"He's Mr. Andrews' brother's nephew's second cousin. He manages the farm for me. Your uncle Jacob set a great sight by him. He's an uncommon young fellow for these parts, or any others."

"He's uncommonly handsome," acknowledged Lill. By-and-by she strolled into the best parlor, where the blinds were drawn, and a strong odor of black pepper and camphor prevailed against the moths that dared to forage on Mrs. Andrew's three-ply carpet.

"An organ!" cried Lill, stumbling upon it in the dusk. "I never knew you played, Aunt Rhoda. It wasn't here when I came before."

"It's John Yarmouth's."

"Oh! What does he do with it?—Keep it to look at, or for visitors?"

"Why he plays on it to be sure."

"Plays on it! With those great hands!"

"I guess that don't hinder him.—Why, child alive, he plays for the choir in meeting; and when they had the great festival up at the city they sent for him to come and help 'em out with it. I can tell you he's got a voice that goes jest to the right place. When I hear hear him it seems to me I should like to have him go on so far ever and ever."

"Seems to me you and Uncle Jacob are in love with him," said Lill, pertly.

"Well, you jest take care that you don't catch the distemper. You won't be the fust girl, nor you needn't be ashamed of it nether."

"Mercy, Aunt Rhoda! I didn't come here to fall in love."

"Very like; but folks often gits what they don't come after."

Aunt Rhoda proposed that they should take Lill over to Ruby Mountain that afternoon; then, remembering that she had invited company to tea, backed out of the affair, and left John as sole escort.

"You might call in on your way and take Bessy Bell along with you," she suggested. But when they had driven half the distance John suddenly reined up and said:

"I beg your pardon. I didn't call for Bessy Bell. Shall we go back for her?"

"If you want her. If she's favorite of yours," returned Lill. And John whipped up the horse and drove on. Lill chatting, as her way was, familiarly and easily, as if John Yarmouth had been an acquaintance of a lifetime, while John, not a bit abashed, related the history of this and that farm as they passed, some drowsy old legend haunting yonder wood, some enchantment residing in a wayside brook.

It would be difficult to recount the degrees by which John Yarmouth became Lill's devoted slave, or how well he was before the month was well out. If she wished to sit on the vernanda, he brought the camp-stools; if the air grew chilly, he buted up her wraps; if she had expressed a latent desire to visit the moon, no doubt but he would have made the attempt.

"He's such a delightfully obliging soul," she once said to her aunt. "And yet he makes you feel as if it were all a matter of course, as if you were doing him a favor to receive his services; and then, one don't feel at afraid lest he'll mistake one, and go to falling in love, you see."

Aunt Rhoda looked at Lill over her spectacles.

"The girl that gits John," said she, oracularly, "gits gold."

"Oh, yes" answered Lill, absently, "he's a very nice sort of fellow; he's as strong as a lion."

"A modern Samson," hinted Aunt Rhoda. "I wonder who is the modern Delilah!"

"Oh, I should think he was above letting any woman ruin him."

"Everybody has a weak side."

"Yes, I think John's weakness is on the side of grammar," laughed Lill.

"His grammar! Why, I never noticed it," which wasn't at all surprising. "He's well educated, John is; he taught the district school winter before last, and he beats everything at ciphering.

"Does he?" said Lill, as if she didn't care a fig about it.

"You haven't tried your fortune at the brook yet," said John that evening when he had "slicked up," as Aunt Rhoda called it, after his hard day's work, and come in to play the agreeable to Lill; "the moon's all right for it too," he pursued.

"Then we'll go to-night," said she; "you know you promised to wait at the stile. I declare it makes my flesh creep now to think of it. What if I should really see a face there!"

"It seems to me you'd be a sight more cut up if you didn't," put in her aunt, who was never behindhand in any way. I should think you were two children."

"Did you ever try it, Aunt Rhoda?" asked her saucy niece.

"Well, no; but I know who did to her sorrow, and that was Liddy Knight. You've seen her John?—as sorry an old maid as ever breathed. You see she had a lover round these parts, and she went to visit in the city, and jest got her head turned and her brain addled, and home she came, and up and jilts this poor fellow, 'cause he wasn't quite so fine as her—and that very night a lot o' 'em girls together took it into their silly heads to look into the brook after fate, they said. Liddy, she was the first to try it, and while the others waited, laughing at the stile, up she goes to the brook-side as bold as you please and begins to say—

"Whoever my true lover's to be,
Let him look into the brook with me."

And then she gave a shriek like the last trump, for there at the bottom of the stream, looking up at her with staring, dead eyes, lay her old lover!"

"Mercy!" cried Lill, "I won't go near it. Why didn't you tell me John?"

"I never heard it before. I think the fellow was a fool!"

"Oh, it makes my blood run cold," said Lill, shivering and nestling her head to John just for human companionship.

"It was an awful thing—an awful retribution," added Mrs. Rhoda; "it shows the danger of playing with fire. There, John, it's a dreadful creepy subject; let's have some music. I'm real thirsty for some, and I guess Lill is too."

"I'm afraid to go in there in the dark after all this hobgoblintalk, unless Miss Lill will consent to take care of me."

"I will go," said Lill, rising and taking John's arm to the dusky parlor, and sitting there beside him something happened to Lill, something that had never happened before. The moon had got up nigh enough to look in at the window and hold the two in a circle of light, as if it would fain shut them in together in a charmed world of their own. John had been idly playing some lingering melodies and listening to Lill's interpretations.

"That, said she, reminds me of a young girl sitting before the fire of adull evening. She has a lover, you know, but she must not think of him, because he is poor, or—something, no matter what ——"

"Would that keep you from thinking of your lover?" interrupted John.

"Nonsense, I am not speaking of myself. So she sits down, not meaning to allow herself the pleasure of thinking of him; and forbidden thoughts like forbidden fruit, being sweetest, she falls perforce to think of him, and of nothing but him. Then she remembers what she is about, and catches herself up and reprimands herself. There, don't you hear what it seems to say, "I'll think about my new ball dress, or Amaranth and her Lysanth in the Amaranth and her Lysanth in the play I read yesterday; and yet—and yet—it is so much nicer to think of him, of his tender eyes and the touch of his loving hand, and—Oh, Mr. Yarmouth! cried Lill, for poor John, at the mention of a loving hand, had almost unconsciously put out his own, and had clasped Lill's fingers in a caress as gentle as as friendship, but as intense as love!

"Lill," he said, speaking very low, "I have a heart to give you—very little besides just now. Will you have it, dear? It is all your own, whether you will or not?"

"Oh, Mr. Yarmouth, what do you mean?"

"I love you. I didn't mean it at first. I fought against it like a lion, but love is mightier than reason; it prevailed against me. Lill, have you anything to give me back?"

"Oh, Mr. John, I am so sorry. I do not love you—that is—excuse me—I can't help it—I never thought of it; perhaps if I had it might have been different—who knows? There, let me go Mr. Yarmouth; don't speak to me any more, please. I can't accept your heart, you see. I don't need it; there, don't mind what I say, I am quite beside myself. Nobody ever loved me before.

"Oh, fie! Miss Lillian, walking away to the window, and seeing nothing but a great blur before him ——You, with your rare skill at playing with men's hearts!

"Oh, indeed, John, I never did such a thing. You really don't believe it? The men I played with knew the game a thousand times better than I, and I thought they were all alike, the tears rising to her eyes. I speak the truth when I declare that nobody ever loved me well enough to say so before, and though I—I can't—return it, I thank you. I—I appreciate your goodness."

"Confound appreciation!" muttered John.

"Am I to blame for your loving me, John? Did I bring it about?

"I don't know, I am sure, Lill. Some times I think you did, and then again I have a feeling that if I had been one of the gay, idle young men you know in the city, with their white hands and ladylike ways, and a fortune at their back and call, you'd never have gone on with me, or you would have without thinking of love.

"So you are angry with me, sir, for having been civil to you?

"No; but when I have given my best, I don't expect to be repaid with an inferior article, Lillian, you are not loved every day as I love you. I would go through fire and water for your sake.

"If you really cared for me you would not torment me with the expression of your regard, when you see how painful it is to listen?

"My regard is a torment to you! I mean to torment you all my life! I mean to marry you, Lillian!

"Do you, indeed?" half pleased and half angry with his vehement determination. "The days for that sort of thing are past, thank goodness! Nobody can be married against her will now.

"I mean to marry you, Lillian, and you shall give consent. I mean to do it!

John had business at the market town next day which detained him a week, and while he was jogging home, a traveling carriage passed him, and a fair, tantalizing face showed a moment at the window, and Lillian waved him her adieus in a flirt of her handkerchief, as much as to say, "Here I escape you, after all;" then she sat back in her carriage quite satisfied with herself; henceforth she knew what love was like—she should be able to distinguish the counterfeit from the real. John had furnished a noble example—what a pity that she had not been able to match it!

One evening, when Lillian had dressed for a reception, she stood for a moment before the mirror to take a look at her attire. The clear bright tints of her complexion, eyes pleased and shining, hair like a web of golden light, all set in this mass of floating drapery, made her a pretty picture to behold.

"I should so hate not to be pretty, she said to herself smiling back at her image; then she raised an arm to turn down the gas, rising, a golden stamen out of the crystal heart of a lilly, and in an instant the flame had plucked at her sleeve and was soaring above her head.

When Lillian recovered from the pain and weakness consequent, she was no longer beautiful.

"I will see what beauty is worth, she said, accepting the first invitation received since her convalescence. So she dressed herself in her gayest attire, she put on her most spirited manner, and wore her smile that was like a sunbeam athwart cloudy weather. Lovers who had hung about her to distraction passed with a nod—at most with a touch of estranged fingers, with an effort at appearing natural. Rival beauties, who hitherto had exchanged only congealed commonplaces with her, sympathetically assured her that the scars would wear away in time.

"I know it, she answered; but while they are wearing away, so am I.

"Beauty is worth everything here, she thought. Down at Briarbanks perhaps they discount it. So she wrote to Mrs. Jacob Andrews, I'm coming down to see you for a day or two.

"Ahem! said that far-sighted matron, to see John! Why can't folks be honest?"

When John and Lillian met, Mrs. Andrews, discreet soul, contrived to be engaged in her dairy.

"I suppose you came down to cure me with that scar, said he; but when I look at you I don't see it! And then the impudent fellow up and kissed it all the same.

"The ancients believed in the ordeal by fire, said Lill.

"Because fire destroys whatever is not immortal, returned John; thus truth and love survive it.

"He kissed this poor marred face, she said, regarding it that night before the mirror. "It cannot be love, it must be pity. He misjudges his own feelings; by-and-by he would come to his senses, and I—where should I be? No; I would be wicked enough to take the advantage. And then what is to prevent him from thinking that I esteemed my charred face good enough for him, now that the idle, mincing youths who once adored me pass me by.

"You'll never do better than to marry John, said the outspoken aunt, "with all that lot of yours. Your own won't find everybody to overlook it.

"I know it said Lilly humbly. That's just the point. He's so good that I don't like to impose upon him.

Well, for my part, I don't see how it matters, a little beauty more or less.—Jacob and me were like two doves together, and there wa nt a plainer man to be found, and I'm no great shakes, either.

So Miss Lill returned home, and waited five, six, eight years. At the third year the scar had begun to grow dim; at the sixth, it was scarcely more than a shadow; at the end of the eighth, strangers who had not heard of its existence never guessed it had been. Only these who were used to the sight, in certain lights, recognized its ghost. But by this time Lillian was thirty years old; people were beginning to speak of her as "poor young girls were springing up to take her place; yet, for all this, lovers, one after another, flocked back to her standard. The scar had been a false alarm—they were not afraid of shadows. Surely, now that she held fortune in her hand, it was time for Lillian to make choice. In the meantime, while she deliberated, John came up from Briarbanks to invest some money for Mrs. Jacob.

"She says it is for your wedding dower, Lillian, he explained, gloomily. I suppose you will marry some day, like other people. I never expect to, since you refused to marry me.

"But John, I was a sight to behold then: and—

"You are always a pleasant sight to behold.

"And then you know, you were going to marry me—oh! what am I saying? neither I would or no!

"And so I am! It's the very thing I came for; the other was only a make believe, I guess. Shall it be this day month?

"But John, is the scar—

"Confound the scar. It is only a beauty-spot.

"Perhaps. But you are the only one who said so; and I wouldn't have you think that I married your jackass's pinch! I believe you kissed the scar away, as the children say of their bru ses.

"Then I'll try and kiss it back again. And there is every reason to believe that he was as good as his word.

So John Yarmouth married Lill, as he had vowed he would, and took her to Briarbanks. And though her friends looked grave, and predicted evil results, she makes a model farmer's wife, fulfills her duties with a grace peculiar to herself, and has never wasted a regret on her final choice.

And Mrs. Andrews nods over her spectacles, and says:

"Nothing could have pleased me better, as if she were the principal one to be suited.

"And John and Lillian shall have every acre and every farthing when I'm gone.

Passage of Musket-Balls Through the Human Body.

A number of curious cases of the progress of musket-balls through the place where they first lodged have been observed by military surgeons. We have heard of a very remarkable case where the musket-ball struck the forehead above the nose, and having divided into two halves, one half went round between the skin and the skull to the right ear, the other to the left, advancing in contact with the skull. We do not ask our readers to believe the poetical edition of this fact, that the two half-bullets met again behind, after having performed the circuit of the head in opposite directions, and, advancing with slightly diminished force, united and killed an unfortunate man who stood in their way; but the fact of the splitting of the bullet, is unquestionable. The singular progress of a musket-bullet from the forehead to the throat has been recorded by Dr. Fielding. At the battle of Newburg, in the time of the civil wars, a medical gentleman was shot near the right eye. The skull was fractured at the place; but though the surgeon could see the pulsation of the brain beneath the wound, yet the bullet had turned to one side and could not be discovered. Various bonts were discharged from the wound, the mouth, and the nostrils. At the time of the second battle of Newbury the wound healed and could not be kept open; but about twelve years afterward, when the doctor was riding in a cold, dark night, he felt a pain on the left side of his head, about the "almonds of the ear," which occasioned a partial deafness. Having stopped his ear with wool he was surprised one day in March, 1670, by a sudden puff or crack in his ear, when all that side of his cheek hung loose as if it had been paralytic, and a hard lump was felt under the ear. Various tumors now appeared about the throat, and in August, 1672, the bullet was taken out of throat, near the *pomume Adami*.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Shall Young Grain be Fed?

We incline to the opinion that rye or wheat sown in September should not be touched till next harvest-time. We know that some bold opinions to the contrary, and in favor of such circumstances it may be desirable. If the growth of either is remarkably large, so that the ground is covered to the depth of several inches with the foliage, we can see some propriety in removing a portion of this surplus vegetation. It will give a better chance for the sprouts next April. It will lessen the chances of the destruction of the plants by mice or moles, which in some sections are great pests, and perhaps, best of all, will afford a good bite for sheep or calves at a season of the year when they stand in need. There is a general thing, we believe that no hoof of any animal should ever touch a field after it is sown to either of the grains already named. If the ground is mellow, they will tread some of the shoots into the earth, perhaps, beyond starting. If it is eaten close, the protection which the roots of the grains and grasses more or less need in the winter is lost, and the little enriching material which the decayed leaves give to the plant in the spring when it first starts is wanting, which seems to be among the natural provisions that are made with reference to the highest and best growth of this kind of grain.

Balky Horses.

It is rarely well to whip or kick or scold a balky horse, as is the common practice. Such treatment only makes it to feed him where he stands with any accessible food, such as oats, ears of corn, or even grass by the wayside, or from the wagon, which can be provided for the emergency. Forgetting his whim, he will generally start without trouble. Another good way is to do something not unharmful, but new; as filling his mouth with loose dirt, which a desire to get rid of will divert his thoughts, and before he knows it he will be jogging unconsciously along. Sometimes, if one can spare the day, it is best to wait till, from weariness and hunger, the animal submits to your will, and the triumph in this instance is generally complete.

A Sad Mistake.

Several years ago, when I was a rather raw recruit of two-and-twenty, just commencing the cultivation of a promising moustache, I found myself stationed near Donegal, County Kerry, Ireland, in the capacity of Lieutenant of Revenue. My special business was that of ferreting out illicit distilleries, and seizing upon all contraband liquor. I generally had my hands full. These seizures generally taking place amid the lonely hills of Kerry, where the distilleries were carried on in secret caves and hidden morasses, by a set of hardy and desperate Irishmen, always ready to oppose the police, were not unattended with danger; but there was one adventure which befel me of a more peaceable nature than the rest, which at the time affected me more unpleasantly than any amount of skirmishing or fighting would have done.

It so happened that, among the anonymous "informing" letters that one morning came to hand, was one, giving information of two casks of spirits, smuggled from the hills on the night previous, by order of Mr. Tremorne, agent of Lord ——, who was the great landed proprietor of this part of Kerry; and which casks were now securely reposing in that gentleman's cellar. Accompanying the note was an order from the superintendent of revenue, commanding the immediate seizure of the liquor in question.

Now it so happened that I was greatly inclined to Mr. Tremorne (an English gentleman) and his family, for various kind and flattering attentions received since my arrival at Donegal.—Many a sumptuous dinner had I partaken of at his board, and often had I been invited to a pleasant dance at his house, when his pretty nieces, Miss Montague, favored me by staying there—as was now the case. In truth I had been more impressed by the bright eyes of Clara Montague than I had courage to allow, especially as there was a spice of mischief about her which made me rather shy of her, and generally prefer, together, and there was at a plainer maid to be found, and I'm no great shakes, either.

Yes, upon consideration, I thought this the best plan. Miss Tremorne was good-natured—less nervous than her sister-in law, and more capable of acting rationally than her girlish niece. She would know what to do in such matters; and accordingly, the sergeant was instantly dispatched to waylay Miss Cassandra in her regular evening walk in the park, and as privately and delicately as possible to give the required "hint"—nothing coarse, nothing plainly spoken, but the merest shadowing forth of the business in hand.

In an hour the sergeant returned. He had been successful in his mission, which he had thus related to me:

Concealing himself in the shrubbery as he saw the lady approaching, he stepped forth when she was within a few paces of him, and removing his cap, bowed profoundly, by way of assurance that nothing disrespectful was intended. She had started back upon first seeing him, and was evidently prepared for a scream.

"Madame," said the sergeant, hastily, "pray do not be alarmed. I am the bearer of a message to you from Lieutenant Charney."

"Oh, indeed! from Lieutenant Charney?"

"Yes, madame. He requested me to see you as privately as possible, and say to you that he will call at the Moor at 10 o'clock this evening, and hopes that you will understand his business, and so arrange as that nothing unpleasant shall occur."

Well, she turned all sorts of colors, and looked furtively around, as fearing some one might be in sight, or hearing—a sure proof that she knew already about the spirits.

"Good gracious," said she, coloring, "I had not expected this so soon. Will not to-morrow do as well?"

"I fear not, madame.

"Is anything to be concluded as soon as possible, and has already engaged for this evening, if you can be ready in time. You can, I suppose ma'am, find some one to remove the—the—the *things*, ma'am, without the knowledge of the family."

"The trunks, you mean?" says she, looking relieved, and clasping her hands nervously.

"Trunks?" exclaimed I, as the sergeant there paused.

"Yes. Don't you see? The agent's a sly one, no doubt, and had the kegs smuggled to the Moor in trunks, like any ordinary baggage."

"Oh, ah! to be sure! Very cute that!"

And we both laughed.

"You think, then, sergeant, that all will be right?" the lady said.

"Dog-cute," she understood the business at once, and though she looked nervous and excited, like all womankind, when there's anything to be done, she'll know how to act, depend on't."

At precisely five minutes of ten, accordingly, I at the head of my little party of six men, was approaching the house at the Moor. The night was still and clear, a now moon illumining the scene, and scarcely a leaf stirring as we walked briskly up the winding avenue.

Lights shone from various windows of the mansion; for the Tremornes kept late hours, and the sound of a piano, and occasional shadows flitting across the curtains, told me that they had visitors.

I resolved, therefore, to wait awhile, until these had left; and accordingly bidding the men remain amid the shrubbery, I advanced a short distance, keeping in the shadow of a mountain laurel, and stood reconnoitering.

Hardly had I occupied my station five minutes when a tall, thin figure, dressed in black, stole out of a side door, and came rapidly and noiselessly toward me.

"Is—is it you?" asked a trembling voice, which I recognized as that of Miss Tremorne.

"Lieutenant Charney," answered I, advancing a little into the light.

She clasped her hands upon my arms, and I saw that she was trembling.

"I—I watched for you," she faltered. "I—I am so nervous—so frightened."

"My dear Miss Tremorne," said I, sympathizingly, "don't agitate yourself. There is no cause for alarm—if you have made the necessary arrangements."

"Yes," she whispered, leaning rather heavily upon me. "All is ready; but, oh, this is so sudden, so unexpected—how can I help my fear overcoming me?"

"Yes," said I, soothingly, "I know; but believe me, all shall be done as delicately as possible, so as not to wound the feelings of yourself and family."

"But it will be so public. By to-morrow all the country will know of it, and what will people say?"

"Trust me, that no one will blame you. They will say that you did right; that your affections had led you ——"

Here she pressed so closely to me, and squeezed my hand so hard, that I felt a little embarrassed, and I paused in my speech.

"I presume," I continued, after a pause, "that the company will not remain very long?"

"Not long, and therefore must we hasten before I am missed. I had to be very artful, and pretend to have a headache, by way of excusing my absence from the company this evening," she added, with a playful, tender smile.

"And the—the—goods—you know. Of course they are safe—removed?"

"Why, I had no one that I could trust, and somehow they seemed to suspect something—at least Clara did—she's so prying, and so—"

"Not removed!" exclaimed I, in consternation. "Good heavens! what can we do, with those things still here? It will spoil all!"

"I concluded you would bring some one with you to help, and the trunks are now in my own room, if you could only get them out. There is no danger of our being seen, for no one is in that part of the house, and we can enter by a private door."

There was no help for it, and directing the sergeant to accompany me, in order to assist in removing the trunks, I followed Miss Cassandra to a side entrance, and cautiously along a dark passage to a door, before which she paused an instant.

"It is so—so strange," she said, coyly, "to admit—one of the other sex into my own apartment."

"But circumstances," I observed, almost as bashfully, "will excuse, will justify—"

"Hush!" said she, in a low whisper. "Did you hear nothing?"

"No!—Let us hasten, or it will be too late."

She softly opened the door, and I stepped into the room faintly lighted by the moon shining through three large windows. Sure enough, there was a large-sized trunk standing near the door, ready strapped, labelled, and presenting a very fine appearance.

"Is this all?" I asked.

"Except a valise, which I can myself carry."

"A valise?"

"Yes; containing a few light articles."

"Oh, bottles, I presume."

She looked a little surprised, but made no answer except to say;

"Be quick with the trunk, or we may be interrupted, and—"

"Hush!"

It was I who now uttered the warning. I fancied—it might have been only a fancy—that I had caught a sound resembling like a suppressed giggle, at no distance from us.

But, as I would have turned to summon the sergeant to aid me in the removal of the trunk, Miss Cassandra again laid her clasped hands upon my arm, and leaned against my shoulder.

"Oh, dear!" sighed she, "I feel so dreadfully, in taking this step."

"Dear madame, pray do not vex yourself about it. All will be well I trust."

"If you could appreciate the sacrifice which I am now making ——"

"Sacrifice!"

"For the sake of one I love, it is none certainly."

"Certainly not."

"You will remember?" said she, tenderly, "you will remember in our future years, all that I have this night undergone for your sake."

"For my sake?"

"For yours only, whom you know I love most on earth!"

Good gracious, Miss Tremorne—I—I. A horrible doubt, a terrible suspicion flashed upon me. I withdrew a little from her embrace, and with pale face faltered—

"May I ask what—what is contained—whether the whiskey is contained in this trunk?"

"Whiskey!" she exclaimed, starting back.

"Yes ma'am, the—spirits which—"

"Oh, I understand; your feelings have overcome you, as myself. You need some stimulant, of course; but I never carry such things in my trunk. Here, take a little of this."

And she took from a closet shelf a small flask and pouring a portion of its contents into a glass, anxiously presented it to my lips. In the emotion which almost rendered me faint, I took the glass and drained it off without ceremony.

"Do you feel better, dearest?" tenderly inquired my fair companion, passing her hand caressingly over my forehead, and bending her face alarmingly near my own. "If so, we had better hasten without further delay, or we may be discovered, and our plans of happiness be defeated."

At this interesting moment, and before I had time to rise from the trunk upon which I had unconsciously sunk in my momentary weakness, a door opposite by which I had entered burst suddenly open. There stood Mrs. Tremorne holding a lamp in her hand, and relieved against a background of half a dozen other faces, among which I only saw the laughing one of Miss Montague, and that of Mr. Tremorne, black and threatening as a thunder cloud.

"Villain!" cried the latter, stepping forward and seizing me by the throat.—"Villain! what do you here in my sister's chamber?"

Cassandra threw herself forward to my rescue.

"Let him go!" she shrieked. "It was I who brought him here!"

"You! and you dare tell me this?"

"Only to—to take away the trunk. We are going away. He is my promised husband!" she screamed desperately.

"Your husband—that boy. Your grandson, you mean!"

"Brute!"

"Fool! and at your time of life when you ought to know better. But that I am sure you must have led the boy into this I would choke him where he stands, and ——"

He was cut short by a sudden and strong grasp upon his own throat.

"You would oppose his majesty's officers in the performance of their duty, would you?" cried Floyd. "Here men! seize him! arrest him! He has assailed his majesty's revenue officers while obeying orders!"

The men in obedience to the first word shouted from the window, now rushed for the house. Some of them assailed party fled, others stood still and shrieked, while others again, attracted by the noise, rushed upon the scene.

"What does all this mean?" gasped Mr. Tremorne, when the sergeant's relaxed grasp enabled him to speak.

"It means that we have come here to make a seizure—not of your sister, but of two casks of contraband spirits smuggled into the house last night."

Mr. Tremorne turned pale.

"How do you know?" He faltered.

"Good authority, here is the warrant," and he read it aloud.

"You did not, then, Lieutenant Charney," said Mrs. Tremorne, addressing me, "you did not intend an elopement with Cassandra?"

"My dear madame, I assure you I never had such an idea. Scarcely waiting to save your feelings requested Miss Tremorne to have the spirits removed, or rather hinted to her that I would call to-night on a special errand—and she it seems most unfortunately misunderstood my meaning."

"I see," said Mrs. Tremorne scornfully; "and served her right."

Here Miss Cassandra fell down in a violent fit of screaming and kicking.

"The wretch!" she shrieked. "He has ruined my good name! He will have to—to—marry me—or expose the family to disgrace! I will sue him for—for breach of—"

"Take her away," cried the master of the house to the servants; and my fair inamorata was borne kicking and sobbing from the stage.

What need to explain further? My readers can easily imagine all that followed—except my inexpressible shame and mortification, not unmingled with a spice of resentment on witnessing the mischievous delight of Miss Montague, who scarcely even attempted to restrain it on the stern remonstrance of her uncle. The last words I heard as I left the house were:

"Oh dear, was there ever anything so rich? Positively as good as a play to see him sitting there on a trunk as pale as a lily and trembling, with her arms around his neck."

This night's adventure cured me of my love—as I presume it did Miss Cassandra, whom I never saw again. She went to reside with a sister in England during the remainder of my stay at Donegal.

Benjamin Franklin.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston in 1706. In early life he was a reader of books, and a genuine experimentalist in natural science. He would have been a sailor, but that he was made a tallow chandler. We all like to know what a boy reads in becoming intellectual man. Franklin read Bunyan, Swift and Defoe. The political works of Swift and Defoe had great influence in shaping his intellectual life. Cotton Mather's "Moral Essays" also had great effect upon the reading boy. From Swift, Defoe and Mather, Franklin was influenced towards his theories of society. At the age of twelve he apprenticed himself to his brother James as a printer, and became a ballad-writer.—He read Addison's "Spectator," and determined to make his prose style clear and graceful. He gained the knowledge of various opinions from Collins and Shaftesbury.

James Franklin was printer of the *Boston Gazette*; and in 1721 he began to print the *New England Courant*. On this paper Benjamin Franklin was a type-setter and a contributor. The paper was conducted by James Franklin in his own home. One day thoughtfully handling a pewter plate from which one of the children had dined, he sketched upon its smooth surface the outline of a parsley leaf, and filling this with coloring matter he was delighted to find that the impression was accurately conveyed to the surface of cotton cloth. Here was the first suggestion towards calico printing from metal rollers. The "parsley leaf" on the pewter plate opened up a world of industry to Lancashire; and Robert Peel, to this day, is called, in the neighborhood of Blackburn, "Parsley Peel." Richard Arkwright, the thirteenth child in a hovel, with no knowledge of letters—an underground barber, with a vixen for a wife, who mashed up his models and threw them out—gave his successful spinning models to the world, and put a scepter in England's right hand as no sovereign ever wielded.

The jumping tea-kettle lid is said to have put the steam into that boy's head who gave us the great giant of modern industry. A kite and a key, in Franklin's hands, were the grandparents of our telegraphs, and all the blessings of modern inventions, applying electricity. The swinging greasy lamp, just filled with oil by a verger in the Cathedral of Pisa, caught the eye of Galileo at eighteen years of age, taught him the secret of the pendulum, made many a discovery in astronomy and navigation possible, and gave up the whole modern system of the accurate measurement of time.

Don't say you have no chance! You have the same chance, and better, than the world's greatest and best men have enjoyed. Men uniformly over-rate riches and under-rate their own strength; the former will do far less than we suppose, and the latter far more. "The longer I live," says one of earth's noble sons, "the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and powerful, the great and the insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—a purpose once fixed, and then death or victory!" That quality will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will be worth much without it.

Nice Girls.

There is a class of women, and a class not defined by the vague boundary lines which are supposed to limit or separate the grades of station or society, for which the world at large confesses an indefinable admiration and special fondness. We mean the bright and shining order of feminine nobility whose individual ornaments are designated in general as "nice girls."—There is a peculiar charm about the nice girl not always to be analyzed, which appeals in a mysterious and indefinable manner to our unconscious admiration and sympathies. It is not that she is beautiful, for the nice girl is often far from facial perfection. Yet the face is always a pleasant face, such as one loves to meet at intervals in the shadowy paths of daily life. It has a cheery and hopeful smile upon it which seldom fails to kindle a responsive light in the eyes of the beholder. She is always good-tempered and patient. The children draw toward her instinctively, and love her with all the spontaneous ardor of childlike devotion. Though not always blessed with the boon of beauty, she possesses an innate quality of neatness which covers up all facial deficiencies. The nice girl never has a shoe unlaced or a ribbon out of place. Her gloves are marvels, her bows are miracles. Her dress, from top to toe, is the perfection of neatness, and her room a model of order. She never comes to the table slovenly, but in her paper or her new apron sailed. As she rises in the morning, rosy, fresh, hopeful, and happy, so she goes through life, diffusing a subtle ray of light and cheerfulness on all around her.

The nice girl is not a blue stocking, though she possesses a moderate store of the world's knowledge, which she uses wisely and unostentatiously. She has the "Arabian Nights" in her library for the children's sake, knows the outlines in general of the world's history, cons the more modern poets occasionally and reads the papers from day to day. She has a passable stock of information upon a variety of subjects, which she is not wont to display except as occasion serves. She is intelligent and observant. She appreciates Shakespeare and Macauley, but rather inclines to Longfellow and Dickens. As regards theatrical matters she prefers Robert on a comedies to classic tragedy—delights in Jefferson's "Rip Van Winkle" more than in Booth's "Hamlet."

She has an eye for the fitness of things. Art is an instinct with her. She selects a ribbon for her hair, and it is always a becoming color. She knows it will be so, but she cannot tell the reason why. The arrangement of flowers upon the mantel, or the furniture in a dingy room—she brings order out of chaos, and beauty out of nothing. In all things her taste is true and unerring.—Her little accomplishments assert themselves modestly, and give evidence of their existence timorously in corners. Here is a basket of wax flowers, well, but not wonderfully executed. They are not much, but the room looks better for their presence, and you would miss something if they were taken away.—There is a crayon which she has executed. Had it been hung in the parlor its effect would have been spoiled by the oil paintings beside it. Did she not know that, though perhaps not thinking of it at all? Her first impulse was to hang it in the dining room, between two gray engravings, and it is the best place in all the house which could be found for it.

The nice girl is something of a musician too—not equal to the execution of Thalberg's most difficult compositions perhaps, nor able to interpret the mysterious meanings of Beethoven's grand-est works, but a sweet player upon the piano and with a delicately-sympathetic touch. "Money Musk" or "Hull's Victory" are not too humble for her powers, when old-fashioned people call upon her for an old-fashioned tune. But she can do better things than that when occasion requires. You love to cast yourself upon the sofa and to lie there in the dusky,