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POETRY.

NAMELESS.

—o—

There are sighs unheaved, there are tears unwept,
There are flutes unstrung, there are harps unswept;
There are griefs unknown, there are thoughts untold,
There are hearts beat warm, when they seem but cold;
There are loves unlost when they seem so dead;
There are wounds unseen, but have often bled,
For the soul feels most, when in silence deep,
It lives unheard as the winds in their sleep.
There are sorrows very dark that o'ercloud our way
And that shade the heart in our life's glad day;
There are joys unfelt, there are hopes unfed,
There are pledges hushed, there are vows unsaid,
There are flowers dead among the blooming leaves;
There are treasures lost among the golden sheaves;
There are memories sweet, and we love them well,
But the eye grows dim in their current swell.
There are friendships gone, like the dew of morn,
There are smiles now turned to the coldest scorn;
There are dreams we loved, in the days gone by
When the sun was warm, and so bright our sky,
That are past like spray, on the ocean's breast,
When the storm has ceased, and her waters rest,
And the heart grows sad, that its loves have fled,
That its hopes are gone, and its garlands dead.
There are scenes we knew that are faded now,
There are gathered wreaths a and shaded brow
There are songs unsung, that we loved to hear,
When the heart was fresh, and its pleasures near;
There are footsteps hid in the sands of time,
There are voices stilled in this earthly clime,
But the echoes come from the boundless shore
That lies beyond in the vast evermore.
There are prayers we breath for the ones we love,
While we linger here from our home above.
Yet we smile to think that our griefs will cease
And our hearts rejoice in an endless peace.
Far away above the ethereal blue,
Where each soul is glad, and each heart is true;
We will live in love, and her radiant beam
Will inspire the soul with a heavenly dream.

THE STORY TELLER.

A RAILROAD SMASH.

—o—

Whoever has traveled much or little by railroad knows how the faces of his fellow travelers interest him, how in the absence of anything else to occupy his mind, he will study them, trying to imagine the history and character of its owner. Such was the case of Charley Reymart, while on his way to Chicago from New York. In the next seat in front of his, sat a girl whose beauty would have attracted his attention anywhere; but here he studied her youthful, perfect features, her dark luminous eyes, her golden-brown hair, and her perfect round neck and shoulders until she seemed perfection to his enraptured vision. Drinking in visually of all these things, he fell into a kind of day dream, of which the fair creature was the heroine, and matrimony the climax.

Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by a screech of the locomotive whistle, a terrible crash, and a sensation of being violently forward into the debris of the smashed car. As soon as he had recovered from his first shock he realized his position. A violent collision had piled the train in a confused mass, and he was buried beneath it. It was dark, and as he felt about with his hands he found that he was, although uninjured and able to move a little, completely wedged in by the wreck of a car. His hand, in groping, came in contact with another hand, and as it grasped his in its trembling, scared grasp, he knew it to be the soft, small hand of a woman. It clung to his tenaciously, as if its owner felt safe in the contact.

"Are you hurt," asked Reymart.

"No, I think not. At least I feel no pain."

The voice was low and sweet, although its tone attested its agony of fright,

"Can you move your body freely?" questioned Reymart.

"Yes," she replied; "but I have no space to move it much. Do you think we'll get out alive?"

"Almost certainly so," he said, with an assurance of unconcern he scarcely felt. "It may require some little time to remove the wreck, but I think we have little danger to fear, having escaped the first shock of the collision. Have you any companions on the train?"

"No, I am alone."

The thought that she was the beautiful girl who occupied the seat in front of him made his heart bound, insomuch as the soft hand that clasped his had been joined by its mate, and both clung with a nervous pressure that made his blood tingle, even amidst the surroundings.

Already the sound of vigorously applied axes began to mingle with the groans of the less fortunate passengers, and Reymart knew that the wreck was being removed as rapidly as possible. Yet it seemed ages before they drew near his vicinity. He shouted to them, and they worked slowly in his direction. After a while a ray of light streamed in, and fell upon the face of his companion. His conjecture was correct—he saw the admired features of the beautiful passenger.

A few moments later and they were both lifted out uninjured, save by a few unimportant scratches and bruises.

Reymart led his fair companion to a station, which was but a few rods distant from the scene of the accident, and found her as comfortable a seat as possible.

The other rooms were filled with wounded and a train was momentarily expected to convey them to the next city, which was Buffalo,

Very soon it came.

"I presume we had better take this train," said Reymart.

"If you think best," she replied.

He was flattered by her deference to his judgement, and politely escorted her to a seat in the train.

"I suppose it would be useless to attempt to learn the safety of your baggage," he said, when they were seated.

"I had none," she said; "my journey was not a very long one. I live in Cleaveland, and have been on a day's visit to some relatives."

"And my baggage," he added laughing, "is not bulky, though tolerably valuable. I carry it all in my breast pocket, and it consists of several thousand dollars in bills, which I was taking to Chicago."

The ride to Buffalo was not long, and the strangely introduced couple talked together ghbly.

Before they reached the next city Reymart had been informed by his fair companion that her name was Lydia Mapleson, and that her father was a clergyman in Cleveland. In conversation her delicate beauty was lighted up with the radiance of intelligence, and he was entranced under the spell of her presence—by the casual touch of her hand—by the pure warm breath that fell upon his cheek.

"Good-night," said Reymart, as he pressed the girl's hand, as they parted in the hotel parlor; "it is now ten o'clock and we are to take an early train in the morning, I hope to see you fully recovered from the effects of the excitement of the accident when we meet at breakfast."

"Good night," she replied, "and many thanks for your kindness."

Reymart went to bed and tried to sleep; but for a long time was unsuccessful. His mind was full of Miss Mapleson, and when he did fall asleep it was only to dream of her.

And how was it with Miss Mapleson? She went to her room and without undressing, laid down on the bed. She was soon asleep and soundly so, to all appearances, until daylight. Then she awoke with a start, rubbing her eyes, sat up in bed and looked at her watch.

Just then there was a rap at the door, and a waiter informed her that passengers for the early western train must get up for breakfast. Miss Mapleson arose, smoothed out her traveling dress, washed her face and hands, dressed her hair, and looked lovlier than ever with the flush of early rising.

She met Reymart at the dining-room door and they took their seats at the table.

"And have you quite recovered?" asked Reymart.

"Indeed, I am afraid not," she replied with a faint smile. "I am really ill this morning, and fear you will have to leave me here another day."

"Leave you!" he said warmly, "you have no friends here?"

"No, but doubtless I shall get kind attention here at the hotel, and I may be able to go home to-morrow. I can telegraph to my father, too, and he can come here for me."

"A day or two will make no difference with me," he said, "and if you will allow me, I will remain."

She was silent, and he was afraid he had presumed too far.

"My motives are honest," pleaded the poor fellow. "I wish only to be of service to you."

"I believe you," she answered, "and only feared that your politeness had led you to offer too much, I shall be very grateful, and my father, too, will scarcely know how to thank you."

She could eat nothing; her head ached she said, and was dizzy. Reymart aided her to her room, and she laid down on the bed again.

"Oh, it's nothing serious" she said sweetly in answer to his apprehensive look; "and excitement has thrown me into just such attacks and they never last long."

"Shall I get a doctor?"

"O, No; I never could take medicine—it's too nasty—and I get well quick without it."

"Shall I telegraph to your father?"

"If you please."

She wrote a message herself on a page from Reymart's memorandum book, and he went out to send it.

When he had gone she rang the bell, and a boy answered the summons.

"Take this to a druggists' she said writing an order in the form of a physician's prescription, "bring back what it calls for."

After the lapse of a few minutes the boy returned and handed her a small vial. Soon after Reymart, too, returned.

"I have sent the message, and now I suppose I can serve you the best by going away, and letting you sleep; but you can send for me if you want anything during the day."

"No, don't go," she said gently detaining him. "I couldn't sleep, and I should be frightfully lonesome if left alone. Stay and talk to me, please."

The task was by no means an irksome one to the infatuated young man.

The forenoon passed before he scarcely knew it, so agreeable was his enslaver's society, so piquent her conversation, so pure, childish, and graceful her manner. At noon at his urging, she ate a slight meal of toast and tea, and announced that she felt much better. He proposed a ride, and urged that the air would improve her and so she consented.

"I'll go to a livery stable and select the best available beast," he said jocosely, "but don't expect too much"

When he had gone she arose, brushed her hair, which she had allowed to flow over the pillow, and put on her cloak and hat.

Reymart found her ready when he returned, and with natural pride he helped his attractive charge into the carriage.

The day was bright and warm, and the way which they took—a shaded road that led into the country—most picturesque. With his companion lightly touching his side, with her voice thrilling him, with her eyes looking shyly into his, is it necessary to state that Reymart enjoyed the ride? They talked of the fields and the farm houses which they passed, of themselves, of their likes and dislikes—while the horse flew by almost unnoticed. Twilight settled down about them, and under its cover Reymart drew the girl to his breast, and told the impassionate words his sudden but overflowing love for her.

"I know that it is precipitate," he pleaded, "and perhaps foolishly rash, but I must speak now or risk loosing you forever. We might never meet again, and I should carry through life the words which I had neglected to speak."

Miss Mapleson allowed him to hold her in his arms, while her fair head dropped on his breast, while her hand went to her pocket and produced the vial for which she had sent the boy in the morning. Deftly and unperceived by her companion, she poured the contents upon her handkerchief.

It was chloroform.

With the saturated handkerchief in her hand, she gently folded her arms around Reymart's neck, bringing the chloroform close to his mouth and nostrils.

So blinded was he by his passion, so enraptured by her embrace, that he did not realize the presence of the pungent odor of the drug, until it had partially stupified him. Then bewildered by the strange torpor that was stealing over him he strove feebly to push the handkerchief from his face. But she held it closer now, throwing herself on him, and pressing it to his mouth and nose. He lost consciousness, and his head fell back listlessly.

The Miss Mapleson showed no signs of sickness or indecision. The road was dark and deserted, but she knew that the work must be done quickly. Her soft, white hand went rapidly to his pockets, abstracted his money—the thousands he had unsuspectedly told her of—and a fine gold watch. Then she pulled his body to the side of the carriage, and tumbled it out in the road. The horse had been walking slowly during all this; but now she seized the reins, applied the whip, and went spinning towards the city.

Arriving at a quiet street, she got out, leaving the horse and vehicle standing, and walked quickly away. An hour later she took a train to New York.

That dose of chloroform cost Charley Reymart deeply, but it effectually cured him of romance. He managed by a hard struggle, to replace the stolen money, and never breathed of his adventure to a living soul. Two years later, chance led him into a criminal court in New York city. A young and beautiful woman had just been convicted of shop-lifting, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment to the penitentiary. It was Miss Mapleson, now, Dora Mathews.

"And was it her real name?" asked Reymart of an old detective, who sat at her side

"Why, bless you," was the reply, "she's got a dozen names, and nobody knows which is the real one."

"Is she an old offender?"

"Rather."

"What is her particular line?"

"Anything and everything. I've known her for ten years, and a quarter of that time she's been in prison. She's the smartest confidence woman that ever breathed."

"She could swindle anybody, and her beauty is her strong point," replied Charley Reymart.

"Woman Knows one More Point Than the Devil."

—o—

A SHORT AND GOOD STORY

—o—

If you want to know how the natural bridge was built across the Meynach river in Wales, this is the true story:

Once upon a time an old woman had a cow that fed on the Crom Toider mountain, and came home night and morning to be milked. One evening she did not come, and the old lady, much troubled, went out to fetch her. When she came to where the Meynach flows between two high rocks, she saw the cow on the other side.

Then she set up a loud lamentation, for she saw the cow could not come to her, and she could not go to the cow; for the river could not be crossed, and it was a day's journey to go round.

In this strait the devil appeared. "So! so! you've lost your cow, old lady, have you? Never mind, I'll build you a bridge and you shall go fetch her."

"Thankee kindly, sir," and he cast a look out of the corner of his eye. "But the cow is worth something—I must have toll; 'keep that dog quiet, can't you?" for the old woman had a cur dog that kept on growling and grumbling.

"Harkee, old lady—If I build you the bridge, I'll have the first that crosses it. Is it the bargin?"

She was sorely troubled. If she went over for the cow, she knew that she had sold herself to the devil; and if the cow came to her, she lost the cow.

"Bridge or no bridge?" said the devil.

"Build the bridge, sir, if you please."

"Ay, ay," said the devil. "It's very easy to say build the bridge, but do you agree to the toll?"

"Yes, sure, sir," replied the woman.

With that the devil put both fore fingers to his mouth, and gave a shrill whistle; and there was the bridge sure enough and the devil sitting on the middle of it, smiling away like a clock-work, rocking himself to and fro, and switching his tail with great satisfaction.

The old woman shook like an aspen leaf, but she took a crust of bread from her pocket, and showing it to the dog, threw it over the bridge and passed the devil where he sat in the middle.

"Whip that dog!" said the devil; for he was cut to the quick at being outwitted by the old woman; but he did not want the dog, and he did not try to stop him, and the bridge was crossed and the spell broken. He was mortified and angry, but being a gentleman, he rose and doffed his cap to the old lady—*for the keen respect the keen*—and having done so he hung his tail, much humbled and walked away.

And the old chronicle who records this fact comments thus on the incident: "It must be acknowledged that Satan behaved honorbly and kept his word—*which is more than men always do.*

Anecdote of Thad Stevens.

—o—

Pierre M. B. Young, now the Representative in Congress from Georgia, was a confederate general and a graduate of West Point. He came to Washington soon after the war, seeking to have his disabilities removed. He is a fine, manly fellow, and seems to have accepted the war in good faith. He went to Thad. Stevens, who was Chairman of the Election Committee, and Thad. began to play with him, as he sometimes did with those whom he intended to make his victims. He said:

"You are a graduate of West Point I believe?"

"Yes sir."

"Educated at the expense of the United States, I believe, which you swore faithfully to defend?"

"Yes sir."

"You went into service for the infernal rebellion?"

"Yes sir."

"You were a brigade commander in the raid on Pennsylvania, which destroyed the property of so many of my constituents?"

"Yes sir."

"It was a squad of men under your direct charge and under your personal command that burned my rolling mill down?"

"Yes sir."

Young thought he was gone, but, seeing that the old veteran had come into possession of the last fact, which Young did not dream he knew, it was impossible to deny the truth of his question. Thad. roared out:

"Well, I like your d——impertinence. I will see that your disabilities are removed. Good morning."

The next day the bill passed the House.

Obituary of an Editor.

—o—

Ye editor sat in his rickety chair, as worried as worried could be, for ye devil was grinning before him there, and 'copy' ye devil said he.

Oh, ye editor grabbed his big quill-pen, and it spluttered ye ink so free, that his manuscript looked like a war map when—"Take this," to ye devil spake he.

He scribbled and scratched through ye live-long day, no rest nor refuge had he; for ye devil kept constantly coming that way, and howling for more "cop-ee!"

Day after day he scissored and wrote, a-slaying the whole countree; while ye devil kept piping his single note. "A little more cop-ee!"

And when ye boys in ye newsroom heard ye noise of ye fray, ye sound of ye blow and blasephemous word, He's raising ye devil! says they.

And oft when a man with a grievance came in, ye editor man to see, he'd turn his back with a word of sin—"Go talk to the devil," says he.

And ever oft, when a proof of his works ye proprietor wanted to see, "Ye proof shall be shown by my personal clerk; you must go to the devil," says he.

And thus he was destined, through his life, by this spirit tormented to be; in hunger and poverty, sorrow and strife, always close to ye devil was he.

Ye editor died . . . *But ye Devil lived on!* And ye force of life's habit we see; for the Editor's breath no sooner was gone, than straight to ye Devil was he.

Justice Miller's Game Cock.

—o—

Justice Miller of New Castle, tells the following story about himself:

My wife had half a dozen Leghorn hens and roosters which she thought everything of. She had all the modern improvements put on her henhouse, and took particular pains to see that her fowls enjoyed all the luxuries that well-regulated and orderly hens could enjoy. One day a friend of mine from Groton Falls gave me a game cock. Of course I had to keep him in a coop to prevent him from exterminating the Leghorn rooster. My wife disliked game fowls, and I had to feed it myself. One morning the rooster got out. He went straight for the masculine Leghorn. I pursued him and seemingly made desprate efforts to catch him. But I took good care not to catch him until he had half a dozen enchanting battles with the Leghorn. When I thought that leghorn had about all he could stand, I cooped up my chicken. Mrs. Miller was very excited, and I was very sorry about the accident. The next night I went out to find my rooster, but he was not in the coop. I searched the yard, but could not find him. I went into the kitchen and made inquiries of my wife.

"He got out this morning," said Mrs. Miller.

"How did he get out," said I.

"I let him out," said she.

"Where did he go?" said I.

"Into the pot," said she, pointing to the steaming vessel on the stove.

I haven't had a game fowl since.

Sharp Shooting.

—o—

Father what does a printer live on?

Live on? the same as other folks do of course. Why do you ask Johnny?

Because you said you hadn't paid anything for your paper, and the printer still sends it to you.

Wife spank that boy.

I shan't do it.

Why not?

Because there is no reason to.

No reason? Yes there is, spank him I tell you and put him to bed.

I shan't do any such thing. What in the world do you want him spanked for?

He is too smart.

Well that comes of marrying me.

What do you mean?

I mean just this, that the boy is smarter than his father, and you can't deny it, He knows that a man printer, or no printer, cannot live on nothing; and I should think you would be ashamed of yourself not to know as much.

A verdant at a Troy hotel left his young wife in his room Sunday evening and went down to ask the clerk what time he lighted up. "Well," said the accommodating clerk, with a smile, "we usually light up at nine o'clock, but to accommodate you, I'll light up immediately." He then sent a bell boy to the room of the verdant to light the gas.—The young man was profuse in his thanks and wouldn't go back to his wife until the clerk had accepted a cigar.

An old clergyman spying a boy creeping through a fence exclaimed: "What! crawling through a fence! Pigs do that." "Yes," retorted the boy, "and old hogs go along the street."

If a Miss is as good as a mile, how good is a Mrs.? If she is a widow, she will be good for a league under any circumstances.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

KITTY'S CHOICE.

A wealthy old farmer was Absalom Lee,
He had but one daughter, the mischievous Kitty,
So fair and so good, and so gentle was she,
That lovers came wooing from country and city.
The first and the boldest to ask for her hand
Was a trimly-dressed dandy, who worshiped her tin;
She replied, with a smile he could well understand;
"That she married no ape for the sake of his skin!"

The next was a merchant from business retired,
Rich, gouty, and gruff—a presuming old sinner;
Young Kitty's fair form and sweet face he admired,
And thought to himself, "I can easily win her."
So he showed her his palace and made her a bluff bow,
And said she might live there; but wickedly then
Kitty told him she'd long ago made a rash vow
"Not to marry a bear for the sake of his den!"

A miser came next, he was fearless and bold
In claiming his right to Kitty's affection;
He said she'd not want for a home while his gold
Could pay for a cabin to give her protection.
Half vexed at his boldness, but calm in a trice,
She courtesied, and thanked him, and blushingly then
Demurely repeated her sage aunt's advice,
"Not to marry a hog for the sake of his pen!"

The next was a farmer, young, bashful, and shy;
He feared the bold wooers who came from the city,
But the blush on his cheek, and the light in his eye
Soon kindled a flame in the bosom of Kitty.
"My life will be one of hard labor," he said,
"But, darling, come share it with me, if you can."
"I suppose," she replied, gaily tossing her head
"I must marry the farm for the sake of the man."

NEW YORK RAG PICKERS.

The rooms above ground in Bone alley where the rag pickers of New York exist, are used only for the ordinary purposes of living. Business, which begins in the street is here resumed only in the cellar, whence it is transferred to the roof, and is finished around the corner. Under the building are a dozen or more small vaults, extending beneath the pavement, and lighted only by the narrow gratings above them. The air in these vaults is impure to the last degree, and is damp and chilling. There is neither floor nor tiles in them, and their clay bottoms are slimy and covered with mould. Here, crouched upon their knees, the old and young are busy from seven o'clock in the morning till noonday in assorting the contents of their sacks, which have been emptied upon the earth. These consist of cotton and woolen rags, paper, bones, fat, crusts of bread, old bottles and occasional scraps of leather and metals. They are separated and placed in little piles.—All this work is completed by twelve o'clock, at which hour the bone dealer arrives in the alley to make his daily purchases.

Bones are brisk at present at sixty cents per barrel.

The little heaps of cotton and woolen rags are scraped together and transported to the roof of the building, where they are suspended upon lines. They are usually quite wet, and the object in hanging them up is to get rid of the foreign matter that clings to them and which wind and rain will remove. They are not suffered to remain long exposed, as to much heat would dry them and reduce their weight to an unprofitable figure. On Friday or Saturday afternoons they are gathered in separate bales and bundles and carried to the ragdealers in the neighborhood or to a large warehouse in Third street, near Lewis. The prices vary from time to time, but are usually at the rate of about two and one-fourth cents per pound for woolen. At this rate the men women and children engaged earn an average of about eight dollars a week.

Fat is sold to the soapmakers, the usual price being about two cents a pound. Bread crusts are eagerly purchased by Long Island countrymen, who come after them with market wagons and carry them away as food for hogs, for which purpose they have a value of $2.50 per hundred weight.

Empty bottles of every description make up no small share of a rag picker's daily collection, both in volume and weight. They are carefully packed among the rags to prevent breakage, and are sold at seven to eight cents per dozen. The bottle merchant resides opposite Bone alley, and his place of business is a curiosity. He receives miscellaneous collections and assorts them after purchase. There you will find wine bottles which have contained the choicest importations, with the remnants of their labels carefully preserved; ink bottles, glue bottles, mucilage bottles and babies' nursing bottles; blue bottles and green bottles; the smallest of crystal vials and the largest and most uncouth of all kinds of German Seltzer jugs; patent medicine bottles, with the most astounding names of miraculous liquids cast on the sides. These make up the contents of the shop. Broken glass is bought here at half a cent per pound.

Many of the rags that find their way into the garbage barrels and the gutters are pregnant with contagion. Heedless or thoughtless people have, instead of destroying them by fire, thrown them into the street. They are not cleansed by the water with which they become saturated, nor does the filth which attaches to them destroy infection. In fact, the street produces precisely the condition required for the earliest possible germination of whatever seeds of disease and death may be concealed in them. Selected from the grease, bones and glass, jumbled together in the sack of the rag picker, they are removed from the vaults of the cellars to the roofs, for the purpose of drying, and the air which fans them feeds the lungs alike of the poor and the rich—of the factory girl and the millionaire's daughter. Often, in the adjoining tenements, some poor wretch dying longs for a breath of fresh air in his close and overheated room, and prays that the windows may be opened to admit the breeze he watches curling the smoke from the chimneys and rustling the clothes drying on an adjacent roof. The casement is opened, only to admit the poisonous breath of the wind that has rioted with the deadly rags and comes to the lips of the sufferer only to cool them forever.—Surrounded by malaria arising from filthy gutters, panting under a heat that is simply an incandescent stench, breathing an aerial poison, they gradually lose their hold on life, and sink away from its noise and fever into the quiet and chill of the grave.

THE GENTLE LIFE.

This is the beautiful heritage of the well born man and the gentle woman.—They may be poor or rich to day, they may be living a life of leisure or toiling for their bread—all the same they carry with them the grace, the care, the gentleness, the consideration, the knowledge which we call intuition or instinct, which comes from generations of culture and a thousand qualities of mind and heart which win social recognition and bring happiness to the possesser.

The accumulation of more money as an inheritance for children is often worse than nothing in their hands; it deprives them of all incentive to personal effort and unfrequently proves the means by which they ride fast to destruction. Money is worse than nothing if the lives of the past and associations of the present have not taught us how to put it to its noblest uses.

But the order, the training, the experience of a life are invaluable. They form with education, a key that unlocks the recesses of the world, and becomes a power that no loss in stocks or bonds or houses or lands can deprive the unfortunate possessor of. They make him the equal of the best, and therefore at ease with all men. Deprived of leisure and of resources which we would know how to appreciate, he still finds within himself more than others find outside of themselves. Outwardly, his life is isolated; inwardly, he holds communion with all that is best and finest in art and society and literature. His gracious and kindly manners, which he retains in spite of poverty or wealth, shows that he consorts only with the noblest, whether his dwelling here be a hut or a palace,

THE LIFE OF MAN.

How graphically the varied aspects of the leaf picture the various seasons of man's life! The tenderness of its budding and blooming in spring, when that rich golden green glints of it that comes only once a year, represents the bright beauty and innocence of youth, whenever sunrise brings its fresh glad hopes, and every night its holy, trustful calm. The dark greenness and lush vigor of the summer season portray the strength and self-reliance of manhood; while its fading hues on the trees, and its rustling heaps on the ground, typify the decay and feebleness of old age, and that strange, mysterious passing away which is the doom of every mortal. The autumn leaf is gorgeous in color, but it lacks the balmy scent and dewy freshness of hopeful spring; and life is rich and bright in its meridan splendor; deep are the hues of maturity, and noble is the beauty of success; but who would not give it all for the tender sweetness and promise of life's morning hours?

IN ICELAND.

Manners are simple in Iceland. There is really no distinction of ranks. Nobody is rich, and hardly anybody abjectly poor; everybody has to work for himself, and works with his own hands. There is no title of respect save Herra, to the Bishop, and Sira to a priest; not even such a title as Mr. or Mrs., or Esquire. If you go to call for a lady you tap at the door and ask if Ingibjorg or Valgerdr is in; or, if you wish to give her her full name, Injibjorg Tharvaldsdottir, or Eiriksdottir, or Bjarnardottir (as the case may be) for there is no title of politeness to apply.—Her name, morever, is her own name, unchanged from birth to death; for as there are no surnames or family names among the Icelanders, but only Christian names there is no reason for a wife assuming her husband's name, and she is Thorvaldsdottir after her marriage, with Gudmundr just as before, while her children are Gudmundsson and Gudmundsdotti.

A bill has been passed by the California Legislatuse, making it a misdemeanor to invite any person to take a drink at a public bar. This is a move in the right direction, and it is a rule in Europe, without a law to compel its observance. In other civilized nations a man will take his drink when he wants it, and let his neighbor do the same. In Germany you would as often be asked to take a hat or a pound of butter as a drink. In these countries, therefore it is possible for a man to go into a public bar room and take one drink and go about his business In America the chances are that he meets one, two or three friends, and when each treats, every man has more than he wanted, and many a man goes away intoxicated who would have left the place sober, if he had been allowed to tend to his own personal irrigation, without the interference of this silly custom. To abolish "treating" is a movement in favor of temperance.

Wordsworth was a single-minded man; with less imagination than Coleridge, but with a more harmonious judgment, and better balanced principles. Coleridge, conscious of his transcendent powers, riotted in a license of tongue which no man could tame. Wordsworth, though he could discourse most excellent music, was never unwilling to sit still in Coleridge's presence, yet could be as happy in prattling with a child as communing with a sage. If Wordsworth condescended to converse with me he spoke to me as if I were his equal in mind and made me pleased and proud in consequence.—If Coleridge held me by the button, for the lack of fitter audience, he had a talent for making me feel his wisdom and my own stupidity, so that I was miserable and humiliated by the sense of it.