A Song for New Year'sEve.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands and leaves us here.
Oh stay, Oh stay,
One little hour and then away

The year whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hope to wake:
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, Oh stay,
One mirthful hour and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store,
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, Oh stay,
One grateful hour and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, Oh stay,
One golden hour and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin lid;
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, Oh stay,
One tender hour and then away.

Even while we sing he smiles his last,
And leaves our sphere behind.
The good old year is with the past;
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, Oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

—*William Cullen Bryant.*

THE FIRE KING.

Passages From the Life of a Showman.

Before relating a few of my adventures, I think an explanation of some of my principal fire-tricks may perhaps be interesting. During my engagement with Spicer, I was announced as "Victor Delareux, the Fire King;" and though it was presumed that I was a proficient in the languages of the continent, I of course knew not a word of English; consequently Spicer performed the part of talking exhibitor somewhat in this strain: "Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce Monsieur Delareux in his unequaled feat of swallowing boiling oil. There is no deception. This is an ordinary saucepan, without any preparation. The oil is as hot as it can be made. I pour the contents of the pan into this goblet." (The goblet was an old laboratory mortar of gun-metal, which drew away much of the heat from the oil.) "He will now take a stick of lead and stir the oil until it melts away." (The metal was not lead, but a compound in which bismuth predominated, and which may be procured in the form of teaspoons at any of the principal dealers in magical toys. These spoons will dissolve in a cup of tea or coffee.) "The lead is melted; he will now drink the oil." At this point I took a spoon, in shape like a punch-ladle, but with much longer handle. Having filled this, I took two turns down the stage, to let the audience have a fair view. I then took a wineglass, apparently of the ordinary size, but only holding the contents of a thimble, filled it from the ladle, and drank it off with much show of suffering through the intense heat; but heat there was really none. By this time the oil in the mortar was comparatively cool, and I indulged in a few glasses more of the nauseous stuff.

Another performance was supping a bowlful of burning brandy. The bowl which was of the commonest stone ware—the management could not afford anything superior—I placed on the table before the audience; the brandy, being first tested, or rather tasted, by one or two of the "front seats," I poured into the bowl, and set fire to it. When the flames flashed high, I dipped a dinner-spoon into the brandy, and seemed to fill it; when I took it out of the brandy, I inverted the bowl of the spoon, and held it blazing before my open mouth; as I was closing lips upon it, a gentle breath blew out the flame, and nothing entered my mouth but the slightly heated spoon. This fire supping required to be done speedily, to prevent the spoon becoming overheated. Unknown to the audience, I used another spoon for my next sup, to give the first spoon time for cooling; and I continued supping until the flames died out, finishing the feat by drinking off the small quantity of harmless liquid that was left.

In the above performances no preparation of the mouth was required; but in those I am about to describe, I rendered my mouth and skin much less sensitive, even to great heat, by a continual application of liquid borax to the first, and by anointing the second with a preparation of distilled water, sulphuric acid and onion-juice. Having thus made myself as it were fire proof, I was prepared to eat any quantity of tow, and afterward blow volumes of smoke out of my mouth, the inside of which was lighted up with a glow of red-heat. This I obtained by slipping a piece of red-hot charcoal, powdered with the sulphur, between my teeth, having previously inhaled a long breath, and then breathing smartly, and thus showing a small mass of blue-and-red fire. Some may think that the sulphur rendered the trick more difficult and dangerous; but its action was quite the contrary.

In swallowing molten lead, which was not lead, but the compound already mentioned, I poured the metal out of the crucible into the palm of my hand, allowed it to rest there for a second or two, by which time it hardened into a lump, and then I showed it on my tongue, and appeared to swallow it. Under the pretense of wiping my lips, I easily removed it unseen.

In my early showman days the only medium of advertising was the bellman of the town or village, who was paid for his services by a free admission for himself and family on the first morning or evening of the performances. We often also had recourse to an indirect method of advertising our show. When not engaged at the booth, our usual resort was the largest and most popular taproom of the neighborhood. Many a time have I astonished and terrified the natives by taking with my bare fingers a red-hot coal from the fire and lighting my pipe with it, and then carrying it round to the gaping countrymen, offering a light to each.

Of course I was always in a condition of professional preparation during my reign as a Fire-king. One evening, after a successful performance at Uxbridge, I entered a tap-room in a little town. I had hardly sat down before I was requested, as being nearest the fire, to give it a stir up. A glance round convinced me that I was going to be made the victim of a plot. I seized the large ball which formed the handle of the poker, and which I saw at a glance had been previously heated to redness for the benefit of the first unsuspecting comer. The trick was at the time much in vogue, and never failed to elicit shouts of derisive laughter at the expense of the victim. The poker was cooling down from red-hot. I stirred the fire leisurely.

"Don't you find it rather hot?" remarked the lumpy host, winking at his neighbors.

"Not at all," I replied; "not warmer than I could have expected it near such a jolly fire. Feel it yourself."

I placed the ball in his hand. He uttered some strong language, and danced round the apartment, slapping his singed hand on his thigh, much to the delight of the assembled yokels.

It was at this same time, if I recollect aright, that I performed a "wonderful swallowing feat." It was a trick, and the only trick I ever resorted to in the way of actual swallowing. There were many in the town who would not believe in the genuineness of my sword-swallowing feat; so I announced that I would swallow three iron rods of nine inches each in length, and not only swallow but digest them. I employed a confectioner of the town, who was a little bit of a showman in his way, to make me three rods of jujube mixture, and coat them slightly with tinfoil. At the appointed time, before a large and excited audience I produced the sham rods, and knocking them together, made them ring in such a manner that their metal could not be disputed. The ringing was done by a brother actor, who stood at the side-wings and rattled three genuine iron rods together. Bit by bit I swallowed the sweet stuff, thus keeping my promise and silencing the unbelievers.

On one occasion I entered a country tap-room and put down a small paper parcel on the table. Looking at the fire, I remarked to the potman that I did not think it capable of cooking a steak. He agreed with me. Then I said if he would bring me a red-hot poker from the kitchen, I could manage for myself. The poker was brought; I licked the end of it once or twice, and then, in a disappointed manner, said that it was not nearly hot enough. He offered to heat it again.

"No," I said; "you haven't a fire in the village that can heat it up to please me. Take it away, or I'll eat it up before your eyes."

On the following morning I entered the same public house and called for a glass of ale.

"I cannot serve you," said the landlady, sternly; "I am not licensed to sell drink to the Evil One!"

I may in conclusion introduce a little feat which was no trick, and which I occasionally performed. I acquired the taste and the power through practice while at Tobago. I could swallow a spoonful of Cayenne pepper as easily as if it were sugar. At a tavern parlor in Hitchin I was talking of my fondness for taking capsicum or Cayenne pepper to any amount. Unfortunately I could not prove my words, as neither of them could be produced. Before the company parted for the night the butler of a gentleman in the neighborhood invited me to give a performance on the following evening in the servants' hall. I did so. A banquet worthy of a Lord Mayor followed. I was made the lion of the party. Neither capon nor turkey was good enough to set before me. The cook had exerted all her powers in concocting a dish expressly for me. The dainty morsel, for it was little more, smelled and looked temptingly. I wished to share it with the others; but that was not to be permitted. I was hungry, as showmen always are, and nothing loath to set to. The first mouthful informed my palate that the chief ingredients of the dish were Cayenne and hotter spices, if hotter there be. I ate with an appetite; no expected tears came into my eyes; I made no demand for a glass of water or beer. I left not an atom of the cook's achievement, and laid down my knife and fork satisfied with myself, and at the same time complimented the cook on her skill. A hearty laugh rung all round; and she explained that the dish was a suggestion of the butler.—*Chamber's Journal.*

The Lifetime of Man.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced, and asked how long he would have to live.

"Thirty years," replied nature; "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by any thing but blows and kicks. Give but a portion of that time, I pray!"

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked nature. "Thirty years were too many for the ass, but wilt thou be content with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in a corner and growl?"

Nature thought he was right, and gave him twelve years. The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; "thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and the dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he; "so it may seem to others, but it will not be! Should pudding ever rain down, I shall have no spoon! I shall play merry tricks, and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."

Nature was gracious, and he received ten. At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man. "When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire on my own hearth, when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit, when life will seem to me most desirable I shall die. O, Nature, grant me a longer period!"

"Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass beside."

"That is not enough," replied man.

"Take likewise the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more."

"I give thee, then, the ten years of the ape; in vain wilt thou claim more."

Man departed dissatisfied. Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy; he labors cheerfully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion. The man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

New Year'sEve.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE UNKNOWN GUEST.

One pleasant evening in the month of June, in the year 17—, a man was observed entering the borders of a wood, near the Hudson river, his appearance that of a person above the common rank. The inhabitants of a country village would have dignified him with the title of "squire," and from his manners pronounced him proud; but those more accustomed to society, would inform you, that there was something like a military air about him. His horse panted as if it had been hard pushed for some miles; yet, from frequent stops to caress the patient animal, he could not be charged with want of humanity. The rider forsaking a good road for a bye-path leading through the woods, indicated a desire to avoid the gaze of other travellers. He had not left the house where he inquired the direction of the above mentioned path, before the quietude of the place was broken by the noise of distant thunder. He was soon after obliged to dismount, traveling becoming dangerous as darkness concealed surrounding objects, except when the lighting flash afforded him a momentary view of his situation. A peal louder and of longer duration than any of the preceding, which now burst over his head, seeming as if it would rend the woods asunder, was quickly followed by a heavy fall of rain that penetrated the clothes of the stranger ere he could obtain the shelter of a large oak which stood at a little distance.

Almost exhausted with the labors of the day, he was about making such disposition of the saddle and his overcoat, as would enable him to pass the night with what comfort circumstances would admit when he espied a light glimmering through the trees. Animated with the hope of better lodgings, he determined to proceed. The way, which was steep, became attended with more obstacles the further he advanced, the soil being composed of clay, which the rain had rendered soft so that his feet slipped at every step. By the utmost perseverence, this difficulty was finally overcome without any accident, and he had the pleasure of finding himself in front of a decent-looking farm-house. The watch-dog began barking, which brought the owner of the mansion to the door.

"Who is there?" said he.

"A friend who has lost his way, and in search of a place of shelter," was the answer.

"Come in, sir," added the speaker, "and whatever my house will afford, you shall have with welcome."

"I must provide for the weary companion of my journey," remarked the other.

But the farmer undertook the task, and after conducting the new-comer into a room where his wife was seated, he led the horse to a well-stored barn, and there provided for him most bountifully. On rejoining the traveler, he observed, "That is a noble animal of yours, sir."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I am sorry that I was obliged to misuse him so as to make it necessary to give you so much trouble with the care of him; but I have to thank you for your kindness to both of us."

"I did no more than my duty, sir," said the entertainer, "and therefore am entitled to no thanks. But Susan," added he, turning to the hostess, with a half reproachful look, "why have you not given the gentleman something to eat!"

Fear had prevented the good woman from exercising a well-known benevolence; for a robbery had been committed by a lawless band of depredators, but a few weeks before, in that neighborhood, and a report stated that they were all well dressed, her imagination suggested that this man might be one of them.

At her husband's remonstrance, she now readily engaged in repairing the error, by preparing a splendid repast. During the meal there was much interesting conversation among the three. As soon as the worthy countryman perceived that his guest had satisfied his appetite, he informed him that it was now the hour at which the family usually performed their devotions, inviting him at the same time to be present. The invitation was accepted in these words:

"It would afford me the greatest pleasure to commune with my Heavenly Preserver, after the events of the day; such exercises prepare us for the repose which we seek in sleep."

The host now reached the Bible from the shelf, and after reading a chapter and singing, concluded the whole with a fervent prayer; then, lighting a pine knot, conducted the person he had entertained to his chamber, wishing him a good night's rest, and retired to an adjoining apartment.

"John," whispered the woman, "that is a good gentleman, and not one of the highwaymen, as I supposed."

"Yes, Susan," said he, "I like him better for thinking of his God, than all his kind inquiries after our welfare. I wish our Peter had been home from the army, if it was only to hear this good man talk. I am sure Washington himself could not say more for his country, nor give a better history of the hardships endured by our brave soldiers."

"Who knows now," inquired the wife, "but it may be himself after all, my dear; for they do say he travels just so all alone, sometimes. Hark! what's that?"

The sound of a voice came from the chamber of their guest, who was now engaged in his private religious worship. After thanking the Creator for his many mercies, and asking a blessing on the inhabitants of the house, he continued. "And now, Almighty Father, if it be thy holy will, that we shall obtain a place and name among the nations of the earth, grant that we may be enabled to show our gratitude for thy goodness, by our endeavors to fear and obey Thee. Bless us with wisdom in our council, success in battle, and let our victories be tempered with humanity. Endow, also, our enemies with enlightened minds, that they may become sensible of their injustice, and willing to restore liberty and peace. Grant the petition of thy servant, for the sake of Him thou hast called the Beloved Son; nevertheless, not my but thy will be done. Amen."

The next morning the traveler, declining the pressing solicitation to breakfast with his host, declared it was necessary for him to cross the river immediately: at the same time offering part of his purse as a compensation for what he had received, which was refused.

"Well, sir," continued he, "since you will not permit me to recompense you for your trouble, it is just that I should inform you on whom you have conferred so many obligations, and also add to them, by requesting your assistance in crossing the river. I had been out yesterday, endeavoring to obtain some information respecting our enemy, and being alone, ventured too far from the camp. On my return, I was surprised by a foraging party, and only escaped by my knowledge of the roads, and the fleetness of my horse. My name is George Washington."

Surprise kept the listener silent for a moment; then, after successfully repeating the invitation to partake of some refreshment, he hastened to call two negroes, with whose assistance he placed the horse on a small raft of timber that was lying in the river, near the door, and soon conveyed the General to the opposite side of the river, where he left him to pursue his way to the camp, wishing him a safe and prosperous journey.

The above is only one of the hazards encountered by this truly great patriot, for the purpose of transmitting to posterity the treasures we now enjoy. Let us acknowledge the benefits received, by our endeavors to preserve them in their purity, and keeping in remembrance the great source whence these blessings flow, we may be enabled to render our names worthy of being enrolled with that of the father of his country.

January 1.

Winter is come again. The sweet south-west
Is a forgotton wind, and the strong earth
Has laid aside its mantle to be bound
By the frost fetter. There is not a sound,
Save of the skater's heel, and there is laid
An icy finger on the lip of storms,
And the clear icicle hangs cold and still,
And the snow-fall is noiseless as a thought.
Spring has a rushing sound, and Summer sends
Many sweet voices with its odors out,
And Autumn rustleth its decaying robe
With a complaining whisper. Winter's dumb!
God made his ministry a silent one,
And he has given him a foot of steel
And an unlovely aspect, and a breath
Sharp to the senses—and we know that He
Tempereth well, and hath a meaning hid
Under the shadow of His hand. Look up;
And it shall be interpreted—Your home
Hath a temptation now! There is no voice
Of waters with beguiling for your ear,
And the cool forest and the meadows green
Witch not your feet away; and in the dells
There are no violets, and upon the hills
There are no sunny places to lie down.
You must go in, and by your cheerful fire
Wait for the offices of love, and hear
Accents of human tenderness, and feast
Your eye upon the beauty of the young.
It is a season for the quiet thought,
And the still reckoning with thyself. The year
Gives back the spirits of its dead, and time
Whispers the history of its vanished hours;
And the heart, calling its affections up,
Counteth its wasted ingots. Life stands still
And settles like a fountain, and the eye
Sees clearly through its depths, and noteth all
That stirred its troubled waters. It is well
That winter with the dying year should come

—*N. P. Willis.*

THE BRIDGE OF A MOMENT.

BY MARGARET CAVENDISH.

It was on a ferry-boat that he felt in love with her. It was love at first sight, as the phrase goes; one often quoted contemptuously, though it furnishes us many instances of conjugal happiness.

Well, to whom do this masculine and this feminine pronoun relate? you inquire. To which I answer: Steady going, retiring, plain-looking John Moore, who had crossed on this ferry-boat for years without ever seeing a woman's face or form which he cared to meet the second time. Not that he was one of those women dissecters who continually turn the most natural movement or unstudied smile into an elaborately preconcerted scheme to capture unwary bachelors. To be courteous and kind to all, more especially women, was one of the rules of his life; so, when Helen Ives drove up to the ferry-house in that much-degraded, though very useful, conveyance known as a hack, and throwing aside her heavy crape veil, proceeded to open the door—a proceeding much retarded by her veil, for some reason immediately falling over her face again—John Moore came forward, bowed, opened the door and assisted her to alight.

She thanked him quietly; and then he lost sight of her until she stepped on board the boat. A moment and she was seated and in the act of securely fastening back her veil. That moment was the supreme one of John's life. He never forgot it through all time.

Was this object he was looking at a woman? One of those creatures with whom he had occasionally danced and laughed?

Surely there must be something different about her, or why this sudden interest? He felt as though he knew her history and that he was born to be of some use and help to her; that he would believe implicitly anything she might tell him—or wish him to believe. Not that his thoughts or impressions came in such an orderly and distant manner as that. He was only conscious of a strange delight and unaccountable throbbing of his heart.

No doubt by all this you think she was some beautiful, ethereal young being, all charms and graces. But let me undeceive you at once. She was only a moderately handsome woman of about twenty-five; graceful, certainly, but with no voluminous drapery or other intricacies of flounce, plait or fold. Her fair hair, guiltless of crimp or puff, was put plainly back from a full, white forehead, while beneath it gray modest eyes kept their watch. A mouth somewhat larger than the rose-bud style, but still sweet and resolute. These were the attributes or secondary considerations, for over all was such an air of calmness, sincerity and womanliness that you felt rather than saw the attraction.

Perhaps not another man on the boat looked upon her with such reverence as the glamored eyes of John Moore. If others noticed her at all it was with the reflection that she was undeniably a lady.

But as Cupid had been long meditating an attack, and not wishing to lose his well earned and long maintained reputation as a marksman, he choose this moment when his victim was all unsuspecting of the golden tipped, yet stinging, arrow aimed at his heart.

Therefore it was she appeared to John lovelier than other women.

The arrow had pierced the mark, and love had transformed her.

As the boat neared the slip most of the passengers left the cabins to crowd about the chains, among them John Moore, for he and they were now as impatient to disembark as they were to embark. It was evening to be sure, and no business awaited them: but still you know the characteristic New Yorker.

When Helen Ives found herself alone in the cabin she took from a small sachel a card. By its size and shape one would suppose it to be a photograph, also by the tender fondness which came over her face as she looked at it; she even smiled at it. Then, as if suddenly remembering where she was, she bit her lips and composed her face; and had you examined it now you would have detected an added bitterness and resolution. Placing the thumb and forefinger of each hand together on its edge, she tore it partly in two, but no sooner did the destroying members do their work than they sought to hide it by holding the severed parts closely united. Again a second thought condemned it, and she walked to the deck, tearing as she went, flung the pieces into the water, turned and entered the cabin as though she wished to avoid seeing them lost like snow-flakes in the sea.

Now, John Moore had noted this little by-play, and when one of the scraps fluttered back and settled at his feet, he stooped and picked it up. Had it been note paper of any kind he would not have done so, but thinking it was nothing but a bit of common card, and wishing earnestly to hold something which her hands had touched, he had beat for the discarded trifle. And, lo! when he turned it over he saw part of a man's neck and shirt-front—that was all.

He could easily see the necktie and the shirt with its row of studs.

His first impulse was to give it to the water, but catching sight of Helen's face, for they were now landing, he decided to keep it in memory of his meeting with her. Who world say he might never see her again? Thus they met at one ferry-slip and separated at the other. On that short trip two lives had received impressions indelible, the outgrowth of one cause, but vastly opposite in their termination. A month passed. Helen often crossed the ferries, but not just at the hour he did, and hence no meeting. To say that she had daily occupied his thoughts would not express the vividness with which he remembered her. He looked forward to his trips on the boat as the worn-out clerk to his summer tour.

And how he would scan every black-robed figure in hopes it might be his "one fair woman."

The fragment of pasteboard he had put away in an unvisited corner of his trunk as a treasure, and dreamed of her face at night, as she stood on a burning ferry-boat scattering scraps of paper over the water around about and calling on him to rescue her.

By all this you will see Cupid did his work very effectually, and cared not how his poor victim fared, so long as he added another bleeding heart to his trophies.

But Fate, why call her cruel?

If she is stony for awhile, does she not, by one grandly generous act, repay us for years of suffering and neglect?

This evening great black fleecing masses of clouds scowled in the heavens; the wind searched in the trees and visited rickety sign-boards in hopes of finding something to hurl at the foot-passengers hurrying home below; hacks, too, did a flurishing business.

When John Moore reached the ferry he saw a graceful black-robed figure descend from one of them, and a fearful face looking at the already falling rain, and shudder as the lightning flashed dangerously near. Now at least, thought he, I may again offer my services without appearing presuming or rude.

At last it came about, in the most delicate yet rather inconvenient manner, that these two chatted very pleasantly although the rain came down in torrents with no chance of a reprieve.

This time as the boat quivered from collision with the spiles of the slip, sending the passengers this way and that, Helen Ives had John Moore's arm to steady her, while he held above her an umbrella of unusual size. How he thanked the rain and vowe to apostrophize it at some future day!

"Could anything be more fortunate than my meeting with you?" said Helen; "you always come at the right moment."

"I suppose you would consider it adroit flattery if I were to tell you that I thought of you every day since first I saw you, and only hoped to be of some service; and unkind as it may seem," continued John. "I do not regret the rain."

"Only custom and gallantry forgive such speeches. I certainly must object. However, you need not exert yourself in future to fill the requirements of such absurdities. Here is my home, and I am sure my mother, Mrs. Ives, will be pleased to thank you for your kindness to her daughter. Won't you come in?"

Having walked so far with him, Helen thought it prudent to introduce him to her mother.

"With much pleasure," he said; "I am John Moore," giving her his card.

"Mother, dear," spoke Helen, bringing John into a pretty parlor and also before an elderly lady in widow's mourning, "This is Mr. Moore, the gentleman who has earned your thanks and gratitude in keeping my crape and bombazine dry; the one whom I met before—you remember."

Mrs. Ives gave him an earnest look, then thanked him heartily, and even invited him to have tea; although I must say that she was prompted to this kindness by a glimpse caught through the open door of a daintly spread table, perhaps as much as from any consideration of the rain. To this request he was well-bred enough to offer an excuse, only asking permission to call again, which was readily given.

"Poor girl," he thought, as he walked slowly home, "I think she has some secret trouble; she is thinner and whiter than she was—that photograph has some connection with it," continued his thoughts, "There's a sad story about it, I fear; a lover's quarrel, no doubt. Ah, how well I would love her if I might!"

The ladies, too, were talking. "I think, my dear," said Mrs. Ives, as she and Helen said over the tea, "that he is a gentleman, but one can not be too careful in forming acquaintances. I suppose you know nothing more than I about him?"

"Only that he boards, and spends his holidays at Fort Washington with his cousin, Mrs. Montgomery. Of course, I did not tell him that we lived there.

"O, Helen, I wish you would try and forget. He was not, is not, worth it. When I think of the way he has acted I am so glad we found him out in time."

As Mrs. Ives finished speaking she went around and lovingly smoothed her daughter's cheeks.

"Yes, mother, I have parted from him for ever. I have drowned him." This in a half whisper.

The weeks slipped easily by, bringing with them kind attentions to both mother and daughter from John Moore, for he was in his generation and knew how to win the maternal heart. One evening at the theater, during some mimic love scene, he noticed Helen close her eyes as if in disgust.

"Why, Miss Helen, have you no faith in the lovers' vows?" he asked bantteringly.

To his surprise he answered with seriousness: "No doubt there are some who hold their vows sacred, but I 'love,' 'darling' and the like wait on the tongues of most men to be called off at a moment's notice. If you speak honestly, don't you think so?" she added, smiling at him.

He laid his head upon her fan to stay its motion, saying: "I will tell you as we go home."

She knew his meaning well, and what women would not? Especially one who had been the subject of his watchful care; for whom he had planned amusements and little excitements. Because he understood more of her skepticism and indifference than she was aware of.

In answer to words which I need not repeat, Helen Ives was saying to John Moore that evening:

"I only regret that I did not meet you before my heart lost its faith, for then I must have loved you, knowing you as I know you now. But I would not marry you with the feeling that my heart was not wholly cured of its old infatuation. Listen to this with all its humiliating admissions in atonement for the misery I have caused you. Two years ago my father gave his consent to my marrying the only man I ever loved. He vowed he loved me so devotedly that poverty would be bliss by my side. I believed in him entirely. My father died suddenly a few days before our contemplated union, and he thinking my father died insolvent, left me and sailed for Europe with his bride—all in two months' time. Yet I think I care for this villian still, although I have tried to tear his image from my heart as I tore his false-pictured face. There, do not despise me that I do not hate him as he deserves!" ending her story with a flash of anger.

"No, Helen, I do not. I know a woman's heart is very tender of her first love, and that is the reason there is some hope for the second. What should you say if I told you that I partly guessed what you have just related to me. I saw you that first day on the ferry-boat and loved you even then. I saw you throw the pieces of card into the water. One of them fluttered back to lie at my feet. I took it up and have kept it since in memory of you. I knew what it had been. I wove a little story of it. I still keep it and always shall, unless you give me something better in its stead."

During this recital Helen watched John's face intently, then said:

"O, you do not understand. I do not love him, but it seems as though I could never be sure of love again. Let us be the same friends, and give me time to know my own heart."

"Very well, my darling, I am going to flatter myself that it is my well-being that you are to study in this respite."

The very next day Helen received a note stating that her friend John Moore was dying, having been fatally injured that day by the pole of an omnibus, while crossing Broadway. Instantly she went to his side with a heart wrung with anguish and remorse for having met his love with such coldness and indifference. All his kindness, care and thoughtfulness passed before her, and she—she had done nothing for him.

It seemed to her a dream that she had told him that she did not love him. Why she never loved till now, when unconsciousness closed his ears to her voice!

Guardian angel never bore such soulcries to the throne of Heaven as Helen offered for this dear life so surely sinking. She pillowed his head in her arms, and never moved through the long silent night, but to kiss the closed eyes or to beg God for his life. Toward morning he opened his eyes and saw his idol at his side. O, the rapture of that moment when a beloved life struggles back from darkness to reason!

But his voice was weak and broken. "Helen, my dear one, is that a dream? I've been with you on the boat. I thought we were married, and so very happy—that dear old boat, I always dream of it. But it is all one now, I must leave you!"

"My darling, you will kill me if you talk so. O, John, I love you so much, and I thought I did not. Live for me to prove it by a life of devotion and care!"

"Your words, your love, would make me live when all else failed. To have seen and loved you and won your love is more to me than all things besides; and all I ask that you bear my name after I am gone. O, Helen, will you that I may know I have some one to sorrow for me?"

In less than an hour a mournful wedding ceremony was performed, the bride sat long beside the death bed, and clasping the death cold hand of her bridegroom, whose love-lit eyes caressed his face as it they would even then spare her all pain. Before long the time for the final parting came—the hand dearest on earth must be relinquished.

All must give up. Oh, the agony of parting!

But his soul, ere it took its flight afar off, looked from his eyes and blessed her.

If ever you walk along the country road leading to the cemetery you will meet a graceful figure, still in deepest mourning, seeking a grave laden with loveliest flowers, a grave at whose head a tall monument stands protectingly, and on which is exquisitely cut a ferry-boat, with these words:

"The scene of buried hopes, and the birth-place of enduring love."

The Enfield Shakers.

There are at Enfield three communities of Shakers with a population of about 140—34 men, 70 women, 36 children.

Each community holds its property in common, but independently. Altogether they own about 3,000 acres, or 20 acres for every one of their number.

From necessity they hire the Gentiles or world's people more or less to carry on their farming. Industry is one of the cardinal virtues of the Shakers, and all are trained early to work, but each is allowed to choose a specialty, provided it comes within the range of agriculture, horticulture, the raising of herbs and seeds and the simpler manufactures. Each of the communities here has within a few years erected new and spacious dwellings furnished with all the modern conveniences of civilization. The new Church family dwelling, not yet open, will cost $30,000.

It is of brick, five stories high, with a stone basement open to the west and contains 80 rooms, all richly supplied with wondrous cases of drawers and simple cabinets and closets worked into the walls. The Shakers never raise tobacco, but eschew it and look upon its recent wholesale destruction by hail and wind as a healthy judgement from heaven.

They eat no pork for conscience sake, but keep hogs to sell to the Gentiles and for the good of manures. Their cattle are Alderney and Durham, the latter predominating. The Enfield Shakers first began to build in 1794, under David and Joseph Meacham, and they have seen greater prosperity and numbers than at present. A few years ago they numbered over 200. Ann Lee, the mother and founder of the Shaker theological system, who landed in New York, August 6, 1774, and who lived and died at Watervleit in New York, was once driven from Enfield by a mob, and was for years imprisoned for witchcraft and treason. It is said that there are now in this country eighteen communities of Shakers, with 8,850 dependents, and they hold in common property valued at upwards of $10,000,000. Celibacy as is well known, is one of their articles of faith.—*New Haven Palladium.*

A Lesson from Life.

A few years ago—it seems but a few years, and yet it may be twenty—there lived in one of the most beautiful sections of central New York a young man who was surrounded with everything that desire could ask or taste dictate to make life pleasant. He was then just entering upon that period which, coming to nearly every youth with his fifteenth year, shapes to a certain degree the after life, develops ambition, arouses latent desires, and has the effect of forming not only character but fixing principles which tell upon the life-conduct of coming years. This young man was blessed with a happy home and pleasant parents, and was afforded every opportunity to secure an education of the highest standard. Early in life he manifested a desire to enter the army, and when the time arrived which enabled him to meet the requirements of the military academy at West Point, his father, whose influence was great, secured his son an appointment to that institution. For several years the young man studied hard, his ambition was great, and his friends and parents were gratified to hear only good reports as to his behavior and studiousness. With a natural love of the beautiful and elevated by the ennobling influences of the more sublime studies the young cadet, with honors thick upon him, standing at the head of his class and cheered on by loving and encouraging words by those who were near and dear to him, finally left the portals of the academy and began to battle with the realities of life. Everything was bright; home, friends, fortune, position.

But it was not long before he felt, and felt so far that he found himself in private life. For some reason—inherited, perhaps; possibly formed by army associations—he had acquired a taking for drink, and the simple indulgence, for the sake of boon companionship, had finally developed into a passion. From small potations, he had grown to find no solace save in those "pottle deep," and after a brief career as an officer, he was obliged to relinquish his commission and look to other walks of life for employment. His father, who had grown to manage one of the most valuable railway properties in the state of New York, gave the boy a chance, and made him superintendent of one of the divisions of the road. But here his fatal passion again got the mastery, and, outraging all decency and setting self respect at defiance, he fell again from his honorable post, this time lower than before.

A few days ago this young man—for he is still a young man—made an attempt to get out of the institution where he is now confined, the Inebriate Home at Fort Hamilton, Long Island, and where he had been placed by his father; who at once began proceedings to have him declared an habitual drunkard, which he himself confessed himself to be beyond all hope of reclamation.

Please read this life-lesson carefully, and think how bright a future P. Elmendorf Sloan had, and how miserably he squandered every talent, every hope, every particle of ambition, everything that would have elevated him in position and public estimation. Could there be any temperance lecture more forcible, any example of debauchery more magnificently monstrous? It is something for the young to pause and contemplate. To be sure he is but one out of thousands, perhaps, but the debris of his wreck has been thrown so high by the sweeping tide of the sea of intemperance that it cannot but be seen and pondered over.

Honor Among Thieves.

Bellew, in his account of the mission which he accompanied into Afghanistan, tells a most remarkable story, which may be quoted as illustrating not only the determination which the race is capable of, out of a sense of honor—such was the word the relator used; and although it is only honor among thieves, there was mixed with it a desire for the honor of the family to which the hero of the story belonged, which would be creditable anywhere.

The person who tells the tale was called Khan Gul, and he was one of the actors in it. The whole of his family had, at a former period, become a band of robbers, which occupation they practiced, seemingly on the sly, and their neighbors were kept in the dark about their doings. They had determined on robbing a house at some distance, and going there during the night they made a hole through the mud wall. Khan Gul's brother, like Oliver Twist, was passed in, and he began to hand out whatever was within his reach.

The people of the house chanced to waken up, upon which the brother tried to make his escape, but while in the act of returning through the hole in the wall those on the inside caught him by the feet. Now began a tug like the "tug of war;" fiercely they pulled to get him out of the hole, but it was useless; those within had one or two holding on to each leg, and the burglar was held as if in a vise. The fear that they would be recognized and detected became at last the dominant feeling, and, as they could not possibly pull him out, they determined on an extreme measure, and one so very extreme that it is hard to believe it could have occurred to any others than these knife-using Afghans.

The only plan left to prevent identity was to cut off the head, carry it away and leave the body; and the very striking part of this tale lies in the fact that it was done at the suggestion of the man himself, and, as he expressed at the instant, so that "the honor of the family might be preserved undefiled." This was done. They fled with the head only, leaving all the spoil which had been thrown out, and, as Khan Gul ended the story, he thanked God that the honor of the house had by means been preserved. There is something heroic in such acts. Neither Agamemnon nor Achilles, as described by Homer, suggests a character capable of such self-devotion.

DEFECTIVE PAGE

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE