

I Go to Bed.

When I have lost all faith in man,
Or failed to consummate some plan;
When women fair are cold, unkind,
And things accord not with my mind,
I do not rashly seize my pen
And in a hurry there and then
Declare this gloomy world to be
One endless round of vanity;
Ah! no, for this were mockery—
I go to bed.

When through my head there darts a pain
And life seems an increasing bane,
When creditors their patronage withhold,
And friends become too bold,
I do not in seclusion mourn,
And curse the hour when I was born—
I go to bed.

When some D. D. deserts his creed,
And quacks their many victims bleed;
When editors write sharp replies,
And moneyed men keep back supplies,
I do not, then, in prose and verse,
Implore the gods mankind to curse—
I go to bed.

When couples marry in great haste,
And servants pilfer, fret and waste;
When general courts their terms prolong,
In short, when things get somewhat wrong,
I do not bite my lips and scowl,
And at the children snap and growl—
I go to bed.

I go to bed and soundly sleep,
While friendly angels vigils keep;
But if, however, I awake
Before my ailments me forsake,
I do not of my life complain,
But try the remedy again—
And back to bed.

Ye who have griefs (and who has not?)
Let past prescriptions be forgot,
My panacea for old and young
Is given in the English tongue,
It hath to untold millions wrought
Sweetest relief, nor cost them aught;
And now if you, like these, would be
From every pain and trouble free,
Light a small lamp and come to me—
I go to bed.

The Wreck of the "Pioneer."

Ralph Keystone was one of those men who combine a talent for practical things with an active imagination. He was at the same time a most impractical man in affairs of business. Like all imaginative men, he early found a woman whom he could clothe in ideal charms, and then fell in love with her. Jane Besant was the only daughter of Farmer Besant, who owned and operated an immense wheat farm not far from the village of Muskulontie. To Farmer Besant went Ralph in the first flush of his love for Jane.

"You wish to marry Jane?"
The young man replied, "Not immediately," for just at the time he was out of employment.

"That's just it, Keystone," said the farmer; "you are out of work for the fourth time since you came from the East. How can you marry on so uncertain a prospect? You are too unstable; you do not stick to anything."

Ralph admitted he had been unfortunate in his ventures; but he still had a little money left, and he would now go into some manufacturing business.

"Manufacturing, indeed! There's nothing but farms within fifty miles. Wheat is the only thing that pays here, unless it be lumber, and there isn't a sawmill within a hundred miles."

"Then I might start one," said Ralph, catching at this straw, for he felt himself sinking. He could make no headway against this hard, practical man, who knew nothing beyond wheat.

"Start a sawmill! Where's your power? And, if you had it, how could you compete with the mills up the river? Look here, Ralph, I don't want to be hard on you. I see you love Jane and Jane loves you—at least she seems to think so."

"That's the truth," said Ralph. "We love each other dearly."

"Now I'll make a bargain with you. If you will go into some business, and make success, you shall have Jane—that is, if she wants you."

"Thank you, sir," said the young man. "I'll start the sawmill at once."

The road to the village followed the river for some distance through Farmer Besant's land, and then turned east through the woods toward the village. Ralph walked along in a dazed fashion, mentally numb with his refusal, his body walking automatically, just as it will when the mind is absorbed in contemplation. At the turn of the road his feet took the right direction for home, but after going a few steps he stopped abruptly, and turned back to the river. The Muskulontie is a wide, shallow stream, winding sluggishly through the country, its banks hereabouts heavily fringed with woods.

The young man left the road and followed the shore down stream, walking quickly, as if looking for something. Like all imaginative people, he had been given to wandering about the country, and was familiar with the land for miles around Muskulontie. He remembered having seen falling into the river, between two low hills, a slender brook, half lost in the woods.

Just as he had supposed, it was a living stream, still running, though it was August. He looked at the tiny run for a moment, and then started briskly up its winding channel, carefully noting the slope and character of the ground. After walking a short distance he found the little valley narrowed, and then spread out into a slough, a marsh, where the stream was lost in pools and sedges.

Like a prospector searching for precious metals when he finds a vein, he threw up his hat with a cheer.

"I've won her! I fancy the old gentleman will let us marry now."

Just then there came through the woods the sound of a passing steamer on the river, and the young man smiled.

"I'll beat those fellows yet. They take all this trade up the river, and leave this farming region to stagnate. We must have manufactures here, and they shall begin with a sawmill."

Keystone sat up all night over his drawing-paper and pencils. Two days after saw three woodmen felling trees by the little brook. The land belonged to Farmer Besant, and he had consented that a dam should be erected thereon. If Keystone was fool enough to sink his money in improving the bit of water-power he thought he had found, he was at liberty to do so, provided he gave half the work when finished to the landowner, with half the lumber cut on the land.

If he failed, then all the lumber was to remain on the land. Pretty hard terms, but Ralph accepted them on the spot.

Axe in hand he headed the woodmen, directing the fall of each tree, so as to save labor in hauling the logs. When about a hundred trees were down, he organized his force into choppers, and began to get out logs of every size. A pair of oxen were hired, and things began to assume shape. Heavy logs laid end to end in a double row stretched across the little valley, and marked the foundation of the dam. Stout stakes were driven on the low side, and shorter logs laid up stream, with the ends resting on the heavy timbers, raised the dam about one foot. The news quickly spread through the country round about. Young Keystone had found water power—in other words, wealth—in the little brook. Within three weeks the dam had been raised three feet, and the water began to back up behind it, spreading out over the marsh in a slowly widening pond. Then the people began to laugh. Keystone was a fool, after all. What could he do with only three feet fall of water?

The next day a small army of laborers appeared in the woods, and by night they had dug a long ditch or canal from the river up the bed of the brook. Two days after it reached the foot of the dam, and brought the river water close up to the logs. At the upper end it was five feet deep. Five and three make eight. Eight feet fall in the clear. Here's power in abundance. Thereupon the no-lookers said the young man was a smart fellow, a good engineer, etc., etc. Within a week the village carpenter had constructed a water-wheel from Ralph's designs. Within two weeks saws and gearing arrived, a shed was put up, and the sawmill was opened for business.

The first job was for a lot of two-inch plank for Farmer Besant. He claimed that he was half owner of the mill by his agreement, and would only pay half the bill. Keystone took the job, and soon had it finished, and even ran through a lot of logs and piled up the planks on sale. Sundry small jobs came in, and it began to look as if he had started a good business. One morning a stranger arrived, and introduced himself as a lumber dealer from a town fifty miles down the river. He was in search of a lot of small stuff, light scantling two inches wide and an inch and a half thick, in lengths of twelve feet and upward. He wanted a million feet, and he offered a good price, and gave his name and references. The offer was tempting, and Ralph took it, and agreed to have the stuff ready in two weeks. Encouraged by his success, he hired more help, and started on the new order. In ten days he wrote to the party to say that the scantling was nearly all ready, and could be put on a raft and floated down the river. No reply came, and he wrote again, and in a few days received a notification of the failure of the lumber dealer, and an account of the winding up of his affairs.

Discouraged and sick at heart, he wandered down by the river and sat down on a fallen tree alone. Everything was lost. He could never marry Jane. A large part of his lumber had been cut up into a useless and unsalable shape, and he was in debt to his men. In foolishly trusting the word of a stranger he had made a wreck of everything. When the mind is ill at ease a trifling circumstance will often absorb the whole attention, and as he sat gloomily brooding over the ruin of hopes, he saw a steamer rounding the bend of the river about a mile up stream. She was steering dangerously near a half-sunken island in the middle of the river. He watched her with a vague curiosity as she came swiftly onward. Suddenly she turned, and with apparent purpose ran directly across the upper end of the island, struck, and grounded. He could see the wheels reversed, and in a moment after saw the wildest confusion among the passengers on board. Springing up he ran as full speed along the bank till he came opposite the stranded boat.

It was a freight and passenger steamer—the Pioneer by name. She blew her whistle loudly, and a moment after he saw a boat lowered. For an instant there was some confusion on the steamer as if the people were demoralized, but a tall fellow interfered, and order was restored. The boat came slowly ashore, and by the time it reached the bank all his mill hands and several farming people had arrived in an excited crowd on the bank. In the boat came the captain of the steamer. As he sprang ashore he said to Ralph:

"Are there any boats or barges about here?"

"Nothing but a punt or two. Can't you bring your passengers ashore in your own boats?"

"Bother the passengers! I can land them easy enough. It's the cargo. The steamer will never come off. The tiller rope broke, and she ran nose on at full speed. The old Pioneer had laid down her bones forever. Poor old tub! I pity her."

"I'll take your cargo ashore, or down stream to any point you say, in three days, for five hundred dollars."

"Oh, you've a barge or two. Why didn't you say so? I'll hire 'em of you. I want to get my cargo off, but I'll make one in twenty-four hours for cash. I have a sawmill just back of here."

"I'll give you five hundred dollars if you'll put the cargo on a flat within three days. I can't get a steamer up here in less than two days, and it will cost almost as much, though I don't see how you're going to make a flat in that time."

"That's my look-out. I'll have a barge 'longside before to-morrow night."

"It will take two barges. Heavy cargo this trip."

"If I leave a single barrel behind, I'll forfeit a hundred dollars. You can take the passengers to the village. Some of the folks will give them lodging till the boats come up on Monday."

The captain agreed to the bargain, and put off to bring his passengers ashore.

"Johnson," said Ralph to one of the young men, "go to the painter's, and tell him to send me three men and a lot of white-lead paint. Then get two kegs of sixpenny nails and bring them to the mill. Take my horse. Pick up all the men you can find. I want all the carpenters in the place to work day and night on a good job."

Ten minutes later a dozen men, with carpenters' tools, stood ready in the mill-yard waiting for orders.

"I was here next door to a Massachusetts shipyard," said Ralph, "and I know something about boat-building. I am going to make a barge big enough for a steamer. Let every man do exactly as I tell him, and we will have her launched before to-morrow night. Every man shall have double pay while at work on the boat."

The men gave a cheer, and said they were ready for anything. It seemed as if it might be true, for in a moment after they were carrying long two-inch planks down to the river bank. Here a space was cleared next the water, and four

lines of timber "ways," or slides, were laid down heading into the water, securely fastened together, and then liberally spread with grease and oil. Then, under Ralph's directions, two-inch planks were laid side by side on the ways till a platform was made one hundred and eighty feet long and about twenty feet wide in the center. More men began to arrive, and every one who could drive nails was promptly engaged, and within an hour forty men were at work on the new boat.

With chalk and line Ralph struck a line through the center of the platform, and from this struck out a curved line on each side, and then bade the men saw off the planks to the curved line. This gave a long slender platform, ten feet wide at the upper end, or stern, and twenty feet wide near the center, and running off to a long slender point at the lower end, or bows, of the future boat. Then upon this platform was laid a rough coat of paint, a dozen men plying the brushes at once, and then came more planks, laid lengthwise. The two platforms were cut to the same form, and were quickly spiked together.

The men suggested that such a long and slender raft would never hold together.

"Wait and see," said Ralph. "Now for the scantling we have been getting out at the mill. Bring it down by the cart-load. Now, men, have your bits ready for boring nail-holes in the stuff. Make the holes a foot apart the whole length of the strips."

In a moment the two several pieces of scantling were ready, and taking one in hand Ralph laid it along the edge of the raft and nailed it down, then another, till a strip had been laid entirely round the raft. As the strips were long and flexible, they were easily bent to fit the curved lines of the platform. At the upper end the cross-pieces were nailed together, and at the bow end the strips were brought to a point and fitted to an upright piece set up at the end of the platform. Then through the center of the platform was laid another strip from end to end, while at intervals of about five feet cross-pieces were laid from side to side.

"Now, men, you see my idea. Lay strip over strip, and nail them firmly one to the other through the holes, till the sides are six feet high; break the joints of the strips and nail-holes; lay on the paint freely as you go, and we shall soon have a steamerboat without ribs. The cross-pieces will brace her, and he'll carry a big cargo, even if she isn't very pretty."

The men, unaccustomed to marine architecture, greeted this novel system of boat-building with pleasant surprise, and went to work with a will. More men arrived, and the clatter of twenty hammers going on at once made the woods ring. The sun went down, and torches and bonfires were lighted. A boy was sent round for the men's supper, that there might be no delay. The passengers of the wrecked steamer were bestowed in sundry farmhouses, Farmer Besant taking his share at two dollars each. The news of the boat-building spread quickly, and the people flocked down to the mill-yard to see the work, and with them came all the passengers. Among them came Farmer Besant and the captain of the Pioneer. The farmer walked about the curious structure now rapidly rising, and seeing the enormous consumption of scantling, he remonstrated in no pleasant mood.

"What right have you to use up your customer's stuff in this way?"

"He's failed," said Keystone, without topping his work.

"How do you know? He may claim it, and you are spoiling thousands of feet of good stuff on a piece of folly."

"Don't know about that," said a big fellow near by. "It's about the smartest idea I ever seen. Guess you belong East, young man?"

"Massachusetts. I've seen many a boat built without ribs, though none quite so big. She'll carry your cargo, captain."

"Oh, she will when she's decked. I say, young fellow, don't you want to sell her just as she stands?"

"No. She is to be a steamerboat."

Farmer Besant felt confirmed in his words of young Keystone. He was a born fool—come from the very home of lunatics and visionaries.

"I'll give you three hundred dollars for her just as she stands, and finish her myself."

"The Jane is not for sale."

"Jane for sale? Don't insult the girl, Mr. Ralph."

"A little more paint—lay it on thick!" Then he turned away to drive more nails.

Farmer Besant went home, intending to tell Jane of the insult she had received. He would never speak to Keystone again, neither should Jane. Luckily Jane had gone to bed when he returned and knew nothing of the building of the boat.

Morning came and saw the sides of the boat well advanced. Some men left for home and rest, and others took their places. Even some of the passengers volunteered as painters and nail-drivers. There was no thought of the Sabbath. The excitement of the wreck, the arrival of so many strangers and the boat-building brought everybody out of doors, and the yard was filled with people watching the progress of the work.

Among them came one with shining eyes and a rosy blush upon her face. The name of her lover was on every tongue. The marked approval of the captain of the steamer, and the enthusiasm of his engineer, won the confidence of the rural population. Keystone had always been considered an eccentric sort of fellow, but now, after all, there might be something in him. These things she heard and treasured in her heart. She kept out of sight in the crowd, but saw everything and heard everything with the greatest interest and pleasure. There was a man painting letters in blue on the stern of the new boat. He had made a J, an A and an N, and was at work on another letter, Ah, Jane—her name! There was quite a company of people watching the man, and when the name was finished there was a little shout of approval.

"Fallers said he was drefle sweet on Squire Besant's darter."

"Sho! That's a pretty idee, anyway."

She blushed scarlet, and slipped away and went up to the deserted sawmill, and sat down on a log by the little water-fall. Suddenly some one stood beside her.

"Oh, Jane! It's all over. I have failed, and to-morrow your father will take the mill. That lumber dealer has failed, and that brings me down."

"Can't you sell the lumber?" said Jane, with ready common sense.

"I have used a part of it in making the barge. If I get the money for saving the cargo, I shall have just enough to pay every bill, but with nothing left."

She stood up, and placing a hand on each shoulder calmly kissed him.

"Thank you, love, for the compliment."

"I heard the engineer say the—the Jane would make a good freight steamer if she were engaged."

"Did he? That's not a bad idea. I had thought she would make some kind of a craft. Oh! Perhaps I could buy the engines out of the steamer. They will sell them cheap."

"I thought you had failed and lost everything."

"No. I can't fail while I have you."

What further sentiment he would have indulged in cannot be known, for some one called them.

"She's 'bout ready to slide," said the big captain. Seeing Jane, he took off his hat and said, politely, "Will the young lady name the boat?"

"The boat is named the Jane Besant. Let me present my friend Miss Besant, captain."

"Glad to meet you, miss. I leased my boat the Nancy K., after my wife. It brings luck."

The built-up sides of the boat and the interior cross-work that braced her and held the hull together in every direction had been raised six feet high. Boards were laid down on top to form a deck and she was ready to be put afloat. The captain and the engineer, Ralph and about a dozen men armed with long poles, mounted the deck. The word was given, the block was hoisted, and the boat slid down the ways into the water amid the cheers of the people. She settled down in the water with a slight list to one side, and the rural population gave a little cry of alarm.

"The cargo will ballast her," said Ralph. "Get out your poles, men, and push her along the shore till we come to the steamer."

The Jane Besant was quickly brought round, and went up stream, followed by an enthusiastic multitude on the shore. Shortly after, the barge was secured alongside the wreck, and the men began to put the cargo on board. She did not leak a drop, and appeared to be as stiff and strong as the best ribbed boat afloat. She was very buoyant, and readily minded the rude rudder that had been hung at the stern.

"I shall be glad to consider your proposal, sir, to-morrow."

"Come in my cabin—I guess it isn't wholly wrecked. Come, Bates, I want you too."

The young man followed the captain and his engineer into the cabin and sat down, while the captain ordered some wine and lunch. When the lunch came, the captain began to be expansive.

"She only wants a little more sheer, and a deck and house and engines. She'll not be fast boat, but she'll go in shallower water than anything on the river. She'll be running regular trips when the big boats are laid up for low water. Tell you what I'll do, young man, I'll put engines in her, and make her a stern-wheeler. Mobbe you can raise enough to put a house on her. I'll go halves with you in the business. We can haul her ashore and sheathe her bottom to make it smooth, and make a good thing of it. What d' you say? Is it a bargain?"

"Then it would be a bargain—if it wasn't Sunday. All right. We'll go ashore this evening and hear the parson."

Two months later the parson of the neighborhood, a good man, told Jane Besant of the books of the boat for business. There was a line of passengers, headed by one of the boat's servants, already waiting at the ticket-window.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Keystone—oh, yes—all right—free passes. Give them the bridal room, John; here's the key. Next!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Unmanageable Prisoner.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Geneva, Switzerland, tells about a prisoner in jail at Vaud, who seems to be an unusually "hard case."

The name of the prisoner is Christian Wyss, and he appears to have been an evil-doer from his youth upward. Though still under forty, he began his career of crime more than twenty years ago, being sentenced in 1858 to a term of imprisonment for a robbery committed at Vevy. In 1863 he was condemned to eight years' solitary confinement for robbery with violence and a murderous attack on the gendarme by whom he was arrested. During this imprisonment he made a ferocious onslaught on a turnkey with a chisel, of which he had surreptitiously possessed himself, and nearly killed the man. No sooner was Wyss released from prison than he resumed his evil courses. Two years thereafter he was brought before a criminal court at Payerne on a charge of breaking into the house of the pastor of Ressandens, whom he half strangled and left for dead, and, though he recovered for a time, he did actually die not long afterward of the injuries inflicted on him by his assailant. For this offense Wyss was sentenced in 1873 to thirteen years' solitary confinement. Before the year was out he attacked another turnkey, this time with a knife, and though the poor man was hurt to death he survived about a few weeks, a circumstance which, indicating as it did a possibility of ultimate recovery, induced the magistrate by whom the murderer was tried to take an indulgent view of the case and add only two years to his sentence. After this event, and seeing that Wyss, who is not only a creature of ferocious temper, but of great strength and almost herculean proportions, continued to threaten his jailers, and made several attempts to escape, the authorities resolved to provide him with a prison of his own. A separate cell of solid masonry was, therefore, built for him. Light was admitted by a single, heavily barred window, and the door was of such strength as seemingly to defy the prisoner's utmost efforts to break out.

In this door was arranged a small wicket, through which Wyss was fed like a wild beast, for no one ever entered his cell, where he remained day and night heavily ironed. But one day when a guardian of the prison was conveying to Wyss his maternal supply of food he perceived that the door had been tampered with. An alarm was forthwith given, and investigation made. It seemed that the prisoner had managed, nobody could tell how, to break a piece of iron from one of the bars of his window. This, by dint of hard work—using the floor of his cell as a whetstone—he had ingeniously shaped into a sort of chisel, with which he had forced back one of the bolts of his door, and would, doubtless, had he not been found out in time, have forced them all and regained his freedom. It required almost a regiment of gendarmes to secure Wyss and carry him to another cell, there to be kept chained to the floor until his own den should be once more ready to receive and, as his custodians hope, to retain him. If, before his time be out, Wyss should commit any more murders, it is very likely, in the present temper of the Vaudois people, that he will be hanged.

Peculiar People.

Odd folks here and there are described in the newspapers. Roxbury, Mass., has an eccentric tramp who lives in a cave during the winter and spends the summer in making begging excursions to the neighboring towns. He never says a word, and his dress consists entirely of old bootles fastened together with leather straps. A small wagon, drawn by two goats, and containing a helpless, shriveled man, attracted attention in Hagerstown, Md. He said that he had traveled in that manner for many years, and called himself "the American Tourist." He is entirely helpless. His wife and four children accompany him and attend to his wants, getting their living by the sale of a temperance song and other small articles. Jefferson Stevens, who lives near Sulphur Springs, Ky., concludes that he is gifted with peculiar powers, of which he lately gave a street exhibition. He held a forked dogwood switch, like those used by wizards, in his mouth, and told the crowd to ask any questions they pleased. A pair of tramps turned up at Des Moines, Iowa—Peter Carlisle and wife—who were on their way to Leadville from the Pennsylvania coal regions. They had pushed a handcart all the way, containing their baby girl and a few household utensils. Carson Carr, of Modesto, Cal., will on no account walk a step, but always runs, no matter if the distance is only a few feet; while Mrs. Main, of Chicago, will neither walk nor run, although physically able to do either, because she thinks her legs will drop off if she stirs them.

Words of Wisdom.

Life is too short to nurse one's misery. Hurry them across the lowland, that you may linger longer on the mountain tops.

The keenest abuse of our enemies will not hurt us so much in the estimation of the discerning as the injudicious praise of our friends.

The chief art in learning is to attempt but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated.

Opportunity is the flower of time, and as the stalk may remain when the flower is cut off, so time may remain with us when opportunity is gone forever.

Abstemiousness and frugality are the best bankers. They sow a handsome interest and never dishonor a draft drawn upon them by their humblest customer.

Cheerfulness is just as natural to the heart of a man in strong health as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must either be bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.

Our fortune depends on rely upon external causes, but our happiness upon ourselves. Its principal ingredients are a mild mind, an affectionate heart, and a temperate imagination. The first has the power to disarm affliction; the second to double every enjoyment; the last to guard us from wild wishes and vain pursuits.

The Dead Presidents.

A review of the lives of the different Presidents of the United States is productive of some very interesting results. For instance, three of them died on the Fourth of July. John Adams and Jefferson both died on the country's birthday, July 4, 1826, and Monroe died on the 4th of July, 1831. Madison died on the 28th of June, 1836, and his friends were confident that he, too, would live until July 4th. If he had, then the second, third, fourth and fifth Presidents would have died upon Independence Day.

Taylor and Johnson both died in July. Every fourth President until Mr. Hayes was an old bachelor. Van Buren did not draw any of his salary until his term expired, when he drew it out in gold, "all in a lump." Tyler died poor, and was one of the Confederate commissioners at Montgomery. John Adams lived the longest; he was ninety-one years old when he died. Madison was eighty-five; Jefferson, eighty-three; John Quincy Adams, eighty-one; Van Buren, eighty; Jackson, seventy-eight; Buchanan, seventy-seven; Fillmore, seventy-four; Monroe, seventy-two; Tyler, seventy-two; Harrison, sixty-eight; Washington, sixty-seven; Johnson, sixty-six; Taylor, sixty-six; Lincoln, fifty-six; Polk, fifty-four; Pierce, forty-five. General Grant is the only living ex-President. Tyler and Van Buren both died in 1862. Lincoln in 1865, Buchanan in 1868, Pierce in 1869, Fillmore in 1874 and Johnson in 1875.

Unshed Horses.

It has been before stated that an experienced farrier in England was advocating the abolishment of horseshoeing, and now a writer in the London Times has been trying the experiment, and thus reports: "When my pony's shoes were worn out I had them removed, and gave him a month's rest at grass, with an occasional drive of a mile or two on the high road while his hoofs were hardening. The result at first seemed doubtful. The hoof was a thin shell, and kept chipping away until it had worked down beyond the holes of the nails by which the shoes had been fastened. After this the hoof grew thick and hard, quite unlike what it had been before. I now put the pony to full work, and he stands it well. He is more sure-footed; his tread is almost noiseless; his hoofs are in no danger from the rough hand of the farrier; and the change altogether has been a clear gain, without anything to set against it. My pony, I may add, was between four and five years old—rising four, I fancy, is the correct phrase. He had been regularly shod up to the present year."

The Bright Side.

Look on the bright side—it is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that gives beauty to the flower. There is always beauty around us that which should cheer and lift the heart with warmth and gladness. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them—and perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never acquire skill, were there nothing to disturb its surface. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can from within and without him, and, above all, he should look on the bright side. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will have a turning, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance lights itself. What appears ill becomes well—that which seems wrong, right.

The Destruction of American Forests.

Of a desolation which is recorded far back of the days of Roman or even of Grecian glory, we read that "a man was famous according as he had felled up axes upon the thick trees." In the days when American forests were considered practically limitless, our fathers were far too famous for lifting up axes upon the thick trees, and the resultant destruction is even now upon us, like the Palistines upon Samson. This destruction comes upon us in many forms, most of which are, in fact, rapidly and terribly cumulative. Here is a beautiful stream of water, for example, which was a great element of wealth to the region through which it flowed. It might not only have continued to be so, but to have gained in usefulness instead of being dead or surely and swiftly passing away.

The numberless little hollows on the hills where were the springs which grew into rivulets to feed it have been stripped of the moisture-economizing verdure with which the Creator clothed them, and so the springs are dry, and the hills no longer murmur their once glad songs of labor as they hastened down the valleys to turn the mill-wheels of mechanical industry. In this one matter of destruction of the forest, of annual damage has been and is the actual result. That this drying up of the streams is attributable not only chiefly to deforestation, but almost solely to it, common sense—which is, in fact, the very essence of both fact and philosophy—must make plain to every candid mind. Rain feeds the springs. To feed them economically, it should be gentle and frequent, not violent and at long intervals. Intelligent forest engineering would require that such portion of hills be clothed with a mantle of green trees as by its cooling influence it would more frequently so contract the aerial sponge as to give us showers at short intervals. This is the case in forest-clad, beautiful Britain. The reverse is true in tree-tipped Spain, whose people have become as proverbial for their hatred of trees as their country has for sterility of soil and sleeping streams. There, and on eastward all through the Orient, a relentlessly brilliant sky and an appalling absence of verdure will teach one as nothing else can how beautiful are clouds that weep, and, in its proper time, how delicious a drizzling rainy day. The deforested Eastern lands are thus famous for seasons of blinding storms, and valleys torn by terrible torrents, as they are for the reverse. They will soon find their counterpart in all these characteristics in America, unless we rouse ourselves with a will to understand and to master these evils. Forests promote streams available for our precious manufacturing interests, also, by furnishing vast and almost innumerable beds of fallen leaves and of moss, which act on the earth like a huge overlying sponge, to check the sudden rush of the rain-fall into the valleys and down into the streams. Very rapidly, in recent years are mournful instances multiplying in which these manufacturing streams are transformed by freshets from spirits of blessings—to give homes and food and clothing to thousands who live in the hamlets, by turning the machinery which helps them by their labor to help themselves—to demons of destruction. Forests also promote such steadiness of flow of the streams as to make them sources of national wealth in giving employment to skilled labor, by preventing the rapid evaporation of moisture. Probably more than half the water that falls on a deforested region in a dry season is whisked off by evaporation just at the time when it is most needed to strengthen the depleted mill-streams. The steam engine to be of any practical use as a motive power, must have its action controlled by the conservative influence of the balance-wheel. Otherwise its wheels would whirl at one time with a fury which would result only in destruction, and then they would move too slowly to be of service. Thus the forest, by increasing the frequency of gentle rains, and so decreasing the volume and the length of intervals between showers, also by regulating their too sudden plunge into the streams, is the great regulator provided by nature for their control in the service of man. All over the manufacturing portions of our country we may find instances where the accounts of capital have been invested to develop and make available one once magnificent and almost numberless hydraulic powers. Trusting to what seemed a certainty of employment for themselves and their families, thousands of skilled laborers have in many cases confidently made their homes at a point where the stream seemed abundantly powerful and permanent. Then, as the summers came and went, the river seemed to sicken, and grow more and more feeble, till there would be a week or two each year in which the spindles and the looms would be silent. As time went on these periods of idleness lengthened into months, in which the labor struggle for bread and clothing, for means to pay for the humble little home, or debts incurred in sickness, was compelled to be suspended. The cause of all this was that the sources of the river's life had been destroyed or injured by the ignorance, cupidity, or recklessness of men who "lifted up the axe on the thick trees" far up the mountains, where the mill-streams had their birth.—*G. W. Powell, in Harper's Magazine.*

Causes of Sudden Death.

Very few of the sudden deaths which are said to arise from diseases of the heart do really arise from that cause. To ascertain the real origin of the sudden deaths, an experiment was tried and reported to a scientific congress at Strasburg. Sixty-six cases of sudden death were made the subject of a thorough post-mortem examination; in these cases only two were found who died from diseases of the heart. Nine out of sixty-six had died of apoplexy, while there were forty-six cases of congestion of the lungs; that is, the lungs were so full of blood that they could not work, not being room enough for a sufficient amount of air to support life. The causes that produced the