

COMMERCIAL BANK

AVANCEMENT

BY FATHER RYAN.

There never was a valley without a faded flower.

The face of Desdemona death with light in any

There never was a sea-shore without its drifting

There never was an ocean without its moaning

And the golden beams of glory, the summer sky

Shine where dead stars are sleeping in their

There never was a steamer, however crystal

Without a shadow resting in the ripples of its

Hope's bright robes are bordered with the

And she has no—no—no—no—no—no—no—no—no—no

The shadow of the mountain falls stewart the

And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above

And the highest peaks and lowest wear the

And the clouds had long since flitted ere the

For no eyes have there been ever without a weary

And those lips cannot be human lips have

For without the dreary winter there has never

And the tempests hid their terrors in the calmest

The cradle means the coffin, and the coffin means

The mother's love hides the De profundis of the

You may call the fairest roses any May-day ever

But they'll wither while you wear them, ere

So this dreary life is passing—and we move amid

And we grope along together—half in darkness,

And our hearts are often burdened by the mys-

Which are never all in shadow and are never

And our dim eyes seek a beacon, and our weary

And our hearts, of all life's mysteries, seek the

nd a Cross gleams o'er our pathway—on it

And he answers all our yearnings by the whis-

OLD AS THE HILLS.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Only the story in general: Mrs. Martha was not so ancient, neither was she very young, though she did resemble one of a fresh new barber-pole as she leaned from the window, her head bound up in a green veil to protect it from the imaginary dust of an utterly superstitious sweeping, and her straight form arrayed in the brightest of striped prints. The back under the green veil was too faded for youth, and over her face was a network of lines, the footprints of countless worries, that spelled out her name of Martha as plainly as letters could have done. The whole world of human affairs was a great machine to her. She fancied that her foot upon the treadle was all that kept it running, and a single false movement or slip of her toes would send everything back to chaos. Such a responsibility of poking up, oiling, screwing, and superintending was enough to tattoo any face with care marks.

The small kitchen of the cottage did not look altogether like the center of the universe, but that mattered nothing so long as it was that to her; and the particular perverse little cog that seemed to be out of order this morning was Master Paul. That young naturalist had a half hour before been trying to perch on the chicken roost as his favorite baupum did, and had endangered his bones and damaged his brown linen suit by a fall; but now he was engaged in some mysterious agricultural enterprise that quite baffled Mrs. Martha's discernment. There had been a deal of digging with her carefully-polished trowel, which she had not discovered in time to prevent; she had only witnessed the completion of the planting—a great stamping down of earth with Paul's small feet around a highly-colored, variegated, and altogether singular-looking cluster of foliage. But the final ceremony of his sowing with a watering-pot, and plentifully sprinkling both his plant and himself, so far aroused her anxious curiosity as to draw her to the scene of action.

It needed no very near approach to astonish and horrify her. Her best feather duster, kept sacredly for parlor use, was buried handle downwards, only a few inches of the soft, brilliant tips remaining above ground, and they forlorn and dragged from the refreshing shower bestowed upon them.

"Paul Rivers, what on earth have you been about now?"

Paul leaned back, with two small muddy hands thrust into his pockets, and surveyed his work with beaming satisfaction.

"I thope I'll raihted those birch of paradize," he explained.

"Birds of destruction! and you're of them yourself! I wish your father would stop showing you pictures and telling you stories of every flying beast and creeping fowl, that's what I do!" muttered Mrs. Martha wrathfully. "Here's my best duster just ruined."

"Don't you mind, Cousin Martha, I thpect I can pick enough feather from my birch to make you a thousand dusters," urged Paul consolingly.

But Mrs. Martha would none of such comfort. She rooted up her brush with indignant alacrity, and walked toward the house with it, shaking out the sand and straightening the drooping feathers by the way. Paul followed her, remarking rather dependently:

"I don't thee how nobody can raihted anything if they can't have nothing for theel."

"What is the trouble now, Paul?" questioned a voice in the vine-shaded piazza, and a face looked forth from under the swaying tendrils—a manly face, bearded and mustached, but with high brow and deep, dark eyes so like the child's that the relation was apparent.

"Trouble? It's nothing but trouble all day long with him!" responded Mrs. Martha, promptly entering upon a recital of his latest affliction. But her listener's

laugh was by no means soothing—how could he appreciate the value of a duster? and the excellent condition of his robe to the little culprit, and the obliging readiness with which he began to explain various processes of hair-raising and taming, exhorted the good housewife's just atom of patience.

"For pity's sake don't fill his head with any more such stuff," she burst in upon Paul's eager questioning. "You'll have him trying to build a nest in the tops of the trees next, or butting his head off against the fence to see if he can't be a wood-pecker. It's all very fine to tell him such nonsense and call it natural history, but it's another thing to have the botany of banking after him and keeping him from breaking his neck with it. I can tell you!"

"You must be a good boy, Paul. I suspect you are a great trial to Cousin Martha," admonished Mr. Rivers, shaking his head at the child. "But if she hadn't you she would be equally distressed over something else. She couldn't be happy unless she had something to be miserable about," he asked to himself as he turned away and ascended the stairs—a smile lurking in his eyes and about his lips, as he secretly wished he had witnessed the agricultural experiment, and could have made a sketch of it.

"A precious pair of them!" commented Mrs. Martha, still aggravated by that look of suppressed amusement. "The father will do nothing but read old books with heathenish names, and paint pictures of mountains, and rickety, half-tumbled down churches; and the child is as full of ridiculous inventions as a patent-office. There: if that scarlet tudy is dry I'd better bring it in; if he should conclude to be a robin next, he'd tie it on for a red-breast I suppose, and go hopping around the yard with his mouth full of straws."

In the light, pleasant upper room, half studio, half library, the artist dropped into an easy chair, and surveyed the picture on his easel, the other pictures on the walls and the books in their cases, with a glance that saw none of them, and with the smile slowly fading from his face. Poor little Paul! this was not just the sort of life for one like him. Cousin Martha loved him—her nursing of his croups and colds, her care of his wardrobe, and even her frequent scoldings proved that, but it was an outside love that never got near the soul of the child. She was a scrupulously nice housewife; the house was beautifully kept, but it was no home. Paul Rivers the elder sighed a little as he reached this thought that came often now. Only a body of rooms with no home heart in them! It was different at that cozy, sunny little nook over the way, and the musing eyes wandered in that direction, as they frequently did of late, to catch now and then the fluttering of a delicate dress through the vine-leaves, or the glimpse of a graceful figure in the garden.

Little Paul had first established a friendship with this neighbor over the way. His small hands, pushed through the fence for flowers, were generously filled. His wise remarks and scientific investigations, cautiously ventured between the palings, received due attention, and he soon found his way in at the gate. The father followed—to bring Paul home, at first, afterward to stop and talk for a little of the child, of flowers, and the books and pictures that Mildred Gray also loved. Gradually the talks grew longer. There was a charm in the gentle womanly presence; the face, past its first flush of girlhood, had gained in nobleness and sweetness more than it had lost in bloom, and the frank, true eyes, with the shadows of some things accomplished and suffered lying a little way back in them, were more winsome than girlhood's sparkling brilliancy.

Little Paul's visits were finally unrestrained. He came and went as suited his own capricious will, and Miss Grey became the sympathizing confidante of many of his grave ponderings and marvelous researches. One day the treacherous wind swept back the shading leaves from the opposite portico, and revealed the boy's golden head pillowed for its afternoon nap on somebody's arm. The artist father, unobserved at his window, sketched the white-robed figure and the sleeping child; but into the first moment of satisfaction at his success, flashed a sudden thought—a swift pain and longing—that had never wholly left him since. He fancied that same figure sitting near him in his studio, pictured it on his own moonlit piazza in the evenings, and the whole house had seemed to grow sweeter and brighter for the mere dream. It came to him now. Ah! if it might be, how the work and the life would grow real, and blessed, and bright once more! Paper and pencils were scattered over the table beside him, he drew a few white page nearer and wrote a few hurried lines—not with any definite intention concerning them, but only following out a vague impulse born of that haunting fancy.

"Mildred Grey, dear Mildred! must I watch you forever across the way, just beyond reach of my life and home and heart? Will you not come nearer? It is love I have given you, dearest, not friendship. I have learned to love my neighbor better than myself; I want her for my own—my wife."

There! the nameless dream was fairly in words; but he smiled a little sadly at the absurdity of having so clothed it, and suddenly closed his portfolio upon the unfinished note.

"No, no; I shall never write or speak such words to her! Her life holds fairer possibilities than I can offer. It is little Paul she loves, not his father, and I must not mistake her kindness nor risk the friendship so invaluable to him, and so precious to me, for the faint hope of gaining something dearer."

He sighed softly—a sigh that ended in another faint smile—walked over to the easel, and took up his brushes, and then, though it was not in the least a sentimental or disconsolate thing to do, he began to whistle—"Away dill care!"

Mrs. Martha caught the sound below stairs, and accepting it as evidence that the master of the establishment was entirely unconcerned about the loss of her brush and her various other tribulations, pursued up her mouth still more grimly as she went about looking after all the wheels, pulleys, and shafts of her universe. A knock on the open door started her. A tall, thin, green-spectacled gentleman, with a large portfolio under his arm, stood bowing in the doorway like a heavy-topped keed in the wind.

"Madam, I have here some beautiful engravings to which I desire to call your attention."

It was an inauspicious moment, Mrs. Martha was in no amiable humor toward

anything of that ilk, and frowned as the case was opened.

"I don't know any," he announced shortly.

"But, madam, I wish to exhibit to you some highly beautiful and interesting works of art which—"

"The more artful they are the less I like them. I don't want to look at 'em," interrupted Mrs. Martha.

The pictorial gentleman looked mildly embarrassed. He had a set speech, well learned, and could not see that he had done his whole duty unless he repeated it from beginning to end in each house. He shifted his position and tried again:

"Yes, madam, very true; but then these beautiful and highly interesting works of art, that are so ornamental, and, I may say, so necessary in every household—"

"Necessary! There's altogether too many in this house now," commented the lady contemptuously. But just then Paul drew near with intense admiration in his eyes, and his presence suggested to the agent another clause in his address.

"And not only ornamental and necessary, but useful; for the rising generation, madam, must be educated."

That was too much for Mrs. Martha's endurance. She knew all about that style of education; it ended in the planting of feather dusters.

"I haven't got any rising generations, and if I had, I wouldn't make lunatic asylums of them, by filling their heads with such stuff. Can't you understand that I don't want any anyway?" she demanded with such unmistakable decision that the thin gentleman closed his picture-case with a snap that had the suspicion of a snarl in it, turned abruptly on his heels and walked away.

Paul looked after him, wistfully for a moment as he went down the winding walk, then suddenly scampered across the grass, dodged under a Syringa bush, and was mounted upon the fence, ready to intercept him by the time he reached the gate.

"Thay, do you make loths of money thelling pictureth?" he questioned earnestly.

The martyr of fine arts gave the gate a slightly vindictive kick, and responded sarcastically:

"Oh! my, yes; it's highly lucrative, this is! A few more places like this nice one, and I'll be worth my thousands."

Paul's dark eyes opened wide. He did not understand any of it except the "thousands," but that was sufficiently astonishing. He gazed after the departing agent until he was out of sight, then sliding down from his post he walked back to the piazza, and seating himself upon the steps with his chin between his palms, he settled into a fit of meditation. It was a very long one—nearly half an hour—only interrupted once or twice by a chase for a butterfly and an inspection of a bird's nest, of his own manufacture, to see if any eggs had been laid in it yet. At last he started up with the air of one who had arrived at a satisfactory conclusion.

"I thpect I'll thell pictureth mythelf and buy birch ready raihted."

He trudged up to the studio to confide this grand project to papa, but that gentleman, being in no painting mood, had gone out for a walk, and Paul found the room unoccupied. He did not fancy waiting an hour or two for his father's return. He looked from the window, but there was no sign of his coming; he surveyed the picture on the easel, but it was an historical scene, and held nothing that particularly interested him except one unfinished white cloud.

"I gath that'th a kite," he commented, scrutinizing critically. "I would look loth better with a tall to it, and I don't thpote the papa'll never think to put any tall on."

He picked up a brush with an intense desire to add a beautiful red and green streamer; but as similar efforts at assistance had been woefully unappreciated in days past, he laid down the implement again with a sigh, clasped his hands behind him to keep them out of temptation, and finally turned away and walked over to the table. A portfolio with its collection of sketches lay conveniently within reach, and he secured it at once. He had often been allowed to look at its contents, and it was just what he needed for his enterprise; why should he wait any longer?

"Papa thells the big pictureth for money, and I'll thell the little oneth, like the man," he decided, with a nod of satisfaction. Then, as a thought of some possible objections fitted into his mind, he added with reluctant generosity: "I thpect I'll give papa thome of the money, maybe—if I have much enough."

That was just and equitable, certainly! He slipped the portfolio under his small arm, and departed with a clear conscience. Once outside the gate his courage slightly faltered. The world looked large, and he resolved to make a first attempt where he was acquainted, and accordingly presented himself at Miss Grey's door.

"I'm going to thell ever so many pictureth," he announced.

The lady looked up from her letter-writing, and laughed as she saw the wee salesman. "Indeed! then I think I must patronize you. What shall I buy?" she asked.

swift rebellion against that. Keep the paper! That would never do! She glanced at the unsuspecting child. How absurdly it had all happened! A gleam of mischief flashed over her face, and catching up her pen, she wrote upon the document—"Read and approved;" then slipping it into its place, she gave the portfolio back to Paul.

"There! I'll give you five cents for one picture, but you may keep it for me until I want it. And, Paul, I don't think you had better go anywhere else with the pictures until you ask papa about them. There are some that he wouldn't want sold. Take them home, dear, and wait until he knows about it."

After having so far yielded to impulse, her womanly pride of course took its revenge. She wondered how she could have been so litane as to do such a thing! What had possessed her? She hurried to the door to call Paul back; but he was beyond reach of her voice, and she sought her room again, smiling a little, though tears of vexation stung in her eyes as she caught sight of her own crimson face in the mirror.

"Twenty-eight years old, and no wiser than this! Mildred Grey, you will never be a feminine Solomon! Oh! dear!"

Meanwhile, Paul, somewhat consoled in his waiting by the profits already received, nearly fell asleep on the piazza before papa arrived; but he aroused sufficiently to tell the story of his speculations as far as developed.

"The Mith Grey bought one—only thill in here yet—and thall I better wait thill you wait home," he concluded.

"Very sensible advice," said papa, lifting his eyebrows at the magnitude of the enterprise undertaken in his absence. "And what drawing did Miss Grey purchase?"

"I don't know. You can tell it though, 'cauthe her name'th to it. I thaw her write it."

So Mr. Rivers looked over the sketches, one by one, until he saw something that made him hurriedly drop the whole portfolio and hasten down the walk and across the street.

"Well!" exclaimed the astonished Paul, "he'th gone to thell her thome too."

The waiting was so long this time that he had ample chance for a full visit to the land of dreams; and Mrs. Martha's tempting dinner waxed cold, and her temper warm at the delay. But the letter returned with eyes too radiant to notice small clouds in any horizon, domestic or otherwise.

After that—everybody knows what came after that; how the white-robed figure changed portico, and the dream grew to a sweeter reality. To be sure Mrs. Martha, who had before been afflicted because she had so much to look after, now became vaguely pathetic over being laid on a shelf—put aside for a stranger; but it was a comfortable, easily managed trouble—a sort of pickled tribulation—that could be so readily bottled up and put out of the way when it was not wanted, and so easily warmed over, and made as fresh as new when it was needed, that it was really invaluable to her.

Just the old story, you see—old as the hills, and common as the daisies on the hillside. Yet even the daisies are new to each summer, the hills wear different colors as we look at them through different atmospheres, and the loving thought that winds fresh clouds about their tops and cares for each daisy as if it were the only one, makes this old story of human hearts evermore sweet and new to each in their turn.—Hearth and Home.

"Hall, Wedded Love!"

You know her. She lives on your street. Her features are either pinched, or full and frowsy. Her dress is wet, ill-fitting, and of no particular pattern; her hair is uncombed; her voice is either shrill or coarse. You have seen her stand out in the backyard, and put a bare arm up to her eyes, and under it peer out to the fence or barn, where a man in an ill-fitting coat is searching for something, and have heard her shout: "John! can't George bring me some water?" And you have heard him cry back: "If he don't get that water I will take every inch of flesh from his bones!" And when you have looked at her again, does it seem possible that those angry eyes have coquetted in maidenly reserve or raised in coquetish light to the face of the man in the ill-fitting coat? Can you, by any possible wrench of the imagination, conceive of his tenderly passing peppermints to her; of his taking that hand in his and bashfully squeezing it? But it was so. Many a "God bless you!" has been uttered above that bare head; many a kiss pressed on that uncombed hair. The tightly compressed lips have lovingly framed tender invitations to him to take another bite of cake and pickle. The hands that are now parboiled and blistered and marked with scars from the breadknife, and scratches from the last setting hen, were once twined lovingly about his neck, and the nose which is now pinched and red, and looks as if it would stand on its hind legs and scream with rage, once followed the figures of his new vest pattern, or bore heavily against his jugular vein. As little probable as this seems to you, it seems less to her. She has forgotten it. She won't hear it talked of by others. Two lovers are to her "a parcel of fools." And—but George is rubbing his head, and we turn aside while our heroine readjusts her slipper.—Danbury News.

A Shrewd Lawyer.

Chief-Justice Parsons, of Massachusetts, always maintained that a reputation for eloquence was injurious to a lawyer. He said that a jury generally braced themselves against such a man, determined not to be beguiled by his eloquence, and it took both time and tact to overcome this prejudice. His practice was in harmony with his theory. On one of his first visits to Maine, a young lawyer was attracted to hear him. He found Mr. Parsons already engaged in his argument. He stood with one foot on a chair, and with his elbow on his knee, was talking of the case as familiarly as if it his own fire-side. It was evident that his simple and easy manner had taken the jury captive. He was very short, and the deliberation of the jury was much shorter. They gave a verdict for his client, and one of them said to the young lawyer, "Who is this Mr. Parsons? He isn't much of a lawyer, and doesn't talk or look like as if he would ever be one; but he seems to be a real good sort of a man." The theory worked well in that case.

Some Ancient Charms.

Old charms dealt with every possible relation of life. Thus: "Eat hare if you want to look handsome for nine days after." "Put a hen's heart on your wife's left side while she is asleep, and she'll tell all her secrets." "Swallow a mole's heart, fresh and palpitating, and you'll at once be expert in divination." "Quartan agues yield not to ordinary medicine; so take of the dust in which a hawk has been rolling, tie it up in a bit of white cloth with a red thread, and wear it; or else knock out the right eye of a live lizard, and wear it wrapped in a bit of goat-skin." These are from Pliny, who also teaches that all medicinal herbs should be gathered pick-pocket fashion, with the right hand pocket through the left armhole of the tunic; you ought to be clad in a white robe, with naked, clean-washed feet, and to have just offered an oblation of bread and wine. Worms out of a goat's brain are good for epilepsy; so is a rivet from a wrecked ship; if you insert it in the bone cut out of a living stag's heart, and then make it into a brooch. If you see a shooting-star, count quickly, for you'll be free from inflammation as many years as you can count numbers while the star remains in view. To cure cataract in the eye, catch a fox, cut out his tongue, and tie it up in a red rag, and hang round the man's neck. When something has got into your eye, rub it with five fingers of the same side as the eye affected, saying thrice, "Tetume resono bryam gresso," and spit thrice. If you would escape stomach-ache, take care that you always put on your left shoe first, and wear on gold-leaf the letters L M O R I A, written three times. For tooth-ache, say "Argidam margidam sturidam" thrice over, and spit in a frog's mouth, solemnly desiring him to take the toothache. If any one has swallowed a bone, gently touch the mouth with ring-finger and thumb, and say nine times, "I kiss the Gorgon's mouth." This is sovereign; the great Galen himself testifies to the value of charms in such a case. These are from Marcellus Empiricus (the quack, as he well deserves to be called), who flourished about 380 A. D. But this, from Albertus, is the most wonderful of all: Gather in August the herb bellotropion, wrap it in a bay-leaf with a wolf's tooth, and it will, if placed under the pillow, show a man who has been robbed, where are his goods, and who has taken them; also, if placed in a church it will keep fixed to their places all the women present who have broken their marriage-vow. "This last is most tried and most true."

Lay a wolf's head under the pillow, and the unhealthy shall sleep sweetly. His flesh well dressed and sodden, given to eat, cures devil's sickness, and an ill sight. For disease of joints, take a live fox, and seethe him till the bones alone be left, adding oil during the seething, and use this as a bath right often. Let those who suffer from apparitions eat lion's flesh; they will not, after that, suffer any apparition. But the king of beasts is condescending: "For sore ears take lion's snet, melt in a dish, and drop into the ear;" which makes us think either that lions were much more powerful, or sore ears much more distressing than nowadays. Fahey in "the Chiepe" the announcement: "A fat lion killed last week; of his snet a little left. To prevent disappointment, apply early."

For fear of mad hound, take the worms which be under a mad hound's tongue, snip them away, lead them round about a fig-tree, give them to him who hath been rent; he will soon be healed; or this: a hound's head burnt to ashes, and applied on the wound, cureth out all the venom and the foulness, and healeth the man.

And so goat's grease cures dropsy; dog's milk helps children through their teething; gall of a wild buck mingled with field-bees' honey, makes the eyes bright; a hare's heel carried in the pocket keeps away stomach-ache; a hare's brain in wine cures drowsiness; burnt hartshorn in hot water kills worms; and so on.—All the Year Round.

The Octopus or Devil Fish.

The following account of the habits and character of this marine monster, we extract from the pages of Land and Water, to which it was furnished by Mr. Henry Dee, of Brighton aquarium, England:

"A crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn, and was lowered near to the great male octopus. He was sleepy, and required a great deal of tempting, but the sight of his favorite food overcame his laziness, and he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate glass, just as I closed. In a second the crab was completely plucked. Not a struggle was visible or possible; each leg, each claw, was grasped all over by suckers—enfolded in them—stretched out to its full extent, by them. The back of the carapace was covered all over with the tenacious vacuum disks, while the black tip of the hard, horny beak was seen for a single instant protruding from the circular orifice in the center of the radiation of the arms, and next had crunched through the shell, and was buried deep in the flesh of the miserable victim.

The action of an octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food is very like that of a rat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and the escape of the prisoner even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color, and attitudes of the octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror.

To make German pickles, take sound, ripe cucumbers, peel and remove the seeds, cut lengthwise into strips an inch wide. To three quarts of the pieces add three cups of vinegar and four of water; soak twenty-four hours, stirring once or twice. Put one quart of vinegar on the fire, add one pint of sugar, a little stick cinnamon and a teaspoonful of pimento tied in a bit of cloth; send all together; add the cucumber and boil till soft.

The memorial to John Stuart Mill is to take the form of a statue in some public situation or public building in London, and of scholarships, open to the competition of both sexes, in mental science and political economy, or otherwise for the promotion of mental and social science.