

The Land of Content.
I set out for the land of content,
By the gay crowded pleasure-highway,
With laughter and jesting, I went
With the mirth-loving throng for a day;
Then I knew I had wandered astray,
For I met returned pilgrims, belated,
Who said: "We are weary and sated,
But we found not the land of content."

I turned to the steep path of fame,
I said, "It is over you height—
This land with the beautiful name—
Ambition will lead me its light."
But I paused in my journey ere night,
For the way grew so lonely and troubled;
I said—my anxiety doubled—
"This is not the road to content."

Then I joined the great rabble and throng
That frequents the monied world's mart;
But the greed, and the grasping and wrong,
Let me only one wish—to depart.
And sickened, and saddened at heart,
I hurried away from the gateway,
For my soul and my spirit said straightway,
"This is not the road to content."

Then weary in body and brain,
An overgrown path I detected,
And I said I will hide with my pain
In this by-way, unused and neglected.
Lo! it led to the realm God selected.
To crown with His best gifts of beauty,
And thro' the dark pathway of duty
I came to the land of content.

—Ella Wheeler.

THE HIDDEN WILL.

When they told old Ethan Vanwirt that his days were numbered, the first thing he said was:

"Send for Miss Work; I must see Miss Work before I die."

Singular as this demand seemed, no one thought of questioning it. Miss Work was sent for.

Laura turned quite white when the strange imperative summons first came; and then she was told that he who sent was dying.

"What can he want? Shall you go, Laura?" asked Pauline Rubie, who was visiting her.

"Oh, yes, yes, poor old man! I am sorry for him. Certainly I will go."

Pauline put her arm around the slight figure, and drew the golden head down upon her shoulder.

"Little fool," she thought, as she caressed the fair face with her slim, white hand. "Of course it is something about Lewis Vanwirt."

Aloud she said, insinuatingly: "I had better go with you, dear—don't you think so?"

"Oh, if you only will," Laura cried eagerly.

Mrs. Work was quite an invalid, and could not accompany her daughter, so she, also, was very glad to have Pauline go with her.

As the carriage drove off with the two girls she sank upon her couch with a thoughtful look.

"It must be something about her grandson. I hope Laura won't be silly." The ladies were shown at once into Mr. Vanwirt's apartment.

"I wish to see you alone, Laura, my child," he said.

"I'll wait for you in the next room, darling," Pauline volunteered promptly and departed.

"Mr. Lewis has come, sir," the servant said, as he was leaving the room in obedience to an impatient gesture from his master.

"Let him wait," the old man said grimly.

It was an easy thing for Pauline to step out upon the veranda without attracting attention, and pass along to the window of the sick room.

"I want to know what he wants of her," she said to herself, "and Laura is such an obstinate little child sometimes, as likely as not she would not tell me."

"I have sent for you, Laura Work," the dying man was saying, "to ask you if you love my grandson."

"My dear," he said, "I am dying, or I would not ask you such a question. Lewis is my only son's only child. If I die without a will, the whole Vanwirt property will fall to him as the natural heir; but the boy has taken to bad courses lately, I am afraid. He gambles, I have heard. His father died before him. The taste of it is in the Vanwirt blood. It came near being my ruin at his age. But I promised the woman I married I would never touch a card again if she would have me, and I never did."

"Laura's lips opened, but she would not utter a word.

"Little fool!" thought Pauline.

"Listen to me," old Ethan Vanwirt said, lifting himself upon his elbow in his excitement. "If you love Lewis, promise me that before you consent to marry him you will exact from him the same pledge my wife did from me. He shall be my heir."

Laura burst into tears.

"I do love him!" she stammered. "I will promise anything rather than you'd do such a dreadful thing. But—what—if he does not care for me as you think?"

"I will risk that; I think he does. All I ask of you is to promise not to marry him till he has solemnly sworn he will never touch a card again. Give me your hand, child, and say the words over after me."

Laura obeyed him, more calmly than might have been expected under the circumstances.

"God bless you!" he said, as he let

her hand go. "You have made my dying moments almost happy."

As Laura quitted the room, sobbing, Pauline was about to join her, when she heard the sick man mutter: "I am not sure, after all, that a will would make anything safer."

Then he ordered the attendant who had just come in to go and bring Mr. Scribe.

"Can he be going to make a will after all?" wondered Pauline. "I'll wait and see."

To her amazement she heard the sick man dictating a will to his lawyer, in which he left everything he possessed to Laura Work, absolutely.

Mr. Scribe ventured to remonstrate, but it was of no use.

"I know what I am about," the imperious old man said, and would hear nothing.

The will duly signed, witnessed and sealed he told the lawyer where to put it in his desk, which stood within his view.

"Is it safe here?" Mr. Scribe asked.

"I see no key."

"Who would touch it?" the sick man asked, irritably. "It would benefit no one but Lewis, and the Vanwirts are not thieves, whatever else they may be. Go, now, please, and tell some one to send my grandson to me."

Pauline would like to have stayed and witnessed this interview also, but she did not dare. Laura must be wondering greatly now where she was.

She found that Laura had come out of the sick room so agitated that Mrs. Becket, the housekeeper, had made her lie down, and was now sitting with her.

Pauline took the housekeeper's place beside her friend, and in a short time Laura was asleep. As Pauline sat there watching the white childish face of the girl she pretended to love, her brain was full of wicked and envious thoughts.

Laura was already rich, she was poor, and yet to her who had already so much, the great Vanwirt property had just been given. She envied her the handsome lover, with whom she was herself more than half in love, and whom, hitherto, she had not been without hope of winning away from Laura.

Suddenly, as she sat there, the deep silence was broken by the sound of some commotion in the house—she heard steps and excited voices.

"What can it be," she wondered.

"Mr. Vanwirt must be worse."

She sat listening for some moments, then rose softly. Laura was still sleeping. Pauline succeeded in opening the door without disturbing her, and stole out into the hall.

From the landing she could see the servants below hurrying about with awe-struck looks.

An impulse of ungovernable curiosity seized her. She watched her chance, and, gliding down the stairs, skipped through the open door without being seen, and passed swiftly along the veranda till she came to the window where she had already spent so much time. One glance at the bed told her what had happened. Ethan Vanwirt was dead! A sudden awe and horror seized her. She was about to flee the spot, when her eyes fell upon the desk in which she had seen the will placed.

"I wonder if it is there yet?" she thought.

"I am sure I can reach it from here. I should know it at a glance," she mused. She put her hand in and raised the lid. There it was.

A wicked thought crossed her. What if she took it?

At that thought she snatched the will, and hiding it in the folds of her dress, she hurriedly retraced her steps.

Ethan Vanwirt had been dead about a month. His grandson had entered into possession of his estate without any hindrance. There were rumors about a will; but when it could not be found Mr. Scribe concluded that the old man had destroyed it, and refused, when questioned, to tell who was named in it.

Pauline Rubie was still visiting Laura Work, although, truth to tell, her welcome had grown somewhat cold both on Laura's part and Mrs. Work's.

Laura was very unhappy. Lewis Vanwirt scarcely ever spoke to her except in the most formal manner, though he came to the house as often as formerly. Apparently it was to see Pauline now; and though the gentle girl strove to feel the same toward her false friend, she could not quite do so.

There was another rejected suitor of Laura's named Robert Lester, who about this time took advantage of the situation to renew his devotion to her. Laura had never liked him, and liked him less than ever now.

"I must bring matters to a crisis soon," thought Pauline one night, as she wreathed her brilliant face with smiles, and pretended not to have seen Mrs. Work's cold manner to her.

Presently, when Lewis Vanwirt called, she was watching for him, and drew him at once into the garden. "I want to tell you something," she said, in her soft voice; "and besides Laura and her lover are so happy in there by themselves it would be a pity to disturb them."

"Has she consented to marry him at last?" he asked, bitterly.

"Oh, of course; I told you she would. He is such a very moral young man, and dear Laura is so very strict in her ideas."

"Mr. Vanwirt," Pauline said, suddenly, "do you know to whom your grandfather left his money, in that will that has never been found?"

"I do not know."

"I can tell you."

"You?" He stared at her.

"It gave everything to Laura Work,"

"Impossible! How do you know?"

"Never mind, I do know," Pauline said, lifting her beautiful black eyes to his in the moonlight. "Moreover, that will is in existence."

He stared at her harder than before.

"I know where it is."

"You do?"

"Would you like to see it?" slipping her hand into her pocket.

"I certainly should."

"How would you like to see Laura and Robert Lester lording it at the Vanwirt house?"

Lewis ground his teeth with involuntary rage. This decided the false, bold girl beside him.

"Lewis Vanwirt," she said, "if that will could be put into your possession to do what you like with it, would you marry a woman who loves you better than Laura Work ever could?"

"I would."

Trembling with joy she drew out the folded paper, and put it into his hand.

He held it up in the moonlight a moment and then thrusting it inside of his breast turned suddenly and began to go swiftly toward the house. Pauline could scarcely keep up with him. An awful misgiving seized her.

"What are you going to do?"

"You shall see," he answered sternly, and she read his determination in his eyes.

"What a fool I was," she muttered, but made no effort more.

"Laura and Lester won't thank you for interrupting them."

No answer as he strode on and entered the drawing-room through one of the open French windows. Laura sat there, with her mother. She had been crying. No one else was in the room. He laid the will upon her lap.

"I find," he said hurriedly, and in a shaking voice, "that my grandfather left his money to you. There is the will that has been missing so long. I hope, Laura, that you will be a great deal happier with Mr. Lester than you would have been with me. But he will never love you any better than I do."

"Laura detests Robert Lester," cried Mrs. Work, taking in the situation at once. "She has never cared for any one but you Lewis Vanwirt, and you ought to know it."

"Oh! my darling!" ejaculated Lewis, wildly, extending his arms, "is it true?"

In another instant Laura was sobbing on his shoulder.

Pauline went quietly to her own room, and spent the night in packing. When, the next morning, she announced her approaching departure, no one objected.

The Cotton King.

Mr. Richardson, of Cresson, Miss., is the largest cotton planter in the world, and is the cotton king of America. He has worked hard all his life, and is still working. He is popular with the masses, and especially so with his colored laborers. He is generally believed to have accumulated from \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000, all made in the South, the poor South. Eight hundred hands are employed in the factories, three-fourths of whom are women gathered from the surrounding country, good, faithful, industrious and intelligent. The remaining fourth are men and boys, gathered from various places, a few from the North and a few from England and Scotland, who work 400 looms and 18,000 spindles.

In cotton these mills consume daily from eighteen to twenty bales, besides an enormous quantity of wool obtained mostly from the Florida parishes of Louisiana on Lake Pontchartrain. The price of the products of these mills are kept down to rock bottom, and these mills being situated in the southern cotton belt and in the wool producing districts, and no freights to pay on cotton, their facilities for buying the raw material are without doubt unsurpassed and they can thus undersell all others. Their savings in freight, having to pay none at all, amounts to seven or eight dollars per bale. These goods find a ready sale in all the large cities.

The mills are now running day and night, using the Brush electric lights, making the buildings as bright as day. The night hands are separate and distinct from those that work in the day. All hands work harmoniously together. There has never been a strike or any threats of such a thing. There is no colored labor employed, except five men as firemen. This labor cannot be utilized to manage the looms and spindles. The monotonous humming and droning of the machinery, it is claimed, would invariably soothe the negro to sleep and let the looms run wild and the spindles foul. Hence he is not considered available as a laborer in cotton factories. Cresson is a very thriving town, and its population orderly and temperate. There is not a grog shop in the town.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Dog, Bee and Pitcher.

A bee flew into a pitcher that stood on a doorstep of a house in Boston. A dog, coming along, saw the bee, and his head went down into the pitcher after the insect. The bee made it lively for the dog, and he could not now withdraw his head, and the circus began in earnest.

The dog howled fearfully and began to plunge wildly about, and then started on a mad run down the street. The dog, being completely blinded by the pitcher, could not guide himself, but got under the feet of a stout man, and both took a roll in the gutter, and the shouts of the man, who did not attempt to disguise his annoyance, were as loud as the yells of the dog. A policeman, coming up, broke up the pitcher and the show at the same time.

A BABY WITH TWO HEADS.

A Strange Creature in the Smithsonian Institute—Mystery as to its Origin.

A recent letter from Washington to the Philadelphia Times says: One of the officers of the Smithsonian Institute sent me a note a day or two ago asking me to come over and see the strangest thing that had ever been in the institution. I went, as a matter of course, and was surely shown a very amazing thing. It was a two-headed baby, nicely dried and preserved. It was about a foot long. The heads, about the size of a base ball, were perfect, and so were the two trunks, which came together at the waist. The shoulders seemed to be perfect, the four arms were perfect, and the two chests were, so far as I could see, natural and normal. The hips appeared about the proper size for an infant of that age, and the legs and feet were natural. Every part of the boys to the hips seemed natural. Here the ribs seemed to grow together. The right arm of the left boy was over the head of the other boy, while the left arm of the right boy was around the neck of the other. The other arms were stretched along the sides. The child or children were larger than usual at birth, and it is a conjecture whether it or they may not have been born alive. The scientists have not examined it critically; but so far there does not seem to be any natural reason why the children should not have lived. It is certainly a more curious freak of nature than the Siamese twins, except in the matter of living. The remains arrived a day or two ago from a Southern State. The case is enshrouded in a good deal of mystery and still more secrecy. The authorities pretend that they have not a full history of the singular thing, and whether they have or not it is doubtful that it will ever be given to the public. Even the "specimen" itself is kept locked up in a room with a lot of rattlesnakes, and the people are not allowed to see it, and this is the first publication about it that has ever been made. The probability is that the existence of such a child was concealed by the parents, and that the remains were found by accident, the parents being ignorant of the finding. One thing I noticed particularly about these baby, or that babies, and that was the shape of the heads. They were as well developed heads as I ever saw. They were large at the top and the foreheads were full and it did not slope back like the Siamese twins. What is to become with him is a question no one can answer at the Smithsonian.

The Mahogany Tree.

Full-grown, the mahogany tree is one of the monarchs of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms, rising to a lofty height and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces, covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, light and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen, present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur. The leaves are very small, delicate and polished, like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white, or greenish yellow. The mahogany lumbermen, having selected a tree, surround it with a platform about twelve feet above the ground, and cut it above the platform. Some dozen or fifteen feet of the largest part of the trunk are thus lost; yet a single log not infrequently weighs from six or seven to fifteen tons, and sometimes measures as much as seventeen feet in length and four and a half and five feet in diameter, one tree furnishing two, three or four such logs. Some trees have yielded 12,000 superficial feet.

A Fantastic Pair.

The *Figaro* states that two phenomenal specimens of humanity are now in Paris; one is a giant and the other a dwarf. The giant named Nicolai Simonoff, seven feet five inches high, is a young Russian of twenty-four, who served in the body-guard of the emperor of Russia during the Turkish campaign. He is one of the one hundred and seventy men who forced a passage across the Danube near Semniza on the 15th of June, 1877, and was rewarded with the Saint-George medal for his bravery. During the war many of his companions fell around him while he escaped unhurt, and as some people expressed their astonishment at the fact, "It is very simple," he said; "All the shots passed between my legs." Nicolai Simonoff began to grow so enormously only when he was about twenty; until eighteen he was of ordinary stature. He had married before joining the military service, and on his return his wife, much astonished to see a giant enter her house as her husband, refused to recognize him.

Princess Paulina, the dwarf, is Dutch; she measures only one foot two inches. The giant holds her on his stretched-out palm.

A Wise Precaution.

When diphtheria is prevailing, no child should be permitted 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.

An insane physician poisoned two men to death at Lyon, Minn., before his malady was discovered.

SOME ODD HAPPENINGS.

By a change of channel the Missouri river cut off one thousand acres from Kansas and added it to Missouri.

A carpenter while repairing a house in St. John's, discovered beneath a partially decayed window-sill \$5,000 in banknotes.

The original seckel pear tree, 150 years old, still stands on the shore of the Delaware. This tree was produced from a seed that was washed on shore.

While the residence of Irving Clay, of Grand River, Mo., was burning, a loaded musket lying upon a gun rack was discharged, and the contents, consisting of turkey shot, wounded two of the children.

When Miss Minnie Gorges, of Staunton, Va., heard L. P. Benjamin, the solo cornetist of a visiting minstrel troupe perform, she fell madly in love with him. Opposition was useless, and after a betrothal of two hours they were married.

A Madeira county Texan gathered over 1,000 bushels of pecan nuts from his farm and sold them in San Antonio for \$3.40 per bushel. His net profit was \$3,400 on the crop, the entire cost of gathering and marketing being just \$25.

Ella Dorsey, the affianced wife of Conrad Seitz, of Monroe, Ala., when notified of his death sent back this telegram: "Delay funeral two days. I will be ready for burial with him." She was; she committed suicide immediately afterward.

A diamond ring lay on a marble slab in Cambridge, Mass., where a lady had placed it before washing her hands. An hour afterward a mouse was seen to run across the room with the ring round his body, having crawled into it as it was standing on its edge. The mouse was afterward caught and the ring recovered.

A Son's Alleged Sacrifice.

A lad in the Kansas penitentiary, who confessed a few years ago to having murdered a man named Farris, now poses before the public as a devoted son. He says he became convinced at once that his father had committed the murder, but at the coroner's inquest shielded him and convicted himself. The father then got out on bail, and the boy remained in jail five months. During his confinement the father visited the son frequently. On one of these visits the boy was told that there was a bag containing a pair of boots on top of a cupboard in the jailer's office, and the father wanted them secured and burned.

There were two doors between the prison and the office, but to the surprise of the boy the jailer strangely left these two doors unlocked and the bag was very easily got, and in the presence of other prisoners, burned in the stove. Two of those witnesses are now in the penitentiary. These boots, it seems, were the father's, and bore marks that pointed to his guilt. After that the boy was persuaded to sacrifice himself to save his father, upon the promise that a pardon would be procured in a few years on the ground of his youthfulness. Afterward the mother visited the prisoner, and he thereupon confessed to her that he had killed Farris in a quarrel. When the case came up for trial the young man pleaded guilty to the charge, and wholly exonerated his father from all complicity in the bloody deed. After the prisoner had been in the penitentiary a year, his father and mother went to California. After five years the mother returned and endeavored to procure a pardon for her boy, but failed. This intelligence was conveyed by letter to the father, and he killed himself. The knowledge of the suicide, however, did not reach the boy until some time last September. This is one of the most remarkable statements in criminal annals. That a boy of sixteen should have the nerve to consign himself to disgraceful imprisonment to shield a cowardly father seems incredible.—New York Tribune.

"Odd People."

Undoubtedly odd people have their consolations. In the first place, they are quite sure not to be weak people. Every one with a marked individuality has always this one great blessing—he can stand alone. In his pleasures and his pains he is sufficient to himself, and if he does not get sympathy he can generally do without it. Also "peculiar" people, though not attractive to the many, by the few who do love them are sure to be loved very deeply; as we are apt to love those who have strong salient points, and in whom there is a good deal to get over. And, even if unloved, they have generally great capacity of loving—a higher, and it may be, a safer thing. For affection that rests on another's love often leans on a broken reed; love which rests on itself is founded on a rock and cannot move. The waves may lash, the winds may rave around it; but there it is, and there it will abide.

Professor Watson, the astronomer, had a remarkable memory. When an undergraduate he used to memorize long passages of the Greek and Latin authors, which he sometimes in after years repeated to his friends with complete accuracy.

There are in the city of New York about twenty charitable hospitals for the care of the sick. In addition to those of their patients who wholly or in part pay the cost of their own treatment, they provide for ten thousand sick persons annually without charge.

No Such Man.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin' out in bows and ties,
As woman's ruin' passion,
And comin' to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a winkin'
And nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sother to thinkin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers,
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort of moral umbrellers.
Go home," said he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brother's;
Go home," said he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots of smilin'
And lots of lookin' at our pew;
It sot my blood a bilin'
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him, when meetin's out, that
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

HUMOROUS.

Best place for the blind—The sea side.

The longest shoe is under a foot, when worn.

In a war of words the dictionary gets the best of it.

It is natural to avoid a clock when it is about to strike one.

The beehive is the poorest thing in the world to fall back on.

No matter how old a crowbar may be, it remains as pry as ever.

At this season the most popular letter is the fan L.—Syracuse Times.

The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that a man, like a razor, is made keen by being frequently strapped.

"Do fish sing?" asks an exchange. Certainly, and many of them have been known to reach the high sea.

"Tiers, idle tiers," as the actor said when he saw the row of empty benches before him.—*Marathon Independent*.

It isn't necessary to search the rocks for the antediluvian man; he is here, and can be found in the store that don't advertise.—*Lockport Union*.

What weeds are prouder in their lives
Than even Jonah's gourd?
"The weeds put on by widowed wives;
That was the answer heard."
—New York Mail.

A man's jaws would make a small farm, as each one contains sixteen achers.—*Waterloo Observer*.

The average man in an ulster should adopt the hoop-skirt, in order to give his heels full play.—*Orego Blade*.

The book descending on the memories of Ole Bull is bound in calf, with the head and tail inside.—*Bloomington Eye*.

Fill her bustle full of sponges,
Sister's going out to skate;
She will need their yielding softness
When she tries the figure 8.

It is a fortunate thing for Shakespeare that he established a solid reputation before the newspaper critics of America had a chance to cut him up.

The St. Louis *Spirit* chronicles the remarkable fact that an auctioneer recently put up a stove in that town. But, didn't he finally knock it down?

The donkey keeps his tongue still and his ears in motion. Consequently, his ears are never frozen. There is a moral here, if you will search for it.

Of course, stores that have nothing in particular to sell have nothing in particular to advertise, and must needs sarily preserve silence.—*Elmira Free Press*.

"Tom, where can I get a good two-foot rule?" "I can give you one on the spot, John." "Well, let's have it." "Don't wear tight shoes! That rule applies to both feet."

Two new Atlantic cables will soon be laid from the American coast and fastened to France. Then, if the latter country makes any trouble, we can pull her over here by those cables and spank her.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Angry Debtor—"Here is your money boy. Now tell me why your master wrote eighteen letters about that paltry sum." Shopboy—"I'm sure I can't tell, sir; if you'll excuse me, sir, I think it was because seventeen letters did not fetch it."

"What I want to get is the animus of the transaction," said the judge. "But your honor," said the complainant, "there wasn't any at all. He came up quiet like, and grabbed the coat, and was off before I could see what he was at. No, sir, there wasn't any muss."

I hate the winter with its snow—
It is the blame of wedded life—
I've drunk the very drops of wine,
For Mary Ann is now my wife;
And be it e'er so cold and drear,
Each morn, at 6 o'clock or prior,
My darling whispers in my ear:
"It's time, my love, to light the fire!"

It was in a San Francisco restaurant the other night that a waiter was apologizing for the dilapidated state of his napkin. "Don't mention it," responded the customer, sadly. "I don't mind the holes in the least. That part of your napkin is always sure to be clean." And for the next ten minutes nothing could be heard but the butter combing its hair out in the pantry.

Lord Dufferin is said to have related with great gusto, to a friend, that when he came home from India to be married he found no carriage awaiting him at the little Irish railway station, and had to hire a common jaunting car. Going along he asked the driver if there was any news. "Nothing," said he, "except that pretty Kate Hamilton is to be married to that one-eyed Dufferin."