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Select Poetry.

TWO LOVERS.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

Two lovers by a moss grown spring;
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing,
O budding time!
O loves' best prime!

Two wedded from the portals stept;
The bells made happy carrolings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
While petals on the pathway swept.
O pure-eyed bride!
O tender bride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked;
These pressed each other while they rocked
These watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their kness,
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there;
The red light shown about their knees,
But all the heads by slow degrees
And gone and left the lonely pair.
O voyage fast!
O vanished past!

The red light shown about the floor
And made the space between them wide;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said Once more'
O memories!
O past that is!

A Select Story.

Primrose.

"You have decided to leave the farm then, Walter?"

"I have," was the firm reply. "I was not born to be a farmer. I am not going to make a slave of myself here all my life for bare existence, when there is a chance of fame and fortune for me in the city."

The girl's fair head drooped, and her slender fingers enterlaced themselves nervously as she said:

"Only a chance, Walter! Think of what you are willfully throwing away for a vague hope."

"Those men who turned their backs upon the mean drudgery of farm life and became powers in the land depended upon the same chance," he insisted.

"I am only a woman," she said, with a sad smile, "but I have thought about this matter since you talked of going away. I know that for every one that succeeds, a thousand go down and are trampled under foot. One success means hundreds of failures. It is a law of existence."

"You take a gloomy view of it, little friend," he said, smiling. "It seems to me that you might find it in your heart to encourage instead of trying to depress me."

She looked at him again mutely; and as she stood there, with her mild eyes, full of unshed tears, fixed upon him, a momentary struggle took place in his heart.

He had never been conscious how much he loved her until this moment, when they were about to part, perhaps for years.

An almost overwhelming conviction beset him that here, in the simple way of life to which he had been born, with the love of this pure-souled, sweet-faced girl, he had already found the all-in-all existence; but he shook it off with an angry effort.

"Speak to me, Primrose," he said, impatiently. "At least, advise me."

"No," she said, quietly. "Advice from me would be mockery in the face of your resolution. You will go out into the world and work out your appointed destiny. I can only pray for your success."

"Nothing could aid me more," he replied, with a tremor in his voice. "None so true and steadfast as you, Primrose. I will show you that I am worthy of your best thoughts of me. I will work and conquer. When the battle is over I will return and offer its fruits to you—if you will take me with them, Primrose."

A faint flush stole into her cheek.

"I know you do not think so meanly of me as to believe that good or evil ... ne can alter my feelings for you. ... not deceived, Walter, you leave ... I am ... a double love in your heart—me with ... you have me for is divided that which ... bition. But, remember, with your a... show you how poor is if time should ... tion, that I shall love the fruit of amb... you come back to you all the more ... ened." ... me poor and dishear... hide his tears; He turned away to ... f his natnre, yet, with the perversity ... l, he merely bade her farewe... hesitating. She recalled him with a ... voice.

"I have saved this money, Wa...ter," ... she said. "Will you take it? I sh... all feel that I have helped you a little."

She extended the purse toward him with a wistful look that nearly unnerved him again. He took it, and, extracting the money it contained, put it back into her hand, while he hid the empty purse in his breast.

"I will keep that to recall this hour. And this," he continued, taking her about the waist and kissing her lips, "shall be more valuable to me than all the gold in the world to cheer me in my gloomy days."

Turning at a bend in the road to look back, he saw her standing where he had left her, the morning sun shining down upon her fair hair and white-robed figure, and then went on with an ache at his heart that all his high hopes could not smother.

Walter Oakdale's experience in the city at the outset was similar to that of thousands of other adventurers into its fierce vortex.

Alone and without friends, the young man soon found his courage oozing out under an uninterruped series of failures. Ready and eager to work, he found the granting of the bare privilege to labor a favor which he could not procure. Every opening seemed to be blocked by a hundred as eager as himself. The hardships he had spoken of so bravely were not long in presenting themselves.

For a while he managed to procure the means of the meagreest existence by unmitigated toil of brain and body. At this time he often lay awake at night from sheer fatigue, longing for a scent of the pines and new-mown hay upon the old farm, and ready to sacrifice all his hopes for the privilege of standing once more beside Primrose, to feel the pressure of her soft hand.

But his pride was not yet broken. It was too late to back out now. He would not admit himself conquered. He had not the courage to confess his mistake and return to the peaceful lot he had so foolishly exiled himself from.

And shortly his affairs approached a crisis from which he was extricated for the moment by finding a letter containing a small sum of money awaiting him at the postoffice. There was no writting inclosed, nor any mark by which to identify the sender. Nevertheless something told him that it must be Primrose.

He had fallen very low, he thought, when he was forced to recieve aid from her. But want stared him in the face, and he accepted the offering with a soul full of bitterness.

Until he had achieved something, he resolved, he would write no more; he would hide himself, even from her, in the deepest mazes of the city. Even a letter from her dear hand must seem like a galling reproach after this.

Not many days later it became apparent to him that ere long but two alternatives would be left him; either to crawl home a foot sore, dispirited beggar, acknowledge himself conquered, or to die of absolute starvation in the streets.

Yet a little while he held out, yielding slowly, stubbornly, to the pressure of the blind necessity.

One night less than a year from his hopeful parting from Primrose, found him pacing the streets without a roof to cover his head. Homeless, peniless, starving on that bleak winter night, it seemed to his frenzied mind as if heaven and man had conspired against him.

There was little enough pride left in him now. Want and dispair had robbed him of even that fallacious strength. In his dazed thoughts there seemed no better ambition than to lie down in some sheltered corner and yield up his broken spirit.

The bright firesides shining through the windows seemed to mock his misery. At one window be saw a young wife anxiously waiting her husband's return. Something in her figure reminded him of Primrose. What would she think if she saw him now, tattered, ghastly, freezing?

Presently he fell into a species of delirium. He thought that he was on his way back to the farm—back to Primrose. The frowning rows of houses on either hand seemed to stretch away into the smiling, sunlit fields about his father's house. Yonder was the tree where he had often met Primrose when the day's toil was over.

The hard pavement looked like the winding, dusty road he knew so well—ay, and could he not smell the alder-blossoms in the morning air?

He laughed aloud as he strode along. He tried to sing an old air that he knew, and wept, he thought, for joy.

Poor soul! He did not see how the chance wayfarers shrunk back from him, imagining him a dangerous maniac.

So he walked on straight toward the riverside, where the water ran black and ugly beneath the docks and piers. For a moment its sound seemed to recall his scattered senses. He paused and looked vaguely around him. He saw in the distance a woman's figure hastening toward him, but he took no notice of it. His fancy went wild again, and he made toward the river.

"Hark!" he shouted, "the millstream! I shall soon be home."

In another instant he had plunged into the water.

He was conscious of an icy thrill, the whirling of the lights along the shore, a shrill cry in a woman's voice, strangely familiar, spoke some smothering words of endearment into his dull ear, he became insensible.

A long, dreamy interval seemed to elapse and he awoke to consciousness in the broad light of day. The room in which he lay was his own chamber at the farm. Was this the reality? Had all the past been merely a hideous dream? He knew that he was ... very weak, and that he must have been very near to death.

While he lay confused speculating upon his position, the door opened and Primrose entered. She looked sadder and paler than when he had parted with her a year before; but a bright warm smile broke over her face as she saw that he was awake.

"My poor Walter!" she said, kneeling beside him, and covering her face with her hands.

"It is all true, then?" whispered he.

"Yes," she sobbed. "You have been very sick. We were both very near death, Walter."

"You know that I did not intend to close my weakness with a crime," he said earnestly. "I thought, Primrose, that I was on my way to you and home. I was mad with hunger and hardship."

"I know—I know," she sobbed. "I have not heard from you for so long that I feared that something had befallen you. I came to the city to see you. All day I had searched in vain for you. It was the act of Providence that I saw you at nightfall on your way to the river. Your clothes, your poor, pale face and wild manner told me all. I hurried after you but did not reach you until you had fallen into the water. I knew I could hold you up if aid came speedily. It did come, Walter, at the last moment, and you were saved."

With misty eyes he looked down at her.

"You were willing to sacrifice your dear life for one so worthless as mine," he said, chokingly. "Why did you do it?"

"I loved you, Walter," she replied, simply.

"For my foolish pride and ambition I have been heavily punished," he said, solemnly. "Had I but known it, here was the goal at which a nobler man than I might have rested thankfully. You have saved my life, Primrose; it is yours. It shall be the effort of my future to be worthy of your love. Will you trust me?"

For answer she merely looked up at him with eyes in which there was neither doubt nor distrust.

Select Miscellany.

What Machinery has done for Agriculture.

The various agricultural shows held last autumn in different parts of the country cannot fail to impress all who visited them with the extraordinary developments made in recent years in mechanical appliances for agriculture. It is well, therefore, to notice the benefits which this industry has derived from the genius and the labor of the mechanician. We may go back in thought to the time when the spade, the hoe, the sickle, and the flail comprised the farmer's store of machinery, and when the plow was the rudest contrivance hardly worthy to be called a tool. Then every man tilled the soil or engaged in pastoral pursuits because it was all one man could do to provide himself and his dependents with food. Then each man was forced to clothe him-elf and be his own mechanic for this simple reason. He labored long and with infinite pains, and the ancient sentence that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow came home to him with unmitigated force. In course of time improved and effective tools so lightened the labors of the agriculturist, and so increased his products, that the opportunity to make a division of labor arrived, because there was food to spare for the mechanic. This condition of things became more and more firmly established, until it changed the whole social and political aspect of human affairs. And now what do we see? The true "landlord" is not the owner of an English estate, proclaims a writer in *Capital and Labor*, but the farmer who commands an army of farmers, with brigades of plows, reapers, and other machinery upon the plains of Western America. He makes laws for countries thousands of miles away, and his products rule the world's markets. The genius of agriculture to-day is the mechanic; the soul of agriculture is the inventor. One farmer can now, with the help of machinery, feed a hundred men with greater ease than at one time he could feel himself alone. The farmer supports the railroads, for stocks rise and fall with the good and indifferent reports of what the harvest shall be. He supports lines of steamers with his wonderful freights of breadstuffs, provisions, meats cattle, and sheep. He maintains the millions of artisans who clothe and shelter him and who provide for every cup of his wants outside of the field.

The mechanical power of the age is like a series of concentrice and concentric circles, of which the farmer stands out in the principal center. These all revolve with and about agriculture, and the same force sets all in motion. It is the farmer's duty now to make the most of his opportunities. He should be the foremost man of the age. His influence should be felt everywhere. It is felt eveywhere, for the wealthiest merchants and capitalists and the most active politicians all ask themselves how far the farmers can be depended upon before they make a movement in their special pursuits. But the farmer should feel this himself. It is one thing to have power, and another thing to be cognizant of the possession. Let the farmers consider now their position, and, as they take a view of it, let them consider what they owe to the power and influence of machinery. One most conspicuous example of the results pointed out may be noted. A few years ago Minnesota spring wheat was graded very low in the grain markets and brought a low price. Unfortunately for the Western farmers this grade of spring wheat was the only one they could produce. A new process in milling was introduced. Elaborate machinery was invented to perfect the process. The best wheat by this process was the grade known as "Minnesota spring,' heretofore was despised and rejected—literally" rejected," in fact, in the markets. Afterward this grade became sought by millers, and the value advanced to a point equal to, and sometimes more than that of the previously much-sought winter wheats. If Minnesota farmers produce forty million bushels of wheat annually, this advanced value, due to the new process, puts several millions of dollars yearly into heir pockets; and what a vast amount of comfort and happiness may be secured by the right use of so much money! This is but one instance of the vast concatenation of circumstances which points the moral here alluded to.

Gen. Taylor as a Historian.

General Taylor, although a excellent soldier, and a man of strong good sense in the every day affairs of life, had been educated in the camp, and knew no more of statesmanship or the operations of government than a Comanche Indian; nor was he distinguished for colloquial accomplishments or narrative or descriptive talent. Then he had a habit of hesitation in conversation that amounted almost to a stammer. He spoke in a terse, sententious style upon subjeots with which he wsa familiar, and his suggestions especially on military matters were marked by quick preception and sound judgment. But he was never diffuse or demonstrative, and wasted no words upon anybody.

Judge Butler, a colleague in the Senate of Mr. Calhoun, calling to pay his respects to the President, begged him to describe the manner in which the battle, Pierce Butler, commanding the Palmetto regiment, and a very gallant officer, fell in the battle, and the Judge was naturally anxious to learn the particulars of the desperate contest.

"Well, well, Judge, you want to know how the thing was done. Come and dine with me to-day and I'll tell you all I know about it."

Judge Butler was a hasty, impetuous man and the words flowed from his mouth in a torrent whenever he had occasion to speak.

He was all impatient during the dinner, and the moment they were alone he brought up the subject of the batlle.

"Yes, yes, Judge, your brother was a brave man, and behaved like a true soldier. But about the battle—you want to know how it was fought?"

"Yes, General, if you will be so kind. I wish to learn how your troops were disposed on the field, and how you posted them to resist a force so overwhelming. Santa Anna must have outnumbered you four or five to one."

"The difference was greater than that, I think, but we didn't stop to count the Mexicans, I knew there was a heavy force, and longed for a couple of regiments more of regulars."

"Undoubtedly," said the Judge; "but what was your order of battle?"

"Why, why, you see, Judge, we went to fighting early in the morning the first day, and we fit all day long, losing a good many men, and at night it looked pretty bad."

"Well, what next?"

"When it got dark I rode over to Saltillo to look after our stores and to provide against a surprise."

"Why did you go yourself? Why not send one of your aids?"

"You see, Judge, everything depended on not having our supplies cut off, and I want to see after things myself."

"How was it next morning when you came on the field?" inquired Judge Butler.

"Not much change since the night before."

"Who was the first man you met?"

"Gen. Wool."

"And what did he say?"

"All is lost."

"What was your reply?"

"Maybe so General—we'll see. And upon that we went to fighting again, and fit all that day, and toward night it looked better."

The Judge looking rather blank, asked: "What next?"

"Well, the next morning it was reported to me that Santa Anna and all his men had disappeared in the night, and I was glad to be rid of them so."

All About Man.

The average weight of an adult man is 140 pounds six ounces.

The average weight of a skeleton is about fourteen pounds.

Number bones, 240.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and a half pounds; of a woman, two pounds eleven ounces.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

The average height of an Englishman is five feet, nine inches; of a Frenchman five feet four inches; and a Belgian five feet, six and three quarter inches.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds; of a Belgian, 140 pounds.

The average number of our teeth is thirty-two.

A man breathes about twenty times a minute, or 1200 times an hour.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air in a minute, or upward of seven hogsheads in a day.

A man gives off 4.08 per cent. carbonic gas of the air he respires, respires 10,666 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in twenty-four hours, equal to 125 cubic inches of common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The weight of the circulating blood is about twenty-eight pounds.

The heart beats seventy-five times in a minute; sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once.

Five hundred and forty pounds, or one hogsheads, one and one quarter pints of blood pass through the heart in one hour.

Twelve thousand pounds or twenty-four hogsheads four gallons, 10'882 1-2 pints pass through the heart in twenty-four hours.

One thousand ounces of blood pass through the kidneys in one hour.

The Four Vices.

Dramatis personæ: A good young man; three evil-minded gamblers; a clergyman, with his wife and daughter traveling for bronchitis. Scene—A Pullman car on the overland trip to California; gamblers playing poker; young man reading his "Traveler's Guide;" preacher looking on.

First Gambler—"Young man will you join us in a friendly game of cards?"

Young Man—"Thank you; I never play cards."

Second Gambler—"Young man will you take a nip?" [passing him the flask.]

Young man—"Thank you; I never drink."

Third Gambler—"Young man will you have a weed?" [extending his cigar case.]

Young Man—"Thank you; I never smoke."

Clergyman—"Young man, I have watched your conduct with great pleasure. I have seen you refuse to gamble, drink or smoke. I should be glad if you would go into the next car and allow me to introduce you to my daughter."

Young Man—"Thank you; I never marry."

VARIETIES.

The man who "let a thief steal away his brains" was mad as a hornet when the thief came out and said he could not find any.

The evil that men do lives after them. Cows likewise do not give oleomargarine until they are dead.

The young lady who is enamored of William, the policeman's son, is said to have been struck by the policeman's billy.

Every wife is a sweetheart until the period when her husband goes to bed with his boots on, and every husband is a lover until the first baby begins to cut its teeth.

At Paris recently M. de Lesseps was asked about his newly born heir. He remarked that it was a very precoious infant, as it already very distinctly said, "Pa-na-ma!"

A Dedham minister asked one of his parishioners if she was "a mother in Israel," to which she responded: "O, land sakes, no! I have never been married."

A Norristown youth who was trying to master a bicycle, when asked his age, said he had seen fifteen summers and about one hundred and fifteen falls.

There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can get enough of the glass.

A little girl, aged five, going to bed one night, and kneeling down to say her prayers, said: "O, mama, may I only say amen to-night? I'm so very tired."

An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

Father—"Charlie, I see no improvement in your marks." Charlie—"Yes, papa; it is nigh time you had a serious talk with the teacher, or else he will keep me on that way forever."

Eugenie, Eugenie, will you still insist on wearing the hair of another woman upon your head? "Alphonse, Alphonse, do you still insist upon wearing the skin of another calf upon your feet?"

As we were talking one day about churches, and their various ceremonies a little boy remarked that he had seen a christening, a funeral, and a wedding, but he had never seen a divorce.

"These timber thieves must be checked in their outrages!" exclaimed a member of Congress. "Yes," murmured a number of the lobby, "or who knows how soon, they may pounce down here and carry off a lot of woodenheaded Congressmen."

On a homeward bound Charleston car a jolly looking Irishman was saluted with the remark: "Tim, yer house has blown away." "Deed, thin, it isn't," he answered "for I have the key in my pocket."

Little Johnny: "Pa, did you read in the paper how a parent was fined $25 because his little boy hung on a street-car?" Parent: "What of it?" Johnny: "Nothing, except I thought you wanted to give me some car tickets. There is money in it."

A few years since, at the celebration of our national anniversary, a poor peddler who was present, being called upon for a toast, offered the following: "Here is health to poverty; is sticks to a man when all his friends forsake him."

"What train is this?" asked the benevolent Mrs. Girdelee of the gatekeeper, as she was returning from her first visit to the city. "The mail train, madam." Well, when'll the female train start? I ain't goin to ride on any of your male trains.,

By a nearly unanimous vote, the women of this country have decided that the best bands are a hus-band and a band-box.