

THE ROOTS OF THE ROSES.
The leaves are fading and falling,
The winds are rough and wild,
The birds have ceased their calling,
But let me tell you, my child:
"Though day by day, as it closes,
Doth darker and colder grow,
The roots of the bright red roses
Will keep alive in the snow.
And when the winter is o'er
The buds will get new leaves,
The quail come back to the clover,
The swallow back to the eaves;
The robin will wear on his bosom
The vest that is bright and new,
And the lilyet wayside blossom
Will shine with sun and dew.
So, when some dear joy leaves,
Its beauties summer glow,
Think how the roots of the roses
Are kept alive in the snow."

MINER'S LIFE IN NEVADA.
"Where hev you ben this time o' night?" he growled, showing his teeth like a wild animal. "A pretty time for an honest gal to be prowl'n round the country."
He came near to her, raising his arm as if he would strike her, but she looked him steadily and defiantly in the eyes. "It's no matter, I'm used to looking out for myself."
Then, in a sudden fit of rage, he picked up a gnarled manzanita stick and struck her. Its aim was sure. It hit her on the shoulder, and the blood oozed through her thin calico gown. He looked at her as if afraid to speak. Her face turned deadly pale, while the red blood, slowly dropping, stained her dress. A look of hatred flashed in her eyes, then she turned away silently, and wiped off the blood, while he went into the next room, as if afraid to meet her gaze.
The next morning she went to her work as usual, but she sneaked off down town before she was up.
"Harry's Liz has struck a good streak to-day," the miners said, as she found an unusual quantity of dust; but she never heeded nor answered them.
Dick Beech sauntered down about the usual time in the afternoon:
"How does it go, Liz?"
She vouchsafed him no answer.
"Liz, what's the matter? Talks to-day?"
"Still no answer."
"Don't be hard on a fellow. It's so confounded hot I wanted a sight of you to refresh me."
She lifted her eyes for the first time, and looked at him with a peculiar, searching expression, and answered:
"I should think you could find refreshment nearer home. Nancy Brown is good enough for some people to look at."
"Oh, jealousy, thy name is woman!" he laughed. "Why, Liz, your little finger is worth her whole body. But you know," he continued, stroking his moustache, "a fellow has got to have some fun."
"I could smother you, or kill you, Dick Beech, if you were false to me. I suppose I'm not good enough for the like of you; but none of them will like you any better, Dick."
"I wish you didn't have such an awful temper."
And privately, Mr. Richard Beech did think he was too good for poor Liz Byrnes.
"What is that stain on your dress? It looks like blood. Has anybody hurt you?"
"No," she answered, looking away from him. "I'm fully down on a stone and cut myself."
"Liz, if it were not for your father, we would be married."
"Yes," she said drearily.
"But I never could stand him."
"The knights Hugo rode of stood everything for the ladies they loved. They killed giants, overcame dragons. They were strong to stand everything, and, Dick, they would have waited patiently, with brave hearts. Poor old Dad would not trouble you, I am proud of him. You don't know him as I do."
"In the nineteenth century, Liz, knights are not as plenty as blackberries. The Round Table is a romance, after all."
"But," she said, earnestly the color mounting into her cheeks like the rose Alpine glow over summits of the mountains in the eventide, "people don't need to fight battles with their hands, Hugo says. The beasts are in the heart we must conquer. Sometimes I feel as if a lion were caged in mine, and it's hard work to keep him quiet."
"Life is long enough without so much trouble. I will see you again."
Liz nodded "Good-bye" cheerfully, and her heart was lighter as she went home in the evening. The cabin was deserted, no signs of her father anywhere, but she lit a fire and cooked a mackerel, and being tired from her work, she laid down on her cot and fell asleep.
When she awoke it was dark, and the moon was shining in her face. She looked out of the door, down the long aisle of pines, but he was not there. She was there for hours, it seemed, until at last she saw his familiar form approaching. His gait was very unsteady. Liz rose, and said to him:
"Don't cross. Go up to the bridge." But he answered her with an oath, and stepped on the narrow, inclosed stone, which was just the width of a plank. Liz started to go to him, but he waved his hand wildly, commanding her to go back.
Her heart beat fast as she watched

with strained eyes through the darkness and saw his form swaying from one side to the other. He reached the middle. She breathed more freely. He stopped and commenced gesticulating. Throwing his arms up, he missed his balance and fell; and Liz heard a sickening sound as he struck the rocks below. At last she screamed and scrambled down the steep declivity as rapidly as possible. Her cries reached the ears of a passing miner and he hastened to the spot and peered down into the darkness with his lantern. Liz was sitting there, helplessly, holding her father's head on her lap and beseeching him to stop.
Liz wrung her hands, but she could not cry, and her eyes burned like fire. The miner obtained assistance, and they bore his lifeless body to the cabin, and proffered their rude help, but she preferred to be alone.
She grieved for him passionately, mourned because she could not tell him she forgave. Her pan lay idle in the corner; money was so little to her that she had no incentive to work; still, unless she roused herself she must starve. So she started out one afternoon, more with the secret hope of seeing Dick than with any other object. She looked white and worn, a mere shadow of herself, walking in the sunlight like some poor, lost soul, out of place in the world. She sat down on the bank, but a familiar whistle startled her which brought the eyes to her cheeks.
"Hello, Liz," he exclaimed; "you have crawled out of your hole at last." His face had an uneasy expression. "I thought I wouldn't disturb you," he said, half apologetically. "I could not do any good, and I hate funerals, and such reminders. Now, Liz, what are you looking at?"
She looked at him earnestly, but he turned away on pretense of plucking a cluster of manzanita berries that hung above his head.
"I-well," he said, stammering, "the fact is, I'm too poor, Liz. We must wait for a time still."
"I can wait, Dick."
One morning Liz went down town to obtain some supplies, for Dick had sent her some money as a present by a boy that day. She saw knots of men gathered in the street, discussing something excitedly. She went into a store and asked,
"What is the matter?"
"They just took Dick Beech up to the calaboose for stealin' Long Tom's pile last night, who lives above you, and they are going to try him right off. Better go down to the court house."
She turned away and followed the stream of men, women and children who were running toward the large wooden court house. The jury was empaneled; the men constituting it of course were miners, and their looks toward the prisoner at the bar did not tend to reassure him. Liz stood in the back of the room, white as marble, listening breathlessly.
Long Tom shuffled up, attired in his Sunday best, and appeared as uneasy as a young barrister wrestling with his maiden speech.
"Waal," he began, "I just handed over the dishes and truck, for Topsy, my dawg, to lick, when I thought of somethin' I wanted to tack on; so I left my pile in an ole sack under the bed, some lumps and pieces of silver, 'bout a handful, I reckon. I was gone just 'bout an hour. When I came in the bag was in the middle of the floor. I took it up and shook it. It was empty as Job's turkey, and I'd seen Dick Beech sulk'n 'round that a while before and no one else was near. I'd know that silver this side of Halifax, 'cause I out an X, my mark, on the four bit piece."
Liz started, and looked at the money in her hand. There was the mark, ill-cut and jagged, but plain as day. She closed her fingers tightly over the pieces, and a faintness came over her. She staggered, caught hold of a bench near, for now she knew Dick Beech was a guilty man, a criminal, and she loved him.
Long Tom descended from the stand with a well- satisfied air. The attorney for defense spoke a few moments, evidently as a matter of form, for his arguments were weak and lame, showing his spirit was not in the work. The jury returned and rendered their verdict of guilty. The judge said:
"Prisoner at the bar, the court has found, when a man is guilty of theft, he should be hanged by the neck until he is dead."
A hush fell upon the crowded room, and they looked intently at the prisoner. Dick lifted his head, looking haggard and appealingly toward the crowd, as if seeking sympathy, but there was none for the guilty in all those upturned faces. Before he could reply, Liz pushed her way through the crowd, and stood before the judge, who regarded her sternly. Two bright spots burned on her cheeks. She looked straight at Dick as she spoke, and the people listened breathlessly.
"If it pleases your honor, I am guilty," she said, proudly, looking steadfastly at Dick. A gleam of joy and relief passed over his countenance. The color died from her face, and a weary look came into her eye.
"Does the man recognize this?" she said, holding out a few dollars in her hand.
Tom came forth. "Yes," he said, joyfully, "that's my mark. I could swear to it."
Dick covered his face with his hands, and would not look at her; but her eyes never left him, looking at him as if she could see through his cowardly soul.
"I am willing to die, judge, only let it be soon. You shall have the rest. Only let me speak once to the innocent gentleman."

Groans of derision burst from the crowd. A boy threw a stone which struck her, but she stood there as if she had been a carved statue, and did not utter a word.
"What you've got to say, say quickly," commanded the judge.
She went to Dick and whispered to him. He tried to kiss her hand, but she snatched it quickly away, rubbing it, as if his touch contaminated it.
"You will find everything in my cabin to-night," she said quietly to the judge. "I have nothing more to say. I am guilty."
Dick Beech walked out of the room a free man. He was pitted and praised, while she was reviled by every tongue, and he did not say a word in defense of her. She merely glanced at him, but there was a world of love, misery, disappointment and reproach in that single look.
They mitigated the sentence, because she was a woman; but many long years Liz Byrnes expiated Dick's crime in the Nevada jail. After her term was served, she went back again to the old log cabin on the hill, an outcast, an object of scorn to all the people; a martyr, a saint, to the angels above.

It was winter time, and the rain descended from the heavens in solid sheets.
Liz sat with hands folded, watching the storm; but she was not afraid, though the wind threatened to blow down the crazy old shanty at every gust. Through the storm some one was beating his way to her door, and as a fierce blast blew it open, it drove a man, with dripping clothing, into the light.
"Tom," she asked gently, "what do you want here?"
"Liz," he said, hesitatingly, "won't you shake hands with me? I know all. Dick Beech is 'dyin' down at the tavern. He's told us," he said, wiping a suspicious moisture from his eyes. "You're an angel, Liz, which women folks ain't often; but if ever there was one on air, you're that one, Liz Byrnes. He wants to see you 'fore he pegs out: the scoundrel."
She hastily threw an old shawl around her shoulders and followed Tom. At last they reached the saloon. It had seemed hours to Liz, who threw off her drippings, and went into the room where he lay dying slowly.
"Liz," he said, feebly rising up as she entered, "I knew you would come to me. Don't look at me so. It was that look that maddened me. It has haunted me," he moaned, falling back on his pillow. "Only say that you will forgive me. I have told them all. I would scarcely know you, you are so changed. May I kiss you once, Liz—for I love you," he said, looking at her wistfully.
She clasps her hands in his, while a light, bright as the halo around the head of a saint, shone in her face.
"Yes, Dick, I forgive freely—freely, if you will only live! I don't care for those years, for my life was not naught to be like other women's."
The wind swept around the house like the wail of a lost spirit, and Dick held her hand in his, and smiled peacefully, for he was too feeble to talk any more. As morning neared, the storm died slowly away, the embers faded into ashes quietly away. His soul was summoned before a higher tribunal. Liz sat there, motionless, by his side, through the long day, praying in her heart for death to be merciful unto her.

Paying for His Whistle.
Not many years ago, when a lofty building was on the point of completion, the mason was in the habit of whistling to the laborer who attended him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of mortar and, as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred very often during a day's job. A joiner, who was fitting in a window immediately underneath, noticing Pat answer dutifully to every call from the mason, thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus brought him up with a hodful of mortar when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with his load. This having occurred the third time during the day, Pat thought he would watch and see where the whistle came from. He had not watched long with the hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle underneath where he stood, and leaning over he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window. Pat, without more ado, emptied the hod right over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and spluttered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass; and, in the confusion, heard Pat above shouting at the top of his voice: "Whistle when you want more mortar."

Apple Meringue Pie.—Stew and sweeten apples when you have pared and sliced them; mash smooth and season with nutmeg or stew some lemon peel with them and remove when cold; fill your pans and bake till done; spread over the apples a thick meringue, made by whipping a stiff froth the whites of three eggs for each pie, sweetening with a tablespoonful of powdered sugar for each egg; flavor this with rose or vanilla; beat until it will stand alone and cover the pie three-quarters of an inch thick. Set back in the oven until the meringue is well set. Should it color too darkly sift powdered sugar over it when cool; eat cold. Peaches are even more delicious when used in the same manner.

A New Alloy.
When a New York man pops the question he now says, "Let's consolidate."

IF.
SWINDLER.
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blows fresh or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are,
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death,
We'd shine and snow together,
Ere March made sweet the weather,
With daffodils and starling
And hours of fruitful breath;
If you were life, my darling,
And I your love were death.
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were pure to joy,
We'd play for lives and seasons
With loving looks and treasors,
And tears of night and morn,
And laughs of morn and boy;
If you were thrall to sorrow,
And I were pure to joy.
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May,
We'd throw our leaves for hours,
And draw for days with flowers,
Till day like night, were shady,
And night were bright like day;
If you were April's lady,
And I were lord in May.
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain,
We'd hunt down love together,
Fluck out his flying feather,
And teach his feet a measure,
And find his mouth a rein;
If you were queen of pleasure,
And I were king of pain.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.
Spider's Maternal Instinct.
An English naturalist, while preserving ants and spiders in bottles of alcohol, met with a touching exhibition that caused him to forego further experiments. He wished to preserve a large female spider and twenty-four of her young ones that he had captured. He put the mother into a bottle of alcohol, and saw that after a few moments she folded her legs upon her body, and was at rest. He then put into the bottle the young ones, who, of course, manifested acute pain. What was his surprise to see the mother arouse herself from her lethargy, dart around, and gather her young ones to her bosom, fold her legs over them, again release into insensibility, until at last death came to her relief, and the limbs, no longer controlled by this maternal instinct, released their grasp.
Steel for Iron.
The substitution of steel for iron has made another step in advance, and it would seem in a servicable direction. From the account given in the English journals. Hitherto the metal work of ordinary driving carriages has been wholly iron, except in those instances where the partial introduction of steel takes the place of any additional ornament. The journal referred to states that at one of the London coachbuilding establishments the carriages are now being constructed wholly of steel—springs, tire, framework, &c.; and it is calculated that the saving in weight will be nearly twenty-five per cent., with possibly an improvement in some of the results in future—the advantage for supporting wear and tear in this case being, it is claimed, equal to that in the case of railroads.

Height of the Atmosphere.
Scientists vary much in their belief regarding the probable height of the earth's atmosphere. Not many years ago the general idea placed it at less than 100 miles. Some investigators have reached as far as 250 miles; but now comes Professor M. Landeur, after several years of study and investigation, who places the distance at not less than 22,000. In corroboration of his calculations he shows somewhat conclusively that the height at which meteoric matter becomes incandescent on approaching the earth is far beyond the distance heretofore assigned to it, and therefore there must be an atmosphere at that great distance to produce the incandescences. His theory is also strengthened by the belief of other eminent scientists, who attribute the accelerated movement and the revolving of the moon around the earth to the influence of this extended belt of atmosphere. Otherwise, these gentlemen claim that the moon would revolve as do other planets around the sun.
Physiological Changes According to Zones.
Medical authority is now pretty generally agreed in regard to the fact of the important physiological change induced in the human economy by a change of climate—from temperate to tropical, and the reverse—especially in respect to the peculiarities of respiration, the pulse, temperature of the body, kidneys and skin, and weight and strength. Thus, in the matter of respiration, the result of many experiments shows that, in the tropics, there is an increase in the capacity of the chest for air, with a decrease of the number of respirations, from which it follows that the lungs, unaltered in size, contain less blood and more air in tropical than in temperate climates, the blood being in part diverted to the excited skin and liver. It is calculated that, in a tropical climate, the lungs eliminate less carbon, to the extent of half an ounce in the twenty-four hours, than in the temperate zones, hence, in hot countries, the diet should be less carbonaceous.

Duration of Life.
The duration of the life of man has been a subject of discussion for ages in all civilized lands. Life seems, and is, indeed, so very short to those who can really enjoy it, and who are anxious to achieve something, that there is a natural longing in the human family for its extension. Quacks, charlatans and adventurers have always taken advantage of this desire and turned it to their profit. Cassanova, St. Germain and Cagliostro traded extensively on it, pretending to have lived for centuries, and to be immortal. The elixir of life and the fountain of perpetual youth were myths of the Middle Ages, and appealed to the credulous long after. Men of much learning and rare scientific attainments have had faith in the potential longevity that has never been attained. Bufon declares that every person who does not die by accident should turn his hundredth year. Hufeland, the eminent German physician, contends, in his renowned "Art of Prolonging Life," that it may reach two hundred years. So very little is known of the laws of human being and continuation that their possibilities suggest endless and curious speculation. It is by no means improbable that in this era of scientific progress and discovery, certain momentous truths may be arrived at, which shall be the means of lengthening life. It is altogether reasonable to suppose, however, that the race lasts as long now as it has ever done, if it does not last longer. It is a natural tendency of the average mind to regard the past as superior to the present, although whatever we know of the Kosmos teaches us that things do not improve backward. The many accounts we have of extraordinary longevity in ancient, and even in later days, must be received with large allowance, for most of them are plainly falsehoods. Pliny's story of men in the reign of Vespasian who lived to be one hundred and thirty-five and one hundred and forty must be set down with the aversion born of Henry Jenkins, dying in Yorkshire, England, some two centuries since, at one hundred and sixty-nine, and of Thomas Parr going to his grave at one hundred and fifty-two. They are obviously gross exaggerations, having little more foundation in fact than Barnum's advertisements that Joice Beth was one hundred and sixty-one, when an autopsy proved her to be not over eighty. There have been instances of persons staying on this planet for one hundred and ten or one hundred and twelve years; but they are a very select few, and have hardly ever been verified. The utmost limit of ascertained life seems to be one hundred and six to one hundred and eight, and very rarely do they who are credited with such age actually reach it. Man usually claims, with his supreme egotism, to be the longest-lived of animals. But the pike, the crow, the elephant and certain species of the eagle are reputed to outlast him.

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The son of a clergyman was delivering a college valedictory, when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he pulled out a pack of cards. "Hullo!" he said, "I've got on my father's coat."

purposes. It is described as consisting of a mixture of three sulphides, those of iron, zinc and lead, with pure sulphur, the mass obtained by the union of these elements having the properties of being very easily fusible and of expanding on cooling, besides possessing a certain amount of elasticity, and resisting the action of the atmosphere and of most chemical reagents. These qualities adapted it to a great variety of uses, it is asserted—among others to the jointing of metallic points for the conveyance of water or gas. The expansion of the alloy as it solidifies does away with the laborious caulking of the joints which is necessary to render the ordinary lead packing tight, and its semi-metallic character gives it great superiority over the putty and cements which sometimes takes the place of lead. A variety of tints may be imparted to the substance, such as steel blue, bronze green, golden, or silvery, although the normal color is a dark gray.

March Evening Sky.
Venus will grow more brilliant till Mar. 27th, then reaching her highest position north. She will pass Saturn near the 2nd. This is no indication of her true place, only that then she comes between the earth and Saturn. But Venus is really approaching very near the earth, which is shown by her brilliancy. The moon will pass the whole every 3 and 4th. If the observer will watch Venus, the position of Neptune can be fixed as Venus will pass the north side of the zodiac, while Neptune is south, of the ecliptic and moving South. Neptune can be seen only with a telescope. If the major planets of our solar system can not be seen with the eye, what folly to call the many stars we can see night or brilliant suns? The moon will reach Uranus the 14th; Mars the 26th. Mars can be seen as a red star in the constellation Capricornus. Venus will really pass Uranus the 26th being in the constellation Les. By the close of the month the sun will set, followed so close by Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune and Venus that they can just be seen before they disappear below the horizon.

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The son of a clergyman was delivering a college valedictory, when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he pulled out a pack of cards. "Hullo!" he said, "I've got on my father's coat."

A Scotch boy interrogated his mother as follows: "Mither, will you haen tea for breakfast in the morn?" "Ay, lad, if we're spared." "And if we're no spared, mither, will we only haen parritch, as usual?"
Tired Grandmamma (to Harry, aged four): "Ob, dear! your poor old gran'ma's almost worn out, Harry." Harry—(inquiring of parent next day) "Mamma, shall I have a new gran'ma when the old one's wore out?"
Little Jimmy is laid up with the measles and suffers a great deal, but when he was asked how he liked the measles he brightened up and exclaimed: "The doctor says I can't go to school for a week. That's how I like it."
Small Brother—Where did you get that cake, Annie? Small Sister—Moth-er gave it to me. Small Brother—Ah, she always gives you more than me. Small Sister—Never mind; she's going to put mustard plaster on us when we go to bed to-night, and I'll ask her to let you have the biggest.

Charley has been told by his mother that he was made of dust, and one windy day, when he was looking out of the window he saw a great flurry of the dust in the wind, and cried out, "Mamma, come and see! God is making another little boy!"
Minnie, who is nine years old, was playing "keeping house" on the floor of the sitting-room, when Pet, who is six years old, came in crying. All at once Minnie said:
"Oh, goody-me! there's the funniest thing in the looking-glass you ever saw."
Pet looked, and saw herself crying. She made such an ugly face that she had to laugh, and then both Minnie and Pet laughed for ten minutes.
A little 5-year old girl asked her father one day if it would do any good if she should pray to God to let it rain. She was told perhaps it might, and nothing more was thought of it by the parents till after Sunday evening's shower. When she waked Monday morning she asked her father if he knew what made it rain. He said no, and she replied that it was because she had prayed "last night and the night before." Her mother remarked that she did not pray hard enough, for it rained only a little, when the child answered, "Well, I didn't want to wake up the baby."

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