

The Yew Tree.

After the oak, there is no British tree that in grandeur and endurance can vie with the yew. Like the oak, its length of life is prodigious. Immense shells of dead yew trees are spread sparingly all over the country; but living specimens of this tree cannot now be recorded as very common, and the ancient yew tree groves have passed away. The yew is fond of mountainous and hilly, but moist districts, and abounds in all parts of Europe except the extreme north. One specimen of the wood of this tree may be seen in good condition at the British Museum, from the excavations at Nineveh, apparently quite free from any effect of time or insects; and another specimen, from the ancient submerged lake-dwellings of Moosedorf, Canton Bern, of enormous antiquity. It frequently grows to an immense size, and some are recorded in the country more than fifty feet in circumference.

One of the most interesting facts in connection with the yew tree is its frequent occurrence in church-yards; and most of the finest specimens of this country are to be found closely adjoining ecclesiastical buildings. The reason for this is not very clear; but it is evident, in many instances, that the yews were not planted near the churches, but that the churches were built near the yews, as the ages of several British specimens of this tree are known to be far greater than those of the buildings to which they are attached, many yew trees dating anterior to the Norman conquest. There seems to be some reason for supposing that this tree was considered sacred in this country before the introduction of Christianity, and that certain religious rites were performed in groves of yew; the first Christian churches being erected on the sites of heathen temples, they necessarily were built near yew trees. But why this tree was retained in the church-yard, and Christian churches afterwards built near yews, yews ultimately planted in church-yards, and the wood used for religious purposes, as is proved by references to "consecrated yew," is most certainly more difficult to understand. Many trifling reasons have been offered at various times—not worth repeating here; but, of all trees, perhaps, no other has so many ghostly legends and superstitions in connection with it. The shade of yew was at one time considered fatal to any creature sleeping beneath. It was always an emblem of death and silence; and for this reason, and perhaps for its great length of life and freedom from deterioration, it may be selected as an emblem of incorruptibility. It appears to the writer that the ancient belief of yew wood counteracting and curing the bite of the serpent may in some way be connected with its retention; but in support of this or any other reason for its selection there is little or no evidence to bring forward.

No insect or caterpillar is peculiar to or lives upon either the foliage or wood of this tree, perhaps for the simple reason that all parts, excepting the fruit, are highly poisonous; and not to small creatures alone, for larger quadrupeds, such as horses, oxen, etc., frequently die after nibbling the leaves. Deer, goats, and sheep have been said to be exempt, but the contrary is proved by the fact that last winter between thirty and forty deer were poisoned in the Duke of Beaufort's park, at Badminton, after eating a few leaves that approached the ground. Not only is the tree exempt from all insects, but it is rare to find either moss, lichen, or fungus growing on the trunk or branches.

The associations connected with the yew are full of interest. Three kings were slain by bows of the "double fatal yew," namely, Harold, Rufus, and Cœur de Lion. The victories of Cressy, Poitiers and Agincourt were gained by the archers, "dreadful with the bended yew." Mary Queen of Scots promised marriage to Darnley under this tree, to commemorate which a coin was struck. The first meeting of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn took place under a yew tree; and to add no other incidents, the name of the town of Halifax is said to be indirectly derived from a legend in connexion with a yew tree, and to which many pilgrimages were made in times long past.

A few Precepts from Confucius.

"Be severe to yourself, and indulgent to others; you thus avoid all resentment."

"The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct; the right seems the rule of his behavior; deference and modesty mark his exterior; sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishment."

"Love virtue, and the people will be virtuous; the virtue of a great man is like the wind; the virtue of the humble is like the grass; when the wind passes over it the grass inclines its head."

"Children should practice filial piety at home, and paternal deference abroad; they should be attentive in their actions, sincere and true in their words, loving all with the whole force of their affection."

"Return equity and justice for evil done to you, and pay goodness by goodness."

"Without the virtue of humility, one can neither be honest in poverty nor contented in abundance."

"Real virtue consists in integrity of heart and loving your neighbor as yourself."

"What I desire that others should not do to me, I equally desire not to do to them."

"Think not of faults committed in the past, when one has reformed his conduct."

—The London, Eng., *Telegraph* has a circulation of 240,000, or one copy for every 18 of the population of the city.

The Faithful Sentinel.

Peter the Great was a tyrant, but, on the whole his tyranny did good service for his Russian subjects. Arbitrary, as all despots must be, he was not without rude notions of justice, and a certain consideration for those who merited encouragement. One day a young recruit was standing guard before the door of the entrance to Peter's private chambers in the palace of St. Petersburg. He had received orders to admit no one. As he was passing slowly up and down before the door, Prince Menschikoff, the favorite minister of the Czar, approached, attempting to enter. He was stopped by the recruit. The prince, who had the fullest liberty of calling upon his master at any time, sought to push the guard and pass him, yet the young man would not move, but ordered His Highness to stand back.

"You fool!" shouted the prince, "don't you know me?"

The recruit smiled, and said, "Very well, Your Highness, but my orders are peremptory to let nobody pass."

The prince, exasperated at the fellow's impudence, struck him a blow in the face with his riding whip.

"Strike away, Your Highness," said the soldier, "but I cannot let you go in." Peter, in the room, hearing the noise outside, opened the door and inquired what it meant, and the prince told him. The Czar was amused, but said nothing at the time. In the evening, however, he sent for the prince and the soldier. As they both appeared, Peter gave his own case to the soldier, saying—

"That man struck you in the morning; now you must return the blow to that fellow with my whip."

The prince was amazed. "Your majesty," he said, "this common soldier is to strike me?"

"I make him a captain," said Peter.

"But I'm an officer of your majesty's household," objected the prince.

"I make him a colonel of my Life Guards and an officer of my household," said Peter again.

"My rank, your majesty knows, is that of general," again protested Menschikoff.

"Then I make him a general, so that the beating you get may come from a man of your rank."

The prince got a sound thrashing in the presence of the Czar, the recruit was the next day commissioned a general, with the title of Count Orloff, and was the founder of a powerful family, whose descendants are still high in the imperial service of Russia.

A Cure for Slander.

The following very homely but singularly instructive lesson is by St. Phillip Neri:

A lady presented herself to him one day, accusing herself of being given to slander. "Do you frequently fall into this fault?" inquired the Saint. "Yes, Father, very often," replied the penitent. "My dear child," said the Saint, "your fault is great, but the mercy of God is still greater; for your penance, do as follows: Go to the nearest market, purchase a chicken just killed and still covered with feathers; you will then walk to a certain distance, pinning the bird as you go along; your walk finished, you will return to me."

Great was the astonishment of the lady in receiving so strange a penance; but, silencing all human reasoning, she replied, "I will obey, Father, I will obey." Accordingly, she repaired to the market, bought the fowl and set out on her journey, pinning it as she went along, as she had been ordered.

In a short time she returned, anxious to tell of her exactness in accomplishing her penance, and desirous to receive some explanation of one so singular.

"Ah!" said the Saint, "you have been very faithful to the first part of my orders; now do the second part, and you will be cured. Retrace your steps; pass through all the places you have already traversed, and gather up one by one all the feathers you have scattered."

"But, Father," exclaimed the poor woman, "that is impossible. I cast the feathers carelessly on every side; the wind carried them in different directions; how can I now recover them?"

"Well, my child," replied the Saint, "so it is with your words of slander, like the feathers which the wind has scattered, they have been wafted in many directions; call them back now if you can. Go and sin no more."

History does not tell if the lady was converted; but it is probable. It required a Saint to give the lesson; one should be a fool not to profit by it.

Beauty of Woman.

Is there not a beauty and a charm in that venerable and venerated woman, who sits in the "majesty of age" beside the fire-side of her son; she who nursed him in his infancy, tended him in youth, counseled him in manhood, and who now dwells as the tutelary goddess of his household? What a host of blessed memories are linked with that mother, even in her "reverential and arm-chair days"—what a multitude of sanctifying associations surround her and make her lovely, even on the verge of the grave. Is there not a beauty and a charm in that matronly woman who sits looking fondly on the child in her lap? Is there not a holy influence around her, and does not the observer at once pronounce her lovely? What though the lines and lineaments of youth are fled; Time has given far more than he has taken away. And is there not a beauty and a charm in a fair girl who is kneeling before that matron—her own womanly sympathies just opening into active life, as she folds that youthful infant to her bosom? All are beautiful—the opening blossom, the mature flower, and the ripened fruit; and the callous heart and the sensual mind that regards loveliness as a stimulant for passion only, shows that it has no correct sense of beauty or refined taste.

A Minnesota Marriage.

The Jackson (Minn.) *Republican* says: "A farmer who resides out near the Iowa line had business at Worthington the other day, and if reports are true as they come to us, that was a trip of no ordinary significance. Night overtook him on his return, and he sought lodgings in a cosy but humble cot on the prairie. He found the house occupied by a lone bachelor, but as in the case of all old bachelors, he was hospitable and was willing to share his primitive board and lodging with the stranger. The traveler discussed the loneliness of his host's condition, and urged him to seek out some dear lone one of the other sex to share that prairie home with him, and thus make two disconsolate happy. This was exactly what that old bachelor acknowledged would suit him, and he listened with the greatest delight and interest as the stranger delineated the "fine points" of a certain domestic employed by him, scarce twenty miles away, and whom he was satisfied would be love, honey, and a housekeeper to his bachelor friend. In fact, he agreed to broach the subject to her promptly on his arrival home, which he did, found things not only lovely, but she, too, was more than anxious, so anxious that our match-making friend hesitated. Finally, she agreed to balance accounts and scratch off what was due her for per diem if he would only transport her to that lone prairie bachelor. Impulse and business stepped in and he yielded. Soon that over-anxious twin were, face to face, and, as Spurgeon expressed it the other Sunday, their gushing thoughts simultaneously burst out: "First, let us think of it; second, let us consider how to perform it; third, let us do it at once." And away they sped to Worthington, and came back man and wife, all in less than two days' notice and four hours acquaintance."

The Canton River.

Of all the extraordinary scenes which can be witnessed, says Bayard Taylor, nothing can be more surprising or astounding to the European than the appearance of the Canton river; for let him have traveled "far and wide," he might give him an idea of the scene but ocular demonstration. Myriads of boats float on the waters; some devoted to handicraft men of all descriptions; others to retailers of edibles, cooked and uncooked; boats laden with chests of tea piled one upon the other, tier above tier, until the side of the boat is level with the water's edge; mandarin boats forcing their way authoritatively through the crowd; war junks at anchor; while here and there a European boat, managed by sailors who give vent to their excited feelings by uttering sundry and divers ejaculations not particularly complimentary to the good sensibility of the natives, nor expressive of kindly feelings towards them. Flower boats, and others belonging to artisans, venders of food, pedlars, merchants, poultry and sand-pans are wedged together in one solid mass, apparently impenetrable; while the air is filled and the ear stunted with the deafening sound of gongs and wind instruments, discoursing most unearthly music, accompanied by the yelling, screaming, gabbling and clamor of hundreds of thousands of human tongues, producing a hodge-podge of sounds, unrivaled and unequalled since the building of the Tower of Babel. As there is no part of the world so densely populated as China, so there is no part of China so thickly populated as Canton; the population of the city of Canton and its suburbs being estimated at above one million; and the denizens of the river, who habitually reside in their boats, are said to exceed two hundred thousand.

A Spitz Dog.

A Spitz dog came into this office yesterday, says the Rochester *Democrat*, in company with a very handsome lady. The dog was undoubtedly handsome too. The editors were all at their desks. Upon a sudden, each seemed possessed of the devil, or an impulse to get a better view of the dog—a view rendered more enchanting by distance. The chairs were somewhat hastily abandoned. The night editor opened a window contiguous to his desk and set on the sill, the major part of his body ornamenting the facade. The city editor and the reporter struck up as if by agreement, "There's no place like home"—for a dog. The other editors locked their doors, barricaded them with patent-office reports and paste pots, and hunted for prophetic judgment on the walls of their little sanctuaries. The handsome woman stated her business. She understood that "one of the gentlemen of the office wanted a lapdog, and I thought I would bring 'Waggy' up to see if he would suit." A glumly smile stole over the features of the city editor, and, from his lofty perch upon one of the cross-beams to which he had scrambled, with more of alacrity than of dignity, he assured the good woman that it was perhaps a mistake—it must have been the Union office, and that if she would call again he would give her all the facts of the case. He was a thousand times obliged to her for the trouble she had taken, but really he didn't fancy dogs.

Thereupon the handsome young lady departed with a sigh.

"Mighty handsome dog, wasn't it?" each observed, as he resumed his toilet-salon.

—The city of Mexico has the following among its industries: Four iron foundries, two of printed goods, eight brick-yards, two piano factories, two type foundries, ten oil mills, ten starch factories, one ice factory, two crinoline factories, one cloth mill, seven match factories, seven saddlery shops, three musical instrument factories, two playing cards, two window glass.

The House-keeper.

BY AUNT MARTA.

One living in a small house must invent new method and system to save work and avoid disorder. It is quite impossible to have a place for everything, and hence much ingenuity is requisite to prevent confusion. Space may be economized by having alone receptacles, of which there are many designs. They may be made of linen, bound with scarlet braid, and fastened against the wall or closet door, and are all quite ornamental.

If one is limited as to closets, and packing-cases or trunks have to be used, it is well to keep an inventory of each to avoid the trouble of overhauling, even to the last, for a needed article, because of a treacherous memory.

Every good housekeeper will also cling to the old-fashioned rag-bag, for odds and ends, and it is well to have every article rolled and securely tied and labeled, so that any member of the family may be able to find what is wanted without making chaos of the whole.

When eggs are cheap and plentiful, a knowledge of some of the many ways of cooking is desirable, and we append a few well-tested and approved recipes:

Omelet.—To four well-beaten eggs add one teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in half tea cup milk, one tablespoonful sugar, salt and pepper. Fry as any omelet.

Omelet.—Eight eggs; beat whites and yolks separately, not very stiff; one-half cup sweet milk, a little salt, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, one tablespoonful flour mixed in part of the milk. Have the pan or spider hot and well greased and put in stove and bake.

Bread Omelet.—Put into a stew-pan a teaspoonful of crumbs, 1 teaspoonful of cream, 1 tablespoonful of butter, with salt, pepper, and nutmeg (if liked); when the bread has absorbed the cream, work in two well-beaten eggs; beat them a little with the mixture; fry in an omelet pan and roll up.

Omelet Souffle.—Four eggs; beat whites and yolks separately, until an exceedingly thick froth is formed; then mix the two and add one-half cup of powdered sugar, and one-half spoonful of extract of vanilla, and stir in quickly; pour in a deep dish and bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a moderate oven. Eat at once. It falls when cool.

Only a Boy.

The natural history of a boy is an interesting study. It is hard for the old folks to look at things from his standpoint, because their memories are short. However, he will grow old soon enough, and the era of mud pies and marbles will fade only too quickly.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
Antrim full of mischief and wit and glee
As never a man frame could be,
And as hard to manage as—Ah! Ah, me!
'Tis hard to tell,
Yet we love him well.

We can't see why it should be fun for him to put a bit of orange peel on the sidewalk and then watch until the unwary traveler lies on his back, spluttering all the oaths which the living and dead languages afford, or to tie a string from the door to the lamp-post just opposite, high enough to knock off everybody's hat who hurries along, or to slip out the tailboard of a lemon cart and then start the horse on a run, while the dismayed vendor gnashes his teeth and expresses the wish that the cholera would come quickly and make short work of the little rascals. No, we can't see the sport in all that; but twenty years ago we did. We can't remember that we ever stopped the chimney up and filled the house with smoke, or put particles of gunpowder in the middle of the old gentleman's cigar, and then watched for the explosion, looking so meek and absorbed in our geography lesson that the victim of our mischief thought there must be a mistake somewhere, and that if he thrashed us he would do injustice to an innocent student. Well, that is probably what we did, nevertheless, and that is just what other boys are doing nowadays:

Only a boy, who will be a man
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
If water, or fire, or some fatal snare
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy,
"Only a boy."

Kindness.

If we could but look down into the hearts of many people in our city, what a sight would be presented before our eyes! How many hearts dying for one little spark of sympathy, dying for one kind word spoken, one act of kindness shown them; but alas! only a frown! only a cold glance which pierces to the very center of the heart! Many a disciple bearing that honored title "Christian," is not a true disciple, bearing a cup of cold water "unto one of the least of these," but instead giving a cross answer, showing a selfish disposition, doing an unchristian act, not heeding the Master's words, "Bless ye one another's burdens," but giving others many burdens. If every one did well the part assigned them, what a delightful world would be made out of this now dreary one. Let us scatter roses where we now sow thorns, sunshine where we now cast thick clouds of sorrow and woe; then our lives will be joyous; and standing at the threshold of a brighter and purer world and looking back over the bright years of the past, knowing we have done our duty to our fellow men in this world, we will be better prepared to welcome the joys of the next.

In the theater, minstrel, cathedral,
In the church, and the beer garden agh;
In the concert saloon and the circus,
They all sing "the sweet bye and bye."

Wit and Humor.

During the autumn miles the volume of nature is full of fly-leaves.

The bachelor has to look out for number one—the married man for number two.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

Husbands are probably the most ill-used of all classes of persons—except wives.

The right thing in the wrong place is a love-letter written on a mourning sheet of paper.

In the march of life, don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right.

It isn't enough that men and women should be of the true metal; they should also be well tempered.

Why is an invalid cured by sea-bathing like a confined criminal? Because he is sea-cured (secured).

DEPRAVED TASTE.—The small gentleman who indulged so freely in biting sarcasm, has taken to swallowing affronts.

"How are you to-day?" inquired a doctor of his patient. "A little better, thank you." "Have you taken any dinner to-day?" "Yes, a little goose." "With appetite?" "No sir, with sauce."

A COMMON CASE.—"Silence—keep silence in court!" said an angry judge. "Here we have judged a dozen cases this morning, and I have not heard one of them." Justice was blind as well as deaf.

A newspaper reporter says of a very elegant female pickpocket: "She rarely speaks to any one; is always quiet, gentle, smiling, and genteel—comes like a sunbeam, and like it, steals noiselessly away."

"You would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman, patronizingly, to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes are very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them."

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Pepper, rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?" "Certainly not, ma'am," replied the gallant philosopher; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

A barrister, noted for his absence of mind, was once witnessing the representation of Macbeth; and on the witch's replying to the Thane's inquiry, that they were "doing a deed without a name," catching the sound of the words, he started up, exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audience, "A deed without a name! Why, it's void; it's not worth sixpence."

A Short Study for Boys.

The life of Charles O'Connor, the eminent lawyer, shows what diligence and perseverance will accomplish.

When eight years old he was an office boy and a newspaper carrier. His father published a weekly newspaper, and Charles, besides attending in the office, delivered the journal to subscribers in New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City. He used a stick to cross the rivers, and frequently would be out all Saturday night serving his route. It is said that he never missed a subscriber.

When seventeen years old, he entered a lawyer's office as an errand boy. He borrowed law books, took them home and read them by the light of a candle far into the night. Several lawyers noticing the boy's industry, aided him in his studies.

When he was twenty-four years old he was admitted to the bar, and even then it was said that young O'Connor's legal opinion was worth more than that of many other lawyers.

But success comes slowly to a young lawyer, and it was not until his thirtieth year that clients recognized the legal learning and skill of young O'Connor. He was very poor, but industry and ability were his capital. He worked hard at the smallest case, never slighting any trust, and in time secured the reputation of a man who would do his best for those employing him. To this conscientiousness and industry he owed his success.

Will Poultry Pay?

This is a question that is often asked: Will poultry pay? Of course it will pay. The lazy, good-for-nothing tramp, sleeping in the barn, begging or stealing from door to door, could make a good living by renting an acre of ground and raising chickens. The poor farmer who gets deeper and deeper in the mire every year because his grocery bill is larger than his wheat sales, might keep that acre very well paid up in eggs and fowl, if he were not so wedded to his mule and so averse to progressive farming. We hear of a woman in Stanislaus county who last year sold over \$1,000 worth of eggs and poultry, the labor of her own individual hands. But then she was different from most women and men whom we meet on the farm. You cannot make her believe that it was a "small" business, unworthy the dignity and standing which are supposed to attend farming. You cannot induce her to believe that it was a menial employment. On the other hand, she found many pleasures in it, the business gentle and easily managed, and the product convertible into cash at her own door. She raised one thousand chickens and turkeys, and is making money.

—What will a long-suffering public not be called upon to tamely endure after the following: Why are four things like one-fourth gallon of consumed bitter beer? One is a quartette, and the other is a quart drunk.

—"Yes," said a man, as he bent his elbow to raise the twentieth glass of beer, "it is overwork that kills."