

How Miss Jenkins "Got out of it."

It was "writing afternoon"—said Miss Jenkins—and my scholars were new. If you had ever been a teacher, my dear, you would realize what the combination of those two simple facts implies—the weariness of body and the utter vexation of spirit. First, there's the holding of the pen. If there's anything more than another in which scholars exhibit their originality, it is in managing a penholder. Then, the ink. To some it was simply ink, nothing more. To others it seemed an irresistible tempter, whispering of unique designs, grotesque or otherwise, to be worked out upon desk or jacket, or perhaps upon the back of one small hand.

Well, upon the afternoon of which I am going to tell you, I had more correcting to do than usual, for some of the scholars were stupid, and couldn't do as I wished; and others were careless, and wouldn't do as I wished. I was looking and stopping, and continual showing. I felt my patience giving way, and when I saw that three of the largest boys had left the page upon which they should have been practicing, and were making "unknown characters" in different parts of their books, I lost it utterly. "That I will not have," said I, sharply. "I will punish any boy who makes a mark upon my but the lesson page."

They were very still for awhile. Nothing was heard but the scratching of pens, and the sound of my footsteps as I walked up and down the aisles. Involuntarily I found myself studying the hands before me as if they had been faces. There was Harry Sanford's large and plump, but flabby wrist, and not over-clean. His "n's" stood weakly upon their legs, seeming to feel the need of other letters to prop them up.

Walter Lane's, red and chapped, with short, stubby fingers, nails bitten off to the quick, and yet a certain air of sturdy dignity; and his "n's" if not handsome, were certainly plain, and looked as if they knew their place, and meant to keep it.

Tommy Silver's, long and limp, besmeared with ink from palm to nail, vainly strove to keep them with a tongue which wagged, unceasingly, this way and that, and which should have been red, but was black, like the fingers. His "n's" had neither form nor comeliness, and might have stood for "u's," or even "v's," quite as well.

Then there was Hugh Bright's hand, hard and rough with work, holding the pen as if it never meant to let go, but his "n's" were "n's" and could not be mistaken for anything else.

At length I came to Frank Dunbar's desk—dear little Frank, who had been a real help and comfort to me since the day when he bashfully knocked at my door, with books and slate in hand. His hand was white and shapely; fingers spotless, nails immaculate, and his "n's"—but what was it that sent a cold chill over me as I looked at them? Ah, my dear, if I should live a thousand years, I could never tell you how I felt when I found that Frank Dunbar had written half a dozen letters upon the opposite page of his copy-book!

"Why, Frank," said I, "how did that happen?" "I did it," he said. "You did it before I spoke?" said I, clinging to a forlorn hope. "No, I did it afterword, I forgot." "Oh, Frank! my good, good boy, how could you? I shall have to punish you!" "Yes'm"—the brave blue eyes looked calmly up into my face. "Very well; you may go to the desk."

I did look at them. Walter Lane's sharp black eyes and Harry Sanford's sleepy orbs were fixed curiously upon me. Nor were these all. Gray eyes, blue eyes, hazel and brown eyes—all were regarding me intently; I almost fancied that they looked at me pityingly. I could not bear it.

"Attend to your writing, boys," I said. Then I walked slowly up to the desk. "You see how it is," said the troublesome voice. "You will certainly have to punish him." But I had thought of a possible plan of escape. "Frank," said I, "you have been disobedient, and you know what I said, but you are such a good boy that I cannot bear to punish you—not in that way, I mean. You may go to the foot of your class instead."

"I'd rather take the whipping," the honest, upturned face was very sober, but betrayed not the least sign of fear, nor was there the slightest suspicion of a tremble in the clear, childish voice.

"Bless your brave little heart," thought I. "Of course you would! I might have known it," and again I walked the aisles, up and down, thinking, thinking.

"You will have to do it," repeated the voice. "There is no other way." "I cannot—oh, I can't," I groaned, half aloud.

"The good of the school requires it. You must sacrifice your own feelings and his."

"Sacrifice his feelings! Loyal little soul—goose gold, and true as steel!" "No matter, you must do it."

"I won't!" I walked quickly to the desk, and struck the bell. The children looked wonderingly. "Listen to me, boys," said I. "You all know that Frank Dunbar is one of our best scholars."

"Yes'm—yes'm," came from all parts of the room, but two or three of the larger boys sat silent and unsympathetic.

"You know how ambitious he is in school, and what a little gentleman always." "Yes'm. That's so. We know." Only two unsympathetic faces now; but one of them, that of a sulky boy in the corner, looked as if his owner were mentally saying: "Can't think what you're driving at, but I'll never give in—never!"

"You all know how brave he was when Joe Willis dropped his new building—how he stood for that unfinished building—on Corlies street. How he did what no other boy in school would do—let himself down into the cellar, and groped about in the dark until he found it for him."

"We know that—yes'm. Hurrah for—"

"Stop a minute. One thing more. Sulky boy's companion was shouting with the rest, and sulky boy's own face had relaxed.

"You all know," said I, "how he took care of Willie Randall when Willie hurt himself upon the ice. How he drew him home upon his sled, going very slowly and carefully that poor Willie might not be jolted, and making himself late to school in consequence."

"Yes'm. Yes, m'am. Hooray for little Dunbar!" Sulky boy is smiling now, and I know that my cause was won.

"Very well," said I. Now let us talk about to-day. He has disobeyed me, and—of course I ought to punish him."

"No, m, you oughtn't. Don't punish him. We don't want him whipped!" "But I have given my word. It will be treating you all unfairly if I break it. He has been such a faithful boy that I should like very much to forgive him, but I cannot do it unless you are all willing."

"We're willing. We'll give you leave. We'll forgive him. We'll—"

"Stop! I want you to think of it carefully for a minute. I am going to leave the matter altogether with you. I shall do just as you say. If, at the end of one minute by the clock, you are sure you forgive him, raise your hands."

My dear, you should have seen them! If ever there was an expression in human eyes, I saw it in theirs that day. Such a shaking and snapping of fingers, and an eager waving of small palms—breaking out at last into a hearty, simultaneous clapping, and sulky boy's the most of all!

"Disorderly," do you say? Well, perhaps it was. We were too much in earshot to think of that. I looked at Frank. His blue eyes were swimming in tears, which he would not let fall.

As for me, I turned to the blackboard, and put down some examples in long division. If I had made all

the divisors larger than the dividends, or written the numerals upside down, it would not have been strange to me, under the circumstances.

And the moral of this—concluded Miss Jenkins (she had been reading "Alice in Wonderland")—is that a teacher is human, and a human being doesn't always know just what to do.

Man-Who-Hasn't-Saved-Anything-This-Year is writing an ode to Omnipotence. A plunk got settled over New York a few days ago, but landlords refuse to put up color blinds.

A Virginia hangman has worked off fourteen of his fellow-beings. He eats no mince-pie in the evening.

There was sound advice the band leader gave to the boy when he told him to drum a little louder.

A Hartford man weighed his coal and found it four hundred pounds short. This, however, made him think rather even.

No use sighing for the friends of your youth. Better skirmish about for some one to stand by in old age.

A thousand servant girls are wanted in Manitoba. There seems to be a shortage of the earth that have not been subdued.

"I jumped at the conclusion," remarked the cat when he grabbed for the rat's tail as he went out of sight down a hole.

A recent railroad accident is charged to the drunkenness of the engineer, but it is more than likely it was the locomotive that was "on a toot."

One of the most disagreeable things in the world is the comparison of the "I will" at the marriage ceremony with the "I won't" after that event.

The idea has become prevalent that the young ladies who practice tight lacing are fast. This is an error, as they are really the most stayed among their sex.

"Money does everything for a man," said an old gentleman, pompously. "Yes," replied the other man, "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

Conversation on a sea-side hotel veranda between a young man and an elderly guest: Young Man—"I must have seen you somewhere, sir?" Elderly Guest—"Very likely; I am a pawnbroker."

The water of the Hudson river at Poughkeepsie has been pronounced unfit for drinking, but the people pay no more attention to this fact than if it was announced that it was unfit for firewood.

Unexpected affirmative. Professor in psychology:—"Can we conceive of anything being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical student (thoughtfully):—"Yes, sir; a poor singer in a chorus."

Selected Humor.

A boy in a country school was reading the following sentence:—"The lighthouse is a landmark by day and a beacon by night," and he rendered it thus:—"The lighthouse is a landlady by day and a deacon by night."

A certain domestic event having occurred in the family of a distinguished clergyman, he sent the following postal-card to his mother:—"From sweet Isaiah's sacred song, ninth chapter and verse six:—First thirteen verses please take, and then the following six:—From Genesis the thirty-fourth, then also verse twenty-six of Kings, book second, chapter four:—The last two verses, chapter first, look of Samuel. And you will learn what on this day your loving son befall."

And others, who want to learn also, must search the Scriptures."

Waco is threatened with another daily paper. The names of the suspected parties are suppressed on account of their families.—Texas Siftings.

A prominent lumberman in Burlington has had his coat-of-arms painted on the panels of his carriage, with the Latin motto "Veni." Which by interpretation is "I saw."

Longfellow's First Poem.

When our great poet was nine years old, his master wanted him to write a "composition." Little Henry, like all children, shrank from the undertaking. His master said:—"You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Then you can put words together?" "Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out behind the school-house, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out. He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which happened to be near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what that was, what it was for, and what would be done with it.

A half hour had been allowed to Henry for his first undertaking in writing compositions. In a half hour he carried in his work, all accomplished, and the master is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what little Henry had done in that short time:—

Mr. Finney's Turnip.

Mr. Finney had a turnip, And it grew behind the barn, And the turnip did not grow, And it grew, and it grew, Till it could grow no taller; Then Mr. Finney took it up And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay, Till it began to rot; When his daughter Susie washed it, And she put it in the pot. Then she boiled it, and boiled it, Till his daughter Lizzie took it, And she put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife Both sat down to sup; And they ate, and they ate, Until they ate the turnip up.

There have been set up in the Grand Opera House at Paris a number of mirrors, measuring forty-five by fifty-two feet, and weighing from 1200 to 1600 pounds.

On the Origin of Sand.

The majority of the people probably never thought anything about it, but it will bear a great deal of thinking. The origin of sand is one of those geological problems which has been settled by common consent, without very great reliance on a practical reason.

This sounds rather cynical, and is very easily said. Let us examine the weak points of a prevalent hypothesis. Sand consists of minute boulders, of which gravel is a medium, in process of disintegration—says a geologist.

But the sand which has passed under our microscope is not part of a boulder or a gravel stone. Rubble stone, constantly ground down by the action of the waves, maintains to the finest texture both its molecular construction and its chemical constituency. Arenaceous shales will be stratified as distinctly as gravelly pebbles—fifty-fifth of an inch in diameter, as in a rock the size of a cocoa-nut. The chemical composition of a minute pebble of limestone is a delicate rock in miniature.

But sand is a remarkably homogeneous collection of minute globules of silica, or siliceous acid (oxide of silicon), discolored with iron.

It is suggested that the other constituents of igneous rocks like granite were washed out in solution, leaving the silica pebbles, we observe that oxide of alumina and oxide of calcium are quite as insoluble in water as the silicates of alumina and potash, or the form in which much of our granite appears. But if it be the case that the sand is the rock washing of centuries, then the boulders of these rocks should be granite, and their bottoms should be covered with sedimentary rock of the same base as that dissolved.

These conditions do not usually present themselves where the great sand drifts appear, at least where we have examined them.

Probably the most interesting accumulation of sand on this continent is at the head of Lake Michigan, where for a distance of over a hundred miles, the shore consists of broken areas of pure sand, often elevated into vast ranges of precipitous hills, of almost pure, whitish-yellow siliceous acid, barren and glistening. Along the shore there is still much boulder and gravel debris, and immense quantities of slate rubble, worn smooth and flat. Around the sand hills there spreads out a low or rolling alluvial soil, with immense lagoons and marshes cut off from the lake so effectively by the sand ridges that not a solitary rivulet enters the lake for a distance of nearly forty miles.

It has seemed to the writer that in the production of melted silicates of the alkaline bases, like the granitic and gneissic complex constituents, into water by volcanic agency, sand would result. Silt is often a result of volcanic action. Volcanic agencies are evident in many forms of silica. In the limestone pavement on our street are multitudes of flint nodules, and the closest scrutiny indicates that they were placed there by volcanic projection.

The wear of water never produced a boulder, for in laminated rocks, with thin strata, the wear would, and does, run with the grain. But gravel and boulder stones have apparently been fractured across the grain and worn by attrition. Volcanic action alone could break up rock in this manner. A cursory examination of gravel or pebbles along the shore will exhibit this. At the same time the stratification of pebbles shows that they are not of immediate volcanic origin, but are only broken up by it.

JOHN BELLINGHAM, whose crime nearest resembles that of Guitauze, was put on his trial May 25th, 1812, for having killed Spencer Percival, the English Prime Minister, on May 17th—just four days before. The deceiver was the same as in Guitauze's case—that he was mad; but the prisoner, who took an eager part in the proceedings, delivered a short sensible speech, complaining that the trial had been hurried on with indecorous speed, and that the documents he relied on for his defence had been taken from him. The speech was fatal to its utterer, and although his counsel, Mr. Alley, brought forward affidavit after affidavit to show that Bellingham was mad, the jury answered in the affirmative. Guitauze's (the Crown Prosecutor) repeated question, "Was the prisoner at the bar, at the time he committed this crime capable of distinguishing right and wrong?"

Brick Pomeroy is a bankrupt at Denver, where he has been concerned in mining operations.

Try popcorn for measles. Try cranberries for malaria. Try a sunbath for rheumatism. Try ginger-ale for stomach cramps. Try clam broth for a weak stomach. Try cranberry poultice for erysipelas. Try gargling barley beer for cure of sore throat.

Try a wet towel to the back of the neck when sleepless. Try swallowing saliva when troubled with your stomach. Try eating fresh radishes and yellow turnips for gravel. Try eating onions and horseradish to relieve dyspeptic swellings. Try butter-milk for removal of freckles, tan and butternut stains. Try to cultivate an equable, temper, and don't borrow trouble ahead. Try the croup trumpet when a child is likely to be troubled that way.

Try a hot dry flannel over the seat of neuralgia pain and renew frequently. Try taking your cod liver oil in tomato soup, if you want to make it palatable. Try hard elder—a wineglassful three times a day—for ague and rheumatism. Try breathing the fumes of turpentine or carbolic acid to relieve whooping cough.

Try taking a nap in the afternoon if you are going to be out late in the evening. Try a cloth wrung out from cold water put about the neck at night for sore throat. Try snuffing powdered borax up the nostrils for catarrhal "cold in the head."

Try an extra pair of stockings outside of your shoes when traveling in cold weather. Try walking with your hands behind you if you find yourself becoming bent forward. Try a silk handkerchief over the face when obliged to go against a cold, piercing wind.

Try planting windmills in your garden if compelled to live in a malarial neighborhood. Try a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) in diarrhoeal troubles; give freely. Try a newspaper over the chest, beneath your coat, as a chest protecter in extremely cold weather.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

Tit-Bits.

Political intelligence.—A Brooklyn man who had one of his articulators showed off during a little unpleasantness in a bar-room on election night came home and told his wife that this was an "off ear in politics" for him.

Misunderstood.—Miss Argent (anxious to discover the opinion of the new curate on her favorite costume)—"I hope you don't disapprove of Jersey, Mr. Bullock?" Rev. Mr. Bullock (on his hobby):—"Well, no, not exactly, although my experience leads me to prefer short-horns."

Couldn't take his own medicine.—When Carlini was convalescing Naples with languid a patient waited on a physician in that city to obtain some remedy for excessive melancholy, which was rapidly consuming his life. The physician endeavored to cheer his spirits, and advised him to go to the theatre and see Carlini. He replied:—"I am Carlini."

A lover of birds.—"I know," said the little girl to her elder sister's young man at the supper table, "that you will join our society for the protection of little birds, because mamma says you are very fond of larks." Then there was a silence and the Limburger cheese might have been heard scrambling around in its tin box on the cupboard shelf.

A society item:—"Mary, bring Mrs. Smith a glass of wine. [Exit Mary.] You must be so tired after your walk. [Mary brings it.] Not that way, my child. You should always bring it in on a plate or a salver. [Exit Mary.] She is very willing, but really she knows no better. [Mary re-entering, with wine in a soup-plate.] Shall I bring, spoon, m'am, or will the lady lap it up?"

A Reflection.

I gaze into those eyes of blue, So deeply blue and bright, And find a charm that never fails On my enraptured sight."

"I well can understand," she said, "How such the charm may be, Since 'tis the image of yourself! You there reflected too!"

Sweet simplicity.—"You must have been leaning up against the banisters, Angey, dear," affectionately remarked the fair girl's grandmother as she brought her spectacles to a correct focus and took another look at the

slaves on the waist of Angey's dress. "Them ain't no banister stains," returned the truthful maiden, who ran a little boys' bible class in the parish church. "Charley was feeding me caramels last night and I guess them's the prints of his fingers."

Various Jokes.

A young gentleman, being pressed very hard in company to sing, even after he had solemnly assured them he could not, observed testily, they intended to make a butt of him. "No," only want to get a stove out of you."

Just lovely!—"My daughter's painting," said Bullbear proudly, stopping before an alleged work of art. "Beautiful, isn't it?" "Yes," replied Fogg, slowly, "but what do you call it?" "What does it represent?" "Ah, well—yes—the fact is we have not decided what to call it yet; but isn't it lovely?"

See the lawyer as he stands Moving jaws and waving hands, Telling lies he understands, Pressing hard his suit. See the tailor with a zest, Like an idiot poorly dressed, Ironing coat, pants and vest—Pressing of his suit. Mark the waiter while he kneels: Tell the thrilling truth he feels: Hear the nonsense he reveals—Pressing of his suit.

The Mississippi.

The Mississippi is a wonderful river, and although I have traveled through the four quarters of the globe, I have never seen its compeer. The Nile, so famous in history, is insignificant in comparison. The Mississippi is a constantly making changes in its hydrographical features. The workings of the currents and their changes are observed by the ordinary traveler who plows his way over the turbid surface on a swiftly-moving steamer. All are hidden from him. It requires a residence of years on its banks to rightly understand the peculiar philosophy of its waters. This I attentively studied during the fifteen years I was trading in flat-boats among the Indians and settlers along its banks in my early life.

One of the most striking peculiarities of the river is the uniformity of its meanders, or bends. Some of these are so uniform and regular that they have the appearance of having been described by the sweep of a compass, and consequently the course of the stream is very sinuous. The bends are constantly doubling on themselves, and forming what are called "cut-offs," and the river is traveling along in the alluvium, after changing its bed many miles, as well as its form.

The Red River bend swept around some fourteen miles. Walker's bend sixteen miles. The Red river bend broke through, cutting off its extent of fourteen miles. The State afterward sent men to work to cut off Walker's bend into Tunica bend, thus apparently reducing the river sixteen miles more, a total in the two cut-offs of about thirty miles. The river, however, proceeded to travel along in the alluvium, after changing its bed many miles, as well as its form.

This also brought the mouth of Red river some miles lower down than its original position in the bend. When these "cut-offs" occur, the channels of the old river, or rather the opening of the old river into the new, closes, or, as the people call it, "grows up," and in a few years the old river is shut completely out of sight and forms a lake back in the forest. These lakes or "old rivers" are traceable all along the lower river. This "growing up" is an other feature of the Mississippi, and would not be noticed by an ordinary traveler, unless a bend or island that was undergoing this process was pointed out and the philosophy explained to him.

The explanation is this:—When a bend breaks through, the cut is formed directly under the point of the "old river." In this eddy a sandbar forms, and on this sandbar, in a short time the alluvium, held in suspension by the waters, is precipitated, and immediately the young cottonwood trees begin to grow. Every year a new line of trees makes its appearance, and so on year after year, and shuts the old river out from view. The rows of cottonwoods are so exceedingly uniform and regular in their growth that they have the appearance of having been set out by human hands to ornament a park or pleasure garden. The different growths year after year, can be counted in regular gradation, from the sappling of the present year up to the most magnificent tree of the forest of five or six feet in diameter.

Western Life.

With only a team and a few dollars the emigrant determines to make himself home in the wilds of the West. His first care is to build a sod house, as he must have a shelter. That done, about the middle of May he commences breaking prairie, and if he has a good horse team, succeeds in getting from forty to sixty acres broken by the middle of June. A few acres of the first breaking are usually planted to corn, dropped into a cut made through the sod with an axe, which incision is closed with the foot of the planter. This cannot be cultivated, and is wholly at the mercy of the season. Half the time it is a failure, but in a few years it is a daily occurrence. Verily, the northern Pacific is the sportsman's paradise.

Presence of Mind.

Visitor (in cathedral town, desirous of information, and willing to pay for it, to respectable-looking party, whom he takes to be a vergier)—I suppose, now, these cloisters (elips a florin into his hand) are not older than the sixteenth century? Respectable party—Wah, sir, I'm sure I (pocket the coin)—thanky, sir; can't say, sir, 'cause I'm a stranger ere myself! [Exit hastily.] Tableau.

Why Ladies Are Not Permitted on American War Ships.

That famous old hero, Commodore Hull, who captured the *Guerrriere* after one of the most gallant sea fights in our naval history, says the *New Orleans Democrat*, was blessed with a wife of very commanding qualities of mind and spirit. Lady Hull insisted upon accompanying the Commodore on all his cruises. When the flag ship entered foreign ports the "commodore's" assumed control of the festivities and receptions of distinguished visitors, the bluff old Commodore not being regarded as endowed with the required culture and polish for these occasions. Now it happened that, while lying in a British port, the *Constitution* was received with great warmth and many festivities, and a large and general hospitality was extended to her officers, including Lady Hull. In return for this the Commodore arranged a splendid entertainment, to which several Lords of the admiralty and distinguished officers of the British navy were invited. Lady Hull was in her element on this occasion, and determined that the entertainment should be on a scale worthy of the Republic. The grand silver set presented to the Commodore by the merchants of Boston, in honor of his great achievement, was brought forth on this occasion to dazzle the vision and lower the pride of the haughty Britons, and, as if his exhibition were not enough to accomplish these objects, her ladyship immediately after seating her distinguished guests called their special attention to the first exchibing of the *Guerrriere*, the plate and proceeded to remark with great vivacity the incidents of that gallant exploit of American valor and superior seamanship. The lady was utterly unconscious of the amusement, not to say horror, which her narrative incited in the breasts of her guests. But she was quietly brought to a sense thereof, when after concluding her narration and gazing into the faces of the guests, in authority of her goodness, for an admiring response and applause, she was asked to see him rise to his full height, and with a profound bow to her ladyship and a request addressed to the Commodore to order the barge of his guests alongside the ship, so that they might be spared any further entertainment of the character of that to which her ladyship had treated them, and thus these representatives of British pride and naval glory departed from the *Constitution* without partaking of the grand spread which Lady Hull had prepared for them, and with a very distinct impression that Commodore Hull had secured the services of a historian and ennobler of very large endowment of imagination, fluency and vivacity, but one who had been more successful than the *Guerrriere* in the contest for supremacy. After this there were no further interchanges of hospitality and kindly feelings between the officers of the two Nations, as long as the *Constitution* lay in the British port. This incident, however, was brought to the attention of our Government, and suggested the expediency of the regulation requiring naval commanders to leave their wives at home. This regulation was not finally adopted until another "commodore" of like if not superior commanding qualities confirmed its policy and security by her acceptance and employment in some menial capacity of a revolutionary officer in South America, who, through the favor of the "commodore," thus obtained a return to the country from which he had been banished in an American ship of war, and was enabled to resume his revolutionary schemes. This incident led to a diplomatic correspondence which revealed the fact that the obnoxious person had been hired by the lady of the Commodore and without his knowledge and authority, and had thus obtained passage and protection under the flag of the United States. In the month of August, when the *Constitution* was about to depart, the regulation of excluding lady commanders from all privileges and authority on board of the ships of war was enforced with rigor. The ladies of naval officers have been compelled either to stay at home or to proceed abroad in private vessels to ports where they could probably join their husbands on short leaves.

"Look here, Uncle Mose, you fooled me with that boss I bought from yer last week. He jest drapt dead in his tracks." "He never drapt dead in his tracks or any other drase as long as I had him, golt' on twenty years."

Life's Opportunities.

Life is, in a great degree, what we make it. We are not to sit passively awaiting the good time; but we are to strive with a mighty strength of purpose to make for ourselves examples of goodness, wisdom, integrity and high moral courage, so that when the end shall come we shall feel we have not lived in vain. And how shall we succeed if we heedlessly pass by life's precious opportunities? We would not enforce upon our readers the necessity of grasping great opportunities alone—far from it; for do not the little drops of water make the broad restless ocean? And where the desert but for the little grains of sand? So it is that life's opportunities for doing good, little lessons that may at present seem so unimportant, help materially to lay the foundation for a great and useful life.

Our faculties for exercising an influence over others are so many and great, that it is difficult to converse together without exerting a mutual influence; and every man who critically examines his intellectual and moral state will observe that however short his interview with another person may be it has had an effect upon him. And this influence is usually exerted when we think little about it; but we have probably left impressions upon some minds which will never be erased. And this influence and constancy has often great power. A single instance of advice, reproach, caution, or encouragement, may decide the question of a man's respectability, usefulness and happiness for a lifetime.

How important, then, that we improve every opportunity to make our lives a blessing to others.

God's Vengeance Upon a Wicked Young Man.

In Union County, Arkansas, on the 4th inst., three young men were discussing the probabilities of rain from a cloud which just then was rising in the west. The youngest one of the group, John Freeman, referred to the drought and remarked that a God who would allow his people to suffer thus could not amount to much. Instantly a bolt of lightning flashed from a cloud over-head, and the young man fell dead. Nearly every bone in his body was mashed into jelly, while his boots were torn from his feet and the clothing from his lower extremities.

The body presented a horrible appearance, being a blackened and mangled mass of humanity. His companions were stunned and thrown on the ground, but not seriously injured. The funeral of the unfortunate young man occurred next day and attracted a large crowd, the larger portion of whom were drawn thither by the rumor of the strange events preceding the death of the deceased. When the body was deposited in the grave and the loose earth had been thrown in until the aperture was filled and while the friends of the dead yet lingered in the cemetery, a bolt of lightning descended from a cloud directly over the burial place and struck the grave, throwing the dirt as if a plow had passed lengthwise through it. No one was injured, but those present scattered, almost paralyzed with terror.

Ungovernable Utilitarians.

An enthusiastic fish market reformer named Pearce visited the Thames, proposing the river side of the Thames Embankment as the true solution of the problem. There is not only there, he says, until 9 o'clock in the morning, when everything could be cleared away and the Embankment resume its boulevard character without the admiring passenger having the faintest suspicion, from sight or smell, of what it had been about at an earlier hour. Mr. Pearce is probably one of those unfortunates who would take double uses out of every instrument—hold a meat market in Hyde Park, turn the houses of Parliament into a corn exchange, and be perfectly amazed at any objection started on the score of either taste or possibility.

Humility and repentance are the result of large acquaintance with God

Literary Curiosity.

Every student of nouns, pronouns, and verbs, knows the necessity of transposing language for the sake of ascertaining grammatical construction. The following shows twenty-six different readings of one of Gray's well-known poetical lines, yet the sense is not affected—

The weary plowman plods his homeward way.

His way the weary plowman plods his homeward way.

His homeward way the weary plowman plods.

His homeward way the plowman, weary plods.

The weary plowman homeward plods his way.

His way the weary plowman homeward plods.

His way, the plowman, weary, homeward plods.

The plowman homeward plods his weary way.

His way, the plowman homeward weary plods.

His homeward weary way, the plowman plods.

Weary, the plowman plods his homeward way.

Weary, the plowman homeward plods his way.

Homeward, his way, the weary plowman plods.

Homeward, his way, the plowman, weary plods.

The plowman homeward, weary, plods his way.

His weary way the plowman homeward plods.

It is the state of the soul of war and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong and the power to bear all that can be, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations and scornful of being unaccounted. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out.

Most men gamble with fortune and gain all or lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unaltered these winnings, and deal with cause and effect, the chancellors of God. In the will work and acquire, and thou shalt always drag her after thee. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick, or the return of your absent friend, or some other quite external event, raises your spirits and you think good days are preparing for you.

Do not believe it. It can never do so. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

Bowen's Bonanza.

The Colorado Millionaire Owner of the Summit Mines.

I believe Judge Bowen came to this country a poor man from the State of Arkansas where he was formerly a wealthy planter. For seven long years he has prospected, ever in debt and getting deeper so every month and year; putting every dollar of his earnings in prospect holes; contending against fate seemingly, yet ever hopeful and courageous; fighting on while others grew faint-hearted and left the field. Success has been his reward at last. But he has grown gray in the fight. During the years when he was Judge of this district he plodded on foot over the mountains from county to county, being too poor to own a horse for the purpose. He was overwhelmed in debt when he made the strike in the Ida mine. He had kept up his nerve, and, with wonderful confidence in his luck and judgment, had been able to hold the confidence of men and get their labor with promises to pay until the great bonanza was struck. Gold fairly rolled into his coffers, and in an incredible short time he had money to pay off all his debts and had a surplus in bank. He has paid off all his own debts and all the debts of the mining companies whose stock he had bought. One of these is a Dwyer bank, of \$49,000, was charged to him last year. Judge Bowen has paid it this year.

I shall relate an anecdote told me, at the risk, perhaps, of offending the Judge, because it will indicate pointedly the generous and honorable characteristics of the man. Some months ago he learned of the poverty of an old friend and neighbor in Arkansas. He remembered at once that he owed that friend \$500, an old debt of honor of eleven years' standing, and he procured a draft for the amount and enclosed it to him. As a matter of course, in due time there came a grateful letter acknowledging the welcome check.

Our taste declines with our merit.

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

Craftiness is a quality in the mind and a vice in the character.

Men with missions do not disappear till they have fulfilled them.

Our own hearts, and not other men's opinions, form our true honor.

I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.

He who thinks his place below him will certainly be below his place.

The Russians readily learn foreign languages.

Some Thoughts from Emerson.

Skepticism is slow suicide.

Can't it be useful to provoke common sense.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

The essence of friendship is entireness, a total magnanimity and trust.

The less a man thinks or knows about his victims the better we will like him.

Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions.

Souls are not saved in bundles. The Spirit asks it of every man, how is it with thee?

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy. Self-command is the main elegance.

If there is any great or good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or second call.

Life is hardly respectable if it has no generous task, no duties or affections that constitute a necessity of existing. Every man's task is his life preserver.

The best part of human character is the tenderness and delicacy of feeling in little matters, the desire to soothe and please others—minutiae of the social virtues.

No congress, nor mob, nor gullibility, nor fire, nor all together, can avail or cut out, but to destroy the office of superiority in persons. The superiority in him is inferiority in me.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism. It is the state of the soul of war and its ultimate objects are the last defiance of falsehood and wrong and the power to bear all that can be, and it is just, generous, hospitable, temperate, scornful of petty calculations and scornful of being unaccounted. It persists; it is of an undaunted boldness and of a fortitude not to be wearied out.

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About Love.

Mrs. Fackendancy has noticed—

That the boy who is most afraid of the girl is the first to be carried into matrimony.

That the little boys prefer boys to girls. That they soon change, never to go back to their old love.

That the little girls love the girls best. That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys do—some of them never.

That the women love the men because they love everything they have to take care of.

That men love women because they can't help it.

That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thoughts for other men.

That the husband so loves his wife he loves all women for her sake.

That the married man is apt to think himself all-kills among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool enough to marry him.

That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives for accepting them. That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.

That the man who marries late in life does well.

That the man who marries young does better.

That the man who never marries is to be pitied.

That the woman who marries does well.

The woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.

Opera and Electricity.

How the Grand Opera House is to be Lighted.

The Grand Opera at Paris is to be illuminated by a combination of nearly all the known forms of electric light under the charge of M. Garnier, the architect of the building, who has obtained a grant of public money for the purpose. The great foyer or vestibule is to be furnished with twenty of the so-called "sun-lamps," such as are used to light the picture gallery at the Electrical Exhibition, but arranged in such a way as to be concealed from the spectators by bronze ornaments, which will throw the direct rays upon the ceiling, to be returned again in an agreeably diffused brilliancy through the room. Nothing could well be conceived more noble than such an illumination as this, reflected from the pictures and mosaics of the most gorgeous apartments of modern times, and the affect will be rather heightened by the clusters of Edison incandescent lamps which are to take the place of the present gas-burners. The little parlors which open from each end of the great foyer are to be lighted by a hundred and fifty Maxim incandescent lights, and the auditorium is to have five hundred of the English incandescent lights, under Swan's system, attached to the great chandelier. The loggia which forms so picturesque a feature of the exterior is to be furnished with twenty Jablochhoff candles, and the grand staircase with thirty-five Brush lights, while the low hall under the auditorium is to be lighted with a central sun-burner by the Werdermann system, and the neighboring passage-way by the reflecting Jaspard lamps. For fear of accidents the gas will for a few evenings be lighted at all the burners, and turned down to a feeble flame, so that if a wire should break, or any other occurrence should make it necessary to interrupt the electric current, the building may not be left in darkness.

An Indian Legend.

The following story, selected from an eastern teacher, may be applicable in all climates and by all people.

"There was once a beautiful damsel upon whom one of the good geniuses wished to bestow a blessing. He led her to the edge of a large field of corn, where he said to her—

"Daughter, in the field before us the ears of corn, in the hands of those who pluck them in faith, shall have tallennant virtues, and the virtue shall be in proportion to the size and beauty of the ear gathered. Thou shalt pass through the field once, and pluck one ear. It must be taken as thou goest forward and thou shalt not step in thy path nor shalt thou retrace a single step in quest of thine object. Select an ear full and fair, and accord-

ing to its size and beauty shall be its value to thee as tallennant."

"The maiden thanked the 'good genius,' and then set forward upon her quest. As she advanced she saw many ears of corn, large, ripe and beautiful, such as tallennant virtues might have, but in her eagerness to grasp the very best, she left these fair ears behind, hoping that she might find one still fairer. At length as the day was closing, she reached a part of the field where the stalks were shorter and thinner, and the ears very thin and shriveled. She now regretted the choice when too late, as how many in all climates and in all ages, in the evening of life call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked in their season."

"No need that the genius should rebuke her for her folly. She saw it clearly when too late, as how many in all climates and in all ages, in the evening of life call sadly and regretfully to mind the thousand golden opportunities forever lost because they were not plucked in their season."

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