

**The All Golden.**

Through very happy line I sing,  
I feel the tonic of the spring.  
The time is like an old-time face  
That gleams across some grassy place—  
The old-time face—an old-time chum  
Who rises from the grave to come  
And lure me back along the ways  
Of Time's all golden yesterdays.  
Sweet Day! to thus remind me of  
The truant boy I used to love—  
To set, once more, his finger tips  
Against the blossoms of his lips,  
And pipe for me the signal known  
By none but he and I alone!

II.

I see across the schoolroom floor  
The shadow of the open door,  
And dancing dust and sunshine blent  
Slanting the way the morning went,  
And beckoning my thoughts afar  
Where reefs and running waters are;  
Where amber-colored bayous glass  
The half-drowned weeds and waps of grass;  
Where sprawling frogs, in loveless key,  
Sing on and on incessantly.  
Against the green wood's dim expanse  
The cat-tail tilts its tufted lance,  
While on its tip—one might declare  
The white "snakefeeder" blossomed there!

III.

I catch my breath, as children do  
In woodland swings, when life is new,  
And all the blood is warm as wine  
And tingles with a tang divine.  
My soul soars up the atmosphere  
And sings aloud where God can hear.  
And all my being leans intent  
To mark his smiling wonderment.

O gracious dream and gracious time,  
And gracious theme and gracious rhyme—  
When buds of spring begin to blow  
In blossoms that we used to know—  
And lure us back along the ways  
Of Time's all golden yesterdays!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

**A SACRIFICE.**

"There is something I want you to tell me, aunt," said Eliza Herbert, a girl of fourteen, and she drew a stool close to her aunt's feet, and leaned her head in her lap, so that a whole cloud of nut-brown curls fell over her black silk apron.

"What is it?" said her aunt, passing her hand carelessly over the fair forehead upraised to hers.

"I am almost afraid to ask," said Eliza, "but I want you to tell me why you, who are so good and so handsome, and so accomplished, were never married?"

A slight flush was, for a moment, perceptible on Aunt Hannah's cheeks, which might have been occasioned by Eliza's compliment to her beauty and good qualities, or a consciousness of the ridicule which a certain class attach to the appellation of old maid. It might, too, have been caused by a blending of all these, or by certain memories which the question called up. She remained silent a few minutes, and then said, "I will tell you, Eliza—I never had an offer that exactly suited me."

"How strange!" said Eliza, "when you are so easy to please, and are so keen-sighted to everybody's virtues, and so blind to their faults. Now there is Aunt Margaret, who is not half as pretty as you are, married to one of the best, the handsomest, and the most noble-looking men in the world. Come, aunt, do tell me all about it, for I am tired of my piano, my worsted work, and my book."

"My life has been a very quiet, uneventful one," said Aunt Hannah, "and would, I am afraid, make a dull story; but I will tell you about some dear friends of mine, if that will do."

"Oh, yes," said Eliza, "that will be the next best thing to hearing about yourself. There, I hear mother coming, but that need make no difference."

"Eliza wants me to tell her a story, sister," said Aunt Hannah, as Mrs. Herbert took her accustomed seat at the fireside, "and I have promised to tell her one about some old friends. It is an old story to you, so you can prompt me if I make any mistakes."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Herbert.

"One of my friends," said Aunt Hannah, "whom I shall call Isabel, was the youngest of a large family of daughters. Her form was slight, her complexion and features delicate, and she might have been called interesting rather than handsome. Her sister, Kate, two years older, some people called better looking, though."

"Better looking?" said Mrs. Herbert, breaking in upon her, "she was the most beautiful girl in town, yet beauty was her least charm."

"I believe you exaggerate a little, sister," said Aunt Hannah. "When Isabel was sixteen and Kate eighteen, one Leonard Frankland, a young merchant, came to reside in the place. He soon became intimate with their brother, who used often to invite him home to take tea or spend the evening. He was—that is, most persons thought

him singularly handsome, and that his manners were peculiarly attractive. It was not long before it began to be whispered in the family, and among the more intimate acquaintances, that he was partial to Kate. Kate was not so blind as not to perceive it herself, and but for one thing it would have made her the happiest girl that ever lived. She from the first had seen that Isabel, though unconscious of it herself, had given her heart to the fascinating Frankland; so she made up her mind to sacrifice her own happiness for the sake of this dear sister. It was very hard for poor Kate, but she had more confidence in her own strength, both moral and physical, than she had in Isabel's; she felt that she would be able to rise from the blow, and ultimately to have the power of being tranquil and even happy. But Isabel, so frail and so delicate, she knew that it would kill her to see the chosen of her heart forever lost to her."

"But if Leonard Frankland liked Kate best," said Eliza, "then there must have been a double sacrifice."

"He liked her best at first," said Aunt Hannah, "yet there was a gentleness, a loss of self-reliance in the character of Isabel, that needed only to be discovered by such a person as Leonard Frankland, to excite an interest which might soon ripen into love. I believe, indeed, that it is not uncommon for men who are remarkable for spirit and energy, to be better pleased with those whose more prominent traits are softness and delicacy, rather than those similar to their own."

"Kate affected more independence and vivacity than would have been natural to her, even had her heart been at ease; and she soon found that it began to have the effect she desired: Such unrestrained exuberance of spirits offended the taste of Frankland, and he often turned from the brilliant and sparkling Kate to contemplate the serene loveliness of Isabel. If he could only have seen the anguish that lay beneath the mask of smiles which she constantly wore—if he had known how difficult it sometimes was for her to prevent the gay notes of some lively song, as she appeared carelessly to warble them, from breaking into the moans of agony—but he never saw nor knew—he never knew, so well did she act her part, that he was ever otherwise than perfectly indifferent to her."

"And did Isabel know?" said Eliza.

"Never—it would have poisoned all her happiness, for she was tenderly attached to her sister."

"I am glad that she did not," said Eliza, "it would have been so selfish and ungenerous in her if she had, to have received Leonard Frankland's attentions."

"Kate did not miscalculate her own strength, and when one evening Isabel folded her arms around her and told her she was the affianced bride of Leonard Frankland, she felt calm and satisfied. How, indeed, could she feel otherwise, when she knew that had she herself been Frankland's bride, she must have turned from the altar to stand beside a sister's grave? 'How,' thought she, 'could I ever have looked on my wedding robe without imagining it to be stained with the drops rung from a broken heart?'"

"And were Frankland and Isabel married?" said Eliza, "after they were married?"

"Yes, as happy as it is possible to be in a life where we can drink of no cup that is not dashed with gall, and wear no flower that does not conceal the worm or the thorn."

"Are they still living, aunt?"

"Yes, and surrounded by a group of lovely and happy children."

"I hope that dear Kate was married to somebody that she liked a great deal better than she ever did Leonard Frankland."

"That would have been impossible, so she never married."

"What! did such a lively, handsome girl as Kate, without a bit of starch about her, live an old maid?"

"She did."

"And what could she find to do to make her time pass pleasantly?"

"What does your Aunt Hannah find to do?" said her mother.

"Oh, Aunt Hannah is different from other single ladies. If she had been married I don't know what I should have done, for if I have a new dress to make she always assists me; if my music or drawing perplexes me, she knows how to put me right, and if I am sick she nurses me. And then, you know, when you and father want to go on a journey, she always keeps house for you, so that you never feel uneasy about the children while you are absent. It was the luckiest thing in the world for us—and Aunt Margaret Waldron, too—that Aunt Hannah remained single."

"Then you are glad that your aunt never married?" said Mrs. Herbert.

"I am sure I have reason to be," replied Eliza, "and so have you—haven't you, aunt?"

"Yes; reason to be glad and thankful, too."

"I knew so, for there is no station in the world that you would be so happy in yourself, or make others so happy."

"It is not the station that has made your aunt so happy," said Mrs. Herbert, "but because she early found out the true secret of happiness."

"And what is the secret, mother?"

"In whatsoever situation you are in to be therewith content."

"I would give almost anything to see Kate and her sister, and Leonard Frankland. I don't believe he was so handsome a man as Uncle Waldron is—was he, aunt?"

"Yes, he was handsomer than your Uncle Waldron is now; for Leonard Frankland was then in his youthful prime."

"I wish you would tell me who Kate really was," said Eliza.

Her mother smiled and looked significantly toward Aunt Hannah.

Eliza sprang up from the stool at her aunt's feet, and threw her arms round her neck.

"Why, how stupid I was not to guess it was you all the time," said she. "I might have known that there was not another person in the world beside dear Aunt Hannah who would have acted so nobly and generously as Kate. And now I know, too, that Leonard Frankland and Isabel were Uncle and Aunt Waldron."

**A Persecuted Picture.**

Before Vandyck made his first journey to Italy he paid a farewell visit to Rubens, and presented him with three of his pictures. One of these, "The Romans Seizing Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane," Rubens hung in the principal room of his house, and was never weary of praising it. The master returned his pupil's generosity by presenting him with one of his finest horses. Vandyck made his first stop at Savethem, a village near Brussels. Here he fell in love with a girl named Anna van Ophem, and forgot Italy and his art while gazing in her face and wandering by her side through the fair valley in which she dwelt. But Anna regretted his idleness, and was curious to see the pictures that he could paint. Finally, he yielded to her persuasions, and painted two pictures for the parish church at Savethem.

One of these was a "Holy Family," in which the Virgin was a portrait of Anna, while St. Joachim and St. Anna represented her father and mother. This picture he gave to the church. It has long since disappeared, and it is said that it was used to make grain-bags by French forgers. The second picture, for which he was paid, represented St. Martin of Tours, when he divided his cloak with two beggars. The saint was a portrait of Vandyck himself, and the horse he rode was painted from that which Rubens had given him. This picture was very dear to the people of Savethem, and when, in 1758, they discovered that the parish priest had agreed to sell it, they armed themselves with pitchforks and other homely weapons, and surrounding the church, insisted that the picture should not be removed. In 1806, however, they were powerless before the French soldiers, and though they loved their saint as dearly as ever he was borne away to Paris and placed in the gallery of the Louvre, where he remained until 1815, when he was taken again to Savethem and restored to his original place. It is also said that, in 1850, a rich American offered \$20,000 to any one who would bring this picture to him, no matter how it was obtained. Some rogues tried to steal it, but the watch-dogs of Savethem barked so furiously that the men of the village were alarmed, and rushed to the church so quickly that the robbers scarcely escaped. Since then a guard sleeps in the church, and St. Martin is undisturbed, and may always be seen there dividing his cloak and teaching the lesson of that Christian charity for which his own life was remarkable.—St. Nicholas.

**A Safe Place.**

Laura was a conscientious child, but evinced a strong aversion to evening prayers. Auntie was very patient with her, and the most successful argument was that auntie herself was not willing to fall asleep without returning thanks for the day's mercies and asking protection for the night. One evening, the child continuing very obdurate, auntie left her alone. When, at a later hour she was ready to retire, Laura, wakeful and uneasy, called from her crib, "Auntie, have you said your prayers to-night?" "Yes." "Do you think God will take care of you all right?" "Most certainly I do." "All right, then," said the child, with animation, "I guess I will come over and sleep in your bed."

**SPOOPENDYKE.**

He Buys a Printing Press and Tries to Run It, With Disastrous Results.

Spoopendyke came home one night bringing a small bundle in his arms.

"It's a printing press, on which I expect to do all my own printing hereafter," he said.

"Oh, but isn't that lovely!" fluttered Mrs. Snoopendyke, dropping the stork and rushing to her husband's side, "and can't we do the loveliest things with it! It is the kind that the *Herald* and *Sun* and all those papers are printed with."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Snoopendyke," growled her husband, "you've hit it exactly. This is the very kind. I got Mr. Bennett to kindly try it on, so as to get it the same size as the *Herald* is printed on."

"And will you print papers with yours like Mr. Bennett and the other editors?" continued Mrs. Snoopendyke timidly.

"Oh, but won't I, though?" yelled her husband. "It needed a dod-gasted female idiot to think of that, you've struck the proper plan. Think you can print 50x60 show bills with a 3x4 press? Well, I tell ye that ye can't. Can ye get it into your measly head that this is a card press, and can only print a card three inches by four inches?"

"Well," said Mrs. Snoopendyke, "I suppose you can print visiting cards on it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Snoopendyke, I can," said her husband, in a softer tone, and he grew in a much better humor as he proceeded to show his wife the press and exhibit his dexterity in the use of the type and the press.

At last he got his worthy helpmeet's name set up in type, and proceeded to put the chase on the press with a grand flourish. But in an evil hour he had forgotten to key it up, and at a touch the whole business went to pl, and at the next fell in a confused mass all over the carpet.

"Why, what makes it do that," said Mrs. Snoopendyke, laughing.

"What makes it do what, Mrs. S?" sneered her husband as he hit his head on a corner of a table in a mad dive after the type. "What d'ye s'pose makes it do it! What makes anything do anything? If I had your talent for asking idiotic questions I'd get a glass of beer and a three-inch paper collar, and live out as a prosecuting attorney."

By this time the worthy gentleman had got the name set up and securely fastened, and was printing with great gusto; but he had, unfortunately, set the types in wrong order, and the first eight perfumed visiting cards came out like the following:

My dear Mrs. Snoopendyke,

When Mrs. Snoopendyke saw it she set up a little scream, "Oh, isn't that funny, though? What makes it wrong side up?"

"Funny!" howled her husband, with horrid derision as he grasped the situation. "It's a perfect thunderbolt of fun. It's the most delicious humorous thing of the century. All you need is an advertisement of liver pills on the cover, and a joke about a goat on the first page, to be a comic almanac. With your appreciation of humor, all you need is a broad grin and \$3000 worth of stolen diamonds, to be the leading comedienne of the American boards. Can't you see the measly type's turned wrong? They have only got to be turned round the other way."

After half an hour of diligent labor the types were again in position, securely keyed up, and put on the press.

When the final arrangements were completed, Mr. Snoopendyke turned round to wink at the baby and incautiously left his thumb over the edge of the press. As luck would have it, Mrs. Snoopendyke, in her anxiety to show her husband how well she understood and appreciated the press, brought the lever down and the press closed on that gentleman's thumb, making him jump four feet high, and utter an exclamation that would have made the second lieutenant of a company of pirates blush. "Dod-gast the measly printing press," he shrieked, as he smashed the base burner with it, and then he threw it in the alley. "Haven't ye got any sense scarcely? Why didn't ye go on with the entertainment? The measly thing only got as far as the bone. Why don't ye finish the chapter?" and Mr. Snoopendyke danced up stairs, five at a time, with a parting injunction to his wife to hire out for a slaughter-house.

"Well," said Mrs. Snoopendyke, as she picked up the baby, and put a pitcher of water where her husband would be sure to fall over it when he went down-stairs in the morning, "if we have so much trouble in printing one word, I wonder how Mr. Bennett gets along with a whole newspaper or print."

—Stanley Huntley.

There are fifty-three cigarette factories in Havana, which collectively produce 13,000,000 cigarettes a day.

**THE FAMILY DOCTOR.**

To prevent hair from falling out, try first wetting the head at night with salt and water. Mild sage tea is also excellent. If these remedies do not effect a speedy cure, try this: Get a little bottle of brandy, and put in all the salt that it will absorb; wet the head with this two or three times a day.

If the arnica with which bruised limbs are bathed is heated, its good effects are perceptible much earlier than if it is applied while cold. If arnica is to be taken as a remedy, as so many physicians recommend, in cases of severe sprains, it should be prepared with water in this proportion: a teaspoonful of arnica in a goblet two-thirds full of water, and of this a teaspoonful is to be taken once an hour or once in two hours, as the severity of the case determines.

A new remedy for headache has been found by Dr. Haley, an Australian physician, who says that for some years past he has found minimum doses of iodide of potassium of great service in frontal headache; that is, a heavy, dull headache, situated over the brow, and accompanied by languor, chilliness and a feeling of general discomfort, with distaste for food, which sometimes approaches to nausea, can be completely removed by a two-grain dose dissolved in half a wineglass of water, and this quietly sipped, the whole quantity being taken in about ten minutes. In many cases, he adds, the effect of these small doses has been simply wonderful—as, for instance, a person who a quarter of an hour before was feeling most miserable, and refused all food, wishing only for quietness, would now take a good meal and resume his wonted cheerfulness. If this cure of Dr. Haley's is in reality a practical one, he will merit for the discovery the gratitude of suffering millions.

**The Jew's-Harp.**

The origin of the Jew's-harp is lost in the long lapse of time, and but hardly ever attracted sufficient notice as a musical instrument to be worth the inquiries of musical antiquaries. In Germany it is called "Maul Harmonica;" in Denmark, "Mund harpe;" in Sweden "Mungiga;" in France, "Guinbarde;" in Italy, "Tromba," and in the Highlands, "Tromp." The Greeks of Smyrna call it, in imitation of its sound, "Biambo." In the Netherlands and Tyrol it has for a long time been the delight of the peasants, the laborers, and their families, and at present it seems to be in exceptional great favor in America, where an Englishman has in Troy established a factory of these vibrating instruments; and so brisk has the business been that another factory has been started recently where the common-place Jew's-harps are turned out in hundreds of thousands.

The first noted performance on this simple instrument is mentioned in the memoirs of Mme. de Genlis, in which is described the astonishing power on the Jew's-harp of a poor German soldier named Kock, in the service of Frederick the Great.

However, it was reserved for a German herdsman and laborer of the name of Eulenstein to acquire an almost European reputation as a player on the Jew's-harp. After ten years' close application and study, he surmounted a host of difficulties, and attained a perfect mastery over this intractable instrument.

Mr. Eulenstein appeared with great success at concerts, first in Paris, in January, 1826, and later on in London, in June, 1826, where he executed with "grace and expression the most charming Italian, French, and German airs to the great admiration of amateurs and 'professionals' alike." He used at the concerts to play duets with Mr. Stockhausen on the pedal harp, the latter accompanying him pianissimo, and touching the chords lightly, so that Mr. Eulenstein's part in the duets could be perfectly heard.—*Music and Drama.*

**Not So Green as He Looked.**

A green-looking granger, travelling with a wagon, took in a number of boys in an eastern town very neatly recently. He would allow a rope to be tied around each wrist, and holding an apple in each hand, bet that while two bystanders pulled the rope in opposite directions he could bite first one apple and then the other. He won every bet with apparent ease, much to the surprise of those who did not understand a very simple principle in dynamics. He was naturally stout, but the trick lay in the fact that the man pulling on his right of course assisted him materially in pulling against the man on the left, and vice versa. It was two against one every time; but the mountaineer was always one of the two.

**Jealousy.**

They stood upon the wide veranda, and before he left her side I saw him turn  
And take for her, from out the vine-hung urn,  
A crimson rose, and with a dexter hand  
He placed it in the soft hair's silky strand.  
Then in my soul did a fierce longing burn,  
And my new maid a fierce longing burn,  
And a mad madness, swift, and keen, and stern,  
Arose and held me in its strong command.  
And then—Oh, blessed then!—I saw her take  
A white rose from the white breast where it slept,  
And, with a proud but timid courage, lift  
It to her lips. For joy I could have wept—  
For joy hath tears. The white rose was my gift!  
—Carlotta Perry.

**PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.**

Should oarsmen wear scull caps?  
To preserve cherries—Keep the small boys off.  
Stare-way—The entrance around a church door after services.  
The Moss Pointers (Miss.) place eggs instead of dimes in the contribution box. They are entered in the church books as lay offerings.  
This bit of conversation, which we find in an exchange, is both timely and expressive: "I think this ice-cream tastes a little cowy," said he. "Mine tastes bully," said she.  
"How is it," asked the landlady, "that you never complain of anything but the butter, Mr. Jones?" Mr. Jones: "Well, that is a big enough contract for one man!"  
A nice little maiden named Plummer, fell in love with a grocery drummer, and the lady gave  
She concluded to save,  
So she canned it. (It lasted all summer.)  
A religious exchange tells a story of a cornet player employed by a Baptist church, who lost his position by playing the well-known melody, "Pull for the shore," at the baptism of a number of converts.  
It is said that when one is drowning all that he ever said, thought, felt, or did, passes before him in a swift panorama; and that the bad memories crowd the good into the background. One need not drown in order to have the experience. Only become a candidate for office.  
Doing a heavy business—The stone yard. Doing a light business—The gas works. Doing a safe business—The bank vaults. Doing a grave business—The cemetery company. Doing a medium business—The spiritualists. Doing a rattling business—The tin shop. Doing a fine business—The judges. Doing a funny business—The humorists.

**Whistling.**

Capt. Burton tells us how the Arabs dislike to hear a person whistle, called by them "el sifr." Some maintain that the whistler's mouth is not to be purified for forty days, while, according to the explanation of others, Satan touching a man's body causes him to produce what they consider an offensive sound. The natives of the Tonga islands, Polynesia, hold it to be wrong to whistle, as this act is thought to be disrespectful to God. In Iceland the villagers have the same objection to whistling, and so far do they carry their superstitious dread of it that "if one swings about him a stick, whip, wand, or ought that makes a whistling sound, he scares from him the Holy Ghost," while other Icelanders who consider themselves free from superstitions, cautiously give the advice: "Do it not; for who knoweth what is in the air?" In some districts of North Germany the villagers say that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep. Speaking, however, of ladies in connection with whistling, it is a widespread superstition that it is at all times unlucky for them to whistle, which, according to one legend, originated in the circumstance that, while the nails for our Lord's cross were being forged, a woman stood by and whistled. Curiously enough, however, one very seldom hears any of the fair sex indulging in this recreation, although there is no reason, as it has often been pointed out, why they should not whistle with as much facility as the opposite sex. One cause, perhaps, of the absence of this custom among women may be, in a measure, due to the distortion to the features which it occasions. Thus we know how Minerva cast away, with an imprecation, the pipe, which afterward proved so fatal to Marsyas, when she beheld in the water the disfigurement of her face caused by her musical performance. There are numerous instances on record, nevertheless, of ladies whistling at public entertainments, and charming their audience with the graceful ease with which they performed such airs as "The Blue Bells of Scotland" or "The Mocking Bird." Indeed, not many years ago, at a grand provincial concert, two sisters excited much admiration by the clever and artistic way in which they whistled a duet.—*Courtesy's Magazine*