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PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow,
If you listen to all is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed,
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing or else your a fool,
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool,
For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen,
You'll hear some loud hints that you're selfish and mean;
If upright, honest, and fair as the day,
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way,
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part;
They will call you an upstart—conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, or old-fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint you're unable to pay your own way,
But don't get excited at whatever they say,
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion don't think to escape,
For they criticise then in a different shape—
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's not paid;
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made,
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease
Of course you will meet with all sorts if abuse;
But don't think to stop them—'twill be of no use,
For People will talk.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY ELIZABETH A. S. CHESTER.

"Then you think you wouldn't do it, Dolly?" said Uncle 'Liphalet, pulling out the stove-hearth and poking at the coals.

"No, I wouldn't, 'Liphalet," replied Aunt Dolly, resting her shining knitting-needles, while she stirred up the pumpkin simmering in the pot. "The farm's paid for now, and if we're savin' we've enough to last us through. Why should we harass ourselves wi' seekin' after riches?"

"Tain't riches I'd be seekin, arter, Dolly, but this Mr. Swinton—they call him a very smart young man, Dolly—he says if the mill ain't rebuilt the village'll go back'ards, the farm'll sink in vally, and things'll generally run down. You know, Dolly, I never hild back when I could do anything to help along."

"I ain't likely to forget, 'Liphalet, where the calf and butter money went in time 'o war, nor how you've given to church and missions, schools and poor folks, and everything else anybody'd a mind to draw a paper for. You and I've had more disagreements—"

"But this'll be helpin' ourselves as well as helping others, Dolly. This Mr. Swinton—he's a very pleasant-spoken young man, Dolly—he says he'll guarantee the stock shall pay for itself in three to five years. He says he'd rather build here than elsewhere, because he wants to help his native village, and if we'll all take hold, and each help a little, he can do it."

"We've no money to put in," said Aunt Dolly,—leaning back and fixing her eyes on the coals Uncle Liph had raked open,—"unless we take—"

"Unless we take what we'd laid by for Rube's eddycation," said Uncle 'Liphalet, softly.

"Since God took Rube's eddycation into His own hands, 'Liphalet, I've always wanted that money to lie in the bank until we'd a plain call to use it. I can't a-bear to think of its being used like other money."

"Nor I, Dolly, but Rube would wish it doing good, and this Mr. Swinton says it might draw thrible what it does now. We can maybe use the income in helpin' boys who love larnin', as Rube did."

Dolly replied nothing. After the mention of Rube's name silence was wont to fall between the old couple, an old couple outwardly as crooked, as gnarled, and scraggly as any two old apple-trees that drew sustenance from their rocky fields.

This Mr. Swinton,—he came out to the farm the next day, and Aunt Polly put on her black alpaca apron and received him with a courtesy. A man of less shallow sympathies would have been touched with a kind of pitying tenderness for the obsequious old woman, but to Swinton her deference was constitutionally agreeable. It argued well, too, for his designs. He drew his gloved finger athwart his fozy-colored moustache, and talked business.

Heaven help the simple-minded old couple now! What is "business" to them but a kind of mysterious wonderland full of pyramids and sphinxes and statues of Memnon? What a businessman but a priestly sorcerer, with his offerings and incantations, living ever among the mysteries?

But heaven didn't help them. Sometimes it does seem to fail people in their sorest needs; and yet, things work obscurely and very far around, and who as yet has seen the end of anything?

Aunt Dolly, in her wood rocker, knit silently on the socks that would bring her 75 cents a pair. Uncle 'Liphalet drank in the man's words with childlike credulity.

"Let me tell you, sir, manufacturing enterprises are the life of our villages. Compare—" Mr. Swinton drew his comparisons fluently and correctly. "Were we to locate elsewhere stock would be rapidly taken up, but owing to our most singular and unfortunate fires—loss of confidence in the location—I am strongly desirous of conferring the advantages of the mill on my native village; citizens must subscribe."

"As for the risk,—how can there be any risk? Let me explain." Mr. Swinton was a man of facts, and his explanations consisted of facts, unimpeachable, immovable, facts that there was no going back of or around. "*That* doesn't admit of a question,—I *know* it to be true,—why, we've demonstrated it, sir. Do you see?"

Uncle 'Liphalet thought he saw. Who could avoid seeing a square, sharply-defined fact, that was nowhere allowed to melt away into suppositions or uncertainties?

"I hain't but leetle money, any way," said Uncle 'Liphalet, pushing back his rough, gray locks with his rough, trembling fingers. "Mother an' me saved up enough, leetle by leetle, to eddycate Rube with; but he—Rube—died, you know, and the money has lain in the bank."

"A thousand isn't much, any way," said the man of tens of thousands, tipping back in his chair, and picking his teeth elegantly; but the *morale* your subscription lends is something. Our very singular and unfortunate fires, you see. The fact that men like yourself have intrusted their savings to us, gives us desirable standing."

Uncle 'Liphalet's vanity was touched, but Dolly with closed lips counted her stitches.

"What do you say, Dolly?"

"I have said my say, 'Liphalet. In sickness or misfortune we might fall back on Rube's money, otherwise I'd rather it remained in the bank."

"A thousand dollars, sir,—" continued the little old lady, sufficiently humble before this man of means,—"a thousand dollars that's been saved bit by bit and laid up in five dollar bills for a perticeler object, seems different from a thousand dollars that's just one of many going up and down and trucking around in business, sir."

The light-eyed Swinton played with his watch-chain nervously. An unsophisticated old woman, this—being a solicitor for her patronage was not agreeable, but in "business" very disagreeable things have sometimes to be done.

"This deposit, then, was made for the benefit of your son, Reuben. His death was a great loss to you; a loss to the community. Rube was full of life and enterprise. He would have made a public-spirited man. I wish he were alive now."

Artford Swinton's small, light eyes could detect human weaknesses; Artford Swinton's quick apprehension and tact enabled him to work up those weaknesses for his own interests. When, a half hour later, he passed out between the lilac clumps, he carried on his paper Uncle 'Liphalet's subscription, and in his pocket Uncle 'Liphalet's bank book.

"My hand trembles so, I hain't made all the letters very good," Uncle 'Liphalet had said as he removed his spectacles and critically surveyed his labored signature.

"We must trust you to take care of it for us, sir; father and I don't know anything about business," Aunt Polly had said as she relinquished the precious little blue book.

"Certainly, rely on me,—I do assure you,—I shall remember the circumstances. Any favor that is in my power to confer—" Mr. Swinton had said gibly.

Aunt Dolly stepped to the window with her knitting, and watched the man as he struck a light for his cigar on her gate-post.

"I wish we hadn't done it, 'Liphalet," said she.

"Oh! don't say so, Dolly, don't."

"I don't like his eye, and for all he talks so open and houest he seems to me like a close man, a man who keeps something back."

"You mustn't be prejudiced against him, Dolly, because he appears a leetle vain and flashy. Men an't now what they were in our days. He comes of an honest, obleeging kind of a family, and they call him a very smart young man, Dolly."

Time with its incidents and accidents went on, and Aunt Dolly grew used to thinking of Rube's money as in Swinton's hands. This certificate of stock in the "Native Village manufacturing company," was carefully laid away, and she no longer spent sleepless nights over it, nor sighed when the matter was mentioned.

The mill went up and the operatives came; real estate rose again, and the Native Village flourished. Uncle 'Liphalet peddled out early potatoes, sweet corn, and mutton by the quarter; and Artford Swinton, though he had president, and directors, and clerks, and heaven only knows what else around him, was "The Company," and smoked cigars—best brand or none—gave the company's note, and forever stroked the foxy-colored mustache. While he carried on the cotton manufacture he did a still more flourishing business in the manufacture of facts. He heaped facts upon facts on the head of the president until he smothered that gentleman in facts; he piled bales of facts before the directors until they couldn't see over the pile; he threw facts into the eyes of the stockholders until they were stone-blind; he gave banks and creditors security of facts, and his friends quaffed nepenthe of facts in the social glass. Days when croqueting was dull the books were "fixed." Book-keeping, once a science, designed to show the pecuniary standing of individuals and companies, now became an easy and economical method of "fixing" things. Now and then a dividend was declared, and the stream that turned the mill glittered in the sun like the river Pactolus. Uncle 'Liphalet put greenbacks into the contribution-box, and thanked the Lord daily that He was giving him increase of substance.

Then there began to be a haze in the air through which had glittered the river Pactolus. Swinton said it was smoke from the Boston fire. It grew denser and denser.

"Smoke from that—Boston fire; wind blows this way, yet," said Swinton, between the puffs of his cigar.

But smoke has an unpleasant effect on men's eyes, and meeting after meeting was held to devise measures to get rid of it. Uncle 'Liphalet, at these meetings, sat silent and trembling, listened to talk that he could no more understand than the chattering of Choctaws, and was shown statements that he could no more comprehend than the inscriptions on Pompey's pillar. The man of facts lounged in an attitude of such elegance as men are wont to assume when by themselves, and agreed with everybody, assured everybody, was "putting his thing through," and offered his facts for this latter purpose with astounding liberality. Alack! the Swinton cigar smoke, though it rose gracefully, and curled around the heads of the stockholders, naturally mingled with the smoke of the Boston fire, and men's visions became more and more obscured.

All at once Swinton was off for Europe for purposes of self-culture,—perhaps the man needed it. Then were his layers of facts, his dividends in paper and his dividends in money pushed aside. O, ye gods, what a sight met the gaze of men, then! Now the smoke rolled up in volumes from all quarters; a darkness that might be felt set in, and men groped for each other's hands. No more did the Pactolus glisten and glitter and shimmer before their eyes, but in their ears roared a swollen, turbid stream, foaming, tossing great cakes of ice up and down, and threatening to bear them all away, grind them up, and carry them out to open ocean.

Some of the men there could talk, and, though one have fetters on his feet, fetters on his hands, and bricks on his head, if he can talk his condition is not unbearable. But Uncle 'Liphalet couldn't talk; so he picked his way down the icy steps, groped his way home through the snow-storm and rattled the back door as a signal to Aunt Dolly to let him in.

"Are you frozen, 'Liphalet?" asked Aunt Dolly in terror as the candle-light struck the white face.

Uncle 'Liphalet staggered in, and sinking on the lounge covered his face with his wrinkled hands.

"O, Dolly!"

"You needn't tell me, 'Liphalet, I know what 'tis. I've felt 'twas coming. But, O, 'Liphalet, we've helped each other through hard times these fifty years and we've got each other, yet."

Uncle Liph only groaned.

"Maybe the farm'll last us through; we're a'most worn out, and it won't be long that we'll be waiting. With the mfar and each other—"

"O, Dolly, Dolly, you don't know the worst, and I can't tell you. I never can tell you, Dolly, never—" Uncle 'Liph staggered part of the way across the room, then turned suddenly.

"They're going to take it all, Dolly—everything,—strip us clean, clean as we were when we begun fifty years ago,—house and farm and cows,—everything. There's been great carelessness as well as great wrong; wrong and carelessness and wrong from the very beginning, and now they're coming. The law'll let 'em, and it's got to go,—the back pastur', and the wood-lot, and the young orchard, and everything,—even Rube's grave, Dolly. O God! haven't I served Thee these fifty years; why shouldst Thou cast me off now?"

The grap, scraggy face with the gray, straggly hair around it, was turned towards the ceiling. Aunt Dolly went out into the night.

It was stormy, and cold, and bitter. The sleet cut against her cheek, the wind raved in her hair, and the snow drifted at her feet, but Aunt Dolly didn't mind it. She only wanted air and to think. She leaned up against the weather-browned clapboards. Was it really going, going, going, all going? She couldn't think, one word alone whistled over and over in her brain,—going, going. She looked off through the storm to the dimly-outlined maple beneath which lay Rube's grave. That, too, was going.

Heart and brain together grew numb; muscles, involuntarily acting, carried Aunt Dolly into the house. The voice of an automaton said:—

"It's time we had prayers, father."

The hands of a second automaton opened the old book. A strained voice began:—

"The Lord is my sheperd; I shall not—"

The two automatons fell on their knees with tears, broken sobs, and half articulation, and were automatons no longer.

Uncle 'Liphalet went to no more meetings.

"I'll fix the back door, Dolly, but I don't know anything whose hand 'll swing it," said he.

As for the "Native Village manufacturing company," it was a boat loaded with stone to the water's edge. Poor, deceived and disheartened though they were, never did men strain muscle harder than those who sought to lighten her; but over the side the water came in, and she went down.

Then up from the east and the west and the north and the south, came creditors, seeking their just dues, none doubted, but seeming oftentimes to the gnarled and hard-working debtors like the fat kine come up anew to devour the lean. Aunt Dolly and Uncle 'Liphalet waited patiently for the one to whom they were apportioned. He was not greedy; he allowed his prey to lie fattening until the leaf buds swelled on the lilacs. Meanwhile, what agonies Aunt Dolly underwent can not be described. What must the crab feel in seeing the stork straddle along the shore and gobble up his fellows, and knowing not whether his turn shall come now or then?

Aunt Dolly's ideal creditor was an iron man, steel-tipped and brass-bound; when, therefore, the real creditor one early April morning swung back the little picket gate, and stopped to sniff at the lilac buds, she closed her eyes as she would have done in the hands of the executioner. She went, though, and let him in as if he had come into his own and his own received him.

Then she sat down with her sock-knitting beside Uncle 'Liphalet. Uncle 'Liph shook worse, and his hair and face were whiter than when Swinton called three years befose.

The creditor talked pleasantly; so had his predecessor. All "business men" were to Aunt Dolly of the Artful Swinton type.

The creditor opened the subject gently.

"I know the law gives it to you, sir; but it's hard, hard bringing my mind to it," said the hoarse voice of Uncle 'Liph coming over infirm lips. "Here's where Dolly and me came when we were first married. There was a heavy mortgage on the farm; but we said we'd work ourselves clear, and we did, sir. We'd saved up something for Rube's eddycation; but Rube died and the money's gone; the farm's going, and we're going. I don't know where we're going."

The creditor looked troubled.

"Why, sir, there ain't a rod o' stone wall on the farm but I've laid the stone; not a foot o' drained medder land but I've put down the tiles; not a bearin' tree in the orchid but I grafted; there ain't. Oh! it'll be dreffal to take away the farm, dreffal."

Uncle 'Liph laid his great, rough hands over his face, and the tears trickled through his fingers.

"He don't oughter shed tears," said Aunt Dolly, apologetically, "but he's been so harassed and worried, he's kind o' weakened and broke down, sir. But it's hard on us both to leave the old farm. There's a difference, sir, betwixt a farm that's bought for a lump o' money, and a farm that seems to stand for the spotted calf, and the cosset sheep, and the yellow hen's eggs—"

Uncle 'Liphalet broke in: "It's rocky, and don't look like much, I know, but 'pears to me men are some like trees; it's them as has their roots twisted around and under the rocks that it's hardest to tear up. I never expected to die in the poor house, sir. None o' my kin ever went there. What would Rube say? Why, what would Rube say, Dolly?"

"I've tried hard to realize it," said Aunt Dolly, "—in the night-time, too, sir,—what it'll be to be sitting by somebody's else fire a-knitting, him a-bringing in their wood, and out here another than me, canning the plums, and drying the sage, and a spattin' up the butter on the back porch—"

"And drivin' the cows to pastur—O Lordy!" broke in the old man.

"But the hardest thing to leave—Reuben, our son,—he was turned eighteen, sir,—is buried on the farm. If you'll step to the winder, sir, I'll show you his grave. There, down under that maple. There's were he fit for college, and when he came to die, it seemed, sir, as if in that place where he'd dreamed over his Latin and his Greek of a great futur', there he wanted to be left. He asked it that morning in a whisper,—I hope—whoever gets the farm, sir,—they'll—they'll keep up the fence around the grave."

The creditor choked back something in his throat, and made a nervous gesture.

"Keep it to yourself, madam, keep it up yourself. Trade takes its own risks and must bear its own losses. I'll not come back on security of which I was ignorant when I accepted the obligation, on property that has become security through the dishonesty of the man who deceived me as well as you. My humanity would shame me."

The old couple stared at the man in a dazed sort of a way. What did he mean,—this iron man, steel-tipped and brass-bound,—this "business man?"

"I believe I'll be able to catch the noon train," said he, snapping together his watch-case.

Aunt Dolly followed him to the door.

"I—I don't know as I understood you, sir."

"Keep your farm, ma'am. I've no moral claim, I'll have no legal claim to it. Go on drying your sage, and spattin' up your butter, and pray for Swinton, for he needs it if ever a man did."

Aunt Dolly laid her worn hand solemnly on the man's sleeve. Twice she tried to speak and twice she failed.

"The Lord bless you, sir,—in your basket and your store, at your fireside, and among men; and O, sir, when you grow an old man and feeble, may He hold you in the hollow of His right hand."

Aunt Dolly's thin, quavering voice swelled to a full tone, and the man inclined his head reverently.

"What does he say, Dolly?" called Uncle 'Liphalet.

The man broke off a spray of the brown-green lilac buds and crushed them, fragrant as the old woman's blessing, between his palms.

How wonderful it is, that, right after those who would destroy our faith in humanity, so often come those who re-establish it in four-fold firmness!

Flower-Garden and Lawn.

—Roads, in order to be valuable, must be passable at all times, and in order to make them so it is necessary to excavate to the depth of two or three feet, and fill in with large stones, gradually diminishing as the surface is reached, and finish off with gravel. The roads should be slightly rounding, so that the water will not settle in spots. A road made in the above manner will help drain the land.

LAWNS.—Clear up all sticks and litter which have accumulated during the winter, and if the grass has been winter-killed, rake in fresh seed as soon as the frost has disappeared.

—Perennials should be moved early before they have commenced their growth. They ought to be taken up and divided every three or four years.

SHRUBS.—Prune all those which need it before they start into growth.

CLIMBERS.—Provide plenty of climbers for covering trellises and arbors. Clematis, Virginia Creeper, Akebia, and many other plants are well suited for this purpose.

ANNUALS.—Sow seeds in hot-bed or window-boxes of such sorts as need a long season to perfect them. A few of the hardier sorts may be planted in the open ground the latter part of the month.

—GRAIN-DRILLS PAY.—Except that they lack a steering apparatus, our drills are the best in the world.

The Original "Arkansas Traveller."

We make no apology for republishing this "old, old story"—'tis true that it was written long ago, but it really never will get old, in one sense of the word. We have had many a hearty laugh over, and if our readers will carefully study it they will find much in it to interest them:

The scene is that of a dilapidated log cabin in Arkansas. Its *dramatis personæ* a trapper seated upon an inverted tub, playing the first part of a familiar air upon an old violin, and his wife and children. A stranger enters, and the following colloquy ensues.

Stranger—How do you do sir? Are you well?

Trapper—Stranger, kin you call a man who eats three squar meals a day drinks hearty, and sleeps sound, "well?" (Fiddles.)

Stranger—I think I could. How long have you been living here?

Trapper—D'ye see that mountain thar?

Stranger—Well.

Trapper—That wor h'yar when I come h'yar. (Fiddles.)

Stranger—Thank you for the information.

Trapper—You're welcome.

Stranger—Can I stay here to-night.

Trapper—Well you can't stay h'yar?

Stranger—How long will it take to get to the next tavern?

Trapper—Well, you'll not get there at all, if you stand thar foolin' with me all night. (Fiddles.)

Stranger—How far do you call it to the next tavern?

Trapper—I reckon it's upwards o' some distance.

Stranger.—Do you keep any spirits in this house?

Trapper—Guess thar's plenty down in the grave yard. (Fiddles.)

Stranger—How do you cross the river ahead?

Trapper—The ducks all swim across. (Fiddles.)

Stranger—How far is it to the forks of the road?

Trapper—The road ain't forked yet in these diggins. (Fiddles.)

Stranger—Where does this road go to?

Trapper—Well, it ain't moved a step since I've been h'yar.

Stranger—Why don't you repair the roof of your house. It must leak

Trapper—Cos it is been raining like all creation for three weeks. (Fiddles.)

Stranger—Why don't you mend it when it's not raining?

Trapper—Cos then it don't leak. (Fiddles.)

Stranger—Why don't you play the second part of that tune?

Trapper—Cos I don't know it, kin you?

Stranger—I can.

Trapper—You kin! Look h'yar, stranger, any man who can play the second part of that tune kin go right into Congress onto it.

Stranger—Give me the fiddle. (Taking fiddle and plays entire tune.)

Trapper—(yelling with joy.) That's it by goll. Do it agan, stranger, Yahey! (Shaking hands.) H'yar, stranger, make yourself at home. You kin stay a week—live an' die h'yar if it's agreeable. Here, Sal, bring out that jug. An' go dig some sassafras root, and make the stranger a cup o' tea. Shake hands agin, stranger! By goll you're a trump—you are! Play it agin!

Only a Woman's Hair.

Yes, it is only a woman's hair—soft and silken and brown. To you it is but a faded tress, but to me it cannot fade, for the love which sanctifies it, is eternal and cannot know decay or death.

It was once somewhat brighter than it is now, but then my life was brighter too, and the poor, little lock of soft, brown hair keeps its freshness better than the heart which loves it, and the hand which fondles it in these evil days.

It flowed then over a neck graceful as the lily stem, and pure white as the lily flower; it danced coquettishly then, when sweet girlish laughter bubbled out upon the air, and it was scented with the breath of orange blossoms, and dewy with the kisses of the warm south wind that ripples over the blue waters of the Gulf. It was happy then as the pure young heart of its maiden mistress, and seemed to smile as the sunbeams shimmered over it, and the moon laid her golden glory on its glossy waves.

But now the breath of orange blossom lives only among sad memories, and the blue Gulf has vanished in the dim distance; and the soft tendrils seem to twine themselves about my heart, with a yearning loneliness, as if they would draw me on into the grave, where she and I and they could be once more united.

To-night, as I looked into the deep brown eyes, and listened to the low-voiced tones of another woman, I thought of her from whose wealth of flowing tresses this was taken. She, too, had soft, brown eyes, and a gentle voice that made music of the humblest words, but the ghostly years that have rushed off into the dark, since her eyes looked into mine, and the phantom joys which have faded since her voice fell like a blessing on my hot young heart, I do not care to count.

It seems a long, long time, though I could count the years and the joys on my fingers.

Yes, it is only a woman's hair, but the violets and the buttercups blossom above the beautiful head from whence it came, and the little hands that severed it, and tied that bit of faded ribbon round it, are folded for a long sleep, over a white bosom that knows no heart throbbings. It is only a woman's hair—to you a trifle, a thing of slight significance, but when they carry me to my last home, I will sleep better if that be laid upon my heart and buried with me.

Are Men and Women Fond of Each Other?

A French lady of high literary and social distinction is credited with the remark that but one thing reconciled her to being a woman, and that was that she would not have to marry a woman. Unmindful of this little bit of experience, the Pall Mall Gazette (London) has been greatly exercised over the problem "whether men are more interesting to men than women, and whether women find more in women to interest them than they do in men." The Gazette, after having thoroughly sifted the matter, comes to the conclusion that the pretended fondness of the two sexes for one another is the great fundamental hypocrisy of the race.

The Gazette says: "It would be unfair to dwell too much on the circumstance that they can make one another uncomfortable in a way that men never make men nor women women, taking that fact by itself. This might be a mere result of their being different. But a review of the whole case tends to establish a general incompatibility between the two. Things will have to alter very much if men and women are to get along well together. The pretence that they are dying of sheer liking for one another is not only not proved, it is disproved. Not merely is that kind of mortality wholly absent from the returns, but after all these centuries the two sexes greatly keep aloof from one another." That will strike many a love-sick swain and maiden as curious philosophy. But we will let the Gazette present its theory, and then the reader may pass upon it as may suit his or her whim. That paper says:

"Whenever you can get a glimpse of their true tendencies, it comes out clearly enough that men and women are domestic creatures under compulsion. All kinds of social contrivances have been tried, the real purpose of which, no matter how it may be disguised, is to separate the sexes, and to secure for each the pleasure of being only in its own society. There is no sacrifice men will not make to get this luxury. They will support the costliest clubs, they will smoke, they will pretend any sort of recreation from cards down to billiards, sooner than not be apart from women a portion of their time. The like thing holds of the ladies in their own way. The inability of the men to stay at home allows their wives so assemble mutual clubs in their own drawing-rooms, and they do so. For one club the men have, the women have hundreds—just as many as there are houses.

"The truth is, the tastes of the sexes radically differ. At home feminine likings prevail, and there is no man who is not more or less aware that the minor arrangements and wonderful and to him superfluous filigree-like ornamentation of his house, are not for him nor for his sex, but for the other. Just as little can be doubted that men and women dress each for their own sex; that it is the admiration of their own kind, not of the opposite one, they lay themselves most out for. Men and women are in a perpetual condition of surprise, and scoff at each others' styles, both always self-complacent, and altogether omitting criticism of their own.

"Conversation equally betrays this natural opposition. If the sexes had real respect for one another, would they indulge in these unbelievable compliments? Neither does it to those of their own kind whom they honestly like. The artificial style of talk which is the traditionary custom of the sexes is plainly that of creatures who do not understand each other and have mutual suspicions. Being strange, they betake themselves to compliments.

"A qualification in reference to the family relation has to be made. To a man, his mother is not a woman—she is a divinity. The like party holds in a girl to her father, and brothers and sisters are not of any sex. But get outside of this non-sexual circle, and the antipathy comes quickly into play. Boys nearly hate girls, and the feeling is returned. Old men care nothing for women of any age, except as nurses; old women creep together. It is only during the central portion of life that the sexes can be said to be civil to one another. In fact, if nature had not forced men and women to love each other during that portion willy-nilly, and given them that incredible and perplexing bribe of children, it is doubtful whether they would have any mutual liking. Love is all that exists between them.

"It is astonishing, considering what a complete, intricate, long association the bringing up a family ties a couple to, that they do not become more really intimate than they do even in the best cases. Doubt may well be felt that there are few husbands and wives who, in spite of all the trials they have shared, have not at the bottom of their hearts a sense of grievance one against the other.

"It is all very sad; but it cannot be helped. The sexes are a partial failure, and somehow has arisen an enormous exaggeration of their liking for one another. Looked at calmly, the interest which each has for the other is wofully lacking in versatility; it is alike monotomous and small—mere love, in fact."

The English Coal Supply.

The Commissioners, adopting 4,000 feet as the probable limit of practicable depth, came to the conclusion that there exists in this kingdom an aggregate quantity of about 146,480 millions of tons of available coal. If we assume that the future population of this country will remain constant, and that the consumption for domestic and manufacturing purposes, including exportation, will continue uniform at the present quantity, or merely vary from year to year without advancing, then our stock of coal would represent a consumption of 1,273 years. But if, on the other hand, we assume that population and consumption will go on increasing at the rate exhibited by the statistics of the last fifteen years, or, I might probably say, of the last fifty years, had accurate statistics been so long recorded, then the whole quantity of coal would, as shown by Mr. Jevons, be exhausted in the short space of 110 years. It will be generally admitted that the truth is likely to lie between these two extremes. The Commissioners refrained from expressing an opinion as to what the period of duration would actually be, but they presented certain alternative views of the question, resulting in periods varying from 276 to 360 years.—*Nature*

The Folly of Pretense.

If God made you half a fool, it is better that you should seem to be half a fool than than that you should make believe that you are wise. All animals are willing to seem what they are. An ass is always willing to be thougnt an ass; and he honors God in it. An owl is always willing to be thought an owl; and he fullfills the function given to him, even if he does look wiser than he is. And a man should be willing to be just what God made him. Not that he should not desire to increase, to augment, his talents; not that he should not put his money out at interest; but a man who is ignorant had better admit himself to be ignorant. A man who is not a genius had better not think himself to be a genius. A man who is poor had better think he is poor. A man who is unskilled had better admit that he is unskilled. Whatever you are, while you strive for greater excellence, stand on that which is true and right, and do not make yourself out to be more than you are. Do not attempt to put guises and pretenses, in the vain hope of winning praise. A man talks to me in such a way that I see through him in a moment. He is trying to make an impression on me about himself, or about this, that, or the other thing; and the moment the door is shut, I say, "What a fool he was to think that I could not see through him!" And yet I go straight to my neighbor's and try the same trick; and, when I am gone, he says, "What a fool!" And he goes to his neighbor, and does the same thing! Your character in the community is a thing fixed, definitely, and your reputation generally will be what your character is. Men see through your shams. They accommodate you, and call you what they think you want them to; they call you a peacock, or an eagle, or any other bird, as the case may be, to please you; but they laugh as soon as your back is turned; for they know what you are. If you are a jackdaw, they know it. And these weaknesses, these dishonesties, these corrupting pretenses, after all, win but very little. It is false coin that you give, and you get false change, as well as false goods. It is far the best thing for one to attempt to be real, and to be willing to appear at just what he is worth.—*H. W. Beecher.*

HOW TO CLEAN PETROLEUM LAMPS.—The easiest way to clean off petroleum is to wash with thin milk of lime, which forms an emulsion with the petroleum and removes every trace of it; and by washing a second time with milk of lime and a small quantity of chloride of lime, even the smell may be so completely removed as to render the vessel thus cleansed fit for keeping beverages in. If the milk of lime be used warm, instead of cold, the operation is rendered much shorter. The best time for cleansing them is in the morning, if not convenience.

ANNALS OF THE POOR.

Whist, sir! Would you plaze to speak aisy
And sit you down there by the dure!
She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
She hears every step on the flure,
What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly
For months, and the heat dhrives her wild
The summer has wasted and worn her
Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me!
I'n three little darlings beside,
As purty as iver ye see, sir.
But won by won dhrooped like, and died.
What was it that took then, ye're asking?
Why, poverty, sure and no doubt!
They perish for food and fresh air, sir,
Like flowers lhried up in a drouth.

It was dreadful to lose them? Ah, was it!
It seemed like my heart-strings would break,
But there's days when wid want and wid sorrow,
I'm thankful they are gone for their sake!
Their father? well, sir, saints forgive me!
It's a foul tongue that lowers its own!
But what wid the sthrikes and the liquor,
I'd better be strugglin' alone!

Do I want to keep this one? The darlint,
The last and dearest of all!
Shure you're niver a rather yourself, sir,
Or you wouldn't be askin' at all!
What is that? Milk and food for the baby!
A docther and medicine free!
You,re huntin' ort all the sick children,
An' poor toilin' mothers, like me!

God bless you! an' thim that have sent you!
A new life you've given me, so,
Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
At the colleen you've saved, 'fore you go?
O mothers o' mercies have pity!
O darlant, why couldn't you wait!
Dead! dead! an' the help in the dureway!
Too late O, my baby! Too late!

THE CHILDLESS MOTHER

BY MRS. M. C. AMES.

I lay my tasks down one by one,
I sit in the silence in twilight's grace;
Out of its shadow, soft and dud,
Steals like a star my baby's face.

Mocking cold are the worlds poor joys,
How poor to me all its pomp and pride!
In my lap lie the baby's idle toys,
In this very room the baby died.

I will shut those broken toys away
Under the lid where they mutely bide;
I will smile in the face of a noisy day,
Just as if baby had never died.

I will take up my work once more,
As if I had never laid it down!
Who will dream that I ever wore
Motherhood's fine and holv crown?

Who will deem my live ever bore
Fruit the sweeter in grief and pain?
The fitting smile that the baby wore,
Outrayed the light of the loftiest brain.

I'll meet the man in the world's rude din
Who hath out lived his mother's kiss,
Who hath forsaken her love for sin,—
I will be spared her pang in this.

Man's way is hard and sore beset;
Many must fall, but few can win.
Thanks, dear shepherd! My lamb is safe,
Safe from sorrow and safe from sin.

Nevertheless, the way is long,
And tears leap up in the light of the sun!
I'd give my world for a cradle-song,
And a kiss from baby—only one.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

—Mr. Caudle observes that bee-stung is bad and hornet-stung is worse, but neither is comparable with woman's tongue.

—The recent decline in the price of coal-oil is a matter of congratulation to the undertakers. They say that folks don't kindle fires with the stuff when it gets beyond a certain figure.

—That "School of Journalism" at Yale College is a success. An Iowa editor has written to the President for a couple of graduates as soon as they are turned out. Salary six dollars a week.

—A veterinary surgeon who lives at Wilmington tried to "founder" his mother-in-law by dancing a polka with her until she got warmed up, and then giving her all the iced lemonade she could drink.

—Our valuable contemporary, the Honolulu Polynesian says: "Ta hookahora e ko kiaaina o Oahu, J. Kaonama kahi o J. Kaaukai ka mei i make iho hei." We agree in substance with this view of the case.

—A young gentleman has recently procured a local habitation in Texas, who now advertises for a name, if any one has such a thing to spare. He lost his during a prolonged residence among the Indians, by whom he was kidnapped a number of years ago. No parties called Smith need apply

—"Susan," said a girl, looking out of the upper story of a grocery store on Lorain street, addressing another girl who was trying to enter at the front door, "we've all been to prayer meeting and been converted, so when you want lager on Sunday you will have to come in at the back door."

—You can have no heaven after death of which you have not sown the seed before death. Keep a strict wach over your thoughts and affections, over your imaginations and wishes, for according to their character is the character of the demons or angels that keep your company. With what spirit your soul is associated in the body, into the hands af the same will you fall when you are oosed from the body.—*John Pulsforo.*

—"Woodworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated. "There is," said he, "an immensity of talk in all Shakespeare wrote, and people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind I could write exactly like Shakespeare." "So you see," proceeded Lamb, quietly, "it was only the mind that was wanting."

—Conversation between an inquiring stranger and a steamboat pilot: "That is Black Mountain?" "Yes, sir; highest mountain above Lake George." "Any story or legend connected with that mountain?" "Lots of 'em. Two lovers went up that mountain once and never came back again." "Indeed. Why, what became of them?" "Went down on the other side."

—Since Napoleon's death, country physicians are growing crazy over the cases of embolism developed throughout the land. Last week, in Ohio, a young lady died from what a round-headed old doctor said was "heart klot or embyolism of the main flue of the heart," but she revived in an hour, and it was found had been temporarily choked by a chew of gum which she had swallowed.

THE HENPECKED MAN.—The henpecked man iz most generally married; but there are instances on the record of single men being harassed by the pullets.

Yn can alwus tell one ov these kind ov men, espeshily if they are in the company ov thair wives. Thay looked as resighned tew thair fate az a hen turkey in a wet day.

Thare ain't nothing that will take the starch out ov a man like being pecked by a woman. It is wuss than a seven months' of the fever and agy.

The wives of henpecked husbands most alwuz out liv thair victims, and I hav known them to get married agin, and git hold ov a man that time (thank the Lord!) who understood all the henpeck dodges.

One ov these kind ov husbands iz an honor to his sex.

The henpecked man, when he gits out amungst men, puts on an air ov bravery and defiance, and once in a while will git a leetle drunk and then go home with a firm resolve that he will be captain ov his household; but the old woman soon takes the glory out of him, and handles him just as she would a haff grown chicken, who had fell into a swill barrel, and had to be jerked out awful quick.—*Josh Billings.*

—Like the youth of some other places, the Pittsburg (Mass.) boys, to the number of 50 or 60 rush out of evening meetings as soon as the benediction is pronounced, and stand ready to offer their company to their opposites on the other sex as they come out. One of these young bloods was about giving his arm to the girl of his choice, a few nights ago, when her father, who hasn't a bit of romance in his soul but a mighty sight of vigor in his mucles stepped up and taking in the situation at a glance, grasped the youth by his coat collar, lifted him about a yard clear of the ground, and nearly shook him out of his trousers. The young man has been shy of that miss ever since. He says "it isn't safe to be hangin' round a girl whose father acts like a derrick.

SUNDAY READINGS.

The Essentials of Worship.

Church is "a little heaven below,
I have been there and still would go,"—
Yet I am none of those who think it odd
A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,
And passing by the customary hassock,
Kneel down remote upon the simple sod
And sue *in forma pauperis* to God.
As for the rest, intolerant to none,
Whatever shape the pious rite may bear,
E'en the poor pagan's homage to the sun
I would not harshly scorn, lest even there
I spurned the elements of Christian prayer,
An aim, though erring, at a world ayont,
Acknowledgement of God—of man's frailty;
A sense of need, of weakness, and indeed
That very thing so many Christians want—Humility.
—*Thomas Hood.*

—To feel a conviction of immortality we must live for it. Let any one firmly believe that the soul is permanent, and live from that belief, and soon existence will seem permanent, too; the world becomes the vail of a brighter glory that lies behind it; the condemnation of unbelief is lifted off, since the mind, conscious of its own rooted being, does not wait for immortality, but is passed from death unto life."—*T. Starr King.*

—Divine Worship.—When goodness and truth are united in a man, he then has a new will and a new understanding, consequently a new life. When such is the man's character, then in every employment in which he is engaged there is a divine worship; for he then respects the divine in everything; venerates it, loves it, and therefore worships it. That this is the genuine divine worship, is unknown to those who place all worship in adoration and prayers, that is, in such things as are of the mouth and thought, and not in such as are of works grounded in the good of love and faith; when yet the Lord regards nothing else in a man but his heart, when he adores and prays. To act according to the precepts of the Lord is the true worship of Him—yea, is truly love and truly faith.—*Sweedenborg.*

—Salvation is the working out of Christian faith in the character. It is the incarnation of the beatitudes in every man's life. One who never knows what salvation means until he comes to die has but a poor understanding of it. "Blessed are the merciful!" How can we share that blessing unless we get it here on the streets, where those who need our mercy are sinning and suffering? "Blessed are the pure in heart!" How can we know that blessedness unless we conquer our worst nature in the midst of temptation? The man on his death-bed, when his natural force is abated, sometimes feels that he has overcome all his passions; but that is not purity, that is dissolution. Repentance and faith at death are often flowers growing out of the decomposition of avarice and lust. The theology which makes salvation consist in a crisis through which the soul passes at death is a salvation which contradicts our geometry, by giving men the whole who have never had the parts thereof.—*New York Indeyendent.*

GENUINE PIETY THE BOND OF CHRISTIAN UNITY.—A more extensive diffusion of piety among all sects will be the best and only preparation for a cordial union. Christians will then be disposed to appreciate their differences more equitably; to turn their chief attention to points on which they agree; and, in consequence of loving each other more, to make every concession consistent with a good conscience. Instead of wishing to vanquish others, every one will be desirous of being vanquished by the truth. In the room of being repelled by mutual antipathy, they will be insensibly drawn nearer to each other by the ties of mutual attachment. A larger measure of the spirit of Christ would prevent them from converting every incidental variation into an impassable boundary, or from condemning the most innocent and laudable usages for fear of sympathiszing with another class of Christians. The general prevalence of piety in different communities would inspire that mutual respect, that heartfelt homage, for the virtues conspicuous in the character of their respective members, which would urge us to ask with astonishment and regret, why cannot we be one? What is it that obstructs our union? Instead of maintaining the barrier which separates us from each other, and employing ourselves in fortifying the frontiers of hostile comunities, we should be anxiously devising the means of narrowing the grounds of dispute by drawing the attention of all parties to those fundamental and catholic principles in which they concur.—*Robert Hall.*

—Extravegant Belief.—There is such a thing as believing excessively even things that are true. There are people who believe so much in God that they believe nothing else. Faith in themselves they consider impiety; faith in their fellow-men, in human nature, is a kind of atheism. They ascribe to God all goodness; all providence in divine Providence. They are fatalists; they look on mankind as chips on the surface of a stream. Whatever happens God does; whatever does not happen God withholds. They wait for God to clean their streets, purge their gutters, secure their buildings from fire, protect their cattle from murrain, their horses from throat ail, to keep off cholera, to arrest pellow fever and smallpox. It would be well if such people could for a time cease altogether from believing in God. The faith is stifling them. It is a fine thing to believe in the moral perfection of a person like Jesus. Such a faith exalts our notion of human capacity, makes us aware of our hidden worth. But if one believes so much in Jesus that he cannot believe in anybody else, it is a great misfortune. The office of such a faith is to exalt all men and women; teaching them not what they are good for, but that they are good for nothing, the decline of it is a thing to be devoutly wished in the name of faith itself. The belief, instead of fertilizing the world, floods it, drowns it, converts it to a morass. The faith in immortality has suffered from the same cause, and has been in some cases a calamity. The complaint is not that men have believed it too sincerely, earnestly, fervently, but that they have allowed it to overlap and overlay other departments of life. They have invested in too much mind, have spread it over to large a surface of feeling. The one state of existence that interests them is the future state. Existence on this side of the grave is a thing to be borne patiently, to be worried through as well as possible, but the real world, the world worth living for and living in, is on the other side. Many of these people, these quidnunes of the world to come, think that their only business here is to procure an authorized pass into the world to come. That done, they are ready to go. Their object in life is accomplished. They love to think of the vanity of human things, the insignificance of mundane affairs the emptiness of pursuits, the hollowness of pleasures. The future life encroaches on their thoughts till it occupies them wholly. Other worldliness takes the place of worldliness.—*B. Frothingham*

An Indoor Tragedy.

Well nigh half a century ago a newly married couple settled in one of the western counties of Pennsylvania. They had what their neighbors deemed a fair capital with which to begin life—a well-stocked, though small farm, sound health, good common sense, and a more than average amount of shrewd intelligence and culture. Under all this was a sincere trust in God and a jealous, sensitive love for each other, neither of which their neighbors knew much about. American backwoods farmers take a pride in covering their emotions under a hide, as tough as that of their beeves. They had three or four children, and at night, over the kitchen fire, the problem they set themselves to answer was, what is the best thing we can do with them, and for them; the question asked daily with such a wrench ing of heart in myriads of homes, and answered so differently. The fear of God seemed to Jacob and his wife the best heritage to give them; the next best, plenty of money. To give the first, they began by hedging the children's lives with a system of rules, borrowed half from the Jewish laws, half from the theory of their sect. Strict morality, the keeping of Sunday as a periodical day of penitence and wretchedness, the learning under penalty of dark closets and thrashings, of the chief duty of man, therein was their religion. Life they were shown as a straight and hard path through a dark valley with the terrors of Sinai behind, and the traps and pitfalls of a flaming hell on either side. Even Jacob's wife, Mary holding her darlings to her breast, than which no mother's ever throbbed with more tenderness, had no other sermon to preach to them. It never occurred to her or her husband that it was into just such fields of grain as those about them, under just such towering cedars that Jesus led his disciples, and taught them, by the sunshine and the rain, the tender mercies of God. The world grew green around them, faded again and wrapped itself in deep snows, year after year; the river sang its mysterious song of the woods at their very door and overheard the stars that had declared to patriarchs of the old world the infinite secrets of Jehovah blazoned them forth still unregarded. Day unto day uttered speech, and night unto night showed forth knowledge of Him but both farmer and wife were deaf and blind; God was to be approached only through a dog-eared catechism and field and river were worth only so much fish and wheat per year.

The children's salvation being thus provided for, the next thing to be insured was money. Husband and wife worked and stinted as only a Scotch Irish farmer's family can work or stint. All produce that was saleable went to the market: the children were reared on the refuse, the skim-milk, poorest bacon and watery potatoes. Their clothes were coarse and patched, their feet bare and chilblained. The house grew barer year by year, the father's back more bent, and his face harder but the balance increased dollar by dollar. As for the plump bonny Mary she had long ago joined that sisterhood of lean, yellowskinned, toothless women, who, with dirty calico dresses and wisps of hair twisted up behind, are sometimes found in farm houses like ghastly megrims or daylight specters of a wasted life. When churning and scrubbing were done she would sit up until near morning washing and darning their clothes that they might look more "genteel," then she, dragging her aching body to look at them when they slept, praying for them with a fierce longing to have power to be God himself to be able to protect and care for them. The boys had certain strong animal propensities, and physical tendencies which requred skill and knowledge to guide or restrain. One had a morbid imagination; another a tendency to alcoholic poisoning, against which his diet and training from infancy should have defended him. The girls, left to themselves, were filling their brains with sickly false fancies of life and their work in it. But what time had Mary to read or acquire in any way the power to comprehend or help her children? There was the scrubbing and churning to be done, the money to be saved. Boys and girls were sent to colleges and seminaries; every advantage that education could give them was theirs; the only mistake Jacob and his wife made in this respect was not to educate themselves as well. The children went forward, they sat down and grubbed.

What is the end of it all? The daughters grew up dyspeptic and sickly for the lack of early proper food; they married and died before middle age, brilliant, hard women, and neither of them in any sense religious. One son went into politics, was successful, and is now a member of Congress, one of the most influential of his party. Jacob and his mother read of his life in Washington, his wife's receptions, his popularity. But long ago he was a stranger to them. It is years since he crossed the old threshold. What is there in common between him and the ignorant, boorish farmer and his wife? A few weeks ago, the last of the sons came home to die; the one of all the children who had real power of intellect; the only one who was not ashamed to talk of "mother" fondly to the last.

He died in her arms, a drunken, worthless sot. The thin, haggard woman closed his eyes without a tear. "I have lost all my children," she said. "I must have made a mistake somewhere in the beginning. God know." Is no other mother making this mistake?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Sardine Story.

In one of the cities of New Hampshire, some years since, a man named H———y was elected Mayor, and very important he thought his position. During his term of office a fire company sent word that they should visit his city and remain several days. The Mayor called a meeting of the City Council to see what should be done towards entertaining the firemen. He wanted to show the hospitality of the city in its most munificent form, and proposed that a collation should be given the strangers.

"And what," asked one of the aldermen, "do you propose to put on the table for the collation?"

"We'll give them," said His Honor in reply, hot coffee and sardines."

One of the council thought that sardines and coffee were hardly up to the mark for the hungry firemen.

"I know better," said the Mayor, in an angry tone. "Sardines are hearty and will be just what the men need."

"Perhaps," said an alderman, "His Honor does not know what sardines are."

The Mayor sprang to his feet, angry all over.

"I know," he shouted, "what sardines are as well as you do, or any other member of the board. I've eaten enough of them in my life. They are easily prepared. Just take two pieces of bread and put a piece of ham between them and then your sardine is made."

His Honor sat down amid a roar of laughter. He'd got things, such as sardines and sandwiches, kinder mixed up in his mind.

See to the Sheep.

Sheep thin in flesh should now be sorted from the flock and given the advantage of extra feed. In most flocks where there has been a natural increase, many of the ewes have been reduced in flesh by sustaining two lives and such will be very likely to furnish a pelt before spring, unless properly fitted for winter. The way to keep a strong, healty flock is not to let any member of it get poor.

FLORICULTURE.—All lovers of flowers must remember, that one blossom allowed to mature or go to seed injures the plant more than a dozen new buds. Cut your flowers then, before they begin to fade. Adorn your rooms with them; put them on your tables; send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers; or exchange favors with those who have. All roses after they have ceased to bloom should be cut back, that the strength of the root may go to forming new roots for next year. On bushes not a seed should be allowed to mature.

An Argonaut's Return.

You came to California in 1852. You return home, for the first time, in 1872. Your home, in an Eastern State, is Dozeville.

For the last twenty years you have persisted in regarding Dozeville as still possessed of all the attractiveness it had for you in youth. Reflection told you it must have changed. People who had visited Dozeville and returned bore back gloomy stories of its dullness and monotony. But you have not seen this. You could not realize it. There was for you but one Dozeville—young Dozeville—always young, because you saw it last in youth.

In day-dreams in river and bank claims, picking and shovelling up to the middle in mud, slum, and water; by your cabin-door, smoking the evening pipe; on the sterile ridges of Nevada, prospecting for "ledge," you have in imagination many times visited Dozeville. You have shaken hands with all its old citizens; you have been for a time the newly-returned lion of the place. No matter that letter after letter told you how sires and grandsires and matrons and blooming, bright-eyed schoolmates had dropped off, you would see yourself, on the first Sunday home at Dozeville, standing in the village church; and with what congregation could you fill it save the one you had left?

The dream is realized; the continent is crossed; you stand bodily in Dozeville. None knows of your coming. It is night; the train has stopped at the depot. The railroad has been extended to Dozeville since you left; Dozevillians were talking of building this road when you were a boy. The "branch" is thirty miles in length. They were thirty years talking it over. Old Dozevillians had lived and died talking of it. At last a brisk New York speculator came along, and in a few months the road was built.

There is a feeble effervescence about the Dozeville depot when the train stops. Compared with the roaring, hustling, crowding bustle of a wide-awake town, is is as the languid pop of a stale champagne-bottle to the roar of a forty-two pounder. You get in a coach, and are driven towards the family residence. It is a cold, clear winter's night. You look out; the wind is roaring through the leafless sycamores; every street has its old curve; every house is in its old place. You recognize them all, as though you had left but yesterday; yet a gloom seems to hang about them, for you seem to realize now that you are not to meet this or that old neighbor whose daily coming and going from those gates seemed as unchangable as the rising and setting of yonder moon. You have met your mother and sisters; you have almost been obliged to prove to them your identity. It was a surprise, but not exactly of the quality you had hoped for. They were hardly prepared to see a middle-aged man, worn by toil and exposure. The last photograph you sent home, ten years ago, implied still some appearance of youth. And after a few days, sometimes after a few hours, you make a discovery; you are not acquainted with your own mother and sisters. Twenty years is too long an absence; there is a great gap, a whole lifetime of incident and event, between you and them. You are bound to a thousand California sympathies and associations of which they know nothing. You betray them every hour. You are continually proving, now that you are back at the old home, seated in the old arm-chair, and on the very carpet over which you tumbled in your babyhood, that three-fourths of you heart is back in the land of geysers, grizzlies and gold. The mother involuntarily sighs. This is not the boy's heart which left her twenty years ago; it is a strange man's heart, full of hopes fears, plans, and remembrances unknown to her. It is a heart recast, remoulded. It was a beardless boy who left her—from the cradle to that last parting she had known his whole life; but this is a bearded man who has returned, with flashes of grey in his hair, with a different manner and a different voice. He brings with him the volume of twenty years of life, but she cannot read it all at once. He shows carelessly a page here and there, but it is broken and fragmentary to her. Her eye brightens when he speaks concerning some event of his childhood; there she is upon familiar ground—that seems a piece of her own son. Hers during your entire absence has been the quiet life of Dozeville, not making half a dozen new acquaintances; you have made hundreds in the same time, and you bring them all home with you.—*Overland Monthly.*

The Indian Wives of Border Whites.

The custom of taking to themselves Indian wives still prevails among the hunters and trappers of our western territories, and a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from the Wyoming, says: "It is no uncommon thing in this mountainous region to find a white man and a squaw who have a numerous progeny of half-breed children growing up around them. These children are active and quick-witted, and their descendants will go toward making up our highland population. The squaws make good and faithful wives, and, so far as their knowledg goes, good mothers. They seem to enjoy life, and in their gambling games get thoroughly excited. The women have games of their own, and no man interferes with them in any way. The game seems to be somewhat like the old play of the children called, "Button, button, who's got the button?" During the whole game all the women sing together the most lively air I have ever heard among the savages, and all are eager for the possession of the grand prize, which consists of beads, and bead-work, scissors, money, needles, thread, and a hundred other things dear to the feminine heart. The children, too, are anxious lookers-on; and he who supposes the Indians never enjoy themselves ought to see them in this game, where their whole souls appear to be absorbed in pleasurable excitement. It is called Ni-n-witz, the Game of Hand; and while it is going on a woman at either end of the two rows of players, beats on the poles which separate them with all their might, keeping time to the music, and increasing the enthusiasm as much as possible. Some of the young squaws are handsome, black-eyed creatures, with masses of raven hair, who would attract attention anywhere. Their bright colored blankets set off their charms to the greatest advantage, and they appear modest and decorous enough. For a long time I was of opinion there was no such thing as a handsome Indian girl, but in this I was greatly mistaken—some of them being very fair to look upon. They break early in life, and the old women look like the veriest hags. The young girls have all the playful little ways of their fairer sisters, and the little ones have their dolly papooses, the same as white children. Human nature after all is a good deal the same everywhere, and a little observation among savages shows that they are governed by the same passions and impulses that we are though wild and untamed. A love of ease, and a contempt for hard work, are by no means confined to the red-skins.

John Smith.

In Latin he is Johannes Smithus; the Italians smooth him off with Giovanna Smith; the Spaniards render him Juan Smithus; the Dutchman adopts him as Hans Schmidt; the French flatten him out into Jean Smeet; and the Russian sneezes and barks Jonzoff Smittowski. When John gets into the tea trade in Canton he becomes Jovan Shimmit; but if he clambers about Mount Heela, the Icelander's say he is Johne Smithson; if he trades among the Tuscaroras he becomes Ton Qua Smittia; in Poland he is known Ivan Schmittittiweiski; should he wander among the Welsh mountains, they talk of Jihon Semidd; when he goes to Mexico he is booked as Jautli F'Smitti; if of classic turn he mingles among Greek ruins, he turns Ion Smikton; and in Turkey he is utterly disguised as yourself as Voe Self.

—It is estimate that two hundred and eighty-five distinct remedies have appeared in the daily papers as warranted to cure the horse disease.