

The American Eagle.

Monarch of the realms supernal,
Ranging over land and sea;
Symbol of the great republic,
Who so noble and so free!
Thin the boundless fields of ether,
Heaven's abyss unfathom'd thine,
Far beyond our feeble vision,
On thy bars its sunbeams shine!
Borne on iron-banded pinion,
From pole to pole you sweep;
Over sea islands, craggy mountains,
O'er the hoarse resounding deep.
Now, thy fanning plumes o'er shadow
Northern cliff and iceberg grim;
Now, o'er Southern, soft savannas,
With unflagging circuits skim.

He that feeds the tender raven
And the sea bird of the rock,
Temps the inclement breezes
To the shorn and bleating flock.
Leads thee o'er the wastes of ocean,
Guides o'er savage flood and wood,
And from bounteous nature's storhouse
Feeds thy clamoring hungry brood.
Over the mountains of Caucasus;
Over the Appenine and Alp;
Over Rocky mounts, Cordilleras;
Over the Andes' herbless scalp;
High above those snowy summits,
Where no living thing abides,
He, that notes the falling sparrow,
Feeds thee, fosters thee and guides.

—Isaac McLellan.

A HUSBAND'S DOSE.

"I wish you would tell James, when he comes in, to turn the cows into the lower lot. And if Turpin calls, tell him I have concluded to take those sheep—I want the merinos. And while I am getting ready, please take my memorandum book and note down four harness straps, five pounds of nails, and a gimpel, half a jockey strap, and—and yes, I believe that is all. I forgot them when I made out the items this morning."

Mrs. Streeter rose wearily, laid her sleeping babe carefully in its crib, and proceeded to record the articles named. She was young, not over twenty-five, but the complexion was sadly faded, and faint lines were already marking the white forehead, while the tired eyes told of care, and hinted strongly of an unsatisfied heart.

And this thin-cheeked, pink eyed woman had been called a beauty only seven years before! And when she gave her hand to Newton Streeter she could say what few girls can, "I married my first love."

Judge Streeter, the father, was supposed to be wealthy. But soon after his son's marriage a financial crisis came, and the thousands dwindled into hundreds.

It was false pride, perhaps, but the young man shrank from a position under those who had once looked up to him, and his thoughts turned wistfully toward the Western prairies.

He expected objections from his young and accomplished wife. But she saw with her eyes, and was not only willing, but eager to go and help him make a home that should be all their own. The purchasing of a prairie team, some farming implements, and the expense of building a small house, exhausted his capital; and the young couple commenced their married life as many others had done who had been blessed with their advantages. The small dwelling contained but three sleeping apartments, and this fact, added to their uncertain income, induced Mrs. Streeter to take upon herself the entire care of the household.

Two children had come in the seven years to nestle in her bosom. But one, a fair child of three summers, had slid away from them, and was now sleeping beneath the flowers of the prairies; and the tired wife had sighed as she looked on the cold, folded hands.

"She will never tell as I have done; but oh, I wanted her so much," the lonely mother sobbed forth.

Mrs. Streeter was considered a wealthy farmer. His acres had broadened and his stock increased. Physically and mentally strong, and with a gentle loving wife ever studying his tastes and wishes, why should he wear out fast?

But of her. Naturally frail, she had been like a willow bending beneath a burden voluntarily taken up. With the exception of an efficient girl for a few weeks when little Mary died, she had performed all the labor required in the house since she became its mistress.

Newton Streeter took the memorandum, glanced hastily at the neatly-written items, and then he stepped into the light buggy and drove away.

But no longer might the linger, for the sponge was waiting in the kitchen to be kneaded, and the baby's naps were like angel's visits. And before the task was well over his bugle note sounded to arms, and the fretful child was taken up and caressed and soothed to quietness.

She was conscious of a strange dizziness. When she arose from a stooping position her head was aching miserably, and her eyes seemed burning. What was coming over her? She must be ill. Oh, no; she had no time for that. And then her thoughts drifted away to the dear old home of childhood, and she asked herself, for the first time, if she had done wise, to leave it for this life of care?

It was a dangerous question for a wife and mother, and she clasped her child more closely to suppress in her heart the disloyal answer.

When Mr. Streeter returned exultant over the dollars he had deposited in the bank, he found no supper prepared, and his wife helpless upon the bed, with cheeks flushed with fever, and the wailing child distracting her with demands for care.

A physician and nurse were soon summoned from the city, and the weary wife enjoyed the luxury of being ill.

But convalescence soon followed; and before leaving his patient the old doctor, a close observer and a deep thinker, took the husband aside and asked:

"Did you know what brought this fever on your wife, Mr. Streeter? You have worked her nearly to death."

"You are speaking of my wife, not my horse."

"Granted; and I say again you are working her to death."

"Really, doctor, such language is unpardonable."

"And yet you will pardon it. And furthermore, by your great love for the self-sacrificing woman we have just left, I shall perform an operation on your eyes that you may see as I see."

And then he placed the cold, hard facts before him, from the time she became a bride, beautiful and accomplished, to the village up to date of present illness, in which domestic cares only had haunted her in feverish dreams. In concluding he added:

"I truly believe, if she takes up her old burdens at once, before the year has passed the grave or an insane asylum will receive her."

"No, she has not kept step, to follow your own figure. Unable to keep up with your long rapid strides, she has fallen, faint and footsore, by the way. Tell me she must have rest for both mind and body, or I will not answer for the result. And it would be better found away from home."

"Yes; I begin to comprehend, and it can be found away." And offering his hand, "I will take care, doctor, that you do not get a chance to administer another such dose to me."

Mr. Streeter went back to the room where his wife was sitting propped up by pillows, and a gush of unutterable tenderness swelled in his heart as he glanced at her pale face and almost transparent hands. He sat down beside her and said, softly:

"You don't know how glad I am that you are better."

"Thank you. Yes; I am almost well now—shall soon be able to be in the kitchen. I am sure I must be sadly needed there by this time."

"No, you are not needed there. By the way, would you like to have me put the farm to rent this summer, and you take the boy and go back to the old granite hills?"

"Oh, could you? May I go?" and the voice quivered with excitement; then wistfully, "but the expense, Newton. It would put us back so much."

"Yes, there it is; the old doctor was right," he thought. And then aloud, "Do you know what I went to the city for the day you were ill?"

"To deposit some money for more land," he replied, weakly.

"Yes; but I do not need that land. I have far more land than I can cultivate now. And you shall have that money—at least all you want of it—and go home and stay all the summer, and try to get some of your blood back. I shall write to-day that you are coming."

Mrs. Streeter could not believe it was not one of her feverish dreams.

But it all came about in good time, and she arrived safely at home, where she was petted and caressed to her heart's content.

You are all trying to spoil me," she would expostulate; "I shall never be fit for a farmer's wife any more."

And thus among loving friends, riding, walking and, when at home, reading, music and writing long letters to her husband, the summer wore swiftly away.

And now he had written that he was coming, and she was counting the days that must elapse ere she could look upon his face and be clasped to his heart. She was eager to go now. Her holiday was over. Health had returned, and not an instant did she shrink from the old life.

And when the husband came and saw the wonder one summer had wrought, he again told himself that the good doctor was right.

A few days were given to the old friends, and then they turned their faces toward their Western home.

It was evening when they arrived, and the wife looked with bewilderment on the change. A handsome front had been added to the old dwelling; and before she had time to question she was ushered into a parlor newly furnished and already lighted. An elegant piano stood in a recess evidently constructed for its reception.

The proprietor, Mr. Carpenter, heard the whirr and crash of the falling box, and hastened down stairs. He ordered beds brought down, and the women were laid upon them, two of them in the laundry and two in the servants' dining-room. Mrs. Carpenter did whatever could be done for the suffering women, and her husband ran to the New York Hospital and notified the surgeon of what had occurred. In ten minutes Dr. Knapp, who was in charge of the hospital, reached the hotel with his assistants and an ambulance. The fractured limbs were put in splints, and the other injuries were attended to before the patients were removed to the hospital.

The earth makes the circuit of the sun in 365 days five hours forty-eight minutes and 49.062 seconds. This is called the solar year. The civil year is ordinarily 365 days, the excess (five hours, forty-eight minutes, 49.062 seconds) amounting in four years to very nearly a day. Accordingly each fourth year is given 366 days. But this counts a little too much, the excess amounting in a century to nearly a day. So, instead of calling the even hundred years leap years, they are made ordinary years of 365 days.

He stooped to kiss the offered lips. And what a different life it was—busy, not bored. Time for the wants of the mind as well as the body. Good help in the kitchen all the time, and choice reading for any leisure hour.

The farm was an unfailing source of income, fully defraying all expense, with a balance in favor.

"Been improving, I see," said Dr. Meeker, as he reined in his light carriage to the neat fence.

"Forgive me," she said, smiling; "I am a goose, but a tired-winged one, you know. And I am so happy to be in a home in such a home, that I have no words in which to tell my happiness."

He stooped to kiss the offered lips. And what a different life it was—busy, not bored. Time for the wants of the mind as well as the body. Good help in the kitchen all the time, and choice reading for any leisure hour.

The farm was an unfailing source of income, fully defraying all expense, with a balance in favor.

" Been improving, I see," said Dr. Meeker, as he reined in his light carriage to the neat fence.

"Yes, doctor. Come in; I want to show you all the improvements. Here, Mary, the doctor wants to see you."

And as she came to greet him, rosy with health and happiness, he nodded his head at her husband.

"Yes, that will do," and then glancing at the open piano, "I am going to stay just long enough to hear one tune played. Will you favor me?" and with the old gallantry, fitted so awkwardly to his brusque manner, he led her to the instrument, and stood, hat in hand, while she played.—*American Monthly*.

Connecticut has 1,648 public schools.

Jefferson Davis at Home.

Alighting from the train at Beauvoir Station, Miss., you can see two or three small brown structures, a grove of pines, and the white vista of vanishing railway track glittering with millions of minute refractions of the bright sunshine for miles along its sandy way.

Taking the half-perceptible roadway to your right, ten or fifteen minutes' walk through the pines brings you to the beach. Here you see a house built in the airy fashion of this region of perpetual sunshine. This is the residence of the Rev. Dr. Lacock, an aged Episcopalian clergyman, once chaplain to the Duke of Cambridge. Beyond the reverend gentleman's estate you see, fronting beach, the another estate, the residence of Mr. Davis.

Entering the gate, you pass across a lawn dotted with live oak and other trees, festooned with the picturesque Spanish moss. Before you is a low and spacious mansion, painted white, with broad verandas. At either side, a trifle nearer the fence, is a small building, a sort of pavilion. While resting on the veranda, waiting for your letter of introduction to be handed to the master, your eyes take in the hospitable provisions for ease afforded by several comfortable rocking-chairs, a table and a settee.

Life here is *al fresco*. The broad hall which goes through the house is open to the breeze, but not to the ardent sun, whose rays are intercepted by the verandas. Here, on the front veranda, sits of a morning the ex-President of the South. In full view is the Gulf of Mexico, that dazzling, radiant expanse of shimmering blue. Its summer waves glide softly, to break in lulling sound upon the white and sparkling sand. The breeze is laden with the strange perfume of the sea. It is the land of the lotus-eaters, where 'tis always afternoon. Sitting on this veranda, into what reveries may not the Confederate ex-President fall, as he gazes out upon this Mexican gulf, which had the dreams of the Southern statesmen been realized, would have been the inland sea of a mighty empire, stretching to the tropics.

I was soon summoned to the little pavilion to the right of the mansion. This building is divided into two parts. The rearward is occupied by an ancient and favorite negro servant, whose idea of housekeeping is to display his furniture and tools on his little veranda. He has a notion of raising vegetable odds and ends in boxes, and his vagaries excite but a smile. No one dreams of interfering, even for the sake of order, with the privileges of this ancient servitor. The front portion of this pavilion is occupied by Mr. Davis as a library and study. Here I found him, slightly indisposed and lying upon a lounge. His manner is genial and very kindly, with the charming courtesy characteristic of the high-bred Southern gentleman.

Seventy years of age, Mr. Davis has a fresh and vigorous look. His hair, mustache and whiskers are white in part, but his eye is bright and cheerful. His face in repose is almost severely intellectual, but the smile which lights up his mouth and his quietly cheerful laugh dispel the first impression of coldness. Few of our public men have the quiet fascination of manner, the old-fashioned grace and the charming conversational powers of Jefferson Davis. His memory is capacious and retentive. One might, with a facile photographic pen, collect great stores of reminiscence from his lips.—*Correspondence Boston Herald*.

—The Champion Advertiser.

An unique incident occurred at Baldwin's Theater the other evening which was not down in the bills, and which sharply illustrates the proverbial push and ingenuity of certain San Francisco advertisers. It appears that the advertising agent of a well-known Kearney street auction-house had engaged one of the upper stage boxes for Thursday evening, and a few minutes after the doors opened the ushers were paralyzed at beholding a large canvas transparency being expeditiously and quietly erected in said box, and bearing on its surface in two-foot letters the familiar legend,

"Try Guffey's Condensed Chowder!" They at once hurried to the box and begged the occupant to desist. That enterprising individual simply shrugged his shoulders and went calmly on lighting wax tapers for his illumination. The manager himself rushed breathlessly to the spot and ordered the agent to leave the house.

"Not if I know it," replied that individual, cheerfully. "I paid \$20 rent for this box until eleven o'clock, and I intend to do what I please with it, bet

he come to do with me out by force?"

"Why so?"

"Because, you see, that would make it a splendid assault-and-battery case; be in all the morning papers. Magnificent ad." Don't you see?"

But it was not to be, and the champion advertiser furled his banners and sallyed forth to slow music by the orchestra.—*San Francisco Post*.

Why Don't He Come?

This question has been asked audibly and inaudibly quite frequently.

His answer is:

Business. (He is a clerk in a dry goods store at \$8 per week.)

He promised to take her out in a moment of weakness, and the exchequer only holds twenty cents.

He owes her a philopena.

There is another red-headed fellow going there.

The old man isn't real cordial.

It's pretty nearly reached the popping point. He'll have to sour on it a little while. Kind a put back the clock a little, so to speak.

She took strawberries last time at a dollar and a half a plate.

At Jones' party she was mashed on long-legged spider, Jones.

He ain't going to stand any more of her frills.

She don't like Lulu Smith, and he is going to see her out of spite.

He don't think she is much, anyhow.

He—well—may drop around late—but he'll chill her.

Her answer is:

Poor fellow; he is dreadfully tired. He works so hard.

Perhaps he is sick.

He's so good to his mother. Perhaps she is sick.

He was to take me out. It can't be—of course not.

It is getting late. He ought to have sent me word, at least, if he couldn't come.

I'm wicked. Perhaps he has been run over, or hurt on the elevated road.

He is real mean. It's awfully hot.

But he doesn't like cream. I wonder—

Do you suppose those strawberries—but no, he couldn't—

Can anything have happened to him? He wouldn't mind pa—but wasn't pa mad?

He is—that philopena—that's it; he is shopping for that—but he needn't be all night about it.

What? you saw him? with Lulu Smith? Oh! looked like him! The idea! he wouldn't look at yet—oh! if it was—ma, I don't believe it.

That Lulu Smith is the meanest, ugliest—

and he did go on a picnic with her—oh!

He never stayed away before—and he pretended to be angry because I thought Mr. Jones splendid—and so he is.

(Now I think of it, none of these reasons ever kept him away before.)

She would like to know why he treats her this way—and Mr. Jones is splendid—better looking—and more stylish—what can be the matter?

It's too bad—I won't speak to him if he does come now—half