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IN HARBOR.

I think it is over, over—
I think it is over at last;
Voices of foeman and lover,
The sweet and the bitter, have passed;
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over—
The winds and the waters surcease;
How few were the days of the Rover
That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
That hinted redress or release.
From the ravage of Life, and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
Which bides in this Harbor at last?
For the lights, with their welcoming quiver,
That throb through the sanctified river
Which girdles the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last?

I know it is over, over—
I know it is over at last;
Down sail; the sheathed anchor uncover:
For the stress of the voyage has passed;
Life, like a tempest of ocean,
Hath outblown its ultimate blast.
There's but a faint sobbing seaward,
While the calm of the tide deepens leeward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart pulses throbbed through the river,
Those lights in the Harbor at last—
The heavenly Harbor at last!

—PAUL H. HAYNE, in *Harper's Magazine for July.*

FAIR SCHEMERS.

"Mistletoe!" cried Alma Field. "Real, dark green, glossy mistletoe! Oh, Frances, where did you find it?"

The snow-mantled fields were all crimsoned with the flush of sunset. Far in the distance old Mount Washington lifted his white peak against the steel-gray sky; in the valley the frozen river seemed turned to a sheet of crystal, while the woods were full of that crackling, magnetic sound which often thrills a leafless copse at nightfall.

And the three girls standing at the stile had cheeks like roses in the keen winter air.

"I found it just here on the old broken branch which had fallen with the weight of the snow," said Frances Purple, a tall, slight, solemn-eyed girl in a dress of shabby brown merino with dyed ribbons at her throat.

"Give me some!" exclaimed Mary Wallace, "to hang over my pillow to-night. Mistletoe means good luck, you know, and to-night is St. Valentine's eve."

"Nonsense!" said Frances, a little curtly.

Mary Wallace shook back her yellow curls—she was one of those graceful, elf-like creatures to whom such capricious motions are infinitely becoming—and laughed.

Alma Field shrugged her shoulders.

"Frances will never marry," said she.

"No," said Frances Purple, composedly, "I don't think I ever shall."

All this time Mr. Murray, standing leaning against the stile, had watched the three bright faces with a certain grave interest.

"Why not?" he asked, abruptly.

"One reason is because I don't want to," Frances answered, with equal bruskeness.

"Oh, Frances!" cried Alma. "How can you tell such shocking stories right here under the mistletoe?"

"With Mary and Alma it is different," said Frances, speaking more gently, as if she half repented her former sharpness of tone. "The world is softer to them. I am a working bee. I have my own living to earn, and I have no time to spend in romance."

She took up the dark green cluster of mistletoe as she spoke, and walked quickly on.

"Poor Frances!" said Mary, apologetically. "She is really getting to be quite a crabbed old maid."

"What does she mean by being a working bee?" said Mr. Murray, as he helped pretty Alma over the uneven stones of the stile.

"Didn't you know?" said Alma. "She has taken Miss Tait's position in the telegraph office. Eight hours daily and two on Sundays and holidays. Isn't it dreadful?"

"But why did she do that?" persisted Murray, gathering up the scattered sprigs of mistletoe for his companions.

"Poor, dear Frances always was peculiar," said Mary.

"And, of course, I wouldn't say a word against her for the world," added Alma, artlessly; "but I think she's a little inclined to be avaricious."

Rudolph Murray walked with Alma and Mary as far as the old red-brick house and there left them, with some merry allusion to St. Valentine's morn.

While the two girls, running into the house, flung their mistletoe on the hall table, and came into the great, low-ceiled sitting-room, where a fire of pine logs blazed upon the stone hearth.

Frances Purple was there quietly moving around intent on some household duty; for the three cousins lived with an old aunt whose means were limited, and there was no servant kept in the establishment.

"Oh, Frances," cried Alma, angrily, "why did you tell Mr. Murray that you were a working girl?"

"Because it was the truth," said Frances.

"But truth isn't to be spoken on all occasions," flashed out Mary. "What will he think!"

Frances bit her lip.

"Why should I care what he thinks!" said she.

"Isn't it enough to do as you have done without publishing it to the whole world?" complained Mary.

"Frances is such a strange, odd girl," said Alma. "I believe she wants—yes, actually wants—to die an old maid!"

"I should rather do that," said Frances, "than to win a husband under false pretenses."

"It's no such thing, if you mean me," retorted Mary, stung into sudden animation. "Papa was a naval officer—and how is any one to know that he was cashiered before he died?—and I should be a great heiress if only my great uncle had succeeded in establishing his claim on the flatlands of Boston!"

While Alma surveyed her dimpled face in the quaint oval mirror above the wooden mantel.

"Now, girls, don't go to getting excited," said she, "or you'll be as wrinkled and old-looking as the wiches in 'Macbeth.' If I win a husband it shall be through my own personal attractions. I'm not a genius like Frances there, nor a schemer like Polly, but I'll wager my moss-agate breastpin against anything you please to mention that I'm married the first of the three."

And she complacently fastended a spray of the glossy black-green leaves into her bright brown hair.

"Now," she said, with a smile which revealed teeth like seed-pearls, "I wonder—I do wonder—who is going to be our Valentine?"

"Is that the reason," said Mary, suddenly, "that you have changed your room to the front of the house? Alma! Alma! And you talk of my being a schemer!"

"All is fair in love and war," said Alma, with a merry nod of the head; "and I like a prospect of the road as well as any one."

Mary Wallace bit her lip, inwardly resolving not to be circumvented.

Ten minutes afterward she went out into the kitchen where Aunt Phœbe was stirring up waffles for tea.

"Is your cold better, auntie dear?" she asked.

"Well, it's only so-so," groaned the old lady, who was one of the pessimists of the world. "And there's a dreadful stitch in my side whenever I go to bend over."

"Poor aunty!" cooed Mary. "I'll tell you what you must do—lie in bed comfortably to-morrow morning, and let me get up and see to things."

Aunt Phœbe viewed her niece through her spectacle glasses with unfeigned surprise. What had come to Mary all of a sudden to make her so affectionate and self-sacrificing? "Well," said she, "I don't know but it would be a sort of rest for me, just for once in a way."

And Mary went back to the sitting-room, quietly determining to be the very first one up in the house the next morning.

"And if I should be opening the window-shutters of the kitchen just at sunrise, she thought, "and Mr. Murray should come down the road on that superb white horse of his to get the early train, it would be so delightful to be his Valentine, and Alma would be so furious!"

"Girls," croaked Aunt Phœbe, putting her gray-puffed head into the room, "I forgot to tell you old Miss Peppercorn's folks have been here for watchers, and I promised 'em that one of you should go there and set up to-night."

"Good gracious me! I hope it's nothing catching!" said Alma, with a shiver.

"I shan't go!" said Mary, petulantly. "People have no business to be sick if they can't afford to hire proper attendance!"

"And it's St. Valentine's eve, too," said Alma. "Besides, I never could sit up with sick people—it makes such dreadful blister-colored circles around one's eyes!"

"But I promised," said Aunt Phœbe, looking helplessly from one to the other. "And Frances can't go because of the telegraph office, and—"

"I'll go, Aunt Phœbe," said Frances, quietly. "Old Miss Peppercorn has no friends, and I may as well try to be of some use in the world."

"Frances thinks that she may be a desolate old maid herself some day," said Alma, maliciously.

"I think it extremely probable," admitted Frances, good-humoredly; "and then, perhaps, I may need some one to care for me."

"Well, it won't be me," said Mary. "I do hate sickness and sick people, especially if they are old and ugly like Miss Peppercorn."

And she gave her golden tresses a backward toss, as if she believed herself to be gifted with eternal youth.

Just when Mary and Alma were nestling down among their pillows with the sprigs of mistletoe hanging over their heads, to dream of love and lovers in the frozen starlight of the winter night, Frances Purple, wrapped in one of Aunt Phœbe's gray linsey cloaks, was gliding across the snowy lanes to the little one-storied farmhouse where poor old Hepsebah Peppercorn lay breathing her life away.

All night long she kept her sad vigil; and when the poor old woman died it was Frances Purple's gentle arm that supported her head—Frances Purple's sweet voice that whispered words of hope and sacred cheer into her benumbed ear.

And then she closed the glazing eyes with all a sister of mercy's tenderness, and stood looking down upon the small, withered form an instant ere she called the attendants.

"She is gone home!" she said to herself. "All her weary pilgrimage is ended!"

And, for a moment only, Frances almost envied the dead woman.

Going back across the fields, with the red streak of sunshine beginning to lift the gray banners of the eastern sky, there was a strange, sweet peace in her face.

"I may lead a lonely life," she told herself; "but it need not necessarily be a useless one."

Just where they had gathered the mistletoe the night before she paused a moment to say a long farewell to all that life of hope and fear, scarcely acknowledged love and steadily repressed aspiration; and as she stood there with drooping head and veiled figure a shadow fell across the dazzling surface of the snow—the shadow, darkly outlined in the rosy sunrise, of Rudolph Murray.

"Miss Purple!"

"Oh, Mr. Murray!" she exclaimed with a start; "how came you here?"

"I thought I would cross the meadows to my train this morning on foot, instead of taking the usual route by the high road," he said.

"But I never expected to see you here!"

"I have been watching with a sick woman," explained Frances, feeling herself blush a vivid scarlet. "I am going home. Good-morning, Mr. Murray!"

But he stood directly across the narrow foot-path.

"Frances," he said, "have you forgotten what good saint smiles through this red sunrise? Don't you know that you are my Valentine?"

"I am not golden-haired Mary, nor yet beautiful Alma," said Frances, a little nervously.

"No," said Mr. Murray, taking her hands; "but you are Frances—the sweetest of all created women in my eyes. You are the girl I love—the precious treasure that St. Valentine has given into my keeping. Nay, dearest, do not avert your eyes so resolutely—look straight at me! You will love me a little in return? You will be my wife?"

"Why did you not say this before?" she hesitated.

"Why did you avoid me so determinedly? Why did you declare over and over again that you never meant to mary?" he laughingly retorted.

"Because—because I fancied that no one cared for me," said Frances, with downcast eyelids.

"And what is your opinion upon the subject now?"

She hid her face upon his shoulder, as he tenderly drew her close to him.

"Oh," she whispered, "what have I done to deserve a happiness so great as this?"

Long, long before the pink glow brightened the snowy crests of the hills Alma Field was peeping through the blinds, in her prettiest dress, with the mistletoe braided into her wonderfully-tinted bronze hair. Earlier still the thrifty Mary had opened the lower part of the house and was sweeping off the stoop, with a pink silk handkerchief twisted jauntily around her golden curls. And, a-lack-day! the only masculine creatures whose appearance rewarded their vigils were Squire Hotchkiss' donkey straying in an objectless manner down the high road, and old Deacon Penfold driving to market with a load of russet apples.

But when Frances Purple came in to the very indifferent breakfast which Mary Wallace had grudgingly prepared, her face was brighter than the sunrise itself.

"Well," said Aunt Phœbe, lugubriously, "so old Miss Peppercorn's dead! It does appear to me that there is nothing but trouble in this world!"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Phœbe, there's something else!" pleaded Frances, brightly. "Because I met my Valentine this morning as I was coming home through Poinsett woods."

"What!" cried Alma and Mary in chorus.

"It was Mr. Murray," confessed Frances, "and he asked me to marry him, and he said he had loved me for a long, long while; and so we are engaged."

Alma and Mary looked at each other with the blank faces of young women who see that they have been outgeneraled.

"Oh!" said Mary.

"I thought you were going to be an old maid!" acidly remarked Alma.

"I did think so," said Frances, in a low voice; "but—I have changed my mind."

A Southern Type.

In the South one soon meets the young man, a lawyer, or editor, or physican, who will talk for hours, to any one who will listen, of the superiority of the South; its people and its civilization, over the North and everything Northern. He always talk well, and is usually a very good fellow, but he proceeds entirely upon the *a priori* method, and his conclusions have little relation to the facts of life. He knows little of his own region of the country, and nothing whatever of any other. Young men of this type always dwell with proud and endless iteration on "the superior purity of Southern women." Their persistence always brings the mere fact of chastity more nakedly and definitely before the mind than seems wholesome or desirable to persons who have seen more of life and of the world. These youthful eulogists appear to think that it is a virtue which is almost unknown except in the Southern States. They do not recognize the fact, which is of great importance in any real discussion of this feature of our civilization, that the women of another race, formerly helpless and now degraded, have always formed a protecting barrier between the licentious passions of Southern white men and the women of their own race. I do not suppose the best women of the South have any superiors on earth, but their immunity from temptation and wrong has cost other women dear.

What young men of this class most need is a wider observation and larger knowledge of the world, or, especially, of their own country. They would thus, in time, understand how much better it is for our young men to be penetrated and inspired by the idea of being Americans than to be always dwelling upon the fact that they are natives of Virginia, or Massachusetts, or Arkansas or New Jersey. There is really no harm in these young gentlemen, although their vehement utterances regarding subject with which they have but slight acquaintances, have sometimes furnished convenient material for the use of Northern politicians who were hostile to the South.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Can't Get It.

Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Urinary or Liver Complaints cannot be contracted by you or your family if Hop Bitters are used, and if you already have any of these diseases Hop Bitters is the only medicine that will positively cure you. Don't forget this, and don't get some puffed up stuff that will only harm you.

METHODS OF INSTRUCTION.

BY A. C. HOLBERT.

CHAPTER XII.

Hints for Home Study is the subject to which I propose devoting this chapter.

Education is only valuable in so far as it has taught us how to live, how to act, how to think, how to study, and, I will add, how to work. All this knowledge is the result of drill, of practice. Were a person to appear in the world who could at once perform any required operation, of any branch of science, who could perform any of the delicate manipulations of the arts at once and without the necessity of learning how to perform them, such a man could not be called an educated man; he would not be educated in any proper sense of the term. Education implies two things: "a drawing out" and "a pouring in process." Many teachers confine themselves entirely to the latter; a much less number confine themselves entirely to the latter. Such teaching always make me think of a jug; when it is full you may pour out, but the fluid will run away and be lost. When it is empty you may turn it upside down, but you get nothing more out of it.

The proper mode is a combination of the two. He who has been educated, in the true sense of the term, will know how to assist himself in the various exigencies which will and must arise during the journey of life. I have elsewhere remarked that no arithmetic can contain all the various questions that may arise. While this is true, anyone who has thoroughly studied this branch will know how to attack any possible question.

Just so it is all through life; the educated person knows how to help himself.

Of what practical benefit is it if a boy can solve all the problems in his arithmetic and cannot tell his father the interest on a promissory note? Of what practical benefit is it for a young lady to be able to jabber French, and howl Italian songs, if she cannot write a common note without misspelling? Instances might be enumerated; they are as plenty as blackberries, but it is unnecessary.

Education, when properly conducted, will modify our desires, and enable us to control our passions. "Education," says Novalis, "is a completely fashioned will." The definition is a good one to my mind. A child will cry to have the reflection of the moon in the water in its hands; it is no use to tell it that it cannot get it; it will scream all the louder. Let it find by experiment that it actually cannot obtain it, educate it that far, fashion its will to that degree, it will cease screaming and will never again cry for the same object. You have given it just that amount of education.

I presume, however, that the teacher has been so far educated that he knows how to help himself. How shall we manage our private reading—our "home study?" Many young men honestly think they have no time to devote to home study. They would very willingly, they say, study if they could just see how to put in the time, or, rather, how to get the time. It is for the benefit of this class of young men that I am writing this chapter. You cannot expect to do anything, I mean anything that will be specially profitable to you in the way of home study, unless you make a systematic division of your time, so that you may know how much time you have to devote to study. Having discovered when you can study and how long, the next thing is for you to decide what you shall study. Do not aim to study too much, especially if your time is limited. I can only illustrate my meaning, and my illustrations are presented as such, and not as you would, perhaps, take up works to study. In arranging your time you find that you have an hour at your disposal, and you find that you also have an hour in the early morning. This gives you one-twelfth of your time, and is perhaps more than some young men really have. Suppose you want to read Shakespeare, study algebra and physiology. If you cut the hour up among the three, you will give them but twenty minutes each, and there are times in every one of these studies when twenty minutes will pass ere you are aware. But you may give an hour to algebra to-day, an hour to Shakespeare to-morrow and to pyhsiology next day.

Now what will this be in the course of a year? Suppose you put in three hundred days, it will be one hundred hours to each, which amounts to ten days of ten hours each solid work, and this is as much as is put in in the study—actual study—of any one branch in a five months' school term. Many a young man cannot find time for home study because he does'nt want to find it. Many a young man complains that his father keeps him at work early and late, and that he has not a minute for himself, when his father will give you another side to the story, something like this:

"My boy cares nothing for books. Nothing would please me better than to see him manifest a disposition to make a scholar of himself. He has opportunities all around him which were not extended to me when I was a boy of his age, but he manifests no disposition to take hold and do anything in that line."

Now, if both are conscientious in these assertions, there is an unhappy misunderstanding between father and son, but in nine cases out of ten the "old man" is right, and the son is too lazy to deserve any sympathy.

Two boys were talking of some excursion, and it was necessary for one of them to obtain the permission of his father, who, unknown to them, was working in the garden on the other side of a high board fence.

"Jim, you must go and ask father in regard to me; tell him your father permits you to go, and I think he'll let me go."

"Well, John, of course I can do it, but it really seems to me that you are the more proper one to go and ask your own father's permission."

"Yes, I know Jim, it would seem so, but then, you see, I'm not very well acquainted with him."

Here we have the cause of many misunderstandings, and I doubt not of many a wasted life. Parents are not very well acquainted with their children, and children are not very well acquainted with their parents. Why are they not very well acquainted with each other? Who has a better right to be very well acquainted? Many a boy thinks he is perfectly lucky if he can keep his father from knowing anything about him, and many a father never makes any attempt to know anything concerning his son, hence they are never very well acquainted with each other.

In the case of misunderstanding I have referred to above, if the father and son were very well acquainted with each other would it be possible for such a misunderstanding to exist? Could the son wish to pursue a certain course, and the father desire him to pursue the very same course, and yet the son pursue a course directly opposite? Never. Verily they are not acquainted with each other. Sons, you want to get acquainted with your fathers, and fathers you want to get very well acquainted with your sons, and in the future years there will be fewer stories of "wasted lives" to write.

Some young man may say: "But I have not got an hour that I can call my own. My time is all taken up." This may be true; if so, I pity your case; but if all your time is occupied you may console yourself with the reflection that ignorance is not your fault but your misfortune.

But do you not mistake the matter? Is all your time employed? What would you think of studying a Latin grammar while blowing the bellows in a smith's shop? Elihu Burritt did that, and "the learned blacksmith" is a household word in more countries than ours. How many languages did he understand? You may look the matter up for yourself, "and when found make a note of it," as our old friend Captain Cuttle would say. But you must not suppose that Burritt was under the necessity of studying all the languages he understood in the manner I have indicated. No; his very zeal, his indomitable will made him friends, and the same means will make you friends. I might mention many more instances to show what can be done by the undaunted courage which will attempt to overleap any obstacle, which will find a way or make one.

An Englishman, who was in the British House of Commons, was taunted by an opponent with the fact that he had formerly been a cobbler. Mark his reply. "Had you, Sir, been a cobbler, you would be a cobbler still." This is one of the most caustic things that I remember to have met with anywhere.

Never allow such a retort to be possible to you. Improve whatever time you have; if much, so much the better for you; if little, so much the more need to improve it.

Many a young man too may say: "I have not the money to invest in the books you have mentioned. Many of them are costly, and I can never obtain them." Persevereance and economy will do great things. Remember I told you not to think of buying all these books at once. I will add here do not buy any large part of them at once. I have seen a man unaccustomed to that mode of dining sat himself at the table with a long "bill of fare" before him, and in the plentitude of dishes not know what to order. Just so would it be with you should you order many books at a time. Order them as you can. I have not given publishers, lest it might be supposed that I am interested in some of these works, or, rather, in the sale of them. I am not, but I am very greatly interested in seeing the young men of our county pushing ahead. I am interested in seeing our county the "banner county" of the State in the character of her teachers and in the excellence of her schools. There is nothing Utopian in the idea; nothing impracticable. I know that there are many young men of ability—of marked ability—in our county. Why should any one deem it a surprise or a thing to excite wonder if Somerset county should be the banner county of the State. Young men of ability, of marked ability, all working for the accomplishment of a given end are what make banner counties. Work then; work earnestly. Keep the great end in view. Let nothing come between you and the attainment of your desires, and after you have fought the fight you cannot fail, having well and faithfully performed all the duties appertaining to this life, to hear in the next the grateful approval, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things."

My next chapter will be on Institutes.

A Self-Recording Barometer.

A new self-recording barometer by a Belgian inventor is thus described: The barometric tube, having a capacious reservoir at the top, is fixedly suspended. The cistern is a tube slightly wider and nearly as long; it bears on one side an index, and on the other a pencil-working on a moving cylindrical surface, and it forms the upper part of a kind of aerometer, having a downward extension in the form of a closed tube floating in mercury in a wider tube, which communicates below, through a U tube, with a wide and shadow-covered cistern, the level in which is approximately constant. The variation of pressure is marked by the variation of height of mercury in the reservoir, and this latter is to that of the total height in barometer cistern (or to the path or float of the pencil) in the ratio of the section of the cistern to that of the reservoir (a sixth in the instrument the author represents). Thus an amplification is realized.

The White House Mail.

Several hundred letters are received every day at the White House. They are delivered by a special messenger. The correspondence addressed to the President is not opened by him, and it is very rare that he reads one of the thousands of letters addressed to him. All of his letters are first opened by his private secretary. The majority of them are simply referred elsewhere, and never in any form come to the attention of the President. It makes no difference how "personal, private or confidential" an envelope may be marked, it does not go by the desk of the private secretary unopened.

Letters from relatives or intimate friends are sent to the President just as they are received, but all other letters of a character worthy of being called to his attention are simply "briefed," so that the President can see at a glance what is wanted. Applicants for office who write to the White House are always referred to departments. It has been the custom of late years to send out to every such applicant a polite formula, saying that the application has been referred to such and such a department. Some of the simple minded correspondents of the Executive construe the receipt of this formula as one of the most important steps in the way of securing the desired office. One happy man who recently received one of these formulas wrote in reply that his gratitude over the receipt of the same was "as big as a Elefent." He then added then when he should get his place his gratitude would be "as big as 2 Elefents." This fermula of answer is really as full of encouragement as the editor's polite "rejected with thanks," sent under seal with a pile of returned manuscript. But no amount of ill success has any discouraging effect upon the people who write to the President for information, advice, money or office. Out of the 50,000,000 of people in this country there is always a daily number who flat