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"THE NINETY AND NINE."

This song—one of the most popular of Stanley's Gospel Lyrics—we print entire:
"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one went out in the hills away,
Far from the gates of gold.
Away on mountains wild and bare—
Away from the tender shepherd's care."
"Lord, thou hast here the ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the shepherd made answer: "They are mine,
Has wandered away from me,
And, although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through:
Ere he found his sheep that was lost!
Out on the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
"Lord, where those blood-drops, all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray—
Ere the shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, where are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."
And all through the mountains thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
"Repent to me, O ye who have sinned,
And the angels echoed around the throne:
"Rejoice! for the Lord brings back his own!"

ABOUT "GENIUS."

If there is one fact more than another which strikes one in perusing the lives of great men in any of the avenues which lead to distinction, it is the life of unceasing toil they lead, coupled with such attention to details as less gifted men would have scorned. To hear some people talk of a man of genius, one would think that the general had to grasp his sword and lead his men to victory, and that the author had to take up his pen and the work which to charm thousands would flow readily from it. But in the one case the years of toil expended in training these soldiers, in mastering the science of maneuvering them, and in attending to camp details, are forgotten; and in the other, if we follow the author to his desk, we shall probably find, by the blotted and interlined manuscript, the knitted brow, and the frequent reference to books, that the work was not produced in so easy a manner as had been supposed. The case of Sir Walter Scott may be advanced in opposition to this, for some of his books were written at last as his quill could "tro" over the page. But then we must remember the years of preparation he had gone through (thirty-four years having passed over his head when he wrote his "Lays" and forty-three years when "Waverley" was published) to accomplish such a result, during which he had steeped his soul in archeological lore, border legends, and ballads, and studied character with unwavering minuteness. Sir Walter Scott's rapid method of working has been mentioned as a fact which might be quoted against our theory; but nothing could exceed his care when "getting up" a subject. For example, when writing "Rokeby" he visited Mr. Morritt, and said he wanted a good rovers' cave, and an old church of the right sort. That gentleman says:
"We rode out in quest of these, and he found what he wanted in the ancient ruins of Brimhall and the ruined abbey of Egglestone. I observed him noting even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that, as it happened, grew around and on the side of a bold crag; near his intended cave of Guy Denzil; and I could not help saying that, as he was not to be upon oath for his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, as his scrupulousness increased, and he, smiling, replied that in Nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and would exhibit, as naturally, an imagination as boundless as the range of Nature in the scenes he recorded; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination would soon find his own nature circumscribed and contracted to a few favorite images, and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotonous and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth."
Lockhart was astonished to find that even during a trip in which he accompanied Sir Walter into Lanarkshire, the latter continued his literary labors. "Wherever he slept," he observed, "the noble mansion or in the shabbiest of country inns, and whether the work was done after retiring to rest at night or before an early start in the morning—he very rarely mounted the carriage again without having a packet of the well-known aspect ready sealed and corded, and addressed to his printer in London."

THE TRUTHFUL PRIOR.—The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up besides the pilot, a grim old grayback who never had told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in this river?" inquired the stranger, after looking around.
"Not so many now, since they got to shootin' 'em for their hides and tallow," was the reply.
"Used to be lots, eh?"
"I don't want to tell you about 'em stranger," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.
"Why?"
"Cause you'd think I was a-lyin' to you, and that's sumthin' I never do. I kin cheat at keerder, drink whiskey or chew poor tobacco, but I can't lie."
"Then there used to be lots of 'em?" inquired the passenger.
"I'm most afraid to tell ye, mister, but I've counted 'leven hundred alligators to the mile from Wickburg clear down to Orleans. That was years ago afore a shot was ever fired at 'em."
"Well, I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.
"And I've counted 3,459 of 'em on one sand bar," continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a Government surveyor was aboard, and checked 'em off as I called out."
"Haven't the least doubt," said the passenger, as he heaved a sigh.
"I'm glad of that, stranger. Some fellers would think I was a liar, when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine to the mile."
"Is that so?"
"True as Gospel, mister; I used to almost feel sorry for the cursed brutes. Some they'd cry out as if they were a human being. We killed lots of 'em as I said, and we hurt a dale more. I sailed with one captain who allus carried a thousand bottles of liniment to throw over to the wounded ones."
"He did?"
"True as you live, he did. I don't s'pect I'll ever see another such a kind Christian man. And the alligators got to know the Nancy Jane, and they'd swim out and rub their tails against the boat and put like cats 'an' look up and try to smile."
"They would?"
"Solemn truth, stranger. And once when grounded on a bar, with an opposition boat right behind, the alligators gathered around, got under her stern, and humped her clean over the bar by a grand push! It looks like a big story, but I never told a story yet, and I never shall. I wouldn't lie for all the money you can put aboard this boat."
There was a painful pause, and after a while the pilot continued:
"Our injines got out once, and a crowd of alligators took a tow-line and hauled us forty-five miles up to Vicksburg."
"They did?"
"And when the news got along the river that Captain Tom was dead, every alligator in the river dashed his left ear with black mud as a badge of mourning, and lots of 'em pined away and died."
The passenger left the pilot house with the remark that he didn't doubt the statement but the old man gave the wheel a turn and replied:
"That's one thing I won't do for love nor money, and that's make a liar of myself. I was brung up by a good mother, and I'm going to stick to the truth if this boat doesn't make a cent."
Lord John Russell took a cab from the House of Commons to Chesham Place, and by accident gave the driver a sovereign for a shilling. Next day he inquired for that cabman and found him:
"I gave you a sovereign instead of a shilling yesterday," he said. "Yes, my Lord. 'Well are you ready to return it?' 'Can't, my Lord.' 'Can't! Why not?' 'Cause I thought you did it out of kindness, my Lord. So I give and buys this beautiful pair of boots, and says I, they call 'em Wellington's at the shop, but I call 'em Russell's now they're on my legs through his Lordship's generosity.' After which what could Lord John say?"
Low as the grave is, only faith can climb high enough to see beyond it.

HAUNTED LONGINGS.

Dear love, I feel your face
Close, close to mine, though we are apart,
And see between those like some wraith
Haunt the place.
I hear your low sobbing sigh
Now in, now out: some angel it may be
That brings a blessed melody to my
And bright as evening.
These stars, which are my eyes,
O'er my eyes, deep eyes shined in my lonely room,
Gilding the airy castles of my gloom,
And glittering on my chains.
I know that you are true:
These are not baseless images I see;
Perhaps your dream are reaching out to me,
As my heart yearns for you.
Dream on, though years go by!
Rise not, sweet love, from the unworthy theme,
Let me be ever pleading in your dream,
And you dream on for aye.

THE BOOMERANG.—A traveler tells us something of the singular weapon used by the natives of Australia—the boomerang.

He saw them used by the natives. They ranged from two feet to thirty-eight inches in length, and were of various shapes, all curved a little, and looking, as he describes them, something like a wooden new moon. They were made of a dark, heavy wood, and weigh from one to three pounds. In thickness they vary from half-an-inch to an inch, and taper to a point at each end.
One of the natives picked up the piece of wood, poised it a rotary motion. For the first hundred feet or more it went straight ahead. Then it tacked to the left and rose slightly, still rotating rapidly. It kept this latter course for a hundred feet more, perhaps, but soon veered to the left again, describing a broader curve, and a moment later fell to the earth six or eight feet in front of the thrower, having described nearly a circle in the air!
Another native then took the same boomerang and cast it, holding it with the same grip. It took the same course, but made a broader curve, and, as it came round, the black caught it handsomely in his right hand!
Another native then threw it and lodged it on the ground about twenty feet behind him, after it had described a wide, sweeping curve, and he was already decided that such an arrangement is ingenious.
A method very much in vogue a few years ago, and still in common use, is known as the "voluntary gift" instead of the exaction of interest. The lender makes a specific contract to lend his money at seven per cent, and when it is returned takes no more than that rate for its use. After a while the borrower makes him a present, or addresses him a letter of acknowledgment, telling him (what is no doubt really true) that the use of the money has been worth far more than the legal rate, and he encloses an additional sum in testimony of this fact, yet this evasion will not stand a moment's test if a specific contract to lend his money at a certain rate is brought into court. The real understanding between the parties is the basis of the contract.
The acceptance of a commission in addition to the interest for an advance upon merchandise was for a time believed to be a legitimate transaction to which the Usury law will not apply.—It is certainly a shame that any statute will interfere with an equitable arrangement as once so convenient to business men with moderate means and so useful to the whole community. But the principle is inexorable. If the advance is a mere loan, and the property, or the warehouse receipt which represents it, is left only as security for the return of the money, any charge of a commission, or of any sum whatever above the legal rate for the use of the money loaned, violates the entire contract and subjects the lender to the legal penalty.

"THE BONA-PAARTE."—He sat on one side of the room in a big white-oak chair. She sat on the other side in a little white-oak rocking chair. A long eared dog hound snapping at flies was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers.

He sighed heavily and looks out the West window at a crage myrtle tree; she sighs lightly and gazes out the East window at a turnip patch.
"At last he has been!"
"This is a mighty good weather to pick cotton."
"Tis that—if we only had any to pick."
"What's your dog's name?"
"Coony."
"A sign-broken stillness."
"What is he good for?" he said absently.
"Pun latching posterns."
"Silence of half-an-hour."
"He looks like a deer dog."
"Who looks like a deer dog?"
"Coony."
"He is. But he's kinder bellowed, an' gettin' old an' slow. And he ain't no count on a cold trail."
In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt. It was a gorgeous affair, made by the "Rose of Sharon" pattern!
"Your ma raisin' many chickings?"
"Forty odd!"
Then more rocking. And somehow after while the big chair and the little chair jammed side by side. I don't know how it happened. It might have been caused by some peculiarity in the floor, or by the natural magnetic attraction one chair had for the other; but, strange to say, the basket of work followed the little chair, and the little chair had traversed as fast as had the big one!
Coony had not moved. He lay in the same place sound asleep; and he was talking in his sleep—that is, giving faint, irregular barks at the posterns he beheld in his dreams. After awhile the conversation resumed.
"How many has your ma got?"
"How many what?"
"Chickings."
"Nigh on to a hundred."
By this time the chairs are so close together that rocking is impossible.
"The minks has eat most all ours."
Then a long silence reigns. At last she speaks:
"Makin' quilts."
"Yes," she replies, brightening up.—"I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazel', a 'Sitting Sun', and a 'Nation's Pride'. Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Parary'?"
"No!"
More silence. Then he says:
"Do you like cabbage?"
"I do that!"
Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it; at least, she does not seem to be aware of it. Then, after a half-hour spent in sighs, coughing, and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:
"I see a great mind to bite you!"
"What you great a mind to bite me for?"
"Kase you won't have me."
"Kase you ain't axed me."
"Well, now I ax you."
"Then Coony dreams he hears a sound of kissing."
The next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage-license.—Wednesday, the following week. No cards.

THE DAW.—Comparatively few among the many who profess to be careful observers of natural phenomena have attained to a moderate knowledge of the formation of dew. It is often—indeed commonly—said that the dew "falls," and the observation is allowed to pass even by persons who know full well that it does not fall, the acquiescence being partly due to the prevalence of erroneous notions on the subject, and partly to the difficulty of establishing better notions in their stead. This is a subject, however, of such great importance that it should have some amount of attention from all lovers of the country, and especially from such as are employed in out-door business, whether in the forest, the field, or the garden. The most casual observation will convince anyone that between dew and rain there must be an essential difference, for rain certainly falls, and we see the clouds that produce it; but we do not see the dew fall, and its appearance is not accounted for by clouds as the appearance of rain is, for, in truth, the clear moonlight night is the very time when dew appears most conspicuously; so that the early walker amongst long grass may be properly warned to go out protected by means of water-boots. It is the same in winter as in summer as to the circumstances that accompany, and, as will be seen, that not only accompany, but cause a deposition of dew; but the result is different in this extent, that whereas in summer the dew appears in the form of globules of clear water, in winter its appearance is that of hoar frost. Now, with the popular—and, we must add, the very ignorant—description of the dew as "falling" to dispose of these remarks, we shall here observe that while the summer dew is not rain, neither is the winter dew snow. Rain falls and snow falls, and both are discharged from clouds that are not only visible at the time, but often appear long before the fall takes place, and give us notice that it is coming. But the time to look for a heavy dew or a thick crust of beautiful hoar frost is when there are no clouds, when the barometer is high, and the air calm and comparatively speaking, dry and cold, while the earth and its belongings, such as grass, trees, &c., are comparatively warm.—The Gardener's Magazine. London.

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NEW YORK JOURNAL OF COMMERCE. IN RECENT comments on the Usury law of New York State, says that methods of business, which are not only convenient, but often absolutely necessary to the conduct of commercial affairs, are prohibited by the laws of that State.

And adds that if laws that are repugnant to reason and common sense were strictly enforced, they would be intolerable and would soon be repealed. The Usury laws are never enforced except as a cover to fraud or dishonesty.
The pressure which leads to this general disrespect of the Usury statute does not come from the greed of capitalists. If no man could borrow a dollar of capital except at the limited rate of interest, some of the most useful enterprises in the State would come to an end, and many business adventures which contribute largely to the general prosperity would be altogether suspended.
By far the largest portion of the usurious operations, notwithstanding the devices and covers which are designed to shield the lenders, are really but an evasion of the law. The most ingenious device is that under which members of the Stock Board avail themselves of the difference between regular and cash sales to obtain a larger price for one day's use of the money.
The most common method is the sale, through a note broker, of promissory notes at a greater discount than seven per cent, per annum. But this paper is voidable upon the plea of usury, and the capitalists who buy it subject themselves to criminal prosecution. A very large proportion of the commercial paper daily negotiated in New York is of this character, and if the odious plea was made, could not be legally collected. Another device is to give the transaction the character of a sale of securities, with a contract to repurchase, instead of a loan of money.—This, however, is not a new device, and already decided that such an arrangement is usurious.
A method very much in vogue a few years ago, and still in common use, is known as the "voluntary gift" instead of the exaction of interest. The lender makes a specific contract to lend his money at seven per cent, and when it is returned takes no more than that rate for its use. After a while the borrower makes him a present, or addresses him a letter of acknowledgment, telling him (what is no doubt really true) that the use of the money has been worth far more than the legal rate, and he encloses an additional sum in testimony of this fact, yet this evasion will not stand a moment's test if a specific contract to lend his money at a certain rate is brought into court. The real understanding between the parties is the basis of the contract.
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"It was a proud boast of Josephine's that she never kept any one waiting half a minute where punctuality depended upon herself; but this quality of refined breeding was signally wanting in Napoleon.

When the celebrated hour for dinner at Malmaison was six o'clock, and though etiquette forbade any one to approach the table before the announcement of the head of the house, he often failed to appear before seven, or eight, or even ten o'clock. A chicken, or some other article, was placed on the spit every fifteen minutes, by order of the cook, who knew well the habits of the Emperor. The table manners of Napoleon may have been those of the hero; they were certainly anything but those of the gentleman. He completed the process of cramming—it could scarcely be called eating—in six or seven minutes, as a rule. Ignoring the use of knives and forks as regarded his own plate, he did not stop there, "but helped himself with his fingers from the dishes nearest him, and dipped his bread in the gravy."
Little Willie having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last appears to give them up, and climbing on a chair, betakes himself to a big book on a side table. Mother says to him: "What is darling doing with the book?" "It it the dictionary; papa lookin' in the dictionary for things, and I'm looking in it to see if I can find my shoes."

A GUEST at one of the hotels in this city found a lady's nightgown in his room recently, and went to the clerk with it, saying: "Look here, mister, this is a hollow mockery, a delusion, and a snare. If you can't fill it up, I don't want this thing in my room."

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THE DAW.—Comparatively few among the many who profess to be careful observers of natural phenomena have attained to a moderate knowledge of the formation of dew. It is often—indeed commonly—said that the dew "falls," and the observation is allowed to pass even by persons who know full well that it does not fall, the acquiescence being partly due to the prevalence of erroneous notions on the subject, and partly to the difficulty of establishing better notions in their stead. This is a subject, however, of such great importance that it should have some amount of attention from all lovers of the country, and especially from such as are employed in out-door business, whether in the forest, the field, or the garden. The most casual observation will convince anyone that between dew and rain there must be an essential difference, for rain certainly falls, and we see the clouds that produce it; but we do not see the dew fall, and its appearance is not accounted for by clouds as the appearance of rain is, for, in truth, the clear moonlight night is the very time when dew appears most conspicuously; so that the early walker amongst long grass may be properly warned to go out protected by means of water-boots. It is the same in winter as in summer as to the circumstances that accompany, and, as will be seen, that not only accompany, but cause a deposition of dew; but the result is different in this extent, that whereas in summer the dew appears in the form of globules of clear water, in winter its appearance is that of hoar frost. Now, with the popular—and, we must add, the very ignorant—description of the dew as "falling" to dispose of these remarks, we shall here observe that while the summer dew is not rain, neither is the winter dew snow. Rain falls and snow falls, and both are discharged from clouds that are not only visible at the time, but often appear long before the fall takes place, and give us notice that it is coming. But the time to look for a heavy dew or a thick crust of beautiful hoar frost is when there are no clouds, when the barometer is high, and the air calm and comparatively speaking, dry and cold, while the earth and its belongings, such as grass, trees, &c., are comparatively warm.—The Gardener's Magazine. London.

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