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Example.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say—
Into still air they seem to fleet,
We count them ever past;
But they shall last—
In the dread judgment they
And we shall meet!

I charge thee by the years gone by,
For the love's sake of brethren dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

Summer Flowers.

When skies are bright, and Nature's face
Of sadness knows no shadow,
And Summer's hand is clear to trace
In woodland and in meadow;
What time the long-lost summer-sun
Laughs on the laughing hours—
Hinted by Spring ere Spring was done—
We pluck the summer flowers.

Or cull'd in garden's rich parterre,
Or by the hedgerow wild
Where cultured fragrance steeps the air,
Or where, by breezes mild
Nurtured spontaneous, Summer's store
Fulfils the pledge of Spring,
We search the flowery treasure o'er,
Which summer bounties bring.

Those summer flowers, where'er they be,
In wild or cultur'd places,
Are sweet; but ah, more sweet to see
Are yonder summer faces!
And summer flowers from out their bed
When pluck'd by girlish hand,
Show best encircling girlish head
Within their odorous band.

Then gather flowers while yet you may;
Life's opening sweetness cherish,
Ere care shall shadow youth's glad day,
Ere life's one summer perish.
Ah me! you merry girlish crew,
Your laughter speeds the hours;
Your flowers are very fair, but you
Are summer's choicest flowers.

ALL AT SEA.

It was the afternoon of a dull, cloudy day near the end of October; the carriage in which Eleanor Grant was seated alone drove down to the pier at Southampton at which she was to take a vessel for the United States. Upon reaching the vessel's deck she was somewhat startled to meet the last person she expected or desired to see, Philip Armstrong. Six years ago, when Eleanor Grant was twenty two, the beautiful, only daughter of one of the richest merchants in New York, Philip Armstrong was a poor young lawyer, just beginning to make his way in the profession which has since proved a fortune to him. They were engaged with the full consent of every body, their marriage-day was fixed, and they would have been rapturously happy but for one cloud in their sky: Philip was both proud and sensitive. The idea that he might be even suspected by the world of having sought the wealthy heiress from mercenary motives galled him to the quick, and when he chanced to overhear a sneering comment on the shrewd thing Armstrong was doing for himself in making sure of the heiress, he was foolish enough to trust himself in Eleanor's presence while still smarting from this thrust. As ill luck would have it, her mind was full of matters relating to their prospective housekeeping, and she hastened to consult him on some point involving a considerable outlay of money. He forgot both his prudence and his good-breeding. "For Heaven's sake, Eleanor," he said, "don't ask me to begin spending your money until we are married! It is the misery of my life already, and I cordially wish you had not a penny."

If Eleanor had known the annoyance under which his pride was still chafing she might have forgiven even this; but she did not know it, and her anger flamed up. She answered, haughtily:

"I really ask your pardon, Sir, for troubling you. I had not supposed that my money was a consideration so much more important to you than myself."

The words were scarcely uttered before she burned to recall them, for she saw how he might interpret them. But she was proud as well as he, and she sat silent. His face turned white to the very lips. He rose and took his hat from the table His voice was husky and thick.

"If such be your belief, madam," he said, "the sooner I take my leave the better. Allow me to wish you good evening."

She bowed coldly, but without speaking, and he walked out of the house.

After this they never met until this evening, when they bowed to each other across Captain Barrow's dinner table in the cabin of the *Gray Eagle*. No one would have dreamed, from the demeanor of either, that they were other than strangers. Eleanor looked pale, and said little to any one—to Philip nothing. She seemed rather weary and indifferent, and retired early. Philip talked, though it was with a great effort. He did not address Eleanor, talked science with the surgeon, theology with the clergyman, and drew out one of the captain's best stories.

Eleanor was much alone. Her deep mourning dress protected her from frivolous intrusion, and she would sit for hours in her favorite place on deck, reading, or looking away over the blue waters. They had now been more than a week at sea. The wind was favorable, and they were crowding sail night and day. It seemed to Eleanor that they were making splendid progress, yet she could not rid herself of a vague feeling that something was wrong. The weather was fine, but she noticed that Captain Barrow studied the barometer with constant and, she thought, anxious attention. His manner, too, usually so hearty and free, had grown gloomy and abstracted; he was nervously watchful of every little circumstance, and was often in apparently anxious consultation with his officers. Something was wrong with the sailors too. There were whisperings and looks of sullen discontent; and a perpetual sound of hammering and carpenter-work seemed to be going on in some part of the vessel.

It was just before sunset of the ninth day out. Eleanor was sitting in her usual place. The captain was standing before his barometer, when Philip Armstrong came by and spoke to him. They were so near that she could easily hear what they said, though her face was turned from them and her eyes fixed on her book.

"What does the glass say, captain?"

"Set fair," replied the other, cheerfully.

"So far good; everything seems favorable for us. I think we shall have a quick run."

"God grant it!" said the captain, earnestly.

"You speak with fervor. Does much hang on the speed of our voyage?"

The captain threw a quick glance around, and lowered his tone as he answered, "*Every thing* depends upon our speed now. We are running for our lives."

"What do you mean?" demanded Philip sternly.

"I mean that *the ship has been on fire for three days.*"

The appalling announcement struck Philip dumb. The captain went on: "My passengers had a right, perhaps, to have known this before; but I kept hoping we should conquer the fire. You see we have a quantity of coal in ballast, and the mischief is there. We have battened and smothered it down, and if we could be sure of keeping the air from it I would not be afraid for another fortnight. I have known a ship go safely into port with a fire in her hold that had burned three weeks. But we have an inflammable cargo, and if it reaches that we are gone."

"But surely we must meet some vessel."

"There is less chance of that, as we are off our course now. I am running for the Azores; it is the best we can do. With a fair wind we may make the port of Fayal by the day after to-morrow. But October weather is treacherous, and the ship is not worked as she ought to be. If any trouble should arise, I have no confidence in my crew."

"How is that?"

"Why, you see, we had a fever on board in August, and I was obliged to leave eight of my best men in hospital at Southampton, and replace them with such as I could get. They are a mean set, picked up round the docks, and not to be trusted a boat's-length out of sight."

The book that Eleanor Grant was reading fell from her hand. Philip turned at the sound it made, and one glance at her white face told him she had heard all. He thought she was falling, and sprang toward her; but she re-assured him with a gesture. "Wait," she said; "I will speak presently." When she did speak it was steadily, almost coolly:

"A burning ship, and a half-mutinous crew! It is a cheerful prospect we have before us."

"I am glad to perceive that it does not daunt you. Dangers often vanish as we face them."

"Imaginary ones; but this is evidently real enough. Do not suppose I pretend to be superior to fear."

"No; but you have plainly that better courage which can overcome fear."

Both were silent for a moment. In the minds of both there was a sudden sense of the incongruity of the situation; that in such an awful crisis of danger they two should stand there talking conventional platitudes to each other, barred by a common memory of the past from even that frank sympathy which, had they really been strangers, would have drawn them instantly together.

As quickly as possible Eleanor escaped to the privacy of her own room. How she passed the next few hours she never knew; whether she prayed, or thought, or slept, she could not tell. It was past midnight when there came a tap at the door. She rose instantly from the berth in which she was lying, dressed, and opened it. Instead of the captain, whom she had expected to see, there stood Philip Armstrong.

"It has come," he said, briefly. "Are you ready?"

She signified her ascent. He took up her cloak and wrapped it warmly about her, drew out her arm into his, and led her on deck.

There the scene was one of confusion and terror. The hatches were closely fastened down; but the thick smoke bursting through every crevice told of the fearful progress the fire was making below. The crew, sulky and disorderly, were getting out the boats, which were three in number, two of them large and strongly built, the other too small to be really serviceable now. The wind had changed and was blowing hard, and the fire was not long in bursting its bounds. Soon the rigging was in flames, and the falling spars added a new source of danger. One of these struck the captain upon the head and laid him senseless; another, falling endwise over the side, store the largest of the boats, which filled and immediately sank.

At this fresh disaster the crew became unmanageable. They had been drinking, and the ruffian element among them was in the ascendant. The remaining long boat would not now afford safe room for all, and, swearing that their lives were as good as any one's, they took possession of it; and, regardless of the commands of the mate and the entreaties of the passengers, pushed off from the burning ship.

There were now six passengers, the captain, the mate, and two seamen—in all ten souls—to be intrusted in one small boat. But the flames left them no choice, and they quickly conveyed themselves to this forlorn refuge, carrying with them the still insensible captain. Morton, the mate, was a faithful fellow and a good seaman; but somehow it was Philip Armstrong who now became the governing force of the party. It was he who gave orders, and assigned to each one his place and task; it was he who checked the angry oaths of the sailors at the desertion of their comrades, and calmed the fears of the passengers. Even Eleanor, rebellious as she might have felt at another time, accepted his authority, and followed his slightest glance to obey it.

Alone now on the wide, pathless sea. The sky above was thick with clouds, the *Gray Eagle* blazing on the horizon their only beacon. All night they drifted, and the morning broke gray and cold. The wind steadily increased, and before noon it blew a gale. The sea ran so high that every moment it threatened to ingulf them. They were drenched with the dash of the waves and with the cold rain that had begun to fall. Their small stock of food was so saturated with sea-water as to be almost uncatable, and even this poor morsel they were oblized to apportion rigidly lest the supply should fail.

Days and days went by, yet no help came. They grew weak with hunger and the toil of rowing. They suffered alternately from the scorching sun and the bitter cold. Eleanor felt that she must have perished out for the watchful care of Philip. He took off his own cloak to add to hers, and his coat to wrap her half-frozen feet. She would have prevented him, but he was stronger than she, and forced the things upon her. Next she detected him stinting his own scanty ration to increase hers. She put it back with her hand. "No, no!" she said, in a passionate whisper. "It is too much. You strip yourself that I may be warm; you starve yourself to give me food. You kill me with your limitless forgiveness!"

"Oh, Eleanor," he answered, clasping the hand she extended, "it is you who should forgive! How meanly I wronged you! how cruel were my petulant doubts!"

Something like her old, bright, playful smile broke over Eleanor's pale face as, frankly leaving her hand in his clasp, she answered in the same low tone, "We are equal in poverty at last, are we not? We can afford to be friends now."

Philip pressed the thin hand convulsively to his lips; and so, silently, the new covenant between them was sealed.

Will you believe me if I tell you that these two were actually happy? Not all the horrors of their situation could overbalance their joy in the recovered possession of each other. They smiled now, and even jested gayly at the sufferings and privations that had seemed so terrible. They excited the wonder and admiration of their companions, who mistook for the very sublimity of courage what was merely the triumphant rapture of love, victorious over time and circumstance. Nevertheless, their situation was growing desperate. They had now been thirteen days adrift. Their food was exhausted; they had no water except such as when the rain fell they wrung from their own garments. They had no longer strength to row, and they saw no sail. Their faces were grown gaunt and haggard, and blistered with wind and sun; their eyes glared red with a ghastly fire—the terrible fever-fire of hunger. Three of their number had already died—the wounded captain, and the wife and child of the surgeon—and for the others death could not be far off.

Eleanor had borne up better than almost any. Her sound, elastic constitution enabled her to endure what stronger ones sank under. But now sight and hearing began to grow dim. She felt her head reeling, her mind giving way. What appalled her was that Philip began to yield to the dreadful delirium. She called to him, talked to him; she drew her drooping head upon his breast, and strove with kisses and caresses to arouse him. Her touch recalled for an instant his failing faculties. His strength seemed to rally. He clasped his arms around her, holding her in a close and passionate embrace. "My darling!" he whispered, "to die thus together—it is not hard—forgive—bless—" The momentary flash of energy faded; he swooned away. And Eleanor, too, sank down almost lifeless, careless of what further might happen.

A wild and frenzied scream aroused her. She lifted her head, and saw poor Morton flinging his arms frantically about, laughing and crying in a perfect delirium of joy. "A sail! a sail!" he shrieked rather than shouted.

Yes, a sail at last. There, not more than a mile away, is a large vessel bearing toward them. They hasten to raise their little forlorn signal, which had fluttered so long in vain. It is seen; a boat puts off; and in a wonderfully short space of time kind arms are reached to them, kind faces are bending over them with words of wonder and compassion.

They were saved. A Portuguese vessel bound for Brazil had picked them up, and they went in her to Rio Janeiro, receiving all care and kindness. It was in the chapel of the United States legation at Rio that Philip and Eleanor were married; but they did not return home until spring. Some months of repose and renewal were needful for both before they could feel equal to another sea voyage. But their homeward run was safe and pleasant; and one fair morning, in June, when every thing was bright with the glow of early summer, they steamed into the harbor of New York. As they stood together on the deck, Eleanor, leaning on her husband's arm, looked up into his face with a shy blush, and said, laughing, "Do you know, Philip, that you have actually married a rich woman, after all?"

"How so?"

"My dear uncle, with whom I lived in Italy, left me all his fortune."

"I don't care," retorted Philip, saucily. "Lord knows you were poor enough when I took you. But, my love, I have discovered a sure remedy for all cases of disagreement between lovers. I intend to take out a patent for it as soon as we reach home."

"Have I married a patent-medicine philanthropist in disguise? Pray what is it?"

"Let them get shipwrecked together. If that does not cure them nothing on earth will."

"It has worked a cure in one very bad case, certainly."

"Yes, love—a radical cure."

Rejected Communications.

The newspaper press of England, after some days of painful suspense, draws a long breath of relief. A London solicitor brought an action against *The Echo* to recover damages for the destruction of a letter on "Legal Reformation" which he had sent to that journal, but which the editor did not accept. The Court held that an author had a right to demand the return of his rejected MSS. if they were in existence when he applied for them; but an editor was under no obligation to preserve rejected communications, and if he destroyed them as soon as they were read he could not be held liable for their value. This is common sense. The examination of volunteered manuscripts is one of the severest duties of an editor's existence. If to this were added the duty of keeping such manuscripts till called for, every newspaper would be obliged at once to enlarge its premises and increase its force. A great majority of the people who know how to read and write—besides many who certainly do not know how to write—are possessed at some period of their lives with a morbid impulse to contribute to the newspapers. The principal of this is right, and if the writers would confine themselves to subjects of general interest to the readers, like general local news for instance, the publishers would feel grateful.

We remember, says an exchange, the case of an anonymous correspondent who must have sent us in the course of two years at least fifty articles, intended for the editorial page, and on occasions of public excitement used sometimes to send two in a single day. Not a line of his copy ever got into print, but he persevered, and no doubt he is pestering some newspaper now.

The young persons who believe they have a mission to write verses, the women who want to support themselves by selling "compositions" to the newspapers, and the scores of people with bees in their bonnets who visit editors' offices with ponderous essays on incomprehensible subjects, are still more serious afflictions than the mere amateur publicists. Now, more than ninety per cent. of the articles offered for acceptance at a newspaper office come from these different classes of people. They write for their own benefit, not for the editor's. Their contributions are not wanted; on the contrary, they are a great nuisance. We cannot see upon what ground an editor is expected to expend time and trouble taking care of rubbish that is left on his premises against his wishes.

Of course there are sensible and valuable correspondents, and it is for the sake of the ten wise men that journalists are content to bear with the ninety fools, and to be at the pains sometimes of saving and restoring a great deal of manuscript which, on one account or another, they do not care to use. But it is well to have it understood that this is done as a matter of courtesy, and not as a duty, and that in the great majority of cases it cannot be done at all. This will perhaps seem hard to writers who have a high opinion of the importance of their productions; but their remedy is very simple; let them buy a copying-press.

Concentrated Vegetables.

The general attention that has of late years been paid to the preservation and concentration of articles of food, continues to issue in new and occasionally valuable processes; though many of those put forth turn out on trial to be either wholly useless, or quite impracticable save in the hands of such as have been specially trained to their management. In which category the following process for the concentration of vegetables is destined to fall has yet to be determined. The aim is to put the solid portions of vegetables in such a shape that they may be readily preserved, and easily prepared for use when wanted, at the same time reducing their bulk and preserving their flavor. The way this is attempted in the case of potatoes will serve for illustration: After being thoroughly washed, the potatoes are boiled until done and their skins removed. The potato is then divided into fine vermicular particles by mechanical means, and while in this state the water is driven off by exposure to heat. The material is left in a condition much resembling rice, and in this shape it may be ground to flour if desired. The extract of potatoes prepared in this way can be used for making soups and other dishes; and by adding boiling water, a dish in every way resembling mashed potatoes, cooked directly from potatoes in the ordinary manner, is obtained, but, it is said, of superior flavor and quality.

WHAT HE WOULD SAY.—It is wrong to suppose that the amiable president of the society to prevent cruelty to animals wrote the following:—

"If I had a donkey as wouldn't go
Do you think I'd wallop him? No, no, no!
I'd give him some corn, and cry, 'Gee! whoa!
Get up, Neddy!'"

If called upon to express the same idea, he would write as follows:—

"If I had an animal averse to speed,
Do you think I would whip him? No, indeed!
I'd give him some corn, and cry, 'Proceed!
Go on, Edward!'"

As a farmer living in Madison county, Ill., was threshing his wheat, friction set his machine on fire and entirely destroyed the thresher and the stacks of wheat. The fire also swept over the entire field, consuming everything that came in its way. It was with difficulty that even the horses were saved.

At a recent wedding, as the clergyman reached the part of the ceremony, "I now pronounce you—" a fish peddler in the street shouted "bull heads! bull heads!" to the amusement of some and the consternation of others present on the occasion.

Circumstantial Evidence.

About twenty years ago there was a case in one of the Eastern States where a man was tried, convicted and executed for murder. It was known that he slept with a friend who had some money—several hundred dollars—in bills which had been paid him a few days before. In the night the friend disappeared; there was blood on the pillow and traces of it all the way from the door to the river which ran near the house; a bloody kerchief belonging to the suspected man was found near the river, and the marked money was in his possession. He could not account for the other's disappearance, and turned both red and pale when accused of the murder. Could any stronger proof be needed? But after the execution the missing man wrote to his parents announcing his safe arrival in California, and as soon as he learned what had happened he explained all the unfortunate circumstances. He had determined to go to California, but kept his intention a secret except from a person in a neighboring town who was to accompany him. Before retiring on the night of his disappearance he had exchanged money with his bed-fellow because the bills he held were not the kind he wished to carry. He awoke in the night and found himself bleeding at the nose; seizing a kerchief, which lay on the table, he went to the river to stop the blood. On his way there he dropped the kerchief, and just as he was returning to the house his intended companion appeared and urged him to start at once for the Pacific coast. Fearing to disturb some one he did not return to the house, but proceeded with his friend, who furnished him with hat, coat and boots as soon as they reached his residence. His bed fellow slept soundly and knew nothing of his departure. The explanation was clear, and established the innocence of the man who had been convicted; but it could not return him to life.

PERILS OF EUROPEAN RAILWAY TRAVEL.—An attempt at murder in a railway carriage has just been made on the Orleans line in France. A Spanish gentleman took a seat one evening in the early part of this month in the *coupe* of a first-class carriage to proceed to Bayonne; he was at first the only occupant, but just as the train was about to start a stranger entered the same compartment. The two fellow-travelers engaged in a conversation which lasted as far as the Etampes Station, when the Spaniard fell into a doze, from which he was presently aroused by two pistol shots fired in the carriage, and by feeling a wound in the forehead. A struggle between the two men ensued, and the would-be murderer being the stronger endeavored to force the other through the window, and would probably have succeeded, had not the train at that moment slackened its speed to stop at the Angerville Station, when the assailant, fearing to be taken, jumped out of the carriage and escaped. The Spaniard raised a cry of "Stop the murderer!" but too late, as the man was already beyond pursuit. The wounded gentleman was removed to a hotel, and at once received surgical assistance. His life is in no danger, as the ball, which appears to have been fired from a very small pocket arm, did not penetrate the bone, and the second shot did not take effect at all.

FEMALE DELICACY.—Above every other feature which adorns the female character, delicacy stands foremost within the province of good taste. Not that delicacy which is perpetually in quest of something to be ashamed of, which makes merit of a blush, and simpers at the false construction its own ingenuity has put upon an innocent remark; this spurious kind of delicacy is as far removed from good taste as from good feeling and good sense; but the high-minded delicacy which maintains its pure and undeviating walk alike amongst women as in the society of men, which shrinks from no necessary duty, and can speak, when required, with seriousness and kindness, of things at which it would be ashamed to smile or to blush—that delicacy which knows how to confer a benefit without wounding the feeling of another, and which understands also how and when to receive one—that delicacy which can give alms without display, and advice without assumption; and which pains not the most humble or susceptible being in creation.

AN ENGINEER.—At Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, a gentleman boasted to a friend that he could introduce to him an engineer of more wonderful skill than Robert Stephenson, who had made himself famous by perfecting the railway locomotive. In fulfilment of the boast, he brought out a glass tumbler containing a little scarlet-colored spider, whose beauty, with its bright yellow nest on a sprig of laurustinus, had induced a young lady to pluck it from the bush where it was growing. When brought into the house it was placed on the mantle-piece, and secured by placing a glass over it. In a very short time this wonderful little engineer contrived to accomplish the herculean task of raising the sprig of laurustinus, a weight several hundred times greater than itself, to the upper part of the glass, and attaching it there so firmly that, after forty years, it is still suspended, where it was hung by one spider.

LIMESTONE AS A BUILDING MATERIAL.—M. Omalius d'Halloy, in a recent paper on the subject of building stones, says in speaking of limestones, that to judge of their durability, it is not so much the texture which has to be taken into account as the condition of the bed from which the stones were obtained. The structure and texture of the limestones may vary enormously, and yet all may be suited for building purposes, provided the layers or strata have not been, as is very frequently the case, dislocated by geological up-heaving, whereby many of these kinds of stone become foliated, and do not then withstand wind and weather for any length of time without crumbling to pieces.

WHAT WAS DONE.—A Buffalo paper prints the following letter from one of its old and prompt-paying patrons: "Please discontinue my paper from the time I have paid up to. I do not stop the paper because I do not want it, but to get rid of an intolerable old bore that intrudes himself into my house regardless of time and circumstances, to sit for an hour or two, three or four times a week, to read my papers, and who is a thousand times more able to take a dozen papers for himself than I am to take one. If the nuisance is stopped, I shall send for the paper again."

PEACHES PLENTY.—There is likely to be no lack of peaches this year. The recent estimate of the Peach Growers' Association, which met at Dover, Delaware, was 3,315,000 baskets. As they made an estimate last year, and, though the crop was afterward damaged, the actual amount forwarded by rail was not less than 88,000 baskets more than the estimate, we may expect an abundance of this luscious fruit from the peninsula.

"GOD made him; therefore let him pass for a man," is the pious way in which the Atlanta (Ga.) *Constitution* treats the death of a fellow who passed a one dollar counterfeit bill on a child in that city.

Here and There in Advertising.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

After twenty years of incessant labor, a merchant of New York, who shall be nameless, found himself just where he began twenty years ago, without a dollar he did not owe. Seated at his desk one morning, pouring over bills and other unsatisfactory documents, he asked himself for the hundredth time, how it happened that his neighbors were flourishing, while he stagnated, and found it a hard matter to hold his own.

He said to himself, "I work twice as hard as they do; I am as honest and prompt in all my dealings, and still I do not make headway. There's my family growing up, and my eldest boy, now in the firm, and he must have, what I fear, unless I make better sales this season, I shall find it very hard to give him, a fair portion of the profits. What must be done?"

As he asked himself this question, a respectable-looking young man, with a book under his arm, entered his office, stood before him, and immediately addressed him with a polite "good morning," which salutation the merchant as courteously returned.

"I have called on a little matter of business, sir."

"Yes, sir," said the merchant, pleasantly.

He hoped he was about to receive an order for some goods.

"If you are advertising now I should like to receive your order——."

The frown returned to the merchant's face, and he turned from his visitor with:

"I am not advertising, sir, and do not intend to."

"You could not choose a better medium than the firm I represent."

"Times are bad, young man."

"The more reason that you should endeavor to stimulate trade."

"I don't believe in it, sir."

"That is strange."

"Never advertised in my life."

"Stranger still," thought the young man, as he quietly took his leave.

As he passed the outer door he said, half aloud:

"You won't last long, old gentleman, if you don't advertise."

A gentleman with a care-worn look on his face, who stood in the doorway as he passed, happened to overhear the remark. Walking into the office, he asked:

"Who was your visitor, father?"

"One of those troublesome advertising agents. All nonsense throwing away one's money in that way. We've none to spare."

"Any orders this morning?"

"No," said the old gentleman, with a sigh, "and yet that last lot of goods are splendid. I suppose they'll be on our hands next."

The son answered not a word, but went to his desk and examined his private bank account.

Presently he said: "It isn't much, but I'll do it;" then taking up his hat he left the office.

About a week afterwards the old merchant sat as usual, at his desk, more than ever discouraged and anxious.

"If I could only get rid of that lot of goods," he said to himself, "I should be saved; as it is, we are ruined. I have written to all my customers, but they are all supplied. I ought to have realized fifteen thousand dollars, easily. It's terrible, terrible!"

The office boy entered, just then, with letters from the postoffice. He opened them, one after another, and groaned over their contents. There was one more left. He opened it, and read:

Gentlemen: Please send us a sample of your cloth. If approved, we will take the lot at your figure.

Respectfully,
G. O. A. HEAD, & Co.

"Bless us," said the old gentleman, "I've never done business with those people. But they are as good as gold. How did they know that I'd the goods they want? Well, thank heaven, we are saved from ruin!"

When his son came in, he found his respected progenitor trying a *pas seule*.

"All right, my son; we're saved. Here, read that letter. Hallo! I've overlooked the postscript. What's that? '*We saw your advertisement in the Daily Babbler.*' Why, why—it's a mistake," and his countenance fell.

"It's no mistake, father," said his son, joyfully.

"But I never advertised in my life."

"I did, though."

"You!"

"Yes; I have spent three hundred dollars in advertising, and here's the result. A pretty good investment, eh?"

The samples were all right, the goods sent, and the money paid. The junior member of that firm has serious thoughts of getting a straight jacket for the old gentleman, for he's almost gone mad on advertising; and he possibly would stop him, only—IT PAYS.—*Rowell's Newspaper Reporter.*

Could not Fool that Horse.

The Iowa City *Tribune* relates how a horse got even with a cruel hostler: "A few days ago the hostler struck it an unprovoked blow. Three or four days afterwards, as the hostler went into the stall, the horse, watching his motion, placed itself in an appropriate attitude, and keeping an eye out for the exact time, threw its foot into the hostler's face with just force enough to make it tingle and then ache. For the time being they were even, the hostler being too much hurt to retaliate at that time. An altercation occurred shortly after, however, of a severe character. The hostler, while taking the air with the horse, became dissatisfied with some of his ways, and gave it a blow, whereupon the horse took his fore arm in its mouth, and, holding it with a firm grip between the incisors, bent him over until he lay upon the ground; then, without letting go his 'hold,' picked him up again; then downed him; then picked him up; then shook him to and fro; then shook him again; then laid him down and picked him up, and followed that discipline with another shake. When, after repeated shakes and the levelling discipline, the poor fellow finally succeeded in extricating his arm, it was severely mangled with the teeth of the vicious chastiser, and the aid of a surgeon was called in requisition to dress the wounds."

A BAD SELL.—The Parisians are a very commercial people after all, and turn everything to a pecuniary account. The gamins of the French capital have lately been selling the teeth of the dead Communists at 20 francs each. They are reported to have disposed of about five thousand of Dombrowski's, and were doing an excellent business in Cluseret's dentals until the discovery that he was alive seriously depressed the market.

WOULD N'T SCARE.—A Virginia woman thought to scare her son, a young man, as he was coming home the other night. She went out to meet him with a sheet thrown over her head. But he did not scare as well as she expected. On the contrary, he struck the "ghost" with a heavy whip he was carrying, and she fell senseless.

BUTTER.—The Utica (N. Y.) *Herald* asserts that unless the country obtains some accidental outlet for butter now unforeseen the crop of 1874 will, taking the average of the season, be sold below the cost of production.

Shad in the Hudson.

The propagation of shad in the Hudson River has been prosecuted under the Commissioners of Fisheries this year with energy and success. The number of young shad brought forth and turned into the river may be counted by millions. The season has now closed. The temperature of the water has risen above eighty, and put an end to the hatching operations. The place selected for operations was Mull's Fishery, some ten miles below Albany. To that place the agents employed with the requisite apparatus repaired and encamped about the middle of May and remained till the 6th of July. Owing to the increase of shad by the work of former years, there was less difficulty in obtaining the parent fish for propagation. The catching of the shad and the manipulation is all done in the night—generally between the hours of nine and two. A large proportion of the shad taken were unripe or unfit for production. M. A. Green, who has given his personal attention to the operations at Mull's, reports that on the night of May 15 he caught forty shad, of which only three were ripe, and from these he took 60,000 spawn. The temperature of the water ranged from 60° to 68°. On the 20th he took seven ripe shad which produced 140,000 spawn. On several occasions over 300,000 spawn were taken in a single night. On the 5th of July, the water was above 80°, and no shad were taken. Above 240,000 young shad were turned loose, and this closed the operations on the Hudson for the season. The total of spawn taken was 8,335,000, from which 7,823,000 shad were produced and turned into the river. Three years from this Spring these shad will be large enough for market, and at that time the catch in the Hudson will be so large that shad will be sold at very low figures. Enough has been done in the way of shad-culture on the Hudson in the past two seasons to mark a difference in the yield in the two succeeding seasons. The practical results of fish-culture may now be realized.

The Ardennes Dog.

The dog of Ardennes accompanies the flock when it leaves the penfold in spring, only to return when the winter's snow drives the sheep home again for shelter. Each shepherd possesses one or two of these dogs, according to the size of the flock, to act as sentinels. Their office is not to run about and bark, and keep the sheep in order, but to protect them from outside foes. When the herdsman has gathered his flock in some rich valley, these white, shaggy monsters crouch on the ground, apparently half asleep; but now and then the great sagacious eyes will open, and, passing over the whole of their charge, remain for a while fixed on the distant horizon as though they followed a train of thought which led them away from earth—so sadly do they gaze into the infinite.

But let the mountain breeze bear to his ever-moving nostril the scent of the hated wolf, or his quick ear detect an unknown noise; then is the time to see one of these dogs in his glory. His eyes become black with fierceness; his hair stands erect; his upper lip becomes wrinkled, showing a range of formidable teeth, while a low growl alone escapes from his throat. When his keen faculties have detected the whereabouts of his foe, he rushes forward with a bound that overleaps all obstacles, and a bark that echoes from all the surrounding hills.

Every dog of the like breed that may be near, takes up the note and rushes gleaming through the brushwood to join in the attack. Tender as the children he protects, woe to him who dares to lift his hand to one of the little ones with whom he has been brought up. It is not he who buys him who is his master; it is he who fed him when a pup, who petted and shared his pittance with him—he it is who has his love, and who reciprocates his faithful affection.—*Overland Monthly.*

CHIMNEYS.—The difficulty—sometimes a serious one—is not unfrequently experienced of large chimneys settling out of the perpendicular. In a notable case of this kind in Scotland the restoration was accomplished by an interesting operation, showing the adequacy of the most simple mechanical means to all such emergencies. It was effected by sawing several of the mortar beds between the course on the side from which the chimney leaned, thereby allowing it to come back by its own weight, without the application of any external force. Only one draft was cut at a time, to guard against any shock which might have endangered the stability of the building; and by keeping the saws wet a bed of mortar was prepared for the superincumbent weight to settle down upon. The cuts were made in this manner on different parts of the structure, which generally set before the saws had passed through half of the circumference, particularly in those made nearest the ground, where the weight was greatest. The principal dimensions of this vast chimney are thus stated: Total height, 468 feet; from surface to top of cope, 454 feet; outside diameter of foundation, 50 feet; at surface, 34 feet; at cope, 14 feet.

THE PRINTER'S MALEDICTION.—An editor thus addresses his delinquents who are able to, but *will not* pay up:

1. May he never be permitted to kiss a pretty girl.
2. May he have sore eyes, and chestnut burr for an eye-stone.
3. May his boots leak, his gun hang fire, and his fish line break.
4. May one thousand nightmares trot quarter races over his stomach every night.
5. May he be shod with lightning, and compelled to wander over gunpowder.
6. May the famine-stricken ghost of an editor's baby haunt his slumbers.
7. May a troop of printer's devils, lean, lank and hungry, dog his heels every day, and a regiment of cats caterwaul under his window every night.

A DREAM REALIZED.—An Indiana clergyman tells this:—"One of his parishioners dreamed that in walking through a certain pasture, he came upon a rattlesnake at the foot of a particular tree, and that it bit and killed him. In the morning he told his dream, concluded to go to the pasture, and there, beside the path, at the foot of the half-rooted tree, lay coiled a large rattlesnake. Seizing a stick he struck at the snake, but his foot slipped and he fell, and the reptile bit him upon the cheek. He hastened home, nearly a quarter of a mile distant, and there, two hours later, he died in great agony."

VERY ANXIOUS.—The Chief of Police in Kansas City, Mo., has received a curious letter from a young girl in Leavenworth, which reads: "There is a man in your place named Johnny Bascombe, who is in love with me, and who was driven away from our house last week by my old father, who drives away every one who comes to court me. Please, for my sake, find out Johnny and give him my picture, which I inclose to you, and tell him that I will stick to him, father or no father; and if you ever come up here I will come to see you and thank you. Just tell Johnny that his Julia sent him the picture, and he will know it all."

How to make a thin baby fat—Throw it from a third story window, and it's sure to come down plump.

The Night Editor.

The office of a morning paper during the greater part of the day is as dull and quiet as a school-house on a Saturday afternoon. About eleven o'clock the reporters generally stroll in to get their assignment and instructions from the city editor, whose duty it is to look after local news, the courts, meetings, and every thing relating to the city and its suburbs. The exchange editor is also on hand toward noon, to look over the files of exchanges, cut out and prepare whatever may be of interest, and mark such articles as should be seen by the editor in chief, or any of his assistants. But the real work of the office begins about seven o'clock in the evening, when the night editor comes on duty. Then there is bustle every where. In the city editor's apartment a score of reporters are busy at their desks, writing out their notes; the exchange editor, scissors in hand, pen over his ear, and paste-pot within easy reach, is poring over files of newspapers from every quarter of the land, carefully arranged by their localities. The facility of a good newspaper reader is something astonishing. With one glance of his eye he takes in the contents of a whole page, and with unerring instinct always lights on the one item, perhaps, which is worthy of his scissors. The only quiet rooms in the establishment are those where the editorial writers are at work, fashioning articles on the various topics suggested by the news.

The busiest man of all is the night editor on whom falls the responsibility of receiving and arranging the news as it comes in from every part of the world. His position is no sinecure. It is, in fact, most laborious and wearing. If fit for it, he must be a person of extensive and accurate information, of large intelligence, and quickness of judgment. He is responsible for the whole paper. Every line of print, except the advertising columns, passes under his eye. As the telegrams come in he glances rapidly over them, writes in the proper headlines, make a note or two, perhaps, for the benefit of the editor in chief, and then sends them to the composing-room to be "set up." There is no order in the telegrams as they arrive. They are sent from the office of the Associated Press in envelopes containing from one to a dozen sheets, and the dispatch on each sheet may be from a different quarter of the world, and incomplete in itself. The same envelope may contain news from Washington, St. Petersburg, Paris, London, San Francisco, and China; and it requires experience and skill to arrange them properly.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock the night editor makes up the first side of the paper, which, if it be an eight-page journal, consists of the 2d, 3d, 6th, and 7th pages. On this side are generally printed most of the advertisements, the market and law reports, book reviews, and letters and articles of general interest which do not come under the head of news. This done, he returns to his desk, where he sits till about half past one, arranging dispatches, and looking over the proofs of the matter he and other editors have sent up to be put in type. These proofs are taken on strips of paper generally about the length of a column. It is now time to commence making up the second side—the 1st, 4th, 5th, and 8th pages. He gathers his proofs together, taking in their contents with a rapid glance, and mentally deciding on their arrangement. He thinks to himself, perhaps, "This news from Paris is the most important; it must lead the paper with a big display head. This will make about two columns and a half. I will lead the fourth column with the great Pitt-ton disaster, with a display head. Washington news is unimportant, and may go on the last column, or, perhaps, on the fifth page." And so he goes on "making up" as he glances through the matter, so that before he goes to the composing-room he has the arrangement of the whole paper clearly in his mind. Telegrams are perhaps still pouring in; but these are rapidly arranged by an assistant, and sent up to the composing-room.

It is in making up that the necessity of a clear head and quick judgment is most evident. Dispatches that must be printed together may be scattered over half a dozen proofs, and places must be reserved in the forms for others not yet in type. The foreman and his assistants make up all the pages at once, placing the matter as the night editor directs. When there is too much, he is obliged to cut down or omit what is least important. All this occupies less than an hour. By half past two the pages must be ready to be stereotyped, and by a little after three they must be lowered into the press-room. The weary night editor goes home, turns into bed, and lets newspapers slide for the next seven or eight hours.

Such is the routine of a night editor's life. Wearisome as it may seem to outsiders, it has a charm and attraction for the genuine editor which never wear off. The constant variety, the excitement, the responsibility, keep the mind continually exhilarated and on the stretch; and few night editors ever settle contentedly into more quiet pursuits.

Sleep, Fainting, Apoplexy.

When a man is asleep, his pulse beats and his lungs play, but he is without sense, and you can wake him up.

If a person faints, he, too, is without sense, but he has no pulse and does not breathe.

Apoplexy is between the two; the heart beats, the lungs play as in sleep, and there is no sense as in fainting, but you cannot shake the man back to life.

In sleep, the face is natural; in a fainting fit, it has the pallor of death; in apoplexy, it is swollen, turgid, and fairly lived.

If a man is asleep let him alone; nature will wake him up as soon as he has got sleep enough.

When a person faints, all that is needed is to lay him down flat on the floor and he will "come to" in double quick time. He fainted because the heart missed a beat, failed for an instant, failed for only once to send the amount of blood to the brain. If you place the patient in a horizontal position, lay him on his back, it does not require much force of the heart to send blood on a level to the head;