LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
Onward, onward as they go;
Life is made of smallest fragments,
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten then and catch them,
As they pass us on our way
And with honest, true endeavor,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Call a verse from every page,
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age;
At our work or by the wayside,
When the sun-shine's making hay,
Thus we may by help of heaven,
Learn a little every day.

—*Selected*

TOUCH AND GO.

By a Marquinista.

On a pleasant morning of the last day of September, 1846, the brig Pennsylvania, Capt. L., hoisted her jib, set her topsails, and, wind and tide both favorable, pointed her bowspirt down the Deleware, bound for Mantanzas.

A few hours carried her to the bay, thence to the capes, and with a fresh breeze from the northwest, fine weather, and an easy sea splashing in bright drops on the deck or breaking in soft murmurs against the ancient craft, with all sail fairly drawing, dipped her timeworn nose into the blue water and went forth gallantly to meet the elements she had so long defied. The land gradually faded into dimness, then was lost to view; the light-house sank down as it were into the sea, and when the sun rose the next morning after leaving the city nothing but "the blue above and the blue below" was visible from the deck.

The "skipper," like the vessel he commanded, bore the marks of age. The storms of life, both land and sea, had long been buffeted, and now, when his few scattered locks had turned white as the foam so often thrown upon them, and when he should have long since rested his timeworn timbers in some snug harbor, securely anchored until Davy Jones should call him on deck for the last time, necessity still compelled him to "go down to the sea" in search of a livelihood. Collins, the mate, was a tall, bronze-faced, Brown-bearded specimen of the Yankee sailor. Young, quick, strong, fearless, you could tell at a glance that he "knew the ropes," and how to handle them. Four men and a boy, and six passengers, made up a ship's company of thirteen souls, all told.

Some of the pasengers were related to each other; all soon became acquainted for in the narrow limits of a small brig's cabin at sea, people do not stand on ceremony.

Nothing special occurred the first few days out to vary the monotony of life at sea. The wind blew fair and steadily, and as we neared the dark, tepid water of the gulf stream, a heavy sea began to tell upon such of the passengers as were subject to sea sickness.

Six days out brought us well down toward Abaco, one of the Bahama islands, usually the first land seen by vessels bound for ports on the north coast of Cuba. Indications began to show themselves of a change in the weather, which so far had been more than usually favorable. The wind became fitful and unsteady, veering toward all points of the compass, and finally died away in a calm—the sun blistering hot, the sea smooth, glassy, with a ripple. A calm at sea is always an annoyance; but down in these latitudes, at this season of the year, it is a warning to prepare for danger. As the day wore on, a close, stifling atmosphere made the heat unendurable, and the sun went down into the ocean enveloped in a seething mist, which seemed to boil from the water as the round, red globe disappeared from view. Night closed around the brig gloomy and oppressive; a few stars struggled dimly through the murky darkness and then went out, and a feeling of coming peril caused an awestruck silence among those on board. The old craft creaked and groaned as though suffering from present or apprehensive pain, and at times strange moanings would come up out of the gloom, passing through the rigging and away again out seaward, causing a momentary chill through those who heard them, faint glimmerings of light playing through the air, making the darkness, if possible still darker.

Every preparation was made to meet the coming storm—sails taken in, loose spars secured, hatches examined, boats made safe for an emergency, and then all hands took their stations, hoping for the best. A bright, long-enduring flash lighting up the gloom with a purple hue, making ship, passengers, and crew visible for an intant, and then leaving the blackness of the night still more hideous. A deep, dull sound from the southward not thunder, for it was continued and increading, growing louder and swiftly coming nearer, until with a mighty roar, it burst upon us. Up almost to the bursting of the hurricane upon the brig, no steerage way could be got upon her; but a slight puff of air driven before the gale brought her head around, so that it did not take her all abeam. As it was, she laid down for an instant, as though about to go over; but the old vessel was not so easily overcome, and, righting bravely, she shook the foam from off her sides and flew away before it. A deluge of rain accompanied the wind, and so immense was the body of falling water that it threatened to swamp the ship, and it was only by knocking planks out of the bulwarks that she was kept free.

The howling of the wind and the seething of the rain was deafening—no orders could be heard, and so through the long hours, until morning, she drove along. The light so anxiously desired came at last—not the bright sun, breaking through the east, but a dull, leaden day forcing its way through sheets of rain and driving spray.

Suddenly the rain ceased, a veil of mist was lifted from off the waters, and right before us, straight in the direction in which we were running—so close that the beat of the surf mingled with the roar of the hurricane—was a rocky coast, a light-house standing out on a point a few miles ahead, and through an opening in the rocks could be seen the raging waters beyond. It was the "Hole in the Wall," on the southwest point of Abaco. The voice of the old skipper rang out clear above the storm: "All hands set the foresail quick, for your lives depend upon it;" and springing to the wheel, the helm was put to starboard, bringing the brig's head off shore to clear the point.

The sail was soon set, and the struggle began. It was life or death; one touch upon those sharp coral rocks and the voyage of life was ended. The passengers mostly were on deck, holding on and sheltering themselves as best they could; the sailors in a group under the lee of the forecastle, looking out toward the fast-approaching danger. The old captain stood to the wheel, his white locks streaming out to leeward, his eye ranging from the point ahead to the foresail, knowing that on that piece of canvas hung our only chance of safety.

Collins had stationed himself in the fore rigging, scanning with fearless glances the rocks ahead. In an instant he was at the captain's side. "Capt. L., the brig is making too much leeway; she will never clear the point; we must get the foretopsail on her."

The old man shook his head. "She can't stand it, Collins; it would take her mast out."

"She must stand it, sir; nothing else will save her."

A moment's hesitation, and then the order was given: "Jump up and clear away the foretop-sail."

Now, sailors are used to obeying orders full of peril, climb the shrouds on dark and stormy nights, to go aloft and lay out on the yards, the life-ropes slippery with ice, and hold on with benumbed hands, certain death howling round and beneath them, in a single misstep, and it is but seldom that a sailor hesitates; but here it seemed so impossible to maintain a hold against that raging tempest that not a man stired. Throwing off his pea-jacket Collins sprang into the rigging and began to climb the ratlines. Men will follow a brave leader; the crew soon clustered close behind him, and with great excertions the sail was set. The effect upon the brig was tremendous; she tore through the waves, at times burying the forecastle; everything on the lee side was afloat, and she seemed like a madman rushing to destruction.

Suddenly the wind lulled, died away, and was gone; the brig lost headway, and was driven broadside on; an immence wave lifted her high in the air, and bore her helplessly toward the rocks; hope left us, but we were not yet lost. Coming back right out of the direction opposite to which it had blown was the wind; the brig's head wore around off shore, and amid the boiling of the surf, breaking like the booming of artillery against the rocks, she shot by the point out into the open sea beyond, and the danger was passed. We gazed upon each other as men do who have looked in the valley, but passed by without entering; and more than one "Thank God!" was uttered for that narrow escape.

As I turned to look back at the fast-receding light-house, I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and heard a voice sing out: "I say, M——, that's what I call Touch and Go!" It was Collins, and I gave him a hearty shake of the hand, for I felt to his daring we were indebted for our lives.

Squaring away, a few hours brought us on the bank, where we let go both anchors, and rode out the gale in safety; and when we arrived at Matanzas it was to find every vessel in the harbor sunk or destroyed, and a large city in ruins, showing how fearful had been the hurricane.

Many years have gone by since that dreadful morning. I have passed that same spot often, in storm and in sunshine; the old brig is buried beneath the sands of Hatteras. Capt. L. sleeps the sleep that no hurricane blast can awaken; but I have never forgotten the clear, musical voice of Collins as he clapped me on the sholder with: "I say, M——, that's what I call Touch and Go."

Mary Anderson's Quid.

It is well known that Miss Anderson is addicted to the gum-chewing habit, and that when she goes upon the stage she sticks her chew of gum on an old castle painted on the scenery. There was a wicked young man playing a minor part in the play who had been treated scornfully by Mary, as he thought, and he had been heard to say he would make her sick. He did. He took her chew of gum and spread it out so it was as thin as paper, then placed a chew of tobacco inside, neatly wrapped it up, and stuck it back on the old castle. Mary came off when the curtain went down, and going up to the castle she bit like a bass. Putting the gum, which she had no idea was loaded, into her mouth, she mashed it between her ivories and rolled it as a sweet morsel under her tongue. It is said by those who happened to be behind the scenes that when the tobacco began to get in its work there was the worst transformation scene that ever appeared on the stage. The air, one supe. said, seemed to be full of fine-cut tobacco and spruce gum, and Mary stood there and leaned against a painted rock, a picture of homesickness. She was pale about the gills, and trembled like an aspen leaf shaken by the wind. She was calm as a summer's morning, and while concealment, like a worm in an apple, gnawed at her stomach and tore her corset strings, she did not upbraid the wretch who had smugled the vile pill into her countenance. All she said, as she turned her pale face to the painted ivy on the rock and grasped a painted mantel-piece with her left hand, as her right hand rested on her heaving stomach, was: "I die by the hand of an assassin. Women can't be too careful where they put their gum."—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Praise of Women.

Says Jared Sparks: "I have observed among all nations that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found they are the same civil, kind, obliging, humane, tender, beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty nor arrogant, not supercilious, but full of courtesy and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenuous, more liable in general to err than man, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia and the widespread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold or sick, women have ever been friendly to me, uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and so kind a manner that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, ate the coarse morsel, with a double relish."

Crazed By Dime Novels.

From the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.

A very sad death occurred in the penitentiary yesterday. All deaths are sad. The death of the old man, around whose bed a family assembles, is sad. The death of an infant, whose cold lips are sealed by a kiss of mother's devotion, is sad. But of all deaths the death from a broken heart is the saddest.

P. E. Sulivan, alias Wm. Delancy, a young man of 23 years one of the train robbers, recently sentenced to seventy years in the Arkansas Penitentiary was the victim of a broken heart. Several days ago he became gloomy, and going to Dr. Lenow, prison physician, complained of being sick. Upon examination the physician discovered the man was not suffering from any perceptible disease, but that his pulse was 140. He was ordered to the hospital, where every possible care was given him. He revived after a time, but every one could see despair written on his countenance. He entered the prison cheerfully and spoke lightly of his long sentence, but after a while a letter came. When he read the lines his spirit sank. Tears told of a misery that ink could not express. He went again to his bed.

"The shadows are gathering fast and night is oppressing me with its darkness," he said yesterday to some one standing near. "One crime, and then death in a penitentiary. My father who has preached the gospel for years, who many and many a time clasped his hands above my head and prayed, has been humbled in his old age. And My mother! if I could only hear her voice. But walls and law are between us. I am as one who is dead. She could come to me, but I can not go to her." His thoughts wandered. At times he seemed to be at church, listening to his father preach: and then he seemed to be playing with his sisters. He smiled and laughed softly. "Ah!" he would say, "your brother never forgets you. Suddenly his face grew dark, and waving his hands wildly he began to mutter broken sentences. "Seizing the bridle rein he sprang upon his antagonist's horse and dashed away."

"He's reading one of those wild books that we used to steal away and devour," said one of the dying man's companions in crime.

"'Halt!' he exclaimed, drawing a revolver and leveling it at the head of young Horace," continued the sufferer. "Sowly and sadly they left the church and walked along the well-worn path to the rude grave of Lawrence. Standing near the stone placed there by the Indian, Casper and his fair companion—" and muttered incoherently, the sentence dying away with a deep groan. Suddenly he raised himself, looked intently toward the door, and slowly sank back dead.

Two Affectionate Rivals.

There were several men clustered around the stove in the back room of a Galveston saloon, and some how or other the subject of newspapers came up for discussion. One man said that editors were more jealous of each other than any other class; that they never had a good word for each other, etc.

A long-haired youth with a solemn look, spoke up, and, heaving a sigh, said he had had some experience with editors and he found them the reverse of jealous of each other; that a Texas editor was always willing to deny himself comforts for the benefit of a brother editor.

"Where did that happen?"

"It happened in a western Texas town where I lived," sighed the young man.

"I had dashed off a little poem of ten or fifteen stanzas about 'Beautiful Spring.' There were two rival papers in the place—the *Bugle* and the *Trombone*. I had heard that the editors were deadly enemies and sighed to shed each other's gore, and I was afraid that if I let the *Trombone* publish my poem first there would be a deadly encounter.

"I finally resolved to have it appear simultaneously in both papers. When I called on the editor of the *Trombone* he said the editor of the *Bugle* had a large family, and that he would prefer it would appear in the *Bugle*, as personally he loved the editor of the *Bugle*. I went then to the *Bugle* man, and he said the editor of the *Trombone* was his warmest personal friend, and that he would be glad if I would let him have the poem, as it would be putting bread in his mouth and clothes on his back.

"So, owing to the love those two editors had for each other, I couldn't get my poem into either of their papers, and it hasn't been published yet. I never saw men so anxious to help each other out of distress," and once more the long-haired poet sighed like a bellows.

There was a pause, and the old man with a frost bitten nose drawled out:

"Yer never tried them same editors with a cash advertisement, did yer?"

The poet answered in the negative, whereat the audience significantly nodded their heads and winked at each other.