

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Child's Calendar.

April! summer's coming! Now begins the year. For the snow has melted, and the blue-bird's here!

May! the leaves are dancing in the sunny air! Ferns uncurl, and blossoms spring up everywhere.

June! why, every June day is a happy dream! Buttercups and daisies, strawberries and cream!

July! off at sunrise picking blackberries! Climbing after birds' nests up the tallest trees!

August! fire-flies brighten when the daylight falls; In the swampy meadows grow the tall "cat-tails."

September! Wild grapes in September tempt to climb and leap; In the fragrant orchard apples lie in heaps.

October! Jolly, crisp October! Then the chestnut burrs Rattle down like hailstones if the least wind stirs!

November! Gray skies in November bring the first light snow; Whirling softly downward see the white flakes go!

December! "Christmas" cries December. How the stockings look Loaded down with bundles in the chimney nook!

January! Merry sleigh-bells jingle in the frosty air, And the grand ice-palace rises white and fair.

February! February hurries. Only twenty-eight Days of wintry weather! 'Tisn't long to wait.

March! March! has winter vanished? Hear the river's rush! Wading through the door-yards in big rubber boots,

CAPSIDED.

A Ship Goes Down in an Instant With All on Board.

From the Baltimore American. The terrible destruction of the Eurydice, a stout ship under full sail, her disappearance in a moment, the almost entire loss of every soul on board of her, is a disaster almost unparalleled in naval history.

They embarked on board the Falmouth boat at New York, and after a prosperous voyage, found themselves off the southern coast of England. They had passed the Lizard and were within a few hours' sail of Falmouth when they found themselves chased by a large French privateer.

The passengers on board the Falmouth packet, who were just rejoicing over the close of their long voyage, and making their preparations for going ashore, were greatly alarmed by seeing this French vessel. It was a bright summer day. She came on under a cloud of canvas.

On came the Bellone, and those on board the English vessel could make out with the naked eye the dark forms upon her deck, for she was crowded with men, whose features and black beards were with a glass distinctly visible.

As soon as the captain of the Falmouth packet could strip his vessel and round to, he made all possible search for some remains of the lost vessel, but in vain.

The description of the ship that had gone down, combined with what was last known of the Bellone, left no doubt she was the unfortunate vessel. It was long before the little boy's nerves recovered from the shock of that sudden disaster.

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Our attention having been called to the fact that the stock of the Insurance Companies of Hartford sold for much above their "book value"—that is the amount that could be paid to shareholders from the assets should the company discontinue business at once—while that of the best New York Companies can always be bought considerably below book value.

But a good reputation does not come without being sought. It follows in the wake of honesty, integrity, morality; its foundation stones are right thoughts, which must come before actions of words, and which control them.

As she moved here and there, searching as carefully as men look for gold, four little red toes peeped out from one dilapidated shoe.

Her white face provoked no sympathy, her fluttering rags were unnoticed, her forlorn look called forth no word, but the eyes of a dozen men who loitered about the wharf watched the four little red toes moving here and there, and every heart grew a bit softer.

Once on a time my cousin's child, a four-year old boy, had to "try on" some garments. His admiring mother, finding she had made a bad middle of the cutting, naturally vented her own irritation on the restive little figure wriggling under the infliction of "taking in here and letting out there."

They ran up and down, peered into the darkness, and called out in trembling voices; but the river gave up only the old brown basket. Four little red toes were drifting with the current past wharf and boat, and slip, and a white, pinched face, wearing a look of terror, was turned this way and that by the eddies.

On the 16th of March last she suddenly disappeared. The neighbors paid no particular attention at first to her absence, especially as her son said she had left home in her Sunday clothes, and had probably gone to see one of her sisters at Rouen.

The Easton party hunted faithfully, according to their lights, and shot upon the most scientific principles; but, somehow, the old man got the game, as the count showed five quails and a pheasant among the three for the day's work.

Just then the lock dropped off "Resident" for the eleventh time, and as the old man wasn't going to shoot any more that day, he put it in his pocket along with his game money, saying: "Thankee, gents, thankee. Come up soon again, and I'll take Old Residenter out any time; we'll be purty sure to get something!"

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Of human pride. That decision can only be made by Him who can at once look back through our whole course; and both reason and duty require that we should leave the hour to Him, and never rebel against His decrees; and never rebel impatient wish. The first and most important thing is, to learn to master ourselves and to throw ourselves with peaceful confidence on Him who never changes, pleasing on every situation, whether pleasant or otherwise, as a source from which our interior existence and individual character may draw increasing strength; and hence springs that entire submission which few attain to, although all fancy they feel it.

A Well-Watched Pair.

A lady traveling in England tells the following: Along with my brother, who was collecting matter for a work he was about to publish, I visited the interesting town of Hexham—interesting at least to him, for it was a fine field for his historical research—although, for my own part, I found little to admire beside its ancient church. The circumstance which more than anything else secured the dingy town a lasting place in my memory was our taking a lodging with an extraordinary pair—an old man and woman, husband and wife, who lived by themselves without child or servant, subsisting on the letting of their parlor and two bed-rooms. They were tall, thin and erect, though each seventy years of age.

The first night arriving late by the coach from Newcastle, and merely requiring a good fire and our tea, we were puzzled to understand the reason of this double attendance; and I remember my brother rather irreverently wondering whether we were always to be waited upon by these Saimse twins. On ringing the bell to retire for the night, both appeared as usual—the wife carrying the bedroom candlestick, the husband at the door. I gave her directions about breakfast for the following morning, when the husband from the door quickly answered for her.

"Depend upon it, she is dumb," whispered my brother. But this was not the case, though she rarely made use of the faculty of speech. They both attended me into my bedroom; when the old lady, seeing me look with some surprise toward her husband, said: "There's no offense meant, ma'am, by my husband coming with me into the chamber—his stone blind."

"Poor man!" I exclaimed. "But why, then, does he not sit still? Why does he accompany you everywhere?" "It's no use, ma'am, your speaking to my old woman," said the husband; "she can't hear you—she's quite deaf." I was astonished. Here was compensation! Could a pair be better matched? Man and wife were indeed one flesh; for he saw with her eyes and she heard with his ears! It was beautiful to me afterward to watch the old man and woman in their inseparableness. Their sympathy with each other was as swift as electricity, and made their deprivations as naught.

Fun in the Witness Box.

In a recent trial at Winchester, a witness, failing to make his version of a conversation intelligible by reasons of his fondness for "says I" and "says he," was taken in hand by Baron Martin with the following result: "My man, tell us now exactly what passed." "Yes, my Lord, I said I would not have the pig."

"And what was his answer?" "He said he had been keeping it for me, and that he—"

"No, my Lord, I was the first person that spoke." "I mean, don't bring in the third person; repeat his exact words."

"There was no third person, my Lord, only him and me." "My good fellow, he did not say, he had been keeping the pig; he said I have been keeping it." "I assure you, my Lord, there was no mention of your Lordship at all. We are on different stories. There was no third person there, and if anything had been said about your Lordship I must have heard it."

Anecdote of Peter the Great.

Peter of Russia, or Peter the Great, as he is commonly called, was a man of remarkable qualities of mind, and though very arbitrary, was still kind and considerate to those who deserved encouragement.

The recruit was standing guard before the door of the entrance to Peter's private chambers in the Palace of St. Petersburg. He had received orders to admit no one. As he was passing slowly up and down before the door, Prince Mentchikoff, the favorite minister of the czar approached, attempting to enter. He was stopped by the recruit.

"Strike away, your highness," said the soldier, "but I cannot let you go in."

"That man struck you in the morning; now you must return the blow to that fellow with my stick."

"My rank your majesty knows, is that of general," again protested Mentchikoff.

"Then I make him a general, so that the beating you get may come from a man of your rank."

The prince got a sound thrashing in the presence of the czar, the recruit was next day commissioned a general, with the title of Count Orinoff, and was the founder of a powerful family, whose descendants are still high in the imperial service of Russia.

Another Singing Mouse.

The family of a well-known gentleman who lives on Seventh street, have been greatly exercised for some weeks by the singing of what sounded like a canary bird, behind the wainscoting of the house and between the walls of the partitions.

As the tiny thing swelled up its throat and rolled its black eyes and executed the most wonderful little trills, and roulades, and cadenzas, and the sweetest diminutivos, and crescendos, the listeners looked at one another in wonder and delight.

There it was at last—a real little mouse, sitting up in its cage and singing, away with all its might. It is impossible to describe the character of its singing and Mrs. F. says it varies remarkably every time it sings.

It is a soft, sweet tone, not clear and sharp, like the singing of an old canary—rather like a young bird, just learning to sing. Occasionally it makes a whining exactly like a very young puppy, and then after a chirrup or two, starts off on its song again.

Talking had no effect, and did not seem to annoy it; and the cage was even passed around from one to another without interrupting the singing of the little prisoner. It had been singing a straight hour, when our reporter left, and was still at it, entertaining an admiring and wondering party of listeners.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Ripening for Death.

No one (says Von Humbolt) can fear death less than I do, neither am I much attached to life; but I have never known the feeling of an anxious longing for death; and although it be a nobler one than that of absolute weariness of existence, it is nevertheless blamable. Life must first, for as long a period as suffering wills it, be enjoyed or suffered—in one word, gone through, and that with a full submission, without murmuring, lamenting, or repining. There is one important law of nature which we should never lose sight of—I mean that ripening for death. Death is not a break in existence, it is but an intermediate circumstance, a transition from one form of our final existence to another. The moment of maturity for death cannot be decided by any human wisdom or inward feelings; and to attempt to do so would be nothing better than the vain rashness

Took Him in.

One bitter cold day, writes a Black Hills correspondent, an Indian, who seemed to be almost dead from hunger and cold, was discovered near our camp and brought in and cared for. We fed him, warmed him and cheered him up, and meanwhile felt that the good angel who keeps the big book above would make a tally in our favor. We went to bed with the noble red man dozing over the camp fire, and two hours later one of the trio awoke just in time to avoid getting a knife in his heart. The Indian made tracks when he found his murderous game discovered, but the being who can outrun a bullet doesn't live around here. When we searched the body we found plenty of dried meat and parched corn concealed in the clothing, and there were likewise a knife and a revolver. He had put up a job on us, and would have made a good thing of it if he could have had a little more rope.

Theology in the Bud.

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