Saint Mary's Beacon.

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CELEBRATED ROADS.—That over the Simplon was projected by Napoleon, and made at the joint expense of France and Italy. It was completed in 1805—being thirty-six miles long, about twenty-five feet broad, and passes over two hundred and sixty-four bridges, through six short tunnels of solid rock—one, however, being thirteen hundred feet in length, by twelve in width. It was the most stupendous enterprise ever undertaken by man.

Another road, marvellous in all respects, passes over Mount St. Bernard, lying between Switzerland and Italy. It passes between two of the highest points of the mountain—the road at that point being about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. The route is very circuitous, and passes a celebrated monastery, distinguished for the humility of the monks and the sagacity and monstrous size of a breed of dogs kept there for the assistance of travelers. Napoleon crossed there with an army in 1800.

Over Mount St. Gothard is another wonderful road, only twelve feet wide, paved with granite. The Devil's Bridge, on this road, spans with a single arch (having peaks of rocks for abuttments) an awful abyss, which must have exercised the highest order of engineering genius to have spanned. All three are among the wonders of the world.

Ancient Rome at one epoch in her history had twenty-nine costly military roads many of them bordered on either side by splendid temples and palatial residences. Every twelve miles buildings were erected where relays of horses were always in readiness for couriers, and also carriages and beasts of burden for the conveyance of baggage and goods. At intervals of thirty miles there were edifices for lodging soldiers. Such was the admirable finish of these roads, running generally directly from one city to another, that they have actually endured for over two thousand years in some places, and excite admiration still on account of their excellent construction.

The Hoosic Tunnel in Western Massachusetts, when completed, will far excel any road in ancient or modern times.—It is destined to be a wonder of wonders.

QUIZZICAL.—Daly, when manager of an Irish theatre, laid a wager with a party of friends with whom he was dining one Saturday night, that before mid-day on Sunday, a word never before heard, having no meaning, and derived from no language, would be spoken all over Dublin. The bet being accepted, he at once dispatched the supernumeries and others employed in the theatre, in every direction, with instructions to chalk in large letters the word "Quiz" on every closed door and window in the city. This was done. The next day, in going to and from their churches, this strange word met the astonished eyes of the citizens at every step, and before noon it was repeated by every mouth, every one being desirous of finding out what it meant from his neighbor. It became a byword from that time, and has ever since been used in the well-known sense in which we commonly employ it.

A ROMANTIC STORY.—About nine years ago a young man and young woman residing in one of the villages of North-eastern Ireland, were betrothed to each other, but their pecuniary circumstances being unfavorable, they determined to put off their union until fortune should provide them with means for keeping away the wolf from the door. He went to Australia and she came with her friends to Newburgh, N. Y. A correspondence was kept up and the engagement adhered to. For long years he toiled, struggling to better his circumstances, until at length, at the end of nine years' probation, he felt himself warranted in sending for his betrothed, that their long-deferred marriage might take place. She left Newburgh last week for Australia, to meet her lover, whom she has not seen for nearly a decade of years.

CORNS.—An exchange gives the following as a sure cure for corns:

"One teaspoonful of tar, one of coarse brown sugar, and one of saltpetre. The whole to be warmed together. Spread it on kid leather the size of the corns, and in two days they will be drawn out."

A wag in town defines a lawyer to be a sponge that absorbs all it can and yields nothing without squeezing.

CHANGED.

Dear love, in this rapture of meeting,
While the heart-leaps thrill fast through our veins,
You ask why a shadow of mourning
Like a cloud on my forehead remains?

You say I am altered, my darling,
In these years I have waited and wept;
While the sickening hands of the weary clocks
In slow beats tired, or slept.

The tears that we shed when we parted,
Dimmed all the youth out of my eyes,
Till the fair green earth had no freshness to me,
And the sun no heaven in the skies.

The fe[illegible] tipped tops of the pine-trees
Are yet [illegible] by the cold, Winter blast,
And the [illegible]lighter and warmth of the Summer
Can never make up for the past:

Though the white-thorn blossoms are blowing in May,
And the wheat pierces green through the hill,
Underfoot in the curling bracken
The dead leaves are lingering still.

And the sorrow that left its mark on my youth
Will pass from my forehead never,
Till my brows are smooth in the long, last sleep,
And the coffin-lid shut forever.

ETHEL ROMER'S MISTAKE.

Valentine's day! as soft and sweet a day as any birds could wish for mating in; promise of violets in its breath—promise of roses in its sunshine. Though, to be sure, the boughs were bare as yet, and there were no green things growing, save in the pots which Ethel Romer had been putting out upon the broad window sill to catch the sunshine. The thing that savored most of Spring was Ethel Romer herself, as beautiful a woman as ever artist painted or poet sang of. Within, near the fire, sat Ralph Romer himself. Spring had left him long before.—If winter frosts were not upon his head, autumn had touched it with grey.

Ethel's musing was interrupted. The postman's rap did it. Ethel opened the door. An envelope with a pretty border and fanciful seal, and her name upon it, was put into her hand. At the sight she blushed rosy red, knowing well what lay within, and went back to the fireside with the thing in her hand.

'For me?' asked Ralph.

'No,' she said, 'for me.'

If he had only shown some curiosity then—if he had only looked at her jealously; had there been some shadow of the lover in his face or mein, all might have been different; but he went on with his book, and she carried her Valentine to her own room to read it there in quiet.

Yes, it was a Valentine. Three times had that day returned since she married Ralph Romer, and each time had it brought just such an envelope; with just such passionate lines upon the page within, written in the same feigned hand.—Again and again she read it over—again and again—just as she had the others, and thought, oh, how bitterly! what a beautiful thing life might have been to her, blest with such glowing love as this—life that must always be cold and wintry, having only the calm, quiet commonplace affection which the grey-haired husband gave her for all the wealth of spring-time warmth that she felt within her soul—for all the beauty that many an ardent youth had coveted in her girlhood.

Could it be the fair haired student who sat near them in church? or the dark eyed soldier, with an empty sleeve, who passed their garden so often? On whom had she made such an impression? while he whose life she shared saw in her only a good little woman who had silly ideas on abstract subjects, and needed much sage advice and counsel.

Her poor heart ached, as her head did. She felt wicked and ashamed, and very miserable; and forgot how time was flying, and how her housewife duties pressed upon her, until the sinking sun reminded her of them.

Even then she took one look in the glass, and thought, if she did not say it, that a great deal of beauty had been cast away on quiet, unromantic Ralph Romer.

After tea they walked together, and stood beside the pond in the garden, and saw the gold fish in its depths, and he told her of the general habits of gold fish. The writer of the Valentine would have spoken—so thought Ethel—of her golden hair. The stars came out, and he spoke of them, not of her bright eyes.

She wanted to turn upon him and say, 'What are all of these things worth compared with warm and living love?' She longed to ask him why he had given her that woeful fate—why he had caged the heart he did not care for. 'Any woman could have made your tea, and stitched your shirt bosoms, and listened to your talk of astronomy and natural history,' were the words on her lips. 'I was made to love, and to be loved again.' But she said nothing. He saw her beside him, a little paler and stiller than of yore, that was all.

But from this time forth the little happiness that had still lingered in Ethel's life was at an end. She grew desperate, and seized upon the only possible relief to the monotony of her life. Very beautiful, very lively, and much courted by the village *coterie*, she found no difficulty in becoming the most detestable of creatures, a married flirt.

Ralph Romer never sought to keep her at home, but he seldom went out with her. More than once the golden haired student or the dark eyed soldier had found it the most natural thing in the world to act as escort home after some social meeting, and no harm was done—no harm, of course, only there were too many blushes, too many smiles, too lingering a clasp of parting hands, when one remembered that Ethel Romer was a wife. Home was neglected; but Ralph did not complain.

So the long year rolled round, and Valentine's day came again. Ethel had watched and waited for its coming—not quite the same pure Ethel. Thoughts she dared not utter had crept into her soul. The soldier with the great black eyes and soft voice, who made his empty sleeve only another charm to win hearts—who told her all he dared with his tongue, and more with glance and sigh—must, she had long ago decided, be the writer of those valentines, so full of love and pathos, so tender, so different from anything that Ralph Romer ever felt or uttered.

She had given him a hint, and if it were she would surely know it this day. And if it were he, then Ethel Romer knew that it had been better for her never to have been born; for the sake of him who wrote those love poems, she was willing so forsake home and husband, and wifely name and fame, and be the scorn and flout of all the village. To be so loved for a little while, and then die was all she asked.

'If it comes to that,' she said answering her own thoughts, 'how my name will ring—I shall be blacker than Satan. Do they know—those proper, frozen village women, who will scorn me so—what it is for a loving woman to lead a loveless life? It withers one as neglect and cold have withered these poor flowers there.' For Ethel had set forth no flower pots in the sun to-day, nor for many days. That morning she had watched her husband ride away on his great brown horse—thinking how grave and serious he was—how old in all his ways—how old manish was his grey overcoat, and his broad brimmed hat; saying to herself, 'If I were to leave him, and he were to find the house empty he would go on reading, or comfort himself with a new bug or new planet. No need to wonder how he would take it.' And since then she had watched at the window guiltily and miserably for the valentine, so sure, she thought, to come.

At last she saw a figure coming straight and fast towards the house, and the blood flew to her cheek, and her heart beat fast; but it was not the postman—only a neighbor with blanched face and frightened eyes, that told bad news before his lips uttered it.

She went out to meet him, and they stood there looking at each other for a moment. Over the hill a little crowd was coming slowly, something in its midst.—'Don't be too frightened, Mrs. Romer,' gasped the man at last. 'It may not be as bad as they think. The horse shied, just before the post office, and the doctor was thrown. He hasn't come too, yet.' 'Oh, no, no—' for she had thrown herself on her knees, and cried out that he was not dead—'Not dead, not dead yet, Mrs. Romer.' But the wretched woman knew that death was very near, and the flood of agony that swept across her heart told her that she had not ceased to love her quiet husband.

They brought him in—and from that moment, for long days and nights, she kept watch beside his bed, thinking of no other thing on earth, praying only that he might be spared to her. She suffered agonies of remorse. Every false thought pursued her with a revengeful stab.

The grey overcoat hanging on the wall, which she had thought old manish and like him, as he rode away, seemed to taunt her with the thought that it would never be worn again. It seemed like making this sure to put away, but she could not bear the sight of it longer, and so one day she took it softly in her hand to hang it in a certain closet. As she lifted it something fell from one of the pockets—a letter or a paper. She stooped to recover it, and saw a fanciful envelope, with a bright seal, and her name upon it. Such were the Valentines that came to her. This was surely one of them. What did it mean? Had her husband discovered the writer? Had there been some cause for the accident, which she knew nothing? She looked at the Valentine again. It had never been posted. Ethel began to tremble violently from head to foot. She sunk down upon her knees, clasping the Valentine between both palms, and held it thus awhile. Could it be?—could it be?—oh, could it be? She opened it. The same glowing verse, but sadder and more hopeless, telling of love unreturned. The same measure in the same feigned hand, and yet not at all unknown. Had she never seen before that little flourish—that peculiar formation of a letter? 'Oh, Heaven! make me sure,' sobbed Ethel, and found her way somehow to her husband's old brown desk and opened it.

Within lay envelopes like those upon the Valentine, a little box of such gay seals and fragments of verse—the proofs that the writer of those passionate poems, of those wild protestations of love, was no other than Ralph Romer.

She crept back to the bedside, and kissed his face and his unconscious eyes.—She prayed God to give him back to her. She prayed to be forgiven, with a sense of remorse and shame such as she might have felt had she been much more wicked, and God listened to her. The crisis passed in safety, and Ralph Romer's eyes opened on a face pallid with grief and worn with watching, but beautiful with holy love and constancy. When one day, her head upon his bosom, she told him all, he also had his tale to tell.

'I am old and gray, you see,' he said 'and such love seems only to belong to youth. I could not speak it, but I felt it, and put my thoughts in verse—and I sent them to you, my darling, with a hope that you would know whence they came some time, though hardly with a hope that you could give me more than a child's respect and duty.'

But she had given him more—she had given him all a woman might, and this she told him.

They are together still. I think they have forgotten that one is young and the other old, in the immortal youth of both their hearts. After that one long talk they said little more, but their love was an assured thing. He tells her, as of yore, all his scholar's dreams, and talks of the stars and the flowers rather than of themselves. But Ethel is content. She has but to remember those treasured Valentines which lie bound together with blue ribbon in her most sacred hiding place, to feel assured of her joy. There is no empty nook in her warm heart, and the angels of love and duty clasp hands beside their hearthstone.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

How slow the hands creep over the dial—how the brain throbs as we work and wait for the coming hour which will release us from labor! Life is but a trial—a sentence—an imprisonment for those who toil; and were it not that the Angels of Saturday Night, like some heaven-sent fairy, comes once a week to release us from over-taxing work and lead us to rest with the loved ones, death would be sweeter than life even without the golden rewards for those who try to be good and noble.

To-night we are too worn and weary to write as we would like. We are like thousands who all the week have toiled beyond their strength to earn comforts for the dear ones, and who now feel to envy those who sleep behind marble headboards in the "silent city"—but for the good time coming, when we can be with the one who waits our coming, and whose smiles is ever more life giving than spring. The hours seem long as we watch the dial-face—for the welcome that awaits us has in it that love which lures to the happy eternal by mellowing the heart, purifying the soul and giving full confidence in each other.

Sometimes we think life is not worth the living. It is not to many. It would not be for any of us but for the unspoken beautiful which draws us captive to the hearth and fender. As love comes to us, so we give in return each with accumulating interests. Smiles are born of happy hearts. Happy hearts are born of better natures. Smiles brighten our pathway, and when the dearest eyes of all the world look into ours, so full, strong, deep and earnest, we could, should, and would dare any danger, face any death, or wrestle with any fate which stood between us and the only earthly reward there is to life.

We are weary, but only of toil. Others are weary. Strong men are trembling in their muscle to-night; for they have battled severely all the week to keep want and hunger from the sacred circle where gathered those hearts day by day run more and more into each other. Young men with hearts full of embryo happiness, golden dreams in which warm lips, love-lit eyes, trusting hearts and future homes of their own are mixed floating, as incentives to strive with earnestness—they are weary. But the day comes when they will be more so; when they will go slowly to their homes with bent forms, as do thousands who will rest in their graves before there comes to any of us another Saturday Night.

And the watcher by the hearth is weary. She, too, has toiled all the week. That clean floor, that well-kept hearth, and fender, the snowy linen, the clean dishes, the sweet, clean shelves in the pantry and cupboard, the clean doors, walls and windows; that look of home cheer which should make every earthly heaven; that tidy, sweet loveable look, no matter for the years, tell that she too has labored and is weary. Then, good man, working man and brother in toil, be kind, speak kindly, act kindly, lovingly, to the one who has worked for you as you have for her.

She is the one who cares most for you,—who in heart is the dearest—she is to you as you are to her—two silken strands weaving together to bless or to curse, as you will. The world cares not for you. Not one of us is of account to the world, for it moves whether we do or not—it was here when we came—it will be here with all its cold, selfish indifference when we die, and centuries after we are forgotten, except the deeds we do are worth remembering. After a time will come the final Saturday Night to all of us, and the only ones who will weep and mourn, as we would for them, will be the ones who welcome us to hearth and fender—who loves us far more dearly than pen or words of ours can tell—who have often been weary, but always entitled to more rest and happiness than any of us have here below.

Let us love those who are dearest and kindest, and most in sympathy. Very soon there will be no going forth on Monday morning—no more use for the little tin pail—no more need to walk with rapid steps lest we be late. Instead of listening to the noise outside—of looking closely with eye and brain upon the work we have to do; instead of toiling for those we love and for ourselves, there will be a little more room, with perhaps a few pictures therein—a weary watching of shadows on the wall—a nervous, tiresome, restless turning upon a sick bed, as we lie like infants, helpless in the care of the loved ones. Then the hours will fly, oh! so swiftly, as we are called to look with eyes of life upon those who are left behind to weep and pray, and mourn.—Then will like panoramas pass by the work we have done, the plans made and the result accomplished—the streets of the city, with their staring and glaring halls, will fade out—the changing scenes of earth will melt out and float down the turbid waters of the past, the only pictures engraven on our hearts being the faces, the forms, the smiles, the eye-whispers of the loved ones we hope soon to meet; and the only credentials for His beautiful land and a home where none but loved ones enter, the good acts, the kind words and noble deeds—great or small, given by us to the ones who with us are ever weary, but ever needing the love and kindness we who are strong fail at all times to give.

When this day comes there will be no more weariness, while the prayers of those who will mourn our departure will bear us to the land of the leal, where we can rest or return in spirit to guard and bless those dear to us now.

Life is nothing—but for those we love it would not be worth the living. Then let us all who are men be better, truer, more deserving. Let us take more care of ourselves—of our health—of our earnings—that those who look with joy for our coming may be glad, and by faith, love, kindness deserved, and trusting sympathy, help us all to reach the Eternal Island of the true—where there will be no more labor—no more oppression for the poor, no more robbing of those who toil for the benefit of those no doubt—no more vain watchings, and no more *Saturday Nights*.

THE CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

It was a cold, cheerless day in February that, ordering my carriage, I left my comfortable rooms to find a store in which I could purchase a suitable present for my boy, whose birthday occurred on the morrow. I entered a large and well known establishment in Broadway, and was busily engaged in examining the wares laid out for my inspection when a female voice, at once so low, so soft, and so ladylike, broke in upon my attention, that I involuntarily looked up from my occupation to learn from whom came the voice that said so plaintively:

"Do you give out work, here?"

"We do not—to strangers," was the rude response.

The woman turned and walked away.

"This scarf is very cheap, ma'am," spoke the polite (!) saleman, calling my attention to the scarf I was about purchasing.

"I do not wish it, now," I replied, as I left the store, and hurried after the woman who had gone before me. Entering another store I fear she met the same rude repulse, for I watched her leave the place, brushing, as she passed out, the garments of entering and departing customers, the value of which, even the twentieth part, would have made her more than happy, for it would have saved a life—a life so dear and so precious to her, who, half clad and starved herself was wandering the streets on this cold, bitter day, endeavoring in vain, to find the means by which bread enough could be earned to furnish subsistance to one, who, prostrated by sickness, was unaware, even in his delirium, of the exertions of this poor creature to obtain him food. This I afterwards learned; but I will follow, with the reader the path I followed, when I learned that in this city of splendor and magnificence there really could exist misery and want as I am telling.

Passing from out another store, with a wearied, tired expression, she glanced first one way and then another, with a look which told plainly of her utter despair. She started and hurried on, passing me closely. I do not know why I did not speak to her then—why I did not stop her and relieve her every want; but she passed on. She was evidently suffering much—I was happy—blessed with wealth, and oh, how blessed in husband, children, friends! I would follow her, I would find her in her abode of misery and want. The hand of Providence was here surely, that might give from my wealth, sustenance to at least one poor creature. Yes, I would follow her, and save myself the torture of a remembrance that I had left her to suffer. I gave my coachman orders to return without me, and quickly followed the retreating figure. She passed up the street to Grand, thence across one of the numerous byways which lead from Grand street, and which are peopled by our most degraded and miserable classes. She turned and entered a miserable looking dwelling, and was lost to my sight. I waited a second, and then knocked at the door.

"Is there a person here who does plain sewing?"

"I guess not," she replied, in a surely voice. "There's a woman up stairs, who used to work, but she can't get no more to do, and I shall turn her out to-morrow."

"Let me go up," I spoke, as with a shudder I passed the woman and ascended the stairs.

"You can keep on up to the garret," she screamed after me. And so I did, and there I saw a sight which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed of. The lady had thrown off her poor, worsted hood, and was kneeling by the side of a miserable bed, spread on the floor! Her hair had fallen over her shoulders; she sobbed not, breathed not, but seemed motionless, her face buried in the covering of the wretched miserable bed whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I looked upon his high, pale forehead, around which clung masses of damp, brown hair. It was knit, and the pale hand clenched the bed-clothes; words broke from his lips: "I cannot pay you now!" I heard him say. Poor fellow! even in his dreams his poverty haunted him! I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently at the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her long black hair, and gazed wildly upon me.—It was no time for ceremony—sickness, sorrow, want, yes, starvation, were before me.

"I came to look for a person to do plain work," was all I could say.

"Oh, give it to me! she sobbed.—"For two days we have not tasted food—and to-morrow—" she gasped, and tried to finish the sentence, but could not.—She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving.

"Be comforted, you shall want no more.'

I kept my word. That night I had them removed to my house so as to be nearer my reach, and surrounded them with everything necessary to their comfort. But it was too late, my comfort came too late. She had told me all—of days of happiness in the sunny South, her childhood's home, of the deaths of her father and mother, of the breaking out of the rebellion, of the loss of friends, home everything: of her meeting with George. He, too, a gentleman and a scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love. Alone in the crowd, all the world to each other, they married. He procured employment in a school, she plain needlework. Too close attention to the duties of a school, long walks, and scanty fare, brought on ill-health, and confined him, at length, to his bed. The shop from which his poor wife obtained work, failed, and their resource was cut off. She had looked long, weary days for employment—many had none to give—others gave no work to "strangers!" Thus I found them, to comfort them for a little time; then, I trust, they found, indeed, a Comforter in Heaven.—The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his poor wife in mine. I needed not the mute, appealing look he gave me. I took her to my heart. It was too late! Already the hand of death was on her.

I went one morning to her room. She had passed a restless night—had dreamed, she said, of her dear George. She called me her kind and only friend, begged me to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking.—I left her not again. In the still, deep night, I heard her mummur: "George' I am coming, Oh, mamma, why did you leave me?" Then again she said: "Give me an orange, my sister, I am very weak." Her soul was again in her childhood's sunny home.

"Lay me by my George, and God will bless you," were her last words, and then her spirit fled to find eternal happiness.

THE RIGHT AND THE LEFT.

It is somewhat attractive to attempt to trace, through the convolutions of custom and the traditional usages of men, the reasons for every day habits that seem so natural as not to deserve notice, much less investigation; but as nothing is created without an object, so we may assume that there is a reason for those of the habits of our kind which, being general, escape notice or criticism, but which if isolated by the practice of individuals only, would arouse attention and awaken inquiry. Among these habits none are more marked or provocative of investigation than the habit of prefering the right hand or side to the left. In meeting an obstacle in walking it is easier to turn to the right than the left; in ascending staircases we prefer to take the right side, although that side may not have a rail for the hand, to assist the riser; we test the weight of an object by taking it in the right hand, and if we attempt the test with the left we find the result, as felt by the muscles, to be very different from that by the right hand trial. So, in a hundred ways we always show our preference of the right over the left.

It is enough to account for the preference to say that general custom and personal habit make it imperative. To be sure, civilized and enlightened people, generally, are careful to instruct their children to use the right hand rather than the left; but this may be because manual instruments for performing all descriptions of work are constructed with a view to be used by the right hand. It is possible, however, that what may be considered the cause is only a result of some organic law that demands this sacrifice of the left in preference to the right. This view receives color from the fact that even among savage and uncivilized people the right is preferred. Among them, as among ourselves, the proportion of the left-handed men is small. The Benjamites were considered odd by the children of Israel for their peculiarity of being left handed. Either in ancient or modern times the proportion of left-handed men was always small.

Why does a man lost on a plain where there are no guides for his course, make a circle in his efforts to go forward, turning always to the left? It may be said because the left being the less used side, and, therefore, less developed and weaker, must give way to the superior energy of the right; but this reason does not hold good, because we walk with our feet and not with our hands, and the feet are educated alike. We are ambidexters as regard our feet. In military evolutions we are taught to put the left foot first—to start off with the left foot; but in the dance we are instructed to start off with the right. Besides, we know of a person left-handed from his infancy, who, being lost in a snow storm in Scotland, wandered in concentric circles, or spirals, for more than two hours, before being relieved, turning always to the left. Ambidexters, or those who can use equally well either hand, generally prefer to employ the right even when using an instrument not specially designed for the right hand. Those who, like gymnasts, or pugilists, have to use the left with equal facility with the right hand are compelled to submit to a severe course of discipline to attain equal force and dexterity with the left that they possessed with the right. The word just used—dexterity—perhaps, may be a clue to the question underlying these suggestions. *Dexter*, the right; *sinister*, the left. May there not be some meaning in these Latin terms and derivations, physical, moral, and generally philosophical, beyond their application to manual operations?

In some sense, all mechanics and laborers are ambidexters. The wood-chopper should wield his axe with the right hand near the blade, as well as with it at the handle end; so the dresser of timber or the ship-carpenter, the adze; so the blacksmith's striker with the sledge; the farmer with the hoe, rake, or flail; and the housewife with her broom; but each and all prefer to give the dexter hand the precedence. Our guardian angel is the "angel over the *right* shoulder;" the sheep go to the *right*, the goat to the *left*; we give the *right* hand of fellowship; and in the latter case if circumstances demand the proffer of the *left*, the act is always accompanied with the palliating excuse, "nearer the heart." Possibly this phrase has a physiological significance; muscular action or violent exertion should be kept as far from the delicate and active scene of life as possible, for fear of too great a stress upon that organ.

Is there not something in this universal instinct—apart from custom—that demands investigation at the hands of our social philosophers and our moralists?—It is not accident, circumstance, convenience, nor even tradition, that compels us to prefer the right; what is it?

A VERY SAD STORY.—The telegraph a few days since told a brief story of the destruction of three little children in Cleveland, Ohio, by the caving in of a sand bank under which they were playing.—The following are the details. At first it was doubted that the missing children were under the sand. When many were counseling to abandon the work, a little cap was thrown out by one of the shovelers. This told the story, and as the intelligence flew through the crowd the excitement was intense. Those in front were so crowded up by those in the rear as almost to prevent the men from working, and the utmost efforts of two or three policemen who had reached the spot, aided by a few sensible ones, were scarcely able to hold them in abeyance.

The effect upon the mothers, of the cap which told them of the fate of their little ones, may be but faintly imagined. Mrs. Graf, when she knew that she was childless, her only two treasures lying beneath that heap of earth, uttered a low moan and fell insensible to the earth.

Her husband, who had been foremost in the work of exhumation, hastened to his prostrate wife. With the assistance of others he bore her to the house. Restoratives were applied and she soon revived, only but to realize more fully the effect of the crushing blow. Mrs. Pigeon, who has other children, although deeply affected, as only a mother can be beneath such a stroke, seemed more able to control herself and refused to leave the spot, until her little dead boy had been disinterred. His body was the first discovered and the others immediately after, all being near together. As the little corpses were being drawn out of the sand, one by one, many a strong heart was stirred with grief and sympathy, and eyelids moistened which had been long unused to tears.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked by a friend what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them to their mother, that they may learn the art of improving time and be fitted to become wives, mothers, heads of families and useful members of society." Equally just, but bitterly painful, was the remark of the unhappy husband of a vain, thoughtless, dressy woman: "It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have a chance of growing up good for anything, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example."

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said contemptuously.

"Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why if my grandfather was alive he would be a hundred and fifty years old."

The individual who was compelled to swallow his own words came near being strangled in the process.