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A Little Mouse.

I am a little mouse,
Only that—
Chased about the house
By the cat.

But small as I am,
Weak and shy,
I have sharp little teeth
And bright eye.

I can see when the great
Are in pain,
I can gnaw for a friend
At a chain.

Dear lion, you are kind,
You are strong;
But the day may arrive,
Before long,

When in vain you shall
In a net;
Then your small mouse
Won't forget.

Where Dwell the D

Where do they dwell? 'Neath
by daisies,
Lilies, and yellow cups of fair
Near gray-grown walls, where
mazes
Where in red summer noo
Fresh leaves are rustling
Where 'neath large autumn
Young birds are nestling
Do they dwell there?

Where do they dwell? In sulle
On beds of purple sea-flowers
Where the mad whirlpool's wild
sighing
Frets sloping banks, by da
o'erhung
Where by the torrent's s
Crystal stones glitter,
While sounds the heavy
Over the river—
Do they dwell there?

No; for in these they slumber
And their remembrance with
parts;
They have a home—nor dark,
Their proper home, within
Their happy spirits wed,
Loving forever;
There dwell with us the
Parting—ah, never—
There do they dwell?

Notes on Nursery Rhes.

When Tom the Piper's grace
Annexed the old sow's little
And off with it turned
Those will admit, who've
His punishment came very
From *Piper* he got

BY A RED-LAMITE

The poet rails at Margaret,
Who sold her bed and
Her seeming fault we
A palliasse might palliate

BY A GOOSE.

If the little man who, as legends,
Shot the duck and drake with little gun
Had remembered that ducks
slugs,
For the pellets his bullets
BY A WAIL-ETCINAR

When old Mother Hubbar
Her dog in the cupboard
Found dead as India
She, her grief to detail,
Should have set up a wh
For that would make

THE HEAVY BURN.

"Rather a heavy burden't it, my boy?"

Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned his ledger and looked at the speaker. rence was a young man—not more five and twenty—and was book-kee for Mr. Solomon Wardle. It was Sion Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keend man of fifty, who had spoken.

'A heavy burden, isn't it Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man silent. His look indicated that he did not prehend. He had been for some time ding over the ledger with his thoug away; and that his thoughts were pleasant ones, was evident enough fr the gloom upon his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden not only heavy now, but it will grow aver and heavier the longer you carr"

"Mr. Wardle, I do not prehend you."

"Ah, Clarence!"

"I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your h for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I hear and enough to reveal to me the burden you took with you when you left? must remember, my boy, that I alder than you are, and that I have be rough the mill. You find your burden vy; and I have no doubt that Sarah's h as heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spence derstood; and the morning scene was sent with him, as it had been present whim since leaving home. On that mor he had had a dispute with his wife. had occurred at the breakfast tabl There is no need of reproducing the sc Suffice it to say that it had come of a nothing and had grown to a cause of er. The first had been a look and a t; then a flash of impatience; then a ig of the voice; then another look; thoice rose higher; reason was unlim passion gained sway; and the twain sight of the warm, enduring love that smitten and aching down deep in the arts, and felt for the time only the pas tornado. And Clarence remembered the Mr. Wardle had entered his house, and caught a sign of the storm.

And Clarence Spencer thot of one thing more: He thought hs erably unhappy he had been all thorning; and he knew not how long hurden of unhappiness was to be borne

"Honestly, Clarence, isn a heavy and thankless burden?"

The book-keeper knew the employer was his friend, and that was true-hearted Christian man, and r a brief pause he answered,—

"Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a he burden."

The merchant smiled, and down. His face beamed with good, and an earnest light was in his calme eye.

"My boy, I am going to ure upon a bit of fatherly counsel. Ipe I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence, e winced a little, as though the probi gave him new pain.

"In the first place," purs the old man, with a quiver of emotio his voice, "you love your wife?"

"Love her?"

"That is enough. I know you love her."

"O! Mr. Wardle,—I—I—

"You love her as well as did when you married her?"

"Better! better! I love more and more!"

"And do you think she lo you in return?"

"Loves me in return?"

"Aye,—what do you thin but it?"

"I don't *think* anything ut it,—I KNOW!"

"You *know* she loves you?

"Yes!"

"And you know that de down in her heart she holds your lov most sacred treasure?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Then you must admit tha trouble of this morning came from il-feeling at heart?"

"Of course not."

"It was but a surface squ r which you, at least, are very sorry?"

A moment's hesitation, and —"Yes, yes,—I am heartily sorry."

"Now mark me, Clarence, answer honestly: Don't you think wife is as sorry as you are?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"Is she not probably, in the usion of her home, suffering more keen han you are?"

"I doubt that, Mr. Ward At all events, I hope she may not uffering have it.

"Very well. Let that pass u know she is bearing her part of the den?"

"Yes,—I know that."

"And now, my boy, do realize where the heaviest part of th rden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his r locutor wonderingly.

"If the storm had all blow r, and you knew that the sun w shine when you next entered you me, you would not feel so unhappily?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Wardle, on fear that there will be gloom in r home when you return?"

The young man bowed his as he murmured an affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there!"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Aye,—you have the burden in your heart, and you mean to carry it home.—Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved to suffer no more. Upon looking the matter squarely and honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course such burdens can be thrown off. Now you have resolved that you will go home with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why?—Because you know that she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the same affliction which gives you so much unrest. And so, you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when that gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know?—Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You can say to yourself,—'I can stand it as long as she can!'—Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant; "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden. By and by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain will surrender from exhaustion; and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse, and a reconciliation. Generally the wife fails first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keenest and most sensitive. The husband, in such case, acts the part of a coward. When he might, with a breath, blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers until the wife is forced to let the sunlight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened, and was troubled. He was not a fool, nor was he a liar. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past, and he called to mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts; and after a time he rose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put your hat on and go home now. Suppose you should think, on your way, only of the love and blessing that might be; and, with this thought, you should enter your cottage with a smile upon your face; and you should put your arms around your wife's neck, and kiss her, and softly say to her, 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.'—Suppose you were to do this, would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my dear boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you the courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Dare you thus try to imitate your Divine Teacher? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear that she would esteem and respect you the less for the deed?—Tell me,—Do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? O, Clarence, if you would but try!"

* * * * * * *

Sarah Spencer had finished her work in the kitchen, and in the chambers, and had sat down with her sewing in her lap. But she could not ply her needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open, and a step in the hall. Certainly she knew that step!—Yes—her husband entered. And a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arm around her neck, and kissed her,—and he said to her in broken accents,—

"Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear!"

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom and sobbed and wept like a child. O! could he forgive her? His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the whole burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous, and she worshipped him.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

"We will share it so evenly," he said, "that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we will be happy?"

"Always!"

* * * * * * *

Mr. Wardle had no need, when Clarence returned to the store, to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eye, and in his joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah," said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever recieved. My wife knows who gave it to me."

"And it serves you yet, my boy?"

"Aye,—and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and the jar may come, as in the other days—for we are but human, you know—but the heart which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding-place to the ill-feeling, will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish; but we laugh at our folly when we see it, and throw it off;—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden.—*New York Ledger.*

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

Jefferson's ten rules are good yet, especially so for those who have the training of the pupils in our public schools. They are so short and concise, and embody so much of value, that it would be well if they were clipped and put where we could see them often. They read as follows:

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
5. Pride cost more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

Some one describes a philanthropist as a man who loves all mankind and neglects his own family.

Symptoms and Treatment of Hydrophobia

A recent writer of large experience with this disease states that in nine cases out of ten it results from the bite of a rabid animal, but sometimes, though rarely, cases arise for which no cause has yet been assigned. The notion that one season is more conducive to the disease than another is pronounced erroneous, as, according to the observation of this writer, mad dogs are quite as frequent in winter as in summer. There is little danger of a dog that is well taken care of and regularly fed going mad, unless from a bite, yet such instances do sometimes occur. The symptoms are very distinct and easily observed. The first is that the dog refuses natural food; as long as a dog will eat a bit of good meat there is no danger of hydrophobia. The second is that he will eat any rubbish he can get, shavings, bits of string, etc., this is a very marked and almost invariable sign. Thirdly, the bark assumes a peculiar hoarse tone that once heard is not easily mistaken. The bite of a mad dog is by no means always fatal, and is much less so in the human subject than in any other animal. Of four cases of persons bitten by dogs undoubtedly mad, all escaped without any bad consequences whatever. J. Hunter says, of twenty-one persons bitten only one was attacked by the disease. Other authors put the proportion at about one in twenty-five. In a case that occurred near Senlis, in France, where by order of the Government the most accurate inquiries were made, out of fifteen persons bitten five had hydrophobia.

The treatment recommended is to have the place cut out and well burnt, either with a hot iron or a sharp stick of lunar caustic, the latter is thought to be the best. Youatt gives a case where four dogs were bitten by the same rabid one, three of whom were deeply burnt with a hot iron and one with lunar caustic. The three died of hydrophobia, and the one treated with caustic was never affected by the bite. That the spasmodic symptoms have anything of a tetanic character about them is denied. They are quite distinct, and are almost always accompanied by a great desire to bite, of which the poor sufferer is quite conscious, and will frequently warn his friends when he feels the approach of the attack.

A Yankee Trick.

While indulging in a few reminiscences of the past among a party of friends a few days ago, a well-known ship-broker of Boston related an incident of his business experience. A man one day entered his office with letters of introduction, proposing to charter a vessel to proceed to the Coatzacoalcos river, in Mexico, and bring a cargo of dyewood to Boston. He produced a chart of the river, pointed out the exact spot where the wood could be found, and much interesting information in regard to the country and its productions, showing an intimate acquaintance with the business in hand. He remarked that if the first cargo of wood brought here should sell at a profit he would want to charter several vessels for the trade. A bargain was accordingly made with him, he was furnished a vessel, in which he took passage and she proceeded to her destination. On arriving in the river near where the cargo was expected to be found, the dealer in dyewood landed and immediately struck for the woods, disappearing before the astonished eyes of the captain, and never was seen afterward. The truth was made apparent. The fellow being short of funds, and desiring to reach that country, which he evidently had visited before, had resorted to one of the best concocted plans ever matured by a rogue to obtain a free passage. It is unnecessary to say that the man was a Yankee, possessed of more than the ordinary ingenuity of the race. He was subsequently heard from on the Pacific coast. It was not, however, a losing operation to the owners of the vessel, for she fortunately obtained a freight in the river and made a handsome profit out of the voyage.—*Exchange.*

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY CARTRIDGES FIRED TO EACH MAN STRUCK.—The *Elberfeld Gazette* publishes some curious statistics of the comparative deadliness of the different weapons used in the Franco-German war. Of 3455 Germans wounded before Metz, no fewer than 95.5 per cent. were struck by Chassepot balls; 2.7 per cent. were wounded by projectiles from heavy guns, and there were only 0.8 per cent. of wounds from cold steel. As to the French wounded, it is calculated that as high a proportion as 25 per cent. were wounded by artillery projectiles, and about 70 per cent. by the fire of the zundnadelgewehr. No fewer than 25,000 Frenchmen in all were struck by the projectiles of the German artillery. The total number of cartridges fired by the Germans in the late war is said to have been 25,000,000 or about thirty per man. The war having lasted—for fighting purposes—just six months, this gives only an average of five cartridges per man per month for the whole army. Taking the total number of French killed and wounded at 100,000, this would give an average of 250 cartradges fired to each man struck.

FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.—The secret of fire-proof building is just this: It must be made impossible for the flames to pass through the floors or up the stairway. If you will have wooden floors and stairs, lay a flooring of the thinest sheet iron over the joists, and your wood upon that; and sheath the stairs with the same material. A floor will not burn without a supply of air underneath it. Throw a dry board upon a perfectly flat pavement and kindle it as it lies, if you can. You may make a fire upon it and in time consume it, but it will require a long time. Prevent drafts, and though there will still be fires no house will be consumed. The combustion will go on so slowly that discovery is certain in time to prevent any great calamity.

MORE NEEDLES.—A child of Mr. Lintner in Rochester was taken ill about a week ago, and on examination the point of a needle was observed protruding from its stomach. A physician was called who cut around the needle, but failed to extract it. Other physicians were called and the needle was removed, but the child soon died from inflammation induced by the operation of the first physician. The needle had been swallowed by the child.

NO DANGER.—A leading member of the American Cabinet stated in conversation that come what may concerning the English position on the Alabama claims there would be no backdown on the part of the administration. This he said had been substantially agreed upon by the Cabinet. There was no fear of a war with England upon the part of our government, and if war came we would not be found unprepared.

Josh Billings says: "Most men concede that it looks foolish to see a boy dragging a heavy sled up hill for the fleetin' pleasure of riding down again. But it appears to me that boy is a sage by the side of that young man who works hard all the week, and drinks up his wages on Saturday night."

Two of Darwin's sons have been on a visit to the Yosemite. It is said the monkeys recognized them at once, and asked kindly after their father.

America and England.

The first matter of any interest which occupied the English House of Lords was in an attack by the opposition upon the Government for its conduct in the negotiation of a treaty capable of giving rise to such a misunderstanding. Mr. Disraeli lost no time in assaulting the Ministry with great malice, referring to the reserved and decorous language of the royal speech with especial acrimony. It was certainly a tempting opportunity. He was reasonably sure of one of two results. Either Gladstone would lose his temper and say something rash, or would keep losing popularity by it. The irascible Premier did not disappoint him. He made a fiery speech, avowing the magnanimity and gentleness with which England had gone into the treaty, and the lion-like courage with which she would defend her rights against our "preposterous demands." With a few more choleric statements on both sides we might find ourselves face to face in a few days in an attitude where retreat would be impossible for either.

There is a great deal of nonsense talked, on both sides of the ocean, about the liability of Republics to sudden storms of popular passion and the serene superiority of constitutional monarchies to any such accidents. We hope that the lesson of the last few days will not be lost on the timid souls who have been in the habit of thinking in this style. The people of the United States have left the matter to the constituted authorities. When the Treaty was concluded, it was published, widely read and generally approved. It was sanctioned by the Senate and ratified by the President, and the Board of Arbitration formed. Several efforts were made by unthinking or self-seeking politicians to excite discontent against the Treaty among those who, it was imagined, might be injured by it. But these efforts continually failed. The agents of our Government presented our case, including in it all the demands which we had steadily made for five years. We were willing to await the decision of the Board of Arbitration, trusting to their impartiality and to the strength of our cause. If the decision had been against us, we should not have been very well pleased, but we should have submitted loyally.

This was the behavior of the Republic. Does it suffer by comparison with that of the freest and greatest monarchy on earth? British public opinion accepted the Treaty with twice the effusion and delight which was exhibited here They grew almost idyllic in their expressions of satisfaction. If they dreamed that because we were reasonable, we had renounced all our rights and our claims, that was not our fault. We gave no such assurances at any time. They refused a lump sum to cover all damages, in consideration of which we had offered to waive our claim for indirect losses. We were therefore driven to include these in our bill, or stultify all our previous action. When our case appeared, there was a week of surly comment, which grew at last into violent denunciation. The tempest of vulgar passion culminated in an uncalled-for paragraph in the Throne Address and a foolishly impulsive speech from the Treasury Bench.

What the result of all this will be, it is premature to say. Every day of this causeless excitement in England makes the matter more difficult. It is not probable that our Government will withdraw its case. After Mr. Gladstone's speech, it will be hard for the British Government to abide by the Arbitration. Both sides in Parliament are working so earnestly for victory that neither will dare to take a position which could be called un-English. We can only assure our excited cousins that this is a matter that concerns them infinitely more than it does us.—*New York Tribune.*

A New Homestead Measure.

Mr. Pierce, Chairman of the United States House Committee on Education and Labor, has introduced a bill appropriating $200,000,000, and providing, in the second section, as follows:

"That any landless citizen of the United States or person having filed his intention to become a citizen thereof, in a proper Court, that desires to settle upon the public lands and enter into an agreement to comply with the provisions of this act as hereinafter required, and shall have designated a quarter section of public lands belonging to the United States, shall be furnished with transportation to such quarter section of public lands, and upon the location and entry thereof by said citizen in accordance with the law, and upon due proof that he has not sufficient means to open lands for cultivation, shall be furnished with articles hereinafter named, not to exceed the amount stated, to wit: $50 worth of lumber, canvas or other building material; one plow, one pick-ax, one shovel, one ax, one hoe, one hatchet, 100 pounds assorted cut nails, 400 pounds of flour, 50 pounds of bacon, 10 pounds of coffee, 5 pounds of tea, 100 pounds of corn meal, 100 pounds of salt, 15 bushels of seed wheat, 5 bushels of seed corn, 4 bushels of seed potatoes, and $1 worth of assorted garden seeds.

The third section provides that persons thus aided shall refund 10 per cent. in five years, and 10 per cent. each year after.

The seventh section is as follows:

"That any person or persons who shall avail himself, herself or themselves of the provisions of this act, and shall wilfully fail or neglect to comply with its requirements shall be deemed guilty of felony, and upon conviction be punished by a fine of not less than $100 nor more than $1,000, or imprisonment for a term not less than one year nor more than five years, or both, such fine and imprisonment in the discretion of the court having jurisdiction thereof."

A HINT.—If a youth is wooingly disposed towards any damsel, as he values his happiness, let him call on that lady when she least expects him, and take note of the appearance of all that is under her control. Observe if the shoes fit neatly, and the hair is well dressed. And we would forgive a man for breaking off an engagement, if he discovered a greasy novel hid away under the cushion of a sofa, or a hole in the garniture of the prettiest foot in the world. Slovenliness in a woman will ever be avoided by a well regulated mind. A woman cannot always be what is called "dressed;" but she may be always neat. And as certainly as a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband, so surely is a slovenly one a crown of thorns.

SPRING BONNETS—Bonnets that foretell something of spring styles are being prepared for Southern customers. They are of Belgian straw, soft and white, and are ornamented with faille, black lace flowers. One, sent to a married lady, has light plum-colored faille ribbon over two inches wide folded around the crown and falling in long loops behind. Fine black dotted net with a thread edge is laid like a scarf over this ribbon, while a cluster of satin petal flowers is placed directly on top in front, and their dark glossy foilage falls over the crown.

WHAT HE THINKS.—The other Sunday Mr. Spurgeon, in the course of his sermon, "came down" on the fashionable congregations who take no part in the praise of God, but leave it all to be done by a few voices, or by paid choirs, "It is wretched, it is horrible," said Mr. Spurgeon, "to sit in a church where such a custom is observed."

A Valentine.

Maiden bonny, blithe, and airy,
Joy be thine in February,
Evermore be thine!
How, for thee, the years went by
In a silvery flight, while I
Sat alone, and ever spied
Of their wings, the dusky side!
Drearily they came and went,
Darkening my discontent
Till thou made'st them shine.

Till thou made'st them shine, my Bessie,
Maiden winsome sweet, and—dreesy!
Made them shine with thee!
All the sun is in thy curls,
Lilies greet thee, queen of girls!
Heaven's blue is in thy glance,
All the summer in thy dance,
All earth's sweetness in thy breath;
Shadows come alone with death.
Bessie, live for me!

Live for me, my heart of lightness,
Filling all my soul with brightness!
Let me live for thee!
Every month of every year,
Every day, beyond and here,
Every hour of every day,
All the time, and all the way,
I am thine, and thou art mine,
What can part us, Valentine!
Two in one are we.

A MINE ON FIRE.

I was twenty-five years old and was working as a regular pitman on the day and night shift, when I fell in love with Mary Andrews, the daughter of one of our head pitmen.

Not that I dared to have told her so, I thought, but somehow the influence of Mary used to lift me up more and more, till I should no more have thought of going to join the other pitmen in a public house than of trying to fly.

It was about this time that I got talking to a young fellow about my age who worked in my shift, John Kelsey his name was, and I used to think it a pity that a fine clever fellow like he was, handsome, stout, and strong, should be so fond of the low habits, dog-fighting, and wrestling, so popular among our men.

I was going along one evening past old Andrews' house, when the door opened for a moment as if some one was coming out, but, as if I had been seen, it was closed directly. In that short moment, though, I had heard a laugh, and that laugh I was sure was John Kelsey's.

Time slipped on, and I could plainly see one thing that troubled me sorely—John was evidently making an outward show of being a hardworking fellow, striving hard for improvement, so as to stand well in old Andrews' eyes, while I knew for a fact that he was as drunken and dissipated as any young fellow that worked in the pit.

I could not tell Andrews this, nor I could not tell Mary. If she loved him it would grieve her terribly, and be dishonorable as well, and perhaps he might improve. I can tell him though, I thought, and made up my mind that I would; and meeting him one night, evidently hot and excited with liquor, I spoke to him about it.

"If you truly love that girl, John," I said, "you'll give up this sort of thing."

He called me a meddling fool; said he had watched me; that he knew I had a hankering after her myself, but she only laughed at me; and one way and another so galled me that we fought. I went home that night bruised, sore, and ashamed of my passion; while he went to the Andrews' and said he had to thrash me for speaking insulting about Mary.

I heard this afterward, and I don't know how it was but I wrote to her telling her it was false, and that I loved her too well ever to have acted so.

Six months passed over my head—six weary, wretched months—till Christmas came on, cold and bitter, but not so cold and bitter as was my heart.

It was Christmas Eve, and in a dreamy, listless way I was sitting over my breakfast before starting for work, when I heard a sound, and knew what it meant before there were shrieks in the village, and women running out and making for the pit's mouth, a quarter of a mile away. I tell you I turned sick with horror, for I knew that at least twenty men would be down on the night shift; and though it was close upon their leaving time they could not have come up yet.

"Pit's fired! pit's fired!" I heard people shrieking; not that there was any need, for there wasn't a soul that didn't know it, for the pit had spoken for itself. And as I hurried out I thought all in a flash like of what a Christmas it would be for some families there, and I seemed to see a long procession of rough coffins going to the churchyard, and to hear the wailings of the widow and fatherless.

I didn't lose any time, as you may suppose, in running to the pit's mouth; but those who lived nearer were there long before me; and by the time I got there I found that the cage had brought up part of the men, and three who were insensible, and that it was just going down again.

It went down directly; and just as it disappeared who should come running up, pale and scared, but Mary Andrews.

"There's no one belonging to you down, is there?" I asked her.

"Oh, yes—yes! my father was down, and John Kelsey."

"Now, then, who's going down?" I shouted.

"You can't go down," shouted half-a-dozen voices, "the choke got most the better of us."

"But there are two men down?" I cried savagely. "You're not all cowards, are you?"

Two men stepped forward, and we got in the cage.

"Who knows where Andrew was?" I cried; and a faint voice from one of the injured men told me. Then I gave the warning, and we were lowered down, it having been understood that at the first signal we made were to be drawn up sharply.

We reached the bottom, and I found no difficulty in breathing, and, shouting to the men to come on, I ran in the direction where I had been told we should find Andrews; but it was terrible work, for I expected each moment to encounter the deadly gas that had robbed so many men of their lives. But I kept on shouting those behind me, till at once I tripped and fell over some one; and soon as I could get myself together I lowered the lamp I carried, and to my great delight, I found it was Andrews.

Whether dead or alive I could not tell then; but we lifted him among us, and none too soon, for as I took my first step back I reeled, from a curious giddy feeling which came over me.

"Run, if you can," I said faintly; for my legs seemed to be sinking under me. I managed to keep on, though, and at our next turn we were in purer air; but we knew it was a race for life, for the heavy gas was rolling after us, ready to quench out our lives if we slackened speed for an instant. We pressed on, though, till we reached the cage, rolled into it, more than climbed, and were drawn up, to be received with a burst of cheers, Mary throwing her arms round her father's neck, and sobbing bitterly.

"I'm not much hurt," he said, feebly, the fresh air reviving him, as he was laid gently down. "God bless those brave lads who brought me up! But there's another man down—John Kelsey.

No one spoke, no one moved; for all knew of the peril we had just escaped from.

"My lads," he said, feebly, "can't you do nothing to save your mate?" and as he looked wildly from one to the other, I felt my heart like in my mouth.

"Do you all hear?" said a loud voice; and I started, as I saw Mary Andrews rise from where she had knelt holding her father's hand; "do you all hear? John Kelsey is left in the pit. Are you not men enough to go?"

"Men can't go," said one of the dayshift, gruffly; no one could live there.

"You have not tried," again she cried passionately. "Richard Oldshaw," she said, turning to me with a red glow upon her face, "John Kelsey is down there dying, and asking for help. Will not you go?"

"And you wish me to go, then?" I said bitterly.

"Yes," she said. "Would you have your fellow-creature lie there and die, when God has given you the power, and strength, and knowledge to save him?"

The next minute I stepped up toward the pit's mouth, where there was a dead silence, for no one would volunteer, and, in a half blustering way I said:

"I'll go down."

There was a regular cheer rose up as I said these words; but I hardly heeded it, for I was looking at Mary, and my heart sank as I saw her standing, there smiling with joy.

The next minute I had stepped into the cage, and it began to move, when a voice called out, "Blow it all! Dick Oldshaw shan't go alone!" and a young pitman sprang in by my side.

Then we began to descend, and through an opening I just caught sight of Mary Andrews falling back senseless in the arms of the women. Then all was dark, and I was nerving myself for what I had to do.

To go the way by which I had helped to save Andrews was, I knew, impossible; but I had hopes by going round by one of the old workings we might reach him, and I told my companion what I thought.

Turning short off as soon as we were at the bottom, I led the way, holding my lamp high, and climbing and stumbling over the broken shale that had fallen from the roof, for this part of the mine had not been worked for years. By pressing on, I found that we were right, and gradually nearing the point at which the accident had occurred.

As we got nearer, I became aware of the air setting in a strong draught in the direction in which we were going, and soon after we could make out a dull glow, and then there was a deep roar. The pit was indeed on fire, and blazing furiously, so that as we got nearer, trembling—I'm not ashamed to own it, for it was an awful sight—there was the coal growing of a fierce red heat; but fortunately, the draught set toward an old shaft fully a quarter of a mile further on, and so we were able to approach till, with a cry of horror, I leapt over heap after heap of coal, torn from roof and wall by the explosion, to where, close to the fire, lay the body of John Kelsey—so close that his clothes were already smoldering; and the fire scorched my face. I laid hold of him and dragged him away.

How we ever got him to the foot of the shaft, I never could tell.

I have some faint recollection of hearing a cheer, and of seeing the dim light of the chill December day; but the only thing that made any impression upon me was a voice which seemed to be Mary's, and a touch that seemed to be that of her hand.

And it's not much more that I can recollect, only of being in a wild, feverish state, wandering through dark passages, with fire burning my head, and coal falling always, and ready to crush me; and then I seemed to wake from a long, deep sleep, and to lie thinking it a weak, troubled way about getting up.

It was a month, though, before I could do that, and then there was a tender arm to help me, and a soft cheek ever ready to be laid to mine; for in those long, weary hours of sickness Mary had been by my side to cheer me back to health, and I had learned that I was loved.

HOLD FAST BELOW.—A party of Irishmen, once upon a time, contracted to clear a very deep well. Having none of the usual conveniences employed for such purposes, they were at a loss how to get one of the party on a little ledge near the bottom to assist in getting out water, mud, etc. At last Jimmy Phelan, a herculean fellow, proposed a plan which was considered just the thing. It was this: Jimmy was to clasp his big fists around the windlass; then another of the party was to clamber down and hold on by his legs, and so on until the last man should be able to leap upon the ledge. Being slightly corned with liquor, the party prepared for the descent, without stopping to contemplate the difficulties involved in the adventure. With bared breast, and sleeves tucked up, big Jimmy seized the round portion of the windlass directly over the well and swung himself over. Another of the party crept down Jimmy's body and grasped him by the boots. After several more had followed suit, and the human chain began to stretch far into the well, Jimmy became alive to one great difficulty; the windlass did not afford him a good hold in the first place, and the weight was getting intolerable. At last human sinew could stand it no longer, and Jimmy hailed the lower link in the chain with: "De jabers, Pat, howld fast below till I shpit on me hans." Suiting the action to the words, he released his hold, when, of course, the whole party was precipitated to the bottom of the well. As luck would have it, there was more mud than water where the Hibernians lit, and they wisely considered themselves particularly fortunate in escaping without actual loss of either life or limb.

Ship-Building Bounty Bill.

The bill has been laid before the Committee on Commerce of the United States House of Representatives, giving authority to the Secretary of the Treasury to offer an annual bounty of ten dollars per ton for periods of five years for the construction of iron steamships of not less than one thousand tons burden. It is proposed that these bounties shall be limited to payments for 100,000 tons per year, or 500,000 tons for the whole term of five years. Reduced to exact figures, the bill provides that there shall be paid from the Treasury of the United States the sum of $1,000,000 annually, amounting to $5,000,000 for the whole period designated, in order to accomplish the restoration of American Commerce to its former state. It is further provided in this bill that coastwise trade shall also be encouraged by the payment of a bounty of six dollars upon sailing vessels to two hundred tons burden, to the end that the fishery interest may become prosperous. There is a further proposition to pay a bounty of eight dollars per ton for wooden or iron vessels of four hundred tons launched from domestic yards for use in foreign commerce. These proposals for a graduated scale of shipping bounties, ranging from $6 to $10 per ton, are accompanied by a brief statement from Secretary Boutwell, to the effect that the actual cost to the National Treasury would be about twenty-five millions of dollars.

WHAT THEY SAY.—The London *Times* declares that England has not revoked and never will revoke the Treaty of Washington. She is still ready and resolved to stand by it; but cannot, and will not, embark in any altercations specially designed to close the door on all hopes of settlements. The *Post* regrets the vehemence of the English press in its attack of the Americans, because it may stand in the way of an amicable settlement. The *Standard* sees in the difficulty which has so suddenly arisen a source of grave anxiety and great possible danger, as an unfortunate accident might at any moment precipitate a quarrel. The *Standard* feels sure the United States will not withdraw their claims, and it advises all parties to support the Government in maintaining the position which Great Britain has assumed.

New York Fashions.

Street suits made in Berlin are the first importations for spring. The fabrics are pongees of gray, and lavendor shades, soft flexible woolen stuffs in narrow stripes of fawn-color or gray with white, and a new wiry pongee mixture of linen and wool in darker buff tints. The suit consists of skirt, over-skirt, waist, and double cape, or else a skirt and polonaise with talma cape.

There is a fancy for trimming the back and front of dress skirts differently. For instance, the three front breadths have deep kilt pleating, the top of which is hidden by the apron front of the over-skirt, while the back breadths have from four to six narrow, bias, overlapping ruffles, with the lower edge bound and the upper very fully gathered. Clusters of kilt pleating are also very stylish trimmings.

The plain-basque suit is a good model for spring cashmeres, either black, pale gray, or cuir-color, or silk skirts of corresponding color. The entire costume would be handsome in black silk, or silk with hair-line stripes, for the present and the approaching season. It is also simple enough for the serviceable black alpacas, that require to be plainly made to be in good taste. These look best trimmed with pleated ruffles and bands of the same, with fringe on the over-skirt and basque.

Capes will be fashionable wrap. The prettiest is the double cape, or sleeveless sacque with a round cape. This is similar to the garment worn at present, but is shorter, and is improved by slashing the back and side seams of the sacque to make room for a full tournure. The cape falls half-way between the elbow and wrist, and is a round talma with short darts on the shoulders and a seam down the middle of the back, which is left open below about one-third its length. Watteau folds are also on many capes, especially those with polonaises, while others have the nun's collar, broad, square and deep.

The polonaises are of medium length and simple shape. There are darts in front, the fullness of the skirt behind is held to the waist in great box-pleats, and the waist has a postillion attached. A single talma cape belongs to these, or else a mantle that has a double cape behind and resembles a vest in front.

Lower skirts are not changed. They are no longer bound with braid, but most fabrics are faced to the knee with a course, strong, but thin, white muslin, and a three-inch bias facing of the dress material is placed around the edge of the skirt. A single wide flounce, gathered, headed by narrow standing ruffles or bias bands, is the trimming most often seen, but the most stylish skirts have kilt pleating three-fourths of a yard deep around them. The goods for this kilting is cut crosswise, with selvedges sewed together; the pleats are rather scant, but are pressed flatly. The top of the pleating is stitched on the skirt high enough to be concealed by the over-skirt, and thence the kilt hangs separate from skirt, as other flounces do. A half-inch hem finishes the bottom, and about two fingers above the lower edge a tape is tacked beneath the pleats to hold them in position.

When Do Men Die.

Medical experience proves that, in chronic diseases, the greatest number of deaths occur just before dawn. This is eminently true of brain diseases, and of all those related cases where death results from an exhaustion of the vital power, through over-work, excessive excitement, or nervous prostration. It is at the hour of 5 o'clock in the morning that the life-force is at its lowest ebb, and succumbs most readily to the assault of epilepsy, paralysis, or of the fatal lethargy that comes in those vividly beautiful picture-dreams, for which medical science has as yet found no name, and of which it has taken no sufficient cognizance. Nine-tenths of those who die in this way expire in their sleep. In many such cases, if a friend were at hand to waken the sleeper when the attack comes on, or if he were to be wakened by some accidental noise, he might, by the use of a few simple precautions, prolong his life for many years; for the shock that proves fatal to the man wrapped in deep sleep, when the system is passive and relaxed, would be victoriously repelled were it armed with all its waking energies. Men who do brain-work, and who are on the shady side of forty, should be on their guard against this insidious enemy. They should beware of 5 o'clock A. M., for it is a perilous hour. Do you find yourself unable to sleep when you retire for the night, exhausted with the day's work? Do you, in vain, turn from one side to the other? Does your brain persist in working when you would fain have it rest? Do your old saws and scraps of rhyme repeat themselves in your memory with wearisome iteration, defying your utmost efforts to silence them? Then, I say to you, beware! You will be sure to sleep at last. It is only a question of time; for, soon or late, nature will assert her rights.

The Lenten Season.

The following are the rules and regulations set forth by the Catholic Church for the government of its people during Lent:

1. All the week days of Lent, from Ash Wednesday till Easter Sunday, are fast days of precept, on one meal, with the allowance of a moderate collation in the evening.
2. The precept of fasting implies also that of abstinence from the use of flesh meat. But, by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed in each diocese at the principal meal on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays of Lent, with the exception of Holy Thursday.
3. There is neither fast nor abstinance to be observed on Sundays of Lent.
4. It is not allowed to use fish with flesh meat at the same meal in Lent.
5. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter or cheese, provided the rules of quantity prescribed by the fast be complied with.
6. Lard may be used in preparing fish, vegetables, &c.
7. The Church excuses from the obligation of fasting (but not of abstinence from flesh meat, except in special cases of sickness or the like) the following classes of persons: First, the infirm; second, those whose duties are of an exhausting or laborious character; third, persons who are attaining their growth; fourth, women in p