GOING HOME.

Kiss me when my spirit flies—
Let the beauty of your eyes
Beam along the waves of death
While I draw my parting breath,
And am borne to yonder shore
Where the billows beat no more,
And the notes of endless spring
Through the groves immortal ring.

I am going home to-night,
Out of blindness into sight,
Out of weakness, war and pain
Into power, peace and gain;
Out of winter, gale and gloom
Into summer breath and bloom;
From the wand'rings of the past
I am going home at last.

Kiss my lips and let me go—
Nearer swells the solemn flow
Of the wond'rous stream that rolls
By the border-land of souls—
I can catch sweet strains of songs
Floating down from distant throngs
And can feel the touch of hands
Reaching out from angel bands.

Anger's frown and envy's thrust,
Friendship chilled by cold distrust,
Sleepless night and weary morn,
Toil in fruitless land forlorn,
Aching head and breaking heart,
Love destroyed by slander's dart,
Drifting ship and darkened sea,
Over there will righted be.

Sing in numbers low and sweet,
Let the songs of two worlds meet—
We shall not be sundered long—
Like the fragment of a song,
Like the branches of a rill
Parted by the rock or hill,
We shall blend in tune and time,
Loving on in perfect rhyme.

When the noon-tide of your days
Yields to twilight's silver haze,
Ere the world recedes in space,
Heavenward lift your tender face,
Let your dear eyes homeward shine,
Let your spirit call for mine,
And my own will answer you
From the deep and boundless blue.

Swifter than the sunbeam's flight
I will cleave the gloom of night,
And will guide you to the land
Where our loved ones waiting stand,
And the legions of the blest,
They shall welcome you to rest—
They will know you when your eyes
On the isles of glory rise.

When the parted streams of life
Join beyond all jarring strife,
And the flowers that withered lay
Blossom in immortal May—
When the voices hushed and dear
Thrill once more the raptured ear,
We shall feel and know and see
God knows better far than we.

—*James G. Clark, in Home Journal.*

A PLUCKY GIRL.

"So you won't go to church this evening, Malchen?" said Otto Von Polheim to his eldest daughter one Sunday in December, as he and the rest of the family were setting out for the market town to hear Parson Knopps preach an advent sermon.

"No, father, Dorothea can go in my stead, and I will keep the house."

"Keep the house alone? No, I will leave Hans to protect thee and the manse, too."

"I would rather not have Hans," said Malchen, with a little pout, as she glanced at an ugly gawk who was her father's head servant.

"Then thou shalt not have Karl," grumbled old Polheim, speaking rather to himself than to the girl; and, wrapping his ancient blue cloak tightly around him he struck his iron-tipped staff two or three times on the flags of the hall to intimate to the members of his household that it was time to be off.

They came clattering down-stairs and trudged out of different doors—a large and rather noisy troop. Otto Von Polheim was a landowner on a small scale—what would be called in England a gentleman farmer—and he had a family of ten sons and daughters, without counting two servant wenches and a couple of laborers whom he treated as his children. The eldest of these two laborers, a tall, rosy-cheeked, fair-haired, blue-eyed fellow, named Karl, had shown signs of late of being "a bit soft" about Freulein Malchen, and this displeased her father, for though he was a kind master he had a 'Squire's pride, and would have kicked Karl straightway out of his house if he had suspected Malchen of cherishing any regard for him. At least this is what he had once said to Karl with more bluntness than prudence, for worldly wisdom would perhaps, have suggested that he should begin by turning off Karl before Malchen's sentiments toward him had ripened into affection

"Now, come, come, let's be off," repeated old Polheim, impatiently; "come wife, and you Bertha, Frida and Gretchen; you Hans, take one of the lanterns, and you, Karl, lead the way with the other."

Karl slunk out, looking very sheepish, but scarcely had he got into the open air before the candle in his lantern was blown out, and he ran back to get another. Malchen was standing in the hall and struck a match for him. She struck a second and third, for somehow the phosphorous would not act, and the operation of lighting was delayed a little. When Karl took the lantern his hand touched Malchen's hand and the girl blushed. "It's a cruelly cold night to go in," faltered she.

"And I don't like leaving you alone," whispered Karl. "I think I shall steal out of church and come back to see if you are safe."

"Oh, no, the door will be barred," exclaimed Malchen, in a flutter.

"Then I'll climb the orchard wall," answerd Karl, nothing daunted, and he executed a wink as he went forth into the cold.

"How very audacious he is becoming," muttered Malchen to herself; but she apparently thought that it was of no use to bar the door if Karl meant to get over the garden wall, so she simply shut it, and turned back to spend her evening in the kitchen.

Herr Von Polheim's farm stood in a lonely part of the country, about two miles from R——, in Bavaria. It had once been a castle, and all the rooms on the ground floor were large, windy apartments, with wainscoted walls, and old oaken furniture. The kitchen which served as the ordinary sitting-room to the family of an evening, was made comfortable by some screens which shut out the drafts, and by the large fires which roared in the immense chimneys all day long. There were two arm-chairs under the bulging mantel of the chimney on either side of the andirons, and in one of these Malchen took her seat. She began to knit; but soon her work subsided into her lap, and she begrn to stare at the fire in a soft reverie.

There were faces, of course, in the red embers of the crumbling pine-logs, and Karl's was chief among them. Malchen, who was a pretty, sentimental young lady of eighteen, but somewhat cautious, as becomes the daughter of a gentleman who can prefix a Von to his name, asked herself if she liked Karl. Did she truly feel for him more than she did for any other man? Would she grieve for him if he met with an accident? If he left her father's service? If he were taken away for military service, and forced to risk his life in the wars? After fencing a little with her conscience, the damsel decided that she did not quite know what she ought to think about Karl; but that he was a very bold, and not-to-be-easily-put-down young man, she admitted to herself frankly enough in her quaint German phraseelog.

Malchen, from being romantic, was a bold girl and felt no fear at being alone in the big house on a winter's evening. The soughing of the wind through the bare trees outside; the noise of draughts shaking doors that was loose on their hinges; the monotonous tick-tack of the kitchen clock, did not disturb her composure. She sat listening for footsteps, and conned over in her mind what sharp thing she should say to dismiss Karl if he had the impertinence to present himself before her. The worst of it was that Karl was just such a young man as might be indifferent to sharp things. His boldness really exceeded his belief. Why, that very evening in touching her fingers he had actually squeezed—but here Malchen gave a slight start, for she heard footsteps, and fancied that it was never-to-be-sufficiently-blamed Karl, who had played truant from church, faithful to his imprudent promise.

She rose and stood coyly in the middle of the kitchen, her cheeks pink and her bosom heaving. She thought she would take to flight as soon as Karl's heavy tread was heard in the passage; but she waited two or three minutes without hearrng the door open, yet there were steps outside, and, now that her ears were strained, she heard voices. Her relatives had not gone an hour, so it was not likely they could have returned so soon. Whose, then, could these steps and voices be?

The kitchen had a high window seven feet above the floor, and it was closed with shutters. But in the shutters lozenge apertures were cut. Malchen climbed on to the dresser, under the window, and looked out; what she saw would have made most timid girls jump down, squealing, and run away, half dead with terror.

Nine men—not one less—with black masks on their faces and house-breaking implements in hand, had entered the farm-yard, and were evidently holding a council as how they should commence their attack on the house. They stood in a group, and some of them pointed to the apertures in the kitchen shutters, where light was visible, as if they were taking note of the fact that the farm was not quite abandoned.

Malchen remembered having heard that brigands had been infesting some of the districts in an adjoining Province, and she saw that if she hesitated to act she would be lost. There hung over the mantleshelf two-double-barreled fowling-pieces and a horse pistol, which were always kept a protection of the farm against wolves in winter, and for the intimidation of poachers and tramps at other seasons of the year. Malchen had the same horror of fire-arms as most other girls; but at this moment her blood volted at the idea of leaving the farm to be plundered without striking a blow for it. Herr Von Polheim owned a good deal of silver plate and was accustomed to keep pretty large sums of money within the oaken chest in his bedroom. Among other reflections which rushed through Malchen's mind was this, that if her father were robbed of all his cash he would get into a vile humor, which would make its effects felt at the farm for weeks, and render the place uninhabitable. Now Malchen stood in great terror of her father when he was angry.

She ran to the chimney and unhooked the arms, then swiftly climbed on the table again. The little lattices outside the apertures in the shutters were open, so Malchen could thrust out the barrels of her weapons and fire at the malefactors. Before doing so, however, she put a coin into her mouth to alter the ring of her voice, and making a horn of both hands, shouted in a tone which sounded like a man's "Who goes there?"

No answer. The burglars stared at each other in astonishment, and were fairly dismayed when they heard the next exclamation, which conveyed the idea that the person who had first spoken was not alone, but had several men under his orders, "Now, then, when I give the word, fire sharp, and aim straight. Fire!"

Two reports instantly followed this command, and then came two others. When the report cleared away, Malchen, who looked out with haggard eyes, her heart thumping awfully the while, saw four men stretched out on the snow, and saw nothing else. The other five members of the band had taken flight. "The guns were loaded with slugs; perhaps I have killed them all!" ejaculated Malchen, in terror, for her combative ardor abated of a sudden, now that so easy a victory had been won. "Oh, dear, what shall I do?".

She had taken up the horse-pistol and glanced out to see if there was another shot to be fired. There was a choking sensation at her throat, and she began to whimper. It was all too dreadful. She could not bear the sight of those dead men, all killed by her hand. But one of them suddenly moved, and tried to rise to his knees. Immediately the sentimental Malchen aimed her pistol to give him his quietus; but luckily for himself, the man roared out: "Oh, Malchen! Malchen! help! 'Tis I—Karl!"

"Karl!" exclaimed the girl, as her voice seemed to expire in her throat, while her heart turned to ice. "Karl, is it thou?"

"Yes, and I am wounded; I am dying," sobbed the luckless fellow; "and it's all for thee."

Malchen tottered and might have fallen off the table had there been any one present to catch her in his arms. As it was, she scrambled down somehow and made for the door, still holding her pistol. One moment's hesitation as she touched the door-handle; but she surmounted it and went out. In another moment she could judge with her own eyes of the murderous effects of her volley. Three men lay on the snow stone dead; as for Karl, a slug had clean sliced off a part of his right ear and cheek, so that he bled like a pig, but he was otherwise unhurt.

"Oh, Karl, Karl, how camest thou hither in such company!" exclaimed Malchen, as she tore off her apron to staunch his wound.

"Mein Gott, it was for thee!" sniveled the unhappy Karl. "These men are my friends; we had all come for a lark, and meant to carry thee off; for I hoped that thy too-obstinate father would consent of neccessity to our marriage. Oh, oh, my ear!"

"Peace, Karl; but oh, how foolish of thee!" sighed Malchen. "How could'st thou think that nine men were required to carry me off?"

"Mein Gott. I thought thou wast romantic, was all that Karl could say between two squeaks caused by the anguish in his ear.

One is sorry to say that the tribunals of Bavaria took a one-eyed view of the affair and wanted to sentence Karl for burglary, but the attitude of poor Malchen had been so heroical that King Louis I I. sent for her to Munich, and having decorated her with the cross of Civil Merit, asked her what he could do to please her.

"Pardon my Karl, and give him a dower to marry me," prayed the faithful maiden, sobbing.

His Majesty pulled a slightly wry face at mention of dower, but courtiers were present, so he gave his royal promise, "Thou wouldst marry a man with one ear, then?" added he, laughing.

"Sire, he lost his other for me," responded Malchen, drying her eyes.

"Well this is a queer story," said the King, amused. "We will have it made into a libretto, and my friend Wagner here shall set it to music."

The composor of the future bent his head, as if the happy thought had already occurred to him.—*New York Star.*

EDMUND KEAN.

How the Great Tragedian Played "Shylock."

[All the Year Round.]

The theatre was in great straits; the managers were as drowning men clutching at straws; otherwise they would not have ventured upon the desperate expedient of suffering Mr. Kean to appear. For weeks he had hung about the theatre, almost begging that he might have a trial. He was known to the scoffing stage-door keepers as the "man with the capes," because of the heavy coachman's cape he wore—it was bitter wintry weather, the snow two feet deep upon the ground. He was allowed his chance at last. But one rehearsal was thought necessary; this was on the morning of the memorable January 26, 1814, the day fixed for his first performance. He repeated his speeches with some intimation of the manner he proposed to adopt in delivering them before the footlights. His play-fellows predicted failure; the stage manager boldly denounced the innovations of the provincial actor. "If I am wrong, the public will see me right," said the tragedian of the Theatre Royal Exeter. The stage manager shrugged his shoulders. The actor dined liberally, for the first time in many days, upon steak and porter; then walked through the snow from his lodging in Cecil street to the theatre, carrying his properties, an old pair of black silk stockings, a collar, and a black wig,—for contrary to all precedent, his Shylock wore a black wig—tied up in a handkerchief, and thrust into the pocket of the great coat with the capes. The house was only a quarter full. The play began drearily enough. Yet Shylock's early speeches—as Kean rendered them they were "like a chapter of Genesis," Douglas Jerrold was wont to say—greatly impressed the audience, stirred to extraordinary enthusiasm afterward when the time came for the actor's superb outbursts of passion. Oxberry was surprised that so small an audience could "kick up so great a row!" The success of Edmund Kean's Shylock could no longer be questioned. The triumphant actor hurried home, crying exultingly to his wife; "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage, and Charley, my boy," and he lifted the three-year-old baby from his cot, "you shall go to Eton!" On the actor's second night the receipts were just double those of the first—that is to say, the house was half full. The committee of management began to doubt whether a genuine success had been achieved; they had suffered so much from quasi-successes; they even contemplated the removal of Kean's name from the bills, and the trial of another candidate. Lord Byron sensibly expostulated: "You have got a great genius among you and you don't know it. But he will fall through like many others unless we lift him, and force the town to come and see him. There is enough in Kean to bear out any extent of panegyric, and it will not do to trust an opporaunity like this to the mere routine of ordinary chances. We must go in a body, call upon the proprietors and editors of the leading papers, and ask them to attend in person, and write the articles themselves. This advice was followed with the happiest results for Keane's fame and fortune. He appeared in Shylock fifteen times during his first season at Drury Lane, and the part remained to the last one of the most admired in his repertory.

An Editor's Dream.

The editor of the Stamford *Advocate* dreamed that he was dead and in another world. He approached a city before him and knocked for admittance, but no one answered the summons. The gate remained closed against him. Then he cried aloud for an entrance, but the only response was scores of heads appearing above the wall on the other side of the gate. At sight of him the owners of the heads set up a dismal howl, and one of them cried: 'Why didn't you notice that big egg that I gave you?" At this horrid and most unexpected interrogatien, the poor 'local' turned in the direction of the voice to learn the owner, when another voice shrieked: 'Where's that piece you were going to write about that soda fountain of mine?' and close upon this was the awful demand: 'Why did you write about old Tomlinson's hens, and never speak of my new gate?' What answer he was going to frame to this appeal was cut short by the astonishing query: 'Why did you spell my name wrong in the programme?' The miserable man turned to flee, when he was rooted to the ground by this terrible demand: 'Why did you put my marriage among the deaths?' He was on the point of saying the foreman did it, when a shrill voice madly cried: 'You spoiled the sale of my horse by publishing that runaway.' And another: 'If I catch you alone I will lick you for what you said about me when I was before the police court.' Another: 'Why didn't you show up the school question when I told you to?' And this was followed by the voice of a female hysterically exclaiming: 'This is the brute that botched my poetry and made me ridiculous!' Whereupon hundreths of voices screamed: 'Where is my article? Give me back my article!' And in the midst of the horrid din the poor wretch awoke, perspiring at every pore and screaming for help.

A NONSENSE STORY.

Do you think all your youngsters know about a game called "Telling a Story?" One person begins a story, and goes on till the company are interested, and then suddenly stops at an exciting point, and one sitting next must take it up and go on. It is a capital game for long evenings. Here is one that grew up in our sitting-room the other night.

We were sitting around the fire, between day-light and candle-light, young folks and kittens, when somebody said, "Let us tell a nonsense story."

"All right," said papa, "and mamma shall begin."

So mamma began:

"There was once a cobbler who had his shop in the market-place of Bagdad. It was a very small shop and over the door was this sign: "Old shoes made as good as new." A great many shoes went in at the shop door, and if they did not come out quite as good as new, the owners never made any complaints, for the cobbler always did his best, and never refused to undertake a job, no matter how bad it was. One day a stranger came into the market-place and walked slowly about, looking in at all the shop windows. He was a very small man, with a little shrivelled face and keen black eyes like a weasel. His hair was long and he had hands like claws. He was wrapped in a long black cloak from tip to toe, and his shoes had high heels and narrow, pointed toes, like no other shoes that had ever been seen in Bagdad. When the cobbler saw him looking in through his window, he felt the very flesh creep on his bones, and when the stranger walked in at the shop door, the cobbler was so startled that he swallowed the pegs he had in his mouth. The stranger only nodded, and drew from under his cloak a very ragged shoe. In fact, you could hardly call it a shoe, but a lot of holes held together by strings of leather.

"'I have read your sign,' said the stranger, 'and I want you to mend this shoe.'

"The cobbler looked at it and his teeth chattered.

"'It is very old,' he said.

"'Mend it,' said the stranger, 'I will wait for it.' And he sat right down between the cobbler and the door.

"The poor man went to work, and, wonderful to tell, the patches grew into place as fast as he fitted them on, so that in half an hour there was as fine a shoe as ever came from the last.

"'Here is the money,' said the stranger, offering him a curious silver coin.

"You are quite welcome,' said the cobbler, putting his hands under his leather apron; for he said to himself, 'I'll not take the fiend's money.' But while his hands were still under his apron, he felt the money slip into his pocket.

"'Good-day,' said the stranger. 'So long as you spend the shilling wisely, it will come back into your own pocket; but when you put it to a bad use, you will never see it again.'

"He stepped out of the doorway, and though the cobbler ran to the window he was nowhere in sight. It seemed as if he must have sunk right down through the pavement. The cobler said—"

Mamma stopped suddenly, and papa, who sat next, was obliged to finish the sentence and go on with the story.

"'Bejabers, but the ould chap must had pressin' business, to be after laving in such haste. Wherever he would be gone, I don't know', and he shut up his shop and started out to find the stranger. He sailed five times around the world and at last he was shipwrecked on a desert island, a mile and a half east of the North Pole. The people were very glad to see him, because the last shoemaker had just frozen to death, and they made him king. One day he went to a Sunday-school picnic, on the top of one the highest mountains, and while he was looking for a good place to make the chowder, he saw a small door in a ledge of rock, with a sign over it, which read—"

"'No admittance except on busines,'" began Harry, instantly taking up the story. "So the man went in, and found himself at the entrance of a long vaulted chamber. The walls with strange inscriptions, and on a table at one end was a feast of all manner of dainties, spread for one person. He sat down and ate until he was satisfied, and then turned to go out. But the door was locked, and he could not find the smallest opening in the rock. So he took up his lantern and went down a long flight of stairs, and then through a narrow passage until he came to an immense court. On the stones in one corner, a man was lying who appeared to be dead. He went up to him, and it was his brother. In his pocket he had a card, saying—"

"'Good for one drink of old rye whisky,'" "The cobbler called the police, and in half an hour they came rushing up and arrested him for assault and battery. The judge asked him if he owned any real estate in Patagonia, and paid the old-clothes man in barrel staves and jujube paste. And no one had ever heard of the old woman, so they spoke it in three different languages, and had fried eels for dinner. And afterwards the cobbler went back to Bagdad and wrote the history of his life in seven volumes, and every one who read it said:"

"*Nonsense!*" added mamma, and that was the end of the story.

If you don't think this is funny, just try it some night when everybody is glum and needs a good rousing laugh.

Old age and gray hairs creep along together, and the widower with snow-white beard immediately reduces it to dark brown, by means of dye. This looks beautiful, after three weeks' growth leaves a rim of white next his face.

THE PAST.

I fling my past behind me, like a robe
Worn threadbare in the seams and out of date.
I have outgrown it. Wherefore should I weep
And dwell upon its beauty, and its dyes
Of Oriental splendor, or complain
That I must needs discard it?

I can weave
Upon the shuttles of the future years
A fabric more durable.

Subdued
It may be in the blending of its hues,
When sombre shades comingle, yet the gleam
Of golden warp shall shoot it through and through,
While over all a faded lustre lies,
And starred with gems made out of crystal tears,
My new robe shall be richer than the old.

ELLA WHEELER.

A STRANGE DREAM-STORY.

There is an inexplicable story—which I believe, has never been published—among the traditions of the fat, fertile hill country of Western Pennsylvania, the most unlikely quarter in the world to serve as a breeding-place of mystery. It was settled most wholly by well-to-do farmers from the north of Ireland, economical, hard-working folk—God-fearing too, after the exact manner described by John Knox, and having little patience with any other manner. Not a likely people, assuredly, to give credence to any fanciful superstitions, and still less to originate them. This story, indeed has a bold, matter-of-fact character in every detail which quite sets it apart from relations of the supernatural. I have never heard it explained, and it is the best authentical mystery in my knowledge.

Here it is in brief: Among the Scotch-Irish settlers in Washington County in 1812 was a family named Plymire, who occupied a comfortable farm and house. Rachel, the daughter, was engaged to a young farmer in the neighborhood. On a Saturday evening in July, having finished her week's work, she dressed herself tidily and started to visit her married sister, who lived on a farm about five miles distant, intending to return on Monday morning. She tied up her Sunday gown and hat in a checkered handkerchief, and carried her shoes and stockings in the other hand, meaning to walk in her bare feet and to put them on when she came in sight of her destinntion, after the canny Scotch fashion. She left home about seven o'clock, in order to have the cool evening for her walk. The road to the farm was lonely and unfrequented.

The girl did not return home on Monday but no alarm was felt, as the family thought that her sister would probably wish to detain her for a few days; and it was not until the latter part of the week that it was found she had never been at her sister's. The country was scoured, but in vain; the alarm spread, and excited a degree of terror in the peaceable domestic community which would seem inexplicable to city people, to whom the newspaper has brought a budget of crime every morning since their childhood. To children raised in the lonely hamlets and hill-farms murder was a far-off, unreal horror; usually all they knew of it was from the doings of Cain and Jael, set off in the family Bible.

The girls get home on Saturday at seven o'clock. That night, long before ten o'clock (farmers go to bed with the chickens), a woman living in Green County, about forty miles from the Plymire farm, awoke her husband in great terror, declaring that she had just seen a murder done, and went on to describe a place she had never seen before—a hill country with a wagon road running through and a girl with a bundle tied in a checkered handkerchief, her shoes and white stockings in the other hand, walking briskly down the grassy side of the road. She was met by a young man—the woman judged from their manner the meeting was by appointment—they sat down on a log and talked for some time.

The man at last rose, stepped behind her, and drawing out a hatchet, struck her twice on the head. She fell backward on the wet, rotten leaves, dead. Presently the man was joined by another, also young, who asked, "Is it done?" He nodded, and together they lifted the body and carried it away out of her sight. After a while they came back, found the bundle of Sunday finery, and the shoes and stockings, all of which were stained with blood. There was a ruined old mill near the road; they went into it, lifted a loose board in the flooring, put the bundle, shoes etc., with the hatchet, underneath, and replaced the board. Then they separated and went through the woods in different directions.

The farmer's wife told her dream to her husband that night; the next day (Sunday), going to a little country church she remained during the intermission between the morning and afternoon services. The neighbors, who had come from a circuit of twenty miles to church, gathering according to their homely habit, in the churchyard to eat their lunch and exchange the news. Our dreamer told her story again and again, for she was impressed by it as if it had been reality.

After the afternoon service the congregation separated, going to their widely scattered homes. There were thus many witnesses ready to certify to the fact that the woman had told her dream the morning after the murder was committed at a distance of forty miles, when it was absolutely impossible that the news should have reached her. There were no telegraphs, we must remember, and no railways, in those days—not even mail-carriers in those secluded districts.

When the story of the girl's disappearance was told over the country at the end of the next week, the people to whom the dream had been repeated recalled it.

Now-a-days the matter would only serve as good material for the reporters, but the men of those days still believed that God took an oversight even of their dreams. Might not this be a hint from him? The Rev. Charles Wheeler, a Baptist clergyman of Washington, well-known in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia a generation ago, and Ephraim Blaine, Esq., a magistrate, father of the present Senator from Maine, and as popular a man in his narrower circle, drove over to see the woman who had told the dream. Without stating their purpose, they took her and her husband, on pretense of business, to the Plymire farm. It was the first time in her life that she had left her own county, and she was greatly amused and interested. They drove over the whole of the road down which Rachael Plymire had gone.

"Have you ever seen this neighborhood?" one of them asked.

"Never," was the reply.

That ended the matter, and they turned back, taking a little-used cross-road to save time. Presently the woman started up in great agitation, crying, "This is the place I dreamed of!"

They assured her that Rachel Plymire had not been upon that road at all.

"I know nothing about her," she said, "but the girl I saw in my dream came along here; there is the path through which the man came, and beyond that turning you will find the log on which he killed her."

They did find the log, and on the ground the stains of blood. The woman, walking swiftly, led them to the old mill and to the board under which lay the stained clothes and the hatchet. The girl's body was found afterward buried by a creek near at hand. Rachel's lover had already been arrested, on suspicion. It was hinted that he had grown tired of the girl, and for many reasons found her hard to shake off. The woman recognized him in a crowd of other men, and startled her companion still more by pointing out another young fellow from the West as his companion in her dream. The young man was tried in the town of Washington for murder. The dreamer was brought into court, and an effort was actually made to put her on the witness-stand; but even then men cannot be hung on the evidence of a dream. Without it, there was not enough proof for conviction, and the jury, unwilling enough, we may be sure, allowed the prisoner to escape. It was held as positive proof of his guilt that he immediately married the sister of the other accused man, and removed to Ohio, then the wilderness of the West.—*R. H. D. in Lippincott's Mag.*

"Your Night Gown, Please."

The other night a gentleman boarder in one of our genteel boarding houses was comfortably reading in his room, the door opened, when from the foot of the stairs, he heard a young lady boarder, with whom he was on terms of free and playful intimacy, call:

'Mr. S——, throw me your night gown please?'

Sure that he must have understood her, 'Throw you what?'

Your night gown, please.'

He was startled. There was no mistaking her meaning, and believing that some new joke was on foot among the second floor occupants which would seem to justify such a strange request on the part of the lady, he took a fresh night shirt from his bureau and tossed it over the balusters. It was received with an ejeculation that sounded like thanks and all was silent.

Next morning on descending, he discovered his property at the foot of the stairs, where it seemed to be doing duty as an impromptu door mat. For a moment he pronounced it very shabby treatment of such an immaculate article by the fair borrower, and returned to his room with it; but took his place at the table with his usual good-humor.

'Well, how did it work?' he inquired, looking expectantly at the lady. She had omitted to give him her usual cordial morning salutations, and now her eyes were fixed upon her plate, and her expression of face but a shade lighter than a thunder cloud.

'Did the joke pan out well?' he pleasantly persisted.

The lady bit her lips with suppressed anger, and his fellow boarders looked at him in sober inquiry. Seeing there was a mistake somewhere, he wisely concluded to keep quiet, and let the mystery explain itself, and it did. That noon he found upon his dressing-table the following note:

'Mr.——, when next I ask you to throw me your knife down, or make any request you whatever, you will know it. I did not expect such an insult from you, sir. I believed you to be a gentleman.'

Calmly and in silence the gentleman ate his dinner, and on his return to business dropped a note in the P. O., of which the following is a copy:

'Miss ——, when next you ask me to throw my knife down, or honor me by any request, I trust I shall be so fortunate as to understand you correctly. You believed me to be a gentleman, and I know you to be a lady——.'

On his return that evening she went to him in the hall with cordially outstretched hand and frank words of apology. A hearty laugh followed, and each promised to keep the joke a secret, and up to this writing each has faithfully kept the promise.

What there is in Wheat.

[Dr. Foot's Health Monthly for March.]

The wheat grain is a fruit consisting of seed and its coverings. All the middle part of the grain is occupied by large, thin cells, full of powdery substance, which contains nearly all the starch of the wheat. Outside the central starchy mass is a single row of squarish cells filled with yellowish material, very rich in nitrogenous flesh-forming matter. Beyond this again there are six thin coats or coverings, containing much mineral matter, both of potash and phosphates. The outermost coat is of but little value. The mill-products of these coverings of the seed are peculiarly rich in nutriment, and fine flour is robbed of a large percentage of valuable and nutritious food. Middlings not only contain more fibrin and mineral matter than fine flour, but also more fat. The fibrous matter, or outer coat, which is indigestible, forms one-sixth of the bran, but not one-hundredth of the fine flour. Wheat contains the greatest quantity of gluten and the smallest of starch; rye a medium proportion of both, while in barley, oats, and corn the largest proportion of starch and the smallest of gluten are to be found. In practice 100 pounds of flour will make from 133 to 137 pounds of bread, a good average being 136 pounds; hence a barrel of 196 pounds should yield 266 one-pound loaves.

Thoughts.

When you bury an old animosity, never mind putting up a tombstone.

Worrying will wear the richest life to shreds.

A sweet temper is to the household what sunshine is to trees and flowers.

Everything we meet with here below is more or less infectious. If we live habitually among good and pleasant people, we inevitably will imbibe something of their disposition.