ON THE CHANNEL-BOAT.

OFF CALAIS, MAY, 1879—BY G. L. C.

"What! Fred, you here? I didn't see
You come aboard at Dover.
I met the Browns last week; they said
That you were coming over,
But didn't say how soon."
"Oh yes,
I came by the Britannic;
And what a rush there was for berths!
'Twas almost like a panic.
I'm mighty glad to meet you, Will;
Where are you going?"
"Paris."
"Good! so am I. I've got to meet
My cousin, Charley Harris,
To-morrow. He and I have planned
A little trip together
Through Switzerland on foot; I hope
We'll have some decent weather."

"Take care there! hold your hat; it blows."

"Yes; how this steamer tosses!
I'm never seasick; Charley is,
Though, every time he crosses.
Who's with you, Will?"
"I'm traveling with
My sister and my mother;
They're both below. I came on deck;
It's close enough to smother
Down there. These chaps don't care a snap
For ventilation, hang 'em!
Where did you stop in London? We
Were stopping at the Langham."

"You were? Why, so was I. But then
I only got there Sunday
At breakfast time, and went away
The afternoon of Monday;
And yet within that short sojorn
I lost my heart completely;
Such style! such eyes! such rosy cheeks!
Such lips that smiled so sweetly!
I only saw her twice, and then—
Don't laugh—'twas at a distance;
But, Will, my boy, I tell you what,
In all my blest existence
I ne'er before set eyes upon
A girl so really splendid.
But, pshaw! I couldn't stay, and so
My short-lived visions ended.
I don't suppose she'll ever know
How I, a stranger, love her."

"Who was she, Fred?"
"Ah! that's just it;
I couldn't e'en discover
Her name, or anything at all
About her. Broken-hearted,
I saw it wasn't any use
To try; so off I started
And here I am, disconsolate."

"All for an unknown charmer!
You're soft, my boy. Let's stroll abaft;
The sea is growing calmer;
Or forward, if you like. The view
May make your feelings rally.
We're drawing near to France, in half
An hour shall be at Calais,
See! there's the town, and, just this side
The port with shipping in it;
And there, beyond, you see the spires,
And—"
"Here, Will, stop a minute.
By jove! look there! that girl in gray,
With red flowers in her bonnet!
I do declare—I—yes—it's she;
I'd take my oath upon it.
What luck! if I had only known!
How can it be I missed her?
Look! here she comes!"
"Why, Fred, you fool!
That girl in gray's my sister!"

GEN. JOSEPH LANE.

An Autobiographical Sketch of the Veteran Soldier and Senator.

The following letter from Gen. Joseph Lane appears in the Charlotte, N. C., *Observer*. It is dated at Rosenburg, Oregon, July 17, 1879, and is addressed to a lady friend and relative at Charlotte.

DEAR MADAM—Your letter of the 21st ult. has been received. I thank you for it, and would have answered ere this but for a press of business that could not be delayed.

I am the grandson of Jesse Lane, one of the three brothers mentioned in your letter, who lived where Raleigh now stands. The three brothers were born near where they lived away back in colonial times; were clever, intelligent, old-style gentlemen, and did good service in the war of the Revolution. My father, John Lane, entered the army while quite young, just in time to be in the battle of King's Mountain, and remained in the army until the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. He voted for George Washington the second term, North Carolina having adopted the constitution after his first election; he then voted for John Adams, first and only term, then for Jefferson, two terms, then for Madison, for Monroe, Jackson, etc.

My father and uncle, Charles Lane, settled in Buncombe in 1795, where they spent money, time and much labor in an effort to establish iron-works near where Asheville now stands, but failed to accomplish their object.

In 1798 my father, then about 40 years old, married my mother, Elizabeth Street. I am the second son, and was born in Buncombe, within four miles of Asheville, on the 14th of December, 1801. In 1804 my father left Buncombe for Henderson county, Ky., where I was raised. I married young, raised ten children—six sons and four daughters—all now living but one, a son, who died of cholera in New Orleans, in December, 1848. The others are living in this state, all married but one, to-wit: Col. John Lane, a graduate of West Point, who resigned at the commencement of the late civil war, joined the Southern army, came out at the end of the war badly whipped, and returned to Oregon.

My life has been an eventful one. I was elected to the legislature of Indiana in 1828 from the counties of Vanderburg and Warwick, where I had settled some years before, and continued to serve in the State legislature off and on until '46, when I resigned a seat in the Senate and entered the army then being organized for the war with Mexico; soon raised from the position of private to that of brigadier, and came out of service at the close of the war a major-general. My first battle, Buena Vith, was under Taylor, then transferred to Scott's line, and saw and helped to fight as many, if not more, battles than any officer of that war. Very soon after peace was made with Mexico I was appointed by Mr. Polk, then President, governor of Oregon territory and ex-officio superintendent of Indian affairs. The trip to reach my post of duty had to be made across the plains in the winter, a feat that had not before then been accomplished. But I had at the request of Mr. Polk undertaken the journey, and with hurried preparations an escort of twenty men, under Lieut. Hawkins, left Fort Leavenworth on the 10th day of September, 1848, and after a hard struggle arrived at Oregon City on the 2d of March, 1849, and on that day issued a proclamation making known that the laws of the United States, by act of Congress, had been extended over the territory of Oregon; that I had been duly elected governor, had taken the oath of office and had entered upon the duties thereof. Well, I continued in office, attended to the interests of the good people, and also to the Indian affairs, brought the murderers of our people, Chief Tilokite and four of his braves, to trial and the gallows, had several fights with different tribes, came near being killed, was very badly wounded, placed relations on a good footing with all the tribes, and in 1851 was elected delegate to Congress; was four times elected delegate, and then elected one of Oregon's first United States Senators; retired from the Senate in 1861. In 1870, on the 16th of August, my good and beloved wife died. Since then lived alone on my ranch in the mountains, twelve miles from this place, until now. I have just finished a neat little home, where I think I shall spend my days unto the end. I am in a quiet part of our town near some of my children, with whom I shall take my meals, and still live alone in my pleasant little home. My son Lafayette, who represented this state in the Forty fourth Congress, lives near my house; he is the youngest of my ten children, a good lawyer and kind son.

And now, returning to the old family: I visited in 1860, North Carolina, and my father's birth-place, the old home of my grandfather, four miles from Raleigh.

In Raleigh I visited the house in which Joel Lane lived at the time he deeded as a present to the state 640 acres of land, on which the city now stands; called at the state-house, where the records are kept, to look at the deed of conveyance; saw many relatives, and spent several days with my cousin, David L. Swain, at Chapel Hill, and learned much about our family, and intended to visit Buncombe, but did not. Had I carried out my programme I might have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you.

Of my grandfather's family there were eight sons and eight daughters. My aunts married gentlemen named respectively as follows: Rhoda was married to Rakestraw, Patience to John Hart, Rebecca to Lucky, Sally and Polly to brothers named Kilpatrick, Winnifred to Rogers, Elizabeth to Parson Montgomery, and your grandmother, Carrie, married David Lowrie. My father and Uncle John Hart, Matt. Barber and one other gentleman, whose name I forget, and Uncle Lowry, were in pursuit of Indians who had been stealing and robbing the outside settlers, and—all five were good Indian fighters—venturing too far were attacked by a large party of warriors, Barber, Lowry and the other, after hard fighting, were killed; my father and Hart made good their escape. Sometime after Aunt Carrie married Swain, whose son, David L. Swain, I had corresponded with for many years before I made his acqaintance at Chapel Hill, as above mentioned. All the eight sisters were noble, good and true women. I often saw your grandmother, but was to young to remember her. Gov. Swain often spoke of her with much love and respect, and esteemed her one of the best mothers and most lovable of women.

The eight sons of my grandfather were named as follows: Charles, Joel, Jonathan, Simon, John, Richard, Joseph and Jessie. Gov. Colquitt of Georgia is the son of the daughter of my uncle Jo. Lane. I met him in Mexico and served with him in Congress. My grandfather moved from Georgia to Illinois when he was 84 years of age, and killed many buffaloes in that then new and uninhabited country. He died at 88. I know but little of the whereabouts of many of my cousins. They are scattered over the Southern States.

HAIR OF THE PRESIDENTS.

An Interesting Collection in the Patent Office at Washington.

In the Patent Office at Washington there are many objects of interest connected with the Government and those who administered its affairs in time gone by. While examining some of those objects of curiosity nothing struck us so forcibly as the samples of small locks of hair, taken from the heads of Chief Magistrates, from Washington down to Pierce, secured in a frame covered with glass. Here is, in fact, a part and parcel of what constituted the living bodies of those illustrious individuals whose names are as familiar as household words, but who now live only in history and the remembrance of the past.

The hair of Washington is nearly a pure white, fine and smooth in its appearance.

That of John Adams is nearly the same in color, though perhaps a little coarser.

The hair of Jefferson is of a different character, being a mixture of white and auburn, or a sandy brown, and rather coarse. In his youth Mr. Jefferson's hair was remarkable for its bright color.

The hair of Madison is coarse and a mixed white and dark.

The hair of Monroe is a handsome dark auburn, smooth and free from any mixture. He is the only President, excepting Pierce, whose hair has undergone no change in color.

The hair of John Quincy Adams is somewhat peculiar, being coarse and a yellowish-gray in color.

The hair of Gen. Jackson is almost a perfect white, but coarse in its character, as might be supposed by those who have examined the portraits of the old hero.

The hair of Van Buren is white and smooth in appearance.

The hair of Gen. Harrison is a fine white, with a slight admixture of black.

The hair of John Tyler is a mixture of white and brown.

The hair of James K. Polk is almost a pure white.

The hair of Gen. Taylor is white, with a slight admixture of brown.

The hair of Millard Filmore is, on the other hand, brown, with a slight admixture of white.

The hair of Franklin Pierce is a dark brown, of which he has a plentiful crop.

It is somewhat remarkable, however, that since Pierce's time no one has thought of preserving the hair of his successors. There are vacancies in the case: but there is no hair either of Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, or Grant, for the inspection of futurity.

When Payne, the author of "Home Sweet Home," returned to Boston after a long absence in Europe he called upon a lady, an old school-mate, who said, "Mr. Payne, don't you find Boston much changed?" "Yes madam," he answered, "very much—I receive many invitations to attend church, and very few to dinner.

A little boy up town calls the cinders from the chimney "the shavings of the smoke."

Irenæus, Eve and the Virgin Mary.

British Quarterly Review.

In regard to the interpretation of the Old Testament, it must be admitted that, in accordance with the custom of his times, Irenæus gave the reins to his imagination, indulging in the most unconstrained observation of analogies to Christian doctrines. And for this he adduces the authority of the ancient presbyter he so often quotes. From him he learned not to reproach the patriarchs and prophets with those sins for which the Scriptures reproves them, for they were remitted by the advent of Christ, while in regard to those which the Scriptures only mention, but do not blame, we should not impute sin, but seek a type, for none of these are idly told, or without some spiritual significance. The wonder is that when his adversaries sought to establish their views by arbitrary allegorical interpretations, he did not see that in indulging himself in such interpretations, which were also arbitrary, he was not helping rather than opposing them. To one of his analogies we shall advert particularly, as has been recently supposed to present something forshadowing the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. We mean the analogy between the circumstances of Eve's temptation and cum annunciation of the Virgin Mary. Irenæus was not singular in his day in observing this analogy, which is in some respects so oblivious, that it has at all times been noticed even by those who have failed to perceive any special doctrinal significance in it. We shall translate the words of Irenæus as nearly as we can from the edition of the Jesuit Feuardent:

"When the Lord was coming to his own, His own creature bearing Him which was borne by Himself, and was making a recapitulation of that disobedience, which was in respect to a tree by that obedience which was on the tree, that seduction being undone by which the Virgin Eve, already destined to a husband, was ill-seduced, the Virgin Mary, already betrothed to a husband, was well evangelized through the truth by an angel. For as the one was seduced by the discourse of an angel, that she might get rid of God, going contrary to his word, so the other, by the discourse of an angel was evangelized, that she might bear God, being obedient to his word. And as the one was seduced that she might get rid of God, so the other was persuaded to obey God of the Virgin Eve the Virgin Mary might become the advocate, (no doubt, parakletos, counselor, is meant;) and as the human race was bound to death by means of a virgin, so by means of a virgin it might be loosed, virginal disobedience being balancing an even scale by virginal obedience. For the sin heretofore of the first created was receiving emendation by the chastisement of the first begotten, the wisdom of the serpent being vanquished in the simplicity of the dove, while the bonds were united by which we were bound to death." The same analogy is drawn out less concisely in iii.33. There are, however, a few differences. The assumption that Eve was a virgin at the time of the fall is there justified by another pure assumption, that the newly-formed couple were as yet immature. The Virgin Mary, by her obedience, became a cause of salvation, as Eve, by disobedience, became a cause of death. The obedience, however, is represented as a consequence of predestination, which has a clang of Calvanism about it which seems strange in so great an advocate of free will as our author was. God predistinated the animal man first, to wit, that he might be saved by the spiritual man. As the Saviour preexisted, it behooved that what might be saved should be created, that the word Saviour should not be void of meaning. Consequently the Virgin Mary is found obedient, saying, "Be it unto me according to my word." This seems to negative the idea of any merit on her part. If she is said to have loosed through faith what Eve had bound through unbelief, the way in which the untying of the knot is explained implies that Mary was herself entangled in the knot in a manner quite inconsistent with the notion in reference to which the analogy is relied on. The recircling back of Mary upon Eve is fancifully illustrated by the loosing of what is tied into a knot. This can only be effected by the turning back of one of the fastenings into another, whereby there is a loosening of the knotted cords. Mary must therefore have been herself entangled in the knot untied by her being turned back upon Eve.

Artistic Wives.

What a number of decorative wives there are in society, especially in that which assumes to be our best—and it is all the best! exclaims a writer in the New York *Times*. Cheap satirists rail at them; they are treated in epigrams; they are lectured, impersonally, for their wordliness. But why should they be? They please their husband; they perform their part of the contract; they are the radiant centre to which all their surroundings lead, and are toned up. No one can say that they do not harmonize admirably with the Turkish rugs, Venetian mirrors, frescoed ceilings, delicately tinted walls, rosewood tables, handsome pictures, beautiful vases, and curious bric-a-brac they are environed by. To all their husband's guests they are most courteous and gracious. They never speak a word too much; they never do a superfluous thing; their moods and manners are matrimonially exact. They move or delight, but they never offend, and the many who meet and associate with them are quick to say that they are charming women—a social phrase which denotes that their own self-love respects the self-love of others. Every particle of their decorative duty they discharge; they are social artists and are perfectly aware where light is needed and shadow is most effective, what shades of color will blend, and when boldness of handling is required.

The husband of the decorative wife is usually very good-natured or seems so; and seeming is all that society asks for. His material affairs are apt to prosper, his clothes fit, his dinners are excellent, his digestion is complete. In these common prosaic things, it is wonderful how much of what is called mans's happiness is easily embraced. He is uniformly polite; he has plenty of self-discipline and regards it as a part of his religion never to disturb those who are protected by his roof. He and she are always on the best of drawing-room terms, treating one another as courteously as if they were not married. They might serve as models for couples notoriously fond. They have no lovers' quarrels, they do not display anger one hour and tenderness the next, either of which is equally disagreeable. They preserve a well-bread consideration and esteem one for the other, and glide smoothly through apparent difficulties to graceful conclusions. They demonstrate the practical value of decorative art copied from the home into humanity, or transferred, mayhap, from humanity to the home.

In this country, decorative wives may be said to have come in with the latter half of the present century. They are foreign rather than native, but, having became ingrafted on domestic stock, they flourish as bravely here as beyond the sea. They may be styled American on the European plan.

THE CIRCUS FOR ME.

"Ole Bill Cole
Is a jolly old soul—
A jolly old soul was he,
And we all must go
To see the mammoth show,
For he lets 'the boys' in free;

'Tis now along the highways
The robins gayly flute,
An in the orchard byway
The cabbages take root.

'Tis now the chief musician
'Round the cottage is the wren;
'Tis now the fruition
Of the merry-hearted hen
Wakes joy in the bosom of Ann Maria
Who sells eggs.

A teacher who taught in St. Paul,
One evening went out to a ball,
Then she told the trustees
"I'll do just as I please,"
And she lost her position, that's all.
—*Syracuse Times.*

An infant was born in Nyack,
Whose body was totally black
As a dozen silk hats.
Or a stack of black cats,
And its face was as black as its back.
—*Syracuse Times*

God bless the girls,
Whose golden curls
Are not what they do seem;
But at the end of day.
On the bureau lay.
While their owner sweetly dream.
—*Philadelphia Item*

In the spring, the female fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of bonnet,
With a maze of gimp and ribbons
And a bunch of feathers on it.
—*St. Louis Times.*

Upward and earthward the baseball wings its way,
And boys get stomach-blows while at the play;
The new-made grave a stone with these words shows;
"He failed to catch it—and so out he goes."
—*New York Express.*

Presidential Pictnres.

Washington Letter to Cincinnati Commercial.

Healy's portraits of the Presidents of the United States, recently added to the Corcoran Art Gallery, are mainly the studies from which, about 30 years ago, he executed a commision from Louis Philippe, then King of the French. Those of the earliest Presidents are copies from Stuart and Harding, the others are from life. They were purchased of the artist by Thomas B. Bryan, Esq., of this city together with the portraits of Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, and Lincoln, painted since the French Royal order, and sold by him to the gallery. They are of various degrees of merit; one or two are quite bad, a greater number indifferently good, and few really excellent. From some unexplained cause the portrait of General Harrison is not embraced in the collection. The Directors are anxious to supply the omission, and two have already been forwarded them for inspection, with a view to their sale, but neither proved satisfactory. The better of these came from Louisville, and is the property of Mr. Oliver W. Lucas, clerk of the board of Aldermen of that city. It is by Mr. John R. Johnston, formerly of Cincinnati, but now of Baltimore, and was painted in 1840, about the time of the general's election to the Presidency. It it a tolerably correct likeness, but the colors are much faded, and it is consederably, though not irreparably injured in its transportation hither. For these reasons, and in the hope of securing a less objectionable picture, its purchase was declined. Mr. J. H. Beard painted several portraits of the general, which must still be in existence, in a good state of preservation

The portrait of Mr. Lincoln was painted in 1860, during the pendency of the Presidential election or immediately thereafter, under an order from Mr. Bryan, then a citizen of Chicago. The face is unshaven, which gives it a rather youthful look, without in the least improving its native homeliness. Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of explaining that he "turned his beard loose" at the suggestion of a lady, whose knowledge of his personal appearance was confined to newspaper cuts, which fairly made him an ogre. She wrote to him that, in her woman's judgement, whiskers would add much to his beauty, and if he could be persuaded to cultivate them she would kiss him the first time they ever met. The gallant rail-splitter at once restricted his tonsorial operations to the upper and nether lips, leaving them free for the osculatory reward, and in a few weeks garnished his cheeks, chin, and throat with a hairsuit adornment which puzzled Mrs. Lincoln, and surprised his acquaintances without, as already intimated, enhancing his personal pulchritude. As the necessary conclusion to this "o'er true tale," it chanced that he and the unknown lady met, and the promised reward was claimed and received. He was never clean-shaved after ward.

The next ugliest of the Presidents (counting Jefferson a "good third") is Zachary Taylor. His portrait somewhat refines the plain features of the rough and weather-beaten old soldier, but it very corectly represents him "as he lived." His eye, which was black, keen, and piercing, greatly relieved his commonplace countenance, and it fairly glows from Healy's canvas.

Probably the most striking picture in the whole lot is that of Gen. Jackson, who, too, in spite of his long life, never grew to be a "marvelous proper man," although his appearance was very distinguished. He sat for Mr. Healy in the spring of 1845, and the picture was finished only nine days before his death. The picture is in marked contrast with the full-length portrait of the General painted by Vanderlyn in 1819 which hangs in the main gallery. The latter represents him in uniform, but bareheaded, standing beside a cannon, sword in hand, with the smoke of battle filling the background, and its blaze flaming from his eyes and illuminating his face with martial glory. Healy's is stripped of all this glamour, and affords painful evidence of age and infirmity, of disease and suffering; but the wonderful head still bears its leonine aspect, while the teel-blue eyes, undimmed by time or application, retain their former marvelous power, and seem to look through the beholder. A duplicate of this picture may be seen at the Hermitage; the pose is slightly altered, and the effect rendered more agreeable and impressive. Yet it is sad to look upon, and one at last turns from it with a sigh of relief.

False Wealth.

The revelation made of the affairs of Mr. Harry Palmer, the colleague of Mr. Jarrett in the management of Booth's Theater, and the enterprising and successful manipulator of so many great dramatic and musical enterprises, has been a great surprise to that portion of the public which imagines because a man has to do with business in which a great deal of money passes through his hands, therefore he must be rich. Probably there never was a time when so many people who have the appearance of wealth were, in reality, as poor as now. It is not only the misfortune, it is the ruinous fault of this country that every one tries to manufacture an appearance of being much better off than he really is. Ex-Surrogate Robert B. Hutchings remarked recently that nothing had surprised him more in the course of his official duties than the disclosures which death made of the baseless foundations upon which reputations for wealth were built up. Thousands of men who live on Fifth and Madison avenues, while they are here, whose daughters are sent to expensive schools, whose sons drive T carts, and whose wives figure as patronesses of charities, are found to be worse than poor, for they have laid no honest foundation upon which their children can build even a livelihood. They have thrown themselves away upon "cats and dogs," their resources are represented by worthless securities, and their great expectations are mere air-bubbles. Such men have the greatest confidence in themselves and their wisdom. They resent any intimation that they cannot control future events, and never dream of the necessity for warding off calamity by reserving provision from the overflow of the present. The speculative habit and tendency is so strong upon them that all other considerations are sacrificed to it; in fact, they refuse to entertain them as possibilities. Nor can women be charged with blame in the matter. The most prosperous households of to-day, almost the only ones that are built on a solid foundation, are those in which the wife assumes the interior management. The interests are identical and the confidence complete. It is not natural for women to live on uncertainties; they are usually too timid. The majority would far rather depend with safety on an income ever so small than take the chance of a great deal of nothing. Few wives of speculative men have, however, any control over the financial affairs of the family. The household is run on "bills." Their inquiries and expressed wishes for more fixed methods are met with rebuffs; they hear a great deal of inflated talk about the money made in this, that or the other, and, as they find it easier to make a "bill" of $100 than to get possession of five dollars in cash, and are compelled by force of circumstances to preserve the same appearance as the people among whom they live, why, they do it, and they could not do otherwise.

MORAL MAXIMS.

Which Should Be Treasured By Old and Young.

Did our young readers ever think how little it takes to stain their character! A single drop of ink is a very small thing, yet dropped into a tumbler of clear water it blackens the whole; and so the first lie, the first oath, the first glass, they seem very trivial, yet they leave a dark stain upon your character. Look out for the first stain,

If God hath given thee a son, be thankful, but tremble at the trust. He hath confided to thee. Be to that child the image of Divinity, until he is ten years old let him fear you, and until death let him respect you. Until he is ten years old be his master, until twenty his father, and until death his friend; aim to give him principles rather than elegant manners, that he may owe thee an enlightened rectitude and not frivolous elegance; make him an honest man rather than a man of dress.

Gossip entails on those who encourage it absolute dishonor—we mean the dishonor of repeating conversations, opinions, circumstances, not made under promise of secrecy, but which a high sense of honor would treat as confidential, if haply a high sense of honor were the rule. It is odd that one of the best things a boy learns at school is to eschew tale-bearing and keep faith with his companions, while one of the most common practices of society is to betray the trust contained in talk, and repeat to all what has been told in implied confidence to one. This habit of repeating what we hear is as fatal to the best intercourse of minds as to the finer feelings of integrity.

Teach your boys that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet. Teach them that a common school education, with common-sense, is better than a college education without it. Teach them that one good honest trade well mastered is worth a dozen beggarly "professions." Teach them that honesty is the best policy, that 'tis better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whisky," etc., and point your precept by the example of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed. Teach them to respect their elders and themselves. Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

C——, whose death is just announced was one of the most secret, darkand midnight men imaginable; he did not wish the fact that he was ill to be made public; and so, when his faithful friend X was asked how the old gentleman was, he took the inquirer by the button-hole and whispered in his ear: "He's dead, but he doesn't want it known.

ESCAPED THE ROPE.

The Thrilling Appeal Which Saved a Life.

In a recent case in the Recorder's Court, Attorney J. W. Donovan told the following story, which is, Public Spirit believes, quite new. It hails from Texas:

One hot day in July, 1860, a herdsman was moving his cattle to a new ranche further north, near Helena, Texas, and passing down the banks of a stream, his heard became mixed with other cattle that were grazing in the valley, and some of them failed to be separated. The next day about noon a band of a dozen mounted Texan Rangers overtook the herdsman and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen.

It was before the days of law and courthouses in Texas, and one had better kill five men than to steal a mule worth five dollars, and the herdsman knew it. He tried to explain, but they told him to cut it short. He offered to turn over all the cattle not his own, but they laughed at this proposition, and hinted that they usually confiscated the whole herd, and left the thief hanging on a tree as a warning to others in like cases.

The poor fellow was completely overcome. They consulted apart a few moments, and then told him if he had any explanation to make or business to do, they would allow him ten minutes to do so, and defend himself.

He turned to the rough faces and commenced. "How many of you have wives?" Two or three nodded. "How many of you have children?" They nodded again.

Then I know who I'm talking to, and you'll hear me." And he continued: I never stole any cattle; I have lived in these parts over three years. I came from New Hampshire; I failed there in the fall of '57, during the panic: I have been saving; I have lived on hard fare; I have slept on the ground; I have no home here my family remain East, for I go from place to place; these clothes I wear are rough, and I am a hard looking customer; but this is a hard country; days seem like months to me, and months like years. married men, you know but that for the letters from home"—here he pulled out a handful of well-worn envelopes and letters from his wife—"I should get discouraged. I have paid part of my debts. Here are the receipts," and he unfolded the letters of acknowledgment.

"I expected to sell out and go home in November. Here is the Testament my good mother gave me; here is my little girl's picture." And he kissed it tenderly, and continued: "Now, men; if you have decided to kill me for what I am innocent of, send these home, and send as much as you can from the cattle when I'm dead. Can't you send half the value? my family will need it."

"Hold on, now; stop right thar!" said a rough ranger "Now, I say, boys," he continued, "I say, let him go. Give us your haud, old boy; that picture and them letters did the business. You can go free; but you're lucky, mind ye."

"We'll do more than that," said a man with a big heart, in Texan garb and carrying the customary brace of pistols in his belt; "let's buy his cattle here, and let him go."

They did; and when the money was paid over, and the man about to start, he was too weak to stand. The long strain of hopes and fears, being away from home under such trying circumstances, the sudden deliverance from death, had combined to render him helpless as a child. He sank to the ground completely overcome. An hour later, however, he left on horseback for the nearest stage-route, and, as they shook hands and bade him good-by, they looked the happiest band of men I ever saw.

Time is Money.

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a lounger stepped into the store and spent an hour or more looking over the books, and finally taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy for the price.

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the lounger; "can you not take less than that?"

"No, indeed; one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the lounger said:

"Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office.

"I want to see him," said the lounger.

The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store waiting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the lounger addressed him thus:

"Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for that book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter! why your young man asked me only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, and I could better have afforded to have taken a dollar then than to have been taken out the office."

The lounger seemed surprised, and, wishing to end the parley of his own making, said:

"Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"A dollar and a half."

"A dollar and a half? Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter"

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

It is certain that Prof. L. Grandeau, of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Nancy, France, is not a disciple of Mr. George Vielle. He very properly believes that "meadows and cattle are not heresies," and if so, he thanks God that "French farming is still in the heresiarchs," and holds that "it is more than ever necessary to increase the production of barnyard manure, and to improve the preservation and use of this important substance." Further he says; "In agriculture, as in everything else, absolute doctrins are unfortunate. However specious the arguments to defend them may be, however plausible and positive their advocates may appear, they must be distrusted, especially if they lead to the contradiction of facts which have been settled by the experience of ages. To work, to observe, to compare and experiment, without fixed opinions, and with the single object of discovering a portion of truth, is the only sure way."