

Little Words.

A POEM IN WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE.
Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat,
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore throat, or strange wild note
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine;
Light but not heat—a flash without a blaze.
Nor is it more strength that the short word boasts:
It serves for more than fight or storm can tell—
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts;
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell;
The roar of guns; the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick-beds lie;
For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead;
For them that laugh, and dance, and clap the hand
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's low tread—
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time,
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime,
In thought, or speech, or song, or prose, or rhyme.

The Music of the Waters.

And so all I had to do was to go into the country and enjoy myself for six weeks—that is what it came to.
Why, if any one had struck me with a feather at the moment the doctor uttered his verdict I should certainly have been knocked down; fortunately no such atrocity was attempted, so I maintained as erect a posture as my enfeebled health would allow until the eminent licentiate of the College of Physicians, whom I was consulting, begged me to resume my seat.
"You are utterly smoke-dried," he said.
"London or tobacco?" I inquired.
"Both," he answered. "No phlegm; fresh air is all you want—mountain air, if possible; perfect rest and quiet; abstemious habits, early hours and no tobacco."
"And then?" I blankly inquired.
"Then? Oh, then," he answered, "get married and settle down."
It certainly was fortunate I was not standing up at that moment, for it would not have needed a touch of the alford's feather to have laid me low. As it was I sank back in my chair aghast. "Get married!" I thought; I who was utterly insensible to female attractions, and who had been always taught to have an eye to the main chance, and regard matrimony as a clog, unless associated with a great heiress. I got married on a salary of \$200 a year? Whew!
I left Saville row with scarce another word, convinced that for real, downright, unpractical men there were none to compare with doctors.
Thus I took the plunge, and within five days found myself at a snug little inn in North Wales, hard by a celebrated spot known as the "Devil's Bridge," a few miles inland from Aberystwyth.
The change soon refreshed me. I was astonished at feeling neither dull nor lonely—for the tourist season had hardly set in, and I had the little inn wellnigh to myself. So I wandered about and gazed wonderingly at all I saw, especially at the deep, craggy, wooded gorge or mountain river bed across which his satanic majesty's engineering skill was supposed to have been displayed.
As I stood looking down upon it from the bridge near the inn, it certainly seemed to me a wondrously romantic spot. Steep rock-bound banks, crowned with trees, hemmed in the rushing foaming river, its channel becoming irregularly narrower and more precipitous as it reached the head of the valley in the depths of which it lay. Here there was a waterfall, as I then thought, of stupendous magnitude, and yet a little higher up, a second, still larger. As I made my way down to the river by a well-worn path through a wood, the sound of the descending waters, as, roused on the soft summer breeze, it rose and fell in liquid cadence, fascinated me from the very first.
The weather hitherto had been superb, midsummer sunshine, and not a drop of rain.
The sunshine glinting through the trees; the pure sky above; the song of birds, not yet all hushed, in the woods; the fresh breezy odors—these all became such novelties and charms as I had never conceived possible. But seated on an isolated rock, it was still, after all, out of the "music of the waters" that I got my chief mental enjoyment.
At last there was a sudden change of wind. Heavy clouds swept over the landscape, burying in mist or occasional showers all forms save those close at hand.
"Regular Welsh weather, sir!" said a fresh-colored elderly gentlemanlike man in a tourist's suit, whom I found the next morning in the coffee-room. "My party will be house-bound for a couple of days at least, if I know anything of this country; shocking place for weather. Been here long, sir?"
I told him how long, and that I had not had a drop of rain the whole time.
"Disadvantage in that, too," he went on; "mountainous scenery wants mist and rain to drift round the peaks, fill up the torrents and bring out the waterfalls. This one here will present a fine sight after another four-and-twenty hours of such weather; it was a mere dribble last night when we arrived."

I was consoled by this gentleman's words; for having to spend the best part of the day indoors, there was a new sensation then yet in store for me; and I was a little disappointed to find, when early the following afternoon a lull in the weather enabled me to go down to my favorite rocky haunt, that there was very little perceptible difference in the volume of water coming over the fall.
So here I sat, I suppose, for more than an hour in my accustomed state of placid indolent enjoyment. With eyes half shut I was saying over to myself the first few lines of Southey's "Lodore," and trying to make "the music of the waters" fit into them as an accompaniment, when there suddenly sounded in my ears a roar so loud, and increasing so rapidly in volume, that I started, and looking up perceived that now indeed the fall had become grandly augmented. It was swollen at least to twice the size it had been ten minutes before; it looked magnificent. I turned toward the stepping stones by which I always regained the precipitous bank of the river. To my horror they had all disappeared, and in their place a boiling, bubbling ferment of brown water and frothy foam was sweeping along at a tremendous pace. Then in an instant I knew that the river was rising rapidly. Anyone but a fool would have foreseen this as the natural consequence of the increase in the volume of water. Right and left and all around the river had now become a boiling cauldron of broken water; I was out of all hope of retreat, and should be washed away like a fly, I knew.
Helpless and scared, I stood irresolute yet a moment longer.
I recollect in this dire emergency suddenly observing a still further increase in the volume of the fall, and almost simultaneously with it feeling my legs slip from under me as the brown water gurgled in my ears and glistened in my eyes. Then there was a choking, helpless, tumbling pressure forward, several sharp blows upon my legs and arms, an effort to strike out, met by coming in contact with more rocks, and then a whirl and twirl and spinning round as if I had been a cork.
The swimmer's instinct, however, was of some use after all, for, in the first place, it enabled me to retain a little presence of mind, and, in the second, to bring my head up to the surface after the first plunge. I saw I was already a long way from the upper fall, and an additional pang was given to my sensations by the recollection that I was being hurried on toward the lower, over which I was carried I must inevitably be drowned. Fortunately, just now I was carried by a current close in under one of these time-worn spinning round in the eddy like a cork.
I made a helpless grab at the smooth and slippery surface, much as the drowning man catches at the proverbial straw, for I was by this time getting exhausted and suffocated by the constant rolling over which the torrent gave me. I did just manage to get a finger-hold in a crack, and to steady myself somewhat; but the water was very deep just here, and I could not lift much more than my chin above it, whilst a foothold of any sort was out of the question.
Yet to remain where I was much longer was impossible. Could I but have raised myself some two feet I should have been able to reach an overhanging bough of one of the thickly growing young ash-saplings, the roots of which projected from the earthly top of the rock yard or two above.
Oh, how I longed for a giant's arm, that I might clutch that bough! Twice I made a futile effort to spring out of the water at it, but only exhausted myself, and had the greatest difficulty in retaining my support.
Was I sinking and losing consciousness? And is this to be the end, I thought, with that music still in my ears? And, lo! what vision is that which I behold? Surely an angel's face looking down from amidst the leafy roof above me! Yes; my life must be passing away in a dream of beautiful sights and sounds. For a moment or two more such was the vague conclusion floating through my dazed mind, nor was it at once dispelled by a perfectly audible and silvery voice saying:
"Try to reach it now; I think you can; quick, try!"
This can be no illusion; this is no phantom born of a drowning man's fancy; this is a sweet reality; and in that bending branch, now steadily descending to within my grasp, I see my life restored to me and my hopes renewed.
I have the delicate end of the bough in my hand; yes, automatically I have seized it, and already it helps to lift me higher out of the water.
"Be very cautious," says the voice once more. "Take great care, or it will snap. There, wait so; whilst I pull this strong one down, and in another minute I have grasped this stronger one; I manage to raise myself by it a little, and to pat the tips of my toes into the fissure of the rock by which I had so long held with the tips of my fingers. Then a soft, firm hand is held out to me, and taking it I finally, by one supreme effort, pull myself well up among the underwood and twisted roots at the top of the cliff.
Too exhausted to speak or think, I threw myself down upon the steep hillside among the long grass and ferns between the trees. Then I think I did really lose consciousness for a while, for I do not remember seeing the pretty, graceful girl who had saved my life until I found her kneeling at my side, endeavoring to raise my head as she wiped the streaming water from my forehead and hair.
"Wait here," she said, "and I will run to the inn for help; I won't be long. There, lean against that tree trunk."
"Pray, stop," I stammered, feebly; "I shall soon be all right. I am really very much obliged to you."
"Oh, never mind that," she answered, brightly; "if you can walk, so much the better. Get up, and come along at once; you must get your wet clothes off."
I rose and shook myself, feeling very bewildered, sick and scared.
"Here—up this way," she cried. "I think we can get through the wood this way; follow me."

I had scarcely started after her, as with a firm, light step she sprang up the slope among the trees, when I heard from the top a cry of:
"Hilly-o! Lucy, hilly-o! where are you?"
"Here I am," she cried; "all right. Come down, papa, and give this gentleman a hand. I have just helped him out of the water—he was nearly drowned!"
"What? Eh, my dear? What are you talking about? Gentleman out of the water? Nearly drowned?" said a cheery voice; and looking up, I saw two or three figures coming against the sky over the crest of the hill. Then there was a little hurried talk as they met my preserver, and presently my middle-aged friend, who had spoken to me about the weather at the inn the day before had a vice-like hold upon my arm, and was lending me very material assistance in my ascent.
"What a fortunate thing! Only to think," he said, "of Lucy happening to see you! We were wandering about, and she had gone on ahead by herself to look at the fall; then all of a sudden we missed her and wondered what had become of her; and then, to our behold! all the time she was qualifying for the Royal Humane Society's medal."
We ascended, when a second young lady, evidently a sister of my guardian angel, came running down toward us, exclaiming:
"Oh, papa, do come up quick; Lucy has fainted. She was just beginning to tell us all about it, when in a moment she went quite off."
Whereupon I hastened up the remainder of the slope in company with my new friends, to find the brave girl quite insensible, her head resting on the lap of a lady, evidently her mother.
Then all solicitude, very properly, was turned from me to her; but she soon revived, and then, and not till then, I allowed myself to be hurried off to the inn to get dry clothes. These, and a little hot stimulant, soon put me to rights, with no further damage from my ducking than a few superficial bruises and scratches.
But what was this tremendous internal woe that I suddenly became conscious of?—that I had not been inflicted by projecting rocks or slippery crags or foaming water! No; of a certainty that was the result of a sympathetic glance from a pair of bright brown eyes, which had gone straight to my heart from the moment they had looked down upon me in my peril.
I now suddenly awakened to the possibility of what the doctor had called "settling down." There absolutely appeared a chance of my taking to the idea, and of so carrying out his prescription to the letter. What a wonderful and beneficent effect it was working!
"Why, there she is in the garden at this moment, and how beautiful she looks! Now that I have made myself presentable," I thought, "I will go down immediately and thank her like a coherent being and a gentleman."
She was sitting in a little arbor at the end of the inn garden. As I approached, a blush, the more evident from the pale skin which her undue exertion and subsequent faintness had left, overspread her sweet face—that angel face, which I had at first thought a dream, and which to me now, with my newly-awakened poetical sensibilities, scarcely seemed a reality.
I cannot describe it. Why should I? Other people would not see it with my eyes; there were hundreds and hundreds of faces in the world doubtless far more beautiful.
"I hope you are feeling better," I said. "I am afraid that what you have done for me has overtaxed your strength; I shall never forgive myself if it has made you seriously ill."
"Oh, no," she answered. "I was only a little out of breath with the running and the scramble through the brush-wood and trees; but I was sure that if I was to be of any use there was no time to be lost. Please don't say any more about it."
"Oh, but indeed I must; you must tell me how you saw me and how you were able to reach me."
"Oh, I had merely gone down to look at the waterfall—I knew it would be very much swollen—and the moment I came upon it, to my horror and surprise I saw you standing upon that rock in the middle of the river. I felt sure that you would be drowned; but before I could even call out you were washed off it, and I saw you carried away. Well, I don't know what it was that made me do it, but I ran along through the wood by the side of the river as fast as I could. I don't suppose I thought of being able to save you, but it all seemed so dreadful, and then I lost sight of you. But I still ran on to the top of the second fall, and got close down to try if I could see you; the trees were so thick up above that I was obliged to get close to the edge. I was looking all about you just under, when I suddenly saw you for the first time, and I was standing, and trying to reach that bough. Well, then I pushed it down to you, that's all."
"All, indeed!" I cried. "Can I ever repay you for that? All! You simply saved my life; I should never have got out but for you."
"Hope you are not much the worse for your ducking, sir?" here broke in her father's voice. "I and my wife hope that you will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner this evening; you must be a little dull and lonely here by yourself."
Of course I would, and of course I did, and of course I did. I spent the very pleasant evening I had ever known in my life. I told the family who I was and all about myself; and they told me a great deal about themselves—father, mother and two daughters—and how they had come out for their annual run, as they called it, and how they often made very pleasant acquaintances on their tours.
"But it's not often," said my host, "that we make one in this fashion; it is not to be wished. We don't expect to become heroines of a domestic drama every day. Ha, ha! but, by Jove, it was very lucky Lucy saw you."
After this evening followed a succession of the most delightful hours I had ever known; morning, evening, and noon were spent in the company of my new acquaintances, and at the end of a very short time those acquaintances had be-

come fast friends. I was as completely over head and ears in love as I had been over head and ears in the turbulent water, and I told her so.
"Save me once more," I said; "give me that hand once again, and let it be mine forever; otherwise it would have been kinder to have left me to drown outright."
She dropped her head, but held out her hand, that hand which at this moment has just touched my arm, as a silvery voice says:
"Come, Billy, stop; I have been peeping over your shoulder. You need not write any more; people can guess the rest. I would rather you did not enter into details."
"Very well, dear," I answered; "as it is nearly twelve years ago since it all happened, perhaps you are right. Yes, settled down for twelve years; who would think it! And in a week or two we must be off, for the nineteenth time together, on another holiday diversion. What shall it be and where shall we find it?"
"Oh, I am still all for the country, you know," she cries. "I am never tired of rural sights and sounds."
"Nor I," is my reply; "we'll go where."
"Gentle winds and waters near, Make music to the lonely ear," as Byron says. Fancy my quoting Byron! What a transformation in a man! Only we shall not be lonely, shall we?"
"Indeed, no," she says, "we will only take care not to sit in the dry beds of mountain streams when we want to listen to 'the music of the waters.'"

Words of Wisdom.

It is hard work to teach people who can learn nothing without being taught.
Take away from mankind their vanity and their ambition, and there would be but few claiming to be heroes or patriots.
There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by-the-by—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.
Most thoughtful men have probably some dark fountains in their souls, by the side of which, if there were time, and it were decorous, they could let their thoughts sit down and wail indefinitely.
Every morning we enter upon a new day, carrying still an unknown future in its bosom. Thoughts may be born to-day, which may be extinguished to-morrow. Hopes may be excited to-day which may never expire. Acts may be performed to-day, the consequence of which may not be realized till eternity.
An instant decides the life of a man and his whole fate; for after lengthened thought the resolve is only the act of a moment; it is the man of sense that seizes on the right thing to be done; it is ever dangerous to linger in your selection of this and that, and so by your hesitation get confused.
The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's hand till the moment some assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals. No one, who holds the power of granting it, can refuse it without guilt.
The education of the human mind commences in the cradle, and the impressions received there frequently exert their influence through the whole of life. Principles which take the deepest root are those implanted during the seasons of infancy, childhood and youth. The young pupil takes early lessons from everything around him; his character and habits are forming before he has any consciousness of his reasoning powers.
A Novel Sausage Skin.
A writer in *Nature* says: We may mention a circumstance of especial interest to scientific men, in connection with the manufacture of this new food. The *Erbnurst*, or pea-sausage, was produced by the Germans in such large quantities during the Franco-Prussian war that it was found to be absolutely impossible to procure a sufficient number of skins and binders to contain the preparation. All sorts of substitutes were tried. Oil fabric and vegetable parchment, as well as waterproof material, were essayed in vain, for an envelope was required which was elastic and unaffected by boiling water. At last a chemist stepped in and solved the problem. He proposed the use of gelatine mixed with bichromate of potash, or in other words the process employed by photographers nowadays in producing what are termed carbon prints. It is well known that if a solution of gelatine and bichromate of potash is spread upon paper and exposed to light, the gelatine becomes insoluble in a very short time, and will effectually resist the action of cold or hot water to dissolve it, this principle being in fact that upon which photographic prints are produced, the portions of a surface which refuse to wash away constituting a picture. This mixture was used for treating the sausage. The food was pressed into proper shapes and then dipped into the bichromate solution, after which it was exposed to daylight for a couple of hours, when the gelatine formed a rough skin around it, capable of being boiled with impunity.
Definition of Bible Terms.
A day's journey was thirty-three and one-half miles.
A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.
Ezekiel's reed was eleven feet nearly.
A cubic is twenty-two inches nearly.
A hand's breadth is equal to three and five-eighths inches.
A finger's breadth is equal to an inch.
Shekel of silver was about fifty cents.
A shekel of gold was \$5.
A talent of silver was \$38,800.
A talent of gold was \$15,800.
A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirtent cents.
A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.
A gah was one cent.
An epha, or bath, contains seven gallons and five pints.
A bin was one gallon and two pints.
A firkin was seven pints.
An omer was six pints.
A cab was three pints.

CALIFORNIA'S MONEY KING.

Enormous Wealth Accumulated Within Twenty Years.
The San Francisco Bulletin says: No doubt the richest mining firm in the world is that of Flood & O'Brien, Mackey & Fair. Their interest in two bonanza mines, at the present depressed prices, cannot be less than \$23,000,000. They own the Bank of Nevada, with a paid-up capital of \$10,000,000 and a reserve fund of \$2,000,000. They are reported to own \$20,000,000 in United States bonds. Their real estate and other property in sight cannot be worth less than \$3,000,000. Besides these investments they own a controlling interest in several other mines, some of which, like the Best & Belcher, are believed to be on the line of rich deposits, and may at some future date be classed in the list of "bonanza mines." Add these items together and we have a total of \$60,000,000, which is an underestimate of their wealth, but how much so we cannot say. The annual income on this property is not less than \$20,000,000. The individual interests cannot be defined, but we should hesitate to indorse the statement of the German financiers in this particular. It would not surprise us, however, if satisfactory proof were offered, that the entire assets of these four men would foot up \$100,000,000.
Next in order should estimate the wealth of the four principal owners of the Central Pacific railroad and other connecting roads of California—Stanford, Huntington, Crocker and Hopkins. These men are the largest owners of railroad property in the world. Most of this property is encumbered by the issue of mortgage bonds. But we suppose that these four men have a clear margin of rising \$50,000,000. Besides railroad property they own a great deal of land, town sites, alternate sections, country seats, city real estate and so on. It is a low estimate to say that they are worth \$12,500,000 apiece. Prospectively they are worth vastly more. It may, indeed, turn out, with their nearly three thousand miles of railroad and their large amount of real estate, that six or seven years hence they may be, if not now, the richest men in California, or in the United States. For the present, however, we adhere to our estimates, and set down the men who are the principal owners of the Bank of Nevada and the great bonanza mines as the richest men in this State, and set down the four men who are the principal owners of the Central Pacific railroad and connecting roads as ranking next in order, with the qualification that we do not hold ourselves responsible for these calculations. They have at least the merit of shrewd guesses, with considerable data to fortify the opinion.
The number of men who are millionaires in this State was never so great as now. None of them were rich twenty years ago, and very few had fortunes even ten years ago. Quite a number of those who had large fortunes five or six years ago do not now figure in the list of millionaires. The ups and downs of mining interests have made the principal difference. A considerable number, also, who were not rich five years ago, have large fortunes to-day. Financial "ruin" in this State only means that men in the hazards of business have lost, with the strong probability that they will more than make their losses good in the future. If it is a land of "ups and downs," there never was a country where men got up so soon as in this. There is spring, untiring energy in the country and in the good Providence which is on the side of all who honestly try to help themselves. There is not another country under the sun where so many men have made large fortunes in so short a time without capital for a start. There is not another young city in the world which contains so large a population of wealthy men. These facts illustrate in a striking way the wonderful resources of this coast. The men whose fortunes have been enumerated are only middle aged. It is more than probable that some of their heirs will be the richest men in the world.

He Smelled Smoke.

When the railroad excitement was at its height in Newark, Ohio, a stalwart citizen felt the necessity of bracing himself up. The mayor had ordered the closing of all saloons and drinking places, and the police had enforced the regulations rigidly. But there was a back door in Gingerbread Row, and behind the bar there was long range lightning whisky. The stalwart citizen crept in, got his drink and beat a retreat. Soon he was overwhelmed with burning sensations in his stomach. Something seemed to be blazing there, and he burst into a doctor's office exclaiming: "For Heaven's sake pump me out quick."
"What is wrong with you?" inquired the doctor. "Get the pump ready while I am telling you. I'm burning up inside. Hurry. I took a drink down on Gingerbread Row. I have put a job up on me. I am poisoned." The doctor suddenly interposed: "Why, I smell something burning myself," and opening the patient's waistcoat found a hole three inches in diameter burned in the shirt-front. While the stalwart citizen was taking his drink he had dropped a cigar stump between his waistcoat and shirt. "Didn't you smell smoke?" asked the doctor. "You're right I did; but I thought it was coming out of my mouth."

All One to Him.

A Schleswig correspondent writes: A little time back a country woman was buying various articles at a shop here, all of which seemed to indicate a projected immigration to America. The tradesman asked the woman if such was the case, and received the following reply: "You see I have two daughters and one of them was engaged to a man who is dead, as soon as he made enough money to support a wife, he would send out money for the journey, and then they should be married. But several years had passed, and my daughter had found another sweetheart, when one day a letter comes from America with money enough to pay the passage. Well, now, I made up my mind to send my second daughter instead of the elder. The two lasses are as like as two blades of grass, and it will be all one to him which of 'em gets for a wife."

The King and the Stable Boy.

During the visit of George the Third to the royal stables a boy belonging to the grooms took his attention. There is no accounting for fancies; but there was something about the boy that won his royal master's favor, and the king treated him kindly in many ways. But a time of temptation came, and the poor lad fell into disgrace; he had stolen some oats from the royal bins, and, being detected, the head groom discharged him. The fact that he was noticed by the king may have aroused the envy and dislike of others and it may be that the occasion was gladly seized by the groom to have him turned away. There seemed to be no idea of speaking to the poor lad about the wickedness of taking the oats, and abusing the confidence of his master, but only determination to treat him as he deserved. Who knows what a kind word might have done for an erring boy, who gave way to wrong doing in a moment of temptation? But such was not the case; he was turned aside, with a stain upon his character, to the great grief of his parents.
Not long afterward, when the king again visited the stables, he observed the absence of the boy, and asked one of the grooms what had become of him. The man, fearing to tell the truth yet not liking to tell a falsehood, said he had left. His majesty was not satisfied with the groom's answer, and suspecting wrong, called the head groom to him, and made the inquiry again. "I have discharged the boy, sire."
"For what reason?" asked the king.
"He was discovered stealing the oats from one of the bins," was the reply, "and I sent him away."
The king felt sorry for the poor boy who had disgraced himself thus, but determined not to give him up, and ordered him to be sent for immediately. The order was obeyed, and without loss of time the boy was brought to the king. What a scene was this—face to face with the king of England stood the boy, a convicted thief!
"Well, my boy," said his majesty, when the poor lad, trembling and looking very pale, stood before him, not knowing what awaited him; "is this true that I hear of you?"
The lad could not look up into the king's face, but with his head bent down, his only answer to the kind inquiry was a flood of tears. He had not a word to say for himself; his mouth was stopped, for he knew he was guilty; he had not a word of excuse.
The king, seeing the poor boy was sorry on account of his sin, spoke to him of the evil—how he had not abused the confidence reposed in him.
"Well, my lad," said his majesty, putting his hand kindly upon the boy's head, "I forgive you." Then, turning to the head groom, said: "Let the boy have his former place, and let him be cared for."
What a thrill of joy did the lad's heart feel as the king uttered those three words: "I forgive you." Instead of being ordered off to prison and punished, and disgraced, he was restored to favor, and restored to the place he had lost. What gladness this gave the boy's heart! It seemed almost too good to be true. Yet who could dispute it? The king himself had forgiven him, and then the highest judge in the land had not a word to say against it; he was a guilty one, but now was forgiven, and that by the king himself. Will our young readers learn the beautiful lesson contained?

Age of Vegetables.

The species of vegetables we now cultivate have been raised and eaten for centuries. Even before the Christian era many of them were in use.
Lettuce has been used in the table for thousands of years. Herodotus tells us that it was served at the royal table centuries before the Christian era, and one of the noble families of Rome derived its name from this plant.
Spinach, asparagus and celery have been cultivated and eaten among the eastern nations thousands of years. Jesus took the mustard seed as the exponent of a parable.
Radishes were known and grown by the Greeks, and were offered at Apollo's shrine wrought in precious metals.
Parsnips were raised and brought from the Rhine to add to the luxuries of Tiberius' table.
Beets were most esteemed centuries ago, and carrots were in such repute in Queen Elizabeth's reign that the ladies of her court adorned their huge structures of false hair with their feathery plumes.
Peas, at Elizabeth's court, were very rare, and were imported from Holland as a great delicacy.
Fruits, also, were in great repute among the ancients.
The currant was cultivated centuries ago in European gardens, and was called the Corinthian grape.
Evelyn in his charming diary, speaks of his berries as Corinth; hence the name of currants.
The damson plum was extensively cultivated at Damascus, whence the name.
The cherry came from Coeus, a city of Pontus, and the delicious peach, king of fruits, was first known in Persia.
The quince was a holy fruit, dedicated to the goddess of love, and was called Cydonian apple.
Pears were as ancient as apples, and are mentioned among the Paradisaical fruits.
Grapes were known at a very remote period, and are often mentioned in the Bible.
Removing Birthmarks.
"Professor," in the *Tribune*, says that birthmarks or moles may be removed by the following means:
For removing moles or birthmarks, cotton oil under the form of pomade or ointment, and tartar emetic, under the form of paste or plaster. The following is the mode for using the latter: Take tartar emetic in impalpable powder, fifteen grains; soap paste, one dram; and beat them to a paste. Apply to nearly a line in thickness (not more) and cover the whole with strips of gummed paper. In four or five days eruption or suppuration will set in, and, in a few days after, leave a slight scar. Croton oil ointment effects the same, but less completely unless suppressed, by producing a pustular eruption, which, however, does not permanently mark the skin.

A Proverb.

I'm not a superstitious man,
With any blind belief in fate,
But through my veins a sliver ran
At something which I read of late.
I gleaned a book of proverbs through,
To pass some moments spent alone,
And there the saying met my view,
That "Soon or late all things are known."
I laid the book aside and thought
About the secrets of my life,
A wild career, with fallings fraught,
And long-repented errors rife.
What mattered that above the heap
The lapse of years a mound had thrown,
The ax of Fate goes straight and deep,
And "Soon or late all things are known."
Nay, gentle reader, do not start
And picture me the man of crime,
Because I'm faint and sad at heart,
To think of what may come in time.
Let him be first to raise his hand
And cast at me the cruel stone,
Who feels he can unflinchingly stand
Where "Soon or late all things are known."
Items of Interest.
Give the tramps no quarter.
When is a chair like a lady's dress?
When it is satin.
It is said that the pen is mightier than the sword. Neither is of much use without the holder.
The strikers resemble the Russians because they have been endeavoring to wreck Kars.
Several newspaper men have been sewn by the new counterfeit five thousand dollar bill.
Six thousand children have been taught to swim in two years by the London Health Society.
It takes the Russian provost-marshals four minutes to convict and shoot a spy, and the czar loudly complains of lost time.
An intelligent paper in Switzerland says that "Miss Mollie Maguire, of Pennsylvania, has been hung for misbehaving."
The empress of Brazil has but \$600,000 worth of diamonds, and some one ought to feel like heading a subscription for her benefit.
A landlady said that she did not know how to make both ends meet. "Well," said a boarder, "why don't you make one end vegetables?"
A German dairy maid in Jefferson county fell first into a tank of soft switzer cheese last week. Here it is again. A woman in the case, as usual.
Much has been said about feats of strength; but it is an actual fact that a man of but ordinary stature recently knocked down an elephant. The performer of the great feat was an auctioneer.
"This summer, ladies are going to dress their hair as they did three hundred years ago," says an exchange newspaper. This makes some of the ladies pretty old.
In Grass Valley, Cal., there is a snake lying around loose which is forty feet long. The editor of the local paper there was informed that this snake, with one stroke of its ponderous tail, smashed a large Newfoundland dog to jelly.
"My articles do not receive a very warm reception of late," wrote a lady to the conductor of a monthly magazine; "Our fair correspondent is mistaken," replied the editor; "they meet with the warmest reception possible. We bury them all."
It wasn't such a bad notion on the part of a globe dealer who advertised as follows in large type: "Ten thousand hands wanted immediately!" And underneath it was printed in very small characters: "To buy my gloves, the best quality."
A novelist tells of two lovers, who agreed to wave their hands toward each other, at a certain hour, across the Atlantic ocean. One might suppose there might be waves enough between them without their trying to make any more with their hands.
More than 5,000,000 cans of corn are now packed in Maine, annually, and sold in every part of the world, yielding a business to that State of about \$1,250,000, and giving profitable employment to from 8,000 to 10,000 people during the packing season.
Constantinople has a circumference of about thirteen miles. Its harbor, the "Golden Horn," is a long capacious inlet of the Bosphorus running along the northeast side of the city, with sufficient depth for the largest vessels and capable of receiving 1,200 sails of the line.
There is a question of veracity between a Chicago *Times* reporter and a rioter. The reporter says he shot the rioter dead, and the latter stoutly denies the story, and says he can prove the negative. It is manifest that the rioter lies, and other papers congratulate the reporter on his prowess and pluck.
Killing Disabled Horses with Dynamite.
An English papersays: An interesting experiment was made last week at a horse slaughtering establishment at Dudley, with the view of testing a new system of slaughtering cattle by means of dynamite, and thus putting them out of existence more speedily and with less suffering than by the ordinary pole-ax. Two large powerful horses and a donkey (disabled for work) were ranged in a line about half a yard apart under a shed, the donkey being placed in the center. A small primer of dynamite, with an electric fuse attached, was then placed on each of their foreheads and fastened in position by a piece of string under the jaw. The wires were then coupled up in circuit, and attached to the electric machine, which stood about five yards in front. The handle of the machine being then turned, an electric current was discharged, which exploded the dynamite charges simultaneously, and the animals instantly fell dead without a struggle. The whole affair was over in two minutes, and the experiment appears to have been a perfect success. It was conducted by Mr. Johnson, agent for Noble's Explosive Company, Glasgow, assisted by Mr. Harris, one of the dynamite instructors. By this means, it is stated, any number, even a hundred or more cattle, may be instantly killed by the same current of electricity.