

The Fisherman's Wife.

The wind bloweth mildly; she stands on the shore. She shudders to hear it, and will evermore. The rush of the waves as they rose and they fell. Evermore to her fancy will sound like a knell!

PROF. POIRIER'S DREAM.

Last Sunday afternoon, my maid-servant having gone out to vesper, and the heat of the day toward three o'clock being overpowering, I fell asleep reading Darwin.

commenced making faces at me, giving forth peals of laughter with an air of triumph. I lost patience. "Are you coming down directly?" I cried. "I am tired of all this talk. It is I who command, I the spirit; and matter ought to obey."

RANDOM READINGS.

Why ought fishermen to make good actors? Because they are always acquainted with their lines. A man "out West" was offered a plate of macaroni soup, but declined it, declaring that they "couldn't play off no bird-biems" on him.

"Look out!" And the chimpanzee, perceiving from the corner of his eye the fearful reptile, made a prodigious leap. It was too late; the python had followed him like a dart, and I heard his bones cracking, when my maid-servant returning from vesper, opened the door, asking: "Did you call, sir?"

Induced to Chew.

"I never tried to chew tobacco but once," remarked the Rev. Mr. Bodwell. "I shall never forget the circumstance. 'Tell us about it,' remarked a young lady, who, a few moments before, had been baptized by the rev'd gentleman. 'I was a very small boy at the time, and was a great favorite of Daniel, a colored man, owned by my father. I used to go out to Dan's cabin at night and listen to his ghost stories until I was afraid to cross the yard to the great house, as the negroes termed our residence. One night, when the wind scattered the snowflakes around the old cabin, and while several large sweet potatoes roasted in the fire, I sat with old Daniel. No one who has been raised among colored people can forget the comfort of sitting around the cabin fire. The old spinning-wheel, the hamper baskets in the corner, the red bedsteads, and the dug-out cradle, all come back and defy the influence of glowing future and soft rugs. Dan was strikingly communicative on the night in question. We had killed hogs that day, and the truth is, old Dan had been drinking. 'Tom,' remarked the old man, 'yer don't chew terbacker, does yer?' 'No, sir.' 'Dat's a pity. A boy who doesn't chew terbacker never will be a man. I'll bet yer can't spit ober dat back log. Try it.' 'I tried, and failed signally.' 'Dat, now, Duan yer know dat a boy who can't spit will never be a man? Haben yer noticed how a man can spit?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Wall, heah, take dis, and he cut me a piece of tobacco from a large twist 'Smack dat in yer mout, an' chew while de taters is roasting.' 'I obeyed, and in a few moments could spit like a man. 'Cum down on it, savage,' he said. 'Hit hard. Watch me, and he chewed vigorously. The fire grew excessively warm. I looked around, and the hamper baskets seemed to be tumbling over each other. 'Doan spit it out. Hit savage. Chew hard. De victory is in sight. Is yer sick?' 'No, sir; but—but—' I had eaten a hearty supper, but within three minutes from the time I threw out the tobacco I was as empty as one of the hamper baskets, and as limber as the spinning-wheel band. Dan spread a blanket on the floor, and as I dozed off to sleep, I heard him blowing the ashes from the potatoes. I never have taken another chew.'"

The Pleases of Business. No human mind is contented without occupation. No human soul is satisfied without an aim or purpose in life. The greatest success in life consists not in the mere accumulation of riches, but in being able to acquire wealth with a disposition to apply it in such a manner that it shall be a comfort and blessing to others—not in the mere giving away of money, but in putting people in a way to labor and help themselves. There is no pleasure in oppression. There is no joy in grinding and exacting gold from the poor; but there is a great deal of genuine satisfaction in being able to offer steady and honorable employment to the many willing hands that have nothing to do. One of the greatest enjoyments of the prosperous business man consists in being able to comfortably provide for the many employes in his house or manufactory. In doing this he is fulfilling his obligations to society; he becomes a useful and honored citizen; business to him is a real pleasure; he enjoys his successes, when they are fairly won because he feels that he deserves them.

Antiquity at Table.

With the Empire began that epoch of splendid gluttony which has no parallel. The history of the Caesars, with some exceptions, is a narrative of a continual orgie. Take the notorious group at random—Commodus, Caligula, Tiberius, Verus, Vitellius, Nero, Heliogabalus, Domitian. These men spent their lives in a round of monstrous debaucheries. The day and the night, we are assured, were not long enough for their revels. Verus, the first to increase the number of guests from nine to twelve, prolonged his suppers throughout the night. Nero sat at table from midday to midnight. Tiberius spent two days and a night at the festive board. They had huge appetites—not only the gigantic Maximilian, who devoured forty pounds of flesh meat and drank five gallons of wine at a meal, but finical dandies like Commodus, who ate even in the bath; Vitellius, who ceased eating only when he slept; Domitian, who ate by the hand; and they ate his stomach in the intervals of regular repast. Heliogabalus, we are simply produced a true and fine painting. This beautiful and exceptional work is the most interesting picture in the Dort Museum.—Boston Herald.

The United States census of 1810, which was the first one where elements other than that of population were introduced, shows 24 woolen factories that spun yarn, and 9,258,269 yards of woolen cloth woven in families, valued at \$4,413,000. In 1860 woolen establishments had increased to 2,020, employing 46,000 work people of various grades, and producing goods valued at \$67,300,000 annually. The demand for blankets and clothing for the soldiers during the rebellion caused a general advance in prices, and corresponding increase in factories, so that in 1870 persons employed in the manufacture numbered 97,000, who produced goods valued at \$177,000,000. The demand for woolen fabrics naturally increases with the population. Since 1833 this country has imported wool, either man-made or in the raw, to the value of over \$1,200,000,000, and for the past four years, in the aggregate, \$170,000,000 has been brought in; while the export has been comparatively trifling.—In 1875 the total duties on wool and woolen textures amounted to \$30,914,036, which is the largest annual revenue the government has received on these articles, with the exception of the four years previous to 1848. By this exhibition it will be seen that the wool-grower in the United States meets with a remunerative reward for his labor.—In fact, it is another evidence that almost any legitimate occupation in this country "pays" when properly attended to.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A boy recently found himself because "somebody hung fault with him." That boy was certainly not born to be an editor. A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, \$5." It is odd and something melancholy to see a man trying to "make up his mind" when he has no material on hand to work with. There is something terrible in the expression of a cross-eyed barber when he takes a customer by the nose and holds a bright new razor over his throat. An editor in Iowa has become so hollow from depending on the printing business for bread that he proposes to sell himself for a stove-pipe. It is bad enough to have dog days; but it is almost too much for good nature to be afflicted also with cat nights. New York Commercial Advertiser. Ada (aged 4), who was doing something, and was told to desist by her mother. Mother—"Ada, am I to speak to you again?" Ada—"Yes, ma, you may, if you like." An old widow says, when you pop the question to a lady, do it with a kind of laugh, as if you were joking. If she accepts you, very good; if she does not, you can say you were only in fun. An elderly resident of Newtown was approached by an agent for a cyclopedic. "I guess I won't get one," said the elderly resident, and frankly added, "I know I never could learn to ride one of the pesky things." A very good hit was made the other day by one of the defeated candidates at a primary election. A gentleman approached him with, "Well," said he, "I feel pretty much like Lazarus did." "As Lazarus did?" "Why, yer," said he; "Lazarus was licked by dogs, and so was I." A new clerk in a drug-store was discharged the other day because he didn't know how to look wide, roll his eyes, and say "seventy-five cents" without turning red in the face as he handed out a little powder that had cost the concern two cents and a fraction.—Emotion and business don't jangle. They were sitting together Sunday evening, with an album or two between them, when she pleasantly asked: "How would you like to have my mother live with you?" In just fifteen seconds he had his hat half-way down over his face and was bolting through the gate. "Think," shudderingly moans a Pacific coast paper, "of joining heart and soul in a hallelujah chorus with an antiquated bonnet six months old! There is something shocking in the very suggestion." Isn't it sad that in all the prophecies there is no statement that new robes will be furnished to the angels every day or two? A man who was born on the 29th of February, said he was born forty-nine years ago, but had a birthday only once in four years. He was asked what he did the other three years, and said he proved an alibi. He must have been the man who, on being accosted by a stranger, that said, "I've seen you before," replied, "No, I think not, for I am always somewhere else." Not long ago an Irishman applied to an overseer in a Tyne shippard to be put on a job. He was informed that his request could not be complied with; but as Pat continued to gaze at an anchor which was lying in the vicinity the foreman repeated his reply that there was no work for him and advised him to go away. "Divil a bit will I stir, sorr, till I see the man that's going to use that tick!" An English Vicar was standing on a Monday morning, at his gate, when one of his parishioners arrived with a basket of potatoes. "What's this?" said the Vicar. "Please, sir," replied the man, "it's some of our very best taters—a very rare kind, sir. My wife said you should have some of them, as she heard you say in the sermon that common taters didn't agree with you."

What Not to Kill.

The French Minister of Finance has done a good deed in causing a placard to be posted which it would be wise for citizens of all countries to have before their eyes. It tells farmers, sportsmen and boys and others, while creatures—heretofore by a multitude of ignorant people considered to be pests to be abated—not to kill, as follows: Hedge-hogs—Lives mostly on mice, small rodents, slugs and grubs—animals hurtful to agriculture. Don't kill the hedge-hog. Toad—Farm assistant, he destroys from 20 to 80 insects per hour. Don't kill the toad. Mole—It is continually destroying grubs, larvae, palmer worms and insects injurious to agriculture. No trace of vegetation is found in its stomach.—Don't kill the mole. Birds—Each department loses several millions annually through insects.—Birds are the only enemy able to contend against them vigorously. They are the great caterpillar-killers and agricultural assistants. Children, don't disturb their nests. Lady-Bird—Never destroy, for they are the best friends of farmers and horticulturists, and their presence upon asphix-ridden plants is beneficial.

When a young man asked an old joker the other day what was the safest business, he advised him to be a miser. Within the last ten years the Methodist of Cleveland, Ohio, have built over twenty church edifices, at a cost of over \$300,000. Last year the South raised 600,000,000 pounds of tobacco, which exceeds the production of any other year by 12,000,000 pounds. The acid poison of the cobra is so active that one-fifth of a grain injected into a man's veins would be sufficient to cause his death. Sig. Florelli, in charge of the excavations at Pompeii, estimates that it will require seventy years and one million dollars to complete the work. The most beautiful pearl in the world is in Moscow, weighing twenty-eight carats. In the French crown jewels is a pearl as large as a pigeon's egg, valued at \$8,000. The first railway line built in this country was between Baltimore and Washington in the spring of 1844. It was first opened to the public for business April 1, 1845. There are at present in this country 2,053 National, 923 State, 630 savings, and 2,578 private banks. Of these, 263 have been organized in the last twelve months. An ant, three-eighths of an inch long, carrying a burden of one-sixth of a grain, moves at the rate of one mile in eleven hours. The weight (a small one compared to that they can carry) is eighteen times their own. Less than fifty years ago one man could not make more than 14 pins a minute; now he can make more than 1400. Then one girl could stick on papers about 10,000 pins a day; now a fair day's work is from 600,000 to 1,000,000. Serpents, scorpions, and large pinching-ants, are regarded in Egypt as transformed villains. It is believed that these reptiles and vile insects are wickedly disposed, and feel a pleasure in committing mischief. The number of bibles and testaments issued each year by the British and Foreign Bible society is nearly 3,000,000; by the American society, 1,400,000.—Within seventy-five years 150,000,000 copies have been put into circulation. Sir Henry Bessemer has taken out no less than 114 patents. The freedom of the city of London has just been conferred upon him. Before his steel process was introduced into Sheffield the entire make of steel was 51,000 tons a year; now it is 830,000 tons. California was called the land of gold. It is now called the land of grain.—Last year it produced \$200,000,000 worth of the former and \$90,000,000 worth of the latter. Agriculture is the backbone and source of real wealth to a nation after all. Mr. A. Bronson Alcott has no faith in the opinions of the ancient disciplinarians of New England. "I hold," said he, "the opinion that the man who cannot govern his children, or men either, by moral means—by the power of his eye, the charm of his manners, the resources of his intelligence—is not worthy to control his fellow-creatures. Beware of all imported candies, they are universally adulterated. A cheap article of glucose is now made by chemical process from old linen rags and other substances, which cannot be detected by ordinary taste or means, and furnishes a profitable adulterant for jellies, candies and confectionery generally. Pure candy is about as rare an article as can be found in the market. As a curious fact, it has been noted by Sir Samuel Baker that a negro has never been known to tame a wild elephant or any wild animal. The elephants employed by the ancient Carthaginians and Romans were trained by Arabs and others, never by negroes.—It had often struck Sir Samuel as very distressing that the little children in Africa never had a pet animal; and though he offered rewards for young elephants, he never succeeded in getting one alive. The Family Rudder. A comstocker who was having his hair cut not long since gave, relates an American contemporary, the barber particular instruction not to remove a long lock that projected in a somewhat unsightly way from the front of his head. "It doesn't become you," said the barber. "Can't help that," said the customer. "Better let me take it off," said the barber. "Just you leave it as it is," said the man. "But," persisted the barber, "if I can't give you a smooth, decent cut if I leave the hair so long in your head. It will look like the very deuce. I can't see what you want it left there for." "That's because you don't know what it is—you don't know the use of it." "I know it's a bunch of hair, and know that it's deuced unbecoming just where it is." "Yes; it is a bunch of hair—and it is something more than a bunch of hair. It's the family rudder." "The family what?" "The family rudder. When things don't go right at home, my wife always grabs hold of that lock of hair. She would feel lost without it. When she gets hold of that, she can handle me—steer me in the right course, so to speak—and when I go in the right course the whole family go in the right course, and all is well. I've got to do it now and don't mind it. Should I lose my hair and become bald, or should you give me a fighting cut all over, there would be no way of steering me; I should become unmanageable, and sooner or later a total wreck. No, sir; don't you disturb the family rudder." What Not to Kill. The French Minister of Finance has done a good deed in causing a placard to be posted which it would be wise for citizens of all countries to have before their eyes. 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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

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