

A Knot of Blue Ribbon.

A knot of ribbon, blue as the sky, Fell on the floor as she floated by; And I picked it up with tender care, For had it not touched her golden hair?

"For Pity's Sake."

"Fred, Miss Houghton is to arrive this evening. Would you mind going down in the carriage to meet her? I can't get off myself, and it will seem forlorn enough to find only an empty carriage awaiting her."

"No hope of that," he groaned, as he lifted himself to his six-foot stature, and moved leisurely to the door. A half-hour later, the Eastern train came puffing and snorting into the station.

"I have heard of you," she answered, smiling, and disclosing two rows of white, even teeth. "I am very glad to meet you."

"Well, Fred, you were disappointed, after all," began the mistress of the room, without turning her head, as her quick eye detected the opening of the door.

Mrs. Vere burst into a ripple of irrepressible laughter.

"Flossie," she exclaimed, "he has mistaken you for the children's governess. What will he say when he learns the truth?"

And she repeated the conversation as it had occurred before his leaving the house. A sudden idea seemed to seize upon her listener.

"Let us keep it up, Nannie," she proposed, gleefully. "We can tease him to our heart's content. I will sink my identity in that of Miss Houghton, and persecute him with my attentions."

For a moment the sister's heart misgave her, but after all what real harm could it do her? and so they were agreed, and next morning the children were duly presented to their new governess.

They had anticipated her advent somewhat as a reign of terror. They now wondered, as the days wore on, why they had always heretofore been deprived of their new governess.

For two hours, then, it was their daily prison—but such a prison! Candies and story-books were generously distributed, with but one prohibition, that when Uncle Fred questioned them about their studies, they should not divulge to him the fact that they were growing fat and lazy.

But Uncle Fred was too absorbed in his own thoughts to watch the children. For the first time in his life, he began to make serious calculations as to how far a captain's pay might go, and whether by any amount of stretching, and any improbable bachelor sacrifices, it might be enabled to supply two, when heretofore it had been considered wholly inadequate for one.

"I have sworn I would never marry an heiress," he said to himself, when the household had glided on without changing for some three weeks, "lest the world would consider me that despicable thing, a fortune-hunter, or that the woman herself might one day misjudge me; and I have sworn never to marry a poor woman, because it would entail too much mutual sacrifice. And yet, and yet, I wonder if she loves me—I wonder if I could make her happy?"

He had found, in these three weeks, the two morning hours of the children's tasks the longest of the day.

He had insisted that the governess looked pale, and prescribed for her a daily ride. She had had no opportunity, as she had laughingly declared, to persecute him with her attentions, but rather, as time wore on, to show them with a certain shyness, new and foreign to the girl's nature.

Meantime the conspirators sat in the library, scanning, with perplexed brows, a letter open before them.

It announced Miss Houghton's arrival on the evening of that day.

"What was to be done? The arch-conspirators solved the question.

"Say you are displeased with me, and I will return to New York to-night. The new governess will arrive. His leave expires in a week. After he goes, I will return."

"Very like Victor Hugo, my dear," retorted Mrs. Vere, "as to the pithiness of your sentences; but I fear it won't flow as smoothly as you imagine."

"What does this mean?" questioned Captain Osgood, a few hours later, of his sister.

"I hear the carriage is ordered for the seven o'clock train to take Miss Houghton to the depot."

"She is not quite my idea of a governess," meekly and tremblingly answered Mrs. Vere, quailing before his pale face and flashing eye.

He cast upon her the first look of contempt he had ever given her, and turned away just in time to catch the flutter of a white dress upon the lawn. Straightway he went toward it.

And, at the sound of her voice, he raised his haggard face, with a groan.

The sight, the sound, overcame her scruples. She fell on her knees beside him. "You loved me for myself," she said. "Oh, Fred, I am so alone in the world! You said, dear, it was for love's sake, not for pity. Now, for pity's sake, give me the love, without which, I have learned, all my life would be poor and barren, but with which I shall be alone nevermore!"

Then for pity's sake—only for pity's sake—but with a great joy in his eyes, he opened wide his arms and took her in.

Our School-Days.

What one of my readers who has ever attended a boarding-school has not at the, to them, mature age of eighteen, expressed a desire to "leave school" and "see life?" And who has not, after a few years of business life, a wish to return and mingle with old associates, and ramble over the same well-trodden paths of youth again? I fear there is not one.

There are indescribable feelings linked with our school-days which, ever and anon, come like a stray beam of sunshine in upon the troubled sea of life. And in after years, when we have perhaps seen life in its roughest form, we revisit the old school-house, and walk along its deserted forms, lingering here and there as some old mark is spied, reminding us of some pleasant scene; and when we thus view them there come those feelings of loneliness; and, when we ramble through some shady dell where years ago we shared our joys and confided our "secrets" to some rosy cheeked little playmate, we live them all over again in memory.

Alas! where are the many faces we knew so well? They have drifted asunder; some lie beneath the sod, and nothing remains of their wearers but a few fond mementoes treasured carefully: some are across the sea; others, like ourselves, buffeting the waves of life. The little playmate, now grown to womanhood, knows us not; we are moving in a new world. We can never participate again in the old games of our youth. Then, my readers, let us, while we can, make good use of these fleeting moments. Let not an erroneous idea of life entice us prematurely from our youthful joys and freedom. Youth knows no cares till thrown upon the cold world to seek a living; then they come not singly nor in pairs, but by numbers. Never regret the time spent in study.

Beauties of Manhood.

To the boy, the world beyond his immediate surroundings is only a picture. He does not know how real are the sorrows, the passions, the ambitions of men. His absorbing interests, his heroes and his martyrs, are heard of by him without understanding or with indifference. His sport, his lessons, his home life, are alone real. But there will come a change. The ordinary slow growth into manhood, with its business or professional pursuits and widening relations, or startling events, such as the death of a parent, or some intellectual or spiritual appeal, striking out the latent soul, will make vivid and earnest what was indistinct and uninteresting.

Like a stereoscopic picture before it is put in the stereoscope, the life of man has no body or reality; but when the boy awakens, as with the picture within the instrument, so with him, a solidity and naturalness will be acquired by the external world, and he will feel what it is henceforth to live and move amongst these grander and graver forms.

Many mistakes will he commit, false estimates will he form of proportion and perspective, the earnestness of his new conceptions will hurry him into extravagances and generous errors; but if there is truth in his nature, and nobleness in his spirit, just views will be formed, and the day in which it is given him to work will find him not unmindful of the responsibility which arises from a knowledge of the coming night.

THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

Toward the latter part of the eighteenth century, the Countess of Strathmore resided occasionally on one of her vast estates near Barnard Castle. She was youthful, accomplished, and very pleasant, and her wealth was almost boundless. The Earl of Strathmore had died while she was still young, and she was thus once more mistress of her own hand. Her estates were her own inheritance as Miss Bowes; she had not succeeded to them as the widow of the Earl of Strathmore. She had many admirers, and one of them, who was himself also wealthy, gained favor in her eyes; but an Irish Lieutenant in a line regiment contrived by much ingenuity to supersede him. He had enjoyed nuptial bliss before, and by a long course of cruelty, and ultimately by throwing her down a flight of stairs, had succeeded in disposing of his first wife and possessing himself of her fortune of £30,000. This he soon lost in gambling, and hearing of the wealthy Countess he contrived too well to bring her within his toils. He waylaid her in London, he bribed her servants, cajoled her friends, and ultimately succeeded in procuring the long-wished-for introduction. Being what is called a "sporting-man," he was inventive, and adopted the following ingenious stratagem: He wrote scandalous articles in the Morning Post,

WOMEN IN COLLEGES.

A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune writes to that journal in regard to the effect of co-education of the sexes, and the result of study upon the health of women, as seen in the experience of the college at Ann Arbor, Mich., where the experiment has had a trial of six years. There appears to be no reason why the system should be opposed. So far as the health of the women is concerned, it is evident that study is not undermining it, while there is said to be not a few among the sixty-seven now in the institution whose physical condition has been improved by the discipline of their college life. In regard to the social aspect of the experiment, this correspondent states that after the novelty of such companionship wore off, the young men and women took little notice of each other, and according to the etiquette of Ann Arbor, there is no presumption of acquaintance between members of the same class. Then, "all are kept so busy that there is really little time for social intercourse."

NORWAY.

In its general aspect Norway presents the most unpromising conformation of surface for farming operations that can well be conceived. Mountain ranges, with plateaus whose altitude precludes cultivation, and from which rise mountains that reach an elevation of 8,300 feet above the sea, prevail generally throughout the country. Except in the south, the mountain tops are covered with snow, for the greater part, if not all the year; their slopes, when not absolutely inaccessible, are far too rocky and abrupt for farming settlements. The deeper valleys that intersect these mountain ranges, and which ramify with the contours of the hills, are channels up which the sea sends its tides; above the level of these fjords are other water-work valleys, which convey the overflow of the mountain lakes, supplied by countless streams that in varying volume leap from the hills as waterfalls, or rush foaming down the mountain side—the impervious primitive or metamorphic rocks that are characteristic of the country not permitting the absorption of the melting snows or the Summer rains. There exists, therefore, a very extensive superficial area that presents physical as well as climatical difficulties of a character not to be surmounted by the most enterprising cultivators. With few exceptions, the homestead of the Norsk farmer is built on the lower slopes of the hills, where, in fact, the wash of the rocky surfaces, in broken stone and silty soil, has accumulated to a sufficient depth for the operation of the plough; or on the embanked levels of loamy soil, the deposit left by ancient rivers, or when rich lacustrine alluvium is met with, or where moraines are spread out at the embouchure of glacier grooved and expansive valleys, forming suitable sites for scattered hamlets and little farms.

CORKS.

Many persons see corks used daily without knowing from whence come these useful materials. Corks are cut from large slabs of the cork tree, a species of oak, which grows wild in the southern countries in Europe. The tree is stripped of its bark at about sixteen years old; but before stripping it off, the tree is not cut down, as in the case of the oak. It is taken while the tree is growing, and the operation may be repeated every eight or nine years; the quality of the bark continuing each time to improve as the age of the tree increases. When the bark is taken off, it is singed in the flames of a strong fire, and after being soaked for a considerable time in water, it is placed under heavy weight in order to render it straight. Its extreme lightness, and its elasticity, are properties so peculiar to the substance, that no effectual substitute for it has been discovered. The valuable properties of cork were known to the Greeks and Romans, who employed it for all purposes for which it is used at present, with the exception of stopples. The ancients mostly used cement for stopping the mouths of bottles or vessels. The Egyptians are said to have made coffins of cork, which being spread on the inside with resinous substance, preserved dead bodies from decay. In modern times, cork was not generally used for stopples to bottles till about the seventeenth century, cement being used for that purpose.

AN INGENUOUS DEVICE.

A capillary correspondence was recently attempted between a notorious Parisian thief in durance vile and his comrades outside. The prisoner was sent a letter from his fiancée, containing merely a lock of hair wrapped in the leaf of a book. The jailer did not consider the sovereign important enough to be delivered, but a few days after came a similar enclosure, and yet another. This aroused suspicion, and the Governor took the matter in hand. He examined the leaf of the book, it was only that of a common novel, twenty-six lines on a page. Then he studied the hair, and noticed the small quantity of the gift. Counting the hairs he found them of unequal length, and twenty-six in number, the same as the lines of the page. Struck with the coincidence, he laid the hairs along the line of the page which they respectively reached, beginning at the top with the smallest hair. After some trouble he found that the end of each hair pointed to a different letter, and that these letters combined formed a slang sentence, which informed the prisoner that his friends were on the watch, and that the next time he left the prison to be examined, an attempt would be made to rescue him. The Governor laid his plans accordingly, the attempt at rescue was made, but the rescuers fell into their own trap.

EARLY USE OF COAL.

At a recent meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Mr. William J. Buck read a paper on "The Early Discovery of Coal in Pennsylvania," which contained many interesting historical facts. The first mention of coal was in a letter from Mr. Samuel Tighman, dated August 14, 1766, which speaks of finding "an abundance of small coal in the Wyoming Valley, which may sometime be of great value." Obadiah and Daniel Gore, blacksmiths, first put it into use by using it in their forges about 1770. From the Penn manuscripts, from which these facts are drawn, it appears that Pittsburgh was laid out as early as 1769, and that the existence of coal in the adjacent hills was known at that time; also the fact that petroleum, which has so lately been utilized, was known to exist in Venango county several years before there was any knowledge of coal. There has been much discussion as to who was the discoverer of the Schuylkill coal beds, the date of their discovery being generally set down as about 1790; but this discussion seems to have been unimportant, as a map dated 1770 located coal beds in Schuylkill county. The first successful attempt to burn anthracite coal in grates appears to have been made by Mr. George Fell, an ancestor of J. Gillingham Fell, at Wilkesbarre in 1803. The commencement of the coal trade is set down as 1820, in which year three hundred and sixty-five tons were sent to Philadelphia.

SCHENCK'S FAIR PUPIL.

A very startling case of veridancy and a confidence game on a new plan, says a Reading paper, was developed a few days ago, in which it appears that a young man had been cunningly induced to play at cards, and had been cleverly bled to the extent of \$365.

People who have occasion to be on Penn street a great deal, especially in the afternoon, may have noticed quite a dashy sort of a man, in a pearl-colored overcoat and broad-brimmed hat. His general appearance did not indicate that he was a resident of this or any other city; but he looked more as if he had suddenly acquired a lot of money and had jumped from a country home into a city and a suit of ready-made clothes. He is medium tall, well-spoken, fair looking and of a liberal disposition.

The stranger came to Detective Lyon yesterday and had a long confidential story to tell, winding up with the information that he had been robbed of \$365 in this city. The purport of his story was in the main that he came from Cumberland County, his native place. That he went to Harrisburg for the purpose of seeing the Legislature in session. That he had fallen heir to about \$5,000 by the death of an aunt, a maiden lady, and that he had taken \$1,000 in cash to go on a little excursion. Harrisburg, he said, was a gay place, and he spent nearly \$600 there in less than a week.

Becoming tired of the capital he resolved to visit Philadelphia, and he made up his mind to go there by the way of the Lebanon Valley and the Philadelphia and Reading road. His story ran, that he worked his way into the ladies' car somehow or other, and that he had accidentally made the acquaintance of a fine-looking female. She was going, she said, as far as Reading, and the Cumberland County man forgot all about Philadelphia and stopped here also. During the woman's stay the young man had called on her. They arrived on Wednesday evening.

On Thursday evening they again were together, and the woman seemed to be intoxicated. She exhibited plenty of money, and finally sent out and borrowed a pack of cards. It was not long before they began playing, first for wine, then for a dollar, and in the excitement of the game the stakes ran as high as fifty dollars. The young man stated that he had lost every dollar he had to his name before twelve o'clock Thursday night. He had a gold watch, and he was about to put that up, but he recollected that it was a valued present, and he stopped playing.

He said it sobered him up and he came to his senses when he realized his situation. He at once made up his mind that something was not right, and that the woman he had been playing with was a professional and by no means an amateur. He went to his hotel, and early the next morning went to see the person who had his money. He asked her for it but she had chilled on him, and refused to have anything to do with him. In the afternoon, therefore, he called upon the detective.

After listening to the above narrative, the officer asked where the thing had taken place. They went to a notorious den, and upon the officer making his errand known, the woman, not without some hesitancy and reluctance, gave the money up—\$365 in all—and said she despised a man "who would square, after losing money fairly and squarely." There were no arrests made, as the young man was satisfied that he had obtained his money, and did not desire to appear against her or have the matter made public.

OUR BURGLAR INTERVIEWED.

Constant practice is improving our burglar, and he really bids fair to make his mark sometime in the profession of his choice. An odd job of his, recently, was a bit of fine art. He called casually at the residence of Mrs. Nancy Poole, just north of the Hooker school-house, in Springfield, Mass., and after chatting pleasantly with the inmates of the house and rummaging around, took his departure without doing any damage. He did this because there wasn't anything valuable enough to lug off in the house. He entered by a cellar window, and first went into the second story, which was occupied by three boarders. He entered the room of one of the men, who, thinking it was a mate of his, said, "Is that you, Bill?" to which the burglar pleasantly said, "Yes." Then our burglar went down stairs, and taking a box of letters, &c., from the bureau in Mrs. Poole's room, carried it into the kitchen and looked it over leisurely by his dark-lantern. The lady heard him, and supposing it was one of the boarders who intended to start off early, asked what time it was, and the man replied, "Three o'clock." He continued to stumble around the room adjoining her chamber until Mrs. Poole's suspicions were aroused, but he told her in answer to her inquiries that he was "Bill." He then coolly went up to the room which he had first entered, got a bunch of keys from the pocket of some clothes on a chair, opened a chest, and examined its contents, looked in a valise and scrutinized a closet. The man in bed suggested to him, when he was about half through, still thinking it was one of the other boarders, that the burglar had better light the lamp, which the visitant did, and continued his search. Finally he went down stairs in disgust at finding no booty, and out by the cellar where he entered. And the boarders know that it was our burglar, for there are tracks in the snow.

A NOVEL REQUEST.

An old gentleman named March died recently in Charlestown, who was a most eccentric genius. (Though possessed of some wealth he had but one pleasure—that of theatre-going. He would economize in everything else, but always treat himself to a sight of every new play or actor, good or bad. He left no heirs and few relatives, and his property was disposed of in several singular ways. The principle item of his will provided for the investment of a sum sufficient to realize \$500 per year clear, which was to be expended in theatre tickets, to be given away to poor, respectable people, not over \$1 each to be paid for the tickets.

A DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

Many controversies have at different times arisen concerning the comparative value of meat and fish food, and the utmost diversity of opinion has been expressed. Some economic writers maintain that fish has no food-value worth speaking of; others say that fish food must occupy a middle position between vegetables and beef and mutton. Again, a learned authority says that fish, well-cooked, with oil or fat of some kind, or served with butter when brought to table, "is chemically the same as butcher-meat, so far as nutrition is concerned." Another writer says that fish as food is only fit for children and invalids, and is totally unfitted to support health and vigor of men or women engaged in laborious occupations. As usual in such disputes, we may hold that the truth lies between the two extremes. Many people following laborious occupations, especially in Scotland, live largely upon fish. In that country, the fishermen themselves eat a considerable portion, and, as a class, fishermen are strong and healthy; and the wives, who undertake a part of the man's work, are still stronger and healthier. In Fortugal, fish fried in oil forms a very large proportion of the food of the population; their fish-diet is supplemented by a little bread and fruit, and although the peasantry of the land never partake of flesh meat, yet they are a hardy, vigorous, and brave people. Let it be remembered that fish is a necessity of life in France and Spain, and as regards the latter country, a constant organization is at work in our own islands to supply it with many kinds of cured fish.

A GREAT SWIMMER.

Captain Boynton, the American who jumped from an ocean steamship off the coast of Ireland, and swam thirty miles during one of the most terrific gales of the season, has been giving some very successful exhibitions of his swimming dress upon the Thames. Vast crowds of people line the banks of the river every time that he appears, and watch with the greatest interest his movements in the water. The other day he went down to Wapping Old Stairs and put on his swimming clothes, consisting of an india-rubber suit in two parts—one covering the chest, arms and back of the head; the other the legs and feet. This is put on over an ordinary suit. After being adjusted the parts are inflated by four tubes, and when full of air the wearer steps into the water without the slightest fear. Captain Boynton raised his flag, ate his lunch, read a book, blew a horn, and went through a variety of performances, to the great delight of the crowds assembled upon London Bridge and along the banks of the river. He was loudly cheered. At Temple Stairs he came out for a moment's rest, without showing any symptoms of fatigue, and soon after plunged in again and started for Putney. The success of this swimming dress has been clearly established.

IS THERE SUCH A THING AS SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION?

Most of our readers will remember that Captain Marryat, in the opening chapters of his novel, "Jacob Faithful," makes the mother of the hero perish by this strange and alleged catastrophe—the presumed fate of certain drunkards, and in which the body, supposed to be impregnated with alcohol, of itself becomes ignited, and slowly burns away. The occurrence of spontaneous combustion has been denied by Casper, the eminent German medic-jurist; and M. Chassaigne, of Paris, similarly denies its existence. Spontaneous combustion was first noticed in 1692; and since then the few cases which have been recorded described the phenomena as consisting in the presence of a blue lambent flame, of a peculiar odor, and of inflammable gases. Various experiments convinced the above named French savant that the tissues, though steeped in alcohol, have no power of spontaneous ignition and combustion, and that, in all probability, the phenomena ascribed to this cause have no existence. Certain it is that the phenomena and symptoms have never been described, even in cases where combustion was alleged to take place, with that accuracy and prima facie appearance of correctness which we expect to find in scientific and medical literature.

TOO LATE.

The Brussels correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette writes: "A marvellous exhibition is taking place at the Cercle Artistique et Litteraire at Brussels. Some months ago Frederick van de Herk-hove, the son of a corn merchant at Bruges, died at the age of ten and a half years. He had always been sickly, and was therefore not sent to school, but allowed to roam about. His chief amusement was to paint with such rough materials as he could procure. The paintings left by him, of which about one hundred are now exhibited at the Cercle, were discovered since his death to be productions which the best landscape painters of the age would not disdain. In Brussels, good judges of art are astonished and even surpassed some of the most celebrated masters. In all of the pictures where there is a river, a little boy is introduced in the act of angling, representing, of course, the deceased. Large sums have already been offered for the collection, but refused."

IMPERTINENCE AND CURIOSITY.

Sitting at dinner, with open windows, a man in junk alongside said something I did not understand, when, to my astonishment, Baber took a header out of the window and "went for that heathen Chinese." The man, however, escaped, and when Baber returned through the door, he explained that the object of his wrath had called us devils. Another man presently came, and, resting his arms on the window, stood calmly gazing at us. At last Baber politely asked him what he was looking at. Not in the least abashed, he quietly replied: "I am looking at you sitting down." An eminently matter-of-fact reply, very characteristic of the Chinese character.—The River of Golden Sand, Gull.

PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN EGYPT.

The Khedive has offered the post of Director of Public Instruction in Egypt to Mr. Edward Thomas Rogers, late Her Majesty's Consul at Cairo, and Mr. Rogers is now on his way to England to obtain the consent of the Foreign Office to his acceptance of this post. The Viceroy is very desirous that all the public schools in Egypt should be thoroughly efficient. He wishes the pupils not only to be taught lessons, but to be well trained.

AN UNPLEASANT RIDE.

The morning train from the West, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, stops at the Relay House daily for breakfast. Among the passengers on this train recently was a bridal party, the principals of which had attracted not a little attention by their billing and cooing. After refreshing themselves at the breakfast table, the bride and groom went out on the depot platform and looked around. The bride was suddenly seized with a desire to ride to Baltimore on the locomotive; the newly-made husband endeavored by argument to deter her from such a rash proceeding, but he failed most utterly. The newly-made wife, as in most contests where language is power, came off victorious; she having, by her superior volubility, succeeded in convincing her husband that it was extremely right and exceedingly proper for a wife to have her own way, and ride on a dozen engines if she desired to do so. The lady was placed in the engine cab, but as there was no room for the husband, he was compelled to take a seat in one of the cars, where he remained during the remainder of the journey in no very enviable state of mind. The result of the "chin music" that had passed between himself and wife made him unhappy, and he considered it very ominous; so much so, indeed, that all his dreams of conjugal felicity were transformed and he felt in his heart of hearts that in all similar contests during life the superiority of his wife's tongue would carry her to the front with flying colors. While the unhappy husband was meditating on the remarkable change matrimony makes in feminine humanity, the wife was seated in the cab, half blind with flying cinders, covered with ashes and soot, and altogether a more miserable specimen than the newly-married woman who had a few moments before been fortunate enough to tame her husband could not be found. The rattling and jolting of the engine, as it dashed along at the rate of forty miles an hour, shook up the lady so effectually, that before the train reached Mount Clare, she became very sick, and the engineer was compelled to carry her into the tender. When the train dashed into Camden Station, the husband jumped off and ran to the locomotive, where he found his wilful wife seated recklessly on a lump of coal in the tender. Her eyes were filled with small pieces of cinders, her clothes were begrimed with smoke and soot, and she was very sick. The meeting between the husband and wife is said to have been very affectionate, and a carriage having been procured, she was lifted down and out of the tender. The train hands seemed to enjoy the lady's unhappy condition very much, and evidently considered the whole thing a huge joke. The lady was taken to the Etaw House, and, judging from her condition, she will not want to ride on an open engine for some time to come.

A MOMENT OF AGONY.

It is seldom that we are called upon to chronicle a more daring feat, or one deserving of greater commendation, than the following: A short time ago, in the bottom of the new shaft of the Woodville mine, three men had just prepared a three-fuse blast, had lighted the fuse, jumped into the bucket and started for the surface, when, through the carelessness of the engineer, the engine caught on the center and refused to move. Here the three men hung, within six feet of the blast, for some little time; but it seemed like hours to them. At last one of the party, Benjamin Kendall by name, realizing that something must be wrong on top, jumped from the bucket and proceeded to extinguish the slowly burning fuse. Two pieces were put out without difficulty, but the third he found it impossible to reach, as it had already burned in the drill hole. Then he turned to climb back to the bucket, but it was too late; his companions were then being hoisted to the surface. Who can imagine the mental agony endured by that man when he saw that he had been left to his fate, and was liable any moment to be blown into eternity? With a desperate resolve, he started to climb up the timbers, but he had not gone more than five or six feet on his way when the blast exploded, throwing a shower of rocks and dirt far above his head. Fortunately Kendall was but little injured, receiving merely a few slight scratches on his hands. It was a very close call, and one that will long be remembered by him. The engineer was discharged.

HAPPY HUSBANDS.

It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can to an attentive husband, and a more exceptional one who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself willfully neglected. It would be very easy to hate a man who, having bound a woman to him, made no effort to make her happy; hard not to love one who was constant and tender; and when a woman loves she always strives to please. The great men of this world have often been wretched in their domestic relations, while mean and common men have been exceedingly happy. The reason is very plain. Absorbed in themselves, those who desired the world's applause were careless of the little world at home; while those who had none of this egotism strove to keep the hearts that were their own, and were happy in their tenderness. No woman will love a man the better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be first among men, she will only be prouder, not fonder; and if she loses him through this renown, as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness, and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and her king.