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NOW.

Arise, for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks awaits you—
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from the dream of the future,
Of gaining a hard-fought field,
Of storming the airy fortress,
Of bidding the giant to yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! if the past detain you,
The sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise, for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear
Is your enemy marching to battle—
Rise! rise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
And from dreams of coming battle
You will waken and find it past.

—*Hartford Post.*

Two Sides to a Bureau.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ONE SIDE.

When I turned round and she was coming in the door, I'm sure I thought I was dreaming. If it had been the Queen a-coming in, I shouldn't have been more surprised; and the three children with their three faces like little pigs. "Here, you," whispered I to Benjamin Franklin, "you just go 'long and stick your face in some water, quick metre! And give Johnny's a scrubbing, too." And I wet the corner of my apron between my lips in a hurry and rubbed Sue's mouth; and then I made believe I hadn't seen her before, and dusted the other chair for her; and she sat down, and I sat down, and we looked at one another. Lord! she was that fine! Her flounces were silk, and they were scalloped like so many roses, and lace showing under the edges of them; and she had such boots, setting like gloves—just enough to make your eyes water. But the flowers in her hat—you should have seen them—I declare, you could have smelled them! Well, she seemed to fill up the little room, and if ever I was glad of anything, I was glad that I had scrubbed the floor that very day, so that it was clean enough to eat off of—glad, too, that I'd taken Jim's old hat out of the broken window and put in the smooth bottom of a box with a good respectable-looking tack. Jim might have mended that window, for he's a perfect Jack-at-all-trades; but he'd rather play the fiddle than eat, and he was a-playing it out in the tie-up that moment, with all the wind there was blowing. However, I couldn't complain, for he'd just mended the chair, so that it was almost as good as new, and had put me up as tidy a shelf as you please, over the stove for the brush and comb and hair-oil bottle. If I'd been a little slicked up myself, with my new print and my pink apron, or if I'd only had my bang on, I wouldn't 'a minded. But when Benjamin Franklin came back with just the top dirt rinsed off, and the rest all smears, I did feel so vexed that I gave him as good a shaking as a nut-tree gets in harvest.

"Bless my heart!" says she, "what are you doing that for?"

"Because he's so aggravating," says I. "There, you go 'long;" and I gave him a shove.

"Why," says she, "don't you remember how it used to feel to be shaken yourself?"

"I don't know as I do," says I.

"As if you were flying to atoms? And your body was as powerless as if it had been in the hands of a giant, and your heart as full of hate?"

"Why, look a here," says I. "Be you a missionary?"

"A missionary?" says she, laughing. "No; I'm Mr. Mulgrave's wife. And I came up to see how the new house was getting on; but the house is so full of plaster dust inside, and the whirlwind is blowing the things off the roof so outside, that I thought I would venture in here till the cloud passed."

"Oh," says I.

"I knocked, but you didn't hear me."

"I'm real glad to see you," says I. "It's a dreadful lonesome place, and hardly anybody ever comes. Only I'm sorry everything's so at sixes and sevens. You see, where there's a family of children, and the wind blowing so," says I, with a lucky thought—it's always good to have the wood or the weather to lay things to, because nobody's responsible for the elements—"things will get to looking like rideout."

"Children do make confusion," says she; "but confusion is pleasanter with them than pimlico order without them."

"Well, that's so," I answered; "for I remember when Johnny had the measles, last year, I thought if he only got well I'd let him whittle the door all to pieces if ever he wanted to again. Here, Benny," says I, for I began to feel bad to think that I'd treated him so—"take that to little sister," and I gave them something to keep them quiet. "I suppose you wouldn't care for any water?" says I to her, then. "Not if I put some molasses in it? I didn't know but the wind would have made you dry. Yes, children do make trouble. One of Jim's songs says,

'Marriage does bring trouble;
A single life is free;
They sing it never double
Who would be a—pest.'

But there! I wouldn't be without them for all the fine clothes I used to have when I was single and worked in the shop. I worked down at Burrage's—I suppose you never buy any shoes there?"

"What makes you suppose so?" says she, smiling.

"Well, because your boots don't look like our work; they look like—like Cinderella's slippers. Yes, I worked at Burrage's, off and on, a good many years—on most of the time. I had six dollars a week. Folks used to wonder how I got so many clothes with it, after I'd paid my board. But I always had that six dollars laid out long before pay day—in my mind, you know—so that I spent it to the best advantage. There's a great deal of pleasure in that."

"A great deal," says she.

"That's what I say to Jim; and then he says his is all spent before pay-day too—but with a difference, you know. I suppose you've got a real good steady husband?"

"Oh yes, indeed," says she, laughing some more.

"You must, to have such a nice house as that is going to be. But there! I shouldn't know what to do with it, and I don't envy you a bit."

"Oh, you needn't," says she, a-twitching her shoulder; "I expect to have trouble enough with it."

"Not," says I—"I don't mean that Jim isn't steady. He's as steady as a clock—at that old fiddle of his. But sometimes I do wish he loved his regular trade as well, or else that that *was* his trade. But I suppose if fiddling was his trade, he'd want to be wood-carving all the time."

"Why don't you speak to him," says she, "seriously?"

"Well, you can't," says I. "He's so sweet and good-natured and pleasant that when I've got my mind all made up to give him a sound talking to, he makes me like him so, and sets me to laughing and plays such a twirling, twittering tune, that I can't do it to save my life."

You see, I'd got to talking rather free with her, because she listened so, and seemed interested, and kept looking at me in a wondering way, and at last took Sue up on her lap and gave her her rings to play with. Such rings! My gracious! one of them flashed with stones all around, just like the Milky Way. I should think it would have shone through her glove.

"But," says, "you should tell him that his children will be growing up presently, and—"

"Oh, I do that," says I. "And he says, well, he'll do for the bad example they're to take warning by; and at any rate, it's no use worrying before the time comes, and when they do grow up they can take care of themselves just the way we do."

"And are you contented to leave it so?" says she.

"Well, I'm contented enough. That is, in general. But I do wish sometimes that Jim would go down to his work regular every day, with his tin pail in his hand, like other men, and come back at night, and have a good round sum of money in hand at once, instead of just working long enough to get some flour and fish and pork and potatoes and sugar, and then not so much as lifting his finger a-ain till that all gives out; it's such a hand-to-mouth way of living," says I. "And of course we can't get things together, such as a rocking-chair, a-d a sofa, and a good-sized looking-glass and an eight-day clock. Not that I care much; only when a lady like you happens in I'd like to give her a seat that's softer. And there's a bureau. Now you wouldn't believe it, but I've never owned a bureau."

"Indeed," says she.

"Yes. I don't think it's good manners to be always apologizing about the looks of a place; and so I don't say any thing about all the boxes and bundles I have to keep my things in, that do give a littery look; but I'm always meaning to have a bureau to put them in, if I can compass it ever. You see, it's hard getting so much money in a pile; and if I do happen to, why there's something I must have, like Jim's boots, or flannel and yarn and cloth, or a little bed—because you *can't* sleep with more than two children in one bed. And so, somehow, I never get the bureau. But then I don't give it up. Oh, I suppose you think my notions are dreadful extravagant," says I, for she was looking at me perfectly amazed; really, just as if I was a little monster, and she'd never seen the like. "And perhaps they are. But people must have something to ambition them, and it seems to me as though, if I ever could get a bureau, I should 'most feel as if I'd got a house!"

"Well, I declare!" says she, drawing of a long breath.

"I did come precious near it last fall," says I—for I wanted her to see that it wasn't altogether an impossibility, and I wasn't wasting my time in vapors—"when Jim was at work up here, helping lay out the garden. He was paid by the day, you know; Mr. Mulgrave paid him; and he was paid here, and I had the handling of the money; and I said to myself, 'Now or never for that bureau!' But, dear me, I had to turn that money over so many times to get the things I couldn't do without any way at all, that before I got round to the bureau it was every cent gone!"

"Yes," she says, "its apt to be so. I know if I don't get the expensive thing when I have the money in my purse, the money is filtered away and I've nothing to show for it."

"That's just the way it is with me," says I. "But somehow I can't seem to do without the shoes and flannel, and all that. Oh, here's your husband! That's a powerful horse of his. But I should be afraid he'd break my neck if I was behind him."

"Not when my husband's driving," says she. And she bids me good-day, and kisses Sue, and springs into the wagon, and is off like a bird, with streamers all flying.

Well, so far so good. Thinks I to myself: "She'll be a very pleasant neighbor. If she's ever so fine, she don't put on airs. And it does you good once in a while to have somebody listen when you want to run on about yourself. And maybe she'll have odd chores that I can turn my hand to—plain sewing, or clear-starching, or an extra help when company comes in. I shouldn't wonder if we were quite a mutual advantage." And so I told Jim, and he said he shouldn't wonder too.

Well, that evening, just at sunset—now I'm telling you the real truth, and if you don't believe me, there it is to speak for itself—Jim was a-playing "Roslyn Castle," and I was a-putting Sue to sleep, when I happened to look out of the window, and there was a job-wagon coming straight up the hill, with something in it that had a great canvas hanging over it. "It's a queer time o' day," says I to myself, "to be bringing furniture into Mr. Mulgrave's house, and it not half done, either. But it's none of my business. Maybe it's a refrigerator to be set in the cellar." And I went on patting Sue, when all at once Jim's fiddle stopped short, as if it broke, and I heard a gruff voice saying, "Where'll you have it? Here, you, sir, lend a hand." And I dropped Sue on the bed, and ran to the door, and they were a-bringing it in—there, look at it, as pretty a bureau as you'll find in a day's walk. It's pine, to be sure, but it's seasoned, and every drawer shuts smooth and easy; and its painted and grained like black walnut, and there's four deep drawers, and a shallow one at the bottom, and two little drawers at the top; and in the upper drawer of the deep ones there's a place for this all parted off, and a place for that, and a place for the other; and to crown the whole, a great swinging glass that you can see yourself in from head to belt. Just look! Oh, I tell you it's a great thing! "With Mrs. Mulgrave's compliments," says the man, and went off and shut the door.

I never waited for anything. Sue was screaming on the bed; I let her scream. I never minded Benny's rassling nor Jim's laughing. I got down every handbox and basket and bundle I had on the shelves, got out every bag there was under the bed and behind the doors, and in ten minutes that bureau was so full you couldn't shut a drawer. Then I took them all out and fixed them all over again. "It's ours, Jim!" says I; and then I just sat down and cried.

THE OTHER SIDE.

"Well, Lawrence, I'm so glad you've come! I thought you never would. And I've had such a lesson read me!"

"Lesson? Who's been reading my wife a lesson, I should like to know?"

"Who do you think? Nobody, but that little absurd woman there—that Mrs. Jim. But I never had such a lesson. Drive slow, please, and let me tell you all about it—this horse does throw the gravel in your face so! I'm expecting every moment to see the spokes fly out of the wheels. There, now, that's reasonable. This horse is a perfect griffin—has legs and wings too."

"Well—steady, Frolic, steady!—now let's have your lesson. If there's any one can read you a lesson, Mrs. Fanny Mulgrave, I should like to hear it."

"Now, Lawrence! However, you know I came up to look at the house, for I've been having my misgivings about that room. And when I went in it did look so big and bare! I was dismayed. I paced it off this way and paced it off that way, and thought about what I could put in the corners; and how that window with the sea view would be as a picture; and how the whole mantel-piece, with its white marble carvings and gildings and mirror, was a perfect illumination; and how I must confront it in that great square alcove with a mass of shadow; and we haven't a thing to go there, and how magnificently an ebony and gold cabinet like that Mrs. Watrous and I saw at the exhibition—the one I went into ecstacies over, you know, that goes from floor to ceiling—would fill the place. And the more I thought of it the more indispensable such a great ebony and gold cabinet seemed to be. And I knew it was perfectly impossible—"

"H w did you know it, may I enquire?"

"Oh, they cost—oh, hundreds of dollars. And, of course, the house itself takes all you can spare. But I felt that it would be utterly out of my power to make that room look anything like what I wanted without it. And I kept seeing how beautiful it would be with those gold-colored satin curtains of your aunt Sophy's falling back from the windows on each side of it. And I sat down and stared at the spot, and felt as if I didn't want the house at all if I couldn't have that cabinet. And I thought you might go without your cigars and your claret and your horses a couple of years, and we could easily have it."

"Kind of you, and cheerful for me."

"Oh, I didn't think anything about that part of it. Just fancy! I thought you were the most selfish man in the world, and I was the most unhappy woman; and all men were selfish, and all women were slaves; and—and that ebony and gold cabinet was obscuring my whole outlook in life. I felt so angry with you, and with fate, and with everything, that hot, scalding-hot tears would have shaken down if you had happened to come just then. I'm so glad you didn't, Lawrence dear; I couldn't have spoken to save my life, and should have run directly out of the room, for fear, if I did speak, I should say something horrid."

"Should you, indeed? And do you imagine I shouldn't have followed?"

"Oh, I should have been running."

"And whose legs are longest, puss?"

"Well, that's nothing to do with it. Just then the whirlwind came up, and the window-places being open, all the dust of the building, all the shaving and splinters and lime and sand about, seemed to make a sudden lurch into the room, and I couldn't see across it. And there I was in my new hat! And I made for the door as fast as my feet could fly."

"Silliest thing you could do."

"I suppose so; for when I was outdoors, the boards of the scaffolding were pitching through the air at such a rate that I could neither stay there nor go back; and I saw that little shanty just around the corner, and ran in."

"That was sensible."

"Thanks. And there she was, pots and pails about the door, and a hen just blowing in before me, and a parcel of dirty faced, barefooted children tumbling round. And such a place! It fairly made me low-spirited to look at it. I was in mortal fear of getting a grease spot on my dress. But I was in before I knew it, and there was no help for it, and the wind was blowing so I had to stay."

"And the lady of that house read you a lesson?"

"Such a lesson! You'd have thought to begin with, that it was a palace. She did the honors like a little duchess. It didn't occur to her, apparently, that things were squalid. And that made it so much easier than if she had apologized, and you were forced to tell polite fibs and make believe it was all right, you know. She was a trifle vexed because the face of one of the children wasn't clean, and afterward she repentingly gave him the molasses jug to keep him quiet; but another of the children was such a little darling! Well, presently her tongue was loose."

"Humph!"

"Humph? Didn't you want to hear about it? Oh, I know the whole story of my tongue, but I find you like to listen to it!"

"So I do, my dear; so I do. And then!"

"Well, as I was saying, presently her tongue was loose, and I had the benefit of her experience. And I know she has a good-for-naught of a husband, whom she loves a great deal better than I love you—oh yes, she does, for she seems never to have thought one hard thing concerning him, and I was thinking so many of you, you know! And there she is, and has been, with her cooking-stove and table, her two chairs, a bed, and a crib, with a contented spirit and a patient soul, and her highest ambition and her wildest day-dream just to have—"

"An ebony and gold cabinet?"

"Oh no, no! Do drive faster, Lawrence. How this horse does crawl! I want to get it up to her to-night. A bureau. To think of it, only a bureau! You needn't laugh at me. I've an awful cold in my head. And I mean she shall have it, if it takes every cent you gave me for my new jacket. I'll wear the old one. I think I can get what she'll consider a beauty, though, for for twelve dollars or thereabouts. Drive to Veneer's please, dear. I do feel in such a hurry, when it takes such a little bit to make a woman happy."

"An ebony and gold cabinet, for instance."

"Oh, nonsense! How you do love to lease, Lawrence! I never want to hear of such a thing again. I wouldn't have it now."

"Stop, stop, good-wife! You'll say too much. You silly little woman, didn't you know that that ebony and gold cabinet which you and Mrs. Watrous saw was made for the place between your windows?"

SLEEPING ROOMS should be selected in such parts of the house as have the most benefit from the rays of the sun. The bed and bed clothes should be thoroughly aired and kept in the sun as long as possible every day. Many of the sleeping-rooms in our hotels are so situated as never to feel the influence of the sun's rays, and those who occupy such rooms for any length of time are simply committing suicide.

A New Palmistry.

Dr. Alexander Ecker, the well-known authority on matters prehistorical, as well as as Professor of Comparative Anatomy in Freiburg, Baden, contributes to a recent number of the periodical of which he is a joint editor, a most suggestive paper, entitled "Some Remarks upon a Fluctuating Character in the Human Hand." As the line of research is somewhat uncommon, and may, for aught we know, be productive of important results, the substance of Prof. Ecker's paper is here presented to English readers in an abridged form. Henle, in his work on anatomy, has made the observation that people have very vague ideas about objects even which are assumed to be well known; *e. g.* the query is often put, How many feet has a crab? or, How many toes has a cat?—questions which receive most varying answers even in well-formed and educated circles. If, then, the question be put in the company of half a dozen people, which finger is the longest—the index (forefinger) or the "ring" (fourth) finger?—the query can seldom be answered before the members in question have been looked at. It seems, further, very probable that the authors of well-known anatomical works have laid down as being the rule that which they have observed on their own hands, so that we are enabled to tell in what respect, as to digital arrangement, such and such a *savant* is endowed. For instance—Weber says that the "ring" finger is slightly shorter than the index; Carus holds that the latter digit is shorter than the ring finger; Henle is of the same opinion, while, according to Hyrtl, it is the index which comes next to the middle (the longest) in length; and Langer, lastly, says that the index is generally shorter than the "ring" finger, but that there are individuals in whom they are nearly of the same length.—*Nature.*

The Ideal of Manhood.

The period of complete manhood is fixed by law at twenty-one. But physiologically that is certainly not universally correct; for although development may be regarded as accomplished in every respect at this age in the healthy English female, and vertical growth may have terminated even in the male, a man's vital power cannot be regarded as having attained its maximum development until about the age of thirty. For some years after the youth has ceased to grow, in the ordinary sense of the word, the dimensions of his chest—the great index of vital power—continue to expand; and numerous are instances derived from military experience showing that recruits at the age of twenty are unable to undergo the fatigue of active service that is borne with impunity by men of a more mature age. They are, literally, not as yet well knit together. Several important bones are not perfectly consolidated; and it may be specially mentioned that the sternum which has to bear so great a strain in labored respiration, and which is specially taxed by the weight of the soldier's knapsack, is not converted into a single plate of bone until after the thirtieth year. It is not until the sixth quinquennial period of life that our leading anatomical authorities find that the following events connected with the consolidation of the skeleton, take place: 1. Completion of the vertebral column; 2. Completion of the sacrum; 3. Coalescence of the third and the second piece of the sternum; 4. Completion of the ribs; and, 5. Coalescence of the haunch-bones with their crests.

Adulterated Articles Under the Microscope.

Dr. R. U. Piper lectured in Chicago recently on the subject of the adulteration of articles in common use as food or in the arts, and the use of the microscope in detecting the presence of improper substances. The lecture was illustrated by means of the microscope and magic lantern. We condense the following from the Chicago *Inter-Ocean's* report of the lecture.

Candies are colored with chromate of lead and other poisonous chemicals and drugs. Vermillion, a compound of mercury and sulphur, is used in large quantities for coloring fancy soaps, &c. One prominent firm in this city inform us that they sell hundreds of pounds for this purpose every year.

Cocoa is adulterated with lard and starch, certainly to the extent of more than fifty per cent. Tea I have not as yet examined to any extent. Dr. Hassall, in his report before the British Parliament, before alluded to, says: "Tea is adulterated not only here but still more in China, while as to chocolate the processes employed in corrupting, the manufacture are described as 'diabolical.' It is often mixed with brickdust to the amount of ten per cent ochre twelve per cent. and peroxide of iron twenty-two per cent, and animal fats of the worst description."

Chocolate is made up principally of clay, starch, iron in some form, and some kind of hard grease; a pound of the mixture may cost about five or six cents.

The first article of paint I show is adulterated with potato starch. This pigment goes under the name of Chinese blue. This blue, which is a form of the so-called Prussian blue, is produced by mixing solutions of ferro-cyanide of potassium and per sulphate of iron. The article I exhibit is sold for seventy five cents a pound in the market; the starch is worth four cents, perhaps.

I also show sugar adulterated with starch.

On this slide is seen American vermilion, bicromate of lead, adulterated with corn starch, red lead and sulphate of barytes. I also find sulphate of lime in many samples of so-called English vermilion (mercury vermilion) in which there was not one particle of vermilion of any kind. This article varies in prices from $1 to $2 or $2.50 a pound and indeed that used by artists costs several times this last amount. We should think that this last surely might be kept pure, as it does not cost more to manufacture it than any good article of the kind. The only adulteration found in this vermilion, that is that put up for artists' use, as yet is red lead, and this is the worst possible material for the purpose, as it is sure to blacken in time, and thus spoil the picture. The other forms of adulteration would merely weaken the color, and this might be obviated; indeed the vermilion might be made more permanent by mixing some of the madder red with it.

Travelling Companions.

Ten chances to one, if you are travelling alone, the places you most want to see are crammed full of people, and you are relegated to a sixth story in a third-rate hotel—a clear addition to your miseries. But possibly you are not traveling alone. You have, say, the companionship of your wife, and very pleasant company, too, in the right place. Let us have no cant, one way or the other. Home is the pleasantest place in the world, and that is not home where the wife is not. But to begin with, women are rarely good travelers, and perhaps wives are the worst travelers in the world. Our friend *Punch*, who is no cynic, and strictly a family man, once made a person ask his friend, "Are you going to travel for pleasure, or are you going to travel with your wife? It sounds very dreadful when the laugh has died away; but there is a kernel of truth in the half-unpleasant satire. If you—you, a strong, hearty man, with no aches, pains or nerves—find travelling sometimes so fatiguing, such a weariness, such a pain of a pleasure, what think you is felt by the much more highly-strung creature who travels to please you, and in order not to be separated from your side overlong? Where you feel badly, she starves; where you grumble, she silently endures, till perhaps she can endure no longer. Does her fatigue increase your enjoyment? Does it not spoil it altogether? Are you not vexed beyond utterance when you cannot get her the much-desired cup of tea; when the train is full and she cannot lie down, when, at the end of a long journey, *that* is the best bedroom to be had. Then there are places which cannot be visited save on foot or on horseback; and while she cannot walk, how, in the name of all that's reasonable, can she be expected to ride a mule on that saddle for hours upon hours over the Tete Noire or the Col de Balme? She tries and succumbs. You don't let her, and she feels she has marred your pleasure. And both of you inwardly confess, as night closes in, that Madame de Stael was right when, in "Corinne," she descibes travelling to be "*un des plus tristes plaisirs de la vie.*"

Then leave your wife at home. Many men do; many men must. The matter of cost settles the question very frequently. What's meat for one may be made meat for two; but what are travelling expenses for one are not and cannot be made travelling expenses for a second likewise more especially when the second wants several things with which the first can dispense. But is it pleasant to any man to leave his wife at home, even though she be the one to urge him to go on a little tour, thinking that he requires it? If he be anything of a fellow, he feels as though he were acting selfishly, even though he may not be; and, in any case, he misses his usual and best companion, and must often feel desperately lonely without her. I have already alluded to those dull evenings spent in hotel bedrooms, and at such a moment he has a heart of stone if he does not feel disposed to exclaim, as in "Maud," "Oh! that it were possible after long absence," &c., and even the least uxorious of husbands discovers the truth of the latter half of a Latin line too well known to be quoted. He has travelled "without her," and he misses her unspeakably.

But why not travel with a friend? Certainly, as Mr. Disraeli observes in one of his novels, if you want to lose him. Better lend him a hundred pounds at once. Addison and a noble ally travelled, quarrelled and parted. Gray tried the same experiment; and he and his companion disputed at Mantua over the meaning of an Italian word, and agreed to differ to the extent of meeting no more.

"Alas! alas! we wear each other out;
With self's disease each other we infect;
Each is a perfect circle, orbed about,
And if we more than touch, we int rsect."

Ruined Lives.

Boys, the most valuable and misused portion of humanity, are too often the victims of restless and rudderless impulses. Let any one of us who has reached middle age look back upon his school days and recall his schoolfellows and how many of them can he count who have been of any use to the world? You may count dozen after dozen who have thrown away their lives, or not achieved even respectability, and have faded when middle-aged into mere nothingness.

When a boy gets out in life, always a difficulty with the parents, whether of the upper, middle, or lower class, there seem to be many chances to one that he will be placed in some uncongenial sphere or occupation. The grief of the young fellow whose father put him as pupil to a celebrated artist, when, as he said with tears, he "wanted to be a butcher," is very real, and is repeated every day. The wonder is, not that boys turn out indifferent workmen under these circumstances, but that they turn out well at all. There is too little trouble taken to find out the impulse of genius or to consult the fitness of the lad; something offers—an advertisement is put in the papers, or an uncle is found who has some influence with somebody else, and the round boy is drifted away into the square hole. The matter is not mended when boys show a general cleverness. They are the most puzzling and deceptive of creatures. They are capable of doing everything, and too often doing nothing. To fix them to any one thing is sure, like nailing a weathercock to one quarter, to render them useless. They, too, drift into troubled beings—dabblers at many things, masters of none, and at fifty perhaps out of place, and looking for something to turn up, the victims of being too clever by half.

Not Prejudiced.

"Mark Twain" found it necessary to give a description of an acquaintance once, and especially desired that nothing in his description should be understood as indicating prejudice against the subject—he should confine himself to bare facts; and this is the array of facts: "A long-legged, vain, light-weight lawyer, from New Hampshire. If he had brains in proportion to his legs he would make Solomon seem a failure; if his modesty equalled his ignorance he would make a violet seem stuck up; if his learning equaled his vanity he would make Von Humboldt seem as unlettered as the backside of a tombstone; if his stature was as well proportioned as his conscience he would be a gem for the microscopes; if his ideas were as large as his words it would take a man three months to walk around one of them; if an audience were to contract to listen as long as he would talk, that audience would die of old age; and if he were to talk until he said something he would still be on his legs when the last trump sounded, and he would have cheek enough to wait till the disturbance was over and go on again.

How To Make Mischief.

Keep your eye on your neighbors. Take care of them. Do not let them stir without watching. They may do something wrong if you do. To be sure you never knew them to do anything very bad, but it may be on your account they have not. Perhaps if it had not been for your kind care they might have disgraced themselves long ago. Therefore do not relax any effort to keep them where they ought to be. Never mind your own business—that will take care of itself. There is a man passing along—he is looking over the fence—he suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates stealing one of these dark nights; thereis no knowing what queer fancies may have got into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing out of the path of duty, tell every one else what you see, and be particular to see a great many.

It is a good way to circulate such things, though it may not benefit yourself, or any one particularly. Do keep something agoing—silence is a dreadful thing; it is said there was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour; do not let any such thing occur on earth; it would be too much for this mundane sphere.

The Indian and His Food.

Their taste being, in some respects, rather obtuse, the flesh of which they partake is not objected to, even though it be too long since it was killed, or even whether it was killed at all. Many a buffalo calf, dying with its mother, is thus served up. They have no idea of being filthy in their habits, as who has? What if they did not wash their hands before mixing the bread, or taking up the meat? Meat is meat, and, therefore, clean. No matter if it has been carried thirty or fifty miles, swinging and flopping upon the sides of a mule, until covered with dust, sweat, and hair; it needs no washing, or at least gets none, before being put into the camp-kettle. If the hair, boiled into strings and served up with the beef, is unpalatable, it is quietly taken out of the mouth, and thrown away. Hair is clean, dust is clean. If dirt is, as has been defined, matter out of place, there is none in an Indian camp; for what can be out of place where nothing has a place? As might be expected of a people whose subsistence depends upon the chase, they are not particular as to the kind of meat used, unless prescribed by "medicine." The buffalo, antelope, or deer has the preference; if these cannot be obtained, a pony or mule, a dog or a wolf, supplies the deficiency; and even the poor little land tortoise does not come amiss. To the latter I became somewhat partial, from the fact that, being thrown into the fire alive, and roasted with his shell on, there could none of their filth be introduced. Do not consider this act cruel. A tortoise thrown into a hot fire, with his back down, never struggles, or gives any indication of pain, but is apparently dead immediately, while he would live for hours with his head severed from his body. The Kiowas and Comanches do not eat birds or fish, neither does the Kiowa eat the flesh of the bear. They are forbidden, in the code of laws, as unclean—tabooed—or, in plain Indian, "bad medicine." Hence with them the wild turkey is valuable only for its feathers, which they use to wing their arrows. After a meal, water is always offered to all who have partaken of it, to rinse the mouth, and wash the hands. After this the pipe may be in order, but not necessarily. If it be introduced, the women withdraw, and some important subject is discussed. The pipe is always circulated from one to another, from the right towards the left.—*Battey.*

An Unfeeling King.

The French King Louis XIV., at one period of his reign, in addition to his other accomplishments, undertook to make verses, and received from two of the literary men of the day instructions as to the best method for succeeding therein.

He made one day a little madrigal which even he himself did not think any too good of its kind, and then said to the Marechal de Gramont:

"Marechal, I beg of you to be good enough to read this little madrigal, and see if you ever saw a more miserable affair, because people have lately learned that I am fond of verses and they bring them to me of all kinds."

The Marechal, after having read them, said to the King, "Sire, your Majesty judges divinely well of everything. It is true that this is the silliest and most ridiculous madrigal that I ever read."

The King began to laugh, and said to him, "Is it not true that the one who made it must have been a great coxcomb?"

"Sire, it is impossible to give him any other name."

"Oh, well said the King, "I am delighted that you have spoken so honestly to me about it, for I am the one who made it."

"Ah! Sire, what treachery! let your Majesty give it back to me, for I read it carelessly and in a hurry."

"No, M. le Marchal; first sentiments are always most natural.

The King laughed a great deal at this little joke, and every one was of the opinion that it was one of the most cruel things that could be done to an old coutier.—*Providence Press.*

Wait.

Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household affairs "as your mother did." She is doing her best—no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the long weary nights she sat up with the babe that died; remember the love and care she bestowed upon you during that long sickness. Do you think she is made of cast iron? Wait—wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes—the old light for the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late, weary and "out of sorts." He has worked hard for you all day, perhaps far in the night; he has wrestled, head and hand with care, selfishness, and greed and all the demons that follow in the train of money making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace and quiet, and perfect love.

A Clover Text.

The Worcester *Spy* revives an old but good story concerning the wife of John Adams and the mother of John Quincy Adams. This noble woman was Abigail Smith, daughter of the Rev. William Smith, of Weymouth, Mass. At the time of their courtship, John Adams did not appear satisfactory to her parents. The story goes that they neglected him, left his horse standing at the hitching-post when he visited Abigail, and denied him the hospitalities of the house. Her oldest sister was married to a Boston merchant, and her father preached for her a "marriage sermon." Finally, they consented to Abigail's marriage to John Adams. After the marriage Mr. Smith said to her. "Well, Abigail, I suppose I must preach a marriage sermon for you; but you must choose the text." Her quick-witted reply was: "Very well, I choose this text: 'John came neither eating nor drinking, and ye say he hath a devil." It is a good story, and very characteristic of the wife of John Adams.

The Earth's Danger.

In the preface to his recent excellent book, "The Abode of Snow," Andrew Wilson, well known as the author of one of the most interesting works on the Chinese Empire revives the old theory of M. Adhemar that the earth will topple over one of these days and send the oceans sweeping over the continents. The theory is that owing to the greater preponderance of water in the Southern Hemisphere, the greatest accumulation of water is round the South Pole; when the accumulation has reached a certain point the balance of the earth must be suddenly destroyed—the center of sphericity abruptly change far from the center of gravity, and the whole earth almost instantaneously must turn transversely on its axis, move the great oceans, and so produce one of those grand cataclysms which have before now altered the whole face of the globe.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

Chinese Frogs.—All of you have heard the concerts with which the hop-frogs of the little country streams serenade their neighbors and visitors after night-fall. I confess that next to the croak of a raven, I would rather hear that of a frog than listen to all the grand art of all your musical swells, in the great musical halls. But there is a limit to all things, and I must say in all candor that I would rather listen to almost any operatic singer, than to a chinese frog. Did any of you ever hear one? Well you needn't coax your fathers to take you to China just on that account. It won't pay. You know that Shanghai fowls are much larger than the ones of this country. Well, just in such proportion, or indeed more so, is the croak of a Chinese frog to one we hear on this side of the water. It don't croak—it grunts, and *such* a grunt! It is as big in size (the grunt I mean) as a good sized barrel, and as rough as the side of an unground millstone. Oh, the Chinese, the Chinese! If they want to bring their frogs with them to this country, keep them off, or take a lesson from California and tax the owners and the frogs so highly that they will both be glad to stay away.

Inexpensive Charity—"Ah, Ned! what a wicked world this is, and what monsters men are!" said Mooly, the cow, to the donkey.

Ned pricked up his ears and looked for an explanation.

"Ah, my friend! Can you believe it? Instead of feeding innocently on grass and thistles, as you and I do, they kill creatures like us, and eat our flesh. I saw the butcher with his cart full of what the monsters call meat, going the round of the village this very morning. Ned! can you go on grazing?" she demanded, angrily, as the donkey resumed his bite at a thistle.

"Well," said Ned, "it's very cruel—very; and I'm sorry people do it: but, as you justly observe, it *is* a wicked world, and I suppose people have got into the way of doing it and can't get out of it. Man is but an imperfect being, and its hard to break from old habits.

His air was so philosophical, it greatly provoked Mooly. "I'll tell you what, Ned, you are mighty wise and charitable, but when the knife comes to your throat, you'll have another mind."

"Ah!—but you see—*they don't eat donkeys!*" replied Ned.

Novelty's The Point; Or, A Nine Days' Wonder.—"What are you staring at?" asked Rock, the shepherd's dog, as he noticed the cows walking one after another up to a corner of the field, where they stood with their faces fixed in the same direction.

"At the new gate," said the white cow.

"Why it's exactly like the old one," said Rock.

"Exactly," replied the white cow; and stared on.

"And leads into the same lane," said Rock.

"The same lane," answered the white cow, still staring.

"Then why in the world do you stare at it?" asked Rock.

"It's new," said the white cow, and never turned her head.

"What incomparable dolts!" exclaimed Rock; "if the old gate had remained standing, they would never have given it a look, but this, that is not a whit better, and leads the same way, just because it is new, takes the eyes of the whole field.

What Is The Bible like?—It is like a large, beautiful tree, which bears sweet fruit for those that are hungry, and affords shelter and shade for pilgrims on their way to the kingdom of heaven.

It is like a casket of jewels and precious stones, which is not only to be looked at and admired, but used and worn.

It is like a telescope, which brings distant and far-off things of the world very near, so that we can see something of their importance.

It is like a treasure house—a storehouse of all sorts of valuable and useful things, and which are to be had without money and without price.

It is a deep, broad, calm, flowing river; the banks are green and flowery, where birds sing and lambs play and dear little children are loving and happy.

A Difference In Tongues.—'What's the matter?" cried a bluebottle to an angry fly-wasp, that flew furiously about, hardly knowing what to attack first.

"Matter!" retorted the wasp; why is it that I cannot be seen or heard on a window-pane without the whole room rising to kill me, or at least turn me out; while you, who make twice the noise I do, may fly about and buzz with impunity?"

"Why is it, replied the bluebottle, "I'll tell you. When people hear your voice they tremble for your sting, but they are indifferent to my buzzing, because they know the worst I do is to tease and tickle; I don't sting."

Light Burdens Long Born Heavy.—'What a fuss you make, Ted," said the ollier's horse to a donkey with a peddler's pack, "Just look at the loads we have to carry from the pit to the carts every day. Your pack is a feather compared to our coal sacks."

"That's true," said Ted, "but you carry your sacks only a little way, and then shoot them off and have a rest before you take the next. Now I never get rid of my pack from morning till night, it is light, I know, but you can't think what a weariness long bearing makes it to me!"

Humility A Test Of True Service.—"I notice," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as well and as cheerfully, as fine as wheat."

"Certainly," clacked the mill, "what am I for but to grind? and as long as I work, what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out fine flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honor is not in doing fine work but in performing any that comes as well as I can."

The Reason Why.—"Why does father scrape?" said a chicken to his brothers. "Do look, he is close to the barley, and there is a measure of corn just by; yet he scrapes and scrapes as if he hadn't a grain but what he scratched out of the ground."

"It's his nature, my dear," said Mag from her wicker cage; he was born a scratcher, and whatever he has he will scratch on till he dies."

Fit Work To The Laborer.—"If you are wise," said the old trunk, "you will let me alone in this corner. Standing here in peace, I will hold your clothes, and keep them safe from dust and loss; but carry me over the country and I shall go to pieces on the way. You had better be satisfied with the little I can do well than injure me and yourself too by putting on me work to which I am not equal."

Infinite toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Michigan has eighteen persons who are over a hundred years old.

—A Schenectady girl at a spelling-bee sat down on "pantaloons."

—Harvard has accepted Yale's challenge for an eight oared coxswain four mile race.

Chauncey Filley of St. Louis has paid $1,000,000 worth