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B. F. SCHWEIER, — THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. — Editor and Proprietor.

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Poetry.

Æsop in Rhyme.

THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A lion lay a-sleeping,
A little mouse came creeping
Around the forest king;
Not recking of his danger
The careless little stranger
Chanced on his ear to spring.

The lion quickly waking
Arose, and fiercely shaking
His lordly mane, looked round;
The trembling little stranger,
Sore frightened at his danger,
Crept closely to the ground.

The lion soon espied him
Crouching low beside him,—
And raised his paw to kill!
"Great sir!" cried mousey, "spare me!
I prithee do not harm me!
I only bear good will.

"To die I am not willing,—
What would'st thou gain by killing
So small a thing as I?"
"Well; go, then!" said the lion,
But let me ne'er set eye on
Your carcass, or you die!"

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'Neath autumn leaves abiding,
Our mousey lay a-hiding;
'Twas after many days;
He heard a frightful roaring,—
And creeping forth exploring,
Soon saw in great amaze,

'Neath hunter's toils entangled,
Sore compassed and half strangled
The lordly lion lie;
And mouse, in consternation
Took in the situation
With comprehending eye.

Then straight began to nibble—
Did naught but nibble, nibble—
Till every cord was rent.
Once more the lion standing,
Displayed his front commanding,
With pride and pleasure blent.

Miscellany.

Thoughts on a Shirt.

A woman, trembling with weariness, and nearly discouraged with ill-success, stands and looks ruefully down on the shirt she is ironing, when a new train of thought arrives, and she *must* heed its voice. "Why are shirts made with ruffles and plaits and stitchings and puffs? and why are they starched and ironed with such infinite trouble? Is a man any more or less a man, because of the ornamental shirt front which fashion dictates? Which is the uglier, a plug hat or a starched shirt? and would not either of them suit a Feejee Islander better than a civilized man? I shall endeavor to prove the shirt to be a great promoter of lung disease and consumption. The ornamental part, which is *the* part to show, is made of *linen*, and just covers the vital organs in front. *Cotton* is bad enough, but *linen* is cruel. Then the dress, which should be made to protect the breast, is left open one-third of the front, to display ornamental needle-work and jewelry, and men go hacking around with hereditary consumption. Why not say an hereditary love for display? As a general thing, men dress warmly and comfortably on a cold stormy day, when they go out, but the moment they set foot inside their homes, about six or eight thicknesses of woolen goods, and about one and one-half or two inches of cotton wadding are laid aside, or turned back to display the shirt. It is not at all necessary that a shirt should be seen, then how much labor would be saved to woman. It has never yet been my fortune to know a woman who could iron her husband's shirt right. Among the very earliest recollections of my childhood, arises a ghost of a shirt with its buttons off, or too far back, or too far front; its collar always too stiff, or too limp—the one big bugbear of the wash-tub, and the one thing that could not be put off till another day, in case of sickness or trouble. Then, whoever made a shirt right? For my part, I have never seen one that proved to be right. And where is the need of perfection in an undergarment, if it be clean and whole? Men suffer from exposing their persons to display a shirt, and women suffer from anxiety and fatigue and unnecessary labor in preparing it. Would not the cause of humanity be promoted by wearing a plain garment, without ornament or starch, and devoting the time usually spent on shirts, to a careful study of the laws of health? Thus one or two of consumption's causes would be done away.

Keeping Faith.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk, when he met a little girl about five years old sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it, in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner, and said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it. As she said this, a sudden gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She innocently looked up into Sir William's face and said: "But you can mend it, can't you?" He explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could overcome by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he promised to meet his little friend on the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring sixpence with him; bidding her meanwhile tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for a bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and still being in time for the dinner party in Bath, but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of "a previous engagement," saying, "I cannot disappoint her; she trusted me."

"At Home" in a Bath.

"Lenkerbad," "is a favorite resort of invalids who come to seek health in the warm waters. I went into the bath-house, saw both sexes dressed in long flannel gowns soaking in the same steaming pool. Friends come to chat with them, and you may see a great fellow kicking out like Giovanni's frog, while carrying on conversation with his possible dulcinea. Those not so fortunate, in company play solitaire, read papers or books, or divert themselves in the various ways that a floating table permits. One woman I saw arranging flowers, which, in their natural beauty, lent a slight refining influence to the scene, but not enough to detain me long. I hastened back into an atmosphere which, in temperature and odors, wasn't quite so suggestive of cutaneous disorders."

ROLLIN WEST'S WILL.

"Well, I declare!"

Miss Chirrup was always "declaring!"—might be said, indeed, to be in the indicative mood. Declare, we may add, in her idiom, was a verb intransitive, unless the note of admiration with which she invariably followed it might be taken to be its object.

"Well, I declare!" said Miss Chirrup, in a shrill whisper.

"Did you *ever!*" replied Miss Chirk, in another.

It was Rollin West's will that the two were discussing. It was very brief and explicit. "I bequeath my entire estate, real and personal, to my niece, Ruth Morgan," with date, signature, and attestation, was all there was of it.

The Misses Chirrup and Chirk were too distantly related to the testator to have entertained any considerable hope on their own account. A trifling reminder, in deference to family etiquette, was as much as either had a right to expect. But that Rollin West should have left his whole fortune to one of his nieces, to the exclusion of the other, whom everybody had supposed to be his favorite, took more than the Misses Chirrup and Chirk by surprise.

Mr. West had been for many years a widower. His children had all died in infancy, and a couple of orphaned nieces cousins to each other, and reared under his roof, constituted his household. That his large fortune would be left to them equally, was a point people took for granted; but should any discrimination be made between them, nobody would have hesitated to say it would be in favor of Millie Granger, her uncle's pet, whose blithesome smiles he had been wont to call the sunlight of his life.

Millie's loving heart was too full of sorrow at her uncle's death, and of gratitude for his kindness in bygone years, to leave room for any feeling of reproach at his last unaccountable act, which the Misses Chirrup and Chirk so earnestly protested against.

An elderly maiden aunt came to live with the two young ladies, and the household remained unbroken. Except the changes caused by the vacancy in their home, the lives of Ruth and Millie continued as before.

It was not till the cousins had resumed their places in society that Millie began to notice the difference made by her altered prospects. It was Ruth now, and not herself, that was the centre of attraction.

To be rid of the common herb of fops, and to be no longer pestered by their silly flattery, Millie felt was a thing to be thankful for. But when Orville Ryors turned his back upon her, and joined the ranks of her cousin's admirers, she must have been other than a woman not to feel it.

Mr. Ryors was the pet beau of Billingdale. Handsome in person, accomplished in manners, and of fascinating address, he was not one whose attentions were likely to prove distasteful in any quarter, and when they were directed toward Millie Granger in a manner sufficiently marked to excite no small degree of envy, we need not be surprised if, instead of repelling, she just a little encouraged them.

It would have required a closer analysis than Millie had ever made of her feelings to show her how little she really cared for Mr. Royers, and how much she cared for Arthur Warren, whom she had known and liked since they had played and, sometimes, quarreled together in childhood. But Arthur's self-examination had gone deeper. He devotedly loved Millie, and *knew* it. If he had never said so outright, it was from motives of delicacy, prompted by the difference of their positions. She was a prospective heiress; he was without fortune, and void of expectations, save those whose realization depended on himself.

Having never spoken out, it may be that Arthur Warren had no right to feel aggrieved by the attentions paid by Mr. Ryors to Millie. He should have remembered that young gentlemen who have nothing to say for themselves are not privileged to stand in the way of others who have.

But Arthur was not reasonable. He was not even candid. He quarrrelled with Millie on the score of Orville Ryors, without a word of explanation as to what concern it was of *his* if she married that gentleman the next day.

Now Millie was a girl of spirit. She not only refused to decline Mr. Ryors' attentions at the unwarrantable dictation of Arthur, but received them with rather more encouragement than before.

People began to say it would be a match soon, and it *might* have been, had not Millie's uncle died. For Mr. Ryors, as we have said, was a very attractive person, and Millie had not sufficiently scrutinized her heart to be aware that her chief interest in him sprang from the pleasure of having triumphed where so many others had failed, and a disposition to assert her own will.

When Arthur Warren left his native village without so much as calling to bid her good-bye, Millie cried a little, without well knowing why, and that evening went to a ball with Orville Ryors, and was among the gayest of the gay. It is very likely she would then and there have accepted Mr. Ryors, had he said the word, just to show how little she cared for Arthur Warren.

The grief that Millie felt at her uncle's death for a season overshadowed all other thoughts. But when time at length had so tempered her sorrow that her life began again to flow in its accustomed channel, it was not with a little chagrin that she beheld the man whose attentions had been lately so devoted to her that people began to couple their names significantly, turn and follow her *fortune* instead of herself.

Millie knew now how little she had ever cared for Orville Ryors; but would others understand it? The thought stung her past endurance. And the meanness of him who thus humiliated her scarce exceeded in her eyes that of her cousin Ruth, who permitted, instead of spurning his advances.

In the bitterness of her heart, Millie resolved to quit her cousin's abode, and make her way to the great city, trusting that where so many live there must be many ways of getting a living, some of which would be open to her.

She had been liberally supplied with money during her uncle's lifetime, and had husbanded enough to meet the expenses of her journey, and, for a time, her living. So one day, without a word to any one, she secretly packed her trunk, caused it to be conveyed to the railway station, and took the train for New York.

The day and night her journey lasted was one of alternate hopes and misgivings. At times she would have fain turned back, but when she thought of the jeering tongues behind her, her eyes would flash through her tears, and though her lips quivered, her heart would again become firm and resolute.

Millie had never seen the city before. Its din and bustle confused her. Surrounded by importunate hackmen and hotel runners quick to perceive her inexperience, she found herself at last, without her own volition, seated in a carriage whose driver undertook to convey her to the Kickshaw, the best house in the city, he assured her, though it had not a very inviting look, Millie thought, as the carriage stopped in front of it.

"Your fare, Miss," said the driver, jumping down—"five dollars you know."

It was not the extortionate demand that brought a troubled look over the girl's face. Putting her hand into her pocket, she found her money had disappeared. She searched everywhere, but in vain. She had doubtless been robbed in the crowd after leaving the train. A feeling of hopeless terror overcame her at the thought of being there, a total stranger, without a cent in the world.

In a trembling voice Millie explained her situation.

"That dodge won't do," said the driver.

"No, it won't do," added a frowsy-looking clerk, who made his appearance just then. "We can't take people at the Kickshaw that have no money, you know."

"It's a rank swindle, an' I'll call a p'liceman!" exclaimed the driver.

A crowd began to collect. The frightened girl sobbed and glanced appealingly from one coarse face to another without encountering a single look of pity.

At this instant the driver and the clerk, who stood close to the carriage door, found themselves simultaneously collared and thrust a considerable distance asunder by a right-and-left shove from a pair of vigorous arms.

"Millie Granger!" exclaimed a voice that brought the blood back to the maiden's blanched cheeks.

"Arthur Warner!" was all she could answer.

"Well, I declare!" uttered a shrill voice—none other than Miss Chirrup's, who, without Millie's knowledge, had come to live in the city, and who chanced to be passing at the time.

Matters were soon explained, and Miss Chirrup, who had the kindest of hearts, invited her relative home with her; and Arthur, having paid the driver his just due, called another carriage, and escorted the ladies to their destination. He called round that evening and spoke his mind to Millie. And Millie found out she had always loved him. And Arthur explained that it was only the difference in their former prospects that had kept him silent.

And Millie said she wouldn't care to be rich if it wasn't for his sake. And Arthur said he was glad she wasn't rich, and added that he was earning a salary that two could live on comfortably. And, in short, the two lovers were as happy as heart could desire.

Ruth Morgan's anxiety at Millie's sudden disappearance had been relieved by intelligence of her safety, and Ruth was in high spirits when Mr. Ryors called, determined, this time, to bring matters to a crisis. He had more than once tried the plan of gradual approaches. On this occasion he resolved to come directly to the point, and had actually gotten half way on his knees when Ruth said, quietly:

"Don't be too hasty, Mr. Ryors; you may regret it."

"There is but one thing I *can* regret—your refusal."

"My uncle's will—" Ruth began.

"I know; it left you all he had," interrupted the gentleman; "but *that is* nothing to me."

"And quite as little, I assure you, to *me*," said Ruth. "*When his will took effect my uncle had nothing to leave.*"

The kneeling process was suspended midway, and Mr. Ryors remained in a very uneasy and not altogether graceful posture, while Ruth continued:

"My uncle had some time before made a deed, you see, conveying his entire estate in trust for the benefit of my cousin Millie, reserving only a life interest to himself."

The hinges of Mr. Ryors' knees suddenly uncrooked.

"Good—good-morning, Miss Morgan," he stammered.

"Good-morning, sir,' said Ruth, bursting into a ringing laugh when the discomfited suitor's back was turned.

"It shall never stand!" said Millie, when she and Ruth met, a few days later. "Your claims on your uncle were as good as mine, and the property shall be equally divided."

"Don't trouble yourself, little one," said Ruth. "Before Uncle Rollin provided for you, our aunt, by an understanding between them, settled her fortune on me. Won't it console Mr. Ryors to hear it?"

"But that will of uncle's—"

"Was made to save you from a fortune-hunting husband," replied Ruth.

Education of Women.

Commenting upon the fact that not one woman was saved on the fated Atlantic, although many had the same chance of life as the men, an exchange says:—"The strength of women at the crises of their life depends on their physical culture while children. Let parents be no more ashamed of their girls' brown faces and fists than of their boys'. Let them train and clothe them so that they can run and climb and care for and protect themselves. Let them take them with their brothers into the harvest field. A boy is not ashamed of work; no more should be a girl. The refinement that shuts a girl out of God's sunshine, and allows her no rougher work in-doors than to embroider worsteds, or tap ivory keys, or dust a marble mantel, is refining her off of the face of the earth to give place to the daughters of the servants of the kitchen."

A Forger Redeems Himself.

While Geneva is mourning over the remains of the Duke of Brunswick with a grief which finds consolation only in the legacy bequeathed to her by the departed Prince, the City of Carlisle, Scotland, has found a little Duke of Brunswick of her own, whose bequest in her favor, although not so magnificent as that of the Duke of Brunswick to Geneva, is sufficiently large to call forth her utmost feelings of gratitude to her posthumous benefactor. It seems that a certain Mr. Edward Stuart Wilson, who in 1855 fell into trouble by committing forgery, and was sentenced to transportation for twenty years, but was subsequently released on a ticket-of-leave, has left to the corporation of Carlisle the sum of $50,000 for building a new town hall, and $15,000 for erecting a reredos in Carlisle Cathedral, besides other legacies, amounting in all to about $750,000.

While a compositor on the Montreal *Witness* was setting up an advertisement for a lost canary, the bird flew in at the office window, "which shows the value of advertising."

Lying in Bed.

If a convalescent may be monarch of all he surveys as he lies in bed, there are cases in which a man may be the slave rather than the sovereign in that kingdom of Sleepy Hollow. Rossini furnishes a case in point. Just sixty years ago, in 1813, he lodged in a worst inn's worst room, in Venice. He was then one-and-twenty, unknown and ambitious, also poor. He was composing an opera, to be called "Il Figlio per Azzardo," in winter weather; and, to save the cost of fire, Rossini lay in bed. He had just finished noting a duet, when the leaves slid off the sheets, and, gently waving to the floor, were wafted under the couch. Rossini looked after them, stretched out his arm to reach them, and, finding them beyond his reach, he flung himself back, with an "*Al diavolo col duetto!* I will note it over again!" The vein, however, was exhausted; his memory failed him, and again he looked beneath the bed at the paper beyond his reach. "It would be unlucky to pick it up," he said, "since it has fallen. I will compose another. If I ever grow rich, I will write my music as other composers do in such weather as this." In brief, Rossini noted another duet, and had just finished it when a friend entered the room.

"*Amico*," cried Rossini, "cast your eye on this; try it at the piano, and tell me what you think of it!"

The *amico* did as he was told, and expressed himself delighted.

"Now," said the composer, "put your arm under my bed, pull out the paper that lies there—another duet is noted on it—and try that also."

The friend obeyed, and he protested that the second duet was much to be preferred to the first. Rossini rejoined that what his friend called the "second" was in reality the first; and he told the story of how it had slipped off the bed out of his reach. The two friends—one in, the other seated at the edge of the bed—sang the two duets; and they were of one opinion, that the duet from below the bed was the better of the two. After a little while, the friend inquired what Rossini meant to do with the other.

"It is done," replied the young composer; "I have, by help of a few alterations, turned it into a *terzetto*."

"Thus, by being too lazy to slip out of bed, he took the industrious pains to write two duets instead of one, and to change one of the two into a *terzetto*.

The philosophy which urges the excellence of early rising has been very rudely and successfully shaken. Charles Lamb has shown that there is as much excess in rising with the lark and lying down with the lamb as in the practice referred to in Moore's song, which recommends a lengthening of our days by taking "a few hours from the night, my dear!" That philosophy was shaken in the early days of the world by two sleepy children, who came under the rebuke of vigilant fathers.

"My son," remarked one sire, "I once found a piece of gold by rising early."

"Ay," rejoined the young hopeful, "but the man who lost it was up before you."

"My son," said the other worthy parent, "observe that it's the early bird that catches the worm."

"I do, O my father!" replied the excellent boy; "also that the worm was caught by getting up earlier than the bird."

It has been considered not beneath the dignity of Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington to hold rank among the philosophers of the bed; and, as nobody knew that he had ever delivered himself of an axiom or maxim illustrating bed-doctrine, one has been stolen for him, and his grace has been made to wear it as if it were his own. "'When a man turns in bed, it is time for him to turn out,' as the Duke of Wellington used to say!" So we are told, as if the field-marshal were always saying it.

Now, the phrase was a favorite one with our early archbishops, and it was probably not original even on the lips of the very earliest of the prelates to whom it has been assigned by the Dean of Chichester.

The earliest illustration of the evils of lying late in bed, which some of our older people used to receive when they were children, came to them from Dr. Watts. Who has not heard of the famous lines, with their halting philosophy?—

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard: I heard him complain,
'You have waked me too soon! I must slumber again!'
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head."

The door that turns on its hinges is doing its duty as a door, let Solomon and Dr. Watts say what they will; and the wild-brier, the thorn, and the thistle, which grew broader and higher in his garden, were at least acting busily according to the nature implanted in them. And, after all, the so-called sluggard seems to have been more harmless in bed than his censurer, who left him, after an impertinent missionary visit, with such an outburst of pharisaical pride as this:

"Said I then to my heart, 'Here's a lesson for me!
That man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who have taught me, by times, to love working and reading!'"

Perhaps, if the sluggard had had such friends, and they had found him "work to do," he would have risen to do it.

There was some reason in the young fellow who, on being asked why he did not get up, replied that he had nothing to get up for! We are not even sure that Quin is to be severely censured in the part he took in the morning dialogue with his valet:

"John, what's o'clock?"

"Nine o'clock, sir."

"Is there any mullet in the market to-day, John?'

"No, sir."

"Then call me at nine to-morrow, John."

Moreover, it does not follow that, because a man is in bed, his mind is idle, or that he is careless of the welfare of his fellow-creatures who are up and abroad—

"Herodotus wrote most in bed;
And Richerand, a learned physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclined position."
Athenæum.

No educated woman is fit to bear children who cannot give them all the instruction they require up to the age of ten years. No woman can have any higher career or nobler exercise for whatever talent God has given her, and if the unmarried women who are seeking outlet for their unused energies would qualify themselves for this highest duty of maternity they would prove their own frequent assertion, that women are born for higher uses than to be household drudges or to bring forth children. Home training in infancy is the only absolute universal rule of education. After that the parent's course should be modeled by the child's character and temperament.

Lafayette and Arnold's Treason.

Robert Dale Owens, of the *Atlantic Monthly*, writes: The event of a visit to Paris was my introduction, by Frances Wright, to General Lafayette. Of all men living he was the one I most enthusiastically admired, and the one I had the most earnestly longed to see. These feelings had gained fresh fervor in the United States. Just two months before I landed at New York Lafayette had returned home in the Brandywine, after a year's sojourn in the land which he had aided to liberate, and by which he had been welcomed as never nation, till then, had welcomed a man.

I heard his praise on every tongue, I found love and gratitude toward him in every heart.

My admiration and sympathy were no doubt transparent, and these may have won for me, from one of the most genial of men, a hearty reception. At all events, he devoted himself to satisfy my curiosity, with an overflowing good-nature and a winning kindness and simplicity that I shall remember to my dying day.

A few items of our conversation I still most distinctly recollect. One incident, presenting the Father of his Country in a rare aspect, ever recalls to me, when I think of it, the tender eyes and the gracious, loving manner which made the grand old Frenchman the idol of all young people who were fortunate enough to share his friendship.

It was just before the unmasking of the sole traitor who loomed up during our Revolution, on one of the most eventful days in all that eventful period, and more than four years after the immortal Declaration had been read from the steps of the old Philadelphia statehouse; it was the 25th of September, 1780. On the afternoon of the preceding day, Washington, after dining at Fishkill, had set out with his suite, intending to reach Arnold's headquarters, eighteen miles distant, that evening. What would have happened had he carried out his intention, we can now only conjecture. What men call chance—a casual meeting near Fishkill with the French minister, De Luzerne—induced him to remain there that night. Next morning, after sending notice to Arnold that he might expect him to breakfast, he again changed his intention, turning off to visit some redoubts on the Hudson, opposite West Point, and sending two aides-de-camp to apologize. It was while these officers were at breakfast with the family that Arnold received the despatch which announced Andre's capture, and caused his (Arnold's) instant flight, on pretence, to his visitors, of a call from West Point. Some hours later, Washington, arriving with General Knox and General Lafayette, and finding Arnold gone, followed him, as he supposed, across the river, and, learning that Arnold had not been to West Point, returned to dinner. As Washington approached the house, his aide, Colonel Hamilton, who had remained behind, came hurriedly to meet him, and placed in his hands a despatch which, as confidential staff-officer, he had already opened, and which disclosed Arnold's treachery. Washington communicated its contents, doubtless before dinner, to General Knox, and to him alone, with the brief and significant words, "Whom can we trust now?"

The usual version is that he thus communicated the portentous news to General Knox *and Lafayette* jointly; but that is an error. The statement made to me by the latter, during our journey to La Grange, surprised and interested me at the time, and has remained indelibly impressed on my memory. It was this:

When Washington sat down to dinner, no unusual emotion was visible on his countenance. He was grave and silent, but not more so than often happened when recent tidings from the army occupied his thoughts. At the close of the meal he beckoned to Lafayette to follow him, passed to an inner apartment, turned to his young friend without uttering a syllable, placed the fatal despatch in his hands, and then, giving way to an ungovernable burst of feeling, fell on his neck and sobbed aloud. The effect produced on the young French marquis, accustomed to regard his general (cold and dignified in his usual manner) as devoid of the common weaknesses of humanity, may be imagined. "I believe," said Lafayette to me in relating this anecdote, "that this was the only occasion throughout that long and sometimes hopeless struggle that Washington ever gave way, even for a moment, under a reverse of fortune; and perhaps I am the only human being who ever witnessed in him an exhibition of feeling so foreign to his temperament. As it was, he recovered himself before I had perused the communication that had given rise to his excitement, and when we returned to his staff not a trace remained in his demeanor either of grief or despondency."

The Log House of Norway.

"You may suppose," "that log houses were born on Plymouth Rock; but they existed in Norway centuries, perhaps, before Plymouth Rock was known. A yet more interesting fact—is that the fashion has not changed. Improvements there have been in many ways, but the log house of Norway is the most fashionable, perhaps because the most comfortable, house. In regions far removed from timber, and where stone and lime and clay abound, even there the log house obtains universal preference. During my trip up and down this long line of Norwegian coast, I have had many opportunities to examine the old as well as the new constructions. Let me tell you first of the old. The logs are squared and nicely dovetailed at the corners. Grooves are then cut, with the broad axe, on both the under and the upper surface. When the log is finally laid to its place, this double groove is filled with moss, and moss is afterward caulked into the log seams. The partitions are built with the house, and in the same thorough manner as the outside walls. The houses are never more than two stories high, and the roofs are steep and heavily timbered. A covering of slabs is fitted, round side down, to the roof timbers; and over these slabs comes one or more layers of birch bark. Then comes a heavy timber coping along the eaves and up the roof at either end. On this is laid sods of rich earth well packed to a thickness of about six inches, and these, in this moist climate, furnish an abundant grassy finish. The only essential differences between the old and the new Norwegian styles of house building are in the substitution of red tiles, and occasionally of slate, for the sod roofs, and the casing of the timber, which forms the body of the house, with thin boards, for looks' sake.

Within a year the town of Namsos, about one hundred miles north of Drontheim, was almost totally destroyed by fire; and it is now in course of rebuilding. Here, notably, the work of building is going on upon a considerable scale, and the two modes appear side by side. A few finished buildings there are, which would hold high rank, among the best of our American country homes, in architecture; while in comfortable exclusion of cold, we have not a country house, of whatever material, that would bear a rigid comparison with the poorest of them. Double glazing of window sashes—outside and in—the packing of every window and door frame with moss, and a careful papering of every room, are some of the means taken to prevent any circulation of the frosty air. For winter comfort, combined with the utmost facility for every conceivable ornamentation, commend to me the Norwegian log house.—*Scientific American.*

"It's None of My Business."

"It's none of my business," said Peter Martin, as he passed Farmer Hyde's orchard and saw one of his neighbor's sons stealing apples. "Let Ryder look after his own boys."

And he trudged on home, meeting Mr. Ryder by the way. His first impulse was to tell the neighbor about his son, but he checked the impulse, saying in his mind: "Let him find it out for himself; it's none of my business. I'd get his ill-will, instead of his thanks, most likely."

It so happened that this was Jim Ryder's first offence, and if Martin had told his father, the reproof or punishment that would have followed might have saved the boy from further crime. But, escaping detection and punishment, he was encouraged to go on in evil.

But it was Martin's business, even in the narrow and selfish sense in which he had expressed himself. He would have made it his business if some one had introduced a fever-breeding nuisance into the neighborhood, to the serious peril of his family.

On that very evening Jim Ryder met Martin's son, Edward, a lad three years younger, and gave him a couple of nice red apples.

"Where did you get them?" asked Edward, as he ate the spicy fruit.

"You'll not tell?"

"Oh, no indeed."

"Well, then, I got them down at Mr. Hyde's orchard. I was going along there, and the apples looked so tempting I could not resist. Mr. Hyde's got bushels and bushels, and he'll never miss them."

The boys talked it over, and the older one persuaded the younger that there was no great harm in taking a few apples. The only thing was not to be found out. And they agreed to go round together, on the next afternoon, and help themselves to as many as they could carry.

Peter Martin was returning home on the next day, and just as he got near Farmer Hyde's orchard, he heard a great outcry and barking of dogs. And soon after he saw Jim Ryder leap over the fence and run swiftly down the road.

"Ah, you young rascal!" he said to himself. "Been stealing apples again."

He was moving on, when he heard himself called. Looking round he saw Farmer Hyde—and he saw something else that made his heart sink like lead in his bosom. He saw his little boy Edward in the tight grip of the angry farmer's hand.

"Been stealing my apples!" said the farmer.

At a single bound Peter Martin was over the fence, and, standing with pale lips before the farmer and his frightened boy, he cried: "Oh, Ned! Ned!" in sorrow and shame. "To think that *you* could have done a mean and wicked thing like this."

"I wouldn't have thought of it, father,' answered the trembling, white faced child, "if it hadn't been for Jim Ryder. He said he got some yesterday, and that it wasn't any harm."

"The greatest rogue has got off, as is usual in such cases," said Farmer Hyde, the anger going out of his heart at sight of the father's pain. "But there is harm my boy," speaking gravely but kindly to Edward, "in taking what don't belong to you. It is stealing."

Peter Martin went home that day a wiser man; and with some clearer notions of his responsibility in the life around him.

Modern Savages.

After all, in every age, under every civilization, a people is always itself. Whatever be the dress, goat-skin blouse, gold-lace doublet, black dress coat, the five or six great instincts which it possessed in its forests follow in its palaces and offices. To this day, warlike passions, a gloomy humor, subsist under the regularity and propriety of modern manners. Their native energy and harshness pierce through the perfection of culture and the habits of comfort. Rich young men, on leaving Oxford, go to hunt bears on the Rocky mountains, the elephant in South Africa, live under canvas, box, jump hedges on horseback, sail their yachts on dangerous coasts delight in solitude and peril. The ancient Saxon, the old rover of the Scandinavian seas, has not perished. Even at school the children roughly treat one another, withstand one another, fight like dogs, and their character is so indomitable that they need the birch and blows to reduce them to the discipline of law. Judge what they were in the sixteenth century; the English race passed then for the most warlike of Europe, the most redoubtable in battle, the most impatient of anything like slavery. "English savages" is what Cellini call them; and the "great shins of beef" with which they fill themselves keep up the force and ferocity of their instincts.—*Taine's History of English Literature.*

A Female Brigand.

The Italian Journals relate that the environs of Catanzaro, Calabria, are infested by a band of brigands under the command of a young woman. She is twenty years of age, and of great beauty, with remarkable black eyes. Her name is Maria, the widow of Pietro Monico, a bandit chief who was killed in an encounter with the gendarmes. At his death she seized his carbine, and swore to avenge him. Some time after, a young man, the son of a wealthy farmer, fell in love with her and joined her band in order to be able to prosecute his suit. He was, however, peremptorily ejected, and, in order to revenge himself, he betrayed her to the authorities. She was arrested, tried, and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment.

While undergoing her punishment a warder, becoming enamored of her, favored her escape, and accompanied her, but was stabbed to death by her orders immediately after she had rejoined her band. Since that period she has become still more redoubtable, her audacity and activity having redoubled, and she has made herself the terror of the country. She burns farms, carries off cattle, and levies forced contributions. The slightest disobedience to her orders is punishable by murder and fire. Her troop is numerous, and always well informed by the peasantry, through dread of vengeance.

Youths' Column.

Boy and Butterfly.

BOY: "Butterfly upon the wing,
Pretty, fluttering little thing,
Floating, hovering in the air,
Oh what do you live up there?"

BUTTERFLY: "Honey-dew, sunshine sweet,
Is the food I have to eat."

The insect gay floated away,
Fearing the boy would mar his joy;
And as he went, on glittering wing,
Floating thus he seemed to sing:
"Dear child, it is so bright
In the glad sunlight,
Catch me not, but let me fly
To-morrow cold and dead I'll lie."

A CHILD-LIKE FAITH.—One afternoon through the absence of their mother, two little children, Willie and Edie, aged, respectively, seven and five years, were left alone. She was necessarily detained from her home until after dark, and the children vainly watched for her coming, until they could no longer distinguish one object from another in the fast-gathering darkness. Their only light being a dim one, proceeding from the stove, it was no wonder that an undefined fear came creeping into their little hearts; but Willie, being the older, put on a brave "outside" for a while, answering cheerfully to Edie's question, "Ar'nt you afraid?" "No, what do you suppose can hurt me here?" But when Edie crouched down in affright, declaring, between her sobs, that she heard something, he unconsciously realized the need of a higher power than his own. Taking hold of her hand he said, "Please don't cry, Edie; let us pray. God can take care of us, even if there was a lion right in the room." "Why, how could He?" "God can do anything, Edie. Don't you remember how mamma told us about Daniel—how he was put right in among lots of lions, and God came and shut their mouths so they couldn't bite at all?" "Couldn't they growl, either?" "Well, I don't know, for sure, about that; but I know God could make them stop growling, if He wanted to, for I tell you God can do anything." "Well, Willie if He can do anything, I wish He would make mamma come home." "May be He will, if we ask Him to." Clasping her little hands together, Edie said, "Oh, God, please make mamma come home, and make it light so we can see." "Why, Edie, that isn't the way to pray: we must kneel down, and try to think what a big God He is, and how He knows all about whether we have been good or not." "Then let's kneel down, and you pray." They knelt down, and Willie repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then said, "Please, God, we know we have been very naughty, lots of times, but we want you to help us to be good. Please take care of us, and make mamma come home quick, for we are all alone." Edie then said her little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." They arose from their knees with a peace of mind they could not express, and, young as they were, they realized a perfect trust in the willingness and ability of God to take care for them under any circumstances.

NATURAL SOAP-SUDS.—An astonished looking little girl who has a lively imagination of her own, and who finds not the slightest difficulty in believing "for very true" all the wonderful stories of the Arabian Nights, gravely accuses us of "making up," when we tell her that there are natural springs, where ready-made soap-suds boils up from the earth.

Yet it is true. A spring of this sort is found on the island of Samao in the Malay Archipelago. Owing to the presence of certain minerals in the earth, through which the water passes, it becomes very soapy, and as it produces a strong lather, the natives of the island often wash soiled clothes in it.

Perhaps the waters of this spring, though soapy enough to cleanse soiled clothes, are not enough so to be blown into soap-bubbles. But if they are so, and if the little Malayans are as fond of blowing soap-bubbles as some American children we know, we can imagine that the neighborhood of the soap-spring is a favorite place of resort.—*Little Corporal.*

THE LITTLE HAMMOCK BUILDER.—The nest of this little bird is just the nicest thing in the way of a comfortable, cozy cradle for baby birds that I know of.

It is hung like a hammock, to a slender twig—you know how delightful a hammock is, don't you?—directly over a stream, and is made of grass and wool, or cotton taken from plants. If anything can be nicer, I'd like to see it.

The cradle is quite deep; so there's no danger of the babies tumbling over the edge. In fact, it is so deep that the pretty little brown and white mamma has to pack herself in very snugly. This little hammock-maker lives in Australia, and his name is Honey-Eater (that's a sweet name, isn't it?); but he eats insects, and the pollen of flowers, as well as honey. By the way, don't you suppose this bird set the fashion of hammocks?"—*Little Corporal.*

A WORD TO THE BOYS.—Boys! the evenings are growing cooler and longer, and the time is at hand when you will have more leisure than at any other period of the year. You should improve these hours. Never allow yourselves to pass an idle moment: improve every one of them. Read, write; do something that is useful to yourselves or others. Make it a fixed rule to devote at least two hours of each evening to useful reading. You will be astonished, when next spring comes, to find how much you have learned. Give an hour a day to agricultural and horticultural reading. Make yourselves familiar with all that relates to your calling, and you will realize the advantages of such a course when you grow up to be men.

ENIGMA.—

My first is in tape, but not in braid.
My second is in shovel, and also in spade.
My third is in girl, but not in boy.
My fourth is in laugh, but not in joy.
My whole is a country in South America.

Answer:—Peru.

WORD SQUARE.—

A planet.
A pipe.
A son of Adam.
To trust.

Answer:—
S t a r
T u b e
A b e l
R e l y

France has no poor law, and the maintenance of the indigent depends entirely upon the bureaus of charity, which exist in most parts of the country. These are voluntary organizations, supported by contributions, collections at churches, and similar means. They are said to work admirably, and according to a published statement, during a recent period of twelve months, afforded relief to 1,250,000 persons. England has 777,725 paupers, or one to every twenty-seven of the population. Ireland has 87,003, or one to every 63.

Varieties.

A pretty hard case—a coffin.

The grain crops of Oregon are said to be immense.

New Orleans boasts of a swimming school for ladies.

Patience is a flower that grows not in every one's garden.

The defects of the understanding, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.—*Rochefoucauld.*

"My dear boy, honesty is the best policy." "Well, you ought to know, father, for you have tried 'em both."

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

The two best rules for a system of rhetoric are, first, have something to say, and next say it.—*Emmons.*

It is proposed to introduce Latin and German as optional studies into the advanced public schools of Wilmington, Delaware.

Often do we think when we ought to act, and act when it behooves us to reflect; hence, caution is frequently as fatal as rashness.

Man has not love for spiritual life and immortality, until sin breaks to pieces the earthly things on which his affections are fastened.

Washington boarding housekeepers are said to be putting up their prices, to keep pace with the increased incomes of Congressmen.

Three questions to be put to ourselves before speaking evil of any man: First, is it true? Second, is it kind? Third, is it necessary?

A San Francisco man is proudly exhibiting the prizes which he carried off at shooting festivals in Switzerland, Austria and Germany.

A boy employed in a San Francisco drug store is said to have recently fallen heir to a fortune of $250,000, left him by a relation in England.

Somebody who professes to have made the experiment, says that chloroform will remove paint from garments better than anything else.

It is estimated that the farmers of Minnesota lose millions of dollars annually through carelessness or indifference in securing their wheat.

There is a member of the feline race in Chester, known as the Ferguson cat, that weighs twenty-one pounds. The weight of a cat of ordinary size is not over eight pounds.

Brigham Young has some wholesome opinions of the Indian agents. He says: "With but few exceptions they are the most God-forsaken rascals that ever cursed the country. They promise everything, and fulfil nothing. They swindle the Indians from right to left, and the Indians know it. If there had never been an Indian agent the Indians would be better than they are now."

No girl should be indifferent to her personal appearance. God meant woman to be attractive, and it is one of her duties to carry out this design. But that dress is to be all is more than we can believe. Just because we love to see girls look well, as well as to live to some purpose, we would urge them on such a course of reading and study as will confer qualities which no modiste can supply.

I like to read about Moses best in the Old Testament. He carried a hard business well through, and died when other folks were going to reap the fruits; a man must have courage to look at his own life so, and think what'll come of it after he's dead and gone. A good, solid bit o' work lasts; if it's only laying a floor down, somebody's the better for it's being done well, besides the man as does it.—*Geo. Eliot.*

A French prefect recently wrote to one of the mayors of his department, advising him, as the cholera had broken out in the district, to take all the necessary precautions. After some time the mayor wrote to say that he had taken all the proper steps; and upon the prefect sending to see that they were effectual, he found that the only preparation the mayor had made consisted in having a large number of graves dug in the church yard.

A well-known author once wrote a pretty essay on the power of education to beauty, that it absolutely chiseled the features; that he has seen many a clumsy nose and pair of thick lips so modified by thought awakened and active sentiment, as to be unrecognizable. And he put it on that ground that we so often see people, homely and unattractive in youth, bloom in middle life into a softened Indian Summer of good looks and mellow tones.

Among various species of new cotton indigenous to foreign soil, and introduced in the cotton States, is the Peruvian. It is tall and well limbed, but yet destitute of the faintest sign of blooms. This cotton does not bloom until the second year after planting, and continues to bear fruit every year afterward to the seventh year. It seems well adapted to our soil and climate during the summer, but it is questionable whether it will bear the changes of the winter season. The staple is said to be coarser but as long as the Sea Island, and stronger. It commands about four cents more in the market than our ordinary cotton."

In Chicago the street cars are about being used as adjuncts to the post office. For this purpose, the postal authorities propose to place in all the cars passing near the post office, boxes for the reception of letters. These will be so arranged that the letters can be deposited without entering or stopping the car; and on arriving at the office, the carrier will remove the box and put an empty one in its place. By this plan people along the lines can deposit their letters at any hour, knowing that in a short time they will be at the general office for transmission; while under existing arrangements, the lamp post boxes can be emptied only at stated hours, and a considerable time may elapse before the carrier arrives at his destination.

There are just thirty-two days in the year upon which it is unadvisable to join hands, namely: Seven in January, three each in February, March and December, two each in April, June, July, August, September and November, and one in October, so that January is the worst and October the best month for committing matrimony, the actual unlucky days being these: January 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 10, 15; February 6, 8, 18; March 1, 6, 8; April 6, 11; May 5, 6, 7; June 7, 14; July 5, 10; August 13, 17; September 6, 18; October 6; November 15, 16; and December 15, 16, 17. As to which is the best days of the week, why—

Monday for wealth;
Tuesday for health;
Wednesday the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses;
Friday for losses;
Saturday no luck at all.