



Poetry. SPANISH SONG. BY BLEESING S. CONANT. On lips of blooming youth, Then trembles many a sigh, Which lives to breathe a truth, Then silently to die, Then, who art my desire, Thy languishing sweet love In sighs upon thy lips shall expire.

AMY LESTER'S FORTUNE. BY A WILMINGTON LADY. It was sunset on a lovely evening, towards the close of June, when Amy Lester leaned her arm to the railing to take a last look at the home she was leaving forever.

They are listening constantly to music and in Heaven everything is peaceful and happy. O, world I were there, She leaned her cheek on her hand and sighed deeply, looking up she beheld him, and now he is earnestly upon the bright flame. I could be blissed, and was about to retire when he said: "Miss Lester will you walk around the porch with me a few minutes; they are prompted by pity and not by love."

A Race of Educated Man-Eaters. In the Observer, the Rev. Charles P. Bush, D. D., gives an interesting account of some remarkable savages which have come under his notice. The beautiful island of Sumatra, two and a half times as large as all New England, is inhabited by about 4,500,000 people, among whom hardly any missionary effort had as yet been made.

Youths' Column. THE HUNGRY DOGS OF SIBERIA. Poor fellow! Hungry from morning until night; hungry all the time except during the short summer, when they go fishing and help themselves! I wonder how their drivers would like to wait all day long for the first sign of a dog's bark, as it is just what the Siberian dogs who live at home are required to do even when they travel all day.

"THE EARLY BIRD." Daintily over the dew-drops, Tripped blue-eyed Mily, the farmer's lass, Swinging her milk-pail to and fro, As she murmured a love-song, soft and low.

A Nervous Escape. About ten years ago I was employed as night watchman in a sugar refinery in Greenock, a town where there are probably more sugar refineries than in any other in Britain. In that which I was engaged was the largest in the place, and on account of its size there was another watchman besides myself.

A Chapter on Dogs. After Milton, the civvie dog finds himself born too late. History does not record of a day when the poet might have soared of freer wing in the high reason of his fancy, with his garland of laurel, and his city laurel, and his traditions of a dateless ancestry must stir poor Trace to memories of a time when his race was honored and beloved of man.

A Mexican Town. A recent letter-writer says that one of the most interesting things he found in a pattern for all, though there may be individual departures from the rule. The oddest feature of Mexican houses is the sports which carry off the rain from the roof, and are of cylindrical or conical shape, and are three inches in diameter at the mouth, which projects over the sidewalk, or over the street.

That Grapevine. I have not been very successful, says Max Adler in the Danbury News, with my experiments in grape culture. I bought a vine some time ago, and the man who sold it to me told me to be careful to water it thoroughly every day. I did so, but it wanted a vine to thrive. One day I asked my neighbor, Pitman, what he thought was the matter with it, and when I mentioned that I watered it daily he said: "Be gracious, Adler, that'll kill any one! A grapevine don't want any artificial watering."

Miscellany. A Strong Witness. Some years ago a lawsuit occurred out West, growing out of the destruction of a quantity of standing corn, belonging to a Mr. Wilson, by hogs owned by a Mr. Brown. Lotte owned eight hogs, and Wilson declared that they were his, and that the damage consequently, the havoc was immense. Brown protested that he did not believe any of his hogs were in Wilson's field, but if any were, he would not be one of two, and therefore the damages could not have been so great as represented.

Poetry. One of the rarest qualities to be found in poetry is the originality which springs from the poet being overcome and mastered by his subject. Most poets necessarily choose their subjects, and having chosen them, do their best to identify themselves with what they describe, and to be, in a manner, provided as a vehicle by which they may teach or charm mankind.

From Maggie Mischief's Diary. They who are led by their "feelings" are like paper kites driven by the wind—quite as likely to be cast down on moments as to be elevated the next. Praise from the wise man is like bread to the starving—it encourages life. Hope to the downcast is like a raft to the shipwrecked and often rewards him with a pleasant shore.

A California Ups. About one half a mile over a mountain from Bartlett Springs there is what is called the gas spring. This is probably the greatest natural gas spring in the mountains. The water is cold, but bubbling and foaming as if it boiled, and the greatest wonder is the inevitable destruction of life produced by inhaling the gas. No live thing is to be found within a circuit of 100 yards near this spring. The very birds, if they happen to fly over it drop dead. We experimented with a lizard on its death struggle, and it was killed in two minutes. It will kill a human being in twenty minutes.

When a man has been out in the world a long time, earning his meat and drink in any other business than that of school-keeping, it is astonishing how ignorant he becomes, and with what awe he listens to little girls bounding the principal countries of Europe, and stating the latitude and longitude of principal cities, and spelling with ease and accuracy many of those puzzling words which always send us to our Webster Unabridged. It is astonishing how we shed our learning as we get older.

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