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Poems of Sentiment.

MY MOTHER.

Back through the lapse of lonely years,
Of light and shade, and bitter tears,
I seem to hear
My mother's voice soft, sweet and low—
My mother's voice, ah! well I know
Its cadence dear.

Oft sitting, when the night-bird wings
His homeward flight and softly sings
A plaintive song,
Then mem'ry waves her magic wand
And summons from the silent land
Dear ones long gone.

Again, I stand by mother's knee,
Again her sainted face I see,
As in a dream.
Then asks my heart, with voice of tears,
For her; alas the sad, sad years
Lie dark between.

Oh! mother, from that sphere divine,
On wings of light cleave realms of time,
Come thou to me
If for only a little space,
That I may look on thy dear face.
One moment see,

As once I saw, thy tender eyes,
That know not tears in Paradise,
Grieved no more.
I watch for thee, oh! mother dear;
I listen, and seem to hear
Thy songs float o'er

That lonely river, deep and wide,
Which darkly rolls its Stygian tide
From shore to shore;
Silent and deep through lonely years
Swollen with bitter farewell tears
Forever more.

Trusting, I'll wait while life lasts here,
Till in that grand, immortal sphere,
Where sorrows cease,
We meet, and on thy loving breast
My weary head shall be at rest
In perfect peace.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by-and-by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

When you'll long for a repetition sweet
That sounded through each room,
Of "Mother!" "Mother!" the dear love calls,
That will echo long in the silent halls,
And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Select Story.

THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

It was a morning in early June—soft, warm and odorous.

In a large room at the very top of an oldfashioned mansion, an artist stood before his easel, surveying the portrait which had just received the finishing touches from the long, pale fingers.

He turned suddenly away as if a sharp pang had shot through his frame, and, pressing his hand upon his heart, he coughed, slightly, and in a moment his lips were red with blood.

"This will finish me, perhaps," said the boy; for he was but a child in years, and the lameness under which he suffered made him look young by reducing his height.

A light tap at the door made him start. He called faintly, "Come in," and there entered a young girl of small and delicate figure, and a face which was absolutely startling in its beauty.

As she entered, Michael Waldmyer attempted to conceal the traces of his recent suffering, but her quick eye saw them, and she faltered and turned pale. "It is nothing—absolutely nothing, Madeline. It's only an accidental fit of coughing which produced it." Madeline looked mournfully at the blood drops on his clothes, and then at the crutches which leaned against his chair. He watched her look and smiled, for he was one of Madeline Hargrave's lovers, even though he did have to use those appendages to his footsteps; and he knew that in her eyes they were no bar to his fame and no hindrance to his goodness.

"Why, here is father's picture all finished," said Madeline, "but dearest Michael, he surely has not a face so stern and harsh as you have pictured him."

"Just so he looked, Lina, when I asked him for your hand. He was absolutely terrible in his expression. I confess that I copied that very look. It was in my memory too strong not to be mingled with every touch of the brush."

"I must not stay here," she said, as she turned away from the contemplation of that pale face. "Papa is coming here, and I would rather not meet him."

He called her to his side again, and she bent over him with a loving smile.

"Let me show you this letter, dearest," he said, taking one from the table before him.

It was from a well-known gentleman of great wealth, who was noted for his liberality to young and indigent artists, and who had become singularly interested in Waldmyer. In the letter he had generously offered to take upon himself the whole expense of a voyage to Italy and a year's study there, if he would go at once; promising patronage and influence after his return.

"Shall I go, Lina?"

"Go! certainly you must and shall go, Michael. Why, you would be mad not to accept this offer. Besides, do you know that if you go to Italy and succeed—as I know you will—my father will be proud to receive you when you return under the auspices of such a man as Mr. Lennox? Now, you will think me unmaidenly if I say all that I was about to utter."

Then, as if struck by a new thought, she said: "Yes, Italy will be the very thing for that terrible cough. Indeed you will go, Michael—and go now, yes, go now."

The young girl was beseeching her lover to part from her, even with tearful eyes, as he smilingly told her. But she persisted, and soon left him to his own meditations upon the subject.

Rome! Italy! The very goal to which his thoughts had flown a thousand times, and as often returned as did the dove to the ark. Would his feet touch the land so beautiful and hallowed by the art he loved? True, it would separate him from Madeline, but they were both young; and, as he said, when he had gained a name, perhaps he might dare to claim her. He decided to go, and wrote a few brief, grateful words to Mr. Lennox, signifying his acceptance of his generous offer.

He had just sealed his letter when Mr. Hargrave came in. He was, as usual, very stately and magnificent. He came to look at his picture for the last time before it should be removed to his house.

"You have an expression there, young man," (he said this very pompously,) "which I am not conscious of wearing. Will you amend your work in that respect?"

Waldmyer bowed acquiescence, and with a few strokes of the pencil he changed the expression to a grave but pleasant one.

"Better, much better, and I flatter myself, much more natural. When shall I send for this?"

"To-morrow, if you please, sir."

Mr. Hargrave gathered up his gloves and hat and was leaving the room, when Waldmyer, who had exerted himself too much, was again attacked as before, and the red stream was flowing from his lips.

"Bless me, Mr. Waldmyer! let me call a physician." He could only answer by a sign not to do so. Mr. Hargrave handed him a glass of water and held it softly to his lips. He was touched by Waldmyer's gentle and patient look.

"I am truly sorry for you," he said in a tone unlike his usual imperious one. "You must go to a warmer climate, Mr. Waldmyer. Unquestionably it would be better for you than this changeful one which tries even my healthful frame," and he bowed himself from the room.

Hargrave was a man, after all, of kind feelings and strong benevolence. Perhaps he was not so much to blame for not wishing Madeline to marry one like Waldmyer. He was poor, ill and lame; and in his heart, Michael, ever candid and right-judging, could not censure him for the part which he had taken; while yet he sighed bitterly over the destiny which seemed to separate him from Madeline Hargrave.

Madeline had gone from Waldmyer's room to the house of a dear friend, Alice Clifford, to whom the lovers had mutually confided their hopes and fears. Alice was the niece of Mr. Lennox, who had been so generous to Waldmyer, and it was partly by her representations that her uncle had become so interested in the youthful artist.

"You will not hinder this, Madeline," said Alice. "Do not! for I feel that it is his only chance for life. I speak plainly, for you must see that Waldmyer is dying by inches—not so much from ill-health, as that he is so hemmed in by circumstances, narrowed in his prospects, that he has become hopeless of the future. I have talked long and earnestly with him, dear Lina, and this is my conviction, that he must go or die!"

Madeline thought of the blood, and shuddered.

"I will urge him ty go, Alice," she answered. "I have done so already. God knows that I would not stand in his path. I will go to him again," and she added, with a quivering lip, "poor fellow, he shall go."

She did go to him, and he consented to go. Over their parting we must not linger. It was full of a sorrow too sacred to be revealed; the sorrow which looks on death as near and certain.

It was on a morning in the latter part of July that Waldmyer sailed for Italy. He arrived safely, and wrote, full of hope and reviving health, to Madeline. Several months elapsed after this, and he was rarely heard from. Alice Clifford, however, received a letter from a friend at home, which contained this paragraph:

"By the way, Alice, one of your far-famed American youths, whose praise you have so often trumpeted, is here; and if those who are tall and straight and healthy among them can compare with this one, I will concede to you what I have so often disputed—the superiority of American artists in points independent of their art. You know that you have claimed for your countrymen that they were not only professional, but that the profession was only an adjunct to the man himself; while I, alas, was forced to admit that our artists have, in general, no claim—beyond their actual profession—to intellectual wealth.

"But I take it, Alice, that this youth must be an exception; for, although he is suffering from excessive lameness, and is often embarrassed in company, from his continual dependence on his crutches, yet I assure you he is highly distinguished here for his professional talents, for the mournful beauty of his face and for his intellectual acquirements. He is studying with one of our first artists, and bids fair to paint well; understand me, Alice, not as Italians paint, but as well as Americans can paint. For the rest, I will only say that this wonderful youth is called Michael Waldmyer, and if he were not an American I should expect him some day to rank with our best artists."

"What a teasing thing Agnes is, Uncle Lennox," said Alice, as she showed him the letter. "We have disputed so many times about American talent that she considers herself bound to keep up the quarrel. Well, I forgive her, in consideration of what she admits, and will go to Madeline with the letter. Even its qualified praise will rejoice her."

The year waned and ended, and it was not until the second had nearly expired that Waldmyer returned to his native shores. Unknown to any one, Mr. Lennox furnished him with the funds which should enable him to pass a few months with an eminent French surgeon, who had so far succeeded as to allow him to walk without pain, and occasionally to dispense with any other support than a light crutch and another person's arm. He thus looked a very little taller than before. His face wore a more hopeful expression, and there was a lighting up of the countenance which no one ever saw there in the old time.

Mr. Lennox did nothing by halves, and almost before the arrival of the steamer that brought him was announced, a splendid room was fitted up with every requisite for the pursuit of art that could be devised.

"Who is going to wear that splendid dressing-gown and cap?" asked Mr. Lennox, as he saw Alice finishing them.

"They are for your favorite, Mr. Waldmyer," she answered.

"Excellent! I believe they are the only things I did not provide. Purple velvet, I declare! Just the color of Raphael's. Why Alice, I should think you were in love with Mr. Waldmyer, yourself; I will certainly tell Lina to watch you, or you will run away with her lover. Nay, you cannot do that, Miss Alice, for poor Waldmyer is not given to running.

"For shame, uncle, to sport with his dreadful infirmity."

"I trust, Alice, from the accounts I hear from our young friend, that his infirmity will be greatly lessened."

"Now I can guess the meaning of these mysterious packets which you have been addressing so often to that French doctor with the unpronounceable name. Dear uncle, is Waldmyer cured of that terrible lameness? O, do let me go and tell Lina."

"Why, Alice, how you jump at conclusions. Because I hinted that Mr. Waldmyer may have received some benefit abroad, you—woman-like—conclude at once that he has thrown away his crutches, and can now walk as well as you do yourself."

"Well, that will comfort Lina a little. I will tell her that."

"No; wait and let her find it out."

A few months after this, Mr. Lennox and Mr. Hargrave were walking together, when the attention of the latter was drawn to the handsome sign on which the name of "Waldmyer, Artist," was conspicuous.

"Is that the name whom you recommended to me as a portrait painter?"

"The same. He is making a great sensation here. His saloon is constantly occupied by sitters, and already he has acquired a fortune, although it is only a few months since he came from Italy."

"Italy! and has he travelled?"

"He has, and since he returned his success has been unrivaled, not only professionally, but socially, for he is now admitted to very select circles."

"Yes, very likely," said Mr. Hargrave; "by the way, it was I who advised his going to Italy. I knew it would save his life, and moreover, I discovered such wonderful talent in him."

Mr. Lennox bit his lip. "Let us go in," said he. They did so, and Mr. Hargrave greeted the artist with so much cordiality, and congratulated him so warmly upon his restoration to health, and paid him so many compliments upon his success that Waldmyer ventured to draw the curtain from a large picture which stood in the room. It was Madeline—so life-like, so beautiful, that one would almost have expected to hear her voice, was a full length portrait, and perfectly matched another standing just behind it, which Mr. Lennox had employed him to paint for Alice. The two girls had sat privately, at hours when no one but themselves and Mr. Lennox were admitted.

Mr. Hargrave gazed and wondered; and then he gazed at Waldmyer—at Waldmyer, standing erect, or leaning but lightly upon a crutch of a peculiar French manufacture, and which seemed light support to a cripple, such as he remembered him when he asked him for his daughter.

If ever life was prosperously cast, it was that of the two beings whose love had endured so long and so well. It was not in Mr. Hargrave's nature to withstand the pleadings of Waldmyer and his two friends. Mr. Lennox and Alice, and there is not a happier little wife in the world than Lina Waldmyer, the Artist's Bride.

How Lumbermen Live.

The *Journal*, of Lewiston, Me., prints the following:—The annual coming of the river drivers, whose tents are now pitched near us on the banks of the Androscoggin, is an event anxiously awaited this year, not only by the lumber manufacturers, but also by the lumber consumers. And not by these alone; for the lumbermen will soon be along in a quest of new suits of clothes and the luxuries of civilized life. They are vigorous, energetic men, leading a jolly if a laborious and dangerous life. A glance at their style of doing things may not be without interest at this time.

Three hundred men will cover and cut a section of about three miles square, taking off over 60,000 logs, which would measure about 10,000,000 feet, each season. Work begins at daylight and ends at dark; and when the days lengthen or the moon favors a long twilight or earlier morn, the men get the benefit in longer working hours. On the river, when the drive is started, work begins at three o'clock in the morning, and ends at nine in the evening, the men having five meals—breakfast at six, lunch at nine, dinner at twelve, supper at five, and tea at nine. The meal consists of pork and beans, corn bread, molasses, cake, and tea and coffee.

No stint is given to a man's appetite. The fare, such as it is, is abundant, monotonous, nutritious, and cheap. A cook is provided for every fifty men. The beans are generally the large white bush, parboiled in pots holding about half a bushel, then ten pounds of pork is set in the middle of the beans in the pot, a quarter of a pint of molasses poured in, and then the pot is set in a hole surrounded with hot ashes and burning charcoal, the top covered with a stone, over which a heavy wood fire is built; and here they stay from five to eight hours, coming out a palatable dish. All the baking is done in rudely built stone ovens, which are heated, before the dough is mixed, with a good wood fire. The loaves of biscuit or cake are set upon the stones and are cooked quickly and thoroughly.

A camp of 300 men will consume daily four barrels of beans, half a barrel of pork, one barrel of flour, half a barrel of meal, one-quarter of a barrel of sugar, and five gallons of molasses. The men are encamped in tents, making their beds of boughs, while their extra clothing, a pair of dark overalls, woolen shirt, and two pairs of woolen socks, is kept in an old grain sack, and used as a pillow at night.

Sunday in the woods is always a day for sharpening axes, mending sleds, repairing boots and clothes setting out a new tenting spot handier to the cutting in the woods, and all the odd chores which would grow out of the congregation of so large a body of men. All well regulated camps exclude liquor. Being usually fifty to one hundred miles from any settlement and the men not being paid until the end of the season, there is little inducement for any speculator to peddle rum through the woods, or for the men to straggle off in search of it.

The consumption of axes and handles is enormous, an axe lasting a month and a handle three weeks. The axes are sharpened daily, some camps having regular sharpeners, while others require each man to keep his own axe in order. The old axes are never collected for the junk dealer, the distance to ship them being almost too great to make it an economical measure.

Our Indian Foes.

Who are the Nez Perces, whose band of rebels under young Joseph the Government is fighting? Not savages, as the words is usually understood. They are half civilized Indians, who have been deceived and defrauded till a revolt has resulted. They number about 3000 people, 400 of whom are warriors. They are brave and intelligent. One or two hundred can read English, and many can write. They till 3,000 acres of land. They own 14,000 horses, 70 mules, 9,000 cattle, 500 head of hogs. Last year they raised 30,000 bushels of grain and many vegetables. They have a saw mill, a grist mill. Last year they sawed 50,000 feet of lumber for houses. Some of them are carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, and other useful occupations. And now they have broken out into rebellion because the Government has cheated them, has lied to them, has diverted their annuities, has stolen their goods. There is but one solution of this question:—These people must be given 160 acres of land each and subjected to law. Then let every agent be dismissed and compelled to work for a living instead of stealing.

Of little human flowers, death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossom of our earthly hopes.

Our Olio.

Weather Signs.

To most of the weather signs, once regarded as mere fancies and superstitions, science now gives an intelligent interpretation. We take from *Domestic Science*, a British publication, in "The Reason Why" series, the following explanations of some of these signs. They will interest all readers.

Why may wet weather be anticipated when the parfume of flowers is unusually perceptible? Because when the air is damp it conveys the odors of flowers more effectually than when dry.

Why may rain be expected if various flowers close? Because plants are highly sensitive to atmospheric changes, and close their petals to protect their stamens.

Why may rain be looked for when distant objects appear to be unusually near? Because when the air has nearly reached saturation there is a cessation of those vapor movements by which the air is rendered in some degree obscure. Sir Isaac Newton remarked that the stars seemed nearer and better adapted for observation in the clear intervals of rain, or before showers, than at any other time.

Why may rain be expected when sounds and noises are heard more distinctly than usual? Because water is a better conductor of sound than air, and hence the conducting power of air may be improved when it contains a large admixture of aqueous vapor. The clouds have been supposed to act as "sounding boards," but that explanation cannot be relied upon, since, at the distance that clouds fly from the earth, if they influenced sound they would produce echoes. The sound of distant church bells is greater before rain than at any other time; clocks afar off then appear to strike louder, and consequently to be nearer than usual. Other noises, such as sawing, hammering, the whetting of the mower's scythe, or the whirring sound of mills, and the murmuring of the sea, are all heard from a greater distance than usual, as are the crowing of cocks, human voices and music of all kinds.

Why may change of weather be anticipated when domestic animals are restless? Because their skins are exceedingly sensitive to atmospherical influences, and they are oppressed and irritated by the changing condition of the atmosphere.

Why may rain be expected if cocks crow at uncommon hours or clap their wings a great deal? Because they are sensitive to atmospheric changes—perhaps even more so than human beings. Their crowing at uncommon hours is simply from restlessness, probably caused by the changing atmosphere.

Why may wet weather be expected when swallows fly low? Because the insects which the swallows pursue in their flight are flying low to escape the moisture of the upper regions of the atmosphere.

Why do ducks and geese go to the water and dash it over their backs on the approach of a rain? Because, by wetting the outer coat of their feathers before the rain falls, by sudden dashes of water over the surface, they prevent the drops of rain from penetrating to their bodies through the open and dry feathers.

Why do horses and cattle stretch out their necks and snuff the air on the approach of rain? Because they smell the fragrant perfume which is diffused in the air by its increasing moistness.

Why may rains be expected when toads come from their holes? Because toads like moisture; they also live upon insects, which either crawl from the soil, or descend from the air to the earth in damp weather.

Why may fine weather be expected when spiders are seen busily constructing their webs? Because those insects are highly sensitive to the state of the atmosphere, and when it is setting fine they build their webs, knowing distinctly that flies will be abroad.

Why may wet weather be expected when spiders break off their webs and remove them? Because the insects, anticipating the approach of rain, remove their webs for preservation.

Why may rain be expected when flies and other insects become troublesome and sting? Because those insects, feeling instinctively the approach of damp, seek their food before taking shelter. When the skin of animals is moistened by a damp atmosphere flies can more easily pierce it.

Why may we expect a continuance of fine weather when bees wander far from their hives? Because the bees feel instinctively that from the state of the atmosphere they may wander far in search of honey without the danger of being overtaken by rain.

Why may rain be expected when the smaller stars look dull or are imperceptible? Because, those stars being duller in light than others, they become the sooner obscured by the condensing vapors.

Why may rain be expected if people feel their corns ache and their bones rheumatic? Because the dampness of the atmosphere affects its pressure upon the body and causes a temporary disturbance of the system. All general disturbances of the body manifest themselves in those parts which are in a morbid state—as in a corn, a rheumatic bone or a decayed tooth.

Why is a ringing or singing noise in the ear indicative of a change of weather? Because the change in the pressure of the atmosphere affects the fine blood vessels of the ear, and causes a greater or lesser flow of blood therein. These noises may indicate either a change from foul to fair weather, or from fair to foul.

Why does the setting of an east wind cause bodily aches and derangements? Because the east winds are generally dry and irritating. Those winds reach us across the plains of Northern Germany, which are frequently cold and dry. The sudden arrival of an east wind produces great atmospheric changes which disturbs our bodily system.

Why do feathers, pieces of fine and dry leaves playing about on the surface of ponds, indicate rain? Because just before the setting in of rain, the rapid condensation of moisture causes eccentric currents and motions of the wind, and these produce eddies on the surface of the water.

Why does the snapping of the flame of a candle or lamp indicate rain? Because the dampness of the air probably settled upon the wick before the candle was lighted; or it may be drawn to the flame in the current that flies toward it. In other cases excessive moisture would cause a crackling noise.

Why does the brightness and heat of the fire in winter indicate frosty weather? Because that the air is dry and dense, and that the amount of oxygen, conveyed to the fire is considerable in consequence of that density. When London was lit with oil lamps, which were left to burn themselves out, it was observed that on damp nights they continued to burn a much longer time than when the air was dry and favorably to rapid combustion.

God has made no one absolute. The rich depend on the poor, as well as the poor on the rich.

Reading Aloud.

Reading aloud seems almost gone out of fashion except among those who do it in some way professionally. It is no longer really taught in schools, or it is taught in very few. A single generation has seen it pass away. The reason of this is twofold and strange. For it is first the great diffusion of education, and next the great increase in reading. Reading aloud cannot be taught in large classes, and consequently in public schools and in large private schools it has fallen into neglect. Not that there is no pretence made of teaching it, although even of this there is comparatively little; but that there has ceased to be that individual practice before the teacher, guided by his example as well as informed by his instruction, which used to be regarded as one of the most important of daily school exercises. This is much to be regretted. Better let two "branches" go than this of reading aloud. In fixing his attention, in leading to exactness of apprehension, in power of bringing the pupil's mind into a flexible adaptability to the thought presented to it, there is no exercise that will take the place of reading aloud. A person cannot read anything aloud well, with proper inflection and emphasis, without thoroughly understanding it. A pupil cannot scramble through and skip over what he knows that he is likely to be called upon to read aloud. It is among the very best of educational disciplines. Besides this, with a competent teacher, it is, I need hardly say, the very best means of acquiring that clear enunciation which is one of the greatest beauties of speech, and which any observant person will find largely lacking in the younger people of the present day. Good English speaking and good English writing comes, except in cases of rare inborn faculty, chiefly by the reading aloud of good English authors under the supervision of a teacher who himself or herself speaks good English and understands those authors. Of such teachers how many may be found in our public or in our private schools? Of such teaching, or of the attempt at such teaching, how much?

Reading aloud has fallen into disuse in families and in the social circle because we read so much. The newspaper, or rather the abuse of the newspaper, has done much to bring this about. We rise from the table, we seize each of us a newspaper or a new paper-covered novel, and we plunge into their pages and sit unsociably silent. We even resent the reading of anything aloud to us, because it interrupts our own silent, solitary enjoyment, and because we think that we could have read the passage so much more quickly by ourselves. The pleasure of a common enjoyment is disregarded in favor of our own greedy devouring of our silent, solitary mental meal; the charm of the sound of the human voice, conveying to us shades of meaning and points of emphasis, is undervalued, and seems to be passing away as one of the delights of life. Silent reading is even destroying companionship, which now is to be found in perfection only among men at their clubs. Newspapers thus read are gradually extinguishing conversation. One advantage of a long dinner is that it compels those around the table to leave books and newspapers out of their hands while they are there, and talk to each other to their best ability. As to talking at a "reception" or a ball, that is impossible in any coherent, intelligent, almost in any intelligible fashion. And thus by silent reading and the neglect of conversation, language itself is coming to a kind of disuse. For language is speech, not letters; and we cannot really enjoy it or master it by hearing sermons and lectures and plays, and thus getting our speaking done for us, as the Turks get their dancing done for them, by others.—*Richard Grant White in the N. Y. Times.*

Franklin at the French Court.

One of the most pleasing scenes in American history is the picture of Franklin at the court of France, in his blue yarn stockings and stout shoes and yet with his simple dignity, commanding the reverence and respect of the bedizened crowd of courtiers and nobles. A correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* thus describes the scene. The kissing of the queen is an incident new to us:

"Franklin, I understand, was dressed in second-rate home spun, yarn stockings, substantial shoes, and his hair of its native color; not all conscious of any inferiority, however, but with that self-possession which is the distinguishing trait of well-bred people everywhere. His native dignity was his sole decoration. As a stranger he must have observed a common practice in France, of kissing, even in the streets, and other places, when friends meet after a short or long absence, without regard to the sex. This kissing, however, is no more than our shaking hands, and is performed by applying one cheek to another—once, twice, or more, according to the intimacy and feeling. It may called cheek-by-jowling. Franklin may not have observed minutely the modus of this practice, but have thought that a kiss was a kiss, or not thought at all about it.

It is said that he was reminded by one of the court that when he was presented he must kiss the queen, who it was also said was a very kissable woman. The queen approached familiarly and very near—probably impelled by curiosity to see well this handsome savage. Franklin, remembering his lesson, without reluctance put it into practice, in the only way he had ever been taught to kiss, and gave the queen a mighty buss on the lips, to the great amazement and horrification of the old maids, but to the great amusement of all others, especially the being, who was delighted with the savage simplicity, and it is said that she called out, "*Encore bis, da cappo*," or "Do it again."

Another correspondent of the *Transcript* communicates the following from the "*Memoires Secrets de Marie Antoinette par Madame Campan:*"

Dr. Franklin appeared at court in the costume of an American cultivator; his hair plainly brushed, without powder; his round hat and plain coat of brown cloth contrasted strongly with the powdered coiffures and the bespangled and embroided coats of the perfumed courtiers of Versailles. His simple and novel, yet dignified appearance, charmed the ladies of the court, and many were the *fetes* given him, not only only for his fame as a philosopher, but in acknowledgement of his patriot virtues which led him to enroll himself among the noble supporters of the cause of liberty. I assisted at one of these entertainments where the most beautiful form among three hundred ladies was designated to place a crown of laurel on the gray head and to salute with a kiss each cheek of the American philosopher.

Another writer of the times says that at a ball which the philosopher attended many beautiful young ladies "kissed him in spite of the spectacles which he always wore upon his nose."

It is a fraud to borrow what we are not able to repay.

If you wish to be happy, keep busy. Idleness is harder work than ploughing.

The Redwood Forests of California.

The redwood trees of California are marvelous to behold. Our lumbermen would almost grow crazy over the immensity of their size and grandeur. They are the giant trees of the world. The cedars of Lebanon dwarf into insignificance as compared with them and even the big trees of Mariposa, Calaveras and Tuolumne counties in this State, which belong to the redwood family, and which attract the eyes of the tourists on account of their wonderful size, are not as tall or as grand. In Fresno county, has been recently discovered a new grove of these colossal trees, one of which eclipses in circumference any of the big trees of the Yosemite, it being a few inches less than 140 feet in circumference. In height it is 160 feet, while a large portion of its top, lying on the ground, is over 100 feet in length. The tallest redwood trees are to be found in San Mateo and Santa Cruz counties, where they attain the height of 400 feet, with a circumference of some 50 feet. They embrace a vast and dense forest, forming an unbroken belt from thirty to forty miles in length, running north and south, from ten to twenty miles in width, east and west. They crown the mountains of the coast range and grow along the alluvial river bottoms. Under their shade are to be found the tea oak, poison oak, madrono, manzanita, buckeye, laurel, and other trees and shrubs.

Living amid the stalwart limbs are to be found the eagle and numerous other birds, while they provide a safe retreat for the California lion, grizzly, wolf, wildcat, lynx, deer and other animals. Immense quantities of these trees have been felled, yet the lumberman's ax has scarcely made an impression, and it will take years before they are exhausted. The redwood constitutes the principal lumber in the market, being extensively used for building purposes. It contains no resinous matter, but iron is found in it to a considerable extent. It is very brittle, splits easy and true, and scarcely ever shows decay after it is manufactured. Veneers are made from the stump, which are susceptible of an elegant polish. These are of a rich red and more variegated than bird's eye maple. The color of the redwood runs from a dark to a light red, and the average weight, I am told, is about four and a half pounds to the foot. The light red is the lightest in weight.—*Cor. Boston Journal.*

Nature's Curiosities.

The Pottsville, Pa., *Journal* says:—In a piece of woodland belonging to Jonathan Kuhns, in Upper Macungie township Lehigh county, there is a large black oak tree which, at the height of fifteen feet from the ground, spreads out two branches, between which, in the fork formed, stands a plantain of considerable size, its broad leaves terminating with those of the oak in friendly embrace. The plant has grown in this unusual position as though it were in deep soil. In the crevice or fork formed by the outspreading of the branches, through the working of nature a deposit of decayed bark, leaf mould and earth was formed, and it is supposed that a seed of plantain was driven there by the wind, and that from it the plant sprung and gradually grew into size. The tree and plant are regarded as great natural curiosities.

On the farm of J. L. Blutz, merchant at Breinigsville, is to be seen another remarkable curiosity—a currant bush on a cherry tree. The latter is of tall growth and over 12 feet in circumference, and in a fork formed by the spreading of the branches about ten feet above ground stands the current bush, vigorous and thrifty as similar growth in bottom soil. The bush this year for the first time bore fruit, in quantity sufficient for one pie. The shrub doubtless originated from a seed dropped in the fork by a bird.

In the second canon west of the Mission creek, Cal., in a huge rock, almost perpendicular, and standing about 150 feet high. The face is marked with three or four deep crevices, two of which stop at about 100 feet from the base. In these crevices bees have swarmed for years and have their nests. This monster hive was discovered some 17 years ago by some Mexicans, and has never been disturbed. It is calculated that the rock must contain several tons of honey, but it is almost impossible to get at it.

Curious Facts.

In his recently published "Biographical Sketch of a Child," Mr. Darwin notes the fact that whereas all babies are well pleased to see their faces in a mirror, the higher apes are highly incensed when they behold their natural face in a glass. The fact is also remarked that whereas children soon learn that it is but an image which they see there, the highest apes think it to be a real object and grasp around behind the mirror to catch it. Here seems to be something on which to base a theory, if one only had the patience to construct it; the facts are certainly interesting enough.

Other facts may be added to the above. Place a mirror before a dog and he will rush behind to attack his supposed adversary. Finding no adversary there, he doesn't seem to comprehend the situation, and seeing his reflection in the mirror a second time, he seems rather to manifest disgust and disappointment than admiration. Place a mirror before a cock chicken and he will instantly prepare for battle and strike the mirror with as much fury as he would a natural antagonist. He will also renew the fight after many ineffectual flys at the mirror.—*Editors Democratic Advocate.*

Registered Letters.

An exchange says:—"The question is very often asked:—What is the difference between a registered letter and any other? The difference is that a registered letter does not go in the mail proper. It passes from hand to hand outside of the mail pouches, every person through whose hands it passes being required to sign a receipt for it on receiving it, and secure a receipt for it on passing it over to the next transit. The person holding the last receipt is thus always able to show who is accountable for its loss. The responsibility rests upon the man who has signed a receipt for the registered package, and who is not able to produce the package or a receipt from somebody else for it.

The safest way to send money is by money order. Where it does not go to a money order office it should always be sent in a registered package. Money ought not to be sent in an ordinary letter under any circumstances. There is no possible way of "tracking" such a letter."

Business men soon yield themselves to care. No sooner do they enter the world than they lose that taste for natural and simple pleasures so remarkable in early life. Every hour do they ask themselves what progress they have made in the pursuit of wealth or honor; and on they go, as their fathers went before them, till weary and sick at heart, they look back with a sigh of regret to the golden times of their childhood.

Eighteen Years Without Sleep.

The man who does not sleep, Saunders, now resides near Parkersburg, Va. Some time in 1861 or 1862 Saunders enlisted in the Fourth West Virginia Volunteers. For several years he has not slept at all, so he says. But it becoming known directly in camp that he made such pretentions, it aroused the curiosity of many of the men and officers and they set a watch upon him. The colonel and many others lost a great many nights' sleep in endeavoring to entrap Saunders, but during the whole time that he remained a member of the Fourth he was never caught asleep. He stood guard night after night, week after week, paid by sleepy-headed soldiers to take their turns, but never was caught napping. He hauled coal several weeks in succession, only stopping long enough to eat and change horses, and plowed in the fields with five or six stalwart men until he wore them out completely, but never seemed to tire.

During the year 1863 he went to Philadelphia and was examined by the leading physicians of the country. They sat up with him in relays of five, night and day, and kept up an almost constant stream of conversation with him, and at the termination of twenty-nine days discharged him, with a certificate, but could give no explanation of this freak of nature. Many stories of the untiring energy and activity of this man are told, and all agree who know him that this antipode of Rip Van Winkle is the most sleepless man they ever met.

Mr. Saunders is now about fifty-six years of age, and says that he has not known what sleep is for eighteen years. He himself cannot account for it, as he says the change in his physical organization occurred within three days, and that was when he had a catarrh, about three years ago. He is a hale, hearty man and bids fair to live many years yet. He is conscientiously opposed to making a display of himself, or no doubt would long ago have been before the public as one of the human curiosities of the world.

How to Get Rich.

The great mass of men are ever trying to solve the question of how to get rich, and in the attempt to do so, have misery, pain, disgrace, wrong, ignominy, discomfort, and all the outrages mankind have perpetrated. A grasping, eager desire to make and accumulate money has estranged neighbors, friends, brothers, and sons, and caused bitter hate and strife, where peace and love did and should exist. In the inordinate desire to amass money nine-tenths of all the troubles of life originate. It is the duty of every one to try by all honest and worthy means to make a living, and as the time may arrive, in the life of all, when sickness or misfortune, or disability from any cause may overtake us, it is always desirable to be careful and prudent, and try to lay up a little means to prevent suffering and want when misfortune overtakes us. But the idea is erroneous that it is the main object of life to hoard up money. The man that has spent a life in amassing a colossal fortune at the expense of the feelings, the interest and the prosperity of others, does not enjoy a more happy and quiet life or a more peaceful death than a beggar. Money may command influence, and help to puff a poor mortal up, and cause him to be vain and ostentatious, but it can never buy a passport to Heaven, or compensate for a life spent in trampling upon the rights and feelings of others. If there was more of a desire to live and enjoy life, and do equal justice to all, less avarice, more honesty, more consideration for and interest in neighbors and friends, and less grasping after money, there would be less misery, more happiness and longer and happier days.

SAVE THE OLD PAPER.—Never throw away old paper. If you have no wish to sell it, use it in the house. Some housekeepers prefer it to cloth for cleaning many articles of furniture. For instance, a volume written by a lady who prided herself on her experience and fact, says: "After a stove has been blackened, it can be kept looking very well for a long time by rubbing it with paper every morning. Rubbing with paper is a much nicer way of keeping the outside of a tea pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tin ware and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp chimneys, &c., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better if brown paper instead of cloth is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mould if a piece of writing paper, cut to fit the can is laid directly over the fruit. Paper is much better to put under carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner and makes less noise when one walks over it.

A WARNING.—In almost every paper may be read the advertisement: "Your name neatly printed on 50 cards for 10 cents postage paid," etc. Every printer knows that the cost of the cards furnished, which are of fine board together with the work and postage, will cost ten times ten cents. How then can they make this traffic pay? The answer is: These chaps thus gather in the names of thousands of girls and boys throughout the country. these names are sold to dealers in obscene books and pictures, who then send circulars advertising their filthy goods. And sometimes the men who print these cheap visiting cards are in the obscene book and picture business themselves. Parents should look out for such things and keep an eye on the mail matter received by their children.

Men who use their muscles imagine that men who use their brains are strangers to hard work. Never was there a greater mistake. Every successful professional man or merchant does more real hard work in the first ten years of his business career than a farmer or blacksmith ever dreamed of. Make up your mind to work early and late, if necessary, that you may thoroughly master every detail of the business upon which you purpose to enter. The habit of persistent, rapid work once formed, you have gained a momentum that will carry you very successfully through many a pinch in business where a less persistent worker would find it vastly easier to lie down and fail.

FILE YOUR LOCAL PAPER.—The following clipped from an exchange expresses an idea well worthy of attention:—It is well worth while to save your home paper and have it bound. A few years will make it the most instructive and entertaining volume that you can possess. All the laws of association make it more or less a history of yourself and friends. Names, dates, facts, are preserved for you in the most accessible manner. Over it you may cry at your mistakes, laugh at your follies, and rejoice in a review of those steps that have led to prosperity. It gives the history of your town and county which is but an epitome of universal history.

Let the Girls Romp.

Compare the form and health of a boy at sixteen with a girl of the same age. Why should the girl be so slender, so frail and so diseased? The answer is plain. She is not allowed to use and thus develop her muscles and bones. Food and exercise are the necessary terms of playful growth. She gets neither. Girls should use and develop every muscle and every bone that will favor the circulation of the blood, remove old particles and deposit new in all their organs and tissues. They need not cry, but they may laugh heartily at any time and in any place proper for such means of growth. The delightful exercise has all the advantage of crying infancy. Mothers who are blessed with daughters should begin early in life, when the muscles and bones are soft and pliable, to train them. As soon as they begin to creep, teach them to creep "on all fours" and thus expand their lungs and strengthen their chests; teach them when their ribs are soft and yielding, "to take a long breath" many times a day, and then, when they enter school their teachers should continue the same exercises and others which have a tendency to develop the chest, containing the essential organ of life that created vital blood and drives it through all its rounds and gives form and beauty to their persons. Calisthenics will do more towards enlarging and strengthening their bones and muscles, and do more towards making them useful women, than all the modern languages of the world. Moderate exercises of the muscles develops and strengthens them; and so moderate exercise of the mental faculties enlarges and strengthens them. Our girls should not be confined to their books more than six hours in the twenty-four. Excessive studying weakens the mind and the body. No people on the face of the earth do so much towards enfeebling girls as the Americans. We do not object to proper female education. We advocate it; but we do object to the very common neglect of developing the body. Muscles and bones never grow stronger by indolence or disuse. How unwise to sacrifice the health of the body to the cramming of the mind. Develop them both. Give girls a sound body and a sound mind. What are many of our well educated girls good for? Feeble, sickly bodies, with weaker brains! Girls need nutritious food and constant exercise to change that food to vigor and strength. To obtain the greatest amount of good from food and exercise, they must begin early. It is rather late in the day to improve a house when it has no firm foundation, when its bricks and morter are falling into decay. A physician may do something toward lessening the feebleness and suffering of those girls who are built of starch and butter. The Swiss rarely eat anything but bread, cheese and butter, and drink milk. They are a strong, active and vigorous people; so that meat is not absolutely necessary. Still, our daughters eat so little cheese, so little nitrogen or flesh making food, that they should eat meat. They almost universally prefer starchy food. They consume so little nutriment containing phosphorus that their vitality, their strength, their muscle, and their activity is less than that of any other people. They prefer pies and sweetmeats to meat, and potatoes, and fish, so that they are spare, feeble and nervous. They consume starch and still need stays. They should consume more gluten than sugar; have less mental and more physical exercise. The latter will increase the appetite, and aid in digesting and converting food into blood. Improper food and no exercise create disease. Good food and sufficient exercise create health.

A Nevada Paradise.

In the wilds of Nevada, about sixty-eight miles east of Wadsworth, a new and extraordinarily fertile agricultural country has recently been opened up. It is about fifteen miles north and south, and seven or eight east and west, and contains about 50,000 acres, watered by ditches from the Humboldt river. The nature of the soil—an alluvial deposit, mixed with decayed vegetable matter from the ground for ages—is like peat in its black richness. Barley, wheat, potatoes, berries and fruit of all kinds grow beautifully in this earthly paradise, and attain a luxuriance unknown even in that proverbially fertile State—California. Sad to say, this wonderful country has its drawbacks—just as every rose has its thorn. This Eden, like its namesake in Dickens' great book, is full of fever and ague; and mosquitoes which the veracious chronicler says "I have never seen outnumbered anywhere," prey industriously upon the settler—"Malaria is in the water, and valley fever, which is something like dumb ague, prevails." Nor is this all. "An unpleasant feature is the fondness snakes manifest for such a place—they literally swarm; the bushy ends of the dams in the river which runs through the tract are alive with them, and a timid person would hardly venture to walk across some of the foot-bridges." As every coin has two sides, every story of Western mining or agricultural wealth and discovery has its dark as well as its bright aspect. Seldom, however, is it that the chronicler of discoveries of new mining lands of new spots of fertility is so frank as the one from whom we quote. We would wish, however, that they were all like him, in order that those into whose hearts Horace Greeley's maxim, "Go West, young man! Go West!" has made its impress, might know the difficulties they will have to face and the troubles they have to encounter in the life they are about setting out on. The pathway to fortune in the West is no easier and no more strewn with roses than it is in the East, and those who go to seek fame, name and wealth, in the fields and cities of the Occident, will need the same courage, pluck and resolution that they require in the battle of life in this part of the country.

STARTING IN THE WORLD.—Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like tying bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, and you have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

POLITENESS.—Many a man, raised from poverty and obscurity to wealth and honor, can trace his rise to civility; it is sure to reproduce itself in others, and he who is always polite will be sure to get, at least, as much as he gives. We believe it was Macauley who defined politeness as benevolence in small things. The French, who are nothing unless satirical, declare politeness to be the zero of friendship's thermometer.