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POETRY.

SING TO THE SEAM.

BY MRS. S. L. GEERHOLTZER.

The girl who sits in the porchway low
Sings to her needle as to and fro
It weaves the seam with its glittering glow,
Close in the garment she holds to sew,
Sing to the seam;
Sing it your dream;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

No "song of the shirt" sings she, oh no,
Her words are gleeful, happy and low;
While the shining needle, fast or slow,
Tosses the thread that it shorter grow.
Sing to the seam;
Sing it your dream;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

A song's good company while you sew;
It helps the needle to onward go
And trace its work in a dainty row
O'er the downy, drifted, cambric snow.
Sing to the seam;
Sing it your dream;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

A simple song with no work below
Is lost on the empty air, you know;
But tune and labor, together aglow,
The richest blessings of time bestow.
Sing to the seam;
Sing it your dream;
Lodge in each stitch
Part of its gleam.

MISCELLANY.

A Healthy Village.

Dr. Frank Richardson writes to the London *Times* from Harbottle, Morpeth: "The interesting letters which have appeared in your columns during the last week or two upon the mode of committing 'Earth to Earth' tempt me to send you the lollowing instance of a district in which that unpleasant process is postponed in a singularly unusual manner. The large parish of Alwinton-with-Holystone is situated upon the southern slopes of the Cheviots, includes the upper vale of the Coquet, and extends about twenty miles in length and several in breadth, comprising 44,472 acres. Its population has decreased from 1,396 at the census of 1861 to 1,272 at that of 1874. The occupations of its inhabitants are almost equally divided between the tending of sheep and the cultivation of cereals upon lands which rest in nearly similar proportions upon free stone and porphyry. During the year 1874 six deaths occurred in this parish, being at the rate of 47 per. thousand, one of those deaths being that of an unfortunate young shepherd who perished in the recent snow storm. This mortality was lower than usual; during the previous ten years the number was 106, an annual average of 7.9 per thousand. Of these 106 deaths there were 16 between 70 and 80 years of age, and curiously, 29 above eighty years, considerably more than one quarter of the total deaths thus occurring in people above 80 years old, or 273.6 per thousand. Now, is there anything exceptional in the ages of the inhabitants to account for this low death rate? The aged and very young, among whom proportionally the mortality is highest, exist in large numbers. Within two miles of my house I know nine octogenarians, and a tenth, our parish clerk, died last week at the age of eighty-three. In this village of Harbottle, with one hundred and twenty inhabitants, there are thirty seven children under fourteen years of age, and during the last twenty years no child has died and for nearly four years no one until the case just mentioned. I may add another instance of the large proportion of children existing and their immunity from death. A farmer in this parish and his three shepherds, who have occupied their present situations nearly thirty years, have among them forty-seven children, and not a single death has occurred in these families. The inhabitants have abundance of plain, substantial food, excellent water good residences as a rule, and regular but not severe work in a pure, bracing atmosphere, and are highly intelligent and generally abstemious. I am indebted to the Rev. A. Proctor, who has been upward of forty years the esteemed vicar, for the corrobation of the statistics of this parish which I have now given you."

Impatience the Vice of the Age.

The eager desire to press forward, not so much to conquer obstacles, as to elude them; that gambling with the solemn destimes of life, seeking ever to set success upon the chances of a die; that hastening from the wish conceived to the end accomplished; that thirst after quick returns to ingenious toil, and breathless spurrings along short cuts to the goal, which we see everywhere around us, from the Mechanics Institute to the stock market—beginning in education with the primers of infancy, deluging us with "Philosophies for the million," and "Sciences made easy," characterizing the books of our writers, the speeches of our statesmen, no less than the dealings of our speculators' seem, I confess, to me, to constitute a very diseased and general symptom of the times. I hold that the greatest friend to man is labor; that knowledge without toil, if possible, were worthless; that toil in pursuit of knowledge is the best knowledge we can attain; that the continued effort for fame is nobler than fame itself; that it is not wealth suddenly acquired which is deserving of homage, but the virtues which a man exercises in the slow pursuit of wealth—the abilities so called forth, the self-denials so imposed; in a word, that Labor and Patience are the true schoolmasters on earth.—[Bulwer.

Life.

What a varying thing is the stream of life. How it sparkles and glitters! How it bonds along its pebbly bed, sometimes in shade; sometimes sporting round all things, as if its essence were merriment and brightness; sometimes flowing solemnly on, as if it were derived from Lethe itself. Now it runs like a liquid diamond along the meadow; now it plunges in fume and fury over the rock; now it is clear and limpid, as youth and innocence can make it; now it is heavy and turbid, with the varying streams of thought and memory that are flowing into it, each bringing its store of dullness and poluion as it tends toward the end. Its voice, too, varies as it goes; now it sings lightly, as it dances; now it roars amidst the obstacles that oppose its way; and now it has no tone but the dull, low murmur of exhausted energy.

Such is the stream of life! Yet perhaps few of us would wish to change our portion of it for the calm regularity of a canal—even if one could be constructed without locks and floodgates upon it to hold in the pent-up waters of the heart till they are ready to qurst through the banks.

THE TWO PATHS.

BY PAUL PLUME.

They say that Bearstrack used to be a merry old place in former times; but however pleasant tradition may hand down those by-gone times, I know that for a long time there was ever a skeleton at its domestic fireside.

Martin Timberlake, who for years dispensed hospitality with lavish hand, was a gentleman of the olden school, a man full of honor, and with that nice sense of propriety that makes a liberal culture and generous mind.

No man in the land more sincerely deprecated the civil strife which devastated one portion of the country and paralyzed the other, than Martin Timberlake. So deeply did the disasters of his country affect his mind, that he sickened and died in the first year of the war.

He had two sons. Horace, by his first wife, was a man of forty years, with dark complexion, and a silent and thoughtful mien. Morris, the son of his second partner, was a light-haired, blue-eyed man of thirty, with so joyous a temperament that he never knew a sad hour. Horace would have chosen medicine as his vocation, and Morris would have espoused the bar; but Mr. Timberlake, who was possessed of large means, never would permit his boys to leave his roof to engage in any business so long as he lived.

There was no lack of servants in those days, and as every guest was usually provided with one, the old mansion generally resembled an huge inn. It may have been that Martin Timberlake, amid all the confusion incident upon a house full of guests, found relief from the thoughts which preyed upon his spirit. Some men in his condition would have drowned the past in deep beakers, but he never joined the nightly revels of his friends, though he furnished them an unlimited quantity of good wine, and bade them be happy in their own way.

The kind of spirits that he entertained scarcely waited for the invitation, for they came of a race of deep drinkers and hard riders; and in later days they marched to meet death with an unblanched face and obstinate courage worthy of a better cause.

The disposition of Horace Timberlake kept him aloof from the social gatherings in his father's hall. His inclinations rather led him to shun than court the humor of the men assembled there. But Morris could sit it out with the stoutest, and his laugh never failed, nor his spirits flagged, so long as the wine was flowing. He, therefore, was the most popular of the two brothers.

Horace loved a lady who resided in a Southern city, while Morris was betrothed to one whose home was where the roses had but a brief life, and cold winds early stripped the leaves from the creaking trees. Is it a wonder, then, that these brothers took opposite paths in later days?

Mr. Timberlake was among those who had early discovered the little war cloud, at first scarcely larger than a man's hand, and his heart failed him when he contemplated things that were to be. When hot and angry discussion was runnihg rife, his health began to fail so rapidly that it was a marvel to observe the change in his appearance. Then followed the crash which for a time hurried matters into a chaos. The lurid flame ran reddening through the land, and Martin Timberlake counseling his boys not to be carried away by the public clamor, sat down to await the issue.

Martin Timberlake never lived to see the end. He died imploring his sons to have nothing to do with this fratricidal strife. Did they obey him? I trow not, for matters waxed so hot in their locality that men had to show their hands without any discrimination.

The brothers were sitting together one day, when Horace opened the conversation.

"Morris," he said, "we shall not be able to remain neutral much longer. Our poor father's dying request has been obeyed by us both as long as we could save ourselves from the whirlpool. We shall be drawn into it ere long. What think you; speak, brother? You know my sentiments in regard to the fatal step our countrymen have taken, and yet it may have been impossible to avoid it."

"Say not so, Horace, I never can believe it; every evil that is now upon us springing from the hasty action of demagogues might have been avoided. Bad counsel from first to last has been at the root of all this. For my part I will never aid the cause in any manner whatever."

A smile just discernible appeared about the corners of the elder brother's mouth.

"Alice Waring lives in the North, Morris," he said.

The blood mounted to the face of the younger, as he replied:

"And Mollie Hunter is a born Southern woman."

Horace nodded his head as he spoke:

"There's the trouble, Morris. She writes met that she would rather see me in the camp than idling my days at Bearstrack. She is very vehement on the subject. I may be driven to it at last. Who knows?"

"Hush, Horace," interposed his brother. "We have loved each other to this very hour; do not, I beseech you, raise a barrier of blood between us. Listen to what Alice Waring says," and he drew a letter from his pocket and read:

"Even if you should join the rebel ranks, I would love you, but it would break my heart to know that one I prized so dearly had allied himself to a cause that cannot have the blessing of heaven, and must inevitably receive the detestation of every true-hearted lover of freedom."

"That sounds well, Morris; but it was written by one out of the sound of hostile cannon. The case is different here; all our women are for war, sanguinary and vigorous, and I fear the man who refuses to take his musket stands small chance of favor in the eyes of the women of the South. I can perceive plainly that I shall have to choose between a suit of gray and something worse."

"As much as I love Alice Waring," replied Morris, "I would give her up the moment I were compelled to such an alternative." He spoke with unusual warmth, as he gazed into his brother's eyes.

The answer came slowly and sadly from Horace Timberlake's lips.

"I cannot do it," he said. "God help me if I err, but when I make the choice it will be Mollie Hunter against the universe."

The hand of Morris Timberlake moved till it clasped his brother's in a strong, tremulous grasp.

"Come what may, we shall always love each other. Is it not so, Horace?" he asked.

"Aye, Morris," exclaimed his brother, "by the grave of him who sleeps under yonder willows, I swear that I will never waver in my love for you, though I had to sink the whole Confederacy under my feet."

The following morning Morris Timberlake waited in the breakfast-room for his brother to descend, but finding him unusually late, he went up to his chamber. It was tenantless. A letter lay on his table, he snatched it up hurriedly, and found it was in Horace's handwriting, and addressed to himself. It ran thus:

DEAR BROTHER: I cannot find it in my heart to bid you good-bye, save by letter. Heaven grant we may soon meet again in days as peaceful as the past. Look in my drawer and you will discover some money: I have divided fairly with you. Pack up and hurry North, if you can get there. Don't waste any time unnecessarily, for you may experience great difficulties in leaving. Let the old place take care of itself, our people will hang around it and provide for themselves as long as they are able. Remember my parting advice. Hurry away as soon as possible.

In haste, your affectionate brother
HORACE.

A week later, a horseman could have been seen working his way cautiously to the union lines. It was no easy matter to avoid suspicion, but fortune favored him, and after many perilous adventures he stood in the presence of the Federal army.

Taken to headquarters, he declined to answer the interrogatories demanded of him; he was committed to the guardhouse. There he remained some time, when he was unconditionally released with a pass North. Heavy fighting had occurred up to this time, and by chance he got possession of a Southern paper which had found its way across the lines, and saw his brother Horace's name mentioned as an officer in a Confederate regiment. This was the last intelligence he ever had of him, although on a certain day mid battle and smoke, he could have almost shaken hands with him, and he knew it not.

The sun was slanting along the roofs of a frontier town in Maine, when a traveler, dusty, and evidently fatigued, was toiling up a green declivity toward a neat house literally embowered in roses, which climbed up from the porch to the second-story windows. The residence stood a short distance without the thriving town of P——

Morris Timberlake, for it was he, halted a moment, and gazed back thoughtfully at the city which lay in the distance. He had seen strange sights there that day, such sights as he never expected to have witnessed. There was unity of feeling, of purpose and of action. The streets were full of armed men, bands were playing, and loud and long huzzas filled the air, as heavy bodies of armed men hurriedly entered the long train of cars which were waiting to receive them and bear them away. He read on their stern and composed faces the purpose which nerved their hearts, and even from the lips of the children who were held up for a parting kiss to many bronzed faces, he listened to catch the meaning of what he saw, and he heard it, "To save the nation's life." Morris Timberlake never forgot the expression.

Striding onward, his heart fluttered at the sight of a white dress by the garden gate. Thrice had the prairie roses bloomed in crimson luxuriance since he looked upon that form; yet he would have known it on the instant if he had met it at the uttermost bounds of the earth. A moment more, and the exclamation of surprise, "Morris!" and the response, "Alice!" and then some tears fell from bright, brown eyes; but they were tears of happiness. That night, beneath a Northern sky, Alice Waring leaned upon the arm of a son of the South, and knew that his heart was as loyal as in days gone by.

It is not my purpose to detail the pleasant hours Morris Timberlake passed in the presence of the one he loved the best. His cup of happiness had one bitter drop in it. He felt, sooner or later, circumstances might compel him to appear on a different scene.

Mr. Waring had furnished two sons, then absent with the army, and Alice, usually gentle even to timidity, was now outspoken in her sentiments and very decided in her language.

"My country first," she one day said to Morris, in answer to some love appeal.

Morris gazed upon her quiet but determined features with a bewildered look. He never could have believed it possible for Northern girls to have such depth of feeling.

They were walking in the garden and conversing about the war; Alice stooped down and nervously twisted a flower from its stem.

"Won't you put it in my buttonhole?" arked Morris, with a pleading look.

The little hand moved irresolutely for a moment, then it was laid upon her lover's shoulder, and two brown eyes looked earnestly in his own as she answered:

"The day you march away under yonder flag (pointing to where the banners were flying over the city), I will pin a rose upon your uniform, though my heart may break when I reflect I may be sending you to your death. Aye, though for the rest of my days I may wear widow's weeds, I will joy over my own misery to know that I loved one true enough te sacrifice self to duty."

Morris Timberlake saw that her face was very pale, but her voice was steady and her words decided. He caught her by the hand, and without uttering a word, they walked back to the house, each engrossed with the thought uppermost in their hearts.

Months passed away, the ripened grain had been garnered, and the chocks were full of yellow corn. The robin's notes were heard less frequently and crimson and golden leaves commenced to flutter in the autumn air. If a change was passing over the face of nature, it was no less true of the moral change that was working deep upon the mind of Morris Timberlake. Something of his brother's gravity was now discernible in his conversation and mien. The hour for action came at last; there was no mistaking the motives which now moved him to the course he pursued. It could not be attributed to sudden impulse or the hope of pleasing Alice Waring, else he would have put it into execution long before. Rather place it among the results of careful investigation and mature deliberation regarding his country's troubles. When he shouldered his musket and marched away with his regiment, he did not share the ceaseless gaiety of his comrades; if there was no huzza on his lips, neither was there any regret; but his conviction of duty was perhaps as strong as the most boisterous of those rollicking soldiers.

And Alice Waring pinned a rose upon his breast and kissed him good-bye.

How anxiously during the long winter night Alice Waring would sit by the hearth and ponder upon her soldier lover. And how nervously her hand would tremble when she read the news from the "front."

Christmas was coming apace; already the green wreaths were being woven to decorate the sanctuary in commemoration of the advent of the Blessed Redeemer; and while some hands were engaged in beautifying the temple of the Most High, others were remorselessly slaying their kith and kin in blood-red vengeance.

It is not yet time to have quite forgotten that thirteenth day of December, 1862, at Fredericksburg. How many a chair it left vacant in our broad land. How many a grief-stricken heart ached and ached, till God in his graciousness sent the Angel of Peace to still its beatings forever.

Where the fight was thickest the men could scarcely breathe for the sulphurous canopy, there fought two brothers; but they battled on different sides of the question—and yet they fought well.

And when the guns grew feeble and the rattle of musketry failed, there was a hush in the very, air, for the Angel of Death was stalking over the scene.

By-and-by they came to collect the wounded and bury those past relief, and they found Horace and Morris Timberlake within an arm's length of each other, near enough to have fallen on each other's neck and embraced—had they been living men.

First Love and Second Marriage.

William Bradford, whose name stands second on the list of signatures to the celebrated compact made in the little cabin of the Mayflower, and who became the second Governor of Plymouth Colony, was born at Austerfield, Yorkshire, England, in the month of March, 1588. His parents dying in his youth, he was left to the care of his grandparents and after them to his uncles. His family was respectable, but was among the yeomanry of England, and he was bred to agriculture. At an early period he took upon himself the care of his large estates, and to improve and beautify them was his occupation and pleasure. But while each day found him busy with the men in the fields, night found him busy with his books. He became a proficient in the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, and French and German he both read and spoke with ease. While still a mere youth he identified himself with the Puritans, and at seventeen years of age was one of a company who attempted to escape to Holland in quest of liberty to worship as their consciences counseled. But they were betrayed, and cast into prison at Boston, Lincolnshire. While religion, and numerous other grave and earnest objects, had their place in his mind, there was one corner where a more beautiful, less grave, but as earnest a passion held sway. Love had entered the heart of the young Puritan, and often, while his head was bowed over his book, the graceful figure of her he loved would charm his eyes, making his heart throb with delight. When as a child he had played with little Alice Carpenter, he knew that she was lovelier and sweeter to him than any other golden-haired, rosy-lipped little fairy. She was just two years younger than himself.

As years passed, and her form became taller and fuller, the golden curls deepening in shade to sunny brown, she grew more beautiful to him. Many were the walks they had together. His lands joined her father's, and of a Summer evening, leaning over the hedge that divided them, long and sweet were the conversations they enjoyed. One evening in Autumn, Alice announced to him that in two days more she was to go to London with an aunt, to stay some months. The news came like a deathblow upon William. The Carpenter family had been highly distinguished in former times, and one of its members had received from the king the honor of knighthood, but they were now indigent, and William determined to risk his fate, and ask Alice of her stern and proud father. He hoped that his own broad lands and fair name might influence the father to accept him as a suitable match for this lovely but portionless girl. But he did not know the pride of the stern old man. He was dismissed with haughty and severe reproofs for his presumption. His religious belief would have raised a barrier had there been no other, and sad was the interview of the young lovers that evening at the trysting place where they had spent so many happy hours. It was to be their last meeting. William was too proud and high-minded, and Alice too dutiful, to act in opposition to a parent's wishes.

Alice went to London, and in course of time was married to Constant Southworth, a wealthy and honorable man. William devoted himself to his farm and books.

By-and-by he felt that a wife was needful to him, and his eye fell on Dorothy May, a sensible, discreet woman of his own rank in life. He did not love her as he had loved Alice, but he felt an honest and true affection for her, and she proved an estimable, faithful wife. The number of those professing the Puritan faith increased, and trial and persecution were their lot. William was one of the earliest advocates for their removal to America, where they might enjoy their religion undisturbed. He was with the little band in their hasty flight, in their sojourn in London, and upon the stormy and perilous ocean in the cabin of the Mayflower. While in Cape Cod harbor and during his absence with a party sent to explore the coast, his faithful wife Dorothy fell from the ship and was drowned. He sincerely mourned for her, for she had been an affectionate wife; but with the submission of a Christian he calmly turned to the duties of life. Life for him was a warfare with hunger and cold, disease and savage enemies. What the colonists suffered is well known.

Mr. Bradford was now a mature man of thirty-two, and when Governor Carver died a few months after their arrival he was elected his successor, and for a period of more than thirty-one years he directed the affairs of the colony. But while with fatherly care he watched over the little colony he often felt the want of woman's ready sympathy and soothing tenderness. He thought of Alice. The love he had felt for her had never died out in his heart. While the husband of another it had slumbered, but now Alice and himself were both free—for her husband had died a year since. Did she remember the love of her youth? And if she yet cherished that memory, would she consent to leave a happy home and troops of loving friends to share the fortunes of one in a wilderness? At last he decided to write to her and propose that she should share his fortunes. Early in the Spring of 1623, the letter was sent. He set before her all the trials and privations to which she would be exposed; he left it to her to decide whether she could regard his love as an equivalent for the sacrifices she would be called upon to make. And he requested her, if she would consent, since the affairs of the colony would not suffer his absence, to take passage in the first ship bound for the colonies.

The time passed slowly to the Governor, until, on the 14th of August, a sail was discerned, as yet a faint speck on the horizon. It was the ship so long expected. It was in this ship he expected Alice. If she were not there, there would at least be a written rejection of his proposal. The whole population of the town crowded to the landing. Governor Bradford stood firm and erect, conspicuous among the little crowd. When the vessel touched the shore all hurried on board. The Governor passed from one to another with warm welcomings; but his eye watched for Alice. He sees her not. His hope has gone out. "It is God's will," says the devout Puritan. Just then a female ascends the stair from the cabin. She is taller than the Alice of his remembrance. Strange, for though he knew years must have changed her, yet she had always risen before his mind as the slender girl from whom he had parted. And here she stands the beautiful, stately, dignified woman. Probably she too had her surprise. For a moment the pair looked at each other, and then "William!" "Alice!" burst from their lips, and the hearts so long sundered were united. That very evening the marriage took place. There was joy of heart, but no extravagant display. Long and happy was the union here consummated. Thirty-four additional years was the good governor spared to the colony whose prosperity he did so much to promote. His wife survived him fifteen years. She was well educated and dignified in deportment, and did much for the improvement of the rising generation. Pilgrim Hall stands upon land formerly in her possession. It is recorded of her that she was a good matron, and much loved while she lived and heartily lamented when she died.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

A Silk-Lined House.

I heard two little boys down by the brook to-day, talking about their fathers' houses, and boasting how grand they were. Johnny said his house had a velvet carpet in the parlor, and lace curtains at the windows. Willie said his house had splendid chandeliers, that sparkled like diamonds; and the walls were beautifully painted. I thought I would like to tell them about a house very much more wonderful than those they lived in, because it is builded by a small insect.

This house is made by a kind of spider that lives in California, and is called the mason-spider. His house is very marvelous for such a little fellow to make all by himself, without any hammer, or saw, or trowel, or axe, or nails, or plaster, or any such things as men use in building; and yet his mansion is fit for a little queen; for it is lined throughout with white silk!

The spider's house is nearly as large as a hen's egg, and is built of a sort of red clay, almost as handsome as the brown stone they are so proud of in New York city. It is cylindrical in shape. The top opens with a little trap-door, which is fastened with a hinge, and shuts of itself. The door and insi le are lined with the most delicate white silk, finer than the costliest dress ever worn by a lady.

Mr. Spider builds his house in some crevice, or bores a cylindrical hole in the clay, so that all is concealed from view except this tiny trap-door. When he sees any enemy approaching, he runs quickly to his silk-lined house, swings open the little door, goes in and as the door shuts tightly after him, holds it firmly by placing his claws in two openings in the white-silk lining of the door, just large enough to admit his little hands or feet, whichever you choose to call them; and here, nestled in this luxurious retreat, he bids defiance to all intruders.

I heard all about this spider from a gentleman who had been to California, and had brought home one of these red-clay, silk-lined houses. He was showing it to some children as they were walking near me. I wish you all could have seen it.—*St Nicholas.*

Italian Railroads.

A correspondent, writing from Italy, says: "Her railroads are magnificent structures; waiting-rooms elegantly frescoed, and the seats of the finest silk velvet. When the train stops for dinner, they give you one hour to eat your meal. The railroad beds are the smoothest I have ever ridden over; the embankments are all built of solid masonry of the most substantial nature, and the bridges are all massive stone. If the bridges, embankments, and roadbeds of the New York Central Railroad were built like those of the High Italy Railway, that road, with its immense revenues, could not pay a half per cent. dividend on the cost of its construction. The expense of running railroads in Italy is enormous. Every ton of coal is bought in England, costing ten dollars per ton, and transported at an enormous cost to Italy. The system is admirable. Of course I do not like the carriages; but in every other respect they excel us Americans. It is impossible for a traveler to get into the wrong train or car, even if he does not speak a word of either French or Italian. Every man connected with a railroad wears a uniform, and the guard lifts his hat to you as he politely examines your ticket. I have travelled nearly 4,000 miles in Europe, on many different roads, and I never missed a train or knew one to be five minutes behind time. Surely such facts attest the excellence of the railway system in Italy."

Sensible Parents.

A young lady of Ballarat, England, about contemplating matrimony, was asked by her friends what kind of wedding presents she would like, and replied that she would prefer useful to ornamental ones. Her wedding journey consisted in going from the house of her parents to a cottage in the vicinity and upon arriving there she found a barrel of flour, a jar of butter, a complete set of cooking utensils, a piece of merino, a set of crockery ware, knives, forks, spoons, and glassware, enough household groceries to last six months and on her parlor table a receipt for the payment of a year's rent for the cottage, with two £10 notes pinned to a paper, on which was written. "To purchase something useful."

Was not this the right kind of utilitarianism for a young couple of limited means, about starting out upon their matrimonial career, and was it not more beautiful than duplicate plated fish-knives and other trash usually given upon like occasions.

Fixing Up Burned Money.

It will be remembered that recently a northern express car was burned near Washington. The government alone had $5,750,000 in it, and the private property amounted to nearly half as much, including jewelry—enough to fill seven safes.

Up in one of the sunny, well lighted rooms of the United States Treasury department at Washington, four ladies from the Treasurer's office are at work on these charred treasures, and their process is one of the most interesting features of the service. All the safes were transferred from the cars to the Treasury, and a committee were selected from those most expert at such work. First the private safes were opened, and in these were found about $100,000 worth of diamonds, a hundred watches, old gold and silver coins, and —alas! for the course of true love—a package of love letters and a tress of pretty brown hair. Picking out the valuables was comparatively easy work, for though many of the stones had fallen from their settings it was not hard to find them. The gold was blackened.

The money in the government safes is so charred that at a breath it crumbles; and yet it is expected that four-fifths of it will be deciphered. Each little shrivelled piece is detached with a thin knife and laid on rough blotting paper. There the ladies examine it with magnifying glasses, and after deciphering as much as possible they paste it, face up, on a strip of thin paper; and so, bit by it, a whole note is pierced out. It is such trying exercise for the eyes that those engaged in it can work only three hours at a time and on bright days. The trust reposed in them is great, for the money is delivered directly to them, and remittances made on their reports without further questioning. After the terrible fire of October, 1871, Chicago sent two hundred and three cases of burnt money, aggregating, at owners' valuation, $164,997,98. It came in sheets, in bundles, in tiny packages, rumpled and crushed as careless hands had pushed them into side pockets or purses. Each little parcel was swathed in cotton as carefully as if it were the most precious jewelry, and as the black, brittle packages were unrolled, it seemed really impossible that anything could be made of such cinders. Yet out of that $164,997,98, $126,541,33 was redeemed and returned to the owners of banks. Boston profited by Chicago's experience, and packed her burnt money so carefully that nearly all of it was redeemed. Eighty-three cases, containing $88,812,90, came from Boston, and $88,290,80 were returned to her, besides a number of policies, notes, bills and other valuable papers. The most scillful person on this committee is a lady who has had much experience in such work. Once she deciphered $185,000 out of $200,000 that had been in the hold of a burned ship for three years, and Adams Express Company, which was responsible for the amount, gave her $500 in acknowledgement of her services. Another time she and her associates worked faithfully and long over some bonds a crazy cashier saw fit to throw into the fire. The bank asked for only $100,000 but the ladies picked out $145,000; whereupon the directors, with reckless extravagance, presented the committee with $20—about four dollars apiece!

The Coroner's Boy.

He is a boy of deep thought, and is much given to deductions. The coroner is not his father, but he is a lad who was engaged to mind the office, shake up the coal stove and ask inquiries. He is a good boy, and has learned to sympathize with reporters. When there has been an inquest the boy puts on a cheerful look and has the whole case so that he can rattle it off from beginning to end.

"Awful sad case," he says to a reporter. "They found the old man hanging to a beam in the woodshed stiff and cold. Splendid chance for you to say that his wide-open eyes seem to glare down upon the coroner, and that one arm stretched out, as if to shake hands with the grim monster death. You can say that the body swayed to and fro in the night breeze blowing in through a broken pane, and that an owl sat on the beam over the corpse and uttered his mournful hoo-hoo!"

And then he rubs his hands, his smile grows broader, and he continues:

"Business has begun to pick up, and there may be an inquest every day for a week. Hope so, for I like to see business moving and money coming in. I'm looking every day for a case of murder—throat cut from ear to ear—blood stains on the wall—blood stained knife on the floor—marks of a fearful struggle—desperate villain, and so forth. If you don't happen to be around I'll send a boy down."

But there are other days when he is sad, and says to the reporter:

"Nothing to-day. I'm sorry, but you know we can't push business as grocers do. Advertising wouldn't help us a cent's worth, and the holiday season is no better than any other season. I wish we had a case for you, and if anything turns up I'll come down myself and give you the points. There's lots of folks who might as well commit suicide as not, but they don't seem to care whether the coroner has one case a month or none at all. Be patient, and we'll try and turn up something tomorrow."

Who can help but contract a reverence for such a boy?—*Detroit Free Press.*

Paid by a Song.

Farinelli had ordered a magnificent costume, and when the tailor brought it home, the artist demanded his bill. "I have not made one," answered the tailor. "But why not?" asked Farinelli. "Because," said the trembling tailor, "I have a desire for my payment in but one form. I know that that which I desire is of inestimable value, and reserved for monarchs, but since I have the honor of working for one of whom none speak but with enthusiasm, I wish no other payment than that he sing me one song." Farinelli strove in vain to change his resolution and induce him to receive the money. The tailor was immovable. At last the great artist acceded to his request. Resolved that the enthusiast should be fully gratified, he exhibited before him all his wonderous skill, after which the tailor, fairly intoxicated with delight, prepared to withdraw, but Farinelli stopped him. "I am very sensitive," said he, "and it is possibly through that trait that I have attained my superiority over other singers. I have acceded to your wishes and now you must yield to mine in your turn!" Saying which he drew out his purse and compelled the astonished tailor to receive nearly double the worth of the garment.

There is no such thing as luck. It's a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good time comes.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

The Last Lullaby.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The trouble and the pain
Are over now;
Drop the soft hands like rosebuds on the breast,
Shut the blue eyes in sweetest, lightest rest;
My baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
No rude, disturbing sound
Shall wake thee now;
In the dear arms that are tenderer than mine,
Under the shadow of a Love Divine,
My baby, sleep!

FRANK'S PASS.—Frank was a bright little five-year old fellow, full of fun, and anxious to make himself of consequence. Armed with a stick, he would feel as brave as a lion among the hens and chickens; and, as they scudded away from this dreadful creature, to take shelter wherever they could find it, he would say to himself, "I guess they think I'm a giant;" only he pronounced the word "zhiant." He would even attack the old cock, and walk right up to the big turkey gobbler.

But there was one animal which caused Master Frank to quail in terror, especially when alone, and after dark. Do you want to know what it was? I will tell you. It was a mouse! Yes, a little brown mouse, with his bright eyes, and pretty, tapering tail would make our bold little boy tremble and scream; and, if he chanced to light on several of these pretty creatures playing together, you would have supposed he had run against a herd of buffaloes. Very silly, wasn't it?

Now every night, on his way to bed, Frank had to pass through a lonely room, where rats and mice would sometimes peep out of their holes, and scamper over the floor, frightening him sadly, and causing him to clasp mamma's hand more tightly, and hurry along as fast as possible.

But one night, when it came bedtime, mamma was sick up-stairs, and no one was with Frank in the sitting-room but papa, who was busy reading his newspaper. So the little boy was told to march up stairs to bed alone.

"O, papa!" said he, "I'm afraid to."

"Afraid of what?" said papa.

"Afraid of the rats and mice, papa, in the big lumber-room."

"Oh, nonsense!" said papa; "if that's all, I'll soon fix you out."

So papa took his writing materials, and wrote this:

"TO ALL THE RATS AND MICE IN THIS HOUSE, GREETING: You are hereby ordered to let my little boy Frank pass safe through the lumber-room, and all other rooms, at all times. This order will stand good until countermanded. Any rat or mouse disobeying will be dealt with according to law. Witness my hand and seal."

Then papa signed the paper, and sealed it with a big red seal, and gave it to Frank, who thanked papa, kissed him good-night, and trudged up stairs without another word; for he had often seen papa give passes to people who wanted to go somewhere, or do something, and he had a high opinion of his father's "passes."

So when he came to the door of the lumber-room, he flung it wide open, and called out, "Ho! Misses rats and mice, you can't touch me; here's my pass." And every night when he went up to bed, he held out with his pass to the rats and mice; and none of them ever did him any harm.—*Nursery.*

TIDE MARKS.—It was a low tide when we went to Bristol, and the great grey rocks stood up bare and grim above the water; but high up, on all their sides, was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rocks?" I asked of my friend.

"Oh, that is the *tide mark*," she replied. "Every day, when the tide comes in, the water rises and rises until it reaches that line, and in many years it has worn away the stone until the mark is cut into the rock.

Oh, thought I, that is all is it? Well I have seen a great many people carry *tide marks* on their faces. Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate features, and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there; until presently the mother said:

"Draw down the blind, now, Carrie, the sun shines right in the baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, in a very peevish voice.

But her mother insisted, and Carrie drew the blind, and turned her face way from the window. Oh, dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the pleasant lips were drawn up in ugly pout, and the queer marks on the forehead had deepened into actual *wrinkles.*

"Poor little girl," I thought, "how badly you will feel when you grow up, to have your face marked all over with the tide marks of passion, for these evil tempers leave their marks, just as surely as the ocean does, and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will and covetousness, that it must carry the marks to the grave."

Take care, little folks! and whenever you give way to bad temper, remember the "tide marks."

LIFE.—Live for something! Yes, and for something worthy of life and its capabilities and opportunities for noble deeds and achievements. Every man and every woman has his or her assignment in the duties and responsibilities of daily life. We are in the world to make the world better; to lift it up to higher levels of enjoyment and progress, to make its hearts and homes brighter and happier by devoting to our fellows our best thoughts, activities and influences. It is the motto of every true heart and the genius of every noble life, that "no man liveth to himself"—lives chiefly for his own selfish good. It is a law of our intellectual and moral being that we promote our own happiness in the exact proportion we contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of others. Nothing worthy of the name of happiness is possible in the experience of those who live only for themselves, all oblivious of the welfare of their fellows.

Another Substitute for Steam.

An invention is now on exhibition in Liverpool by which oil or glycerine is made to perform the function of steam by the same means—application of heat—which expands the oil placed in small cylinders from which it is claimed a pressure at 10,000 pounds per square inch may be obtained without the danger of steam explosion, which prevents using a pressure of more than 200 pounds to the square inch generally. In this case an explosion would only crack the cylinder containing the oil, it is claimed. The application of this process has been made to a printing press, a punching and riveting machine, which are on exhibition.

Fine business—The police court judge's.

VARIETIES.

The mummies belonged to the first families of Egypt.

Poor men and hens are obliged to scratch to get along in this world.

"Here's another doughmestic difficulty," said a Brooklyn woman as she found her bread heavy.

Josh Billings says that in the beds of many hotels "you sleep some, but roll over a good deal."

"I am a broken man," sighed a dilapidated author. "I should think so, for I've seen your pieces," responded a bystander.

An Ohio man has been snatched from a drunkard's grave eighty-nine times. Since the election he's been going on as if he wanted to be snatched some more.

"George, dear, don't you think it is rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?" "No, love economical! Same piece of bread does for both!"

"Oh! I've loved before," said a Detroit woman to her fourth husband, as she took a handlful of hair from his head because he objected to hang out the week's washing.

A showman whose notice called for a few fat boys to "feed his cannibals," received a card from a man saying that he couldn't spare his boys, but he had a good "stall-fed mother-in-law" that he thought would suit.

There is a farm house in Lochgoin, Scotland, over the door of which is an inscription bearing the date of 1178. The present occupant of the farm is the 38th of his name that has held the farm—the family having dwelt there for 38 generations—that is ever since the 8th century.

An English custom of "Afternoon Tea" has been adopted in Paris, and the hour fixed at five p. m. Tea is not served on a silver waiter by a servant, but a neat little table or etagere stands before each guest. On the top is a place for a cup, and under the first shelf is another for biscuits or sandwiches.

A Russian geographer advances the theory that the Pole is not a mathematical point, but a territory of considerable magnitude. This may be a novel view to the world at large, but Russians for many years past have been in the habit of thinking of the Poles only in connection with a certain amount of territory.

They have a good deal of wind in Holland and the people make a good deal of money out of it. There are 12,000 windmills in operation, each doing a six or ten-horse power service, through the twenty-four hours. These mills are kept up at an annual cost of $4,000,000, and they perform all the service required of steam engines at one twentieth the cost.

A recent writer says that corpulency is not a disease. The founder of the English Church was a fat man, Luther was a corpulent; Napoleas I., though his carriage was erect and soldierly, had much adipose tissue about him; Byron was inclined to corpulency, as were most of the literary worthies of the Elizabeth era. So if corpulency is a disease, it certainly has not a bad effect on the brain.

A Detroit gentleman, walking behind two school children the other day, heard the boy inquire, "Will you be at the party to-night?" "I shall be there answered the miss, "but I may as well tell you now that your love is hopeless; mamma is determined, father is set, and it isn't right for me to encourage your attention. I can be a sister to you, but nothing more. Therefore you needn't buy me any valentine or give me any more gum.

Friction impedes the progress of the railway train, and yet it is only through friction that it makes any progress. This apparent paradox is explained when we remember that by reason of the frictional "bite" of the drivers upon the track they draw the train. The bearings of the wheels upon the rails are a mere line where they come in contact, iron and iron, yet this slight and almost imperceptible hold is sufficient to move h