FIVE.

"But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head,
"One, two, three, four five, six, seven!—
Seven whole days. Why, in six, you know
(You said it yourself—you told me so),
The great God up in Heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies!
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head,
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks, and three days more:
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky!
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring;
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and w
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long!" he said,
Slowly raising his stately head.
"But there's much to win, there's much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor, must do and dare!
No time has he to toy with fate.

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—
Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night—
How long, O God! is eternity?"

THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMS.

BY FANNIE WILLIAMS.

Three knights on horseback met one day where two roads crossed. The knight who came from the North had blue eyes and yellow hair, and a great golden beard flowed over his mail-clad breast. He bore a white banner with a black raven worked upon it, and a raven and a serpent were emblazoned on his shield of shimmering gold. He rode a milk-white war-horse, and its feet were shod with golden shoes.

The one who came from the East was tall and stately, with flashing dark eyes, and long black ringlets falling on his shoulders. He rode a coal-black charger, his hauberk was of glittering steel, his helmet was of brass, and the device upon his shield displayed two bears holding up a jeweled crown.

He who came from the West was noble of face and form, and bore himself with an air of pride. His gray eyes had a piercing glance, his bearded lip was haughty as a king's and short brown curls were clustered thickly underneath his nodding crest. He was clad in a suit of Milan armor, inlaid with gold which shone with dazzling brightness; and costly jewels glittered all over the harness of his red-room steed. He bore a lion on his shield, and a blood-red cross upon his floating pennon.

When the three knights came together at the crossing, they each drew rein, and the first one spoke,—

"How now, good comrades! Are we friends or foes?"

"I am a good friend if you please, and a bad foe if it suits you better?" returned the black-eyed knight.

"And I am a friend to all the good and a foe to all the wicked," said the lion knight.

"Oh, it is plain to see that we are all honest men!" laughed the first good-naturedly. "As for me my name is Harold, and I came from Denmark."

"And I am Waldomar of Russia, a prince of royal blood, and not unknown to fame," said the second, proudly. "In many a rattling fray I still have borne me like a knight."

"I am no stranger to your fame, Sir Harold and Sir Waldomar," said the knight, quietly; "and perhaps you know my banner, if you never heard my name. Men call me Palmerin of England."

"We know both name and banner, and so does every one that ever heard a tale of knightly deeds!" exclaimed the Danish knight. "Well met, Sir Palmerin!"

"What! is it Palmerin the Bold?" cried Waldomar. "Well met, indeed, and I hope we journey in the same direction."

"My way lies toward the south," said Palmerin.

"And mine," said Waldomar.

"And mine," said Harold.

Sir Palmerin looked from the Russian to the Dane, and smiled a meaning smile.

"Are we all riding on the same errand, good brothers?" he asked.

"Good faith, I hope not?" cried Sir Harold, "for I am bound to Bohemia as a suitor for the hand and heart of the peerless Lady Isolette."

"And so am I," said Waldomar.

"And I," said Palmerin.

Then the three knights looked at each other in silence. He of England was the first to speak.

"It appears that we are rivals," he remarked. "Yet I see no reason why we need be enemies. Come, let us join company and go to Bohemia together, and let the lady choose between us as she will."

"That is fair enough," said Harold.

"I agree," said Waldomar.

So the three knights took the road that led toward the south. For three days they rode on, side by side, and at sunset of the third day they came to a castle in Bohemia, where dwelt the Princess Isolette, the fairest of the fair. Each blew a blast upon the bugle horn that hung beside the castle gate, and quickly the gray-haired seneschal came out to let them in.

"You are welcome, noble knights," he said, "and I can guess your business here."

"We are suitors to the Lady Isolette," said Harold the Dane.

"And not the first," smiled the seneschal, but gravely added, "and I fear you will not be the last, although my lady must be hard to please if she takes not one of you; for three such princely knights never yet came here together. Come in, I pray you," he continued, throwing open the gate. "You and your steeds shall have the best cheer the castle offers, and to-morrow morning my lady will see you and give you her decision."

He led the way within the castle, and the three knights followed him to the banquet hall, where they were served with a supper fit to set before a king; after which they were provided with lodgings in a grand chamber, which might also have suited a royal guest. Whatever might be the lady's answer to their suits, they certainly could find no fault with their entertainment.

In the morning they arose and prepared to pay their court to the princess, who sent them word that she would see them directly after breakfast. So they hurried over their breakfast as fast as possible, and then the seneschal came to conduct them to the lady's presence.

They found her waiting for them on a marble terrace at the back of the castle, from which a long flight of steps led down to a beautiful garden. She turned to greet them with a smile of such entrancing sweetness that each began to tremble for fear he should not win so beautiful a creature. Her form was graceful as a bending willow, her face was like a lily in the sun, her hazel eyes were soft and bright, and her golden comb could hardly hold up the abundance of her auburn hair.

The three knights bent their knees before her, and kissed her snow-white hands; and Harold, the Danish knight, exclaimed:

"Fair princess, my name and station are already known to you, and I am come from Denmark to pray you to bestow on me your hand in marriage."

The dark-eyed Russian said:

"And I am come from Russia, sweet lady, to woo you for my bride. I need not tell you whom I am, for you have seen Prince Waldomar in many a tournament."

At last the English warrior said:

"Lady, I scarcely dare to hope that fame has been so kind to me as to these, my brother knights. My name is Palnerin, my blood is royal, and my native and is England. I, also, am your lover, ady fair."

Then the princess answered:

"Brave knights, I know you all by reputation, and two of you by sight and though I never saw Sir Palmerin till now, yet I think the rumor tells no lie that calls him a very valorous knight. It is no easy matter to make a choice between three knights of such high esteem; therefore I will leave the decision to yourselves. He who shall solve a problem which I will propose to you, shall have me for his bride; and if neither of you can give me a correct answer, I will reject you all.

She beckoned a little page who followed behind her, carrying a willow basket; and taking the basket from his hand, she again addressed the rival knights.

"I have here," said she, "in my basket, a gift of plums for each of you, picked from my garden. One of you shall have half and one more, the second shall again have half and one more, and the third shall have half and three more. This will empty my basket. Now tell me how many plums are in it?"

With a very bland countenance, the Danish knight spoke first.

"There are three-score," said he, making a random guess.

"No," replied the lady; "but if there were as many more, half as many more, and a third as many more as there are now in the basket, with five more added to that, the number would by so much exceed three-score as it now falls short of it."

The Russian knight looked very much bewildered, as he speculated on forty-five.

"Not so," said the princess; "but if there were a third as many more, and a sixth as many more as there are now, there would be in my basket as many more than forty-five as there are now under that number."

"Lady, the number is thirty," said Palmerin of England, with a quiet smile.

"Right!" exclaimed the lady; "and you are the first of two score knights and three that has been able to answer a problem of my offering."

She then counted him out fifteen plums and one more, and there remained fourteen. To Sir Waldomar, she gave seven and one more, and six remained. To Sir Harold, she gave half of these and three more; and the basket was empty.

And so Sir Palmerin of England won the Princess Isolette for his bride; and the discarded knights went away with their heads in a whirl, and their mouths full of plums.

The Scenery of Iceland.

The fiords, which bursting through the rocky barrier that guards the coast, run far up into the interior, constitute a most characteristic feature of Icelandic scenery. They have all a great similarity of form, so that the description of the general features of one may serve equally for that of all the others. Having, probably, been at first rents or chasms produced by the general upheaving of the island, their length is often very disproportioned to their breadth; some of them being scarcely two miles wide, yet extending twenty-five or even thirty, into the country, and continue still farther by narrow vales, down which the mountain rivers find their way to the sea. Lofty ridges, running out into the ocean, and ending in precipitous headlands, separate them from each other. In the neighborhood of the Rode and Beru Fiords these assume their most magnificent appearance, attaining an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet; though their average height on other parts of the coast is only about the half of that now specified. So sudden is the rise of these mountains, that it is no uncommon thing to find precipices 1,000 feet high, from the top of which a stone may be cast into the sea. The fiords are thus shut in on both sides by perpendicular walls of rock towering up to a tremendous height, whose summits are clothed with eternal snows, or veiled in dark clouds. All around seems dead; no trace of life is visible. Man and all that he produces vanish amidst the mightier works of nature. Woods and the higher classes of the vegetable creation are entirely wanting, and the naked rocks are too steep for even the hardy birch or stunted willow to fix their roots. No sound is heard save the billows dashing on the craggy shore, no motion seen but the cataract rushing down the rugged cliffs. Such is the general appearance of these fiords, and the repulsive aspect they present; yet there does the Icelander choose his dwelling, unappalled by the rocks which threaten every moment to crush him by their fall. The island is nowhere thickly peopled, but these firths and all their connected valleys are more so than any other portion. Here grassy meadows are found in the immediate vicinity of the sea; and here, therefore, the natives can employ in conjunction both those sources of gain which alone the severe climate leaves open to them. On their shores are the finest pastures for the cattle, whilst their waters are a favorite retreat of the cod, the most esteemed of the fish caught on the coast.

Not the Wife's Fault.

An unsuspecting son of Erin, who had just arrived in New York, went to see his sister, who was married to a Yankee. The couple lived very happily in that city, and when Pat came, the gentleman took him over his place to show it to him. Pat, at the evidence of prosperity, said to his brother-in-law:

"Begorry, you are happy with this fine property to live on; me sister had good luck intirely, so she had, in gettin' the likes of you for a husband."

"And yet," responded the married man, "we would be very happy but for one thing."

"And what's that?" asked Pat.

"Ah, Pat," returned that gentleman, "I'm sorry to say that we have no children."

"No children!" exclaimed Pat; "then, begorra, it's not my sister Maggie's fault, for she had two before she left Ireland, and that's the very rayson me father sint her over here to America."

About this time the hell question came up.

—The man who builds a house that he has not the means to pay for, simply provides a home to run away from.

PAPA IS COMING HOME.

Five little noses against the pane,
Five pairs of eyes peering down the lane,
Trying to see thro' the mist and rain,
If papa is coming home.

The clock on the mantle has just struck four,
Which tells they've to wait one half hour more
Before the train, with its rattle and roar,
Will bring their papa home.

Five little faces clean and sweet,
Dimpled fingers and dancing feet,
Well-brushed jackets and aprons neat,
For papa is coming home

Over the track with its light so bright,
The long train glides in its rapid flight,
And five little children are happy to-night,
For papa is coming home.

The whistle sounds, the gate's aswing,
Footsteps clatter and voices ring,
Red lips kiss and white arms cling,
For papa has come home.

Commerce of the World.

France exports wines, brandies, silks fancy articles, furniture, jewelry, clocks watches, paper, perfumery, and fancy goods generally.

Italy exports corn, oil, flax, flour, wines, essences, dye-stuffs, drugs, fine marble, soap, paintings, engravings, molasses, and salt.

Prussia exports linen, woolens, zinc, articles of copper, iron, and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wines, and porcelain.

Germany exports wool, woolen goods, linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wines, wax, tallow, and cattle.

Austria exports minerals, raw and manufactured silk thread, glass, wax, tar, nutgall, wine, honey, and mathematical instruments.

England exports cottons, woolens, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, iron, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silk, and linens.

Russia exports tallow, flax, hemp, flour, iron, linseed, lard, hides, wax, duck, cordage, bristles, fur, and potash.

Spain exports wines, brandies, iron, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies, and woolens.

China exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginger, borax, zinc, silks, cassia, filligree work, ivory ware, lacquered ware, and porcelain.

Turkey exports opium, silks, drugs, gums, dried fruits, tobacco, wines, camel's hair, carpets, shawls, camlets, and morocco.

Hindostan exports gold and silver, cochineal, indigo, sarsaparilla, vanilla, jalap, fustic, campeachy wood, pimento, drugs, and dye-stuffs.

Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds, and other stones, gums, mahogany, and India-rubber.

The West Indies export sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dye-woods, coffee, pimento, fresh fruits and preserves, wax, ginger, and other spices.

East India exports cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold, dung, camphor, benzine, sulphur, ivory, rattan, sandalwood, zinc, and nuts.

The United States exports principally agricultural produce, tobacco, cotton, flour, provisions of all kinds, lumber, turpentine, agricultural implements, sewing-machines, cotton goods, cutlery, builders' hardware, furniture, locomotives, munitions of war, gold, silver, quicksilver, and so forth.

Telegraphic.

In the building in which the writer was employed some time since was a negro porter whose name was Burnet. Among his duties was that of carrying telegraphic messages to the offices of the companies for transmission. He had cudgeled his brains as to the method thereof, and the result was indicated one day when there happened to be passing a wagon loaded with large poles used by the telegraph companies in supporting their wires. Upon my alluding to their extraordinary size, Burnet, who was standing near, said, 'I specs dem telegraph poles has to be pooty large, don't dey, Mr. H——?'

"What makes you think that?" I asked.

"Well, I s'pose jist for de standin' dev don't need to be so big, but *when dev puts on de presshu'* dey has to be pooty strong."

"What do you mean by putting on the pressure?"

"Why," said he, "when dey sends de messages over, don't dey have to put on de presshu'?"

That is a fair theory; but President Orton once gave us another explanation, made by a "man and a brother," thus:

"Now you see. Sam, s'pose da was a dog, and dat dog's head was in Hoboken and his tail in Brooklyn."

"Go 'way, now, da ain't no such dog."

"Well, s'pose da was."

"Well, s'pose da was."

"Well, den de telegram is jes like dat dog. If I pinch dat dog's tail in Brooklyn, what he do?"

"Dunno."

"Why, if I pinch dat dog's tail in Brooklyn, he go bark in Hoboken. Dat's de science of it."

Lorenzo Dow.

Of Lorenzo Dow, the "Peter the Hermit" of American revivalism, the itinerant preacher, whose name was a familiar word in every State and almost every county of the Union, an old man now living at Norwich recalls many reminiscences that have never before been published. Dow was born only a few miles from Norwich, and the house in which he lived while he was not assailing the "hordes of the devil" in other States is still standing. His eccentricities, his vigorous aggressive sermons, his dry witticisms and peculiar habits, are vividly remembered in his neighborhood. His strange grotesqueness excited curiosity wherever he went, and his entry into a village was usually heralded by a score or more of youngsters, who preceded him crying the news: "Here comes old Dow." He chose the oddest and seemingly most ineligible places for his meetings, which were usually held in the open air. A mammoth stump in a nook on the verge of a forest, an inverted barrel under the boughs of an apple orchard, or a rude platform of rough boards at a country cross-roads, were the pulpits that he liked best to occupy. He never lacked an audience, for the announcement that "Old Dow" was going to "hold forth" at a certain place, probably six months or a year from date, never failed to call forth the country people, from far and wide, at the appointed time. Dow never broke an engagement, though some of his appointments were several years in advance and in distant parts of the country. This strict faithfulness of the preacher secured the implicit confidence of the people. Once, it is said, he appointed a meeting for a certain day and hour and place, two years in advance, in a rude village in Virginia. At the designated time and place the people gathered and confidently awaited his arrival. At the expiration of the appointed hour, a thin, grizzled old man, with long white beard, and dressed in a shabby, black suit, and a torn straw hat, that flapped its broken brim in his face, drove leisurely up to the gathering. It was Dow, punctual to a moment. He alighted, passed through the throng without a word, mounted the platform, and announced that, "by the grace of God, the meeting would now be begun."

One morning, recently, I visited the old home of the famous preacher. It is in the cleft of the hills in the northwestern part of the town of Montville—a low, rambling, two-story country farmhouse, upholding a corpulent stone chimney and thrusting out into the stony, sterile pasture land acquisitive ells and angels. Tall sycamores on the northern green, sweep the mossy roof with their mottled boughs. The southern windows look out on the dimpled surface of Oxoboxo lake, not forty rods away. A capacious barn, with extensive outhouses, on a sweeping knoll near by, completes the homestead. Between the house and barn runs northward the open turnpike, which descends first into the haunted depths of "witch woods," then trails away over the lonely hills to Colchester village. The old house is occupied by relatives of Dow (by marriage), who came to live with his widow a short time before her death, a few years ago. Dow was twice married; but he died without children.

"I don't suppose," said my informant, "that there's a prominent spot round here that the old man has not preached and prayed on more than a half-dozen times. This is the right kind of a country," the speaker continued, cynically, with a sweep of the hand towards its stony fields and pastures, thatched with briers and bayberry bushes, "to produce a religion hard enough for anybody. No wonder that the preachers were tough. No nonsense about 'em. There's material enough lying round loose here to turn out a hell without any very great strain of imagination. The old man got his religion and his mission to preach direct from here and from God. He didn't belong to no denomination but set out on his own hook. He didn't take no pay, and went about as the apostles of old, wherever the spirit called him. Lord, how he used to sail into preachers that got salaries! He had ideas of his own, and was independent of every one and everything—'specially fashion. He always wore his beard long when everybody else shaved theirs off, and he wore an old straw hat, summer and winter, with the brim half tore off. Everybody went to hear him, and when it was known that 'Old Dow' was going to preach, all the other meetings were deserted. The boys sometimes put up jobs on him, though. I recollect once that he was to preach in an orchard, and a big crow'd gathered to hear him. Well, just before the meeting began the fellows got him a great hogshead to stand on, and filled it about two-thirds full of water. They put in the head rather loosely, and waited for fun. Dow mounted on the barrel, gave out his text, got fired up, and was prancing and thumping around on that barrel-head in lively style, and suddenly in she went, splash, slush, boards, Dow, straw hat and all. The water was about up to his neck, and he scrambled out dripping all over. Jerusalem, how the people laughed, and how Dow—well, he went right on preaching on the ground, but (significantly) he had commenced on grace, mercy, and peace, but he wound up on hell fire and eternal damnation.

"One cold, blustering day Dow was driving in his sleigh along a narrow country road that was banked high with snow. He encountered a man who was driving in the opposite direction. There was only one path, and that in the centre of the road; one or the other must turn out. Dow took in the situation at a glance, and rising erect in his seat, whip in hand and with threatening visage and manner, called out sternly: 'Turn out, turn out, I say, or I'll serve you as I did a man just back here.' The stranger, overawed, nervously obeyed, and wallowed through the deep snow on the roadside till he could regain the path. Then he turned toward the retiring figure and asked somewhat angrily: 'Well, how how did you serve the other man?' 'Why,' replied Dow, composedly, 'he wouldn't turn out for me, so I turned out for him."

'In one of his pilgrimages through the backwoods of Pennsylvania, Dow entered a rude settlement on the outskirts of civilization. He was to preach in the village church in the evening. The man in whose house he was to tarry over night had recently lost an axe by theft. The loss of such an implement was too serious in those days to be borne resignedly, and the farmer bitterly bemoaned his misfortune to Dow, representing the difficulties of obtaining a new tool. 'Just keep quiet,' said the preacher, mysteriously, and with a confident manner, 'and I will get your axe for you."

"On the way to the church in the evening, Dow stooped down by the roadside, picked up two large, round stones and placed them in his pocket. He quietly entered the pulpit and waited until all the congregation had assembled, and the deep silence preceding the opening of service reigned in the house. Then advancing to the pulpit edge, with a stone in each hand, he cried in a loud, commanding voice, 'My friend (calling him by name) has lost a valuable axe. It was stolen from him. The eye of God is in every place. I see the thief before me in the audience, and I am about to hurl this stone (poising the missile in the air) at his head.' He accompanied his words with a quick, emphatic gesture, and a stout-built, rough man in the throng dodged his head instantly one side to escape the expected shot. 'There's your thief," Dow shouted to his friend, pointing to the man; 'go and get your axe."

"Dow carried on his journeys a medicine that was called 'Dow's physic.' It was an excellent remedy for a number of complaints, and the old man sold it as he traveled, thereby realizing sufficient profit to meet the trifling expenses of his peregrinations.

"He died in Alexandria, Va., at a ripe age, of the effects of exposure in the discharge of his ministerial duties."

Nature.

If we cast a glance at the immense quantity of plants and animals which live on the earth, we are at first struck with the variety of forms under which they present themselves; with their colors so diversified, and sometimes brilliant, and with the colossal proportions of some as compared with the diminutiveness of others. When, however, we study them more fully, we at once see the perfection which exists in the organs of both plants and animals, and how well they are adapted to their habits and modes of life; from the enormous whale, which requires an ocean to swim in, to those minute and myriad forms which the microscope reveals, and which find ample room for all their evolutions in a single drop of its waters; from the lofty tree which ramifies in the earth and atmosphere, and has stood for centuries the pride and ornament of the landscape, to the lowly moss which clings to its bark, or the beautiful and sweet-scented wild flower growing beneath its shade. We also soon see abundant reason for believing that the differences amongst the organic productions of nature are not so great as we at first surmised; we trace, by almost imperceptible gradations, the mineral into the plant, and animal life becomes, as it were, gradually developed in the vegetable, or rather both become blended together in the same organic being.

—A day or two since a lad some eight years of age said to his mother:—"Mother, which are we, Catholics or Episcopals?" "We ain't any of them," said a younger brother chipping in, "we're Pacific Coast Pierneers."

SUPPOSING!

Suppose that a man avaricious and old,
Should come to me jingling his silver and gold,
And offer a share of his Mammon to me,
If I to the sale of myself would agree—
I wouldn't—would you?

Supposing a hero, all bristling with fame,
And big with the weight of a wonderful name,
Proposed in a moment of bland condescension
To give me his hand and a little attention—
I wouldn't—would you?

Supposing a youth, with his heart in his eyes,
That shone like the light of the beautiful skies,
Should promise to love me through all his glad life,
And begged that I'd be his own dear little wife—
Guess I would—wouldn't you?

FACTS AND FANCIES

Cocoanut Custard—One cocoanut grated, quarter pound butter, two cups white sugar, two eggs, quart new milk; bake with one crust twenty minutes.

If we do have to pay a little more for some articles it is better that we do our trading at home, rather than go out of town, if we can find the articles we wish for. It is a duty the citizens of the town owe each other.

—The alumni association of the national medical college, Washington, expelled a practicing physician of that city because he advertised that he could cure Bright's disease of the kidneys in six weeks. But another physician had been fooling along with a man seven years, never got him out of bed once in all that time, and got the patient's check for $1,328.95 ust before he died, and him they elected president of the association.

Weighing Passengers.—It is suggested that street cars should be so constructed as to have a weighing machine that passenger fares might be made equitable. It would require but a moment to weigh a passenger. As things now are, a fat man or a fat woman occupies two seats while a slim person hardly fills one. Thin passengers think it a great hardship to be thin-spaced between a couple of fat persons, and compelled to fork over the same fare. It does seem hard that lean types of mankind or womankind should pay precisely the same sum for a ride as full-bodied types.

A Beautiful Idea.—Away among the Alleghanies there is a spring, so small that an ox, in a summer's day, could drain it dry. It steals its unobtrusive way among the hills, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Thence it stretches away a thousand miles, leaving on its banks more than a hundred villages and cities, and many thousand cultivated farms, and bearing on its bosom more than half a thousand steamboats. Then joining the Mississippi, it stretches away and away some twelve hundred miles more, till it falls into the great emblem of eternity. It is one of the great tributaries of the ocean, which, obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till the angel, with one foot on the sea and the other on the land, shall lift up his hand to heaven, and swear that time shall be no longer. So with moral influence. It is a rill—a rivulet—a river—an ocean, boundless and fathomless as eternity.

A Long Tramp.—Some time ago, says the Hamilton *Spectator*, a man and his wife applied for lodging at the police station. They gave their names as Michael and Mary Cahill and they had with them a tiny little babe, a blue-eyed tootsey wootsey in a man's shirt. Cahill was a little man, very polite to his wife, a large red-faced motherly woman. As they passed through the city on their way out they put together what little money they had and bought a little baby carriage for the child. Last night they came back again as large as life and the baby larger. They had tramped to Barrie, by way of Toronto, and back, wheeling the baby all the way. Mrs. Cahill said that the ladies along the line of march had been very kind to her baby, and had presented it with many pretty articles of dress. It wore a nice little cap, and looked rather nice in a little cloak which some good woman who pitied the little wanderer had given to it. The child was born in a cell, and has seldom passed more than one night under the same roof since it was born.

Golden Hair at the Chancel.—A friend living in Philadelphia has a sweet golden haired little daughter, aged three years, who is devoted to her father, and endeavors, after her baby fashion, to govern her actions by his own. This habit causes much amusement in the family, though the little one seems quite unconscious that she is the cause of it all. Not long ago the child attended divine service for the first time with her father, and sat quietly and gravely in the pew until the close of the sermon. It chanced to be communion Sunday, and he being a communicant, went with others toward the chancel, unconscious that his little daughter was following him. As he knelt and bowed his head, the baby of three years also knelt, and bowed her sweet face upon her hands. Those who saw the touching sight were affected almost to tears, and nobody attempted to remove the small communicant. Not until my friend rose to return to his seat did he discover the child, who also rose, and slipping her little hand in his, walked gravely toward the pew.

Is There a Cure?—"Do you ever have the blues?" asks a sufferer from that malady, "and is there a cure for them?" Certainly, plenty of cures for them; just as there are for chills and fever, but in like manner they will not always work. We know one man who walks off an attack, another who rows it off, and another who rides it off in the saddle. These are all dyspeptics. The same prescriptions, aided perhaps by lemon juice or diluted nitromuriatic acid, often prove effective in the case of bilious folk. When the cause is nervous exhaustion, a good remedy is cessation of all work, religious and secular, plenty of sleep, and, if the constitution can bear it, cold water bathing. Always an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, for it is not an easy task to fight off the blues. Misfortune, sorrow, individual temperament, and the accidents of wind and weather, often combine to weigh down the soul until, in extreme instances, insanity may be the result. But there is no rule by which to cure every one; each must find out what is most effectual in his case, and persevere with it to the end.

—That is a very funny ghost story, which is going the round of the papers. That it is merely a fact of the imagination rather than of history does not mar it in the least. A late traveler, the word "late" referring not to his decease, but to the hour of the night, while groping his way home, saw in the middle of the highway what he took to be a veritable ghost. It stood still and was dressed in white, as any conventionally respectable apparition would be. Brave at heart he determined to solve the mystery. Advancing with cautious tread he got close to the "sheeted dead" and struck it a right smart blow with his stick. What happened immediately after he alone can describe with its proper pathos. He was lifted into the air and came down with a disagreeable thud in the mud of the ditch. Upon proper investigation the ghost turned out to be a white mule, who was standing the night out in meditative mood, when his reverie was broken in upon by the intruder. The victim declares that whatever his private opinions may be, he shall hereafter act as though ghosts were a reality, and steer clear of any communication with them.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Some Iowa papers want the Moffett bell punch introduced into that State.

The faculty of Beloit college will not permit students to attend dancing school.

A farmer drove fourteen hundred turkeys into Concordia, Neb., the other day, to be shipped to Chicago.

The number of persons of nearly all nationalities, who have this year taken part in the pilgrimage to Mecca is 132,450.

The Michigan Southern railway pays Mrs. John Wentlautt, of Coldwater, Mich., $150 for having killed that lady's husband.

Mrs. Hannah Graham, of Paw Paw, Mich., aged 85, has just recovered $1,246 pension for the loss of a son killed in the late war.

It is charged that the genuine Kansas grasshopper—millions of them—have hatched out at Dundee, Mich., and other places thereabouts.

The Missouri papers are mourning that their State gets so little of the vast tide of immigration which is sweeping through it and filling up Kansas.

Mrs. Alex. Laroche, of West Bay City, Mich., has a valuable dog. She dropped a roll of bills containing $160, and the dog picked it up and took it home—in his stomach. Only $80 of it is redeemable.

A pedestrian named Davis is at Des Moines, Iowa, trying to arrange for a walk across the continent from San Francisco to New York in eighty days. This would be an average of over forty miles per day.

Eaton Rapids, Mich., claims to be the banner town in the temperance business. Out of a total population of twenty-five hundred fully one thousand persons are enrolled as members of the temperance organization.

A Newton county, Georgia, negro carried three two hundred pound sacks a distance of six hundred yards. He took a sack in each hand, and took the third sack between his teeth. The same negro can hold any mule in the county by the hind legs.

A tramp has been practicing a new dodge at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He takes an envelope, and placing in it a piece of folded paper, enters the business houses asking for a stamp to put on it. He succeeded in getting quite a number before he was arrested.

—A young woman can have no excuse for thinking her lover wiser than he is, for if there's any nonsense in him, he is sure to talk it to her.

It is proposed to build one hundred and seventeen miles of the Black Hills railroad this season, and the stopping point will be at Fort Laramie.

Hartford's greatest income is from insurance stock. The residents of that Connecticut city hold $7,474,051 of such capital, as against only $1,729,826 of bank stock.

Parties from Cheyenne are taking to the Hills a machine for working dry diggings, and expect to commence operations on ground in the vicinity of Rockerville.

The contract for the construction of the track of the Rochester and Northern Minnesota railroad, ready for the rolling stock as far as Pine Island, Minn., has been let.

The Pioneer Oil company, of Salem, Oregon, has failed for $90,000. The assets will fall considerably short of that amount. A failure in flax and decline in prices was the cause.

The Bismarck Stage company is buying in St. Louis one hundred and twenty large horses to stock the road for the daily. Twenty-five half-bred horses have been also purchased for the outriders.

Half a mile of steel rails per day replace the iron ones on the river division of the Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul road. The entire distance to Chicago is to be so relayed, after which the schedule time is to be materially reduced.

An intelligent man in Bruce, Ontario, went to shoot crows and placed his left hand over the muzzle of his gun so as "to keep the crows from smelling the powder" till the last moment. He has more sense now, but less hands.

Doctor X. is a man of superior ability and a poor shot. But every year he takes his vacation, and tramps over hill and dale with his gun on his shoulder. One of his professional friends says it is the only season of the year when he kills nothing.

"What is this?" said a fond mother in Kentucky to her four-year-old son, with whose wisdom she was desirous of charming the company assembled at dinner, as she pointed to a nicely-browned sucking pig. "A bow-wow-wow, ma," replied the dear child.

The champion nose lives at Sacramento. Its owner was at breakfast when a friend seated on the opposite side of the table, knowing him to be a little near-sighted, remarked, "There's a fly on the end of your nose. "Is there?" responded the owner of the horn of plenty. "I didn't know it. Just please scare him off; you're nearer to him than I am."

The five year old son of a family the other day stood watching his baby brother, who was making a great noise over having his face washed. The little fellow at length lost his patience, and stamping his tiny foot, said, "You think you have lots of trouble, but you don't know anything about it. Wait till you're big enough to get a lickin', and then you'll see—won't he, mamma?"

"What's the woman charged with?" said the court. "She's a dead-beat and vagrant, your honor," said the officer who arrested her. Then the woman spoke up and said: "If I can prove that I'm all right, will your honor let me go?" "Of course I will," said the court. "Then," said the prisoner, "here's the family bible, by which you'll see that I'm Moll Wright ——" "Saw my leg off," shouted the officer, who saw the point, "if she hasn't beat the court, too." And the court rubbed its nose with its fore-finger, and gently murmured: "Discharge the prisoner."

—A new story comes from Oshkosh, and the Madison (Wis.) *Journal* thus tells it:—"A lady of color left a pair of shoes for repair, and after repeatedly calling for them and being put off she "lit down" on the unfortunate son of St. Crispin and smothered him with kisses, to the great amusement of his shopmates The next call brought the shoes."

—A story is told of a Scotch elder which illustrates the fact, already too well known, that ingenuity is much stronger in some men than conscience. In Scotland it is the custom to stand in public prayer. One Sunday a worthy elder happened to fall asleep while standing at the head of his seat during prayer, and unfortunately he made a further slip by falling all his length along the passage. Instead, however, of making any fuss about it and exposing himself to the charge of sleeping in church, he lay still as if in a fit, and allowed himself to be carried into the vestry, while the doctor felt his pulse and pronounced it a decided case of falling sickness. After the patient had recovered, by the application of cold water to his temples, the doctor sagely advised him to eat only the most laxative food, and drink nothing stronger than table-beer, by way of preventing a recurrence of the sickness.

"I MARRY YOU MYSELF!"

Hain't got no dollar!—Wot's dot you say?
You tinks I marry you nidout pay!
So help me, gracious! Stand here once more
I dissolve you! I make you as before!
Remember, Katarina, I forbid dese awful bans;
I stop you, Katarina, from takin' dis bad mans.
If he so awful poor before he takes a wife,
So sure you take him now you throw away your life!
There's lots of little pretzels between lager and the tea,
And fishes just as good in the market as the sea.
So brace up, Katarina, I will give you eetle help,
For so help me ginger beer, I marry you myself!

An Artificial Voice.

Any man who is dissatisfied with his voice can become an orchestra, with woods, brasses, strings and a big drum, if he likes. In September of last year, Dr. Foulis, of Glasgow, found himself under the necessity of proposing the complete removal of the larynx of one of his patients. The man consented, chiefly with the view of escaping the lingering death which threatened him. It was accordingly done; and now at the end of four months a fair share of health has been regained, the windpipe and other parts implicated have healed so as to admit of the introduction of voice tubes, and the man has been shown at the University and before some of the scientific societies of Glasgow, where the professors and others were enabled to satisfy themselves of the reality of his speaking powers. For the sake of easy adjustment it consists of two tubes, which are placed in the wound separately, and fitted to each other by slipping the lower a little way into the upper one. A framework holding a vibrating reed is passed into a hole in the front of this tube, like a drawer into its grooves. When pushed home the reed plate slopes downwards, and the current of air from the lungs, impinging upon its free end, throws it into vibration. A continuous musical note is thus produced, which becomes modulated into vowels, consonants and words by the action of the mouth. All the reeds remain silent in ordinary breathing. The vowels are perfectly clear and distinct, both in whispering with the reed out and in intoning with the reed in the tube, proving that the vowels are the product of changes in the shape of the mouth-cavity, and not formed by alterations of the glottis. The question of the reeds to be used was one of much interest. The first tried in Glasgow was of brass. Experiments have shown, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, that many other materials, such as ivory, horn, cane, silver, or steel, will answer the purpose, and the patient, who is an ingenious mechanic, amuses himself in fitting them up. He has thus a variety of voices at command, and with one of his reeds, made of vulcanite, can positively roar. The softest and most natural notes are given by the non-metallic reeds; but the richest tone comes from a reed composed of an alloy of silver and brass.

Slovenly Manuscript.

I have the misfortune to have a manuscript before me at this moment, says John Morley, in the *Fortnightly Review*, that would fill thirty of these pages, and yet from beginning to end there is no indication that it is not to be read in a single breath. The paragraph ought to be, and in all good writers it is, as real and as sensible a division as the sentence. It is an organic member in prose composition with a beginning, a middle, and an end, just as a stanza is an organic and definite member in the composition ode. "I fear my manuscript is rather disorderly," says another, "but I will correct carefully in print." Just so. Because he is too heedless to do his work in a workmanlike way, he first inflicts fatigue and vexation on the editor whom he expects to read his paper; second, he inflicts considerable and quite needless expense on the publisher; and thirdly, he inflicts a great deal of tedious and thankless labor on the printers, who are for the most part far more meritorious persons than fifth-rate authors. It is true that Burke returned such disordered proofs that the printer usually found it the least troublesome to set the whole afresh, and Miss Martineau tells a story of a Scotch compositor who fled from Edinburgh to avoid a great living author's manuscript, and, to his horror, was presently confronted with a piece of copy which made him cry, "Lord have mercy? Have *you* got that man to print for!" But most editors will cheerfully forgive such transgressions to all contributors who will guarantee that they will write as well as Burke and Carlyle. Alas, it is usually the case that those who have least excuse are the worst offenders. The slovenliest manuscripts come from persons to whom the difference between an hour and a minute is of the very smallest importance. This digestion is to be excused, partly by the natural desire to say a word against one's persecutors, and partly by a hope that some persons of sensitive conscience may be led to ponder whether there may not be, after all, some moral obligations even towards editors and printers.

Hard Times.

We have in our mind, says an exchange, a brilliant and cultivated young lawyer who started in life with twenty thousand dollars and a refined, beautiful and accomplished wife. He is now a sort of factotum in a carpet manufactory, running hither and thither at the beck and call of those whom he secretly despises, doing heavy tasks far beyond his strength, yet eager and anxious to please, lest the slender support which he derives from this menial work be cut off. We know a gentleman who was a bank president ten years ago and owned his carriage, who now does copying in an insurance office at thirty-five dollars a month, supporting—God knows how—a wife and five children on it. We know of a gentleman who once held a high office in a western State, who solicited work at cleaning out offices and building fires. Nor have the changed times less bitterly affected woman. Jennie Collins, of Boston, famed for her employment bureau and working men's home, says in her last report: "Many kind ladies who hired their servants of me in the past years, have been obliged to apply for employment themselves of late. I sent a lady to a hotel—as a housekeeper, and the most humiliating part of it was, that her room was in the attic with two of her former servants." We are constantly learning of women of education and refinement, formerly wealthy, who are engaged as seamstresses, nurses and house keepers; and in one case we even know of a lady, who would be at home in any parlor in the land among educated people, who served as a cook in a hotel for months.

—A woman working in a shoe factory at North Adams, Mass., has died from the effects of poison contained in fancy leather which she stitched. Her face swelled so much that when she died her features were hardly recognizable. Two theories are advanced as to the cause of poisoning—one, that poison was inhaled from the leather, and the other, that it was from rubbing her face with her hands after working.

—A young man in St. John, N. B., who was bound over to keep the peace toward a personal enemy, got his two sureties to give the latter a tremendous thrashing and enjoyed it immensely.