THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we near the fall of Death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange, yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives us years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming strength
Proportioned to their length.

Thomas Campbell.

GHOST STORIES UNVEILED.

How the Supernatural Disappears On Investigation.

The following are related in the conversational style in which they were told to a contributor to Chamber's *Journal*:

"I am sure none of you were ever so terrified by a ghost as I was," said my Aunt Mabel. "It was an American ghost, which perhaps accunts for its having been more wild and weird and altogether electrifying than any thing ever met with in the old country. You know that I went to America when I was young, and that I spent many of my early years in a lonely farm-house in the backwoods."

"And without servants, Aunt Mabel?"

"Quite true, dear. Servants would not stay in such an out-of-the-way place without higher wages than we could give them, and indeed the 'helps' we tried were often more deserving of the name of 'hinderers.' But we were all young and strong, and we never had happier days than when we all kept house together, and did the work with our own hands; Capital training it was, though at first of course we made many mistakes, every thing was so new and strange to us.

"It was soon after our arrival at this lonely place that I met with a terrible fright. My sister Isabel and I shared the same room, and one night I was awakened by hearing her crying by my side.

"'What is the matter, Isabel?"

"O, a toothache, a most dreadful toothache, and I have nothing to relieve it. If I could only get some brandy; a little burnt brandy would cure it in a moment.'

"My dear," I said, jumping out of bed, 'I will get you some directly. I know where it is—in the parlor cupboard—and I have got the key.'

"'But you have no light.'

"'O, I can grope my way to the room, and then I can easily light my candle at the stove.'

"No sooner said than done. I wrapped a shawl round me, went swiftly and quietly down stairs, felt my way through the dark and deserted room, and succeded in lighting my candle at the stove. But no sooner did I hold up the lighted candle to make my way to the cupboard, than a most unearthly shriek rang through the room. At the same moment the light was suddenly extinguished. I was left in total darkness, and all was still and silent as before.

"Chilled with horror, and trembling in every limb, I groped my way back as well as I could and told my story to Isabel; but she was in such pain that it did not make the impression on her that I expected. I got but little sympathy.

"'It must have been the wind, or a wild-cat outside that screamed,' she said; 'and as to the light being put out, that of course was sheer accident. Candles often go out when they are just lighted. Of course,' she added, we are not such fools as to believe in ghosts.'

"This rather put me on my mettle, and moved, beside, by her moans of intense pain, I at last braced myself up to a second attempt. I went with great determination, resolving that nothing should now hinder me from bringing the remedy to my sister.

"Proceeding down stairs again, all went well till I turned from the stove with my lighted candle in my hand. Instantly the same yell resonded in my ears, while something, I could not tell what, swept past me, and dashed out the light!

"How I reached my room I never knew, but I crawled into bed more dead than alive, and as soon as I could speak I told Isabel that, no matter what happened, nothing could induce me to make the venture again.

"Morning came at last, and with it the solution of the mystery. My brothers had come home late, bringing with them a screech-owl which they had caught, and had put into the parlor for safety till the morning. The light had of course disturbed it, and it had flown against the candle and extinguished it while uttering its peculiar and singularly hideous cry. My terror at the midnight ghost was a joke at my expense for long after."

"I think you were very brave to go into the room a second time, Aunt Mabel."

"Well, I think I was, I must admit. But I would have braved almost anything for Isabel, and I was a strong, courageous girl, who hardly knew what fear was. Still, I can assure you that even to this day when I recall the scene, I seem still to feel the thrill of terror that shook me at the sound of that unearthly shriek. Heard for the first time in the dead of night and so close to my ear, it was truly startling and dreadful. It was a great relief when the mystery was so simply explained. But only imagine if it had never been explained! If the owl had got in unperceived, and had escaped by the chimney or an open window! How that ghostly shriek must have haunted me ever after! It would have been as frightful a ghost-story as you ever heard. But see! at the touch of the little wand of truth the ghost vanishes, and only a poor screech-owl remains!"

"Now let me tell the story of our 'family ghost,'" said Miss B. "Such a useful, faithful, devoted spirit as it was! An Irish ghost; but not a banshee—more like a 'delicate Ariel' or household fairy. I only fear its race is extinct now, as well as that of the invaluable servants who used to identify themselves with their master's family. Our ghost was before my time; but often and often have I heard my grandmother talk of it, and what a mystery it was. The household was large and varied, consisting of the old couple, some grown up ones, one of them married, an orphan niece, and two or three young children in the nursery. There were no railways in those days, and when any of the family intended going to the country town, they had to be up at dawn of day, take a solitary breakfast, and set out on what was then a formidable expedition. Of course the affair used to be discussed in the family the evening before, commissions given, and the time of starting fixed on.

"And now comes the strange part of my story. Whether the servants were up in good time or not, the fire was always lighted, the kettle boiling, and the breakfast ready at the appointed time! The clothes which came from the wash were found carefully sorted out and apportioned to their respective owners—none could tell by whom. If a fire was required in the nursery, it was kept up by invisible hands. Nurse was a heavy sleeper; but no matter—her deficiencies were suppled by the obliging and indefatigable ghost. Nurse used to find as bright a fire in the morning as she had left at night, the turf-basket replenished, and all as neat and orderly as hand could make it. To get out the breakfast things, my grandmother's keys must have been taken from her room, but by whom no one could tell.

"'Leave the key-basket in my room,' said a visitor, the night before he left. 'I am a light sleeper, and if the ghost comes to get my breakfast, I shall know it.'

"Toward daybreak he heard the keys tinkle, and instantly threw a dagger, which he had hidden under his pillow, to the spot whence the sound proceeded. In the morning the dagger was found stuck into the door, but no clew to the mysterious visitor could be found.

"At last my grandmother determined that the mystery should be solved, whatever it might be, and she prepared to sit up in her room all night, listening for the faintest sound. For a long time all was still; and my grandmother was beginning to fear that her long watch through the winter's night was only wasting her strength in vain, when at last, somewhere in the small hours, she heard a slight thud upon the stairs. Instantly seizing her candle, she rushed out in time to see a slender figure in white carrying a basket of turf on its arm. The fall of a sod from fuel-basket was the sound she had heard. My grandmother was a brave woman, and swiftly as the white figure flitted on, swiftly did she follow after, up stair-cases and along passages, till, just as it reached the nursery door, she overtook it, and discovered her niece walking in her sleep!

"It seems the poor girl was so anxious about the household arrangements that she used to rise in her sleep to accomplish all that she knew ought to be done. How her zeal nearly cost her life, through the foolish rashness of a young visitor, I have already told you. She was never again permitted to sleep alone. My grandmother took her to her own bed; and clasped in her loving arms, the poor girl learned to forget her cares, and take the full benefit of

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

"Had not my grandmother possessed good sense, courage, and resolution, the story might have had a very different ending."

TO MYSELF.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still.

What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shoulds't thou fill to-day with sorrow,
About to-morrow,
My heart?

One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor;
But rest;

Thou knowest, what God wills must be
For all his creatures---so for thee---
The best.

LITTLE SAM.

If any people ever deserved as much money as they knew how to take care of, popular verdict declared it to be the Deans; and nobody grudged them either their money or their lovliest of homes. In one of the city suburbs where pavements and lamps had not yet stretched, where the country ways were overhung with elms and beeches, and every house was set in lawns and gardens, stood this home of theirs—an old stone mansion, with bays and balconies overgrown with Virginia creeper and wistaria whose stems had intertwisted themselves with the masonry at every crevice, and were as stout and strong as ropes—ropes here and there stretched so tightly that they sang in the wind like Æolian harps. Within the house the hall was laid in old tiles, and covered with rugs, the noiseless and beautiful drawing-rooms and library were filled with inherited treasures, and, to say nothing of sleeping-rooms and nursery, the play-room was a fairy-place, and nothing less. It was the only room in the house that Mrs. Dean had changed when she came in to reign; but she had arranged this great sunny place to please her own fancy, and not that of her husband's ancestors. On the wall she had a paper hung, contrary to the canons of art, she was told, but delightful to the eyes of her boys and girls, where on a skyey background blush roses climbed all over a gilded trellis, birds built their nests and tilted on the sprays, and children's faces peered in and out the garlands. The floor wore a thick felt which allowed no tumbles to hurt the tumbler, and that deadened every noise; and for the remainder, there was no contrivance to amuse children that the mother had not amassed in that room. There was the big white rocking-horse nearly as large as her own ponies, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight;" there was the mimic ninepin alley, the bagatelle tables, the philosophical apparatus and the telescope, with which Mr. Dean used to perform for the children, and give them glimpses of the "fairy tales of science" when the other fairy tales palled, and of worlds beyond when the pleasures of their own were not enough. And then there were the walking and talking dolls, with a multitude of other mechanical toys, and there were parallel bars, and, yes, a low flying trapeze. A happy little set of savages they were that had the freedom of this delightful room when the day's spelling and multiplying were over. There were Robin and Mattie, the twins, and Ned; there were the two orphan cousins that had been added to the number; there were usually more or less of the neighbors' babies; and there was Cyrus, the pet and darling of them all, a fair-faced, blue-eyed little fellow, with his long yellow curls floating over his shoulders—almost too lovely, it seemed to that household, for common flesh and blood. A precocious little creature too, for his four years, full of mischief, his old nurse said, as a nut is of meat, and full of sweetness too. Singing about the house from dawn till dark, kissing the dog, which felt him a peculiar charge, worrying the cat, feeding the birds, varnishing the chairs with the mucilage, decorating the wall with his fingers dipped in the ink bottle, breaking the precious flower from the stem for some unwelcome guest, knowing no difference between servants and masters, and having kisses for all, always serious and always loving in the midst of his preoccupation and mischief, the little fellow was the idol of home and of the region round about. One night as they all sat in the play-room by a fire, it being rainy outside, when the games had failed any longer to amuse, each one recited some verse already learned; and while thus engaged, it was found that Cyrus had been printing on the bit of a blackboard, in uncouth but very recognizable characters, the letters of the alphabet; and when the others had said their say, he came and stood by his mother's knee, and repeated the "Better Land," in his sweet, serious voice and baby patois.

As Mrs. Dean went through the playroom, later, with a candle in her hand, those characters upon the blackboard flared up like the handwriting on the wall and made her shiver, as she afterward remembered, she knew not why. She passed through into the nurseries, and saw her little people all gently sleeping there; but somehow her heart seemed to linger the longest round Cyrus, as he lay with the coverings tossed to the winds, and his yellow curls streaming round his face in its rosy slumber like a Nimus.

The next night that little bed was vacant, and bands of men were searching the country far and wide for Cyrus; the father rode, half frantic, from one place to another; the mother, after the first, stayed at home and wrung her hands, the other children clinging dumb and awestruck to her skirt. The boy had been stolen.

Only those that clasp their own babies, and think of what might befall the darlings in some such dreadful unknown, can realize the agony that night and day brought to those parents for weeks and months. It is idle to tell of that grief, of the efforts that were made, of the fortune that was spent, of the uselessness of it all. The picture of the little head on its pillow that last night hung constantly before the mother's eyes; all his charming little sayings were in her mind; she could see him tearing up bits of paper as he leaned out of the window, and as each one softly floated away, repeating the lines about the death-song of the swan—"Fwoating down by he'se'f to die;" she remembered the absorbed way in which he would look up, declaring, "I buzhy now;" the *insauciance* with which, when she remonstrated upon his naughtiness, he bade her to "take it eazhy;" his "volcrble papers;" in short, all the things in which he had been just one trifle more charming than the other children—the other children who would not put one of that child's playthings out of sight, and would not even suffer the little uncouth characters upon the blackbord to be wiped out.

But one year followed another, and another followed that, and although Mr. Dean had agents every where throughout the country, and was constantly on the alert himself, no word came of his little son. Yet anything seemed better than he should be growing up in the hands of those vile enough to abduct him. No reason for the stealing had ever appeared; no message or messenger from the wretches had ever made any overture to the father for a ransom. Sometimes his mother feared that she could no longer control her reason; her health was breaking down: and she could hardly allow the other children out of her sight. She knew well that it would be better for her if she could go about among people; if she could visit the poor; if she could loose her own sorrows in trying to assuage that of the others. But it seemed to her that sight of the trouble of others would but aggravate her own trouble. Nor had she anything to give in charity; she felt that every dollar must be saved for spending in search of her little one; she was ready and eager to sell her great white diamonds, each one of which was a small fortune, and all the family plate, the accumulation of generations, that had used to delight the children with its great ringing vibrations before the butler put it away after any more stately banquet than usual. What she would have parted with everything and have gone to live in a garret at hard labor, there is no need of saying, if that would have given her back her boy again. She knew what it was to live in a garret, too, for in the beginning she had gone with her husband and certain members of the police though scores and scores of garrets and cellars in the black heart of the city. Only one of them all, though, she remembered in particular, it made her shudder so; there was an old crone with a sinister laugh, smoking the stump of a pipe there; there were some children asleep in a huddle of rags on the floor; the officers had shaken them, one and all, but they were none of hers. The place was not more filthy and squalid, not more loathsome to the senses and oppressive to the soul, than others she had seen; but it seemed to make her heart stand still as she entered, and she had not spoken a dozen words with the old hag before she fainted. After that her husband was reluctant to have her continue such visits.

But the visit made, perhaps, no more impression on her than it made on the dwellers of that den. The day "the pretty lady came with the cop" was a day in the calendar of those children, who, doubtless, were all thieves after their kind. They remembered it, perhaps, the more particularly, too, because, when the callers had been gone a little while, old Hannah, the crone aforesaid, knocked the ashes out of her pipe, lifted the loose board in the floor, and took Sam out of his bed there—a bed in which most of them had slept, and to which fresh air came from a chimney flue, and then there had been a smothered outcry, for it looked as though Sam was dead. But it turned out that Sam was still alive, after all; he was only sounder asleep than usual. He slept almost all the time, as they used to wish they might, instead of being sent out on their beats—a dark little creature, with closely shaved head, and with a vacant stare in his stupid eyes whenever he opened them. Sam had been whipped two or three times by old Hannah because he didn't answer to his name when he was awake. He answered to it now. But, on the whole, they hadn't seen so much of Sam since he came, for they were out, each on his own lay, most of the time, at different hours of the day and night.

Perhaps nothing could sooner blot the past for a child, stunt the growth, and produce a degradation of the moral tissue, is one may use the phrase, than a system of drowning out the brain with narcotic drugs. It was the system used in old Hanna's school. Each one of her little pupils woke at last, ready to receive the impressions she prepared—the impressions of finished crime—and graduated complete rascals, some fit for one work, and some for another. Sam's small size, if nothing else, would have settled his calling: he was set apart to creep into houses through small spaces where a large one could not enter, and to open the doors for his masters. He was first made to be more afraid of them than anything on earth; and then, the work of drugging being over, his intelligence was allowed to play with a basketful of old locks and keys. In a year's time he was almost an expert, and those locks were some of the few things on which he showed any signs of intelligence. His mind appeared to be a blank of all but fear; sometimes, if confused memories came to him, and he uttered a loud word, it was only to cower at the sight of old Hanna's lash, and its stronger and more recent memories—a little fellow still: he had not grown two inches in two years.

One twilight, a basket of crusts on his arm—out of which do all they could, he would nibble—he was told to follow Burt into the street, an old man with a sack on his shoulders, and not to lose sight of him. And when the experiment had been tried often enough, Burt went some way farther into the country than usual, and little Sam was shoved through a cellar grating to go up and open the way for Burt and those who had been awaiting him; and that night little Sam began his career of house-breaking.

But all of little Sam's share in the transaction was a sort of inchoate terror of what would happen to him if he did not do as he was told. And as for what the men did after he let them in, he had not so much idea as the mouse in the wainscot had: nor, if he had known, would he have been able to see any wrong in it. If they wanted pleasant things, why shouldn't they have them? Being satisfied, and in good humor, they would give him the fewer blows.

But only a few months after that beginning Burt and Bobbins were in their prison cells, old Hannah's den was broken up, and Sam and the other little outcasts were homeless; or rather they would have been had not Sam's proficiency with locks been known in the craft, and he at least claimed as a possession worth having; and thus the series of the most unaccountable and daring burglaries ever known in this part of the country went on uninterruptedly.

It was a bright moonlight night when the three confederates pushed and shoved little Sam up the great ropes of wistaria and woodbine that he might crawl through the open crack of a small window, with his customary instructions to find a door and open it for them. Once within, he could see his way tolerably well about the place, and he noiselessly traversed one room and another, and had reached the great upper hall, when his fear of the men outside suddenly gave way to a more horrible fear; for a great beast rose and was beside him with one leap—a huge mastiff taller than himself. For a moment little Sam was paralyzed: the next thing would be those white fangs in his flesh; he knew he should be devoured. But he could not scream. He dared not. And then the great creature had put his two fore-paws on Sam's shoulder, and was licking his face and hands and head as if he could not have enough of him, till the child sank on the robe, when he subsided, and lay beside him, with his nose between his paws, while Sam looked down the long length of the hall below, and saw the swinging silver lamps, the white statue in its niche, the glow of the bronze knight, the dark richness of the rugs upon the tiles, all as if he had seen it every night of his life. Meanwhile the dog steadily surveyed him in the intervals of his caresses. After all, Sam thought, the dog was not going to hurt him; in fact, he seemed in some way like an old friend. After all, thought Tribune, this is no place for little boys; they ought to be in bed. And he proceeded to show the child the way, going off a little, then coming back, taking a portion of his rags between his teeth, and endeavoring to lead him on. It was a new experience to little Sam. In other places the dogs had driven them off, but this sleepy and lazy old fellow showed nothing but hospitality. He followed whether he would or no. The dog led him into a large room first, with wide windows, through which a flood of moonlight fell. It fell upon an open organ with white glimmering keys. As Sam saw it, some idea of a singer sitting there seemed to rise on his fancy—a singer who had one arm around him as she sang, and held his head against her shoulder. What should he know of singing? Since he had seen old Hannah, singing had been unheard. As he moved, the blackboard caught his eye, half covered with some uncouth characters in chalk. He remembered now that he had heard of a little boy who showed the big children what he could do one night. He crept toward the blackboard, and took up the crayon and made one or two of these misshapen letters over again. Then he put down the crayon—those men were waiting for him outside. But the dog still held his rags, and by gentle motions led him on, and into a large sleeping-room, with its three little white beds where children lay dreaming, and one little bed that was empty. On this bed the dog bounded, and in every way he knew invited Sam. But Sam turned away and went back to the play-room; something seemed to delight him in the white glimmer of the large room, as if the spirits of dead pleasures lingered there. As he stood in the door the moonlight now lay full on the great white rocking-horse, "all saddled, all bridled, all fit for a fight;" and there in front of the empty fire-place was a little empty chair; the dog stretched himself at his feet. It seemed so pleasant, so warm, and comfortable! He was not so much afraid of those men outside as he had been; the children's faces looked at him in the white light of the roses on the gilded trellis as if they wished him to stay; the little head nodded and fell forward on his breast.

But all this seemed exceedingly out of the way to Tribune; and after a while it apparently occurred to him that if he could not make Sam go to bed, he could go and speak to his mistress about it; and it was his cold nose in her hand that woke Mrs. Dean from her uneasy slumber. In a moment she was out of bed.

"There is something wrong," she said to her husband. "What is the matter with Trib?" And before her husband was fairly awake, she had followed the dog to the play-room, and there, with the moonlight falling round him, sound asleep, his head upon his breast, in the little chair before the empty hearth, she saw her child.

For one throb of her heart, one great plunge, she thought the worst had come, and that now she was really crazed. But with another she had seized the child, and was tearing off the rags that hid the difference between his little white body and his little brown face, while the child opened his eyes dreamily, and put up a sleepy mouth to kiss her.

"It is he! it is he! it is he!" she cried. "They have cut off his curls, they have stained his face, but they could not hide my little Cyrus!"

And althought Mr. Dean woke the servants, and roused the neighbors, and scoured the place and the region unsuccessfully, and never ceased regretting that those house-breakers had not cracked their last crib that night, yet Mrs. Dean, in her heart of hearts, as she devoted herself, every day with fresh fruition, to the task of awakening his dormant intelligence, could never feel quite grateful enough to them for bringing back her boy.

THE SHADOW KISS.

We sit in the bright, cozy parlor----
My Lady Coquetterie and I;
"Oh, I'd give the world for just one kiss,"
I more than half pleadingly sigh.

Then she roguishly metes me my answer:
"And I tell you, sir, once and for all,
You shall never kiss me till the wedding day.
Though you'd give twenty worlds, Mr. Saul!"

'Twas my fiftieth time to beseech it,
And her fiftieth time to decline,
And try as I would, I could coax nor steal
No kiss from this madame of mine.

So we sit in the cozy, bright parlor,
And she gossips of Lent and of ball,
While the light on the table behind us throws
Our shadows before on the wall.

"Now, surely," I once again ply her,
"You could have no objection to this;
Look there on the wall two shadows there be-
Let my shadow your shadow kiss."

"Very well," and we watch the performance
Of the profiles approaching eclipse;
In a second 'tis done----our shadows have met-
Our shadows and likewise our lips.

"Sante nitouche, so at last I have triumphed!"
And she innocently says, "Not at all!
'Twas only a shadow kiss." Then she resumes
Her chat about Lent and the ball.

ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

Surely There is More Than Instinct in the Dogs.

Chamber's Journal.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The following is a touching incident in the life of a collie dog: Some time ago, the late Mr. H—— possessed a collie shepherd dog, which was very clever in its duty until it had a litter, one of which was spared to it. After this all the poor animal's affections seemed to be centered in her puppy, for she refused, or did most unwillingly, the work she had to do, which so vexed her master that he cruelly drowned the puppy before the mother's eyes, covering the bucket in which he left the body with a sack. He then went round the fields, followed by the old dog, who from that moment resumed her former usefulness.

On Mr. H——'s return, after having had his tea in the evening, he bethought himself of the bucket, and went to fetch it to empty the contents into a hole he had made in the manure heap; he found the bucket, covered as he had left it, but on pouring out the contents there was nothing but water. He questioned his wife and her neice, but neither knew anything about it.

The next morning Mrs. H—— was struck with the piteous expressions of the poor animal's face, and she said to her: "Scottie, tell me where you have taken your puppy?" The dog immediately ran off, a distance of quite a hundred yards to the kitchen garden, jumped the fence and went direct to the further end of the garden, to a spot situated between two rows of beans; there, where the earth had been apparently recently moved, she sat and as it were wept. Mrs. H—— went again into the house, and without mentioning what had occurred, said to her niece: "Ask Scottie what she has done with her puppie." The question was put, and again the poor creature went through the same performance. These circumstances were mentioned to Mr. H——, who poohpoohed the idea of there being anything out of the common; but, to satisfy his wife, went to the spot, and dug down a distance of three feet, and there, sure enough, had the faithful, fond mother carried and buried her little one.

FAITHFUL AND SAGACIOUS.

Here is another interesting narrative of a collie:

"It is many years ago since I made the acquaintance of Wanderer, a very fine collie, and the subject of the present sketch. He lived at a small farm, was the constant companion of his master, the young farmer, and enjoyed the daily walk to the post with his mistress, the orphan sister of Mr. B——, I sometimes visited Miss B—— at the farm, and on all occasions was attracted to Wanderer by the singular gentleness, sagacity and quiet humor I noticed in his conduct. Nothing delighted the handsome creature so much as a plunge into the little duck-pond in front of the house. He would sail round and round, pretending to be utterly unconscious of the presence of forty or fifty fat ducks, who screamed and quacked wildly at his appearance among them. He meantime calmly dived under the water or darted into their very midst, feigning sometimes to be in pursuit of one particular bird, and looking at us with a waggish expression all the time. He went with his master all over the fields, and lay at his feet in his own particular sanctum watching his movements in that sagacious way which was so completely his own. When the home at the little farm was broken up, Wanderer went with his master to a little seaside cottage, where his canine affection no doubt soothed many a lonely hour. During his master's last brief illness, Wanderer lay at his bedside watching jealously every one who went out and in, and casting anxious eyes of affection on the poor invalid. Wanderer's eyes, by the way, were the most lovely in expression I ever saw, either in human being or dog—they were a dark hazel, soft, lustrous, and plaintive.

"After his master's death, Wanderer still lay in the solitary death-chamber, like an effectionate sentinel, and those who come in to render the last offices to the deceased did not care to turn the faithful creature out, but left him—not liking the look in the usually gentle eyes. On the funeral day Wanderer seemed to comprehend that it was necessary to allow his master to be removed, and silently rising from the side of the bed he went out to the outer door and joined the small company of mourners. Following the hearse as closely as possible, the creature, with a look of solemn intelligence, witnessed his dead master deposited in his last resting-place, stood till the little group had dispersed, then quietly laid down near the grave and watched the final arrangement of the turf over it. Rising when the grave-diggers had completed their work, he once more turned as if to see that all was right, and returned to the cottage. Here he partook of food, and lay down by the kitchen fire all night. Next morning, after his usual breakfast of porridge, he again took his way to the grave and lay there placidly till evening, when he once more returned home. The faithful Wanderer went through the same routine for several days, when, knowing that the dear dog would be homeless, we sent for him, determined that henceforth his home should be with us.

"Dear old fellow! I remember the day he came to us. He was soon our devoted friend and follower, going with us in all our walks, and gaining the love of all in the house by his affectionate, intelligent conduct. We had a companion for him in the shape of Spot, a white bull-terrier of extraordinary ugliness and faithfulness, and after a very few jealous tussles the two dogs became fast friends for life. In future Wanderer seemed to assume and retain a superiority over Spot, who, to do him justice, always treated his handsome friend with extraordinary attention, as the following anecdote will show: One day both dogs went with us for a walk, and during our ramble in the neighborhood of a wood Spot caught a small rabbit, which he killed and carried home in his mouth, without any apparent wish to eat it. When we arrived at our own gate, great was our astonishment to see Spot march demurely forward to Wanderer, lay the rabbit demurely at his feet, and retire humbly to a little distance. The collie bit the rabbit into two portions, which gave us reason to suppose that he intended to reward his companion with a share; this, however, was not to be, for, somewhat to our surprise, he swallowed first the one and than the other with perfect coolness, Spot watching him admiringly from a little way off, and not showing any signs of ill will or impatience. I am sorry to say that Wanderer was *slightly* greedy in his way of eating, and generally contrived to have the lion's share of food. No one could confer a greater delight upon Wanderer than by giving him peppermint-drops or lumps of white sugar, but this was before his teeth began to fail.

Some time ago one of the children fell ill, and was confined to bed for some time. The good Wanderer came daily to the window of the sick-room, and received scraps from it; and even in all the frost and cold of the late winter he trotted about in front of the house, often lying placidly on top of the snow, and always looking at the window with eyes of intelligence and affection.

"One day I had just been remarking to my children that Wanderer was looking uncommonly well, and seemed to have taken a new lease of life, when to my utter amazement and consternation, my son told me to desire the cook to stop making further supplies of porridge for the collie. I asked him why, whereupon he placidly informed me that 'Wanderer was away!' I naturally asked 'Where?' believing in a moment of aberration that the old dog had been sent off somewhere. My horror and indignation were great when I learned that the dear, wise, faithful creature had been 'put out of existence,' poisoned by the groom, because that functionary thought 'that life was just a burden to the beast.' I am not ashamed to say that I behaved like a child, went forth into the quiet of my own room and wept bitterly. To think of all the love, yea, devotion, of a noble canine existence being so basely quenched all in a moment. 'And he trusted the very man that administered the poison,' I thought, bitterly. 'Well, it was only a dog,' yet I can not tell how much I miss the kindly bark of welcome which was ever ready for me.

"'I should like,' said a little girl to me, when told of Wanderer's death, 'to see all the good, faithful animals rewarded in this world by being kept in comfort till the day of their natural death, and in a future state by being allowed to meet again their old masters and mistresses, and live happily ever after.'"

SAVING LIVES.

Some dogs, in their love and affection for their masters, have at times equaled human beings in their constancy, and even surpassed them in the marvelous intelligence with which they foresee and avert approaching danger. The following example, related to us by one of the ladies of the story, may prove interesting:

Two girls, daughters of an English country doctor, were once out for a walk together. It was an autumn afternoon, sunny and pleasant. They were accompanied by their little dog, named Jack, who was a clever little terrier, and more than once had proved his claim to be considered—as indeed he was—their protector while out walking. Their father often said he felt "quite happy when Jack was with them; he was sure no harm would come to them."

The two girls pursued their walk merrily. The fine afternoon tempted them to go further than they ought, however, and by the time they turned the dusk had fallen, and they were afraid they would be late for tea. One of them proposed to take a short cut through a wood with which they were well acquainted, having often gathered blackberries in it on a summer afternoon. The other agreed, and so they arrived at the edge of the wood and prepared to enter it.

"All the same, I am afraid," said Dora, the younger of the two. "There have been several robberies in the neighborhood, and I saw very odd-looking men pass our door to-day. Besides, I am wearing my new watch which papa gave me on my birth-day."

"Oh, nonsense!" replied her sister. "It is nearly six o'clock now and we shall be late. Be sure no one will wish to harm us."

"I wish I was as certain as you are. But what's the matter with Jack?"

Just as she had said this, Jack advanced toward them, and planting himself in the middle of their path, sat down and whined.

"That is odd," said Dora. "I never remember him doing that before."

The other girl derided her fears, and attempted to pass the dog, but he caught her dress in his teeth, and held her so firmly that she hardly dared to set herself free. One more effort she made, but Jack was resolute; so at last, seeing how determined he was to prevent their further progress, she gave up trying.

"Well, well, you stupid little brute!" she said angrily, "I suppose we must go all that long way round."

So the two sisters abandoned the idea of taking the short path through the wood, and went home by the safe high road. When they arrived, how grateful, how unutterably thankful did they feel to their little protector, whose intelligence had been so far superior to theirs, and saved them despite themselves. A man had been found in the wood, shortly after they had left, murdered and robbed, it was conjectured, by the tramps who had passed through the village in the morning.

Thus Jack had preserved his mistresses from meeting perhaps a similar fate. Their gratitude, it is needless to add, was profound toward their little four-footed protector, who, we are glad to hear, lived to a good old age.

A POOR REWARD.

The last anecdote we shall offer is not by any means a new one, but as many of our readers may be unacquainted with it, we give it as an extraordinary and touching example of canine devotedness.

A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback on purpose to receive it. His dog accompanied him, and after he had settled his affairs his master fastened his bag of money to his saddle and rode off homeward. The dog leaped and barked around him joyfully. Having ridden some way, the merchant paused to partake of refreshments, and having dismounted, he sat under the shade of a tree and enjoyed his lunch. On remounting, however, he forgot to take the bag of money which he had laid on the grass and rode off without it.

The dog, who perceived his forgetfulness, tried to fetch the bag; it was too heavy carry. He then ran after his master, and endeavored to inform him of his loss by crying and howling lamentably. The merchant could not conceive what had happened to the dog, and so continued his course; but when the poor animal, despairing of attracting his attention, began to bite the horse's heels in order to try and stop it, he grew alarmed, and supposing he had gone mad, in crossing a brook he looked to see if the dog would drink. The faithful creature was, however, too intent on his master's business; he bit and barked more than ever. The merchant was horrified. He was sure that the dog was mad. Much as he loved and valued the creature, yet he could not allow him to live in those circustances; so he drew a distol from his breast and fired at the faithful servant. His aim was too sure; the poor dog fell wounded, and the merchant spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow. Still, he never thought of the money; he only tried to console himself by repating: "The dog was mad. But I had rather lost my money than my dog, all the same," he said to himself, and stretched out his hand to gasp his treasure. It was gone.

In that instant his eyes opened, and he knew that he had sacrificed his sagacious friend to his rashness and folly. Instantly he turned his horse, and at full gallop made his way to the place where he had lunched. He passed with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted, and perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded. He was oppressed, distracted. But in vain he looked for his dog; he was not to be seen on the road.

At last he arrived at the spot where he had left his bag of money, and cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel master, had determined te consecrate his last moments to his service. All bloody as he was, he had crawled to the forgotten bag, and lay there watching beside it—slowly dying. When he saw his master, he tried to rise; but his strength was gone—he could only wag his tail in token of gratified recognition. The vital tide was ebbing, and the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for even a few minutes. He tried to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his beloved master, and closed his eyes on him forever.'

We cannot conclude this anectode of a noble dog without quoting these beautiful lines from the Gleaner:

Of all the boasted conquests man has made
By flood or field, the gentlest and the best
Is in the dog, the generous dog, displayed;
For, ah! what virtues glow within his breast!

Through life the same, through sunshine and in storm;
At once his lord's protector and his guide;
Shapes to his wishes, to his wants conform:
His slave, his friend, his pastime and his pride!

Too Much Sleep.

From the Golden Rule.

The effects of too much sleep are not less signal than those arising from its privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled, and the sensations, and moral and intellectual manifestations are abtuned. All the bad effects of inaction become developed; the functions are exerted with less energy, the digestion is torpid, the excretions are diminished, whilst, in some instances, the secretion of fat accumulates to an inordinate extent. The memory is impaired, the powers of imagination are dormant, and the mind falls into a kind of hebetude, chiefly because the functions of the intellect are not sufficiently exerted, when sleep is too prolonged and too often repeated. To sleep much is not necessarily to be a good sleeper. Generally they are the poorest sleepers who remain longest in bed; i. e., they awaken less refreshed than if the time of arising were earlier by an hour or two. While it is true that children and young people require more sleep than their elders, yet it should be the care of parents that over-indulgence be not permitted. Where the habit is for children to lie in bed until 8 or 9 in the morning, the last two hours at least, do not bring sound, dreamless sleep, where the hour of retiring is 8 or 9 P. M., but are spent in "dozing" and, in fact, such excess cannot fail to ensure the harmful results described by the authority quoted. What is called "laziness" among children is, in very many cases, disease, and is largely due to this, as well as other causes mentioned, that undermine the foundations of health.

Simplicity in Living.

To live simply, and to master and control our expenditures, is a sore need these hard times. The influences which surround us, the habits which we fall into as a second nature, all sway us in a dangerous direction. Every family and every class seem to have caught hold of the skirts of the one above it, and to be desperately holding on to them. The best thing they can do is to let go—the only thing ineed which will give themselves comfort, or make their lives useful and happy. As soon as they commence to live regardless, perhaps double their income, they will find that they have means of living happily.

This most needed refom is the one which it is incumbent upon many of us to carry out the coming year. We cannot sweep the whole street, but each one can sweep the mud from his own doorstep. If it is done regularly and quietly, others will soon follow the good example, and in this way many will be relieved of heavy burdens and cares. Simple living! To it even the great household question of servants will yield, because we shall not be so sorely subjected to their exactions, when we are not so dependent upon their labors, but have found that we possess hands and feet that can minister to our needs.—*Daisy Eyebright, in Country Gentleman.*

Gaslight and the Eyes.

An official report made to the Prussian government by medical experts, on the effect of gaslight in living, states some facts of interest in that connection. According to the previous experiences of occulists, no injurious effect of gaslight upon the eyes of pupils has been observed, when it has been used properly, and especially where arrangements are present to protect the eyes from the direct influence of the bright flame. In general, says the report, shades and globes serve for this purpose; the dark, totally opaque, tin shades, are, however, very injurious, and all complaints against the use of gaslight are referable almost universally to these improper contrivances—for with these the eye stays in total darkness, but looks upon a brightly illuminated surface, so that a dazzling and over-irritation or super-excitement of the eye result, with all their attendant injurious results. Globes of milk glass are, however, very suitable, as they diffuse the light, and are safe for the eyes.