

I dream all the songs that I sing, And the music floats down the dim Valley 'Till each finds a word for a wing. That to men, like the doves of the Deluge

But far on the deep there are billows That never shall break on the beach, And I have heard songs in the silence •That never shall float in the speech; And I have had dreams in the Valley Too lofty for language to reach.

would have pushed the matter, but Mr. I entered the contest and bid one dollar Meekmore finally shook his head more and twenty-five. Up-up up twen-solemnly than ever, and said that he ty-five cents at a time, until at length I would rather forget the dream if he could. | had bid ten dollars an acre. People call-When the missionary's horse was at tie ed me crazy. Ten dollars an acre was

door, and the owner was prepared to start more than the very best land in the whole of, he informed us that he was bound to- country was worth But I held my bid, ward the Canada line, and that he might and kept my own contest.

And the Twist lot was knocked dow

enty-five. There was more talk about iron and ore.

had dreamed of a silver mine among the crags of our hills. This mine seemed to The man in the jockey suit said that he his vision to be utterly exhaustless in the had positive assurance that pure iron ore precious metal; but he could not locate had been found in some of the gulches, and it. Betsey, wh se curiosity was aroused, he bid one dollar an acre. At this point

business is altogether agreeable. Comhim, or mistake another for him?" merce, in its endless varieties, is effected, like all other pursuits, with trials, unwelstranger to all the parties, convincing and come duties, and spirit-trying necessities. unanswerable. But, then, there stood the liviug, ineradicable, insurmountable fact It is the very wantonness of folly for a man to search out the freis and burdens; that this was John — and not Mr. of his calling and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They are that he was not married, and had not been inevitable. Brooding over them only gives them strength. On the other hand. within that time. So we had it, neither a man has power given to him to shed beauty, and pleasure on the homeliest posed to bring him up for closer inspectoil, if he is wise. Let a man adopt his ition, but she was too much afiaid of him

business and identify it with pleasant as- to consent; but repeated assurances of prosociations, for Heaven has given us imagination, and alone to make up poets but for him. Calling him out from his card party, I briefly told him what had occurto enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart-varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a piece of rugged case culminated. He commences : ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies, out of which may develop honest never had a wife."

his temper; but he is happier who can suit his temper to any circumstances. This was a poser sure enough, and to a

Nothing is more precious than time.— Never be prodigal of it. As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of waping over the cowld sod that kivvers me-thin by St. Patrick, I'll see how you time. A firm faith is the best divinity : a good

get along without me, hcney." life is the best philosophp; a clean conscience is best law; and honesty the best policy. lent banker, was standing in Wall street one hot day in August, "wiping the ser-

The reign of good principle in the soul being able to convince the other. I procarries its own evidence in the life, just as that of a good government is visible on the face of society.

ged but sharp-eyed newsboy accosted him with : The willingness of American citi tection at last prevailed, and I went out "Please, sir, tell me the time." throw their fortunes into the cause of pub-Coupon lugged out his time piece, and lic education is without a parallel in my ooking benignly down on his interlocutor, experience,-Tyndall. red, and in his wondering amazement he responded : The successful business man is he who assumed something of the appearance of a "Just two o'clock." has a practical system, and keeps his eye frightened culprit. Brought face to face, "All right, old buffer," said the gamin, on the little expenses, knowing that small the ludicrousness and singularity of the gathering his rags together for a run.leaks sink great ships. A man should first relieve those who You can sell out for soap-grease at three." "What is this you accuse me of, mad-The insulted man of money raised his are connected with him by whatever tie. cane, and, making a frantic rush for his tormentor, nearly fell over a friend who was coming up the street. am? of being your former husband? of and then, if he has anything to spare, may following you with threats to kill. etc?extend his bounty to a wider circle. Why, I do not know you-never saw you ----Johnson. "Hello, Coupon, what's the trouble? before on earth, to my knowledge, and I said the other. "Matter !" said Coupon, puffing with "mby one of those news-Everv look, tone, gesture of a man is a She answering--"What, sir? You de symbol of his complete nature. If we apply the microscope severely enough, we ny that your name is ------, that you were once my busband, and that we were sepacan discern the fine organization by which boys asked me the time, and when I told the soul sends itself out in every act of him two o'clock, the impudent young scoundrel said I might sell out for soapthe being. And the more perfectly de-He-"Yes, madam, I do deny it, each

. The message of Peace they may bring.

And I have seen thoughts in the Valley-Ah, me! how my spirit was stirred! And they wear holy veils on their faces-Their footsteps can scarcely be heard : They pass thro' the Valley like Virgins, Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the Valley, Ye hearts that are harrowed by care? It lieth afar between mountains. And God and his Angels are there;

And one is the dark mount of Sorrow, And one the bright mountain of Prayer

## Aliscellaueous Reading.

## THE WONDERFUL DREAM.

give him great pleasure to do so, but his "Yes, yes, sartin ! Yes, yes-I believe in dreams," said old Silas Tafton. He took another whiff at his pipe, and then call to the new field of labor in the West was pressing and imperative. On the next morning, at the breakfast added : "One of the greatest speculations table, our guest was even more sedate and I ever went into came of a-wonderful dream. "I'll tell you about it."

and when questioned on the matter he You remember, some of you, about the told us that he had been visited by the great land speculations here in Maine thirty years ago. Poor men-a very few same dream again.

"This time," he said, "the vision came of them-were made suddenly rich; and rich men made suddenly poor. I was livin wonderful distinctness. I not only be ing then in Grew. One day old Samuel held the vast chambers of virgin silver, but Whitney of Oxford stopped at our place, I saw an exact profile of the overlying terand showed us a map of a new town which ritory. It was a wild, desolate spot. by a had beed laid out in Sagadahoc. On the deep ravine, through which the snows of map it looked beautiful. There were Winter seem to find release in Spring. rushing down a craggy hillside to a dark. brooks and lakes, and broad plains of pine and oak, and streets all laid out, and spots and oak, and streets all laid out, and spots wide stretching swamp below. This would coat. with bright, glaring buttons, just for churches and schoolhouses marked out not impress me so seriously were it not mounting a horse, I recognized the horse, in proper array. I had a cousin living that once before a dream of the same imdown that way, and I concluded to go port proved a startling reality."

We conversed further on the subject. down and take a look. I found the town of Ellenville, which old Whitney had and after breakfast Mr. Meekmore took a shown me on his map to be a wild, worthpencil, and upon the blank leaf of an old less tract, all rocks and swamp; but on atlas he drew a picture of the place he the edge of this tract in another township had seen in his dream; and he pointed my cousin owned a piece of a good land, out where, beneath the roots of an old and I bought a hundred and fifty acres stumpy pine tree, he had seen out-cropof it, and made me an excellent farm ; ping of the precious metal. and for that purchase I was never sorry.

He had drawn the picture, he told us, Meantime Ellenville was nearly all to show us how vivid his dream had been; sold in hundred acre lots. The excite- but he advised us to think no more of it. ment was at fever heat, and people bought | Even if it were possible that the dream without once coming to see the land they were purchasing. But by and by the new owners began to look upon their pro-Lord only knew where the spot with a spot eviste of it end spid. were a blue set, when they were reassemed.

bled on that territory. Within all the limits of the mapped-out township there For once in my life I had allowed cupidity to get the better of my honeswas not an acre that could be cultivated. ty. I allowed the reverend gentleman to On the side that bordered my farm it was depart, and did not tell him that I knew a craggy ledge of rocks; and beyond that where there was a spot exactly the origito the castward the land settled under the nal of that which he had pictured, even mud and water of a sunken slough. Some to every rock, shrub, tree and ravine. And of these lots had been sold as high as one that spot was on the wild lot, which had pound an acre, and a few of them even been purchased by John Twist, and which higher than that. One poor fellow, nam-John Twist owned still.

ed John Twist, from Vermont, had paid That very afternoon, armed with an old one pound an acre for a lot that bordered axe and pick, I sallied forth to the rough on my farm. On the map it had been outside of the Twist lot. I knew exactly set down as a magnificent pine forest with where the pictured lot was to be found a river upon its border, upon which was and when I had reached it I' was more

a superb water-power. John Twist bought than ever struck with the faithfulness of it and paid for it, and when he came to Mr. Meekmore's draft. The accuracy in no end to them.

return that way. Of course we told him that our door would be always open to to me for just one thousand dollars. The him; and he promised that he would as terms were cash. I told them to make bide with us again if he had the opportu- out the deed while I went home after the

money. And away I rode. I emptied my old stocking of gold and silver, and In two weeks Mr. Meekmore came back. He had received a summons he said, from found nine hundred and fifty dollars. I the Home Board to return to Boston and borrowed the other fifty without trouble make immediate preparation for a Win- at the settlement, and straightway proceeded to the office of Squire Simpkins, ter campaign in the West.

The second evening in the society of where the deed had been made. The instrument was duly signed and sealed, and the reverend gentleman we enjoyed more when the Squire had assured me that the than we enjoyed first. His fund of anecpayment of the money would make all funcies fast and safe, I handed over the gold and pride. dote and adventure was litterally exhaustless, and yet an odor of salctity and del-icacy pervaded all his speech. We urgsilver. ed that he should spend a few days with

I observed that the name of John Twist us, but he could not. He said it would had been recently signed, and I asked Simkins if Mr. Twist was present.

"He was present a few minutes ago," said Simpkins, "and will be back again for his money. He's feeling pretty good, I should judge, since he has got rid of his thoughtful than on the previous occusion hundred acre lot for twice as much as it cost him, and for a thousand times more than any sane man would think it was

worth. Half an hour afterwards I called at the Squire's again. Mr. Twist had just gone out with his money.

"There he is now said Simpkins, "just bound off."

I looked out the window, and saw at the door of the inn, on the opposite side of the way, a tall man, in a bottle green and I recognized the man!

"Who is that man?" I asked : "he with the green coat and brass buttons ?" "That," said Simpkins "is Mr. John

Twist."

In a moment more the man in the bottle-green coat had ridden away, with his heavy saddle-bags behind him, and but toned up within that coat I beheld my reverend guest! It rushed upon me that the nose at your work, quarrels with his bread nor even an intimate friend, but by a wife,

were one and the same person ! And this rels with his own sparks; there's no shame

"Pewter !" I asked him if pewter was ever dug out can dig fields with tooth-picks, blow ships "Pewter !" of the earth in that shape. "Well," said he, "seeing that pewter is

an allov of lead and tin, it couldn't be dandies. Above all things avoid laziness very well dug up, unless somebody had gone and buried it before hand."

Touching further explorations on my "Twist lot," I will not speak. I will onlv add that I have an old stocking with half a dozen lumps of pewter in it; and I never look upon it, but I am forced to ac-

knowledge that dreams are sometimes very strange and wonderful things.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION .--- We must come

back to our point, which is, not to urge rated in ----, Indiana?" all of you to give yourselves up to mission work, but to serve God more and more in and all, most emphatically."

connection with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother; evidently was not convinced of her misthis is very possible, and at the same time very lamentable, but the mission I take, and after a slight pause save : would urge is not of this sort. Dirty rooms, question of veracity between you and my-

slatternly gowns and children with unself. If you are Mr. —, and my for-mer husband, you have a deep scar in the washed faces, are swift witnesses against vineyards and neglect their own. I have edge of and hidden in your hair and at cut and trimmed in the most bewitching no faith in that woman who talks of grace the top of your forehead."

Imagine the scene here. All are eager and glory abroad, and uses no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts. let the children's socks be mended. let the roast mutton be done to a turn. let the house be as neat as a new pin. and the home be as happy as home can be .--Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crev ices of time, fill these up with holy servi-

er because of our having lived it, it.

about to be made.

confused, seems but half convinced. Here the case rests. I have never since seen or heard of the strangely deluded lady; but BE MODEST AND SENSIBLE .- Do not good citizen, and the hundreds who know be above your business no matter what him know this was a mistake, but a misthat calling may be, but strive to be the take utterly incredible and incomprehenbest in that line. He who turns up his sible-not committed by an acquaintance,

Rev. Paul Meekmore and John Twist and butter. He is a poor smith who quar- who had lived with a man in the marital state for three or four years, and only sepwas not all that flashed upon me! [about any honest calling; don't be afraid arated from him then for a few mouths. A few days afterwards I took my lumps of soiling your hands, there's plenty of As a case of "mistaken identity," it cer-As a case of "mistaken identity," it cerof white metal to a man who was versed soap to be had. All trades that are good | tainly is without a parallel.-"S. W. C.;

THE LOSS OF ONE SUBSCRIBER.-One of our exchanges recently lost a subscriber; the may thought he had ruined the establishment, and did not expect anothalong with fans, and grow plum cakes in er number could possibly be issued. Conflower pots, then it will be fine time for trary to his expectations the paper came out as usual, the number containing the There is plenty to do in this world for evfollowing from the editor : "It was pretery pair of hands placed on it, and we ty close work for a while, we confess : but must so work that the world will be richby omitting to put sugar in our tea, and by buying a cheaper grade of paper col-Forty years ago a revolutionary soldier | lars and reversing them for the second and deposited \$100 pension money in a New third time, we managed to rub along un-Hampshire savings bank, and in each of til a new subscriber came and took the the following years added \$15 more.- place of our respected, disgust d friend, Neither principal nor interest has ever and then Richard was himself again .--If a lady is asked how many rings she been drawn, and the amount now is \$1, Nothing but right economy will carry one

has, she can say with the truth that there's 228,81, with a share in an extra dividend safely over such a calamity as the loss of a subseriber."

veloped the creature, the more significant, and yet the more mysterious, is every By this time quite a crowd had been habit, and every motion, mightier than attracted as witnesses and auditors. She habit, of body or soul.- Winthrop.

Better to wear a calico dress without trimming, if it be paid for, than to owe the shopkeeper for the most elegant silk,

Better to live in a log cabin all, your own, than a brown stone mansion belonging to somebody else.

Better walk forever than run into debt for a horse and carriage.

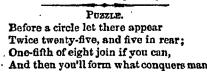
Better to sit by the pine table, for which you paid three dollars ten years ago, than send home a new extension, black walnut top, and promise to pay for it next week Better to use the old cane seated chairs, and faded two-ply carpet, than tremble at the bills sent home from the uphol-

sterers for the most elegant parlor set ever made. Better to meet your business acquaint ances with a free "don't owe you a cent" smile, than to dodge around the corner to escape a dun.

two cents for music, if you must have it, than owe for a grand plano.

pictures unpaid for.

ware, if you owe your butcher nothing know that it does not belong to you. hysterics, than run in debt for nice new



always ready to Gazette it. In the act, The "last words" of men are quoted but and the Union perfect Jassuring ourselves

only Reflector present the Mirror. Review the case as you will, no Plain Deaver in fact could be more Independent in this fast Age. المرتبة المرتبة. الحر

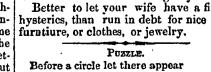
•

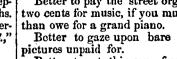
12

Better to pay the street organ grinder

Better to gaze upon bare walls than

Better to eat thin soup from earthenthan to dine off lamb and roast beef and Better to let your wife have a fit of





malicious response ; "it's only five minutes It is Better.

past two; you've got fifty-five minutes to do it in.' BUFFALO ON THE PLAINS .- A report of the Agricultural Department shows

grease at three."

ver house."

that it is almost certain the buffalo will disappear with the Indian-the aboriginal inhabitants with the animal mainly relied upon for his meat and clothing. It appears that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad reached Fort Dodge, above the great bend on the Arkansas river, in

"Don't be in such a hurry," was the

WHY HE ASKED.-Coupon, the corpu-

vile drops from off his brow," when a rag-

Kansas, on the 23d of September, 1872 .-From that date to December 31st, the shipment at that station of buffalo hides was 43,029; of buffalo meat, 1,436,290 pounds. These figures do not include the many buffaloes shot by sportsmen in warm weather, nor those slain for food by frontier residents : and although they show a slaughter of over 43,000 in a little over three months, they are less than they

would have been had not the horse disease hindered the transportation of hides and meat to the station. It is believed that the slaughter for the current season of 18-72-3 will amount to 100,000 in the neighborhood of Fort Dodge alone.

We add too that she would like it done

with Dispatch, no Register or Journal kept

of it, and for him not to Herald it. or

mention it to a Recorder or Chronicle it

abroad. Her lins should be the only Re-

pository, and the Sun should be excluded if possible. If a Messenger got it, the World would soon know it, for the News

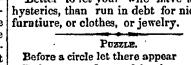
is now carried by Telegraph where it was

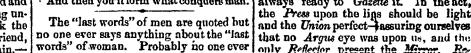
formeraly done by the Couriers, who was

the Press upon the lins should be light

NEWSPAPERS.—If a young lady wishes a gentleman to kiss her, what papers would she mention? No Spectater, no Ob-

server, but as many Times as you please.





heard them. Our Devil goes, "sparking."

the gentleman, the subject of this delusion, is still living on Green River, a respected,

to see the result of this test, as he pulls off his hat, and, stooping, presents his head for close inspection. She looks again; there was no scar to be seen. He feels that he has triumphed, and the company present acquit him; but she amused and

"Well, there is one way to decide this