

PLEASANT THOUGHTS.

BY F. E. PARKER.

I love to recline by the dashing rill,
Where the foam and the bubbles glide
Over its face, as it springs from the hill,
Or leaps from the mountain-side.

My thoughts then are sweet; my soul feels
Peace.
As when Love's mystic tendrils entwine
About the lone heart, to give it release,
And fill it with raptures divine.

I think of my youth, those days of delight,
Of those fields where I used to roam,
Of the babbling brook, so pearly and bright,
That ran by my childhood's home.

As the nodding grass from the bank bends
Low,
And bathes in the silvery tide,
And the sparkling sands in the sun-light
glow,
Near the rocks where the fishes hide.

I think of the days when I used to roam
Through the meadows, rich and green,
By the laughing brook; and out from the
foam,
The innocent violets gleam.

As the waters dash o'er the rocky bed,
And fall to the bubbling pool,
And the birds sing merrily o'er my head,
In the foliage green and cool.

Think of the days when I used to steal
Away to the wooded nooks,
And climb o'er rocks in my youthful zeal,
And sit by the silvery brooks.

'Tis sweet to think of that distant past,
Of those paths where my feet have trod,
Of the loves and pleasures too sweet to last,
And of dear ones at rest with God!

NOT TO BE DONE.

The "painful confession" is mine, John Spindler, detective, Scotland Yard, and how it came about was just in this way:

For a long time I had been on the track of a gang of coiners, which, in my professional pride, I had vowed to capture. More than once I had pounced down upon them in their haunts, and all vanished like magic; and I being unable to produce proofs, the chief, whom I desired most to convict, fairly laughed at my efforts.

This naturally gave me some annoyance, and with some heat I ejaculated, "You have escaped me this time, Jim Bradley, but I'm not John Spindler if you do the next."

"When you catch me hold me," he grinned. "How dare you malign an innocent man!"

"Innocent man! Then the evil one is not so black as he is painted!" I retorted.

Well it was nearly nine months before I again ran down Jim and his gang; then, I detected them in a low, wretched street near the road. The house they used was kept by an old Irish woman.

Having watched the house till I was sure of my game, I went to Scotland Yard, saw the chief, reported the news, got some men, and on one dark, gusty winter's night made a swoop upon them.

Leaving the police I had brought at a little distance, I knocked at the door. Getting no answer, I stepped back and looked up at the house.

It was dark as pitch, save a faint glimmer in the first floor window. As I returned I felt certain I saw the blind of the lower room move. Trusting, if I was being suspected, that the darkness had concealed my identity, I repeated my summons, when, after a long delay, the door was opened by the old landlady, bearing a flaming tallow candle.

"Did you knock afore?" she said, peering feebly at me. "Sure, I'm just as deaf as a post, yer honor, and don't hear a bit. Who do you want?"

"One of your respectable lodgers, Mrs. O'Brien," I answered, entering the passage, and putting my foot so as to prevent the door closing. "Thanks, old lady, I won't trouble you any further."

Giving a preconcerted whistle, my men rapidly came forward.

"Oh, the perleese! Oh, holy St. Patrick! have mercy upon a lone widdler woman! Oh! good gentlemen, what's the matter, sure," shrieked the hag.

Paying no heed to these ejaculations, I placed one policeman on guard, and with the others sprang up stairs.

Reaching the landing, I found all dark, save a faint glimmer which issued from under the door in front of us. I tried the handle. It was locked.

"We have him this time," I whispered, exultingly, for I had caught the sound of Jim Bradley's voice. "I have examined the house well, and there is no means of egress, either by the roof or the windows. They are trapped. Open in the Queen's name!" I exclaimed.

"Hullo, is that you, my dear Spindler?" cried Jim from within. "Happy to see you, I'm sure! Remember what I said, 'Hold me when you catch me,' old boy! The thing is to trap your bird."

"I will take care of that, Mr. Jim," I rejoined. "Open, or we shall break in the door."

"Oh, plaze, jintlemen—dear, good jintlemen, for the love of the saints, don't make a noise. There's a poor sowl jist partin' this life up-stairs, an' his dear, young widdler is a most distracted! Sorra a one of ye jintlemen hev any pity. Don't terrify the colleen, nor the partin' sowl, who sure has troubles enough."

"Silence, you old crone!" I exclaimed, "and fetch a light, or I'll have you arrested as an accomplice."

With a regular howl of disappointment she hobbled away, declaring she'd do anything for us, imploring pity for a poor, lone woman, and compassion for the partin' sowl.

We don't wait for her return. Aware no one could pass on the stairs,

and believing that Jim might be trying to destroy the moulds, we put our shoulders against the door, and drove the lock from the box.

I had prepared for the light to be extinguished and a rush made.

I was disappointed. Jim sat composedly at the table with another man, playing cards.

"Hullo! you don't stand on ceremony, John, my friend," he remarked, laughing. "I thought every man's house was his castle."

"So it is, Jim, until he makes it a shield for law-breaking," I answered.

"Prove your words, my man."

"I intend to, I hope; so you will just consider yourself my prisoner while I search."

"Please yourself, and take the consequences," he replied, and went on with his game.

Putting my men on guard, I began to examine the apartments.

I sounded the walls, groped up the chimneys and tried the flooring.

No, not a sign; while Jim Bradley's utter indifference, I own, perplexed me.

"Done again," I muttered, when I heard a heavy step in the room above.

"Who's that up-stairs?" I asked.

"You should know yourself by this time," answered Jim. "I can only say that confounded Irish hag is always screeching as a chap is dying, which ain't much concern of mine as long as he keeps hisself to hisself, and don't groan too loud. 'Igh, low, game, without even the Jack, Phil,' he added to his companion, putting down his pack of cards.

The sick man's a ruse, perhaps, thought I.

"Come, lads," I said aloud, "We'll go up."

Regardless of the old woman's entreaties not to disturb the poor "dying sowl" we mounted.

The back attic was as bare as bare could be. When I was about to enter the other, the door opened and a grave looking, respectfully-dressed man crossed the threshold.

"Hush," he said, in a low tone. "May I ask the meaning of this disturbance? It is most unseemly and out of place! The poor fellow in here has but a few moments to live. His unfortunate young wife is distracted."

I looked keenly at him.

"If it isn't an impertinent question, sir," I asked, "who may you be?"

"Who am I?" he smiled. "I am Doctor Alexander, of Jude street, close by. Now, in my turn, who are you?"

I instantly acquainted him with my business. He looked serious and interested.

"Humph!" he said, drawing me a little aside; "I have only visited this place once or twice, but I own I have doubts of its respectability. We medical men see strange scenes. Still, I don't imagine the poor woman and her husband have had any connivance with the people below. Though, of course, in such matters you are the best judge. Such persons are capable of all manner of tricks. It is of course your duty to make certain. Only, in case you are wrong, be gentle with the wretched wife and mother. Come in."

We entered. The room was almost devoid of furniture, and barely supplied with the commonest necessities of existence.

At one side was a miserable mattress laid on the floor, and stretched upon it was the dying man.

Kneeling by him, her head bowed down to his, her black hair streaming over the tattered patchwork covering, was the young wife weeping bitterly, as she pressed her baby to her bosom.

I am not hard-hearted, and the sight took me back, especially the countenance of the husband, upon which the hue of death had already settled.

I was following the doctor, when, abruptly, he leaned forward, then, drawing back placed his hand on my arm.

"I thought as much," he whispered, "all is over."

The words were scarcely audible, yet they reached the wife's ears.

I shall never forget the scream she gave. Starting upon her knees, she gazed wildly in the face of the dead, then shrieked and turned appealingly to the doctor.

"Oh, no; no! not dead. Don't tell me that. Not dead! Oh, Tom, Tom—dear Tom, speak to me—speak to Lizzie."

And casting herself on the body, she went off into violent hysterics.

"Poor thing," said the doctor, raising her to a chair, while I close the poor man's eyes.

That done, he rejoined me.

"You want to search the room," he said. "It's a pity that this should have happened at such a time, but duty is duty. Pray, do yours quietly before this poor woman recovers. Her trouble is enough without any addition."

Duty was duty; yet I felt like a hard-hearted, mean-spirited cur as I performed mine, and professed to have lacked my usual acuteness, for more than once the disciple of Galen aided me in my suggestions.

Nothing, however, came of it. I could not find a trace.

"Yes," I said, "I'd take my oath the dies are in this house, and it's £100 in my pocket if I find them."

"Then I most decidedly should try," said the doctor. "That sum is not to be got every day."

"No; and I'll keep a watch in this house till I find them."

"In this room?" he asked.

No. I ain't quite made of stone,"

I rejoined, a bit hurt. But I shall inspect all who come in or go out."

"Quite right; and I wish you success, for there's no telling the suffering these coiners occasion."

We then descended, and the doctor left, after telling the Irish woman that he would call as he went home on the parish undertaker, and would give all the necessary orders for the funeral.

Well, I need not lengthen out my story.

I rented the parlor by compulsion of the landlady, and established a watch, upon who and what went out of the house.

Jim Bradley came and went, of course, unmolested, and chafed me considerably when we met, while, without the slightest demur, he let me visit his room whenever I pleased.

What did it mean?

I also made a call, now and then, on the widow.

Poor thing, she was always crying, and moving so meek and full of grief, as she moved about the room where her confined husband was, for she wouldn't leave it, and the sight was pitiable.

The medical attendant dropped in once to see how I got on, and shook his head on hearing of my want of success.

"I fear if the dies are really here," he said, "the fellow you call Bradley is too deep for you."

"Not if I know it," I said. "I have applied at headquarters for permission to make a better search, and I'll take up the flooring."

"I fancy that's the most likely place. Who is that?" he asked.

"Only the undertaker's men," I said, putting the door open. "It's the poor fellow's funeral to-day."

"Indeed. Ah, they hasten these matters with the poor."

Just at the moment the wretched coffin and its bearers passed along the passage, followed by the weeping widow and the Irish woman.

They were the sole mourners.

The doctor respectfully removed his hat, and we stood in silence until it had gone by.

"Poor—poor thing!" my companion remarked, with a sigh; then, gave me his card, and asking me to call if I proved successful, he went away.

Well, the hours swept by, and the silence of the house began to surprise me. Bradley had gone out early, and hadn't been home since. My assistant came in about eight but neither the widow nor the landlady returned.

I waited and waited. Eleven o'clock struck.

I began to get suspicious.

Had I been done.

I turned hot and cold; then, seizing the candle, darted up stairs. Bradley's room was as usual; but the attic—the sight of it made me feel ready to drop.

"Done—cleverly done!" I cried, waving my candle around.

Yes; bitter the humiliation—I had been duped! I had been the victim of sensibility and a clever trick.

There was the mattress, ripped up; and there, where the coffin had stood, was a hole in the floor, where a plank had been removed. That had been the place of concealment.

But where were the dies? Where—why, in the coffin, of which, no doubt, the dead man had been one of the bearers.

"Nonsense!" I ejaculated. "The man must have been dead! It isn't likely he could have deceived the doctor—a kind hearted fellow, but a keen one; I'll go to him."

Leaving my assistant in charge, I hastened to Judé street, with his card in my hand.

The "danger signal" indicated the house, and, knocking, I asked to see the doctor.

The servant, showing me into the surgery, went to summon him.

In a few moments he appeared—that is, a gentleman appeared; a gentleman of about sixty, with silver gray hair.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "it is Dr. Alexander I wish to see!"

"Alexander! My name, sir, is Lindsey, and I am the only professional man in this house—nay, in the street. There must be a mistake."

"Impossible!" I cried. "See, sir, here is his card."

"Humph! I have never heard the name in the neighborhood," he remarked, perusing it. "Wait a moment—if you will allow me I will see."

Taking down one or two thick volumes from the bookshelves, he ran over lists under the initial A.

"No," he said. "As I thought—his name is not here. I fear the title of 'doctor' must be assumed, as he is not a certificated medical man."

I then told my story.

"Sir," remarked Dr. Lindsey, unable to suppress a smile; "I fancy you have not only been duped by a dying man, but also by his medical attendant."

And so it proved.

The whole had been a clever trick—from the widow to the doctor and "parish" funeral.

Nevertheless, I might have remained in doubt to the last, had not my "pride of place" been so wounded that I did not rest until I had tracked Jim Bradley again, and, this time, succeeded in capturing his gang among which I not only discovered the young disconsolate widow of her dead husband, but the doctor, the greatest rogue of the lot as it was he who, under his gentlemanly appearance, circulated the spurious coin.

To my satisfaction, I saw them all sent off for a considerable term to Portland, with small chance of a ticket-of-leave. I was not, after all to be done.

Brown's Matrimonial Method.

"Brown, I don't see how it is that your girls always marry off as soon as they get old enough, while none of mine can marry."

"Oh, that is easy enough. I marry my girls off on the buckwheat straw principle."

"But what is that principle? I never heard of it before."

"Well I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely and built a nice high rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it was something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I dogged them away and put up the fence a few times, but the more I drove them away the more anxious they became to eat the straw. After this had been repeated a few times the cattle determined to eat the straw, and eat it they did, every bit of it. As I said, I marry my girls off on the same principle. When a young man I don't like begins calling on my girls, I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay as late as he pleases, and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first-rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around, a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law, I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted around my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall have nothing to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works first-rate. The young folks begin to pity each other, and the first thing I know they are engaged to be married. When I see they are determined to marry, I always give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it."

How a Pig Became a Horse.

A lady, who had several grown sons and daughters, told me that when her first-born was a very young baby a gentleman gave him half a dollar. She told her husband that she would, with that, provide the little fellow a horse to ride by the time he was twenty-one years of age.

With the half-dollar she bought a pig. She fed the pig with such scraps, etc., from the kitchen as would otherwise have been thrown away, for she had determined that her husband should not incur any expense in the plan which she had adopted to get the horse. In about twelve months, when the pig had become large enough to be fattened for pork, she bought eight bushels of corn, promising the neighbor of whom she bought it that she would pay him when she had killed and sold the hog. So in a few months, the animal had reached such a size that he brought about fourteen dollars.

With part of this fourteen dollars she bought a calf, using the balance of the money to pay her husband all expenses of keeping the calf, except the grass which it ate in the fields.

In the course of two or three years the calf had grown so well that it brought thirty-five dollars.

This amount, after paying all expenses not heretofore paid, was quite sufficient for the purchase of a colt, almost ready to be put under the saddle; and by the time her little boy was six years old his horse was ready for him, but he was not quite large enough to take a ride.

Some of our young readers can act on this hint for themselves. A ten-year-old farmer-boy, may if he will, turn a pig (or something else, perhaps a lamb), into a horse before he is seventeen.

A Blue-Glass Man.

He was a blue-glass man. He had read about blue glass, and believed in it, and was determined to be the healthiest individual in the town. "Have ye any blue glass strips for widders?" inquired he as he rushed into a glazing shop. "We have, sir," was the cheerful reply; "just the thing as recommended by the Pleasanton theory." "Wall, then," said Bluey, "I'll take enough for four widders." He paid the money and departed, while the glazier chuckled. "Good thing for us fellows, the blue-glass craziness," Bluey kept on. He went into an optician's and bought a pair of blue goggles to wear on his eyes. He dropped into a hat store and ordered a little round piece of blue glass put in the top of his hat in place of the usual tin ventilator. He then partook of a dinner of blue fish at a restaurant with a blue skylight, dipped his fingers into a blue-glass finger-bowl and refused to drink anything until the waiter hunted him up a mug with a blue-glass bottom. The day was now far spent, and going home in a blue-light street car, the blue-glass man, meeting his children at the door, refused to kiss any but those having blue eyes, sat down in a blue chair to read a copy of the Blue Laws of Connecticut and got into such a fit of the blues, that he took some blue ink, and, writing in his will that at his death the glass in his coffin should be blue glass and his monument made of blue granite, he grabbed a revolver and blew out his brains.

In South Carolina, when young couples elope, a minister keeps alongside of them, and marries them as they run.

House, Farm and Garden.

Truth for Wives.

It is not every woman, or man either, who will fully agree with the sentiments expressed in the following which we find in the Domestic Monthly; still there is a great deal of truth in it, and it may suggest other truths equally as important; hence we recommend it, especially to those contemplating matrimony:

In domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's, for the one first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums, her husband's respectability and credit are erected or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakage of extravagance and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on, ere incurred; the income is prepared to meet it; it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do mischief; and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. There is often an unexpected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that a wife's attention is so necessary, but in those matters which make a well regulated house. An unfinished cruet-stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are really nothing; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort.

Depend upon it, there is a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton-chop, or a tidy breakfast table. Men grow full of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation, however intellectual, but they can appreciate a well-swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida; but—melancholy fact—if with these she fail to make her home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections that without love their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of a higher order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

Breaking Colts.

In the first place you cannot begin too soon. When they are a week old, begin to handle them gently, to gain their confidence. And as you handle them, if there be a heart of man or boy in you, that heart will begin to warm as the animal yields his confidence, and indulges in his playful nature. But never allow them to be tricked or plagued, as they can easily be taught to be cross and spunky, as well as kind and tractable. Next, put cords on their necks and noses and lead them gently about. Halters and bridles come next—exercising the utmost kindness and patience. Colts are not naturally balky or sullen, unless they are taught it by bad management. It is much easier to handle and teach a colt three months old than one three years old. The lesson has to be taught and always recollected. When by patience and kindness the colt has been taught the use of the halter and bridle, then begin with the harness. It is not important it should fit. The collar first; press it against the shoulder. See that nothing is done in a hurry or carelessly to frighten. Let them smell of it, and satisfy themselves that it will not hurt them. Sometimes these operations tickle their tender skin. See that they are not fretted thereby. When they are used to the collar, put on gently more of the harness. Press the collar against the shoulder. When they get used to this, take hold of the tugs and pull back gently while they are induced to step forward. In all this operation never get excited, and, above all, never strike a colt. All they need is confidence, and to know what you desire them to do. Naturally, they know all they ought to. With their power, did they know more, they would not be such faithful and obedient slaves. A colt or horse, spoiled by bad management or bad treatment, is ten times as hard to make tractable and useful as to subdue and make useful a wild horse from the pampas of the south. Whenever you see a tricky or balky horse, there has been bad management. There is a difference in the temper and disposition of colts, but it is the duty of the one training to study that temper and disposition, and proceed in his operations accordingly. A colt can

be so thoroughly trained by the time he is three or six months old, that there will never after be any trouble in having him one of the kindest and most tractable horses. But patience and kindness are the means of teaching directing and managing colts.

Brushing Clothes.

The following very useful hints relating to brushing woolen clothes we find in the Rural Sun, and we give them for the benefit of wives who look after their husbands' wardrobe:

Having spread the garment on a wooden horse, beat it gently with a small switch or cane free from knots. A lady's whip is the best dusting tool. Do not strike too hard, or you will break the mold buttons. Rub gently between the hands any spots of dirt set firm, and be sure the garment is dry before you commence upon it.

Two clothes-brushes should be provided, a hard and soft one; and never use the former unless to remove fixed dirt. The soft brush does not wear off the nap, and will suffice to remove hair, lint, dust, etc. The brush improves after a little use, when the sharp edges of the bristles are worn off, and the brush usually called the blacking-brush is one of the best for the purpose.

After dusting a coat, spread it out on a table, free from grease, with the collar toward your left hand; commence brushing the inside of the collar, and then the back and sleeves. The nap of the cloth is toward the skirts, so let the stroke of the brush be in that direction. Next brush the two lapels, lastly the outside of the collar, and then fold it over and brush the inside in like manner. Wipe the dust off the table before you turn the garment, and, if the coat is intended to be placed in a trunk, it must be folded; but if for immediate wear, or to be laid alone in a wardrobe or drawer, no further folding is necessary.

A gentleman's wardrobe should be covered with a linen cloth, and frequent opportunities taken to air, as clothes are apt to acquire an unpleasant smell when kept close for any length of time, and moreover are subject to the moth. The best airing is to wear a garment occasionally.

Be particular to keep the clothes-brushes clean, washing them occasionally in cold water with soap, or rubbing on paper placed over the edge of a board.

Spring Work With Poultry.

Now that the rigors of winter are somewhat relaxed and the earth has cast off her white mantle, hens are very busy peeping into every nook and corner, prating, with joyful anticipations, of coming events; and while warming up the enthusiasm of their keeper, they seem to be asking for special care and attention. During the interesting season their liege lords pay very strict obedience to all their wants and whims, and strut around them with consequential airs that are not a little amusing to the observer.

The true method of managing all kinds of stock is to take advantage of their nature and assist in the advancement of their keeper's interests. To induce a hen to lay, let the nest be partly shaded. When she wants to set, if you wish to remove her do it at night and make her surroundings as nearly as possible like those of the nest she laid in. On a farm where there are many nooks and corners, and where the farmer has some one to attend to his fowls, boxes may be put up in a number of places, and the fowls will select and lay, each in her favorite nest, and when the time for setting has come, each will go to her accustomed nest without much changing or confusion; but where the accommodations are more limited, more attention must be given to the nests.

If several varieties are kept and it is intended to maintain pure breeds, each variety must be kept strictly separate. Should any hens have begun to lay before such separation, then the first ten eggs laid afterwards should not be set; but when the fowls have been separated three weeks without laying, it is safe to save all subsequent eggs for their purity.

If fowls have liberty, they need not have warm, soft food. When the snow is disappeared, they will find gravel, seed, a little green food, etc.; but should they be confined, the winter's care must, of course, be continued. A lot of oyster-shells, thrown down on a road or yard over which horses travel, is very good for poultry on a farm. Pure water is essential, and should there be any stagnant pools of dirty water about the barn-yard, fill them up immediately. Drinking impure water is a source of disease that should never be tolerated. Animal food should be given until earth-worms make their appearance. Feed liberally with grain and your hens will generously reward your liberality.