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- I lay me down to sleep, With little thought or care, Whether my waking find
- Me here or there. A burning, burdened head, That only asks to rest, Unquestioning, upon
- My good right hand forgets Its cunning now— To march the weary march I know not how.
- I am not eager, bold, Not strong-all that is passed; I'm ready not to do-At last-at last-
- My half-day's work is done, And this all my part; I give the Father—God— My patient heart.
- And grasp His banner still, Though all its blue be dim; The stripes not less than stars, Lead after Him!

POPULAR TALES.

From Forney's Weekly Press.

20 00

HOW SHE WON HIM.

BY CECULIA L. WHITELY.

You are tired, Alice, and little things vex you. Remember, dear, that our best and ablest men have begun life as hard-working printers. You know our editor was once an office boy, and subsequently a printer on an obscure little Western weekly. Great names and great fortunes have been gained through the friendly influence of the types. Wise statesmen are not ashamed to acknowledge the composing room as the starting point in their career. Show me a man or woman who has graduated there, and I will show you a man of better sense and practical learning than two-thirds of the men in other professions of life. They are not crammed at some stated period of their existence at a popular college. Year by year the printer's educa-tion goes steadily and easily on. They are not confined to one narrow class, but many; and we, though women, and not of a man's ambitious ways of thinking, also possess these advantages of improving both mind and heart as we labor; therefore, I pray you do not denounce your occupation, for it has proved the highway of fame for many, and may ultimately prove your way to happi-

'You are right,' she replied, humbly, carefully replacing the scattered types. You ure right, Mary, I am a simpleton. Forget what I said. My case and I are friends again.

At this juncture we hastily turned all our attention on our neglected work, for the gray, old senior editor abruptly entered the room, and his presence was the universal signal for more than ordinary quiet and industry. Without stopping, he came straight up to poor Alice, and from under his shaggy, gray brows regarded her intently for full live minutes, without uttering a word. With his fixed gaze upon her she grew pale and frightened—so much so that her fingers trembled visibly and went anywhere after nothing. To hide her painful agitation, I bent towards her and begged the loan of a few periods. She gave me a grateful glance in return, eagerly handing over the periods, as if it were a matter of life or death that I should get them in a second. With those terrible gray eyes of the eccentric editor, looking, as it seemed to her, into her very soul, she made bad work of it. To complete her confusion she hopelessly pied a dozen lines, and the unfortunate paragraph, not content with crumbling to nothing, must needs rattle down to the floor in a mortifying little show-

er of separate types.
'Hum!' ejaculated the senior editor, with a tantalizing twist of his fine old face, that was more expressive than words.

Alice could restrain her tears no longer after this mishap. Fast and hot the great drops rolled over her flushed cheeks down among the types, every one freighted with the first grief of a young heart. 'What's the matter?' inquired the editor gruffly, considerately squaring his portly figure in a manner to shield her from all save my observation: 'Are you sick?'

Alice made no answer; only by brushing a pile of leads to the floor, in trying to get as far away from him as possible, nor did she appear to hear his question at all. You are awkward,' commented the editor,

provokingly. 'I take it that you have been in the office but a short time.' 'Oh, sir, please let me go home!' she sobbed. Alice was weeping bitterly now, and shivering all over, cowering before the father of the man she secretly loved, as if she

had done him an irreparable injury.

'Yes—go home, by all means,' replied Mr.
S—. A queer smile twinkled in his eye, and puckered his old mouth into an odd attempt at factitous mirth, altogether a funny expression that puzzled me not a little. It was not anger nor irony, neither was it contempt nor pity; it was a look peculiar to Mr. S., for I never saw its like on any other face save his. 'You appear to have quarrelled with your work. Miss Armstrong'—turning grimly to me—'as you are Miss Lee's friend, and she is ill, you had better go home with her. Take my advice in the future, Miss Alice, and avoid LONG WALKS. Believe

me, they are not good for young people.
'Sir;' rejoined Alice proudly, hastily drying her tears, and looking at him in haughty surprise, I am not ill, nor do I understand

Gone all timidity now-his insinuations aroused the woman within her; she felt her dignity insulted by the odd old man whose words were double pointed. There was a dangerous light in her kindling eye, but the offending editor took no heed, resuming in the same provoking strain-

'Oh no-of course you do not understand me; certainly not. A-hem! You will please be so good as to call at the office to-morrow at one. I have—a-a-hem—some little busi-ness matter which it will be well for you to know; that is, I would say, a family | matter.

You will come?' 'Certainly,' she replied, 'you are my em-ployer, and have but to command!' 'Ah, so you do remember that I am your

Alice lifted her earnest eyes full to his face

and answered firmlyand answered firmly—
'I po understand you, I have worked for you faithfully, and you have paid me honorably, and I would rather die than deceive you in any way. If I have faults they are under my control, and, if I have been weak, I shall find a way to be strong. I know my duty, sir, and my proper sphere. I thank you for honoring me with your gracious notice. Trust me that it is not in vain.'
With a sad, humble motion of her heautice.

With a sad, humble motion of her beautiful head, she turned away-so meek, yet so stately, that the old editor felt strangely young about the heart, in spite of his frosty head.

'You are a good girl,' he said, giving her a singularly tender glance, that seemed to take in face, form and manner, at a single lifting of the shaggy brows. 'You are a good, truthful girl—give me your hand.' Calmly she laid her small hand in his white palm, saying, simply: 'It is an honest hand, sir, and the labor that soils it is no

'Not a bit, not a bit,' he replied kindly, slightly pressing the dainty fingers: then he dropped it, and muttering a half audible she will do, abruptly left the room. As soon as the door closed on his stout

form, I said to Alice, 'Let us take him at his word and go home.' She assented, and we were soon out in the pleasant sunshine. Steep, dusty, editorial stairs, creaking presses, and jarring engines

were left behind, and we were free.

After a long silence, Alice began: 'I am going to leave the office, Mary. You must know how unhappy I am here. I shall die if I remain. It is torture to me. Indeed, I

must go away. 'Do you love Allen S- so much, so deeply, that he has power, present or absent to make our life wretched? I thought true, love was trusting, sanguine, and ennobling.

It has made you restless, dissatisfied and re-bellious, I said, quietly. 'Mary, we are not equals. Oh, if Allen was only poor-poor as I-rnen life and love might mean something! You see my folly, but do not censure me too harshly. I love him; you know it—and I am not ashamed to confess it—but it is hopeless, oh, so utterly hopeless! Why, he has never breathed a word of love to me; yet I think that—that he would, if the gulf were not so wide. Oh, I am miserable, and can only hide somewhere

until I grow strong again!'
'But, what of him? I think he loves you -NOW.

'Do you, 'indeed?' she cried, smiling radiantly. 'Oh, do you really think so?' But, what matters it, after all?' she added, the sudden glow faded from her sweet face.— 'Did you not comprehend his father's motive in seeking me to-day? I saw and felt it too plainly. Heaven help me! Mr. S—— is rich and ambitious for his only son. Oh, well he knows that I have nothing but my poor beauty and faithful heart to offer in exchange for the wealth and honor of his child's proud name! Perhaps he fancies both dangerous means to lure his son away. Fancy HIS son sacrificed for a poor girl's heart!— They say some men give all for beauty; I wonder if it is true? "True! fiddlesticks!' I interrupted, impa-

generally speaking, good, and love and care for some of us a deal better than we deserve. It is their place to have the money, and ours the beauty and amiability of the matrimoni-al partnership. Some women delight in ex-and horseradish sliced. Cover close. When al partnership. Some women delight in exalting their lovers to the skies, and depreciating themselves to the earth. Now it seems kept for winter use by laying in layers of dry to me that, if you love him rightly, you will drop this question of station at once and forever. What matters it on which side the money is, if you both get the benefit of it?-Your birth is as good as his; to be sure you cannot drum rheumatic tunes from a tortured piano, and you have never waitzed about the room with half a dozen strange men's arms around your waist in one evening; but you can-or at least you did, until lately-talk, think, and act sensibly; and if Mr. Allen is a man worth the minister's fee-which I am confident he is—he will value you the more for what you do not know. If all the fine ladies of America and Europe that he has met has failed to win him; if he has chosen you, after seeing the world—remember he is not a boy in years and experience—and you love him, why, in the name of Cupid, take him.

'There-you have it. There is no romance about me, I assure you, but I hope there is a fair share of common sense in my composi-

tion; so, I pray you, don't be a goose.'
'But his father, Mary? You forget—'
'Oh, never mind his father! I read that grim old parent of his very differently. I suppose it is because I am not in love with his wonderful son. Mr. S— is peculiar and abrupt, but I like his face immensely. In spite of his gruffness, I venture there is a good, old heart beating under his ample vest. I have faith in human nature. It is not half so bad as most people like to paint it. Cruel fathers are seldom found outside of novels only; there do parents flourish in vivid splendor. Why should our edi-tor covet a rich wife for Allen? No doubt but he posses some curiosity as well as eyes, and merely wished to take a look at you; and, on the whole, I fancy that he was very well pleased with little Alice Lee. urge you to trust the old man's heart; it has been young once, and is tender yet.'

Alice greely listened to all this, but still adhered to her first resolve of going away; and I mentally decided that she would not

put her resolution into execution. Promptly at once, on the following day, Alice presented herself before the senior edi-tor's awful tribunal. She found him securely fortified behind a huge pile of exchanges, armed with a large pair of sissors, a gloomy-looking inkstand, and a formidable array of heavy pens. A forbidding pair of gold-rimed spectacles were astride his nose, imparting altogether a very grave and not-to-be-disturbed air, that was in perfect keeping with his editorial duties.

'Ah!' he cried, peering at his shrinking visitor through the shining glasses. 'Well, Miss?

'You desired to speak with me, sir; and I am here,' replied Alice to his mystifying 'Well, Miss;' and stood calmly awaiting his

'Ah! hem-yes-well, what did you mean by crying over your case yesterday? I say, what the duce did all these tears MEAN?— That is the question,' growled the old editor, with vehement emphasis. 'Do you suppose

employer, I thought that of late you had for- that I want my newspaper baptised in a woman's tears, my types rusted, and my pa-tience tried by such doings on—eh?'
'Sir,' said Alice, regarding him placidly,

notwithstanding the spectacles, an aumor that formerly caused her to shrink into nothingness, 'the fault of which you justly complain shall not occur again. It was but a passing weakness. I beg you to forget it .have made up my mind to leave your employ. Although awkward yesterday, I am a good compositor, and think you will not refuse to vouch for the same. Your well-meant advice I comprehend in the sense you would have me; and so, sir, I trust our little 'family matter' is at an end.'

She lifted her clear eyes to his face without a flush on her cheeks, nor a tremor of the full lips. She stood before him a proudly beautiful woman, sadly, yet calmly, putting aside the one joy of her life. She had no right to steal the old man's hopes—no right to saige the harmings almost within her to seize the happiness almost within her grasp; and so she would do her duty towards others, though her own heart broke. The thought gave her sudden strength. Mr. S had lost all his terrors; Alice could stand unabashed in his severe presence with no guilty blush of conscious deceit to tingle her white brow. She felt that she was doing right, and that makes the most

timid brave.
'You shall have your recommendation at the end of the month, but in the meantime no crying, recollect-no caving. That's all. Good afternoon.'

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Useful Recipes, Etc.

CURE FOR CANCER. - An exchange states that a Portland man has cured one of the most dangerous cases of cancer by drinking red clover tea and applying a red clover compress, and thinks it will prove an infallible remedy in all cases.

To MAKE PENCIL MARKS INDELIBLE .- A great many valuable letters and other writings are in pencil. The following simple process will make lead pencil writing or drawing as indelible as if done with ink: Lay the writing in a shallow dish and pour skimmed milk upon it. Any spots not wet at first may have milk placed upon them lightly with a feather, take it up and let the milk drain off, wipe off the drops with a fea-ther which collect on the lower edge. Dry it carefully, and it will be found to be per-fectly indelible. It cannot be removed even with India rubber.—[Exchange.

TIME TO GRAFT TREES.—In reply to a cor-respondent, the editor of the GARDENER'S MONTHLY says: 'For grafting generally, any time is good when the growth is going on, and there is not too much sap in the cion; the amount in the stock makes less difference. If there is much in the cion it is liable to rot before the union takes place. If cions are taken from healthy trees, and kept from drying, sprouting or other injuries, grafting may go on from early Spring to midsummer. Those who praise one week more than another, are those whose unlucky time has rather been due to other circumstances.

BEET ROOT. -Beet root, when pickled, will keep as long as any other kind of pickle. Wash it perfectly clean, but do not cut away any of the fibers; boil in a large quantity of tiently. 'You must have a poor opinion of boiling water, with a little salt, for half an men. I have not, thank Heaven! They are, hour; if the skin will come off easily, it is done enough. Lay it on a cloth, and with a coarse one rub off the skin. Cut it into slices, put it into a jar, and pour over it a sand; the mould must not be removed from about the root.

To Prove Oxions -In the month of Sentember choose the small, white onions. take off the brown skin, have ready a very nice tin stew pan of boiling water; throw many enions as will cover the top. As soon as they look clear on the outside, take them up as quick as possible with a slice, and lay them on a clean cloth; cover them close with another, and scald some more, and so on. Let them lie to be cold, then put them in a jar or glass, or wide-mouthed bottles, and pour over them the best white wine vinegar, just hot, not boiling. When cold cover them. Should the outer skin shrivel, peel it off, they must look clear-

Funigating Out-Door Plants. - Some one having inquired through the Country Gen-TLEMAN, how to do this, a correspondent replies: 'Tell 'R,' who writes for information how to fumigate out-door plants with tobacco, to invert, over the plants, a suitable sized, one-headed cask, tub or keg, and put a few live coals on a dish under the cask, and place a little tobacco on the fire, and the fumigation will soon be completed; or a funnel made from paper may be inverted over the plants, and smoke blown from a fumiga-tor, under it. A cheap and available fumigator may be made from a tin spice-box, with a suitable lengthed hollow stem fastened to each end of the box; the cover may be made movable. Fill with tobacco, and place live coals behind, and blow through, directing the smoke by the stem, where desired. Hoopskirt springs may be used in making paper funnels, to better keep the paper in shape and form.'

CURE FOR SNAKE BITES. - About twenty years ago the Smithsonian Institute embarked in a series of experiments testing the practicability of neutralizing the poison of snakes, founded purely on chemical basis, which developed great results. The fact was illustrated that the poison of the most venomous rattlesnake can be neutralized in an incredibly short time. After the most extraordinary results from all the experiments witnessed, there was promulgated from the Institute, at the time above mentioned, the following simple but certain cure for snake bites, and for the sting of all kinds of in sects: Thirty grains of iodine pottassum, thirty grains of iodine, one ounce of water: applied externally to the wound by satura-ting lint or batting—the same to be kept moist with the antidote until a cure is effected, which will be in one hour, and sometimes instantly. The limb bitten should be corded tight to prevent circulation. The liquid should be kept in a phial with a glass stopper.

"Here's to internal improvements," as Dobbs said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

A sky-lark-going up in a ballon.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BATHERS.—The following suggestions to bathers have recently been issued by the Royal Humane Society of Lon-don, and are worthy of consideration: Avoid bathing within two hours after a

Avoid bathing when exhausted from any

canse. Avoid bathing when the body is cooling after presperation: but bathe when the body is warm, provided no time is lost in getting into the wates.

Avoid remaining into the water too long; leave the water immediately if there is the

slightest feeling of chilliness.
Avoid bathing altogether in the open air if, after having been a short time in the water, there is a sense of chilliness with numb-

ness of the hands and feet.

The vigorous and strong may bathe early in the morning on an empty stomach. The young and those who are weak had better bathe three hours after a meal; the best time for such is two or three hours after

breakfast. Those who are subject to sudden attacks of giddiness and faintness, and those who suf-fer from diseases of the heart, should not bathe without first consulting their medical

adviser.

FISHES TRAVELING BY LAND.—Dr. Hancock, in the Zoological Journal, gives a description of the fish called the flat-head hassar, that travels to other pools of water when that which it has resided in dries up. Bose also describes another variety which is found in South Carolina, and, if our memory serves us well, also in Texas, which, like the flathead, leaves the dying pool, in search of others. These fishes, filled with water, travel by night, one with a lizzard-like motion, and the other by leaps. The South Carolina and Texas varieties are furnished with a membrane over the mouth, in which they are enabled to carry with them a supply of water to keep their gills moist during their travel. These fishes, guided by some peculiar sense, always travel in a straight line to the nearest water. This they do without memory, for it has been found that if a tub filled with water is sunk in the ground near one of the pools which they inhabit, they will, when the pool dries up, move directly towards the tub. Surely this is a wonderful and merciful provision for the preservation of those kinds of fishes; for, inhabiting, as they do, only stagnant pools, and that, too, in countries subject to long and periodical droughts, their races would, but for this provision, become

During the late war, an Alabama soldier was wounded at Port Hudson in such a manner as to completely destroy his eyesight .-He wandered about after the surrender, and would have been lost but for a little waiter boy from Syracuse, named Wheeler Curren, who kindly guided him to comfortable quarters. Some time since, Wheeler's mother received a deed of two thonsand acres of land, with the houses, barns, cotton gins, and ma-chinery, "in consideration of one dollar to me in hand paid," in trust, for the little, generous boy who took pity on a blind soldier and "showed him the way to comfortable quarters." When he is of age instead of having nothing, as was his prospect six months ago, he will be at least worth \$100,000.

The average wear of the tracks of the railroads, of the United States is estimated at seven per cent, per annum. Taking the length of the roads at 42,250 miles, the annual wear consumes sufficient iron to lay 2,-957 miles of track, or enough to lay a road from here to San Francisco. Ninety tons are required for a single track, so that 266,-175 tons of iron are used up annually by the locomotives and the cars. With this great wearing down of the track, no surprise should be experienced on reading the Report of the Railroad Commissioners of New Hampshire upon the Grand Trunk line from Montreal to Boston. The cars do not travel as fast as the stages, and a freight train ran off the track thirteen times in going over eight miles.

A physician baving fluished the amputation of the leg of one of his patients, a near relative of the latter took him aside, and said anxiously to him, 'Doctor, do you think he will recover?' 'Recover! there has never been the least shadow of hope for him.' Then what was the use of making him suffer?" Why, my dear fellow, you astonish me! Could you say brutally to a sick man, you are dying! He must be amused a lit-

A Little Nonsense.

The foot guards-boots and shoes.

A color difficult—blindman's buff. A water-spout—a temperance oration.

A stern necessity-the ship's rudder. A thorough washwoman-Sal Soda.

Good Summer resort for infants-rock-a-The most suitable laborers for warm weather-Coolies.

An exchange advertises for a live boy to stay in the office. A dead one would stay there better.

A bore meeting Douglas Jerrold 'said: "Well, what's going on to-day?" "I am," exclaimed Jerrold, darting past the inquirer. "See here, mister," said a lad of seven summers, who was driven up a tree by a fe-

rocious dog, "if you don't take that dog away I'll eat up all your apples." A Chicagioar, while on an Easters visit, was asked how he liked the water out West. "Really," said he, after a moment's reflection, "I never thought to try it."

King James was once entreated by his old nurse to make her son a gentleman.—
''Nae, nae, nurse, was the reply of the British Solomon; 'I'll mak' him a lord an' ye wull, but it is beyond my power to mak' him a

gentleman. How is it that the trees can get on their ammer dresses without opening their trunks? Why, because they LEAVE our their Summer clothing.

We frequently hear of Generals capturing pieces of artillery. What's the use of cap-turing 'pieces?' says Mrs. Partington. 'Why not capture whole ones?'

The first day a little boy went to school the teacher asked him if he could spell.—
"Yes, sir." "Well, how do you spell boy?"
"O, just as other folks do."