

Two Lovers.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring—
They leaned soft cheeks together there.
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
Oh, budding time?
Oh, love's blent prime!

Two wedded from the portal step;
The bells made happy carrolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
While petals on the pathway swept.
Oh, pure-eyed bride!
Oh, tender bride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent!
Two hands above the head were looked;
These pressed each other while they rocked;
These watched a life that love had sent.
Oh, solemn hour!
Oh, hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their knees,
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
Oh, patient life!
Oh, tender strife!

The two still sat together there;
The red light shone about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left the lonely pair.
Oh, voyage last!
Oh, vanished past!

The red light shone about the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said "Once
more!"
Oh, memories!
Oh, past that is!

—George Elliot.

WINNING GOOD LUCK.

As the great clock in the counting room of Barone Brothers, bankers, struck five, Mr. Rufus Warner, chief bookkeeper and confidential clerk, looked up at it musingly and closed his ledgers for the day. It was time now to go home; but he did not remember any one day of his life that had ever been so short. Since he had unfolded his morning paper and read, with considerable amazement, a certain small advertisement, he had been in a state of happy perplexity and blissful castle-building.

"If this should meet the eyes of Rufus Warner (He had read it twenty times or more during the afternoon)—If this should meet the eyes of Rufus Warner, who remembers Joey Trexler, he will hear of something worth knowing by addressing Teague & Tarbox, Attorneys-at-law, Chicago."

Two or three of the other clerks said the advertisement meant that he was about to "strike a streak of luck." But who was Joey Trexler, they asked. And that was just what puzzled Rufus Warner: Who was Joey Trexler? In the evening, though, after he had shut himself up alone in his room, and sat down before the open fire, in dressing-gown and slippers, it occurred to him. Joey Trexler! Why, of course, he remembered him very well. How stupid he had been not to recollect him sooner!

He had met the man long ago, when he, Rufus, was fifteen years old, and coming up to the city the first time. He was not likely to forget that period of his life. The day was a chilly, lonesome one, late in November, and the roads were frozen and rough, so that the lumbering old stage-coach in which he rode from Perryville jolted at every turn of the wheels. He remembered, too, how dreary the fields looked, with their tall bunches of cornstalks dotting them here and there, and the leaves on the trees were all turned and falling along the roadside. About dark it began to snow a little, and Joey Trexler (he was the driver) jumped down from his box and lighted the lamps at the sides of the coach. Then the other passengers—two old gentlemen and an old lady—drew the buffalo robes about them and gave up talking some time. As for himself, he had enough to think about, while he sat huddled in one corner, watching through one of the windows the flicker of the lamp at that side and the gathering gloom without. By-and-by, however, one of the old gentlemen disturbed him.

"Going fur?" he asked. "Maybe you oughtn't to fall asleep."
"I am going to the city," Rufus answered. "I am not asleep."

"Going to the city, are you? Well, now, that's quite a piece for a lad like you to you alone. Folks live there?"
"No."

The coach jolted along some distance before the man spoke to him again; and it grew darker and darker, so that they could not see each other very plainly. After a while, though, the old gentleman attempted once more to start conversation.

"Belong down in the country here somewhere, I suppose?" he inquired.
"In Perryville," Rufus returned.
"Your father keeps store there, maybe?"

"He is dead."
"Dead? Shaw! I'm sorry to hear it. Mother living?"
"No."

The coach lurched, the snow blew against the windows, and the lamps shot up an extra flame.
"So you're an orphan?" said the old lady, in a sympathetic tone, from her corner.
"Yes, ma'am."

Here the conversation ended a second time; for the horses were now seeking their way in the dark, and the coach swayed to and fro, making it necessary that the occupants should guard against being thrown from their seats. Rufus, tired and weary, wondered if they would ever reach the end of the journey. He dozed once, in spite of the uncomfortable condition of things, and awoke with a start. Then he dozed again in earnest and dreamed vaguely. Now he was in his room at home; and his mother was standing at the side of the bed, looking down at him. Next, everything was confusion and the house was filled with the neighbors. Somebody was telling him that it was an auction, and that they were selling all the furniture; that his aunt in the city had sent for him to visit her until he got a chance to live somewhere else. Finally, the old house seemed to be rocking with the wind and the windows were rattling very loud; lights were flashing here and there, also, and people were calling one another. Suddenly he felt himself hurled to the floor and heard a frightful crash.

"Whoa, Bess! Whoa, Issy!" It was the voice of the stage driver, calling to his horses. Rufus was wide awake now, and in an instant was aware that the coach had tipped over. The two old gentlemen, the old lady and himself were all in a heap together.

"Don't any of you move!" said one of the men. "I've got a hold of the door here above us, and can throw it open."
He did so in a moment and crawled out. His companion, after groaning much and declaring that his legs were both broken, managed to follow; and then Rufus extricated himself from the robes, and helped them assist the old lady to climb out. She was much frightened, and had such difficulty in standing that the two old gentlemen forgot their own aches at once, and carried her to a house and or two up the road, where a light glimmered. Rufus, in the meanwhile, hurried to unbuckle the harness that held down the floundering horses, which the driver was bawling at from some place where he had been thrown.

"That's right, boy! That's right!" he said, as the horses sprang to their feet. "Now give me a bit of a hand; for something's the trouble with my left leg and I'm gittin' drefful weak."

Rufus, after taking off the unbroken lamp on the upper side of the coach and lighting it, discovered that the driver was pinned down in the snow by a part of one of the wheels, which was resting on his legs.

"There, that's it! Lift ag'in, my boy, with all your might!" the man said, seizing the wheel himself, also, and, with a great effort, dragging his limbs free.

He had scarcely achieved this, though, before he fell back in a swoon; and Rufus, holding the lamp over him, saw that his ankle had been cut and that it was bleeding frightfully. But, instead of being scared and running away to the house for aid, Rufus took off a knit scarf he had about his neck and tied it around the driver's leg, just above the wound, as tight as he could draw it. He had read somewhere that this was the way to check bleeding from a vein or an artery, and he had the satisfaction immediately of seeing the appliance take effect and the blood cease flowing so rapidly. Then, exercising his wits still further, he rolled the man on one of the buffalo robes and dragged him over the snow to the house.

In the end it turned out that Rufus' promptness probably saved the driver's life; at least, the doctor, when he arrived, a half hour after, said as much. But it all slipped out of Rufus' mind the next day, as soon as he reached the city, with its crowded streets and whirl of excitement. Once only before had he ever been there, and the noise bewildered him for awhile. Standing alone in the busiest part of one of the great thoroughfares, he watched the people coming and going, until he became very homesick. He felt poor and mean, too, dressed in his coarse country clothes; and it did not seem as though he ever could find any chance to earn his living in the city. In the evening his aunt told him that he ought to get one of the newspapers in the morning and look through the advertisements of wants. This he did with much eagerness, and, after answering two by letters, he selected one vacancy to apply for in person.

A lawyer wanted a boy to tend his office and run errands. Rufus thought, as he hurried along the streets, that he would be able to do that, and more also, perhaps, if the lawyer would only give him the opportunity. His hopes, though, of obtaining even a trial expired instantly as soon as he ascended the first flight of stairs leading to the office named in the advertisement. As many as a hundred boys were already there waiting for the place; big and small, some good looking and others bad-looking, some well dressed and some rather shabbily. A tall, slim gentleman, with a prominent nose, red beard, and sharp eyes looking out through spectacles, soon passed up and through the crowd, and, taking Rufus by the arm, drew him inside the office.

"Ever been in any office before?" he asked, sharply.
"No, sir," Rufus answered, timidly.
"But—"

"Never mind any 'buts.' Just answer my questions. Are you well acquainted with the city?"

Rufus was compelled to answer negatively again; upon which the man said,

absolutely, that he would not do at all, and motioned him out. Going down the stairs he felt a lump rise in his throat; but he set his teeth together firmly and looked straight ahead. On the sidewalk his thoughts were diverted a moment or two by assisting an old lady into an omnibus, and gathering up her bundles for her politely; and then he walked on—he did not know where exactly, nor care. Very lightly, however, is our destiny sometimes seemingly buffeted about. A word, an act, or a look even frequently changes the whole course of our lives; and by his slight courtesy to the old lady Rufus found out the next day that he had won not a little good luck.

After wandering about the city all the morning, quite disheartened and lonely, looking in at the store-windows, resting in parks and wandering how it ever came about that he should be in such circumstances, he returned to his aunt's. Dreary enough it was there, though, in her prim little parlor; and, wanting something to take up his attention, he turned to the morning paper, and read the advertisements again. One particularly attracted his notice. "A banking-house desired a bright, honest boy as messenger. Address P. O. Box 1308." Rufus sat down at the center-table and wrote with much care a carefully-worded letter. Then he destroyed it, and wrote another, and still another, until he was satisfied he had done his best. His father had taught him never to half do anything, and he remembered now all his good advice. From his experience at the lawyer's, moreover, he was aware that there would be a great many letters besides his, and he knew that, if he did not make his excellent, no attention would be given it among the others. And so it proved when, on the following morning, he stood in a private room of the great banking-house of Barone Brothers.

"A great many answers, my boy, a great many," said the kind old gentleman before whom he waited; "but I have selected yours and one other as the most worthy of our notice. The other lad—yes, yes, let me see," looking at a letter he held in his hand, while Rufus grew anxious. "He has the advantage of being familiar with the city and is well recommended."

There was the old lady just over by the fire that Rufus had helped into the omnibus the day before, and smiling a pleasant recognition at him at this moment. She went across to her husband and whispered a word or two in his ear, which settled the choice at once. In ten minutes more Rufus was on his way back to his aunt's, one of the happiest boys in the city. That was the beginning of his employment with Barone Brothers, bankers.

One day, three years afterward, it happened that Rufus was intrusted by the firm to carry some documents to a gentleman living in a small village near the State capital. As he did not arrive at the end of his journey until late he was obliged to remain in the village over night at the hotel; and it was at this time that he won his next good luck. While sitting on the hotel piazza, in the evening, his attention was attracted by an aristocratic-looking gentleman, who was pacing to and fro on the gravel walk at the foot of the steps, with a troubled, anxious manner. By-and-by a man arrived on horseback, for whom, it seemed, he had been waiting, and both immediately came up on the piazza and sat down.

"Give yourself no further uneasiness, Mr. Wheeler," said the new-comer, in a low tone. "The legislature is sure to pass the Brower bill to-morrow. It is all arranged, beyond doubt."

"And you are sure that Barone Brothers have no way of finding it out?" the anxious gentleman asked, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, and looking around suspiciously.

"Yes, as sure as anybody can be."
Rufus had not been an intentional listener; but when he heard the name of his firm mentioned his pulse began an extra beat of two. The Brower bill! What was it? He had never heard of it before. Evidently, though, Barone Brothers ought to be informed that it was about to come up before the legislature. He went down on the walk and strolled around, trying to decide what to do. The nearest telegraph office was at the railroad station, about three miles away, and it would not be open at that time of night. But he must be over there by three o'clock in the morning, sure; for the operator would be on hand when the early express passed. That was his determination, and his message was:

"The Brower bill will pass to-day. Perhaps Barone Brothers ought to know it."
RUFUS.

Sitting up in bed and rubbing his eyes, old Mr. Robert Barone read the dispatch, with amazement, just at daylight. Perhaps Barone Brothers ought to know it! Goodness! He would say they had! And he jumped out of bed in a hurry. It meant that a new railroad was to be incorporated, and the firm held bonds to the amount of a million dollars, which they must not think of selling now. Rufus Warner was a valuable clerk, and should be advanced, with double salary, from that day.

Seven years later, on the night when the recollection of Joey Trexler brought to mind these events which had happened since he had seen him, Rufus Warner recalled that little stroke of fortune with the Brower Bill as the best affair that had occurred in his favor so far. Could he ever forget his interview

with the head of the firm, on his return from the journey? The remembrance of it gave him pleasure, after all the years that had passed.

He got up out of the easy-chair in which he was sitting, and walked about the room, flushed and animated. The time had come, perhaps, when something still more lucky was at hand; but, for the world, he could not guess what it would be. "If you ever want a friend, my boy, call on Joey Trexler," the old stage-driver had said to him, though he had never thought of it since. "You've rid a bare-backed horse mighty spry two mile in this ere storm, for a doctor; and I shan't forget it."

It was Thursday morning when Rufus Warner discovered the advertisement, and answered it as directed. A week from that day the following dialogue took place in Barone Brothers' priva e office:

"Wal, wal, bless my eyes! So you're that young shaver I took up from Perryville ten years ago?"

"Yes, Mr. Trexler. I am Rufus Warner."

"Wal, now, you've got to be a man before I'd believe it. These gentlemen here tell me, too, that you've stuck to it and worked up to be their head clerk. That sounds well. The way to be lucky is to make yourself lucky. That's it. Keep a sharp look out, you know," rubbing his hands and smiling good-naturedly at Rufus and then at the bankers. "I've been out in the West ten years and have done pretty well in land, you see. Something rather handsome, maybe; and—look a-her, young man—"

Mr. Trexler's face grew sober; and, going over to Rufus, he whispered in his ear loud enough to be heard a rod distant:

"I've been talking with your employers, and supposing—supposing, you know, Joey Trexler just gives you a little lift to a partnership, eh? Is it agreed? Give me your hand, my boy! Give me your hand!"
Rufus put out his trembling hand. It was agreed.

Henry Clay's Dog.

Mr. Clay had a fine Newfoundland dog that was presented by an admiring friend who lived in Nova Scotia. The dog was very intelligent, and the "Sage of Ashland" trained him with his own hand to perform a number of wonderful tricks, one of which is as follows. In one of the pastures in which Mr. Clay allowed his finest stock to run was a fine well, with a large trough attached, by means of which the cattle were supplied with water. The water was drawn from the well by the bucket and spindle system, but it required a great deal of manual labor to keep it in operation. To avoid this Mr. Clay constructed a small treadmill, attached it to the spindle of the well with an iron crank, and then trained the dog to walk the treadmill. In this manner the trough was kept constantly filled with water, and the clever dog became so accustomed to the performance that without the necessity of being bid, he made it his duty to watch the well constantly and see that the trough always had in it a sufficient supply of water to keep the coppers of the blooded stock cool. Mr. Clay loved the dog, and was very fond of watching him go through the performance. He would always have the performance exhibited to his visitors, and when the good old canine finally gave up the ghost, he had him respectfully buried, and erected at the head of his grave an elegant marble slab.

Remedy for Freezing.

If any part of the body gets frozen the very worst thing to do is to apply heat directly. Keep away from the fire. Use snow if you can get it; if not, use the coldest possible water. Last winter our little boy of five years from his feet while out coasting at considerable distance from the house. He cried all the way home, and the case seemed pretty bad. I brought a big panful of snow and put his feet into it, rubbing them with the snow. But my hands could not stand the cold. I was alarmed to see him keep his feet in the snow so long, but he could not bear them out of it. It was half an hour before he would take them out, and then the pain was all gone, and when I had wiped them dry and rubbed them a little he was entirely comfortable, put on his stockings and shoes and went to play. He never afterward had any trouble with his feet on account of this freezing. His sister got her feet extremely cold, and put them at once to the fire. Her case at first was not so bad as her brother's, but the result was much worse. Her feet were very tender all winter, and she suffered from chilblains. Her toes had a swollen, purple look, and she had to take a larger size of shoes.—*American Agriculturist.*

Colts should never be shod at a year old. The feet increase in size with the rapidity of other parts of the frame, and hence the fettering with iron is sure to produce contraction. It is soon enough to put on shoes when the colt has reached two years.

Good sweet milk contains one-fourth more sugar than butter; this sugar turns to acid, and if this acid is too much developed before churning the coveted aroma is destroyed.

Corn is being burned as fuel in the locomotives used on the St. Paul and Chicago road.

Words of Wisdom.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Trust a man to be good and true, and if he is not your trust will tend to make him such.

Knowledge is proud that he knows so much; wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

Nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.

If we would not fall into things unlawful, we must sometimes deny ourselves in things that are lawful.

He who shows kindness toward animals will display the same characteristics toward his fellow-men.

It is with you as with plants; from the first fruits they bear, we learn what may be expected in the future.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best of judgment at the time.

Man wastes his mornings in anticipating his afternoons, and wastes his afternoons in regretting his mornings.

Truth, justice and reason lose all their force and all their luster when they are not accomplished by agreeable manners.

There are heads sometimes so little that there is no room for wit, sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room.

Do you wish success in life? Make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

As the shadow follows the body in the splendor of the fairest sunlight, so will the wrong done to another pursue the soul in prosperity.

How many amusing and ridiculous scenes should we witness if each pair of men that secretly laugh at each other were to do it openly.

The true wealth of a community lies in the integrity of its citizens, and its chief honor arises from the possession of great and true men.

False friends are like our shadow—keeping close to us while we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we cross into the shade.

He who is strong in love stands firm in trials. As I am beloved by Him in times of prosperity, so too I am not ill-favored in times of adversity.

Wit is brushwood, judgment timber; the one gives the greatest flame, the other yields the durablest heat—and both meeting make the best fire.

There is a way of looking at our daily lives as an escape; and taking the quiet return of morn and evening as a salvation that reconciles us to hardship.

If you do not wish a man to do a thing you had better get him to talk about it, for, the more men talk, the more likely are they to do nothing else.

What a man believes, he will do; and if he has no faith to guide his practice and impel him to action, he will only drift—and no man ever drifted into a good and useful life.

Wit, bright, rapid and blasting as the lightning, flashes, strikes, and vanishes in an instant; humor, warm, and all embracing as the sunshine, bathes its object in a genial and abiding light.

Comets as They Used to Be.

The comet of 1528 was "so horrible and dreadful, and engendered such terror in the minds of men that they died, some from fear alone, others from illness engendered by fear. It was of immense length and blood red color; at its head was seen the figure of a curved arm, holding a large sword in the hand, as if preparing to strike. At the point of this sword were three stars, and on either side a number of axes, knives and swords, covered with blood, among which were many hideous human faces, with bristling beards and hair." The comet of 1456, too, was so very dreadful that by order of Pontiff Calixtus III., "Ave Marias" were repeated three times daily in all the churches with the additional words "Oh, Lord, save us from the Devil, the Turk, and the Comet." Again, Lucan records that the "darkest nights were lit up by unknown stars, the heavens appeared on fire, flaming torches traversed in all directions the depths of space; a comet, that fearful star which overthrows the powers of the earth, showed its horrid hair." And when Constantinople was besieged by Gains, "so great was the danger which hung over the city that it was presigned and portended [by a huge, blazing comet which reached from heaven to the earth]."

An Interesting Fact.

From a paltry seventy-five cents' worth of iron ore may be developed, it is said, \$5.50 worth of bar iron, \$10 worth of horse shoes, \$180 worth of table knives, \$6,800 worth of fine needles, \$29,480 worth of shirt buttons, \$200,000 worth of watch springs, \$400,000 worth of hair springs, or \$2,500,000 worth of pallet arbors (used in watches).

Colonel Ironside, who lived in India early in this century, relates that he met in his travels an old white-haired man, who, with one leap, sprang over the back of an enormous elephant flanked by six camels of the largest breed.

It is a terrible cold wave when she swings her handkerchief at your rival.

The Pen.

The pen is simple, yet sublime!
It writes its story on the page,
And sends it down the stream of time
In statesmen's lore—in minstrels' rhyme—
As echoes of the passing age.

It, too, has power to crown a king,
And crown kings in realms of earth!
By lifted finger it can bring
A word to silence, or to sing
An anthem of immortal birth.

The luster of the sword is dim
Beside the luster of the pen;
The mountain's crown, the ocean's rim,
Echo the universal hymn
That lifts it highest among men.

HUMOROUS.

What do fish scales weigh?
The best press ever made—Two loving arms.

Fame is like a pig with a greased tail—hard to hang on to.

Backstreet cakes are considered the best kind of a liver pad at present.

A lady is always athletic enough to jump at an offer of marriage.—*Salem Democrat.*

Passing around the hat is one way of getting the cents of the meeting.—*Saturday Night.*

A cat in a strange garret is not half so much frightened as a bachelor at a sewing society.

So-pe, a Montana Indian convicted of murder, denounces the lawyer who allegedly defended him, as "Too much talk; heap fool."

"Which we wish to remark," as the shipper said when he requested the return of goods which were addressed to the wrong party.

"Oh, that's one of his failings!" remarked a business man, when he was told that a competitor had again succumbed to the pressure of hard times.

1881! It don't make any difference which end of the year you write first.—*Boston Globe.* All right, then; here goes; Eno-ythig dna dernduh neethigie, —*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

A scientifically disposed contemporary has discovered that burning the bung-hole of a kerosene barrel with a red hot poker will cause the barrel to disappear.—*Syracuse Standard.*

Father Time is pictured as an old and bald-headed gentleman; but he manages to skip around quite lively, all the same, in spite of being handicapped by agricultural implements.—*Pennywise.*

"Now I understand," said Oldenborg with a sigh, after vainly trying to get a view of the stage over the bonnet in front of him; "now I understand what they mean by the 'height of fashion.'" —*Boston Transcript.*

Different persons have different ways of looking at the same thing. Grumbleton remarked this morning in lugubrious tones: "A wretched day this!" "It's the very best in the city!" was Nux's cheerful rejoinder.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Well, you are the biggest goose I ever saw!" exclaimed Jones to the partner of his joys and sorrows. And Mrs. Jones smiled upon him with a scarpish smile as she remarked: "Oh, Jones! you are such a self-forgetful darning!"—*Boston Transcript.*

A minister overtook a Quaker lady and politely assisted her in opening a gate. As she was comparative stranger in town, he said: "You don't know, perhaps, that I am Mr.—. Haven't you heard me preach?" "I have heard thee try," was the quick rejoinder.

Asmart little boy was asked by a gentleman: "Tell me, Henry, what will make you completely happy?" "Five cents!" he answered, promptly. The gentleman gave him the money. "Now give me five cents for my sister," said Henry; "she makes me divide!"—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A genius proposes to invent a process to illuminate the human head by charging each particular hair with electricity. When that time comes a man who has wasted his substance in feasting and riotous living can raise the wind by renting himself out at half price for a street lamp. And torchlight processions during political campaigns will be less expensive.

The following is old, but it will bear repetition: "I want you to put a new pair of heels to these boots," said Dr. Ipecac to the shoemaker. "Why don't you do it yourself, doctor?" asked old Waxends. "I?" said the doctor, in astonishment. "Why, yes. Does not the good book say, 'Physician, heal thyself?'"

He raised his eyes from the paper and letting them fall upon her with a look full of tenderness said: "Only think, Angelina, it takes twenty-seven minutes to go through the Mount Cenis tunnel!" "Why, George!" He read on further, and added, "But the cars are lighted!" "Oh!" she exclaimed; and a great cloud of disappointment overspread the rosy tinge of pleased surprise that had suffused her fair young face.—*Boston Transcript.*

No wonder a man hates to have his picture taken. When he gets seated the photographer tells him to look perfectly natural. So the fellow makes a desperate effort to twist his face into its natural expression. The effort generally results in an expression like that of a mad man trying to look crossed-eyed and plan a murder at the same time, and when he sees the picture he thinks that if it looks natural he must be too mortal homely to have his picture lying around. And he doesn't submit to the process again in a hurry.