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Poetry.

THE MANGO TREE.

BY C. KINGSLEY.

He wiled me through the furzy croft;
He wiled me down the sandy lane.
He told his boy's love, soft and oft,
Until I told him mine again.

We married and we sailed the main—
A soldier and a soldier's wife.
We marched through many a burning plain;
We sighed for many a gallant life.

But his—God kept it safe from harm.
He toiled, and dared and earned command.
And those three stripes upon his arm
Were more to me than gold or land.

Sure he would win some great renown:
Our lives were strong, our hearts were high.
One night the fever struck him down.
I sat, and stared, and saw him die.

I had his children—one, two three.
One week I had them, blithe and sound.
The next—beneath this mango-tree,
By him in barrack burying ground.

I sit beneath the mango shade;
I live my five years' life all o'er—
Round yonder stems his children played;
He mounted guard at yonder door.

'Tis I, not they, am gone and dead;
They live; they know; they feel; they see.
Their spirits light the golden shade
Beneath the giant mango-tree.

All things, save I, are full of life:
The minas, pluming velvet breasts;
The monkeys, in their foolish strife;
The swooping hawks, the swinging nests.

The lizards basking on the soil;
The butterflies who sun their wings;
The bees about their household toil;
They live: they love: the blissful things.

Each tender purple mango-shoot
That folds and droops so bashful down;
It lives; it sucks some hidden root;
It rears at last a broad green crown.

It blossoms; and the children cry,
"Watch when the mango apples fall!"
It lives; but rootless, fruitless, I—
I breathe and dream;—and that is all.

Thus am I dead; yet cannot die;
But still within my foolish brain
There hangs a pale blue evening sky;
A furzy croft, a sandy lane.

—*Every Saturday.*

Miscellaneous.

Oats.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

OATS are a singular grain, perhaps I should say plural, bekauze thare iz more than one ov them.

They gro on the top ov a straw, about two foot, 9 and one-quarter inches hi, and the straw iz holler.

This straw iz interesting for its suckshun.

Short pieces ov it, about 8 inches, or so, dipt into the buzzum ov a sherry cobbler, will suckshun up the entire cobbler in 4 minnitts, bi the watch.

I never hav tried this, but i kno lots ov young, and reliable men, who stand around ready to prove this, if sum boddy will fetch on the cobbler.

This suckshun iz sed to be a ded sure thing.

Oats gro on the summit ov sum straw, and are sharp at both ends.

They resemble shu pegs in looks, and build, and it iz sed, are often mistaken for them by near-sighted hosses and shumakers.

I dont intend this remark az any derogativeness to shumakers in the lump, for i have often sed, in mi inspired moments, if i couldn't be a shumaker, i would like to be a good lawyer.

Oats are a phuny grain, 8 quarts ov them will make even a stage hoss laff, and when a stage hoss laffs, you may know he is tickled somewhare.

This iz the natur ov oats az a beverage, they amuze the stummuck ov the hoss with their sharp ends, and then the hoss laffs.

I hav never saw a hoss laff, but i hav heard that it could be did.

Thare iz a grate menny folks, ov good moral karakter, who wont believe enny thing unless they kan see it, theze kind ov folk are always the eazyest to cheat.

They wont beleave a rattle snaiks bight iz pizon untill they tri it; this kind ov informashun alwus kosts more than it iz aktually worth.

It iz a middling wize man who proffits bi hiz own experience, but it iz a good deal wizer one, who lets the rattlesnaik bight the other phellow.

The Goddess ov korn iz also the Goddess ov oats, and barley, and buckwheat.

Her name iz Series, she iz a mithological woman, and like menny wimmen now a daze, she iz hard to lokate.

Theze mithology men, and wimmen, work well enough in poetry, whare a good deal of lieing dont hurt the sense, but when you come right down to korn in the ear, or oats in the bundle, all the gods and goddesses in the world, kant warrant a good crop.

It takes labor to raize oats, and thrash them out, but ov all the lazy cusses that hav pestered the earth, since Adam was a boy, the gods, and the goddesses, hav always been too lazy to swet.

Enny being who haint never swet, dont kno what he is worth.

I would like to see a whole parcel ov theze gods, and goddesses, in a harvest field, reaping lodged oats, in the month of August; they couldn't earn their peppersass.

Oats are sold bi weight or mezzure, and are seldum (or perhaps i may say in confidence never) sold by count.

Eggs, and money, are counted out, but oats never.

It would be well for nu beginners to remember this, it would save them a good deal of time on every hundred bushels ov oats.

Time iz said tew be the same az money, if this iz positively so, Methuseler died ritch.

Methuseler was exackly 999 years old when he died, now multipli this bi 365, which would only be allowing him a dollar a day for hiz time, and yu will find just what he waz worth.

Oats are worth from 40 to 75 cents a bushel, ackording tew their price, and aint good for mutch, only tew tickle a hoss.

They will choke a goose to deth quicker than a paper ov pins, and ennything that will choke a goose to deth (i mean on the internal side ov their thrut) iz, to say the least ov it, very skarse.

Speaking ov a goose, i hav found out at last what makes them so tuff, it iz staying out so mutch in the cold.

I found this out all alone by miself.

Oats are a very easy krop tew raize.

All yu hav got to do, to raize oats, iz to plough the ground deep, then manure it well, then sprinkle the oats all over the ground, one in a place, then worry the ground with a drag all over, then set up nites to keep the chickens, and woodchucks out ov them, then pray for some rain, then kradle them down with a kradle, then rake them together with a rake, then bind them up with a band, then stack them up with a stack, then thrash them out with a flail, then clean them up with a mill, then sharpen both ends ov them with a knife, then stow them away in a granery, then spend wet days, and Sundays, trapping for rats, and mice.

It aint nothing but phun to raise oats—try it.

One ov the best ways tew raize a sure crop ov oats, and tew git a good price for the crop, iz tew feed 4 quarts ov them to a shanghi rooster, then murder the rooster suddenly, and sell him for 25 cents a pound, crop and all.—*New York Weekly.*

Summer Showers.

SUMMER showers frequently overtake persons and "wet them to the skin;" it is then safer to walk steadily and rapidly on, until the clothes become dry again, than to stop under a shelter and remain there still until the storm is over. If home is reached while the clothing is yet wet, take some hot drink instantly, a pint or more; go to the kitchen fire, remove every garment, rub the whole body with a coarse towel, or flannel, put on woolen under-clothing, get into bed, wrap up warm, and take another hot drink; then go to sleep, if at night; if in the daytime, get up in an hour, dress, and be active the remainder of the day. Suppose you sit still, in the damp clothing: in a few minutes chilliness is observed, the cold "strikes in," and next morning there is a violent cold, or an attack of pleurisy, or pneumonia, which if not fatal in a week often requires weeks and months and weary years to get rid of. The short, sharp rule should be, if the clothing gets wet, change instantly, or work or walk actively, briskly, until perfectly dry.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE WIFE'S GIFT.

BY WILLIAM A. SIGOURNEY.

"No, no, Jim; it is no use to persuade me. I am no teetotaller. Three glasses a day is my rule, and a good one it is too. Just enough to make a fellow feel lively, without upsetting him in the least. I leave signing the pledge to those who fear to trust themselves. No danger of Bill Janes being seen reeling in the streets."

"But we have such fearful examples before us, William," urged the friend, who was endeavoring to persuade young Janes to join the Good-Templars, and pledge himself to total abstinence. "There is but one safe course for us to pursue."

"For you, perhaps, but not for me," was the reply. "Every man is his own best judge. Don't be offended, Jim; your counsel is well meant, and I thank you for it. But you magnify the danger. Here is my little wife; she is not afraid to trust me without my signing the pledge. Say, Lizzie, my darling?"

Lizzie had been a wife but one short month, and it was hard for her to say anything which might seem to differ from the opinion which her husband had advanced; but she was very truthful, and Jim was an old friend, so that his presence was little restraint, and she answered frankly:

"No, William, I am not afraid to trust you; and yet I would rather you would join the Templars, and resolve never to taste another drop of liquor, unless the doctor ordered it. Make me a present of the three glasses a day."

"Indeed, I will not my dear, for I could not get along without an occasional drop of the useful. If you wish a present, you must think of something else."

"Nothing else will do," replied Lizzie, smilingly.

"Only hear that, Jim," said the young husband, in a jesting tone. "Nothing less than three glasses a day will serve my little wife as a present. You had better persuade her to join your society. But never mind, Lizzie, it shall never be said that I treated myself better than I did my wife; and, therefore, I promise to allow you three glasses a day as long as I take them myself. Bear witness, Jim, every evening after my return from work, I will hand to my dear little wife the price of three glasses, and she may eat, drink or wear it, just as she likes."

"You are a sad fellow, Bill, or you would give her what she asked for," said his friend, as he bade them good night.

"And you are unreasonable, or you would see that I have done so," replied William, laughingly, at the same time tendering thirty cents to Lizzie, which she at first seemed disposed to reject, but on second thought accepted, saying quietly:

"It will come in use sometime."

"No doubt it will, Lizzie," said the advocate of temperance, looking back as he passed through the gate to the main street. "Take my advice, and keep all you can get. Three glasses a day has brought many a man to want."

"Jim is a raven and you must not mind his croaking," remarked the husband, as the two re-entered the cottage.

The full moon shed a pleasant lustre through the clustering vines that shaded the casement, and made the little room, with its pretty, though simple furniture, look even more attractive than was its wont. It was the honey-moon, besides; therefore no one can wonder that Lizzie should think, as she looked around, that it was the very softest and most lovely moonlight she had ever beheld, and that the little cottage, and all it contained, husband included, were among the most choice of God's blessings. And no one can wonder that she slipped her little hand into William's broad palm, and nestled close to his side, as she whispered:

"It would take more than a raven's croaking to shake my faith in you, dear Will."

Her husband drew her still closer to his bosom, and pressed a kiss on her pure white forehead, but he did not speak, and for awhile they sat together in that pleasant stillness, busy with their own thoughts. At length Lizzie again broke the silence, by saying in a slightly tremulous voice:

"And yet I would rather that you meddled not with edge tools, my dear husband."

"Still harping on that subject, my little wife. I thought not Jim's idle talk would affect you so much."

"It was not alone what he said dear William; but his words brought sad remembrances to mind—my own miserable childhood, my poor heart-broken mother, and more to be pitied than all, my wretched, misguided father. And yet my mother has often told me of the first happy years of her married life—of a kind husband and a pleasant home. Intemperance changed her happiness to misery, and harsh treatment from him she loved, brought her to an early grave, and left me the lovely being that I was until I knew you, dear Will. No wonder that I dread the sound of even *three* glasses a day."

Deep feelings had given to the once simple village maiden an unusual degree of eloquence. Her blue eyes beamed upon her husband with such earnest and imploring tenderness that his sterner nature could hardly resist the appeal. But false pride came to his aid; he had withstood the arguments of his friends, and he would not yield to the pleadings of his wife. That others had fallen, proved not that he would do the same. As a man, he would stand forth, and prove to all that the moderate drinker and the drunkard were not to be classed together; that one might stand on the brink of a precipice without danger of plunging in the abyss below.

And thus in his own vain strength he stood. Human strength! Alas! it is but weakness! The power to resist evil—nay, the very consciousness that evil exists, and the desire to shun it, belongs not to man. In God also must we trust.

My tale lies but in humble village life. William Janes was the blacksmith of the pleasant little village which had been his birth-place, and which was endeared to him by all the tender and endearing associations of infancy, boyhood and youth. His father had pursued the same occupation, and it was with pride and pleasure that he placed the hammer in the hands of his son, and directed his first attempt at the anvil.

"It is a respectable and useful trade Billy," he would often say, "and one which will always insure you an honest living. This is all you want; the lawyers and doctors could desire no more."

So William grew to manhood as thorough a blacksmith as his father; and in due time, as the old man's health declined, the business came altogether into his hands, and the old gentleman was content to smoke his pipe, and watch the progress of the work in which he had once taken so active a part.

"What a blessing it is," he would sometimes say to his wife, "that our Bill is a sober, industrious lad, and works at the forge as well as I could myself. A good trade is worth all the new-fangled notions that the boys have now-a-days."

It was a joyful day with the old folks when sweet Lizzie was introduced to them as William's wife. It was at first proposed that they should be made one family; but there were other sons and daughters now nearly men and women, who could well fill the vacancy in the old homestead, and that pretty little cottage, half hid in the clustering vines, was but a stone's throw, and the young people preferred a home of their own.

So all was made ready, and when the wedding day came, it was as all wedding days should be, a bright and happy one. The modest, pretty, little bride, and the manly looking bridegroom, plighted their faith in the village church, one lovely Sabbath morning, and as they walked together to their new home, after the usual religious services were over, many were the cordial greetings, the kindly smiles, and the heartfelt blessings bestowed upon them. Then followed for the next few days the usual amount of village gossip, concerning the appearance and behavior of groom and bride. This over, and the affair was among the things that were. All went on as usual; the customary busy sounds were heard in the old shop; the young blacksmith had taken new cares upon himself, and must not be idle. The father smoked his pipe as vigorously as ever; the mother plied her knitting needles and superintended the household concerns of both families, for the distance was short, and Lizzie loved to come for advice to the kind old lady, and was quite sure that William's favorite dishes could not be properly prepared unless under her special directions. And thus all went quietly and happily for days and months, and even years.

The little cottage was less lonely now, and Lizzie deemed not the time so long when William was absent at his daily work. A smiling babe was in her arms, and a lovely little prattler ran by her side, as she took her usual walk to grandpa's. A kind welcome always awaited her.

"Lay by your things, Lizzie," said the youngest sister, "and give me the baby. You are to take tea with us, this evening; mother was just sending me with an invitation. Your little maid has a holliday, you know, and it is not fitting for you to attend to the household cares with a babe on each arm."

"Not quite so bad as that, Jennie, for Willie runs bravely by my side, and little Lizzie can creep around the floor. However, I would gladly accept your invitation did I not think Will would return from work, and wonder at my absence."

"He will know very well where the birds have flown, and can follow them if he likes. Come, no more excuses; I know what you would say. It is the fourth anniversary of your wedding day, and you wish for a cozy, little time at home. No matter, that is selfish, and you must learn to deny yourself."

"Hush, Jenny, do not run on so," said the old lady, reprovingly. "Stay with us, Lizzie, my child, and you can step home for William when he returns from work. Father is at the shop to-day, and they will no doubt leave together."

The hours passed quickly by, and the old gentleman was soon at the gate before they had thought of its being near the hour for tea.

"Has William gone home, father?" asked Lizzie, as she returned his affectionate greeting.

"Not yet, dear. He was obliged to go to Clyde on business, and will not return till evening. You can stay with us to tea, and have time to prepare for him after you go home; I promised to send Jennie to tell you of his absence, but now I have done the errand myself."

"And you will have that cozy little chat, after all, sister Lizzie," whispered the lively Jeanie. "The babies will be asleep, and nothing to disturb you."

Lizzie smiled cheerfully, and acknowledged that it would be very pleasant, and then turned her attention to the little ones, who were already climbing upon grandpapa's knee.

The abundant country tea was prepared, and soon after it was over a kind good-night was said, and the young mother and children returned to their own pleasant home.

Fatigued with the pleasures of the afnoon, the babies soon slept, and, as Jennie had said, everything bid fair for the quiet evening chat. The husband's supper was ready; the household cares for the day were ended, and, seated at her little work-table, Lizzie busily plied her needle, casting ever and anon an expectant glance along the shady walk which led to the cottage, and indulging, in the meantime, in a very delightful retrospective view of the events of the past four years. No clouds had as yet obscured the sunshine. The moonlight looked as pleasant now as it did long, long ago, even in the honey-moon itself. William was still the kindest and best of husbands, and the most loving and indulgent of fathers; and when this was said it mattered little to speak of troubles, for with a good husband, much sorrow may be cheerfully borne. But thus far there had been no sorrow. Worldly riches had increased so that the little place in which they lived was now their own, free from all debts. The business was still thriving, and would become more so, as the village increased in size, and William still continued his old habits of industry. Every one pronounced him a rising man, and what everybody said must be true. Even his old friend Jim had ceased to urge the temperance cause so strongly upon him, and had nearly arrived at the conclusion that William Janes was one of the very few who might, with safety, indulge in "three glasses a day."

Regularly were the three glasses taken at the village saloon, that stood near the blacksmith shop, and as regularly was a sum equivalent to their cost handed to Lizzie upon his return from daily work. At first it was done in joke, but soon became a thing of course—a fixed habit, which would have been difficult to break up. No question was ever asked as to the disposition of the money. "Here are your three glasses," he would say, and a quiet "thank you" was the wife's reply.

Lizzie's pleasant reflections were interrupted by the sound of footsteps. She listened; it was certainly William. Yes, it was his step; and yet it fell on the wife's ear with a different sound from usual, and it was with an uncertain and almost hesitating feeling that she rose to open the door.

"Is it you, William?" she asked, before she turned the key.

"Who else should it be? Open the door quickly, and do not keep me standing on the steps all night."

"Never before had William spoke in so abrupt and hasty a manner, and Lizzie looked at him in astonishment as she hastily did as he desired.

"What is the woman looking at?" he exclaimed, in the same harsh voice. "One would think she never saw a man before. Cannot you give me some supper?"

"Your supper is ready, William," the wife replied, mildly. She said no more, for her heart was very full, and she could with difficulty restrain her tears. A moment's reflection, however, restored her composure. Something very unusual must have occurred to irritate her husband to so uncommon a degree. It was her duty to endeavor to soothe him—to divert his mind and bring him into a better state. With this view, after placing his supper before him, she chatted cheerfully concerning the little incidents of the afternoon, of the pleasant tea at father's, her disappointment that he could not join her there, and how little Willie had wished that father had a piece of grandma's nice cake, and baby Lizzie had seemed to miss him when they returned home, and would be carried from room to room, as if searching for something.

To all this, and much more, he listened in silence, and made no kindly response. Lizzie was sad, but not discouraged, and when he left the table, and threw himself upon the old-fashioned lounge, which was his favorite place of evening rest, she seated herself upon a low stool at his side, and looked affectionately in his face, as she whispered:

"What is the matter, dear Will? This is the anniversary of our marriage, and you have not spoken one kind word to your poor little wife."

This appeal in some degree restored him to himself, and, indeed, the nice cup of tea had done him good.

"Never heed me to-night, Lizzie," he said; "I am tired, and out of sorts. To tell you the truth, I was persuaded to take an extra glass or two where I have been this afternoon, and it was a little too much for me. My good supper has nearly set me right, however, and a good night's rest will make all well. What is the matter, now, little woman?" he asked, as Lizzie sat motionless, and made no response. "I will treat you as well as I have done myself. Here is the price of six glasses!"

The money dropped upon the floor, as with clasped hands she exclaimed:

"My dear husband, oh, my husband, will you not give it up altogether? It would be but a little sacrifice now; and, oh, believe me, it is the only safe course! Think of our dear children. Surely you will do it for their sakes!"

"No, no, foolish child, I will not give it up; but I will take care to keep within my allowance in future. Three glasses a day never harmed any one."

Lizzie would have urged him still further, but a look of impatience checked her, and with a secret prayer that he might never again be led into temptation, she locked her fears in her own bosom. Long after her husband slept, her tears fell fast upon the pillow, as she looked at her little ones and remembered her own miserable childhood, and her poor mother's unhappy life and early death.

This was but the beginning of sorrows. For another week all went well; then came a second excess. There was still some good excuse—some peculiar circumstances which he said might never occur again. But the path down a hill is a slippery one, and of quick descent. Before another year had passed his unsteady habits were known and commented upon by those who had once respected him as a thriving, industrious man. Several times he had been seen in the street in a state little short of absolute intoxication, and his work was often neglected, even at the most busy season of the year. The parents had remonstrated, and his wife plead in vain. Opposition seemed to serve but as fuel to the flames.

"We can but do our duty and trust in God," said Lizzie, sadly, as, after the most trying scene that had yet occurred, she took her children to her grandfather's for an hour or two, thinking that a change would be useful to them and to herself.

"But tell me, my poor child," said the mother, to whom the remark was addressed, "is my son very unkind to you and the little ones? Surely, he cannot forget himself so far as to use personal violence."

"No, mother, he is rather more surly than violent. At such times he dislikes to be spoken to, and is angry if the children make a noise. The poor babes used to spring with delight when they heard his steps. Now they shrink from him with fear. Last evening when I bade Willie say his prayer for poor father because he was sick, the little fellow wept and said, 'Willie will say his prayer for poor father, but father don't love Willie any more.' Tears fell fast from Lizzie's eyes as she spoke, and the mother wept also. William was her eldest born, and had ever been her pride and delight. It was, indeed, hard to know that he had thus gone astray.

"And is there no hope for the future?" she said, bitterly. "Will he thus willfully pursue the road to ruin, until it is too late to retrace his steps?"

"We know not the end," replied Lizzie, "but I fear that things will become worse. May God help us!"

Lizzie's fears were but too well grounded. The dark cloud about them became more dense. Dissipation led to idleness; work was neglected; debts accumulated; and poverty stared them in the face.

Deeper grew the shadow on the brow of the old blacksmith, as he watched the gradual decline from virtue of his son. For hours he would sit at the door of his own cottage, apparently in a state of moody abstraction, and then mournfully shaking his head, would say, as he aroused himself, "All is silent, now; the blacksmith's hammer is no more heard in the old shop. Oh, my boy, my boy! Would that I could have stood beside thy grave, ere I had seen thee thus!"

Suddenly he seemed to have formed some new resolution. Rising one morning earlier than had been his wont for years, he took the well-known cross-path to the shop. It was closed, and the entrance well secured. For a moment he paused, irresolute, and then walked with quick steps to a small house in the neighborhood.

"Is Mr. Birch in?" he inquired of the little boy who answered his knock at the door.

The man in question, who had long been in Janes' employ, immediately stepped forward.

"The shop is locked, sir," said the old gentleman. "Have you the key?"

"I have," was the reply; "but Mr. William is so seldom at his work, now, that I never open without his orders. I am about seeking a situation in Clyde. Working one day in seven will not support a family."

"It will not, indeed, Mr. Birch; but if you will rely upon me, I will see that you are paid as usual. Open the shop at once, and be ready for whatever may offer."

"But I do not feel myself quite competent to take the whole charge, Mr. Janes, I am willing to work under orders."

"I will be there myself," was the reply, "and we will see whether Time has robbed my arm of its strength."

In half an hour all was bustle and activity at the old blacksmith shop. The wondering neighbors—who had for many months past been obliged to go ten miles to the next village when anything in that line was required, heard with surprise the busy strokes of the hammer.

Sam Jones almost rejoiced when his horse lost a shoe, because it gave him an opportunity to satisfy his curiosity. He was a rough man, but his heart was touched when he saw the old gentleman hard at work, and it was with almost an air of deference that he asked if his horse could be shod immediately, as he was in haste to go to Clyde on important business.

"Without delay, Sam. Here, Mr. Birch, will you attend to this?—or, stay, I will do it myself. It is ten years or more since I have shod a horse; but I know the right way yet, if I mistake not."

The job was about half completed, and the old blacksmith, with all the interest and activity of former years, was bending over the uplifted foot of the animal, when another person entered the shop. For a moment he stood unnoticed, but an attentive observer of what was passing. The hand of the old gentleman trembled, as he performed the unusual labor, and he paused, as if fatigued.

"Father," said a well-known voice at his elbow, "what means this? This work becomes not your gray hairs; give me the hammer."

"I have a vow, William," was the reply, "that your wife and children shall never want while I can raise a hammer; nor your good name be disgraced with debts, if I can earn the means to pay them. God will give me strength."

More affected than he cared to own, William walked to the farther part of the shop, and busied himself with some work that stood ready. For many days he had been absent from home, and had returned at a late hour on the previous evening. His feelings had been a good deal softened by the appearance of absolute poverty his cottage had assumed. Something must be done; and after an anxious and restless night, he fell asleep just before the day dawned, with the full resolution to work steadily for three months, at least, and then see how things would go.

The bright morning sun streaming in at the window awakened him. He sprang up, and the first sound that fell upon his ears was the busy stroke of the blacksmith's hammer. He listened in suprise; Birch was not wont to go to work without orders. Hastily dressing himself, he left the cottage and sought his shop. Pride, shame, and self-reproach, struggled in his mind, as he watched his aged father steadily pursuing his unwonted task. The latter feelings at length gained the mastery.

"Rest yourself, now, father," he said, as the old gentleman paused from very exhaustion. "Fear neither for my family nor my good name; for, with God's help, both shall be cared for."

"Bless you, my boy, bless you!" was the agitated reply. "Your words give me new life. Be yourself again, Billy. The dark cloud is passing away."

At the little cottage nothing was known of what had taken place. With her mind filled with her own sad thoughts, Lizzie noticed not the sounds that showed all were actively engaged at the shop. Her husband did not return at noon—and, indeed, she scarcely expected him, for he was seldom with them at meals. She had a lingering hope that he might come in the evening; but even this was very doubtful. Her heart beat quickly, when just after the sun had sank behind the western hills, his step was heard at the door. The little ones clung to her dress as he entered, for they had learned to fear his approach.

"Are you not coming to see father?" he said kindly. "You are not afraid of me, Willie, my little man."

"Not to-night, father," replied Willie, boldly. "Come, sister, come to father; he will not hurt us."

Lizzie trembled lest the reply should irritate him; but he only sighed deeply, and took the children in his arms without speaking. With more cheerfulness than she had felt for months, Lizzie busied herself with preparations for the evening meal.

"Father tells me there is to be a famous lecturer in the village this evening," said William, as they took their seats at the table. "Can you go with me to hear him, Lizzie? Never mind the children," he added, as his wife glanced toward the little ones. "Sister Jennie has promised to come round and stay with them."

"Then I will go with pleasure, Will," replied Lizzie, and the untasted food stood before her, for she felt too happy to eat.

"Take some supper, mamma," lisped little Lizzie; and Willie seconded the petition by saying:

"Yes, mamma, take some supper. Don't it make you glad to have farther home with us? You always cry when he is gone."

There were tears in Lizzie's eyes, now; but a loving glance from her husband sent a thrill of happiness through her heart, to which it had long been a stranger.

It seemed almost like a dream to Lizzie, when she found herself actually walking through the little village of Rose Valley, leaning upon her husband's arm, for it was long since they had been seen together. She was silent, for her heart was too full to speak, and her husband seemed busy with his own thoughts.

She was startled with surprise when she found the subject was temperance; and she wondered, and would have given much to have known if William were aware of this before he invited her to attend. The speaker was an able one. Most eloquently did he speak of the miseries of intemperance, of the perfect thraldom in which it holds its victim. Admirably did he portray the home of the drunkard. The wretched wife and miserable, neglected children. Then followed an earnest appeal to those he was addressing—to those in particular, who stood on the brink of the fatal precipice, but who had not yet precipitated themselves into the gulf below. "*Pause,*" he said, "*pause, and while there is yet time, pledge yourselves, with the help of God, to shake off the yoke that binds you. Be true to yourselves, and to the dear ones that gather around your household hearths.*"

The pledge was produced, and old and young pressed forward to enroll their names, to be installed as members of the infant lodge of Good Templars.

"Are there not more who should come?" continued the speaker, as the last signature was signed. "Are there not those who are still hesitating between life and death? Remember, that this pledge binds you not to slavery, but it is the token of freedom."

Calmly and deliberately William Janes, the Village Blacksmith, left his wife's side and advanced to the table. There was a general murmur of pleasure throughout the assembly, but Lizzie spoke not, and, to an indifferent spectator, might have appeared unmoved. The name of WILLIAM JANES was plainly and legibly written, the assembly dispersed, and each took his way to his own home, or joined the numerous little groups who stood conversing upon the topics of the evening.

As Lizzie passed out, leaning on the arm of her husband, many a congratulatory smile or kind shake of the hand was received, but apparently they were almost unnoticed. Not one word was spoken until they were passing up the shady walk to the cottage door. The sight of the house, with its bright light within, broke the spell, a full realization of the change which might now take place came over her. The dark cloud had passed away, and her husband, the father of her children, was restored to her.

"William! dear, dear William!" she murmured, and burst into tears.

"My own Lizzie! my dear, true-hearted little wife!" he said, tenderly, as he encircled her with his arm.

No more passed between them, for Jennie was watching for them; and with many assurances that she had been faithful to her charge, said she must bid them good-night, without delay, for father and mother would be weary with waiting for her.

William and Lizzie stood watching her, as with light steps she passed down the walk, and across the field that led to the "old place," and then entered the cottage.

The babies slept quietly; and side by side, as in days gone by, they sat down near the vine-covered casement, and talked long and freely of the past, present and future.

"It has been a long night, dearest," he said, "but with God's help, the day will now dawn upon you. You have ever been a faithful wife and mother. I have caused you much suffering; but in future it shall be my endeavor to be what I ought to be, both to you and my children."

Lizzie pressed closer to his side, and looked confidingly in his face, but he made no reply; and after a short pause, William said, hesitatingly:

"Perhaps, Lizzie, you are not aware that we have still some trials to pass through. We are in debt, and unless I can make some arrangements with my creditors, we must part with our pleasant home to satisfy their claims."

"Do we owe so very much?" asked Lizzie, a shade of anxiety passing over her countenance.

"A mere trifle to those who have riches; but a large sum to those who have nothing," was the reply. "About five hundred dollars, I believe."

Lizzie gently disengaged herself from the arm which her husband had thrown around her, and entered the little room where the children were sleeping. In a few minutes she returned, and placing a small work-box in her husband's hand, said, smilingly:

"Here is a gift for you, dear William."

"And a rather heavy one, for the size, to say the least," he replied, as he raised the lid. "Why, Lizzie!" was his astonished exclamation. "Where did this money come from?"

"Have you forgotten the three glasses a day you indulged me in for so many years?" replied Lizzie, smiling at the look of amazement with which her husband surveyed the large collection of *five*, *ten*, and *twenty-five* cent pieces which formed the contents of the work-box.

"Is it possible that you treasured it up in this manner, my little wife?"

"I saved it against time of need, William dear; it is all yours now. There is more than *five hundred dollars* there. We may keep our own dear home!"

"And I am a *free man* once more, thanks to my own dear wife," exclaimed William, as he clasped her to his bosom. "I accept your GIFT, love, as freely as it is given. Strange that both sorrow and gladness should be caused by '*three glasses a day!*'"

Years passed on. The busy sound of the blacksmith's hammer was still heard in the little shop. The gray-haired gentleman still smoked his pipe, as, with a complacent air, he watched his industrious son at his work, and both at the old homestead and the cottage all was sunshine and happiness. The dark cloud had indeed passed away.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

MANY a good man leaves an inheritance in the Mutual Life, of Chicago.

THE London *Spectator* declares that nothing can be made absolutely safe from fire.

"SIR, you have the advantage of me." "Quite right; you are quite right, sir. Almost everybody of common sense has."

GREAT BRITAIN spends as much in two days on liquors as she does in a year on foreign missions.

PARIS, KY., boasts of a horse which, having cast a shoe, jumped out of his enclosure, went to a blacksmith shop and had himself shod.

To destroy ants, the best plan is probably to catch the ant with a pair of tweezers, and hit him square on the head with a sledge-hammer.

A LOUISVILLE physician, who analysed a sample of the "cream candy" sold there, found that more than one-eighth of the entire bulk was terra alba.

LEGGINGS (sarcastic)—You know a lot about 'osses, don't you; which side do you generally get up? Boots (facetious)—Well, outside, as a rule.—*Judy.*

A POOR toper, as a last resort for more drink, took his Bible to pawn for liquor, but the landlady refused to take it. "Well," said he, "if she won't take my word or God's word, it's time to give it up." And he went and signed the pledge and kept it faithfully.

THE lady who carried off the chemical prize at the University of Edinburgh (Scotland) was the highest of 240 candidates. Having been declared ineligible to receive the prize on account of her sex, Sir Titus Salt sent her £100, but she declined to accept it.

ABOUT a year ago a child, whose parents reside in Indianapolis, swallowed a thimble having an open top. Ever since it has subsisted on food in a liquid form, chiefly milk. Everything of a solid nature is immediately thrown up if the child makes an attempt to swallow it. Eighteen doctors have unsuccessfully endeavored to find and remove the obstruction. The child is healthy and fat.

A FRENCH Canadian, a guest at a Montreal hotel, was greatly alarmed when the proprietor told him that if he had any money he would do well to have it put in the safe. He felt convinced that the intention was to rob and perhaps murder him, and at night, hearing somebody talking in an adjoining room, he jumped out of his window to the ground, a distance of forty feet. Fortunately he was not much injured.

IRON telegraph poles have been substituted for wooden ones on the line between Berlin and Potsdam, and along the railway from Weissenfels to Gera, with such satisfactory results that it is now proposed to introduce them on all Prussian lines. In Switzerland they have also been satisfactorily tried. It is claimed that they will last so much longer than wooden ones that they will be cheaper in the end, while they are much more pleasing to the eye.

A LADY died two years ago in Troy, and left her property to her nephew, with the proviso in the will, that if he ever offered the farm for sale, the property should be forfeited to a certain church. The place was offered for sale a few months ago, and the church instituted suit, but the courts have decided that the conditions of the will were against "public policy," and have declared the provision null and void.

JOHN VAN BUREN was dining in a saloon, having just cleared a man from some charge in the court, when the complainant in the case, angry at the lawyer who had beaten him, walked up and roundly abused Prince John. "Could there be any man," said he, "so wicked, so mean, so vile, who could possibly commit a crime so foul that you wouldn't defend him for it?" "I don't know," said the Prince, sucking in another oyster right from the shell, "what have you been doing?"

A PATRIOTIC FOUR-YEAR-OLD.—Parson Thomas, of Dayton, O., a D. D. of good repute and fine quality, has a son of sprightly parts and progressive ideas. This son had been visiting at the house of a female relation, where he took some primary lessons in the history of the American Revolution, and how the Americans whipped the Britishers. The lad returned home full of his new subject, and at the tea-table said to his father: "Pa, be you a British?" "Yes, my son, I was born in England." "Well, we whipped you!" retorted the patriotic Young American.

THE following is related as an incident of the sacking of Paris: "A boy of thirteen, found fighting, was taken to be shot. He took a silver watch from his pocket, and cried out: 'Captain, do let me take this first to a friend across the street; I borrowed it.' 'Oh! you scamp,' said the officer, 'I understand; you want to run off.' 'My word of honor, I will come back again,' said the boy, and the captain, seeing it was a child, was only too glad to get rid of him. In ten minutes the boy came back, and took his stand with his face to the wall. 'Here I am; fire!' Does Roman history tell us anything braver? The captain boxed the little hero's ears, and ordered him never to show his face there again. They could not fire on him."

I HEARD, yesterday, a little story which goes to show that truth can be as strange as fiction when it has its mind made up to the result. A gentleman, who did not live very happily with his wife, concluded to obtain a divorce, and soon after doing so changed his name, in order to avoid certain little unpleasantnesses. His wife took her maiden name, and the twain became two flesh as much as it was possible for them to be. Afterward he met a charming widow from California, and, after a brief courtship, he violated the principle of the adage about the burnt child by marrying her. One evening she proposed to him to call on her sister, whom she had not seen for years, and whose address she had just ascertained. Smith, as I will call him, consented, and the visit was made. Smith was slightly taken aback to find that the sister was his ex wife, though Mrs. S. was ignorant of the fact. And there was more surprise when it was found that the ex-wife had just been married to the ex-husband of Mrs. Smith No. 2, who was only a widow by brevet, having been divorced in a Western State, on account of "incompatibility of temper." The visit was a brief one, and was never renewed.—*New York Letter.*

Youths' Department.

"I THANK YOU."

BY M. A. KIDDER.

Three little words, nine letters wide,
And yet how much these words betide!
How much of thought or tenderness
This curt "I thank you" may express.

When spoken with a proud disdain,
'Twill chill the heart like frozen rain;
Or, when indifference marks its tone,
Turn love's sweet impulse into stone.

Be not afraid, my little one,
As time goes on beneath the sun,
While marching in life's motley ranks,
For all your blessings to "give thanks."

First thank your God for life so fair,
For tender mercies, great and rare,
For health and strength, for home and friends,
And loving care, that never ends.

Then thank the ones, whoe'er they be,
That do a kindness unto thee;
'Twill cost you little, pain you less,
This sweet "I thank you" to express

BRISTLES AND BRUSHES.

BY OLIVER THORNE.

How many porkers do you suppose have to die every year, that we may have their bristles to smooth our hair, and whiten our fingers, and clean our teeth, and take dust our of our clothes, and paint our houses, and—oh, dear! I can never tell you half the necessary things for which you are indebted to them.

Why, the amount of bristles used every year is something simply enormous, and almost impossible to believe. England alone, besides using the bristles of the thousands of swine killed in her own island, imports from Russia every year, two million pounds of bristles.

It's rather funny that we're indebted to such an untidy looking animal for the means of keeping clean, and when we see bristles on the pig's back, they don't look as if they would do much toward keeping anything clean. They do have to go through a very thorough course of scrubbing before they go into brushes.

When they arrive at the brush factory they are packed in barrels, and extremely unpleasant to handle, and the first thing—of course—is to wash them. The next operation is to sort them, for you needn't think they're all alike. In the first place there are several different colors. When they come they are divided into black, yellow and white; but they have a still further sorting into black, grey, yellow, white and lilies. Think of lilies from a pig's back.

But, funny as you may think it, I have seen one lot of pigs that looked almost like lilies themselves. I'll venture to say that all their bristles were lilies. They belonged to a nice old gentleman who owned a cheese factory in New York State. Perhaps you know that in these factories they take fresh milk, and make into cheese. Of course there's a good deal left, which they call whey. And they generally keep pigs to eat it up.

The old gentleman I speak of had a gentlemanly horror of anything dirty, so he resolved to try an experiment, and see if pigs were untidy from choice or because they were not usually furnished with bathing conveniences.

His pig-pens were kept as nice as some parlors. Every day they were thoroughly washed out, and the last pail of water that went into each pen went carefully *on* to the unwilling animal. They had clean straw to lie on, and of course were fed only on the nice white whey.

A trip through the piggery was the regular thing for visitors to take. The old gentleman would walk down between the two rows of pens, swinging his cane, and defying any one to show a neater family of pigs. One could contemplate eating that pork without a shudder.

But I was telling you about brush factories, I believe.

The bristles are sorted, not only as to color, but as to length, for some are three inches long, while others are ten. Besides this, the root ends of the bristles must be kept together.

The next thing is to comb them. You know if you comb your hair a long time, it will get slick and nice. It has the same effect on bristles; so they have a long combing to go through.

Picking is the next operation, and that is done by children. Poor little things!—how would you like to spend the long summer days, picking over bristles, carefully taking out every one that was a shade lighter, or darker, than the rest?

After these sharp-eyed little folks have been over them, the unfortunate bristles have to be scoured. I don't know whether they take soap and sand, as Bridget does to the kitchen floor, but the result is the same; they are much whiter, and are now ready for brushes.

Now, to ignorant outsiders, a brush is a brush, whether it is a hair brush or a paint brush; but to the brush-maker there is a vast difference. They divide the whole army of brushes into two grand divisions, single brushes and compound brushes.

Your paint brush belongs to the single division, because it has but one tuft, or bundle of bristles; but your hair brush is compound, because it has lots of little bunches of bristles.

But don't fancy we have got to the end of divisions. No indeed! Brush making is reduced to a science. Of single brushes we have,

First: Brushes inserted into the handle.

Secondly: Handles inserted into the brush.

That sounds like twedle-dum and twedle-dee, but there is an important difference, and

Thirdly: The tufts side by side, like a white-wash brush—if you ever saw one—or like the holes in a mouth organ, which I know you've seen.

I must tell you how they make single brushes, before we go to the compound.

The easiest to make are the little paint brushes, that come in your box of paints. They are not made of bristles however, but of the soft hairs of animals, such as the sable and the badger.

The hairs are cleaned in alum water, soaked in warm water, dried, combed, and sorted. The brush maker takes of these hairs, just enough for a brush, lays it in a little place she has, which holds it tight while she winds a thread around the root ends of the bundle. I said *she*, for only women's fingers are delicate enough to arrange the soft hairs so that they will form a point, and not a blunt end when wet.

The quills for the handles are prepared by soaking in hot water, which swells them. When the brush is ready, the operator takes the quill from the water, puts the hairs in, point first, to the large end of the quill. Then, by a neat little contrivance, it is drawn through till the tied part comes down to the small end of the quill. There it is left, and when the quill gets cold, it contracts, or grows smaller—and holds the brush very tight.

I'm afraid a good many birds have to die to furnish the quills, for they use swans, turkeys', geese, ducks', pigeons' and larks' quills, according to the size of the brush. Your tiniest paint-brush probably grew on the wing of a lark, while the big one that you daub with, had no grander home than the wing of a goose.

When the bundle of hair, or bristles, get too big for quills, they have to go into tin tubes, with wooden handles. But some brushes, such as house-painters use, are even too large for tin tubes, and then they are managed another way.

The brush-maker binds his bundle of bristles as tight as he can, with strong cords, which has been dipped in glue. While he is doing this the small end of the wooden handle is in the middle of the bristles, but the big end is the one he wants among the bristles when it is done; so after it is bound up as tight as possible he pounds the handle with great force, and drives it up through the bristles, till the large end is where he wants it. That makes it much tighter than he could tie it. You look at one and see how tight it is.

It's funny to see a man make a scrubbing-brush. He takes a piece of wood already fixed for him, with holes bored all over it. Then he takes up a little bundle of bristles, makes them even at one end, dips them into melted pitch—which probably, you know, is the blackest and stickiest stuff you ever saw—then he winds a piece of twine around them, dips again into the pitch, and just sticks it into the hole with one twist. There it stays in spite of hot water and hard scrubbing.

Hair brushes are not quite so easy to make. Did you ever see a hair brush with the back off, showing little zigzags of fine wire all over it?

Well, the way it is made is this: Holes large enough for the bunches of bristles, are bored all over the brush back, *part way through;* and much smaller holes are bored clear through. The workman takes a tuft of bristles, doubles it over a piece of fine wire, puts the wire through the little hole, and draws the bristles up as far as the big hole goes. That holds it tight and it goes to the next hole, using the same wire. When they are all in, the bristles are cut off square, and a fancy back glued on to hide the wire. So you can't see what holds the bristles so tightly.

Tooth brushes are made the same way, only the little holes for the wire come out on the side, and when it is done they are corked up with tiny ivory plugs. You would not notice them unless you looked for them. Some brushes have as many as a thousand holes to fill.

But notwithstanding the great quantities of bristles I told you are used, they use also for brushes hair from the backs of our fur-coated friends; horse hair and goat hair for hat-brushes; fibres of whalebone for very hard brushes; broom-corn and cocoanut fibre; and even spun glass, to use in acids which will eat up ordinary brushes.

How many kinds of brushes do you suppose they make in a brush factory?

I'll tell you a few.

There are paint-brushes, dust-brushes, artists' brushes, distemper-brushes (I hope somebody knows what they're for), shoe-brushes, tooth-brushes, nail-brushes, banister-brushes, scrubbing-brushes, shaving-brushes, hair-brushes, flesh-brushes, bottle-brushes, hat-brushes, velvet-brushes, window-brushes, crumb-brushes, carpet-brushes—the brooms belong to the brush family—hearth-brooms, store-brooms, table-brooms—and I don't suppose that's near all the kinds they make.—*The Interior.*

How to Get, and How to Lose, a Set of Teeth.

A BEAUTIFUL belle, whose mother kept a genteel boarding house in New York city, induced one of her mamma's boarders to introduce her to a first-class fashionable up-town dentist of his acquaintance, as she wanted a set of artificial teeth. Her mamma accompanied her, and directed the dentist to insert them on heavy gold plates, in the highest style of the art, without regard to expense. On the first visit the young lady's stumps were extracted, and soon thereafter she had a mouthful of gold-plate and pearl artificial teeth, which added greatly to her natural charms and acquired graces. But the bill was not paid, and after a collector had worn out some shoe-leather and exhausted his patience in trying to get pay from the mother, the dentist related the circumstance to his friend.

One morning the dentist called on the ladies: after passing a few minutes in general conversation, he changed the subject and talked business.

Mamma, of course, professed to be very sorry that she was unable to pay the "doctor," but would certainly do so in a few days. As he was apparently about to depart, he casually asked the daughter how she liked her teeth, and she replied that they were perfect and pleased her very much.

"Do they ever slip or pain you?" kindly asked the doctor.

"Very seldom, doctor," she replied; "sometimes they pinch me a little, but I suppose that can't be avoided."

"Oh, yes," said the polite dentist, pulling a pair of little nippers from his pocket, "allow me to bend the plates a little with my nippers, and it will not occur again." at the same time holding out his hand to receive them. The unsuspecting maiden pulled them out and handed them to the "doctor," who instead of nipping them with his pincers, quietly wrapped them up in his pocket handkerchief and placed them in his pocket, and politely but firmly told the terrified beauty that when her mamma paid his bill she could have them, but not before. As the girl was engaged to be married to a well-to-do young gentleman who had never seen her without teeth, and who was expected to return to the city and hand her to the hymenial alter in a few days, that bill was paid.

Crimes in Dreams.

A WRITER in *Macmillan's Magazine* has some highly interesting speculations on the subject of crimes which a sleeper dreams he is committing. He says: Two esteemed friends have assured me that their consciences are occasionally awake in sleep; on the other hand, a great many more tell me that their experience entirely corroborates my own observations. For example, an admirable and most kind-hearted lady informs me that she palmed off a bad sixpence on a begger, and chuckled at the notion of his disappointment. A distinguished philanthropist, exercising for many years high judicial functions, continually commits forgery, and only regrets the act when he learns that he is to be hanged. A woman, whose life at the time of her dream was devoted to the instruction of pauper children, seeing one of them make a face at her, doubled him into the smallest compass, and poked him through the bars of a lion's cage. One of the most benevolent of men, who shared not at all in the military enthusiasm of his warlike brothers (the late Mr. Richard Napier), ran his best friend through the body, and ever after recalled the extreme gratification he had experienced on seeing the point of his sword come out through the shoulders of his beloved companion. Other crimes committed in dreams need not be here recorded, but I am persuaded that if we could but know all the improper things done by the most proper people in their sleep with the utmost *sangfroid* and completely unblushing effrontery, the picture would present a diverting contrast to our knowledge of them in their conscious hours. If the moral sense be not wholly suppressed in sleep, there is certainly enough evidence to conclude that it is only exceptionally active, and (so far as I yet learn) only in the case of dreams assuming the character of nightmares, in which the consciousness is far less perfectly dormant than in others.

Hints in Regard to Injuries from Gun-Powder.

A BURN caused by the explosion of gunpowder generally seems much worse than it really is, owing to the deposit of black powder upon the surface. Soft pieces of old linen dipped in cold water will afford relief at first, and, in some cases, powdered starch or flour, forms a soothing application; but as soon as the first moments of distress are over, a dressing should be applied composed of equal parts of lime-water and linseed oil. As soon as practicable the grains of powder that lodge in the skin should be removed with a needle or the point of a lancet. If this is not done, the burn will heal over them, and the surface ever after will be disfigured with a bluish mark. In cases of raw burns, the whites of eggs well-beaten, and then applied to the surface with a soft camel's-hair brush, sometimes will give immediate relief; but where blisters are raised, great care should be taken not to tear them; if they are cautiously punctured with a needle, the water beneath will run out and they will fall, thus forming a perfect protection. Burns should always be protected from immediate contact with the air.—*Hearth and Home.*

THAT funny fellow, Billings, says "Good whistlers are getting putty skarse; seventy-five years ago they were plenty, but the desire tew git rich or tew hold offis has tuke all the pucker out of this honest and chereful amuzement."