Holidays.

The holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart—
The secret anniversaries of the heart,
When the full river of feeling overflows;
The happy days, unclouded to the close,
The sudden joys that out of darkness start
As flames from ashes; swift desires, that dart
Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!
White as the gleam of a receding sail,
White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,
White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are; a fairy tale
Of some enchanted land, we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

—*H. W. Longfellow.*

PRIMROSE.

"You have decided to leave the farm, then, Walter?"

"I have," was the firm reply. "I was not born to be a farmer. I am not going to make a slave of myself here all my life for bare existence, when there is a chance of fame and fortune for me in the city."

The girl's fair head drooped, and her slender fingers interlaced themselves nervously as she said:

"Only a chance, Walter! Think of what you are willfully throwing away for a vague hope."

"Those men who turned their backs upon the mean drudgery of farm life and became powers in the land depended upon the same chance," he insisted.

"I am only a woman," she said, with a sad smile, "but I have thought about this matter since you talked of going away. I know that for every one who succeeds a thousand go down and are trampled under foot. One success means hundreds of failures. It is a law of existence."

"You take a gloomy view of it, little friend," he said, smiling. "It seems to me that you might find it in your heart to encourage instead of trying to depress me."

She looked at him again mutely; and as she stood there, with her mild eyes, full of unshed tears, fixed upon him, a momentary struggle took place in his heart.

He had never been conscious how much he loved her until this moment, when they were about to part, perhaps for years.

An almost overwhelming conviction beset him that here, in the simple way of life to which he had been born, with the love of this pure-souled, sweet-faced girl, he had already found the all-in-all of existence; but he shook it off with an angry effort.

"Speak to me, Primrose," he said, impatiently. "At least, advise me."

"No," she said, quietly. "Advice from me would be mockery in the face of your resolution. You will go out into the world and work out your appointed destiny. I can only pray for your success."

"Nothing could aid me more," he replied, with a tremor in his voice. "None so true and steadfast as you, Primrose. I will show you that I am worthy of your best thoughts of me. I will work and conquer. When the battle is over I will return and offer its fruits to you—if you will take me with them, Primrose."

A faint flush stole into her cheek.

"I know you do not think so meanly of me as to believe that good or evil fortune can alter my feelings for you. I am not deceived, Walter. You leave me with a double love in your heart—that which you have for me is divided with your ambition. But, remember, if time should show you how poor is the fruit of ambition, that I shall love you all the more if you come back to me poor and disheartened."

He turned away to hide his tears; yet, with the perversity of his nature, he merely bade her farewell.

She recalled him with a hesitating voice.

"I have saved this money, Walter," she said. "Will you not take it? I shall feel that I have helped you a little."

She extended the purse toward him with a wistful look that nearly unnerved him again. He took it, and, extracting the money it contained, put it back into her hand, while he hid the empty purse in his breast.

"I will keep that to recall this hour. And this," he continued, taking her about the waist and kissing her lips, "shall be more valuable to me than all the gold in the world to cheer me in my gloomy days."

Turning at a bend in the road to look back, he saw her standing where he had left her, the morning sun shining down upon her fair hair and white-robed figure, and then went on with an ache at his heart that not all his high hopes could smother.

Walter Oakdale's experience in the city at the outset was similar to that of thousands of other adventurers into its fierce vortex.

Alone and without friends, the young man soon found his courage oozing out under an uninterrupted series of failures. Ready and eager to work, he found the granting of the bare privilege to labor a favor which he could not procure. Every opening seemed to be blocked by a hundred as eager as himself. The hardships he had spoken of so bravely were not long in presenting themselves.

For a while he managed to procure the means of the meagerest existence by unmitigated toil of brain and body. At this time he often lay awake at night from sheer fatigue, longing for the scent of the pines and new-mown hay upon the old farm, and ready to sacrifice all his hopes for the privilege of standing once more beside Primrose, to feel the pressure of her soft hand.

But his pride was not yet broken. It was too late to go back now. He would not admit himself conquered. He had not the courage to confess his mistake and return to the peaceful lot he had so foolishly exiled himself from.

And shortly his affairs approached a crisis from which he was extricated for the moment by finding a letter containing a small sum of money waiting for him at the postoffice. There was no writing inclosed, nor any mark by which to identify the sender. Nevertheless something told him that it must be Primrose.

He had fallen very low, he thought, when he was forced to receive aid from her. But want stared him in the face, and he accepted the offering with a soul full of bitterness.

Until he had achieved something, he resolved, he would write no more; he would hide himself, even from her, in the deepest mazes of the city. Even a letter from her dear hand must seem like a galling reproach after this.

Not many days later it became apparent to him that ere long but two alternatives would be left to him; either to crawl home a footsore, dispirited beggar, and acknowledge himself conquered, or to die of absolute starvation in the streets.

Yet a little while he held out, yielding slowly, stubbornly, to the pressure of blind necessity.

One night less than a year from his hopeful parting from Primrose, found him pacing the streets without a roof to cover his head. Homeless, penniless, starving on that bleak winter night, it seemed to his frenzied mind as if heaven and man had conspired against him.

There was little enough pride left in him now. Want and despair had robbed him of even that fallacious strength. In his dazed thoughts there seemed no better ambition than to lie down in some sheltered corner and yield up his broken spirit.

The bright firesides shining through the windows seemed to mock his misery. At one window he saw a young wife anxiously awaiting her husband's return. Something in her figure reminded him of Primrose. What would she think if she saw him now, tattered, ghastly, freezing?

Presently he fell into a species of delirium. He thought he was on his way back to the farm—back to Primrose. The frowning rows of houses on either hand seemed to stretch away into the smiling, sunlit fields about his father's house. Yonder was the tree where he had often met Primrose when the day's toil was over.

The hard pavement looked like the winding, dusty road he knew so well—ay, and could he not smell the alder-blossoms in the morning air?

He laughed aloud as he strode along. He tried to sing an old air that he knew, and wept, he thought, for joy.

Poor soul! He did not see how the chance wayfarers shrunk back from him, imagining him a dangerous maniac.

So he walked on straight toward the river-side, where the water ran black and ugly beneath the docks and piers. For a moment its sound seemed to recall his scattered senses. He paused and looked vaguely around him. He saw in the distance a woman's figure hastening toward him, but he took no notice of it. His fancy went wild again, and he made toward the river.

"Hark!" he shouted, "the mill-stream! I shall soon be home!"

In another instant he had plunged into the water.

He was conscious of an icy thrill, the whirling of the lights along the shore, a shrill cry in a woman's voice, and a heavy plunge into the river beside him. Then, as a slender arm was flung around him and a voice, strangely familiar, spoke some smothered words of endearment into his dull ear, he became insensible.

A long, dreamy interval seemed to elapse and he awoke to consciousness in the broad light of day. The room in which he lay was his own chamber at the farm. Was this the reality? Had all the past been merely a hideous dream? He knew that he was very weak, and that he must have been very near to death.

While he lay confusedly speculating upon his position, the door opened and Primrose entered. She looked sadder and paler than when he had parted with her a year before; but a bright warm smile broke over her face as she saw that he was awake.

"My poor Walter!" she said, kneeling beside him, and covering her face with her hands.

"It is all true, then?" whispered he.

"Yes," she sobbed. "You have been very sick. We were both very near to death Walter."

"You know that I did not intend to close my weakness and failure with a crime," he said, earnestly. "I thought, Primrose, that I was on my way to you and home. I was mad with hunger and hardship."

"I know—I know," she sobbed. "I have learned all the sorrowful story. I had not heard from you for so long that I feared something had befallen you. I came to the city to see you. All day I had searched for you in vain. It was the act of Providence that I saw you at nightfall on your way to the river. Your tattered clothes, your poor, pale face and wild manner told me all. I hurried after you but did not reach you until you had fallen into the water. I knew I could hold you up if aid came speedily. It did come, Walter, at the last moment, and you were saved."

With misty eyes he looked down at her.

"You were willing to sacrifice your dear life for one so worthless as mine," he said, chokingly. "Why did you do it?"

"I loved you, Walter," she replied, simply.

"For my foolish pride and ambition I have been heavily punished," he said, solemnly. "Had I but known it, here was the goal at which a nobler man than I might have rested thankfully. You have saved my life, Primrose; it is yours. It shall be the effort of my future to be worthy of your love. Will you trust me?"

For answer she merely looked up at him with eyes in which there was neither doubt nor distrust.

A Great Speculator's Gratitude.

It happened twenty years ago, when people had an idea that gratitude was ready to bubble up in the human heart at a moment's notice. A stock speculator was waiting at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street for an omnibus. Whether he fell into a reverie over the graves just over the fence, or was wondering if Lake Shore would advance another peg, matters not. A runaway horse took the sidewalk just below him, and so deep was the speculator's reverie that he would have been run down and perhaps killed had not a friendly hand clutched and dragged him aside.

"My friend, you have saved my life!" gasped the rescued man, as he realized his escape.

"Perhaps so, but don't mention it. I'm glad to have been of service to you."

"What is your name?"

"John Smith."

"Well, Mr. Smith, I'm a man who can return a favor. My gratitude is more than words can express. What can I do for you?"

"Oh! nothing, I guess."

"But I shall. I speculate in stocks. I shall to-morrow buy $10,000 worth of Lime Ledge canal stock for you, hold it as your broker, and turn you over the profits for a year. Such heroic conduct as yours must not go unrewarded. Good night, my dear Smith."

Tradition has it that one year from that date John Smith sat in his office. A boy appeared and handed him a letter. He opened it to find that it was from the man whose life he had saved. He also found that the $10,000 had been invested as promised, but that Lime Ledge stock had kept falling a little all the time, until $400 out of the $10,000 had been lost. Inclosed was a statement and a bill for this deficiency, which he was asked to remit by bearer!

Since that date John Smith has had hundreds of chances to save human life on our crowded streets, but he has refused to extend a hand in each and every case. It would make a poor man of him in less than six months.—*Wall Street News.*

Words of Wisdom.

A weak mind is like a microscope which magnifies trifling things but cannot receive great ones.

How narrow our soul becomes when absorbed in any present good or ill! It is only the thought of the future that makes them great.

Spite is a little word, but it represents as strange a jumble of feelings and compound of discords as any polysyllable in the language.

The roses of pleasure seldom last long enough to adorn the brow of him that plucks them, and they are the only roses which do not retain their sweetness after they have lost their beauty.

In the mind of God there are but two women who can be concerned in the life of each man for his good, his mother and the mother of his children. Outside of these two legitimate loves, away from these two sacred beings, there are only vain agitations, sorrowful and ridiculous illusions.

A Fast Mare.

"Stranger," said the stage-driver, "this was how I found out her speed: I was driving alongside the railroad track just as a big load of hotel furniture started. The freight car wouldn't hold it all, but they managed to squeeze everything in except a long bar-mirror, which they tied to the side of the car. The mare saw her reflection in the glass and thought it was another horse spurting for the lead. You couldn't have held her back with a steam windlass. She just laid back her ears and snorted along like a twenty-inch shell. The passengers all began to get excited. They rushed out on the platforms and began to make bets. The conductor stood up on the seat and began to sell pools. The engineer pulled the throttle-valve wide open and tore along at ninety-five miles an hour. Soon the mare was abreast of the cowcatcher. At San Bruno we had half a mile the lead. Near the Six-Mile house the train was so much ahead of time that it fell through an open draw and everlastingly got smashed up—seventy-two killed and 199 wounded. It was pretty rough on the passengers, but then we distanced the train, bet yer life. About a month after I sold that mare to her present owner for $60,000."

We are progressing as a nation toward refinement. The wheelbarrow is now called the unicycle. But it is just as hard to run with a big trunk on it as it was under the old name.—*Boston Post.*

CHILDREN'S QUAINT SAYINGS.

The London *Truth* advertised to give a prize of £2 2s. for the quaintest saying of a child. Several hundred contributions were sent in and we give a few of the most pointed:

"As we were talking one day about churches and their curious ceremonies, a little boy remarked that he had seen a christening, a funeral, and a wedding, but he had never seen a divorce."

Jack (aged four, taking a walk)—What becomes of people when they die? Mamma—They turn into dust, dear. Jack—What a lot of people there must be on this road, then.

Tottie—I wonder why dolls are always girls, Tom? Tom—Because boys hate to be made babies of.

A child seeing a bill on a telegraph post: "Oh, mamma, look! A message has fallen down."

A precocious boy of six years, listening wearily to a long-winded tale related by a prosy relative, took advantage of a short pause to say, slyly: "I wish the story had been brought out in numbers."

"Little baby is very ill, Charley; I am afraid he will die." "Well, if he does die, mamma, he won't go to the bad place." "Why, Charley, how do you know that?" "Oh, I know he can't, mamma; he's got no teeth to gnash."

Little boy, learning his catechism from his mother: Q. What is a man's chief end. A. His head!

Girl (yawning over her lessons)—I'm so tired; I should like to go to sleep. Boy—I'll tell you what to do, then; get up early to-morrow and have a good sleep before breakfast.

A little girl, seeing two love birds billing and cooing, was told that they were making love. "Why don't they marry?" she asked; "then they would not make love any more."

A fond mother said to her little son. "Tommy, my dear, I am going to give you a little companion soon; which would you prefer, a little boy or a little girl?" "Well, mother," replied Tommy, "if it is all the same to you, I would rather have a little donkey."

A little girl, aged five, going to bed one night, and kneeling down to say her prayers, said: "Oh, mamma, may I only say Amen to-night? I am so tired."

How Thunder-Showers Come Up.

In order to convey a more definite idea of our theory, we will choose a certain locality which may serve the purpose of a diagram to our demonstration; and this locality shall be the region of West river. This river takes its rise among the forests near the summit of the Green mountains, at a height of some 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and flowing southerly forty or fifty miles empties into the Connecticut river about two miles north from the southern boundary of the State.

During a hot summer day the sides of the deep valley of this river reek with intense heat, and cause a flow of moist air upward toward the summit of the mountain reign, from the valley of the Connecticut, and also from the sea. This moist air, meeting with the general current from the southwest, piles up an immense mass of cumulus cloud of many square miles in extent. So long as the intense heat prevails, this cloud increases in size; grows blacker with its dense vapor, and casts a gloomy, lurid glare over the face of nature, darker than that of any eclipse. The vapor, pushed by the ascending currents of heated air, attains a great height above the sea, where the temperature is very low. But finally, at that hour of the afternoon when the heat begins to decline, the accumulated vapors, no longer augmented or sustained by heated air from the valleys below, fall in rain.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Washington of Italy.

A correspondent of the Worcester (Mass.) *Spy*, who witnessed the reception of Garibaldi at Milan, describing it says:

The old man was too feeble to stand, but would sometimes lift his hand as if to salute the crowd. He wore the red fez cap, worked in colors and blue tassel he is always represented in, and had something red thrown across one shoulder like a scarf. The noise of acclamations came roaring down the route, and as he approached men's lips began to quiver and women cried, and after he passed they turned to each other with wet eyes, shining with excitement, and congratulated each other that they had seen him. The intensity of it all carried us away with it, and we cheered with the rest. From the open windows the ladies literally showered him with flowers, and cried out to him endearing Italian words.

A Kentucky Tragedy.

Jerry Williams, of Louisville, though a notorious rough, was very fond of his young sister, and when he heard that John Watson had talked against her, he sought him out with the intention of killing him. These two men stood just outside a saloon, Jerry reiterating the accusation, and Watson strenuously denying it, when Charley Williams, a brother of Jerry and the girl, staggered up to them. He was quite drunk, and, just as he joined the others, he heard Watson say: "Who told you I said she wasn't a good girl?" Charley did not know that his sister was meant, but in a recklessly loose way he cried: "I said she wasn't, and I can prove it. Then Jerry stabbed his brother to death.

DIPHTHERIA.

Its Mode of Attack, the Symptoms, the Precautions to be Taken, Etc.

The following circular about diphtheria, issued by the New York board of health, will be found worth reading by the people of any locality:

MODE OF ATTACK.

Diphtheria is caused by the inoculation of the air passages with the diphtheritic poison, which from this point infects the whole system: the local inflammation is attended by the formation of membrane (exudation); the fever and general symptoms are the result of this local infection.

HOW IT SPREADS.

Diphtheria is therefore a contagious disease (not perhaps as marked as scarlet fever) induced by contact with persons and objects infected. It may be diffused by the exhalations of the sick, by the air surrounding them, or directly by the exudation, communicated in the act of kissing, coughing, spitting, sneezing, or by the infected articles used, as towels, napkins, handkerchiefs, etc. The poison clings with great tenacity to certain places, rooms and houses, where it may occasion cases after the lapse of months.

SYMPTOMS.

In ordinary attacks the poison begins to act the moment it lodges upon the tissues; but, like a vaccination, causes but slight sensible effects in from two to five days; then there is marked prostration, dryness of throat and pricking pain in swallowing; the throat becomes red and patches of white exudation appear, and the glands of the neck swell. In mild cases symptoms subside on the third or fourth day from their appearances; if more severe these symptoms may be prolonged; if unfavorable the fever increases, the local inflammation spreads and exhaustion rapidly follows.

PREDISPOSING CONDITIONS.

The Person.—Diphtheria attacks by preference children between the ages of one and ten years (the greatest mortality being in the second, third and fourth year), children of feeble constitution and those weakened by previous sickness, and those suffering from catarrh, croup and other forms of throat affections.

Social Relations.—All classes are liable to diphtheria where it is prevailing, but those suffer most who live on low, wet grounds; in houses with imperfect drains or surrounded by offensive matters, as privies, decaying animal and vegetable refuse; in damp rooms, as cellars; in overcrowded and unventilated apartments.

Seasons.—Diphtheria is not affected by either heat or cold, drought or rain.

PRECAUTIONS.

(a) The Dwelling or Apartment.—Cleanliness in and around the dwelling and pure air in living and sleeping rooms are of the utmost importance where any contagious disease is prevailing, as cleanliness tends both to prevent and mitigate it. Every kind and source of filth around and in the house should be thoroughly removed; cellars and foul areas should be cleaned and disinfected; drains should be put in perfect repair; dirty walls and ceilings should be limewashed and every occupied room should be thoroughly ventilated. Apartments which have been occupied by persons sick with diphtheria should be cleansed with disinfectants, ceilings lime-washed and woodwork painted; the carpets, bed clothing, upholstered furniture, etc., exposed many days to fresh air and the sunlight (all articles which may be boiled or subjected to high degrees of heat should be thus disinfected); such rooms should be exposed to currents of fresh air, for at least one week before reoccupation.

(b) When Diphtheria is Prevailing.—No child should be allowed to kiss strange children nor those suffering from sore throat (the disgusting custom of compelling children to kiss every visitor is a well-contrived method of propagating other grave diseases than diphtheria), nor should it sleep with nor be confined to rooms occupied by, or use articles as toys taken in the mouth, handkerchiefs, etc., belonging to children having sore throat, croup or catarrh. If the weather is cold the child should be warmly clad with flannels.

(c) When diphtheria is in the House or in the Family.—The well children should be scrupulously kept apart from the sick in dry, well-aired rooms, and every possible source of infection through the air, by personal contact with the sick, and by articles used about them or in their rooms, should be rigidly guarded. Every attack of sore throat, cough and catarrh should be at once attended to; the feeble should have invigorating food and treatment.

(d) Sick Children.—The sick should be rigidly isolated in well-aired (the air being entirely changed at least hourly), sunlighted rooms, the outflow of air being, as far as possible, through the external windows by depressing the upper and elevating the lower sash, or a chimney heated by a fire in an open fireplace; all discharges from the mouth and nose should be received into vessels containing disinfectants, as solutions of carbolic acid, or sulphate of zinc; or upon cloths which are immediately burned, or if not burned, thoroughly boiled, or placed under a disinfecting fluid.

A lump of bread about the size of a billiard ball, tied up in a linen bag and placed in the pot in which greens are boiling, will absorb the gases which oftentimes send such an unpleasant odor to the regions above.

A True Friend.

The friend who holds a mirror to my faults
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
My faults, my smallest blemishes, what
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin,
Although it seems not so—he is my friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives me praise,
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delay
To come with eagerness and grasp my hand,
And pardon me, ere pardon I demand,
He is my enemy, although he seem my friend.

—*From the German.*

HUMOROUS.

A light affair—A lamp.

Venison is plentiful, but deer as usual.

Back-yards—The trains on ladies' dresses.

The pay school is the place of hire education.

A poor rider always has an eye on the mane chance.

A "squeeze in grain"—Treading on a man's corns.

The actor who cannot draw is worse than a blister.

Comets are wearing as long trains this season as usual.

What is the spot most dear to cattle? Their fodderland.

It don't take a very fast horse to outrun the epizootic.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Said he: "Let us be one." And it was won.—*Boston Transcript.*

A woman who goes to church to show her sealskin sack is sack religious.

At Ætna Prince Alfred sat on
The edge of the crater for fun,
When a hornet stung him,
And he cried with vim:
Great Scott, the eruption's begun!

As with a woman, so with the horse. His back hair is his mane trouble.

The prevailing vice among the blacksmiths is an iron one.—*Free Press.*

A strain of music—Tightening the strings of a violin.—*New York News.*

A half century ago tomatoes were called love apples and considered poisonous.

The girl who bangs her hair often makes the wife who bangs her husband's.

The man who missed his footing probably had his boots stolen.—*Boston Transcript.*

Form of telegram to your shoemaker—Make me another pair from my last.—*Punch.*

Macbeth never got through women went about crying: "Hence, had—ow, hence."

She may dress in silk, or may dress in satin,
May know the languages, Greek and Latin,
May know fine art, may love and sigh——
But she's not worth much if she can't make pie.

A young man who had been to the circus spoke of his girl's cheek as a splendid side show.

Windows are unfortunate things for they always have panes, and most of them are blinded.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Oh, dear! I wish I was dead!" exclaimed a neglected maiden. She has heard that matches are made in heaven.

A "Gems of Thought" writer says: "No star ever rose and set without influence somewhere." It is the same with the hen.

There are 80,000,000 people who speak the English language, and out of number 79,000,000 punctuate their remarks when they stub their toes.

"If I punish you," said a mamma to her little girl, "you don't suppose I do so for pleasure, do you?" "Then what pleasure is it for, mamma?"

A Boston man has invented a word, "Astronometeorology," and already there are six men in the country who can pronounce it.—*Boston Post.*

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one would see him, the girl is his sister. When he walks so close to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, it is the sister of some one else.

The writer for the press always has two chances. One is that his matter may be crowded out for want of room, and another is that it may go in for want of something better in its place.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A young man who went to Colorado to grow up with a gold mine writes to his parents in the East that he will leave for home as soon as he can borrow a pair of pants; he still has his vest and necktie.—*Middletown Transcript.*

"Why, Polly," said her mother, "what a time you've been. Where is the cotton I've sent you for?" Polly (who has lost the money): "You shouldn't send little things like me to buy totten."

Thus, with kind words, Fairface cajoled his friend,
"Dear Dick, on me, thou mayest assured depend;
I know thy fortune is but very scant,
But never will I see my friend in want."
Dick, soon in jail, believed his friend would free him;
He kept his word—in want he ne'er would see him.

The number of coroner's inquests held in England and Wales in 1879 was 27,056. Their total cost was $430,000. Verdicts of willful murder were returned in 153 cases; seventy-eight of the victims were women. The suicides were 1,941; 480 of them women. In 9,770 cases the jury found the cause of death undeterminable.

The cost of a freight car is $525, and the average cost of a passenger car is $5,500.