

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me. For those I know are true. For the heaven that smiles above me. And every my spirit too.

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himself began to be of their opinion. He had now only a small barge; was obliged always to live in it, and was very poor and discouraged. Sometimes his heart was softened toward his patient wife, and he would say: "You will be the first to be killed by my poverty. It would have been better for you if I never had seen you in St. Andrew's Church."

"Father," said the youth, "this, and another like it, have been my year's work.—The fellow to this has been sold to a prince for a large sum of money; and the prince wishes to help me to study until I can help myself more. But I shall not need him; and neither mother nor you will ever work more, for the prince's bounty, with my future work, will be enough for us all. Father, will you take my offering?"

Old Jan bowed his head, and took the offering. He set it down upon the cathedral floor, and took his son to his arms. "It was an old brute!" he said; "how did I ever become such a scoundrel?" On the way to Gasker Willems', where the party took supper, the good mother told the husband of her stratagem to help her child. Old Jan said but this: "A good wife is a good thing; but I have not merited one!"

Gasker Willems, who was bringing up the rear with the carrying in his arms, said: "Say, rather, that you have merited nothing; like the rest of us; but that God is good, and moves in a mysterious way; and that your tough heart could only have been softened by the stratagem which He sent into the mother's mind!"

"Well, well!" said old Jan, "I must try and get grace enough to thank Him properly."—St. Nicholas. The Spirit of 1776. John Howe, of Marlborough, in 1775, a quiet farming town, was cobbling a pair of shoes which he had promised should be done within an hour, when he heard that the British were marching to Concord. Being a man of his word, he kept at his work, notwithstanding the excitement. He had just finished the job when Polly Smith, the young woman who kept the house where he was boarding, ran into the shop.

NEWS IN BRIEF. —Key West gets \$2,500,000 a year for her cigars. —It is estimated that there are over 2,000 actors in America. —The bank of England has in its vaults \$143,000,000 in gold. —There are four hundred religious journals in the United States. —A Texas man makes \$1,000 a year from each acre of an onion field. —A band of masked men have robbed a passenger railroad train in Missouri. —The number of "Switzerland of America" has run up to twenty-six this season. —Lightning struck a Pennsylvania oil well and increased the flow of oil from 10 to 80 barrels a day. —France last year used 600,000,000 postage stamps, as against 51,292,965 in 1849, and 1,000 in 1869. —The type-setting of the Baltimore Daily News is now done by women and a woman is on the editorial staff. —Nine hundred American boys, between the ages of twelve and twenty, are engaged in amateur journalism. —The copper mines of Newfoundland are proving quite remunerative, and large deposits of lead have been found. —General Tom Thumb recently exchanged his sloop yacht Maggie B. for a solitary diamond, valued at \$3,000. —Captain Andrew Johnson, oldest son of Ex-President Johnson, is a candidate for the State Legislature in Tennessee. —Hamilton College has been presented with a clock 255 years old. It was brought from England in 1631 by John Eliot. —Mr. Blaine has accepted the Maine Senatorship. His health is improving. He has declined to take the proposed trip to Europe. —Postmaster James, of New York City, refuses to rent boxes to lottery dealers, or to loan remittances, all according to Congressional enactments. —Work has been resumed on the Mormon temple in Salt Lake City. The corner-stone was laid in 1851, and the walls are now fifteen feet high. —Colorado produces \$15,000 in silver for every twenty-four hours, \$10,000 in gold, and \$1,000 in other minerals, or \$25,000 daily, equal to \$9,400,000 yearly. —Cumberland Falls, the Niagara of Kentucky, has a perpendicular descent of 67 feet, and the roar of the water can be heard at a distance of 12 miles. —Don Manuel de Laverde Custanza who recently died in Paris at the age of thirty-two, left a fortune of \$30,000,000, which he had principally from Mexican mines. —It sometimes pays to be civil to a poor clerk in a hotel dining-room. Miss Melissa Elder, who occupied that position at the Marlborough, Kan., has fallen heir to \$50,000. —It is understood that Mr. Edwin Booth's residence will in the future be in Chicago, but his professional duties will keep him elsewhere the greater part of the year. —Mr. Longfellow has been chosen poet and ex-Governor Seymour orator for the Centennial celebration of the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, on October 18, 1777. —Plenty of work for missionaries yet. Africa has a population of 206,000,000 human beings, but a few hundred of whom have ever dreamed of such a thing as Christianity. —The Boston City Directory, which has just been published, contains 129,308 names, a gain of 2,552 over last year. In preparing the volume, 37,843 names were erased, 32,382 added, and 2,552 new ones introduced. —A number of prominent Boston ladies have purchased the Old South church building, and if they cannot raise the amount required to purchase the land in sixty days, will take down the building and erect it elsewhere. —Much interest is manifested in New Orleans in reports that native quicksilver has been discovered on the bank of the Mississippi, a few miles below that city. The New Orleans Atheneum has appointed a commission to investigate the report. —In England theatres are being converted into skating rinks, while on this side of the Atlantic the reverse is the case. Theaters are being converted into skating rinks, while on this side of the Atlantic the reverse is the case. —London has 2568 miles of water mains distributed through 624 streets. The total length of the metropolitan streets is 1500 miles, but two-thirds of the streets are without mains, while in the principal thoroughfares as many as six mains run parallel for 1573. —There are said to be in the United States 252,148 manufacturing establishments, employing 2,633,996 hands, and producing annually \$423,244,445 worth of goods. —A man who has been a brightening face. "Don't you see it's just as I said it was—buckhorn-handle, door-plate, and all?" "Yes, Sam, I see. Of course, if it's yours, I'll give it up." Samuel received his knife joyfully, and then said, "It's a little rusty but never mind—that'll rub off. Of course, John, I'll do the fair thing. I don't s'pose you want pay for finding my knife, but I'll stand treat. But say—where did the bird die you find it?" "I found it in my cabbage-patch, Sam." That was two years ago, and Samuel Smooth hasn't got done with paying for the finding of his knife yet. —An Intelligent Actress. A good example of the way society plays have lowered the standard of acquaintance with dramatic literature among the profession, is shown in the following true anecdote: Mr. Gotthold, of Pittsburgh, had last year among his stock a lady of fair dramatic talent, who applied to hold a prominent position. When Mrs. Agnes Booth came along "King John" was put up. The cast was, as usual, posed in the greenroom, and this lady went to inspect it. "King John," she muttered to herself, "I've never been in that; but perceiving her manager, she turned and inquired who wrote "King John." "Blaine," said the manager, drawing himself up to his full height and looking down at her with great dignity, "Shakespeare." "Good gracious," exclaimed the lady, "has that man written another play?" —Aronian.

The Mother's Stratagem.

One sunny morning a few years ago, Jan Kammerick came up from the cabin of his barge—which his men were slowly working through a lock near the quaint and mediocrity of Antwerp—and set his huge Dutch feet upon the deck. His first act was to bellow ferociously at the good-natured fellows who were doing their best to get the barge through without even so much as even scratching the fresh paint on her sides; his next was deliberately and cruelly to kick a small moon-faced boy who was lying on his back, and looking up at a carved wooden figure whose grotesque head grinned from a side rail.

Many of the loungers along the banks of the lock knew old Jan Kammerick for a mean and cruel Flemish boer, who maltreated his wife, his children, his bargemen, and who sometimes flew into such terrible fits of anger that he thrashed his own sides with his round fists. You may see people just like him in some of Tenier's paintings,—men with low, cunning faces, small, twinkling, greedy eyes, thick lips; men with brood shoulders and stout limbs; men who seem always ready to get down and hunt on all fours, like the animals they so much resemble. No one in Antwerp—not a market-woman on the shore of the Scheidt, nor a bargeman on river or canal—liked the choleric and brutal Jan Kammerick; many times the wretch had narrowly escaped a ducking at the hands of a mob because of his cruelties; and on this occasion, seeing the poor child who was kicked a refuge under a pile of rope, every one shouted: "Jan Kammerick! Jan Kammerick! you are a mean, bad man, and no one will be sorry when you come to harm!" or "Jan Kammerick! you shall be complained of to the judge of the district!"

The women shook their fists at him, and the men muttered that the boy must be taken away from his cruel father and cared for. The poor wife, who was washing her pots and kettles on deck, looked as if she inwardly sympathized with the people on shore; but she trembled, and dared say nothing. Jan was in such a dreadful temper that the cries of the people on shore made him more furious still. "It's none of your business," he shouted, "how much I pound and kick this brat! He is good for nothing but whittling and breaking knives. If he carves any more of his pudding faces out of my boat rails, I'll send him away! Then you will have what you admire! Then neighbors, you will have a pauper on your hands; and when you feed him in your kitchens, he will carve doll puppets out of your table-legs."

Then he vanished down the hatchway, followed by the maledictions of the bystanders. "If I were you," cried one of them to the boy, "I would run away." The barge went on through the locks, and the boy still crouched in his corner. The tears were dried in his eyes, but he had almost forgotten his bruises. There was no resentment in his heart toward his wretched father. His mind was filled with a thousand beautiful and fantastic images,—delicate fancies which he now and then sought to embody in bits of wood that he laboriously carved with clumsy knives or chisels. He longed to be free from the rude work which he was compelled to do upon the large barge, and to study, that he might become a great sculptor in wood. When the barge passed near some of the curiously adorned old houses of which there are so many in Antwerp—houses whose windows, whose roofs, whose arches, whose doors were richly and profusely adorned with carvings of birds and foliage, of beasts and dragons, of mystical figures from mythologies, or comical transcripts from every-day Dutch life,—he studied them carefully, and with passionate admiration. He had never been allowed to go into the streets, and look at them for hours at a time, as he could have wished to do; for old Jan, who plied to and from a little village on the banks of the Scheidt, at some distance from Antwerp, would never allow his child to go on shore during any of his tri-weekly visits to the city. He yearned for a sight of the grand churches of which his mother had told him—cathedrals in whose solemn stillness he could stand undisturbed all the day long, drinking in beauty at every pore. The harshness and hardness of his life, the beatings of his unnatural father, would have been as nothing to him if he could have been allowed to learn something of art.—But old Jan not only refused to allow him

to work, but had thrown into the river many beautiful images of saints, of birds, of dragons, which the child had carved by stealth when the bargeman was not near, and had then offered to the boy, asking him to sell them and buy tobacco for himself with the money. "No child of mine shall waste his life over such mummeries," said old Jan. While the boy was musing bitterly on his lot, his mother, who had finished washing her pots and kettles, came to him, and while she wrung out her dishcloth with her lean and blistered hands, she said, in a low voice: "Jan, boy, you are small and feeble, but you are now thirteen, and I think you would be brave and resolute. The good soul down-stairs" (she always called Father Jan good soul, because she knew that he was an old brute)—"the good soul has made up his mind that you are to be a bargeman, and he is stern, as you know. Now—do not speak—we must try a new way to get you launched into the world."

Here the mother's tears began to fall fast, and she thought of the beatings which she might receive if she carried out her plan. "My child, you must leave us; you must run away!" "By the carven pulpit," continued the mother, "where we may say a prayer for our lost son." "Well, if you will have it so, Anneken," he answered, almost gently. In the Netherlands there are many churches filled with rare and exquisite carvings, with altar-pieces, shrines, pulpits, vestries, fonts and varieties laden with a wealth of intricate work done in wood by skillful hands; and in Antwerp the richest specimens of this curious art are to be found. In the great Cathedral of St. Jacques, where Peter Paul Reubens, the painter, lies buried, there are hundreds of rich and fantastic carvings, out of which the fancies of the elder artists peep curiously at the prosaic present. Sometimes the birds are a little too odd to be real, the dragons are almost too funny for a cathedral, and the flowers and leaves are not constructed quite in accordance with botany; but, on the whole, you feel that if things in nature are not like those in the carvings, they at least ought to be—so charming, so droll, so satisfactory are they!

In St. Andrew's Church, of which young Jan's mother had so many tender memories, stands a large carven pulpit, of peculiarly daring design, reflecting the work in wood of the great "Red-Rock" crag near the seashore. Just beneath the crag lies a fishing-boat, in which stand the figures of the Apostles Andrew and Peter. Behind them, on the right, their fishing-nets hang upon a tree. The apostles are looking earnestly at a figure of the Saviour, which stands in an attitude as if beckoning them; as if saying, "Follow me, and I will make ye fishers of men." Two of the cleverest artists in the Netherlands gave much time and talent to this delightful carving. Van Hoo did the foliage, the nets, the rocks; Van Gheel the figures of the apostles and the Saviour. The latter figure seems to have genuine inspiration in it, the sculptor has wrought marvelously, bringing effects out of stubborn wood rarely obtained before. When light—the last ray of the setting sun, reflecting through the stained glass of the church, and softened to the delicacy of summer twilight—falls gently upon this group, the sacred figures seem to have all the supreme finish of marble—more, they appear to live! So thought the good mother Anneken, as on the appointed day, one year from the time when she had sent forth her child into the world to give his genius scope, and to escape from his hard-hearted father, she led the feeble and pale child, who had been in St. Andrew's Church. As the couple came in view of the pulpit, memories, endearing and solemn, came to them; the spectres of their vanished youth rose up before them, not in mocking shape, but as good spirits, come to cheer them on their path of life. Old Jan remembered how he had seen the fair maiden standing near the pulpit, with her hands folded, and her eyes closed in prayer, and how he had sworn to win her for his wife. He was glad he had come into the church, and then—

—he thought of his son. At that moment there was a joyful cry from the mother, and young Jan, wonderfully improved in voice, in manner, and in health, rushed into her arms. A hundred kisses, and half a hundred words sufficed for them; for the good little mother had kept herself informed of all her son's progress, through the medium of old Gasker Willems. But the father was astonished beyond measure. He stepped back, trembling; and shading his eyes with his hands, he looked long at the youth. "Heyday, son!" he said; "we thought we had lost you! But here you are back again, and no word of repentance?" Old Jan tried to be severe, but his voice softened at every word. "Father," said the youth, "I bring you a peace-offering." Just then Gasker Willems came hobbling up, bearing a large box, which he placed upon the cathedral floor. Young Jan opened it, and took from it a piece of wood carving. "Quickly!" said Gasker Willems, after he had been greeted; "look at this before the beetle sees us, for it is a time when many stroll into the church. Quickly, and then let us all go to my house."

Young Jan stepped to a point near the pulpit, where the light still fell with some sharpness, and held up the carving. Then the astonished parents saw that it was an exact reproduction, on a tiny scale, but done with surpassing finish, of the pulpit before which they stood at that instant. But this was not all. In front of the miniature pulpit, stood a maiden, with eyes down-cast, and hand folded in prayer; and near her, watching her reverently, with parted lips and expectant air, was a brave young bargeman, exactly like those one may see every day on the Scheidt. In this carving old Jan and his wife saw the story of their first meeting told, as the mother had so often told it to her son.

matter was settled finally. So walking into the jail he addressed the defendant with a smile. "Well, the Supreme Court has affirmed the judgment in your case; it's printed in the Sacramento Union." "Is it?" said the prisoner; "that's rough, but I guess I'll have to stand it." "Well," said the sheriff, "I have to hang you; you've been here a good while, an expense to the county, and the sooner the thing is over the better." "There is no use being in a hurry," said the prisoner; "give a fellow a chance to get ready." "How will the first of next week suit you?" asked the sheriff. "Oh, what's the use of all that hurry; call it the last of the week." "Well, we will split the difference and call it Wednesday afternoon," said the officer. This was acquiesced in by the party in interest, and at the appointed time he was taken out and hanged. At the opening of the District Court at the following term, Judge R. H. Taylor, now of Virginia City, who was then on the bench, inquired of the clerks if the renitituit had been sent down, and being advised in the affirmative, said: "I guess we had better have the prisoner brought up this morning and sentenced." He was rather surprised when the Sheriff innocently informed him that the law had already been fully satisfied, and the criminal had been sent before a court whence there could be no appeal.

A Tale of Scotland. A party of troopers entered the house of a widow and demanded and received refreshment. A well-grown lad, the widow's son, waited upon them, the widow hospitably offering to their wants all she had to command. "And how do you live in these troublous times, Goody?" asked one of the mercenaries, with an air of kindness. "Well, I thank Heaven," answered the poor widow, "my good man left me a cow and a garden, with that bit of land, I do not complain." "Indeed!" ejaculated the ruffian. "Corporal Speidgen, what say you to try and see if Heaven helps her without a cow?" "Ach! mein Gott! der garten is enoof! Mit its some verlachon—ha! ha!" and the fellow laughed. "Kill der schuchtern machen (the cow) and spoil der milch and ter case (cheese)!" "Ay," quoth the fellow with a hoarse laugh, "and so it will. So, Goody, here goes with the honors of war—in a row!" "What are you going to do?" cried the youth, springing forward with tears in his eyes and terror in his face. "Strike the brat, Bob!" said the trooper, as one smote the boy on the mouth, while the trooper passed his sword through the gentle breast of the generous home-feeder (the poor cow) and to add to this devil's deed, moved down all the kale in the garden. The troopers then departed. Widow and child were at once destitute of every source of existence. She soon sickened and died, heart-broken, and her boy wandered away, and was not seen or heard of many a year after.

During the wars in Flanders, a party of soldiers were one afternoon seated around a camp-fire, and flushed with wine and victory, were relating some of the exploits of the day. One of the soldiers, who was a stout fellow, and who had a good deal of wit, and who was a good deal of a rascal, was telling of a certain soldier who had been killed in the battle of the Marston. "I don't doubt that the annals of Hymen can produce a similar instance of post-nuptial affection. Nor do I recollect any fact at all resembling it, except, perhaps, a circumstance which is recorded respecting Cambletes, King of Lydia, a monarch equally remarkable for his veracity and uxoriousness, and who ate up his queen without being conscious of it." "Do you stand up, you marauding dog!" shouted the soldier; "for in the name of that Heaven she trusted in, you shall repent it! That woman was my mother!" And, unheating his sword, he struck the ruffian on the cheek with his flat, and instantly words were crossed. Twice, thrice did the avenging son pass his sword through the body of the destroyer of the poor widow's living; and turning him over with his foot, as the other lay writhing in the pangs of death, added: "Had you but repented that deed, I had left you to God; but as you repented not, know that Heaven avenges her in me!"

CHAPTER II. A year brought sad changes to old Jan Kammerick. At first, when he heard of his son's flight, he ascribed it to meddlesome neighbors, and his rage knew no bounds. He stoutly insisted that he would never try to bring back the vagabond wood-hacker. He would not hear the boy's name spoken. Sometimes, when he saw that the mother looked paler than was her wont, and that she wept silently when she was polishing her pots and kettles, his conscience smote him. But he never would have been really sorry if his fortune had not come upon him. One of his bargemen, whom he had once beaten, scuttled the barge and fled. Jan and his wife had a narrow escape from drowning, and, had it not been for friendly aid, would have lost all their pots and kettles. Young Jan had been sent away to Brussels by the good Gasker Willems, a few days before this, and knew nothing of it until many days afterward. He was busy with his art, in which he made astonishing progress. The next misfortune which befell old Jan was the loss of his little house on the banks of the Scheidt. A fire burned out the interior, and cracked the stone walls. Old Jan had not money enough to rebuild it. Then his limbs began to fail him; they shook and trembled. The neighbors said: "It is old Jan who kicked and beat his son!" And old Jan

was in such a dreadful temper that the cries of the people on shore made him more furious still. "It's none of your business," he shouted, "how much I pound and kick this brat! He is good for nothing but whittling and breaking knives. If he carves any more of his pudding faces out of my boat rails, I'll send him away! Then you will have what you admire! Then neighbors, you will have a pauper on your hands; and when you feed him in your kitchens, he will carve doll puppets out of your table-legs."

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There are a great many kinds of success. One man devotes the whole of his life to the amassing of wealth. He aims at the miser's success. He wants money and he gets it, in order to get the things of his family. Nothing in the household is so dear to him as money. For the sake of money he gives up friendship, and high and honorable integrity, and public spiritedness, and generosity, and liberality. He gives himself up to money making and money saying. And when he has become rich there is for him no honor that comes from public spirit, no pleasure that friendship affords, and no joy of the things of his family. Nothing in the household is so dear to him as money. For the sake of money he gives up friendship, and high and honorable integrity, and public spiritedness, and generosity, and liberality. He gives himself up to money making and money saying. 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