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The Old Desk.

And so to the dance they all are gone,
And I sit here alone,
What shall I do to beguile the time?
They will not return till morning chime.
I'll open, to pass the hours away,
A desk that's been looked for many a day:
A little desk all blotched and seared,
Oft by my childish fingers reared:
A little grave, where buried lies
Fond records of the days gone by—
Of friends beloved when my heart was young,
Of griefs that often my heart have wrung.
See in the yellow paper there
My father's and my mother's hair,
They lie together in loving fold,
One dusky tress and a ring of gold;
And the date is fifty years ago,
Here are two more—but white as snow.
This lock was shown from a sister's head
When she lay so calm in her coffin bed:
This from the friend who, through wind and storm
Had fallen me never—leave heart and warm
Reading these faded letters o'er,
May while away an hour or more.
What does this little box disclose?
A faint, sweet scent—a withered rose.
Again through the mist of years I see
The garden fair with flowers and tree—
The rich sky—the summer shower—
The rich smell of the mound and flower.
I recall the arbor, with ivy green,
Where we sheltered longer than need have been:
The dewy rose-bud given and taken;
And then a blank—and I awaken.
This little letter, the last of all,
I open while softly the tear-drops fall—
A child's note, written in sprits gay,
Proclaiming a coming holiday.
Ah! little son, then wilt come no more
With thy merry laugh to thy father's door?
Thou still must struggle in life's hard school,
But thou art under a gentler rule.
I close the desk and turn the key,
Ox-wheels by the tide of memory,
With the loved and the lost I pass the time,
Till the dancers return with the morning chime.

ROLLIN WEST'S WILL.

"Well, I declare!"
Miss Chirrup was always "declaring"—
—might be said, indeed, to be in the
indicative mood. Declare, we may add,
in her idiom, was a verb intransitive,
unless the note of admiration with which
she invariably followed it might be taken
to be its object.
"Well, I declare!" said Miss Chirrup,
in a shrill whisper.
"Did you ever?" replied Miss Chirrup,
in another.
It was Rollin West's will that the two
were discussing. It was very brief and
explicit. "I bequeath my entire es-
tate, real and personal, to my niece,
Miss Chirrup, and her heirs forever."
The Misses Chirrup and Chirk were
too distant relatives to be admitted to
have entertained any considerable
hope on their own account. A trifling
reminder, in deference to family etiq-
quette, was as much as either had a
right to expect. But that Rollin West
should have left his whole fortune to
one of his nieces, to the exclusion of
the other, who everybody had supposed
to be his favorite, took more than the
Misses Chirrup and Chirk by surprise.

Mr. West had been for many years a
widower. His children had all died in
infancy, and a couple of orphaned nieces,
one to each other, and reared under
his roof, constituted his household.
That his large fortune would be left to
them equally, was a point people took
for granted; but should any discrimina-
tion be made between them, nobody
would have hesitated to say it would
be in favor of Millie Granger, her uncle's
favorite, whose blithesome smiles he had
been wont to call the sunlight of his
life.

Millie's loving heart was too full of
sorrow at her uncle's death, and of grati-
tude for his kindness in bygone years,
to leave room for a sting of reproach
at his last unaccountable act, which the
Misses Chirrup and Chirk so earnestly
protested against.

An elderly maid came to live with
the two young ladies, and the household
remained unbroken. Except the changes
caused by the vacancy in their home,
the usual routine of Ruth and
Millie continued as before.

It was not till the cousins had resumed
their places in society that Millie be-
gan to notice the difference made by
her altered prospects. It was Ruth
now, and not herself, that was the cen-
tre of attraction.

To be rid of the common herb of fops,
and to be no longer pestered by their
silly flattery, Millie felt was a thing to
be thankful for. But when Orville
Ryors turned his back upon her, and
joined the ranks of her cousin's admir-
ers, she must have been other than a
woman not to feel it.

Mr. Ryors was the pet bean of Bil-
lingle. Handsome in person, accom-
plished in manners, and of fascinating
address, he was not one whose atten-
tions were likely to prove distasteful in
any quarter, and when they were directed
toward Millie Granger in a manner
sufficiently marked to excite no small
degree of envy, we need not be surpris-
ed if, instead of repelling, she just a
little encouraged them.

It would have required a closer analy-
sis than Millie had ever made of her
feelings to show her how little she really
cared for Mr. Ryors, and how much
she cared for Arthur Warren, whom
she had known and liked since they had
played and, sometimes, quarrelled to-
gether in childhood. But Arthur's self-
examination had gone deeper. He de-
votedly loved Millie, and knew it. If
he had never said so outright, it was
from motives of delicacy, prompted by
the difference of her social position. He
was a prospective heir, she was with-
out fortune, and void of expectations,
save those whose realization depended
on himself.

Having never spoken out, it may be
that Arthur Warren had no right to feel
aggrieved by the attentions paid by Mr.
Ryors to Millie. He showed gentlemen who
have nothing to say for themselves are
not privileged to stand in the way of
others who have.

But Arthur was not reasonable. He
was not even candid. He quarrelled
with Millie on the score of Orville
Ryors, without a word of explanation

as to what concern it was of *his* if she
married that gentleman the next day.
Now Millie was a girl of spirit. She
not only refused to decline Mr. Ryors'
attentions at the unwarrantable dicta-
tion of Arthur, but received them with
rather more encouragement than be-
fore.

People began to say it would be a
match soon, and it might have been,
had not Millie's uncle died. For Mr.
Ryors, as we have said, was a very at-
tractive person, and Millie had not suffi-
ciently scrutinized her heart to be aware
that her chief interest in him sprang
from the pleasure of having triumphed
where so many others had failed, and a
disposition to assert her own will.

When Arthur Warren left his native
village without so much as calling to
bid her good-by, Millie cried a little,
without well knowing why, and that
evening went to a ball with Orville
Ryors, and was among the gayest of the
group. It is very likely she would then
and there have accepted Mr. Ryors,
had he said the word, just to show how
little she cared for Arthur Warren.

The grief that Millie felt at her uncle's
death for a season overshadowed all
other thoughts. But when time at
length had so tempered her sorrow that
her life began again to flow in its accu-
stomed channel, it was not with a little
chagrin that she beheld the man whose
attentions had been lately so devoted
to her that people began to couple their
names significantly, turn and follow
her fortune instead of herself.

Millie knew now how little she had
ever cared for Orville Ryors; but would
others understand it? The thought
stung her past endurance. And the
memory of him who thus humiliated
her scarce exceeded in her eyes that of
her cousin Ruth, who permitted, in-
stead of spinning his advances.

In the bitterness of her heart, Millie
resolved to quit her cousin's abode, and
seek her way to the great city, trusting
that where so many lives there must
be many ways of getting a living, some
of which would be open to her.

She had been liberally supplied with
money during her uncle's lifetime, and
had husbanded enough to meet the ex-
penses of her journey, and for a time
to live in. She on her way had found
a carriage, and she had turned back,
when she thought of the jeering tongues
behind her, her eyes would flash through
her tears, and though her lips quivered,
her heart would again become firm and resolute.

Millie had never seen her uncle's
will, and she had not been informed
of its contents. She was
convinced by the manner in which she
had been treated, that her uncle's
will was not in her favor. She had
runners quick to perceive her in-
experience, she found herself at last,
without her own volition, seated in a
carriage whose driver undertook to
convey her to the Kicksaw, the best
house in the city, he assured her, though
it had not a very inviting look.
Millie thought, as the carriage stopped
in front of it.

"Your fare, miss," said the driver,
jumping down—"five dollars, you
know."
It was not the extortionate demand
that brought a troubled look over the
girl's face. Putting her hand into her
pocket, she found her money had dis-
appeared. She searched everywhere,
but in vain. She had doubtless been
robbed in the crowd after leaving the
train. A feeling of hopeless terror over-
came her at the thought of being there,
a total stranger, without a cent in the
world.

In a trembling voice Millie explained
her situation.
"That dodge won't do," said the
driver.
"No, it won't do," added a frowsy-
looking clerk, who made his appearance
just then. "We can't take people at
the Kicksaw that have no money, you
know."
"It's a rank swindle, an' I'll call a
p'lice man!" exclaimed the driver.

A crowd began to collect. The fright-
ened girl sobbed and clung appealingly
from one coarse face to another
without encountering a single look of
pity.
At this instant the driver and the
clerk, who stood close to the carriage
door, found themselves simultaneously
collared and thrust a considerable dis-
tance asunder by a right-and-left shove
from a pair of vigorous arms.

"Millie Granger!" exclaimed a voice
that brought the blood back to the
maiden's blanched cheeks.
"Arthur Warner!" was all she could
answer.

"Well, I declare!" uttered a shrill
voice—none other than Miss Chirrup's,
who, without Millie's knowledge, had
come to live in the city, and who chanced
to be passing at the time.
Matters were soon explained, and Miss
Chirrup, who had the kindest of hearts,
invited her relative home with her; and
Arthur, having paid the driver his just
due, called another carriage, and es-
corted the ladies to their destination.
He called round the evening and spoke
his mind to Millie. And Millie found
out she had always loved him. And
Arthur explained that it was only the
difference in their former prospects that
had kept him silent.

And Millie said she wouldn't care to
be rich if it wasn't for his sake. And
Arthur said he was glad she wasn't rich,
and added that he was earning a salary
that two could live on comfortably.
And, in short, the two lovers were as
happy as hand could desire.
Ruth Morgan's anxiety at Millie's
sudden disappearance had been relieved
by intelligence of her safety, and Ruth
was in high spirits when Mr. Ryors
called, determined this time, to bring
matters to a crisis. He had more than
once tried the plan of gradual ap-
proaches. On this occasion he resolved
to come directly to the point, and had
actually gotten half way up his knees
when Ruth said quietly:
"Don't be too hasty, Mr. Ryors;
you may regret it."
"There is but one thing I can regret
—your refusal," Ruth began.
"I know; it left you all he had," in-
terrupted the gentleman; "but that is
nothing to me."

"And quite as little, I assure you, to
me," said Ruth. "What *his* will will
effect my uncle had nothing to leave."
The kneeling process was suspended
midway, and Mr. Ryors remained in a
very uneasy and not altogether graceful
posture, while Ruth continued:
"My uncle had some time before
made a deed, you see, conveying his
entire estate in trust for the benefit of
my cousin Millie, reserving only a life
interest to himself."
The hinges of Mr. Ryors' knees sud-
denly unhooked.

"Good—good—morning, Miss Mor-
gan," he stammered.
"Good—morning, sir," said Ruth,
bursting into a ringing laugh when the
discomfited suitor's back was turned.
"It shall never stand!" said Millie,
when she and Ruth met, a few days
later. Your claims on your uncle
were as good as mine, and the property
shall be equally divided."
"Don't trouble yourself, little one,"
said Ruth. "Before Uncle Rollin pro-
vided for you, our aunt, by an under-
standing between them, settled her
fortune on me. Won't it console Mr.
Ryors to hear of my being rich?"

"But that will of mine's—"
"Was made to save you from a for-
tune-hunting husband," replied Ruth.

The Railroad over the Andes.

The present age is mighty in stupen-
dous works! Years hence, with the his-
tory of civilization before them, our
posterity will believe that the coming
of the nineteenth century was the be-
ginning of the practical age. The
steamboat, the railroad, the telegraph,
the opening of the great Canal, the tun-
neling of Mount Cenis, are all followed
with a work so gigantic, so astounding,
that it is hardly to be believed, even by
this inventive and determined age. The
project to gird the Andes with the iron
band of a railway track, is not a new
subject for discussion. Its feasibility
has been in contemplation for years, but
the surprising and successful results
that have followed the attempt, is a
glorious and magnificent if it is a silent
eulogium on the indomitable persev-
erance and ingenuity of the day.

The contract of the building of the
road between Callao and Oroya, was
signed between the Government of
Peru and Henry Meigs, late of the
United States, but now the great rail-
road king of South America, in the
year 1859, and the first earth was tur-
ned in Lima on the first of January,
1870.

The price agreed on for the comple-
tion of the work was 27,000,000 soles
(a sol being about 94 cents of an American
gold dollar); payments were stipulated
to be made as the work proceeded, and
the road was to be completed within
six years from the date of contract. This
Mr. Meigs is confident will be comple-
ted, and his firm seems to be well
founded, as only about two hundred
miles have to be finished. A short
time since an excursion was made
over the road, from Lima to a point
within sixty miles of Callao, the termi-
nus of the work then accomplished.

The "Employment" Swindle.

It certainly does seem rather strange
that petty swindlers should still find it
so easy to procure victims from among
a class of persons who have a reputation
for "smartness." There is no older
swindle in use than the one known as
the "employment bait," neither there
has any been so frequently ex-
posed. Yet, in spite of these facts,
scarcely a week passes that we do not
hear of some person having been de-
ceived by it. A young Vermontier, it
appears, was recently induced to emi-
grate to Montreal on the strength of the
following advertisement:

WANTED—A young man in an office of an
American firm in Canada—Salary \$75 per
month. A deposit of \$250 each is re-
quired; must make permanent engagement.
Only those who can meet these requirements
need address J. C. Copway & Co., Box 330,
Montreal, Canada.

The young man now states that he
went to the office of Copway & Co.,
and upon arrival paid his \$250, without
the slightest suspicion, agreed to
assume the position of a managing
clerk on the following Monday, pre-
sented himself, but failed to find the
slightest trace of the firm. The lesson
was a severe one, it is true, for the Ver-
montier had staked his all upon that at-
tempt to better his condition. How-
ever, if his experience should have the
effect of saving hundreds of other young
men from falling into a similar trap,
\$250 will not have been expended in
vain.

Swimming and Bathing.

Encourage the boys and girls in
learning how to swim, as it may be the
means of saving their own lives and
rendering them instrumental in saving
those of others in days to come. All
impress upon their minds the great
necessity of caution ere they learn how
to take care of themselves in the water.
The death from drownings so prevalent
during the summer are among the sad-
dest incidents of the season, coming
as they do so suddenly, and what re-
sults them particularly distressing is
the fact that the great majority of them
are caused by heedlessness. Bathing
and swimming are healthy and deli-
cious sports, and when participated in
with moderation, as all pleasures should
be in order to make them enjoyable,
conduce greatly to the benefit of mind
and body. It is the excess in this, as
well as everything else, which produces
the harm, and this should be strictly
guarded against. Many a bright and
promising lad has lost his life or un-
dermined his health and become a
sufferer, by being too venturesome in
the water, or going in too often. From
such items may we be spared the
chronicling during the present season.

The police station officials at Biddle-
ford were considerably flustered the
other night by the demand of a newly
married young couple for lodgings. It
seems that they had had a tiff with the
old folks, and penniless and friendless
they had been obliged to leave the
house on their wedding eve. A bridal
chamber is certainly something that
no well ordered police station should be
without.

Lobster Farming.

The Boston Journal of Commerce
gives the following interesting account
of a lobster farm on the Massachusetts
coast. It is certainly the newest attempt
at bringing the production of animal
food under man's control:
"The attempt to cultivate lobsters for
the market was begun about a year ago;
and though no very great results have
yet been obtained, the experiment pro-
mits every inducement to more ultimate
success. A space of some thirty acres of
flats having been enclosed by an em-
bankment, the proprietor of the place
conceived the plan of hiring the use of
the enclosed water for a lobster pond.
The place was originally an arm of the
sea, and a dam was built across the en-
trance, so that sufficient depth of water
was secured. On building the dyke an
arched way was made in it, so that the
tide could flow out and in at all times.
The opening being small, the tide only
rises and falls about three feet inside
the dyke, and the water is kept at a
level the inside water deep at all times,
and at the same time prevents it from
becoming foul.

"During July and August last sum-
mer, 40,000 lobsters, of every age and
condition, were let loose in the pond.
Many of the lobsters seemed to have
been introduced from the other side of
the state, and many were unsalable on
account of a lost claw, or other mutila-
tion. Food, in the shape of refuse from
the fish-market, was freely supplied
them, and a gate was put up at the en-
trance to prevent their escape into the
sea. The lobsters seemed to have
prospered for several months; and the enter-
prising owner arranged nets for eels and
other fish, which he caught in the pond
in large quantities during the fall and
winter.

"When the ice had covered the pond,
lobster shells and lobster traps were
put down. Good, sizeable hard shell
lobsters were at once caught, and two
things were proved: first, the water
was deep and pure enough to keep the
fish alive, and secondly, the fish were
healthy, for they had taken their hard-
shell shells, and were in the best of
condition. New claws had grown in the
place of those lost. In the spring, eels, perch
and a great many other kinds of fish
were taken from the pond in liberal
quantities, and now that the spawning
season is well advanced, the farm has
become a profitable investment. Some
15,000 good, marketable lobsters
have been taken out and sold. Every
one was a male fish, as the female fish
were all returned to the water for breed-
ing purposes. The spawn is now in its
last stage, and in a few weeks, if all
goes well, some many young lobsters
will be ready for the market.

"The proprietor is a keen, far-sighted
man, and he is thoroughly in
love with his business. He has entire
confidence in the success of his venture,
and will make no concession to the
sceptical. From a personal inspection of
the farm, we are inclined to think the
project destined to prove a financial
success. The fish already sold are of
excellent quality, and have won a good
name in the market. The number of
lobsters that can live in the pond is
practically countless. If one-tenth of
the young fish live, a couple of years
will see the place stocked with millions
of salable lobsters. The expense is
small—the rent, the food (which may be
obtained for the asking), and the labor
of catching and preparing for market
being trifling. The experiment is a
very important one. If it succeeds
it will introduce an entirely new system
of lobster fishing, and do much to pre-
vent the destruction of the natural sup-
ply. Nor is this all; for the same pond
can be made to yield perch, flounders,
eels, mullets, and other fish in great
quantities at no additional expense.

Disregard of the Teaching of Experience.

You rise in the morning, and, while
dressing, take up a phial containing a
tonic of which you know little. The pre-
pared for you; but after the first few
drops have been counted, succeeding
drops run down the side of the phial—
all because the lip is shaped without
regard to the requirement. Yet mil-
lions of such phials are annually made
by glass-blowers, and sent forth by thou-
sands of druggists; so small is the
amount of sense brought to bear on
business. Now, turning to the looking-
glass, you find that, if not of the best
make, it fails to preserve the attitude
in which you put it; or, if what is called
a "box" looking-glass, you see that
the maintenance of its position is in-
sured by an expensive appliance that
would have been superfluous had a little
reason been used. Were the adjust-
ment such that the centre of gravity of
the glass came in the line joining the
points of support (which would be
quite as easy an adjustment), the glass
would stand firm, and you would not
tumble you gave it. Yet year after year
thousands of looking-glasses are
made without regard to so simple a
need. Presently you go down to break-
fast, and, taking some Harvey or other
sauce with your fish, find the bottle
has a defect like that which you found
in the phial; it is sticky from the drops
which trickle down, and occasionally
stain the table-cloth. Here are other
groups of trades, similarly so economi-
cal of thought that they do nothing to
rectify this obvious inconvenience.
Having breakfasted, you take up the
paper, and, before you have read, you
find it put some coal on the fire. But
the lump you seize with the tongs slips
out of them, and, if large, you make
several attempts before you succeed in
lifting it—all because the ends of the
tongs are smooth. Makers and vendors
of fire-irons go on, generation after
generation, without mending this evil
by the simple remedy of projecting these
smooth ends some projecting points, or
even roughening them by a few burrs
of a chisel. Having at length grasped
the lump and put it on the fire, you
begin to read; but before you have got
through the first column, you are re-
minded, by the changes of position
which your sensations prompt, that men
still fail to make easy chairs.—Herbert
Spencer, in Popular Science Monthly.

A New Southwestern Town.

What a Visitor to Denton says of the
Place.
Standing in the main street of Den-
ton, the new Texas town, six hundred
and twenty-one miles southwest of St.
Louis, it was hard to realize, says a cor-
respondent, that only four months be-
fore our visit the site of the thriving
town was almost a wilderness, and that
not a building of any kind had ever
been erected there. For all around us
was Babel—a wild rush of business, a
glory in affairs, an unbounded delight
in mere labor, which at once oppressed
and appalled us. The slightest indica-
tion of progress was pointed out as a
gigantic forecasting of the future.
The pre-eminence of Denton over the other
cities of the universe. "There are now
2,500 to 3,000 people here now," said
one gentleman to us; "how that for
four months? That'll make some of
the incredulous folks take their frame-
houses off from the ground, and be
solicitous to assist in getting a position,
however humble it may be, and some
men are living in promises of 'the first
vacancy.' All our newspaper writers
are young men, simply because after a
few years of service they are worn out,
and give way to the younger and more
hungry crowd. As a matter of surprise
I may mention that I once saw a gray-
headed man serving as a reporter in one
of our courts, but I never met but one
case of the kind. The delusion which
multitudes are subject in considering
themselves called to write for the press
is only broken by hard experience. A
country clergyman told me lately that
he had made applications among some
leading editors for employment, which
he supposed could be readily obtained,
and was surprised at the general refusal
of his services. At last he condescended
to call on Bonner, for though he pre-
ferred a more solid sheet than the
Ledger, the latter was better than nothing.
Mr. Bonner received him politely,
and told him 'he had matter engaged
to keep the paper full for three years.'
Bonner accepts no volunteer contribu-
tions, and Bonner's clerks to allow
him to be left for examination. The
disappointment of this clergyman was
painful; but such things are so common
as to become proverbial. Literary
young ladies are also under a perpetual
disappointment. I commend literature
to this class as the most profitable
in a twinkling. It was exceedingly re-
markable, also, that in a community
one-half of which was undoubtedly made
up of professional ruffians, "terminus"
gamblers, and the offshoots of society,
and where there was not yet a cent, and
the outlet of the most fertile
farming regions in the world. It was
indeed like magic, the building of Den-
ton. All the lumber for the houses was
brought hundreds of miles, there being
none suitable in the vicinity; and car-
loads of timber were changed into rough,
but commodious business establishments
in a twinkling. It was exceedingly re-
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