

I Go to Bed.

When I have lost all faith in man, Or failed to consummate some plan; When women air cold, unkind, And things seem to me to be unkind, I do not really prize my bed. And in a hurry then I then Declare this gladstone world to be One endless round of vanity; Ah! no, for this was mockery— I go to bed.

The Wreck of the "Pioneer."

Ralph Keystone was one of those men who combine a talent for practical things with an active imagination. He was at the sawmill for several years in an affair of business. Like all imaginative men, he had found a woman whom he could clothe in ideal charms, and then fell in love with her. Jane Besant, who was only daughter of Farmer Besant, who owned and operated an immense wheat farm not far from the village of Muskatoke. To Farmer Besant went Ralph in the first flush of his love for Jane.

the work when finished to the landowner, with half the lumber cut on the land. If he failed, then all the lumber was to remain on the land. Pretty hard terms, but Ralph accepted them on the spot. An axe in hand he headed the woodmen, directing the men of each tree, so as to save labor in hauling the logs. When about a hundred trees were down he organized his force into choppers, and began to get out logs of every size. A pair of oxen were slow and things began to assume shape. Heavy logs laid end to end in a double row stretched across the little valley, and marked the foundation of the dam. Stout staves were driven on the low side, and shorter logs laid up stream, with the ends resting on the heavy timbers, raised the dam about one foot. The news quickly spread through the country round about. Young Keystone had found water power—in other words, wealth—in the little brook. Within three weeks the dam had been raised three feet, and the water began to back up behind it, spreading out over the plain in a slow widening pond. Then the people began to laugh. Keystone was a fool, after all. What could he do with only three feet fall of water?

With chalk and line Ralph struck a line through the center of the platform, and from this struck out a curved line on each side, and then made the men saw off the planks to the curved line. This gave a long slender platform, ten feet wide at the upper end, or stern, twenty feet wide near the center, and running out to a still wider point at the lower end, or bow, of the future boat. Then upon this platform was laid a rough coat of paint, a dozen men laying the brush at once, and then came more planks, laid out to the same form, and were quickly spiked together. The men suggested that such a long and slender raft would never hold together.

"Can't you sell the lumber?" said Jane, with ready common sense. "I have used a part of it in making the barge. If I get the money for saving the cargo, I shall have just enough to pay every bill, but with nothing left." She stood up, and placed her hand on each shoulder, and kissed him. "Thank you, love, for the compliment." "I heard the engineer say the— the fact was, he said, make a good freight steamer if she were engaged." "Did he? That's not a bad idea. I had thought she would make some kind of a craft. Oh! Perhaps I could buy the engines out of the steamer. They will sell them cheap." "I thought you had failed and lost everything."

THE CALIFORNIA ranchman or farmer is to a certain extent demoralized by the climate, which allows him to perform outdoor work the year round. Unlike the Eastern farmer, therefore, he is inclined to let things go by the board. There is a lack of thoroughness in building, in planting and in the care for animals. There is little concern for appearances; the soil of many years remains undisturbed upon the wagon wheels; no flower garden is well cared for; they mend the harness with bits of rope, and they trust little or nothing to the vanity of paint.

A physician, living at Cambridge, Dorchestershire, had no signs of "insanity." A "Constant Reader," sends us a graphic description of the dual robbery of a fish-hawk by a bald-headed eagle. I have just left the dinner-table, to walk across the lawn with my children, when my attention was attracted by a furious scream in the upper air. A dark shadow flitted across the grounds, looking up, I saw a fish-hawk flying low in a straight line, and pursued by a hundred yards' distance by a bald-headed eagle.

Little Barbara. Pretty Barbara, ripe and red, With sweet small mouth like the bees abode, And full of nectar and honey-dew; So pretty a thing, I dare not swear To the art of the ribbon that ties her hair Or the buckle that binds her shoe; So like her each trinket she has to wear, It seems just as if it grew, Like rose in its petals and pollen dust, That wears its beauty because it must, And something like Barbara, too. As a dle she runs in tin bucket in The little fountain of woven glass, Like webs that the spiders weave and spin To hang on the shining blades of grass, A face as bright and happy as hers, In the nets of the silken gossamers, Looks out of the water's smooth eclipse, As it was happy to hold within it The soft verbera red of her lips, And kiss and caress her just for a minute, In the arms of the dimples, smooth and still Ere it goes and soberly turns the mill.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

What women are doing—Men—Earl Marble. One-third of all the coffee sold in the United States is said to be adulterated. The Countess de Montijo, mother of the ex-Emperor Eugenie, is eighty-two, and was much afflicted at her grandson's death.