THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called to-day,
For the years go out and the years come in
Regardless of those who may loose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river, where two worlds meet;
They go to return no more.

There is a place for you in the ranks, my boy
And duty, too, assigned;
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be quick or another may take your place
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy
That you never can tread again;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps my boy,
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will walk by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within;
And spirits with evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might wear
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armor of God, my boy
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet and breast-plate and shield
And the sword that the fullest arm may wield
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the great reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

BESIEGING HIS HEART.

"A clergyman has no right to be a single man," said Mrs. Brushby.

"Certainly not," acquiesced Miss Foxe.

"But I dare say he's engaged," slyly remarked the plump widow.

"No, he's not," said Miss Foxe. "At least I heard him tell Colonel Copley that he was entirely fancy free."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Brushby, "then there's no reason why he shouldn't marry and settle here at Exmar."

"Exmar, indeed!" said Miss Foxe, who had accepted her own maidenhood as a foregone conclusion. "There's nobody here for him to marry—only factory girls, and Colonel Copley's six daughters, the youngest of whom is 23, to select from."

"Why shouldn't he marry either you or me, Felicia Foxe?" asked Mrs. Brushby."

"Why, he ain't 30!" said she.

"Neither am I," said Mrs. Brushby.

"Now, Cornelia Brushby, there ain't no sort of use coming that game over me. Your were 28 when you married Brushby, and he's been dead and buried these ten years."

Mrs. Brushby laughed.

"Felicia," said she, "you're worse than an old family record. Don't you see there's people older than their years, and people younger! I'm one of the latter, and I don't see why I can't marry Mr. Selwyn if I once make up my mind to do so."

So Mrs. Brushby took up the brown yarn that she had been buying at Felicia Foxe's thread and needle stor and went home

"How slow you are, Clara," said Mrs. Brushby, snappishly. "I supposed, of course, tea would be all ready by the time I came back."

"I am sorry for this delay, aunt," said Clara, timidly, "but I was detained at the factory."

"There, that will do. I don't see why you need be flinging the factory in my face all the time"

"I could not pay my board, aunt," said she, "if I did not earn the money in the factory. But if the subject is disagreeable to you I will endeavor to avoid it.'

"I should like to go to church, aunt," Clara had ventured to say one Sunday morning when the maples in the glen were all blazing in their autumn colors.

"That's like your selfishness, Clara Cone. And let me stay at home; for, of course, one of us must remain at home, to see that we are not robbed by tramps, and to cook the dinner."

"But couldn't I go in the evening, aunt?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Brushby. "I belong to the 'Rebecca band,' which always meets in the chapel on Sunday evenings, and Deacon Halsted calls for me in his box-wagon. If you feel so piously inclined, why, you can read your prayer book at home." If by chance Clara was invited to join in any of the neighborhood festivities Mrs. Brushby made haste to decline for her.

"Clara never goes out," she said. "She has no taste for such things, poor dear."

The pale girl had just taken the teapot off the stove, upon this especial evening, when Mrs Brushby uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Whisk the things into the closet, quick, Clara," said she. "Put the bread behind the family Bible. Don't leave that bottle of pickles on the mantel. Mr. Selwyn is coming."

"My visit is intended to your niece, Miss Cone, as well as yourself," said Mr. Selwyn, after the topic of the weather had been duly discussed.

"Oh, Clara," said Mrs. Brushby, simpering—"Clara wishes to be excused; Clara sees no company. I really regret the dear girl's eccentricty, but—"

"She never comes to church," said Mr. Selwyn, gravely.

"Ah-h-h!" groaned Mrs. Brushby, "her heart is like the nether millstone. If you knew, dear Mr. Selwyn, how I have striven with her.

"I am beginning a series of sermons to young people next Sunday evening. Pray use your endeavors to induce this young girl to attend."

And Mrs. Brushby promised that she would, and the young clergyman took his leave.

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"You must!" said Mrs. Brushby.

"Please, aunt, don't ask me!" said Clara, with tears in the limpid eyes.

"What a goose you are!" said Mrs. Brushby. "As if it made any earthly difference! And I must have the dress to wear to church to morrow evening. Mr. Selwyn is to preach the first of a series of sermons to young people, and I'm specially interested in 'em."

"But I never sewed on Sunday in my life."

"The dressmaker has disappointed me, and I must have the dress. A few seams more or less; what do they matter? I'll risk your soul! And nobody need ever know. Only think, Clara Cone, how much I have done for you."

"Oh, aunt, I can't!" cried Clara, in a choked voice. "It wouldn't be right."

"And who set you up as a judge of right and wrong, I'd like to know? Now take your choice; either finish up the dress for me or leave the house."

"I will leave the house," she said.

"And I fully approve of your decision," said Mr. Selwyn's voice, as he stepped from the open-door portico, where his knock had been drowned by the high accents of Mrs. Brushby. "Leave the house, Miss Cone, and I will see that a refuge is provided for you at the house of Miss Foxe."

Honest Miss Foxe was amazed when Clara Cone took refuge with her.

"Well," she declared, "I always knew Cornelia Brushby was a regular grinder, but I did suppose she had some Christian decency about her. Yes, you are welcome to my spare room, and I sha'n't charge you any board. I dare say you will lend a hand now and then when I'm busy, and your company will be a great deal of comfort to me."

But Miss Foxe didn't have that "comfort" long. Mr. Selwyn had become deeply interested in the pale, clear-eyed factory girl, and before the wild roses blossomed along the verge of the woods, the parsonage had a mistress, and Mr. Selwyn no longer came under the head of "unmarried clergyman."

NEW YORK MENDICANTS.

Where the Street Tramps Pass Their Nights.

When the wind blows cold and the air is crisp with frost, it is not an uncommon thing to meet at evening in the streets of New York, especially below Canal street and in the Bowery, beggars whose claim to consideration is either hunger or the assertion that they have no place to sleep. The plea of hunger is perennial, but the request for money to pay for a night's lodging is one that is seldom or never preferred at this season of the year by the sophisticated or professional beggar. He does not now sigh for the shelter of a lodging-house, but is content to forego the accommodations which later he will beg to secure. The lodging-house keeper is not at present the person to whom he must look for such disturbed slumber, as, in winter, he can snatch in the brief truces between himself and the predatory insect band whose name is legion. It is the policeman who is the autocrat of his bedchamber in summer, and the canopy is the sky. If he can only manage to escape the notice of the man with the club and off-hand manner, he is willing to insure the rest and to discount the worst efforts of all the mosquitoes in Manhattan island.

Where does the homeless beggar of New York sleeep in the summer—the beggar whom the attractions of green fields, babbling brooks, henroosts and potato patches cannot seduce from the city to be a country tramp? The reporter whose duties lead him about the streets at midnight stumbles upon him in many places; seems him curled up in a doorway, stretched out in some hospitable truck wagon that has been left in the street, or wandering away in search of some secluded spot where neither the light from the street-lamps nor the policeman's eye will find him out. And he may be found on the benches in the public parks, where he enters upon possession at the witching hour of midnight. It is curious to note what classes of people enjoy these parks, and when. Of those who make use of the seats and shade for the leisure hours of the day nothing need be said, for it is a patent fact that the old men and children under the charge of their white capped bonnes are then large in possession. As evening appraoches the children go away home, and their places are taken by a variety of men, many of them young and well-dressed. They do not, as a rule, remain long enough to decide where they will go to seek amusement. When the last meal of the day has been eaten, and the dishes have been cleaned, the servant girls and their male friends begin to appear in the parks. To watch them closely is to discover that the poor girls are invariably so wearied by the labors of the day as to need the supporting arms of their escorts, which are never denied them. After an hour or two spent in the mildly exciting pleasure of talking and being hugged, the girls go their way to rest, and a little later the beggar begins to slink into the parks and to court forgetfulness of his daily wretchedness in sleep. It may be that honest working-men have been in the parks to breathe for a few hours a purer air than they can hope to find in their hot lodgings. These begin to go when the beggars and tramps come, n order not to be confounded with them.

Where hast he beggar been since the sun set? Walk in any of the streets adjacent to the park and the question will answer itself. As you go along you will become conscious at times of a shadow—even though it be at night; a shadow that is erect and walking. If you show that you are conscious of its presence, the chances are that you will hear the shadow muttering some words, among which may be distinguished "a few pennies" and "not a bite to eat.' This shadow is the beggar who, unlike the wise husbandman strives to make hay while the sun does not shine, and who wearily "moves on" through fear of the police, until he has moved with the hours of midnight. He then goes to the parks and sleeps, unless the park policeman, who must remain awake himself, maliciously decides to keep him awake also. And this is usually the case, for it is an every night affair for the man in gray uniform to flit about through the parks and roughly shake into a semblance of wakefulness the wretched creature he finds, and admonishes him not to sleep. With a growl that is an oath the beggar declars himself awake, and straightway nods again. This is often repeated during the night. At earliest dawn the policeman makes a final round, and with the voice of authority announces that sleep must positively have ending. This time he is obeyed, though with the slowness of unwilling acquiescence. The beggar sits sullen, blinking and yawning, until he finally becomes thoroughly aroused, when he arises and disappears. Usually, as he slinks away, he seems like one who is "drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk." He is a sad specimen of ruined manhood, of an utter mental and moral waste.

A Water Telescope.

According to *Land and Water*, the Norwegian fisherman always carry with them on their expeditions a kind of tolescope. This is a tube three or four feet long, with an eye-piece at one end. The other end, which is open, is placed in the water over the edge of the boat, and a little practice easily enables the observer to distinguish objects at a depth of from ten to fifteen fathoms. The fishermen are thus enabled to discover shoals which would otherwise go unnoticed. They then give the signal, their companions surround them with seines, and they frequently make wonderful hauls in places and under circumstances that would never have been suspected but for the use of the telescope. Mr. Frank Buckland recommends the instrument to the English and Scotch fishers.

LOVE IN DREAMLAND.

"Drunk again, you see, doctor. Yes, drunk again! The same old story. What next?" It was a pale young man in the thirties who spoke thus, and there was an exceeding weariness in the tone of his voice and bearing.

The great physician who sat opposite to him, nodded gravely.

"Aye," continued the young man, in the same dreamy manner as before, "I just recollect something about it. I was picked up in the gutter by a policeman last night. My front teeth, I find, had been kicked down my throat, or out of it—at all events they were gone; but I managed to make myself intelligible, and hiccoughed out that I lived here. It was a lie—I always tell lies at these times—but I was afraid to go home. Home! I have no home—but at my brother's house. Why was I afraid? I was afraid because I had robbed him. I had stolen his wife's minature and the coral necklace of his child to buy drink. I have spent the money for which I pawned them and here I am again."

He spoke without the smallest emotion and then fixed his eyes doggedly on the ground. He had naturally something of the student's stoop, and now he bent so low that he looked the very picture of abject misery. The physician whom he addressed gazed at him meanwhile with intense compassion. Walter Clifford and Cecil Graham had been schoolfellows together at Herrow, and fast friends at Oxford. Graham, (the doctor), after passing his examinations creditably, though without distincion, had taken a degree as a phycian, and being a man of much sound sense and observation, rather than an abstract scholar, had rapidly risen to the first rank in his profession. Clifford, who had gone through his academic career much more brilliantly, and had taken high honors, was a poor, degraded vagabond, a begging letter writer, a creature whom it was not safe to receive into one's house lest he should steal something. Yet in spite of all there was a nameless dignity about the castaway, and it was hard to believe that one who in his calmer hours spoke and thought so nobly should be so vile. The night before the conversation just recorded he had been brought senseless to Dr. Graham's house, a shameless bundle of dirt and rags, but the doctor, being unmarried and free to follow his instincts as a good Samaritan, had regocnized him at once, housed, fed and clothed him anew. The same thing had happened at least twenty times before, and Graham was wondering how and when such visits would end.

"Come, cheer up, old fellow!" he said kindly. "I've got an idea. Go down and live with my aunt in Cornwall. She is a worthy soul and makes capital tea. You used to like tea, I remember. You will do as you like, eat exellent apple puddings, and help her to manage her bees and her cucumbers whenever you feel inclined. I have got a little estate down there, too, you know, which I inherited from my dear mother. Be my agent till something better turns up. I can't afford to give you more than a hundred a year, but you will, of course, live at free quarters, ahd there is really some vary good fishing. Promise me only not to tipple, and—Come, is it a bargain?" The doctor stretched out his hand and looked brightly on the human ruin before him. He tried to seem as though he were asking a favor, instead of conferring one.

Clifford moved uneasily in his chair but made no motion to take the doctor's proffered hand. Presently, however, he turned his head away, and began speaking in a vague, musing manner, as though he was talking to himself.

"You all fancy it is drink which is the root and organ of mischief in my case," he muttered. "As a matter of fact, it is only a graft upon what is a deadlier, because a far more subtle and invisible malady. Since childhood I have been given to a habit of dreaming—of completely withdrawing myself from my surroundings, and retiring into a world of my own creation—What Coleridge required opium to effect, I could do without extraneous aid, for a time, but I soon found out that stimulants would rouse my jaded imagination when it flagged. First tea and coffee were enough; then, as these lost their effect from constant use, I resorted to wine, and as wine was slow in its effect, to spirits. The doctor, who was not devoid of humor, here laid his hand on Clifford's arm, and said, demurely: "My aunt has an old pony who has a habit of shying at unconsidered trifles. He is also a wrong-headed pony, and she will not bear of his being whipped. Whenever these fits come on you, take her out for a drive, and your attention will be fully occupied. For the rest cold water shower baths, fresh fruit, indexing books—anything that will keep your mind occupied; and—well, if that won't do, 'birch your body well with stinging nettles.' It is a very ancient remedy, and I should think might answer a mental diversion in your case. At all events, forswear the bottle."

"The bottle!" answered Clifford, sadly. "How shall I convince you that I do not care for it? Up to yesterday even I had fought for some time pretty sucessfully against the dream demon, as you will call it, and had only drank moderately of wine at my brother's table. It was the afternoon, that time toward four o'clock when our vitality is said to be at the lowest—mine certainty is. I thought a glass of absinthe would relieve me, but then it occurred to me that the absinthe would not give me the slightest pleasure or solace if I could not dream over it. If I had to think on the past and present after drinking it, it would only intensify my feelings and make them the more terrible. So I did not drink, and turned my steps toward home, sorrowful and dejected. It was then that the enchanted castle rose before me in all its allurements. I was drawn, or went, if you will, toward its portals, and once I enter there my will is gone That means drink. To resume—primary evil, dreaming. Graft upon it, drink."

"Rouse yourself, man," replied the physician with affectionate earnestness. "Your case is in your own hands. Think of all the wise hold dear in life—of man's esteem, of woman's affection and of the world's honor."

"Supposing that I like my world better than yours!" replied the dreamer. "Who knows which is the better, the world of facts or that of fancy? Here, I am a shabby outcast; the very children on your streets cry out on me. There, not royal Israel in his glory was arrayed with more magnificent than I. I feast off sumptuous fare served to me by Numidian maids on golden salvers. I drink rich wines from jeweled goblets, cooled with mountain snow. My abodes are ivory palaces, built by pleasant waters, where the white cygent woos the lily queen, and there I am made glad. In my gardens the tall cedar spreads her ample canopy against the noonday sun. Flowers of gorgeous hues and subtle fragrance cluster over crystal fountains. The lucious fruit hangs ripe upon the lime and orange tree. Terrace upon terrace rises range upon range, each thronged with graceful statues, till all are crowned by graceful towers, whence my banner floats. The groves beneath are full of nightingales and dancing elves Fairy minstrels awaken the lutes that give answer to soft dulcimers. The distant clash of fair Titania's cymbals, comes from afar, each with a silver sound. My word is power. In my audience halls await ambassadors from subject nations. My laws give wealth and peace to millions, and when I ride abroad, attended by my court and ministers, my people crowd about my horse's rein to kiss my feet, and shout with heart and voice: 'God save the king.' "

"That way lies madness," remarked the doctor gravely. "We oall it doxomania, or a morbid passion for vain glory."

"What would you give me in exchange for it?" replied the dreamer, grimly. "Chambers in Plump Court or Lincoln's Inn; a Sunday dinner with my friendly editor or kind attorney, till I had grown base enough to be knighted with some huxter, made rich by cheating his fellow men; or, were I steeped to the very lips in infamy, till I was made a junior baron in your falling house of lords, a tool of party, the very essence of a rough?"

"Wake up, I say," replied the doctor, rather testily. "Wake up, and be a man!"

"No, thank you," replied Clifford. "I would rather return to my slumbers. Lately, too, there has come into my slumbers a vision of unutterable loveliness. Her form is all my soul has ever pictured of the beautiful; her voice is what my ears have keenest sought in music; her eyes are lode-stars, and her lips are sweeter than the honeycomb, though shape and voice and lips be all of air. Good-bye."

"Yet stay," said Graham, anxiously, 'or, at least, do not go empty handed. Take this, and when it is gone, why, come again, 'for auld lang syne.' "

The vagabond's hand clutched almost fiercely at the coins held out to him. "Never fear," said he with an absent laugh, "you will see me again."

Then his spare, bent figure went shambling away out of the doctor's house, which was all bathed in sunshine, and passed into the shadow beyond.

"Poor devil!" sighed the prosperous physician. "I must not let him go; he is staggering straight to a mad-house." And Graham seized his hat, but his servant met him in the doorway before he could pass out.

"There are twelve patients, sir, in the waiting-room," said the man mechanically, "and here are three telegrams."

The doctor put down his hat. He was vexed and angry with himself, Duty is a hard taskmaster. But could anything have been done for Walter Clifford?—*London Truth.*

Thanksgiving.

Many of our readers—and they need not be very old—can recollect when Thanksgiving day was exclusively New England holiday, and in which the others of the older States did not participate. As New Englanders migrated westward, and helped to fouud new States, they carried with them their usage of annually observing a day of thanksgiving, it is thus that the custom has spread to other States, until now, having been confirmed by the action of recent Presidents, Thanksgiving has become no longer a partial but a national holiday. It is well that this, originally a farmer's holiday, has a general observance. It is most fitting that the farmers of this land should, on one day in the year, gather in their scattered children, and in one of the holiest of temples—home—give thanks for that upon which the prosperity of the nation rests—the abundant harvest. It is pleasant to think upon Thanksgiving day in its higher aspects, but not the less so in its associations and its minor influences. Being emphatically a home holiday, it more than all others affects the homes of the land, not less the homes in towns and cities than homes upon farms, and long before the day is at hand the thought that "Thanksgiving is coming" controls the movements in households everywhere. The home that is not upon the farm is none the less to observe the day; it, too, is to have its "feast of fat things," and the city housekeeper looks to her sister in the country for a fatted turkey, "wherewith to make merry." A large share of the demand for the turkey, the bird that has become so essential to the thanksgiving feast, is supplied by those farmers whose flocks number hundreds; but aside from these, the turkey plays an important part on many small farms, and the bird, besides "furnishing forth," the material for many a home feast, is in itself a cause for grateful thanks. Many a mother to help the family purse; many a daughter, in pride at being independent of her father's hard earnings, to meet her personal wants, looks to her flock of turkeys; and as Thanksgiving draws nigh, she counts and feeds her flock with pleasant dreams of the day in which the hopes of many days will be consummated. Blessed be the observance which touches so nearly so many human hearts. Blessed be the day which brings joy to so many homes—which, to the wanderer, wherever he may be, turns his thoughts toward home. And when has the American farmer had greater occasion on Thanksgiving day than now to say: "Oh! give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good and his mercy endureth forever."—*American Agriculturist.*

THERE is no more doubt that drinking ice water arrests digestion than there is that a refrigerator would arrest perspiration. It drives from the stomach its natural heat, suspends the flow of gastric juice, and shocks and weakens the delicate organs with which it comes in contact. An able writer on human diseases says: Habitual ice-water drinkers are usually very flabby about the region of the stomach. They complain that their food lies heavy on that patient organ. They taste their dinner for hours after it has been bolted. They cultivate the use of stimulants to aid digestion. If they are intelligent they read up on food and what the physiologists say about it—how long it takes cabbage and beef and pork and potatoes, and other meats and the esculents, to go through the process of assimilation. They roar at new bread, hot cakes, fried meats, imagining these to have been the cause of their maladies. But the ice water goes down all the same, and finally friends are called in to take a farewell look at one whom a mysterious Providence has called to a clime, where, as far as is known, ice water is not used. The number of immortal beings who go hence to return no more, on account of an injudicious use of ice water, can hardly be estimated.

A SWEET, WILD ROSE.

"Well, since you mention it yourself, Hal, I will confess that I was surprised to find you engaged to Miss Brookfield," said Ned Chester to his life-long chum, Hal Elmendorf, "for when I went abroad you were most emphatically denouncing the heartlessness, and selfishness and extravagance and a few other amiable characteristics of the girls, and seemed sincere in your determination to remain a bachelor. And your letters have given no hint of a change in your sentiments. Quite the contrary. Your last, bye the bye, was most perplexing. In it you suddenly jumped from the Clauson mine to a sweet 'wild rose,' of whom you had previously told me nothing. If I remember aright, the sentence introducing her read thus: 'And the dividends this year are much larger than this sweet, wild rose that I have found in his lonely place, and am almost persuaded to court and marry, after the manner of Tennyson's landscape painter.' "

Elmendorf threw away his cigarette, looked thoughtfully into space a moment, and asked, "Should you like to hear all about it, old fellow?'

"Of course, I should," replied Chester. "Lives there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'I take no interest in sweet, wild roses?' "

"As you remarked a few moments ago," began Elmendorf, "just as you crossed 'the briny' I became disgusted with fashionable young ladies in general, and, as you did not remark, for fear of hurting my feelings, with Eudro Brookfield in particular. It was rather hard on a romantic young fellow, who was awful spoony on a girl, to be told by that girl that his fortune considerably enchanted his attractions in her eyes, and that for her part she thought love in a cottage, on less than $5,000 a year, must be the dreariest of existences. We quarreled as you know, and parted. I, filled with scorn of managing mammas and fortune-hunting daughters, donned a blue flannel suit and coarse broad-brimmed hat, and carrying with me a small valise, started for anywhere—anywhere out of the world.

"At noon of my second day's travel the train stopped at a quiet, tree embowered station, and following the impulse of the moment I jumped off, struck into a lonely, shady road, resolving to keep on, on foot, till fate should say, 'thus far and no farther.'

"I would not be married for my fortune. I would be loved for myself, or not at all. And growing stronger in resolution at every step, I suddenly found myself in front of a small gray cottage. On the porch of this cottage sat a middle-aged woman, sewing. To her I advanced and humbly preferred a request for a drink of water, and she, rising with hospitable quickness, bade me take the seat she left while she went to the well. She returned with a glass of water and a glass of milk. Taking them both—not at once, of course, but during the conversation about the weather that ensued—I rose to depart, when the prettiest girl I ever beheld came tripping up the garden path with a pail of water in each hand. 'A sweet, wild rose,' I said to myself, and sat down again, convinced by a single glance at that lovely face that this cottage was fate's 'no farther.'

'Accordingly I told mine nostess that I was a poor story writer—you will admit that this was no lie, for all the editors to whom I have submitted my manuscripts have said the very same thing—with a book to finish, and I begged her to let me stay there a few weeks, promising to make her as little trouble as possible. 'Well, I don't see nothin' agin it if father and daughter don't,' she said, so away she went, and from the murmur of voices in the hall, I knew the matter was being discussed by the family. In a few minutes a shrewd-looking old man appeared, looked at me sharply, and asked brusquely: 'Kin you 'ford to pay $4 a week?" I told him that I thought so, and he seized my valise and carried it into the cottage, I following. Ned, old chap, it was a lovely spot and no mistake. Every morning the birds awakened me with their songs, and fragrance enough from the rose-vines floated into that little attic room in one day to have perfumed Eudora's handkerchiefs for a whole year.

"As for Alice—the sweet, wild rose—no poet ever dreamed of maid more beautiful. Large, innocent, dark-blue eyes, with lashes so long that they cast a shadow on her rounded cheeks; mouth, nose, chin, ears, hands, feet, simply perfection; and a voice, not as musical as Eudora's, it is true, but with a childish ring and sweetness; and when she spoke, which was seldom, it was with a pretty, modest hesitancy that made you long to catch her in your arms and kiss the words from her full red lips. I had only seen her three times when I was madly in love with her, and thought the plain calico gowns she wore, the prettiest gowns in the world. I wrote you a very long letter, in which, among other things, I renewed my Eudora experience, and I told you of the treasure I had found in the cottage by the woods. And a few days after posting this letter, I asked the sweet wild rose to be my wife. She raised those glorious, innocent blue eyes to my face for an instant and then hid them upon my breast, while she whispered—the shy darling:

"'Don't ask father and mother just yet, until I get used to the thought myself. It seems so very strange.'

"'And are you sure you love me? And will you be willing to wear calico gowns and live in a little cottage all your life?' said I.

"'Try me,' she replied, with glowing cheeks and an arch smile.

"'Now am I really loved!' said I to the birds next morning. 'It is Hal Elmendorf wins the heart of Alice, not his fortune—no sighing for gems and gold, no longing for silks and velvets and satins, knows this simple country maid. She is even unaware of her own marvelous grace and beauty, and she is also unaware, it cannot be denied, of many of the rules of grammar and pronunciation. But these I can soon teach her, Heaven bless her!' and I made up my mind to start immediately and obtain the ring.

"So, pleading urgent business to my darling, as soon as breakfast was over I bade her good-bye for a day or two."

"'Oh, if you should never come back,' she sobbed, clinging around my neck."

"'But I will, dearest,' I said, unloosing her lovely arms, and kissing the tears from her eyes. 'I shall be back again before you have time to miss me,' *and I was*; for I had only gone a mile when I discovered my pocket-book behind, and full of anger against myself for my carelessness, I hastened back. As I neared the cottage I heard loud voices—the voices of Mrs. Burdock, my prospective mother-in-law and—could it be? Yes, it was—my sweet, wild rose."

"'Well, it's a regular mess, and I don't know what to say to Bill Tryon when he comes back from sea,' the elder lady was saying. 'He'll raise the ruff off the house.'

"'Let him,' replied Alice; 'I'll build you a better house—nearer to folks; for I'm sure I never want to come back to this lonely hole again after I once leave it.'

"'But 'spose the man should'nt be so rich, after all,' persisted the prudent mamma.

"'He's as rich as Schreechus,' answered the daughter, in anything but a sweet voice. And oh! how dreadful the grammar and pronnnciation sounded in it! 'Do you think I'd give up Bill if I warn't sure of it? He writ a long rigmarole to some friend of his one day, and he lost a piece, and I found it——'

"The page almost ending with the Clauson mine, and nearly beginning with the sweet, wild rose," interrupted Chester.

"Just so," assented his friend. "But to go on with the conversation, to which I confess I deliberately listened. 'I found it, he never missed it and I read it,' said the simple country maid. 'Some fash'nable girl wanted him for his fortune, and he got mad and cleared out, and walked around till he found me. A sweet, wild rose, he called me, and he ain't so far out, neither.'

'You'd better let your pa inquire about him some before you promise to marry him,' advised Mrs. Burdock.

"'Rubbish!' exclaimed the rose. 'Pa going snoopin' round might spoil everything. I know he's got lots of money, and I bet he's gone off to buy me something elegant now. Calico gowns, indeed! I'll wear silk every day of my life. But come along, ma, let's go up stairs. Per'aps he's left his satchel unlocked, and we can rummage all through it."

"'No, he hasn't,' said I, coming forward; 'but don't let that prevent your enjoying yourselves, ladies; here is the key, at your service.'

"With a shrill scream, the sweet wild rose fled. I reached my room under the eaves in three bounds, gathered together my belongings, left some bank bills on the table, and fled too."

"And I am to marry Eudora Brookfield a month from to-day.

Trapped.

There is a story told of a lady and gentleman traveling together on an English railroad. They were strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said:

"Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel."

"Certainly, sir," she replied, with great politeness, rising and turing her back upon him.

"Now, madam, my change is completed, and you may resume your own seat."

When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady with a veil over her face.

"Now, sir, or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel."

"Now, sir, you may resume your own seat."

To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He laughed loudly and said:

"It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank."

"And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "am Detective J——, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you for two days; now," drawing a revolver, "keep still!"

Immigration Statistics.

The whole number of passengers arrived in the United States for the year ending with June, 1880, was 534,465. Of these about 130,000 were by land passage from Canada, Mexico, etc., and in round numbers 435,000 by sea, of whom 302,000, or nearly 70 per cent., landed at New York. Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and San Francisco follow in order of numbers.

The principal occupations of the adult immigrants arriving in 1879, as far as known were: Musicians, 341; clergymen, 320; teachers, 203; artists, 140; physicians, 125; actors, 41; architects, 46; chemists, 43; druggists, 44; dentists, 21; editors and journalists, 21; engineers (civil), 22; engravers, 61; lawyers, 39; painters, 25; photographers, 28; sculptors, 43; surgeons, 16. The whole number of "professionals" was 1,512 males and 114 females. In other business the larger number were: Carpenters and joiners, 2,759; clerks, 1,724; miners, 2,472; shoemakers, 1,119; tailors, 1,062; farmers, 21,889; laborers, 36,897; merchants and traders, 4,861; servants, 6,804 (6,352 females). The aggregates were as follows:

	Males.	*Females.*	*Totals.*
Professionals.....	1,515	124	1,639
Skilled workers.....	20,728	634	21,362
Miscellaneous.....	65,801	7,252	73,053
No occupation.....	23,838	57,934	81,772
Totals.....	111,882	65,944	177,826

Ireland is no longer the source of the largest immigration, though the present agitation there will be likely to start the flood anew. In 1872, 1875 and 1876–79 England sent more to other countries than did Ireland, while within late years Germany sends the largest number to the United States—much the largest, if we count Scandinavians Germanic, as is proper. According to English statistics, 2,415,000 persons left Ireland from May, 1851, to the close of 1876, and of these 95 per cent. came to America. The enormous immigration now arriving, not only from the British islands, but from the continent of Europe, has attracted wide attention and evoked much discussion as to its effect upon our country. Already we have taken in over 10,000,000 of immigrants, but we have room for 100,000,000 in our vast territory. Let them come from all decent nations; all we ask is that they shall, as soon as may be, become American citizens.

Calculations have been made of the amount of money brought by immigrants, and $100 for each person has been thought to be within the mark. This would make $1,000,000,000 in cash; but the bone and muscle that come with the gold and silver has been worth far more than that great sum to the industry and progress of the great republic.—*New York Herald.*

Young man, when you see anything you want, ask for it like a man. If you want to borrow $5 of a man, or if you want to marry his daughter, don't slip up to him and hang on to your hat and talk politics and religion and weather, and tell old stale jokes whereof you can't remember the point until you worry the old man into a nervous irritation. Go to him with a full head of steam on and your bow ports open like an iron-clad pulling for a shore battery. Snort and paw and shake your head, if you feel like it, no matter if it does make him astonished. Better astonish him than bore him. Go into his heart, or his pocket-book, or both, it amounts to the same thing, like a brindle bull with a curl on his forehead charging a red merino dress, eyes on fire, tail up, and the dust a flying. Then you'll fetch him. Or, possibly he may fetch you. But never mind; you'll accomplish something, and show you aren't afraid to speak what's on your mind. And that's a great deal more than you would accomplish by the other method. You need not be cheeky, but you ought to be straightforward.

The Hudson in Winter.

Some bright, breezy day you casually glance down the river and behold a sail—a sail like that of a pleasure yacht in summer. Is the river open again below there? is your half-defined inquiry. But with what unwonted speed the sail is moving across the view. Before you have fairly drawn another breath it has turned unperceived, and is shooting with equal swiftness in the opposite direction. Who ever saw such a lively sail? It does not bend before the breeze, but darts to and fro as if it moved in a vacuum, or like a shadow over a scene. Then you remember the ice-boats, and you open your eyes to the fact. Another and another come into view round the elbow, turning and flashing in the sun, and hurling across each other's paths like white-winged seagulls. They turn so quickly, and dash off again with such speed that they produce the illusion of something singularly light and tangible. In short, an ice-boat is a sort of disembodied yacht; it is a sail on skates. The only semblance to a boat is the sail and rudder. The platform under which the skates, or runners—three in number—are rigged, is broad and low; upon this the pleasure seekers, wrapped in their furs or blankets, lie at full length, and looking up under the sail, skim the frozen surface with their eyes. The speed attained is sometimes very great—more than a mile per minute, and sufficient to carry them ahead of the fastest express train. When going at this rate the boat will leap like a greyhound, and thrilling stories are told of the fearful crevasses or open places in the ice that are cleared at a bound. And yet, withal, she can be brought up to the wind so suddenly as to shoot the unwary occupants off, and send them skating on their noses some yards.

A Farmer's Offset.

A hired man who has been employed on a farm in this county for several months entered suit against his employer the other day for balance of wages, amounting, as he claimed, $32. The suit was on trial in Justice alley yesterday, and it looked at first as it the plaintiff had a clear case. He gave dates and figures in a straightforward way, and seemed a very honest young man. When the farmer took the stand he said: "I claim an offset for that $32. No man need sue me for what I honestly own."

"What is your offset?" asked the lawyer.

"He's an unbeliever."

"In what?"

"Why, in the Bible."

"What has that to do with your owing him $32?"

"It has a heap to do with it. I had six hands in my employ, and we were rushing things when I hired this man. He hadn't been with us two days when they stopped the reaper in the middle of the forenoon to dispute about Daniel in the lion's den, and in three days we had a regular knock down over the whale swallowing Jonah. The man who runs the mower got to arguing about Samson and drove over a stump and damaged the machine to the tune of $18, and the very next day my boy broke his leg while climbing a fence to hear and see the row which was started over the children of Israel going through the Red sea. It wasn't a week before my wife said she didn't believe Elilah was fed by the ravens, and hang me if I didn't find myself growing weak on Noah and his flood. That's my offsett, sir; and if he was worth anything I'd sue him for a thousand dollars besides."

The court reserved his decision for twenty-four hours.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Discipline.

There was a very aged gentleman who in my boyhood visited often at my father's house. He had been a member of parliament, which, in his young days, implied even more social distinction than it does now. His manners were charming, and he was venerable in character as well as in years. He was very kind to me, and, boy as I was, treated me with never-failing courtesy. One day when I fretted a little in his presence under these bonds of discipline, he laid his hand upon my shoulder and said: "Let me tell you a story of the great Dr. Parr. You know, of course, who he was; what a power he was in literature, in politics, and in the church. One day I dined in company with him, and he attracted much attention in his wig and his little black silk apron that he wore like a bishop. The conversation turned upon training in school and college; and there was a self-sufficient young man at table who made himself conspicuous and disagreeable by a noisy denunciation of discipline, as something that was calculated to break down a youth of spirit. Parr said nothing for a while, but, at last, taking advantage of a pause, he turned to the young man and said, in his lisping way: "I'm not thurprithed, thir, at your objection to dithipline. Dithipline thir, maketh the thcolar; dithipline, thir, maketh the gentleman, and the lack of dithipline hath made you, thir—what you are."—*Richard Grant White.*

THE first Englishman known to have been a bell-founder by trade lived in 1284, when he made four bells for the cathedral church of Exeter, none of which remain; and one which is dated 1296 is the most ancient identified in England. The oldest bell mentioned by Mr. North, is still hanging in a Northamptonshire steeple is that of Cold Ashby, which bears the date of 1317; but there are many undated examples, which, from the style of inscription, must be considerably older. One hundred and thirty-seven in all may be said with certainty to have been cast before the commencement of the seventeenth century, and of these twenty-three are dated. In Leicestershire Mr. North found 140 of the early period; so that there is only a difference of three old bells in the two countries, a curious coincidence. But Northampton does not seem to have boasted of a bell-founder till the end of the sixteenth century, being thus about one hundred years later than Leicester. Moreover, many of the Northamptonshire bells were made by Newcombe, of Leicester, the two which hang beside "Maria" at Cold Ashby being by him, wich the inscription, "Newcombe of Leicester made mee 1606."

THE Eastern publishers have contributed nearly 4,000 volumes for a public library at the new settlement at Rugby, Tenn.