

THE ENGINE.  
Into the gloom of the deep, dark night,  
With passing breath and a startled scream;  
Such as a bird in a sudden fright,  
Darts this creature of steel and steam.  
Awful dangers are lurk'd a night,  
And dangers are lurk'd a day;  
But straight through the light of its great eye  
It speeds through the shadows, dense and black.  
Terrible thoughts and deep desires  
Tremble its mad heart near to a fever,  
Which burns and smolder the hidden fire,  
Cooled by its mad and sudden power.  
It hales, as a wild horse hales, the rein,  
The narrow track by vale or hill;  
And dashes with a cry of steam and fire,  
And longs to follow its own will.  
Oh, what an! to follow its own will,  
With mounds and flesh by the hand of God,  
Speeding on through the dense, dark night,  
Guided alone by the soul's white light!  
Often and often my mad heart throbs,  
And hales its way with a bitter hate,  
And longs to follow its own desire,  
And leaves the car in the hands of fate.  
O, mighty engine of steel and steam;  
O, human engine of blood and bone,  
Follow the white light of thy own beam,  
There lies safety, and there alone.  
The narrow track of thine own will,  
Lies by the soul's great eye of light,  
Follow the white light of thy own beam,  
There lies safety, and there alone.  
Alone will carry you through the night.

PAULA'S ANSWER.  
Paula, with ruffled apron pinned over her head, was out on the back porch gazing through the withered leaves and dry stalks, and rustled them with a mournful sound; the sparrows in the ivy, which clung to the eaves, chirped with a sorrowful cadence, as though lamenting the passing of the Summer. Even the old house dog, Jack, lay with his head betwix his paws, as though he sniffed a dreary melancholy in the Autumn air. Slowly the black, beady seeds rattled out from their dry husks and dropped into the rosy palm, while the pretty face above them was downcast, and the brown eyes more threatening of a storm than the leaden-gray Autumn sky.  
"Pimpin' like for the city, and needs livin' up a bit," J. rector said good Aunt Debby, as she sent Paula into the crisp morning air, much as she would send a child out to play. "I must ask Dr. Stone about her; she's looked pimpin' these three weeks."  
As good fortune would have it, at that identical moment Dr. Stone came up the road, jogging leisurely along behind his gray horse, singing softly to himself. Paula saw him from behind her screen of morning glory vines on the porch, and of a sudden the world seemed to brighten. She looked himself with a start, and bounded off to meet the well-known, and although Molly McGilgub was singing across the way as she scoured the pewter spoons in the woodshed, even those hearty tones could not wholly drown the tender pathos of the doctor's voice, as he softly hummed:  
"Oh, that with beams of love divine,  
This heart, this stubborn heart of mine!"  
It was very silly, of course, to blush when no one was looking; but Paula did blush vividly, and then said to herself: "He's a great goosie, anyway!" though why she called him a goosie was certainly remarkable, and not in the least applicable to such a man as Dr. John Stone.  
Paula watched him as he stepped from the buggy, stooped to pat Jack's shaggy head and said: "Good fellow! good old Jack!" and then came lumbering up the door-walk. "Lumbering," Paula called it, because she was always trying to find the most disagreeable terms to apply to the doctor, nowadays. And she remembered how she had once seen him in the Sabbath school in the little Holyland church, when he rose with the choir to sing, and she wondered if his head would not go to the ceiling, and if the little woman beside him was not standing on a pile of singing books in order to see the music he held for her.  
There has been times when she thought better of him, when she had become well acquainted, and had learned how fascinating he could be in conversation. How he knew about every country, and could picture scenes, which had always seemed dull to her, as if he had learned by a master hand. He had knowledge, too, of books, of music, of people, and Paula knew, better than many another, how imaginative, how tender hearted and true to his manhood was apparently this commonplace doctor.  
Many a long drive had taken together in the late summer, and Paula had told him of her city home, her gay companions, and the constant round of balls, parties, opera and theatre-going that made her life one constant whirl of excitement, until she came to spend a few quiet months with her aunt in the country, and rest for another Winter of dissipation. Of a sudden he had bent his head until his eyes could search her own, and asked in a voice that visibly trembled with emotion: "Do you care for it all so much, Paula, or could you be happy away from the city's gayety? Could a home and a heart of love ever take the place of admiration and excitement?"  
Quite startled out of her ordinary self-possession, Paula had seen that this man was terribly in earnest, that what she had regarded as merely a passing summer flirtation, had become a matter of life and death to him, and, vexed with herself and her lover, she had given him to understand in the most pointed manner that she detested the country. It was all very well when the sun was shining and the earth green and beautiful, when flowers were in bloom everywhere, and people were kind and agreeable. But when these things faded, and dark days came, and dreary winds and winter, when people are not kind and agreeable as friends had turned to lovers, and so made themselves disagreeable, then it was all changed, and she could be glad to get away from everything and every body associated with her life for the past few months, and never see the country again.  
Very much shocked at this rude awakening from his dream of happiness, Dr. Stone had set her down at her aunt's door that sunny afternoon, and driven slowly homeward, with a pain at his heart that plainly showed itself in his softly spoken pain.  
"We shall be friends yet, doctor, shall we not?"  
"Friends! do not talk to me of friends. You have played with a man's heart as a child with a toy, and when tired thro' it away. Friends, indeed! you have made me hate the sight of your pretty, false face."

why she had stayed on at Hollylands, why all the joy had gone out of her heart, and why, but a moment ago, a thrill had come into her life, and made the day more fair when the doctor came into sight. It must be love—it must, it must be. And she never could have a place in his heart, now, for he had told her he hated the very sight of her "pretty false face," and would not even be friends any more.  
"Paula!" it was Aunt Derby's voice. "Dr. Stone is here."  
"Yes, ma'am," answered Paula, still shelling away at the morning-glory seed as though the whole door yard must be planted that very day.  
"Paula, ain't you coming! The doctor wants to see you."  
"O—o—h!" and Paula dropped the seed, unpinned her apron off her head, and went into the kitchen with a very flushed face—but then she had been out in the wind, you know, utterly regardless of Dr. Stone stood by the fireplace. He looked hands in a very professional way, asked at his patient critically, asked a few questions as to appetite and exercise, left a half-dozen powders to be taken at intervals, and remarked, as he took his leave, that he hardly thought it a case where a doctor's attention was required, and that, unless especially requested, he should not deem it necessary to call again.  
That last remark touched Paula. "Of course you needn't call again," she flared out, utterly regardless of Aunt Derby's presence or consternation. "I'd sooner die than be saved by you, and if I do want a physician's care I shall have one who is tried and true to prescribe for me, for I am going home to-morrow."  
With this spirited announcement she flung herself down in uncle's arm-chair and burst into tears; while Dr. Stone, with the coolest bow and most frigid "good-morning," stepped into his buggy and drove away.  
"That very afternoon Paula started off, unbeknown to Aunt Derby, for a long walk. There was a green-house some two and a half miles out the old Hollylands road, which contained some plants of a rare variety, which she had set her heart upon carrying back to the city. Two and a half miles were nothing to Paula, and she made her purchases, then sat a while to rest with the old Scotchman and his wife, and partake of a slice of their oatmeal bread and a bowl of milk, before she turned homeward.  
"There's a nearer road," said old Justin, as he was about to bid her good-by; "you'll need it, too. Only see how the wind has risen, and there's already snow in the air. It'll be a tough walk home in the face of such a storm."  
But Paula laughingly assured him she liked a stiff breeze, and did not mind walk at all, though she would take the nearest way he pointed out. And off she went, down the mountain side and through the pasture, out of sight.  
For a half mile or so Paula tramped brightly along, not feeling the cold. But the wind whistling, and constantly blew her wrapping away, and by this time the snow came a blinding sheet into her face, almost driving her back. Still she kept on and on, holding fast to the little plants which Justin had carefully wrapped to keep the cold from them. But the road was a strange one, and she vainly wished she had taken the familiar highway, even had it been further. It was growing dark early, too, and Paula's heart, which had not been brave that day, began rapidly to grow traitorous, and she felt very much like crying. Tears would have frozen, though, on her cheeks, so she pushed on, hoping soon to come on the traveled highway.  
Wild and wilder grew the winds, rushing and whistling down the mountain side; thicker and fester came the snow, and colder and colder became the little hands that clasped the treasured plants. A mile, it may have been, had been passed, and already it was dark. She could never face that fearful storm. She turned rapidly to grow traitorous, and she felt very much like crying. Tears would have frozen, though, on her cheeks, so she pushed on, hoping soon to come on the traveled highway.  
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tips, and it seemed to her, hugged close against his great coat, and she would quickly freeze about to death again to be rescued by such a doctor.  
"Paula," he said, at length, after he had rubbed the little hands to a glow, wishing all the while that he could kiss them, and after he had watched the color come creeping back to the pretty cheeks, nestled against his overcoat, and wished he might kiss that, too. "Paula, did you really mean those dreadful, dreadful words this morning, that you would sooner die than have me save you?"  
"Quickly Paula sat erect.  
"Dr. Stone," she said, tremulously, "did you really mean those dreadful, dreadful words you said that day, that you hated the very sight of my—my—pretty, false face?"  
"God knows I did not. No, Paula, I love you better than anything on earth besides. Can't you learn in time to love me, just a little, Paula?"  
And Paula's answer was—  
"I can never, never learn to love you, for I've loved you ever since you told me you hated me you hated me, Doctor John."

The London Liqueur Traffic.  
It is estimated that were all the gin palaces and other drinking places in the metropolis put side by side, they would extend 100 miles. A "public house" stands at every street corner; it is impossible to walk three minutes in any direction in any part of London without passing one or more liquor shops. Their gaudy signs and glaring gas lamps stare you in the face, go where you will, "Publics" were, in olden times, intended to "furnish meat and drink for man and beast"; but nowadays the "meat for man and beast" is conspicuous by its absence. In no city in the world are the facilities for obtaining alcohol in all its forms so great as in this "City of Towns." A total abstainer is quite a curiosity; men drink, women drink, children drink. The poorest man must have his beer to his dinner and supper (in some of the agricultural counties they take beer to breakfast). The worst feature of the liquor traffic in this country is its relation to the family. Search England through and I will guarantee that in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred you will find it a regular custom to keep wine or beer in larger or smaller quantities. It is taken to dinner, luncheon and supper, equally in the lowest as in the highest circles. To ask a man to your house, and not offer him a glass of wine or beer, is to be considered at once as most inhospitable. Alcohol is the balm in Gilead used to soothe the ruffled spirits of enemies, the cement of friendships, the seal upon bargains, the form of gratuity of Cobby who drives your Honor, or the man who delivers your coal, and the panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to.  
Some years ago in the belief that it would lessen the enormous amount of public drinking, an act was passed authorizing grocers to sell beer, wines and spirits in quantities not less than a whole bottle, on condition that the liquor was not drunk on the premises. This may have lessened the quantity drunk in public, but it is complained that it has given an opportunity to women and others for private tipping, who would otherwise be free from the temptation. Efforts have also been made to reduce the evil by contracting the hours wherein liquor might be sold. A growing party, represented in Parliament by Sir William Lawson, are in favor of passing a local permissive bill; but such legislation is regarded with great jealousy as an infringement of the liberty of the subject, and it is very unlikely to become a law so long as any government with such strong "imperial" instincts as Lord Beaconsfield's is in office.

The Art of Conversation.  
One of the greatest pleasures of life is conversation; and the pleasures of conversation are of course enhanced by every increase of knowledge; not that we should meet together to talk of alkalis and angels, or to add our stock of history or philology, though a little of these things is no bad ingredient in conversation; but let the subject be what it may, there is always a prodigious difference between the conversation of those who have not enjoyed this advantage. Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigor, fancy, words, images, and illustration; it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without becoming undignified and absurd. The subjects themselves may not be elevated, upon which the talents of an uneducated man have been exercised; but there is always a demand for those talents which his education has rendered strong and quick. Now, really, nothing can be further from our intention than to say anything rude and unpleasant; but it is a very common thing to be interested by the variety and extent of female knowledge, but it is a very common thing to lament, that the finest diffidencies in the world have been confined to trifles utterly unworthy of their richness and their strength.  
"Hold the fort!"—Everybody sings "Hold the fort," but few know the origin of the remarkable song. The Chicago Inter-Ocean gives the following: "There is a fort at Altona, about 18 miles from Kennesaw Mountain, which was being badly pressed by the Confederate forces. When Sherman reached Kennesaw he signalled to Altona, which was commanded by Gen. Corse, 'Hold the fort, for I am coming.' The message was seen and read by the men at the fort, and as a reply it was necessary, General Corse ordered the young officer standing near to send the reply—'Wave the answer! It was easy to order, but while red bullets were flying thick and fast several members of the signal corps declined to signal, until General Corse was impatient, when the young officer above referred to grasped the flag, mounted the dangerous post and 'waved the answer back to Sherman.' That young man was James W. McKenzie, of Hampton, Iowa, and the war records mention the brave and cool act for which he was promoted."  
It has become very fashionable to have the walls decorated with worked mottoes, but no one ever sees that motto, "Base is the slave who pays," adorning the walls of a beer saloon.

Bobby Fenner's Troubles.  
Bobby was thirteen years old and lived in a little seaside village with his father and mother. He was a well grown, rather pale looking lad, with a very nice face—that is, a face which looked gentle, honest and sincere, with no lines of evil passion or cunning beginning to stamp themselves upon it.  
Whether Bobby Fenner's face could be called handsome or not I cannot tell. I think not; but it certainly looked kind and truthful, and his clear gray eyes looked out at one without boldness and without shame.  
Bobby's father was a sailor, and consequently, he was left alone with his mother. Once the father was absent for four years, as that Bobby did not hear from him for months together, and what the poor mother would then have done but for Bobby, I know not. A great help and comfort it was to her—doing all he could for her in the house before and between school times, and always ready to stay in and be her companion when she wished it. In the evenings he would prepare his lessons and then amuse himself with his books and maps (for his father had once brought him home a nice atlas), his box of paints, his set of carpentering, and they at times could not hear from him for months together, and what the poor mother would then have done but for Bobby, I know not. A great help and comfort it was to her—doing all he could for her in the house before and between school times, and always ready to stay in and be her companion when she wished it. 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