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THE CONDUCT OF LIFE.

Be it good that we do, let us do it,
Giving soul and our strength to the deed;
Let us pierce the hard rock and pass through it,
And compass the thing that we need.

Does Fate, as a dark cloud, hang over,
And cover our heads from the light?
Does hate mock the heart of the lover?
Must Wrong be the victim of Right?

Yet in Fate there is freedom for each one
To make or to mar as he will;
And the bolts of ill fortune that reach one,
May maim, but they never shall kill.

Ever onward and upward pursuing
The aim that is thine for the day;
Adding strength to thy strength by thy doing,
Thou shalt gain it, nor faint by the way.

And though thou art bruised with small things,
Though menial thy labor may be,
Do thy utmost in that and in all things,
Thou still shalt be noble and free.

Dost thou love? let it be with full measure;
Nor mingle with coldness or hate
Of others the joy of thy pleasure,
The passion that crowns thy estate.

Be to every man just; and to woman
Be gentle, and tender, and true;
For thy own do thy best; but for no man
Do less than a brother should do.

So living thy days full to number,
In peace thou shalt pass to the grave;
Thou shalt lie down, and rest there and slumber,
Beloved by the good and the brave.

Beset by Bushrangers.

Surveying and exploring a new district in Queensland is a matter of some hardship and peril. In the evenings, after the day's work is over, when we have finished our "damper," salt-beef and tea, and are smoking our pipes round a blazing log-fire, many a strange story is told. My men are old Bushmen, and up to a thing or two, especially My Chainman.

He is a harum-scarum, reckless, handsome, genuine Irishman of very respectable family, induced to emigrate many years ago as a hopeless scapegrace. He has knocked about New South Wales and Queensland in all sorts of capacities. I fell in with him by chance. I was fortunate enough to save his life, engaged him, and believe him to be as devoted and fine a fellow as there is in the world.

A few years ago, My Chainman was journeying in the direction of Sydney, from a place in the interior, called, I think, Jimballah. Having stopped at several public houses on the way, he found himself still on his journey with a ten-pound note, half a sovereign, and a half-crown, in his pocket. About a hundred miles from Sydney, he found some confusion in a public house which he had entered to obtain refreshment. The landlady was crying bitterly, and the servants were in a great fright.

When he entered, the hostess eagerly exclaimed:

"You are not one of thim, are you?"

"What do you mean?"

"Och, it's the Bushrangers I mane. You aren't one of thim?"

"No. Have they been here, then?"

"Yes, half an hour ago, and cleared my house of all I had. The widdy's curse be upon thim!"

"Have they gone down the road, or struck right into the bush?"

"Gone down the road to pick up all they meet wid."

"How many?"

"Three; sorrow less."

Now, My Chainman must go down to Sydney. He could not take the bush for it, as he did not know the country well enough. He might evade the Bushrangers by some lucky chance, either by the aid of night or other means. He was dressed, of course, in the gear of a thorough Bushman, and they might spare him on the old Scotch principle, "Hawks pyke not oot hawks' een." Besides, he might conceal his ten-pound note, and it would not break his heart to lose his half-sovereign and half-crown. On the whole, then, he saw nothing for it but to resume his journey. He chose his short sock as the best place for the bank-note, and thrust the note into it, without folding it up.

Forth he went, and rode rapidly on for about half an hour without seeing the rangers; however, he distinctly saw the fresh tracks of four horses in advance. At an abrupt turn of the road, he was covered by three revolvers and addressed by three voices:

"Dismount!"

No help for it. He got off his horse, and took a survey of the "glorious three." One was a very good-natured looking fellow; the other seemed rather backward; the third was an unmistakable ruffian.

"Where have you been? You're a digger?"

"I'm just coming from the Wanooran Diggins."

These gold fields were noted for their proverty.

"How much money have you got?"

"One half-sovereign and one half-crown."

"Is that all?"

"That's all."

It was the good-natured man who spoke in this dialogue.

"I think, Jim, we may let him off. The poor fellow must be hard up, coming from those wretched diggins."

"We'll have something to say to him first," replied Number Three, whose accent was Irish; and this gave My Chainman some hope.

"Well, at all events, he must have a glass of grog." My Chainman accordingly drank a bumper that took his breath away.

"Walk before me into the bush," then said Number Three.

"Not a bit of it, Jim; let the poor wretch go. Why, he's a countryman of your own. What do you say, Jack?"

"Never mind what Jack says!" replied Number Three. "Don't you make an ass of yourself, Dick! I'll have my own way in this."

He motioned to My Chainman to go on; and on he went until he reached a belt of scrub.

"Halt! Now, listen to me. It's my opinion that you are a schemer. If I find one shilling on you more than you have acknowledged to (he swore a terrible oath), I'll blow your brains out on the spot. Strip!"

My Chainman owned to me that for a moment he felt a mortal terror, but he shook it off and proceeded to undress.

"Take off your jumper first—not your boots. Now your flannel shirt. Throw them over to me."

He examined them thoroughly.

"Take off your boots. Throw them here. Now your trowsers."

He found in the pockets the two coins. And My Chainman hoped that the search was over. Not yet.

"Take off your socks!"

To hesitate was instant death. The ruffian shook both the socks. Let the reader fancy the beating of My Chainman's heart, meanwhile! As he had thrust the note into the sock without folding it up, and as the robber had caught the note with the thick sock between his finger and thumb, it was thus prevented from dropping out. To such small things a man may owe dear life itself.

"Now be off."

"What!" said My Chainman. "Would you send a man away stark naked, and in this weather, too?"

"You ought to be thankful for your life." Just then, up came Dick.

"Haven't you searched him yet? What's the use of keeping him in the cold?"

"You mind your own business, Dick."

"Jim," retorted Dick, "you know I can stand a great deal, but you're not the man to bide a quarrel with me when I'm roused. I won't allow you to do as you did last time. Give this man his boots and trowsers; keep his jumper if you want it."

Thus they split the difference, and My Chainman was left on a bush-road without a horse, and only half clad. He had his ten-pound note, however.

After walking briskly for about twelve miles he came to a sly grog shop, where he found two men conversing; one, evidently the host; the other (he knew as well as if it had been revealed to him) was the fourth Bushranger.

In the endless wilds of Australia there is not a Bushman whose life does not often depend on "tracking;" and so wonderful do Bushmen become in this respect, that they can tell the date of every mark upon the ground. I have heard them debate as to whether a black's track was an hour old, or two hours. Now, My Chainman had seen the tracks of four horses in company, and he had carefully tracked the fourth up to this "humpy," close to which it was standing quietly tied by the bridle.

"If I don't ride that horse away from this to-day," said My Chainman to himself, "may I never have the blessing of St. Patrick!"

The host was a little man; the Bushranger was a tall and muscular villain, with long black hair falling down his shoulders—a bad sign, as it showed he had been long "out."

They had been talking on a subject that had excited the Bushranger; and that subject, as far as My Chainman could gather from the muttered words he overheard at his entrance, was that the police were on their way up, and not very far off.

My Chainman gave the Masonic sign; it was answered by the host.

"Hallo," said the Bashranger, "where do you hail from?"

"I have come down the road."

"Haven't you got a horse?"

There was no use shamming here, so My Chainman at once replied:

"I was stuck up and robbed twelve miles from this by the Bushrangers."

"The deuce! Are they so near? Isn't it fortunate, Casey, that I knew this in time?"

"Why?" said Casey. "You're not going that way; you came from that direction yourself a while ago."

The Bushranger at that moment was lighting his pipe with a burning coal, and his back was turned. My Chainmn gaven a look and made a gesture which were perfectly understood by the shrewd little host.

"I must be going, old man," said the Bushranger, after his pipe had been successfully lighted. "Let's have a glass of grog all round first."

"All right!" said the little man. Three glasses of rum soon stood before the party. My Chainman put his hand forward to take up one of the glasses, but Casey, with an awkward apology about helping the gent first, handed the robber that very glass, gave another to My Chainman, and drank off the third himself.

My Chainman understood all this, and hoped that the stupefying potion would soon take effect. But no. The ruffian's constitution was as sound as the foundations of St. Paul's, and the draught only increased his sharpness and penetration.

"Do you think I don't see through you?" said he with a diabolical glance at Casey. "I'm not so sure of you (this was to My Chainman); if I was, I know what I should do."

"What have I done, sir?" said Casey.

"What have you done, you villain? Everything. I'll have your life!"

Now, although My Chainman did not think that the ruffian meant the threat literally, yet he made his little preparations. The fellow was armed to the teeth. He had two revolvers in his belt, and a double-barreled gun stood close to him. A large sheath-knife hung on his hip. Every second increased the ruffian's fury. His curses and threats were appalling. Casey, the other side of the fire, sat the picture of dismay.

"Why don't you answer me?" the robber at last shouted.

"Because," gasped Casey, "I have nothing to say."

"Nothing to say?" roared the Bushranger. "Take that!"

He drew a revolver, half rose from his seat, and with wonderful quickness, leveled the weapon at Casey. But My Chainman was quicker than he. He had quietly picked up an American tomahawk which lay on a block beside him, and, just as the Bushranger had given the half turn to fire, down came the tomahawk on the back of the neck. The pistol exploded at the same moment. The wretched man gave hardly a quiver. He was dead in a second. The two survivors looked into each other's faces.

"Of course he was a Bushranger?" inquired Casey, after a long pause.

"Of course he was," said My Chainman; and he then told him the whole story. "But even if he were not, I did it in self defense, for he would have shot me the next minute."

"You saved my life, however," said Casey, "and that is everything to the purpose."

"I thought at first," said My Chainman, that you were in league with the robbers."

"Probably I might have been forced to be so in time," was the reply; "but I have not been here long, and, rely upon it, I shan't be here long."

"What is best to be done?" said My Chainman. "Shall I ride on and meet the police, if they are on the way?"

"For the Lord's sake, don't!" exclaimed the other. "His mates are sure to be here in no time, and they'll torture me if they find this out."

"Get up behind me, and we'll both ride off," said My Chainman.

"Then I leave everything bdlonging to me to be plundered."

"Well, then, man, what is it you want? What's your advice?"

"Let us throw the body down that rock into the scrub there, and then clean up. You ride off. I'll pretend their mate was after you. If you meet the police, don't say a word about it."

"But the horse and saddle may be stolen property?"

"You must chance that. It's the only plan."

My Chainman adopted the only plan, rode down to Sydney, and sold the horse.

"But now, sir," said he "comes the strangest part of the story, and, if I didn't feel sure that you would believe me, I would never tell it. Years passed, and I happened to be traveling through a town where the assizes were going on. I heard that a great murderer was to be tried, so I went to hear the trial. As I live and must die, one of the officials of that court, and not the lowest either, was Jim, the Bush-ranger who stripped me!"

"Of course you communicated your discovery to the police?"

My Chainman gave a dry cough, and, I rather think, got red in the face.

"I never much cottoned to the police, sir, at any time least of all then. Not so much for my own sake as for others."

"I see, I see," said I; "but I hope that was the only human blood you ever shed?"

"The only drop," said My Chainman, in some confusion, "saving and excepting one other case. That's a longer yarn than this."

Madame Bonaparte's Jewels.

The most valuable article among the collection is a necklace of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, of handsome design and workmanship. The pendant is a large solitaire diamond, and the setting of all the stones is extremely quaint. The necklace was the gift of a nobleman. Its present value is $3,000 or thereabouts. A crown of amethysts and pearls, fully three inches wide, is valued at about $500. There are several antique pearl necklaces worth from $50 to $300 each. Two handsome stones, known as antique, are set for pendants. One is transparent and the other is similar to a carnelian. A black enameled braclet made in Paris and set with American $2 50 gold pieces is quite a novelty. It is worth $100. Another bracelet is made of six $5 gold pieces and a French coin linked together with gold. A third third bracelet is most curious and antique. It is made of gold wire taken from the wrist of a skeleton in Pompeii. The three watches are very old, and their intrinsic value is not over $20 each. Two are open-faced watches, while the third is a small hunting case, set with pearls around the edges of the outer cases. One of the open-faced watched is blue-enameled, and was given to Madame Bonaparte by her grandfather. It is supposed to be nearly 300 years old. In addition to numerous vinaigrettes, two memorial rings and one antique cameo ring, there are seven rich and valuable head ornaments of pearls and garnets.

Tunneling the Alps.

The second tunnel beneath the Alps—the great St. Gothard—after passing through many vicissitudes, will be ready for traffic some time next year. It has already been bored for a distance of a little more than seven and a half miles, which is seventy feet more than the length of the Mount Cenis. There remained on January 5th only 2 922 yards to be cleared, and if the work progresses as rapidly as last year, when 2 772 yards were bored, the two companies of workmen who started from the Italian and Swiss ends would meet in January, 1880. Geologists have calculated that there a hard stratum of serpentine and schist yet to pass, and if this proves true the work cannot proceed so rapidly. But in any event the workmen are likely to meet before the year progresses many months beyond January. The tunnel's length will be more than a mile and a half greater than that of the Mont Cenis, and the total cost several million pounds sterling more. The German, Italian and Swiss Government have granted in subsidies £4 520 000

A Rare Bird.

A magnificent trumpteer swan was shot at the outlet of Buck Pond near Rochester, New York, recently, the first specimen of the kind, it is believed, ever shot in this part of the country. The hunters first saw the bird sailing over their decoy. Five charges from their guns brought him down, and then they discovered that they had indeed captured a prize. The body was perfectly white, and the wings measured six feet from tip to tip. From the tip of the bill to the extremity of the tail it measured four feet and three inches. It is the intention to have the bird prepared by a taxidermist.

Given Up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you that it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well a day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."

The only part of the conduct of any one, in which he is amenable to society, is that which concerns others. In the part which merely concerns himself, his independence is of right absolute. Over himself, over his own body and mind, the individual is sovereign.

IN MAKING puff paste the batter should be free from milk and butter. Squeezing it in a clean towel will take out all superfluous juice.

Interrupted.

Young Mr. Goldsmith who is a clerk in one of our dry good stores upon a fair salary, and who has for some time been paying attention to a young lady of the south end, whose father is worth forty thousand dollars, made up his mind last week that he would finally settle the question of her regard for him. Thursday evening he arrayed himself in his most propossessing garments, and omitting his supper from reason of sudden and total loss of appetite, he repaired to the barber shop, for the purpose of acquiring that smoothness of face, so much admired by his young lady.

"Now," said young Mr. Goldsmith to himself, "it will be an excellent opportunity to think up something to say, while I'm being shaved," and he took his seat in the chair, elevated his boots, closed his eyes, and put his thoughts into reflective order. He said to himself:

"I want to begin with——"

"Shave?" enquired the knight of the razor.

"Of course," said young Mr. Goldsmith, somewhat tartly, opening his eyes, "you don't suppose I came in to get a tooth pulled, do you?"

The barber smiled in a soft tone, and proceeded with his work, while young Mr. Goldsmith closed his eyes again, and resumed his musing:

"I'll begin by saying that she can not be insensible to the fact that her——"

"Razor pull?" broke in the artist, as he gave an upward stroke under the chin. "No!" replied young Mr. Goldsmith, crossly. "—That her charms have won for her a place in my affections that no amount of——"

"Pimples?" inquired the barber, as young Mr. Goldsmith winced under the razor; "did I nip a pimple?"

"Go ahead!" said the young man, shortly, and relapsed into: "—That no amount of adversity can ever eradicate. I have longed to sit and drink—"

"Bay rum?"

Young Mr. Goldsmith shook his head with a wrathful feeling in his breast that boded the barber no good, and continued: "And drink in the love that I am certain she bears me. Then I will kind of lead on until I have my——"

"Hair cut?' interrupted the barber, unconscious of the mischief he was doing. A malevolent glare from his customer answered his question in the negative.

"—Until I have my points well stated," continued young Mr. Goldsmith, to himself, "and then I will conclude by saying—'and now, dearest Mary, will you have'——"

"Any oil?" said the barber, pausing with the bottle in his hand.

And then the other customers were horrified at seeing a young man shoot out of the chair, clutch the barber by the neck, break the oil bottle over his head, and then, as he backed the terrified razor-manipulator against the wall, they heard him scream, in a passion-torn voice.

"You miserable apology for a phonograph, I don't want any oil, any shampoo, any pomatum, any cosmetic, any cigars—any—any—any a aw!"

And young Mr. Goldsmith, grabbing his coat and hat tore oat of the door and up the street, gritting his teeth so hard that he started two gold fillings and entirely ruined the nerves of an elderly woman on the opposite side of the street. He didn't propose that evening.

A Sheep Ranch.

The ranch I had traveled more then four thousand miles to see lay on the western slope of a valley through which runs for four winter months the Salinas River, emptying into Monterey Bay after a northwest course of about one hundred and thirty miles. The eight thousand sheep on the property were in six bands, each under the care of a shepherd and dogs. The shepherd has his cabin alongside of a corral that enclosed the flock at night. These camps—a corral and a cabin—were sixteen in number. As a flock exhausted the pasture in one locality it was moved to another. The stock drank from the little river stream if grazing near that, or from springs or wells at the different corrals, where were pumps and troughs. An important line of ranch work was to supply the shepherds with fresh provisions, carrying them to this and that camp, four or five miles apart. Besides that weekly duty were the special calls for all hands during lambing, shearing, washing, packing fleeces and hauling wool. There were near the dwelling ample barns, tool and store houses, blacksmith's shop and men's quarters. In fact, a ranch of such size, distant from any town, must command within itself many resources. Beside the sheep stock, there were a few cattle for beef and milk, four draught horses and half a dozen saddle mustangs. The vegetable garden was situated eight miles from the house! It was on the only spot of the whole property where a natural supply of water from a spring and pond-hole could be depended on throughout the year. But as a man could not be spared for continuous gardening, one of the hands rode over twice a week to do the work. As may be imagined, the fertile little garden was sadly neglected. The exact details and patient care of small farming seem incompatible with the nomadic administration of grazing. The dwelling house, of but one story, was pretty and comfortable. Its main room was parlor, hall and office. From it opened the bed-chambers and the long, broad piazza, which, trellised with vines and as much a living place as indoors, expressed the character of existence where only four months required a roof. The dining-room, opening on another piazza, was in a wing, where also were the quarters of the house servants—two, a Chinaman at $50 a month and an Irish woman at $40. The latter was not extravagantly paid in a district where were forty men to one woman, and matrimony in consequense much more desirable than house service. There are three things at great premium in the pastoral region of Southern California—a woman, a saddle and revolver. Man and horse are safe thus, but one must carefully guard handmaid and saddle. A respectable ranch family will send twenty miles to steal the female servant whom you have just brought from San Francisco at a cost of twenty dollars. The family consisted of three brothers, the wife of the eldest and two children. It was an agreeable and a refined household, preserving in its isolation and liberty the social graces and restraints that, often lacking ingenuousness in formal communities, are yet oftener wanting altogether where nature is independent of art. The head of the family was a man of literary taste and habit so far as his present activity permitted them. The brothers were energetic, gentlemanly young fellows, escaped from all city pettiness and growing to the perfection of manliness. On Eastern education and refinements were now grafted the good masculine accomplishment of horse breeding, throwing the lasso, stock tending and dealing with varieties of human nature as strong and rougher than their own. The men of the family were getting an experience most valuable, and full of wholesome enjoyment. But the lot of the wife and mother, the only lady within a radius of ten miles, was one of loneliness and dependence. Let us who would take wives and children into "the bush" consider unselfishly the situation—at least as we have the distance of it. This lady, delicate, cultivated and accustomed to the adornments as well as the comforts of life, was absolutely without one female associate. The men of the family were occupied out-of-doors for two-thirds of the time. All administration of the household, with perfectly independent and but half-trained servants, fell to the mistress, who had to care for and distribute the stores of the home and of the ranch, too, whose laborers were fed in an adjoining house. Mechanical conveniences were rude, and the luxuries of housekeeping entirely wanting. Fancy the housewife's toil and responsibility. Fancy the mother's anxieties for her children, with no physician within twelve miles. Thus tried, the lady without female sympathy, away from all religious forms, performed her duties gently, cheerfully and bravely. This literal picture of domestic life is the truth of what I saw on a Southern California ranch, and, as such, should not be omitted from a study of pastoral projects. The country is beautiful with a certain solemnity that, even in that perfectly bright atmosphere, inspires melancholy, or at least pensiveness. The vast spread of faded herbage, the Druidic groves, the absence of water—no pond nor brook, no passing shower nor gentle dew to freshen; the cloudless unchanging skies without even the illusions of sunset for months and months—clear, deep and full of color, but so far away. There is a primeval, solitary, immutable character in its landscape that saddens.

Animal Magnetism.

Professor Charcot has unexpectedly brought us back to the days of animal magnetism. He has effected some curious experiments on hystero-epileptic patients in the Saltpetriere Hospital, Paris, producing catalepsy and somnambulism at will. The object, placed for a few seconds or minutes before the full blaze of a Drummond or an electric light, becomes fascinated. The anæsthetic state is complete, for he can be pinched, &c., without exhibiting pain. The members display no rigidity, and preserve whatever attitude is given them. The patient has become cataleptic. In vain you speak and question him; but the features reflect the gesture. Place him in a tragic posture, the physiognomy becomes severe and the eyebrows contract. Bring the hands together as in prayer, the visage softens and the features become supplicating. But out the light, the patient drops into a somnambulistic of lethargic state. He falls backward the eyelids close, and if the skin be now rubbed the parts will contract as if under she influence of electricity; touching thus certain nerves the muscles of the face contort, and the head itself can be made to turn. Here is the somnambulism. Call the patient; he will rise and walk to you. Tell him to kneel and he will kneel; to write and he will write; to sew, and he will, mechanically, like a slave, the eyes being closed. Sometimes the answers are more intelligible than when the patient is wide awake, so much is the intelligence excited. Blow your breath strongly in his face, and the subject instantly awakens, after a slight throat spasm and some froth on his lips, but utterly ignorant of what has occured. The experiment can be repeated at will. But the magnet, as Dr. Burg has shown in the case of metallic applications, plays an important part during the stage of insensibility; the patient loses all sense of color, or the colors of all objects become gray; violet first disappears, then green, next blue and last red. Double up the right arm; it will rest so. Bring the magnet to act on the left arm; in a short time the right one will regain its suppleness and the left arm take the same contracted form. Music—strong bell ringing—can produce this anæsthetic condition as well as the lights referred too; hence, the action of sound is identical with that of light. Steadily looking into the eyes will also produce the lethaigic state. But this is treading after Mesmer.

A Distinction With a Difference.

A lady who recently arrived from Japan, where her husband is a flourishing physician, has had a most amusing experience. Before leaving Tokio she purchased material for a traveling dress, for which she paid $1.50 per yard. She had it fashioned into a garment, and proceeded blissfully on her journey. Arriving in San Francisco, she found the fabric of which her dress was composed was selling for $1 per yard. Her appreciation of it therefore decreased one-third. At Salt Lake City the same article was selling for 60 cents, and she began to think that she did not look at all stylish. When she reached Chicago she found it displayed in the shop windows with the announcement: "Only 30 cents." She began then to consider it common, but when from her carriage window, as she proceeded up Third avenue, New York, she beheld it flaunting in the breeze in front of a third-rate shop, with a soiled card pinned to it, on which was inscribed the legend, "15 cents," she concluded that it was vulgar. She could endure it no longer. She gave it to the chambermaid at the hotel, and then proceeded at once to Stewart's and bought a new traveling suit to go to Boston.

The faith of the child is always the work of its mother.

Gentle Spring.

As the last pie-woman at the market was closing her stall for the night and wondering if Washington pie would ever regain its lost grip on public esteem, Charles McAndrews loomed up through the darkness and solemnly said:

"Come, gentle spring—come and see us! Now let the branch put forth its bud, the grass take on its green, and the song of the robin rejoice our hearts. Come, gentle breezes, soothing raindrops and glad sunshine—come over to our house and make yourself at home."

The pie-woman said he was a great, big drunkard, and Charles smiled sadly and went up the street. Entering a bakery he found an old man in charge, and when this old man asked him if he would have fried cakes or cookies, he replied:

"Come, balmy breezes, and thaw out the old frozen hens in the back-yard. Patter down, warm raindrops, and make the tulip blossom and the sunflower get up and howl! Welcome, thunder and lightning—come and shake!"

The old man drove him out with a barrel stave, and Charles fell down in a door-way and slept till midnight. Then he arose and wandered on until he found a handy front door, and he pulled the bell. Some one jumped out of bed in the second story, a window went up, and a female voice called out:

"Now, John Henry, I told you that if you were out after 10 o'clock you would have to stay out, and I'll keep my word if it kills me!"

"Come, gentle spring—come and woo the hungry world!" replied Charles from below.

"Oh! you needn't try to disguise your voice, for I know you, and you can go right back to your lodge!" shouted the wife.

"Come, gentle thunder—come, cardinal-red lightning—come and agitate old onion beds!" solemnly continued the man under a tree.

"My soul! if my John Henry hasn't come home drunk!" exclaimed the woman, and she hurried down stairs to help him into the house. When she discovered her mistake she set up such a screaming that folks turned out to lynch the "gentle spring" man, but he was taken in charge by an officer and brought down.

"Do you want spring to come as much as you did?" inquired his Honor, as the prisoner stood before him.

"My motto is: 'Come, Gentle Spring,'" replied the man.

"But it isn't right to go around forcing your spring weather on other folks, and I shall send you up for thirty days."

"I'll cull the daisy and gather the tulip from the door of my prison cell," was the mild response, but then, he won't do it. He'll gather a paint-brush or a shoe-hammer, and they'll make him use it for all he's worth.

Auld Lang Syne.

A poor man rapped on Mrs. Carruthers' door one day, and when she opened it and asked him what he wanted, he said:

"Your name is Mrs. John Carruthers, nee Blackwell, I believe, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You formerly resided at Brighton, Staten Island?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes," he went on, "well do I remember you in your days of youth, beauty and angelic innocence. You used to live in the little white cottage just back from the road, eh?"

"I did, sir."

"Yes, I thought so. I was well off then, myself. I reveled in all sorts of delicacies, tempora mutantur." He drew a long sigh and continued: "I just thought I'd drop in and see if I could ask you for some cold buckwheat cakes on the score of old friendship."

"I haven't a buckwheat cake in the house."

"Have you any cold meat? I'll accept any kind except veal cutlets."

"I'm sorry to say I can't accommodate you."

"Can you give me an old pair of boots?"

He asked in such a pitiful tone that she was touched, and got him a pair of her husband's. He took them, examined them carefully, and said:

"Thank you, ma'am; thank you. This is a pretty good pair, but, on the strength of old times, can't I implore you to let me have a dollar to have them half soled and heeled."

She slammed the door in his face.

Queen Victoria's Dairy.

The Queen of England has a very nice dairy farm. It is a mile from Windsor Castle. The dairy is a beautiful cottage, with a marble-paved and frescoed vestibule. The interior is a room about thirty feet square, the roof supported by six octagonal columns of white marble, with richly-carved capitals. The floors are of white porcelain tiles, the windows stained glass, bordered with hawthorn blossoms, daisies, buttercups and primroses. The floors are lined with tiles of porcelain of a delicate blue tint, with rich medallions inserted of the Queen, Prince Consort and each of the children. Shields, monograms of the royal family and bas-reliefs of agricultural designs, representing the seasons, complete the ornamentation of this exquisite model dairy. All around the walls run a marble table and through the center two long ones, supported by marble posts, resting on basins, through which run a perpetual stream of spring water. By this means the slabs or tables are always cold, and the temperature of the dairy is chill, while the white-and-gilt china milk and butter dishes, resting on the tables, are never placed in water. The delicious milk is brought into the room in bright metal buckets, lined with porcelain, the Queen's monogram and crest glittering on the brass plates on the covers. In the room where the butter is made, milk skimmed and strained, the eyes may be feasted on the rows of metalic, porcelain-lined cans of every size, made to lock, and sent to the royal family, even as far as Scotland, or wherever they may chance to be, so they always have good milk and butter. The churn is of metal also, lined with porcelain, and made into two compartments. The outside chamber surrounding the cylinder can have warm or cold water poured in to regulate the temperature. The lid is screwed on, and the stationary stand on which the whole is turned makes the work easy and rapid. But while over sixty cows are daily milked, and as many more are out grazing, the royal family are more than satisfied, and the Londoners growl that the overplus is sold, and the money pocketed by their money-making sovereign.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Great hearts, like oceans never congeal.

Judge no man till you have stood in his place.

Never make yourself the hero of your own story.

Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.

I have found it hard to persuade men that death is sunrise.

Never present a gift saying that it is no use to yourself.

Never call attention to the features or form of any one present.

Never fail, if a gentlemen, of being civil and polite to ladies.

A straight line is the shortest in morals as well as in mathematics.

Never appear to notice a scar, deformity or defect of any one present.

Never arrest the attention of an acquaintance by a touch. Speak to him.

Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.

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

Be temperate. Liquor has made more paupers than all other vices combined.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the letters by which we may spell characters.

We can make our experience into bridges to bear us safely over what is before us if we will.

The way for a man to secure himself from wickedness is to withdraw himself from the examples of it.

Many a man bears his own faults patiently, and those of his neighbors impatiently.

Never call a new acquaintance by the Christian name unless requested to do so.

The senses are the gates of our soul, and, therefore, they need to be strongly guarded.

It is easy to pick flaws in other people's work, but more profitable to do better work yourself.

Good resolutions are like horses. The first cost is an item of less importance than the keeping.

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side.

Conceit is generally proportionate with high station, and the greatest geniuses have not been entirely free from it. What, indeed, is ambition, but an immediate love of praise?

Society is generally supposed to give the last polish to education; but, perhaps there is nothing like a little adversity to bring about that healthiness of feeling which alone fits a man for society.

Kind words are the bright flowers of earthly existence; use them; and especially around the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed down spirit glad.

Many a true heart that would have come back like the dove of the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menacing taunt—the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

Duty is a power which rises with us in the morning and goes to rest with us at night. It is co-extensive with the action of our intelligence. It is the shadow which cleaves to us, go where we will, and only leaves us when we leave the light of life.

Men feel but contempt for a woman who may chance to love them if they love not in return; but the woman to the day of her death feels a tender pity amounting almost to love, for the man who once honored her by desiring to make her his wife.

Woman should all understand that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in manner is much more engaging than that of their persons; and meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments. These are the only charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.

Always remember no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit or cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line your conscience has marked out for you.

They greatly mistake who suppose that the measure of success is the position which one secures. The first and greatest victory which a man should win is in himself. The greatest attainment is to be noble and good. This is within the reach of every one. The servant may be as true as his master; the peasant in his hut may be as upright in character and life as the king in his palace. A rose may be as beautiful in some secluded spot where it is rarely seen, as in the garden of a rich man where it is admired by all visitors.

The fundamental relations of special sciences as yet refuse to be resolved by the atomic mechanics, as chemistry and physiology. But even could these difficulties be overcome, two would remain which have never been resolved and in the writer's opinion never will be. These are man's incapacity to understand the nature of matter and force, and his incapacity to resolve spiritual processes into material properties and laws. While within these limits Science may explain everything, beyond these limits she must be content to say: We know nothing and shall continue to know nothing.

We sometimes entertain angels unawares, and do not give them so good entertainment, perhaps, as we should if we were aware that they were angels. The divine visitant is not always recognized. Thoughts, inclinations, desires are awakened in our souls by the Holy Spirit, but we do not discern the source whence they come or the character that they wear. They have reference, probably, to common and homely things; they point out to us some near but neglected duty; they quicken within us a feeling of compassion or a purpose of helpfulness. It does not occur to us that God is likely to send us messages about such simple things, and we often put them aside, with but little ceremony, as mere impulses. They are the servants and messengers of God.