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Poetry.

...NTER.

...own,
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...n tossed
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...s nymphs ... and save.
...t of his gre... ...y,
...plight the weary tree
...pon by mocking winds,
...anged now he sighing finds
...e gay playmates welcomed ers
...his ...e leaves when first
...merry breeze-taught dance,
...their feathered lodgers' trance,
...e eastern wave did gleam
...of the golden team.
...h tender care,
...ing, ...ards prepare
...ry cradle, ...ced unseen
...ral hands behind the screen
...curtains, where no eye
...curious may pry.
...s that erst with welling voice
...all tangled brake rejoice
...es of his hollowed strain,
...d silence now ...ein;
...ves from straining throat
...wonders of his note,
...k the scene so sad the day,
...sh, O Winter, is thy sway!

...E DIVER'S STORY.

...—...in a tight place, with ...ths of water above, and a still-...ath, about you, a slender cord ...ans of communication with ...to be caught in a tight place, ...ese circumstances, is about ...ize a man outright! I can ...r—and the old diver leaned ...chair, and fixed his eyes thought-...e roaring fire before which we ...

"I can tell you, sir, it's of-... penny with us, when we ...long the timbers of an o'd ...e ever come to the surface ...mber a pretty tight fix I got into ...re diving into the Conqueror, ...d off the Connecticut Shore. ...ng in from the Mediterranean ...years' cruise with the 'middi-...t down in a gale in sight of ...every soul on board. I was ...nd anxious to be the first sent ...r, for the sake of the reputa-...give me; for reputation meant ...money,' you see, was the only ...nd I were deferring our mar-...n understand how matters ...w glad I was when in receipt ...make the first dive into the old ...

...was running pretty ...h as I ...own in my heavy ... from ...of the steamer to the float along-...here the ropes by which to haul me ...n were fastened on; the india-rub-...ber tube, through which I was to be sup-...plied with air, was adjusted, and I stood ...listening to my final instructions before be-...ing put overboard.

'Now, dear boy,' said my old friend and instructor, Lott, the famous deep-sea diver, who came forward to close the little glass window in my helmet, 'take good care of yourself, and don't stay long below. The currents are swift and treacherous about here; and keep an eye to your ropes, or they'll get tangled. Now, then, good-by, old fellow, and good luck to you; and with a pleasant smile he closed the glass door before my eyes, and fastened over it the protecting wire netting.

"They bore me up in their arms to the side of the float, where the hungry waves were leaping up, as though greedily opening their foaming frothy jaws to receive me.

"I dropped into the waves with a splash sinking swiftly down through the brilliant sunlit waters, which, though rough and boisterous at their surface, suddenly grew calm as I passed below. I glanced up at the sun, which appeared as a great ball of fire, but, growing smaller and smaller as I sank lower, it finally seemed like the tiny spark of a candle, and then faded from sight. I noticed that the waters were lit with a greenish haze, much like the twilight in a light, drifting fog; my observations were cut short by my realizing that I was near bottom, and looking below, I found myself over a bank of tall, thick sea-weed.

"Knowing that if I were once entangled in them, they would hold me there forever, I pulled the signal-rope violently, and my descent was checked just as my feet touched the treacherous grasses. The tide bore me slowly along and passed them, turning me around again and again in the eddies, and making my head so giddy that I was fearfully glad when I cleared the bank and stood at last upon the bright sandy bottom. The shells and gravel on the bed of the waters were most delicate and beautiful in formation, and exquisite in design, but so fragile that even shells crumbled at my touch.

"I hurried on with the current until I came before me what I judged to be the wooden walls of the Conqueror, but during it I found it to be a reef of rocks ...ally honey-combed from end to end, ...nd out among the little arched halls of these fern-covered chambers the fish were chasing each other playfully or hanging idly in the waters.

"Passing around these rocks, I came upon a mass of tangled rigging, and a few steps further brought me to the man-of-war half buried where she lay, in the drifting sand, her spars and topmast crushed and splintered upon her decks; her sails and rigging hanging over the side and resting upon the broken bulwarks.

"Great caution was necessary lest I should become entangled among the ropes or caught under the shifting timbers, and making my way slowly to the companion-way, I sent up the signal:

"'3'—'23—' '7—.' ('I am about to enter the vessel'—'I shall be in danger'—'Play out rope freely and give me plenty

"I made my way to the lower deck, and found myself in the forward cabin. It was very dark, and I groped about for the doorway, knowing that once in the main saloon the deck-lights would enable me to see more distinctly.

"Clearing the rubbish and drifting sand from about the doorway, I burst it open, and was about to enter, when I paused, to summon courage before entering. A moment, and my nervousness was over; I put my shoulder to the door, shoved it back against the waters, and resolutely entered. An awful silence was upon everything—a silence as of death. I was alone, at the bottom of the sea, in the saloon of the Conqueror, and close about me were postured, like grim sentinels set to watch me in my work, the officers and crew of two hundred!

"Yes, there were the ill-fated men, as they stood when death overtook them on that awful night, when they were hurried from their berths on the alarm that they were sinking. Before they could reach the stairway, the mighty water had rushed in upon them, and they died where it had met them, at the threshold.

"The eddying waters carried them here and there through the cabin, but still, so close were they one to another, that I had to part them now and then to reach the after cabin, and more than one turned, as I slowly passed along, and followed in the wake I made behind me. Their faces were often close against my helmet, and it horrified me to notice that they all wore still upon their features the impression of the terror that had come upon them in death.

"You mostn't think me heartless if I say I went at once to my work, for we divers constantly go through such scenes; and I knew well enough, before I went down, that they were awaiting me there. I felt it as keenly as you would, sir: but I was sent down to do certain things, and I had to start about it at once. Still, I was glad enough when I stood again on deck, ready to go above with my first report, and I gave a good strong pull on the signal-rope.

"A moment passed, and I was terrified at receiving no response from a second or third signal!

"I pulled the rope again violently—waited—*still no reply!*

"Great Heaven! what did it all mean? Had they forgotten me? Were they to leave me there at the bottom of the sea with that awful crew? I no sooner realized my helplessness than an uncontrollable terror took possession of me, while horrible doubts and fears came crowding into my brain. Surely they would not desert me!—surely they had not forgotten me! I pulled madly at the cord once more, and glancing up perceived that there was something steadily resisting my efforts from the masthead above.

"Was it some monster who was playing with my rope?—some great fish who was holding it in his jaws? In my desperation I threw my whole weight on it, and—it gave way, and fell slowly, silently on the deck at my feet! The ragged, frayed ends which had become entangled in the rig ging, were in my hands, and the upper half of the ropes had floated far away with the tide.

"I was alone at the bottom of the sea, with no means of signaling my distress!—The India-rubber tube, which was my only means of breathing, was yet left to me; but as soon as they should begin to wind in the ropes and tube, on some supposed signal from me, it would snap in two, and the water would come in upon me.

"I need not tell you of the wild terror which took possession of me; you could not appreciate it. I knew the men were close to me—only thirty yards above—yet I must die because I could not reach them! I raved like a madman, and tried to tear my armor from me, but its iron rivets held me fast. I shouted piteously, uselessly through the silent waters, my cry going no further than the wall of my helmet. I was beside myself in my awful terror. I tried to pray but I could not control my maddened brain.

"I fell upon the deck at last, exhausted—in an ominous stupor—a sullen despair—and sank into unconsciousness. When I recovered, I was calm—prayer came to my lips, and with it a peace and resignation to my heart.

"I closed my eyes quietly, and waited for the death I was powerless to defer.—Waited for it with my head laid on my arm as I used to sleep in the dear old days at home. Waiting quietly for its coming, praying God that it might come upon me gently, and asking that I might fall into unconsciousness when it was close at hand.

"*Was I crazed?* Was I mad, or was this a new torture for me in my last moments? I had laid quiet but a moment, when I started up in terror, uttering a cry—a weak, miserable cry, which died upon my lips as I sank again on the deck and closed my eyes to a terrible sight before me.

"I had left the cabin door open, and freed the imprisoned dead men. One of the dead sailors had floated up to the deck, and, by some horrible change, the tide bore him directly toward me. Was I to die surrounded once more by those ghastly sentinels as a death-watch?

"He was borne slowly along on the current, his eyes wide open in an awful stare, his arms outstretched, as though to embrace me, welcoming me to the unknown world. I fell prostrate on the deck in my terror, but he floated on slowly, the tide casting him up against me, when he fell at my side.

"I caught him, in my desperation, to fling him from me, but his arms closed tight about me in an iron embrace, and his face was close to mine—the face of old Lott, the diver, who had come down through the waters to save me, and in whose stout arms I was borne up, and carried insensible to the boats above.

* * * * * * * *

"'We saw what was wrong right away, dear boy,' he said to me afterward, 'when the ragged ends of your ropes floated to the surface. There was only one way of reaching you, old fellow, and I can tell you we flew around lively. We had no "bell" to go down to you in, so we just fastened some weights to my feet, and ropes to my arms. I took a rubber mouth-piece between my teeth, and dropped overboard.—The water oppressed me fearfully, and I couldn't have stood it more than a few minutes. In that few minutes I found you old fellow, caught you in my arms, and signaled them to haul us up mighty quick. I couldn't have stood it much longer, dear boy, for it was killing me.'

"I took his dear hand in mine, and looked into his good, honest eyes. With a swelling heart I told him in such words as I could, of my gratitude for his heroic efforts when he came down through the waters at the risk of his own life to save mine."

"Getting Square" on the Judge.

An amusing incident occurred in a court-room about a year ago, in Keatingville, Montana Territory. His Honor was a man well stricken in years, yet he could ride a race, shoot a rifle and shuffle and deal as well as the best man in the mines, and he who presumed to trifle with the dignity of the court generally suffered.—His Honor was seated, and the case about to be commenced, when, in a voice of thunder, the sheriff proclaimed silence.—There was a pause; the Judge looked over and saw the prisoner, who had not yet uncovered his head. The Court could not brook such disrespect to its dignity, and His Honor called out, in an authoritative tone, "Mr. Sheriff, remove that gentleman's hat." That functionary, who had until now stood in a corner, leaning upon a rifle, stepped up and politely knocked off the offender's hat with that murderous instrument, whereupon the prisoner seized the hat, and clapping it upon his head, loudly exclaimed, "Judge, I am bald!" "Mr. Sheriff," said the indignant Court, "we instruct you to remove that hat." The order was instantly executed, and no sooner done than the prisoner replaced the hat on his head, again insisting that he was bald. The offended Judge now waxed warm, and, rising up in his seat, said, "I find you five dollars for contempt of court—to be committed until the fine is paid." The prisoner was thunderstruck. He deliberately walked up to the Judge, and, laying down a half-dollar stamp before his Honor, in a solemn manner thus gave his views:—"Your sentence, Judge, is most ungentlemanly, but the law is imperative, and I will have to stand it; so here are four bits; and the four dollars and a-half that you owed me when we stopped playing poker this morning just makes us square."

A Prosperous Southern Cotton Factory.—The semi-annual meeting of the Augusta Cotton Factory was held in Augusta, Georgia, on the 31st. From the report of the President it appears that the company, since the war, has paid in dividends $1,122,000, and has expended 500,000 for new machinery. There are now 23,000 spindles and 700 looms in operation. The property of the company is worth $1,500,000, which is $900,000 more than the capital stock. The board of directors declared the usual dividend of three per cent., for the quarter ending December 31, 1874.

Freezing Out.

The other night at Truckee, Cal., two young men, visiting the same young lady, tried to "freeze each other out," or, in other words, to see which would stay the longest. It appears that this is a common amusement at Truckee, and though perhaps pleasant to the young men is somewhat expensive and annoying to the old folks. The *Republican* tells the story as follows:

The heads of the family left the young people alone at the proper time, and retired, apparently for the purpose of rest and slumber. About midnight the young lady expressed a desire to step out on the porch to see the moon and get the fresh air, and of course both of the "freezers" followed. The door was closed after them. While moon and star gazing, the man of the house steps unobserved into the parlor, and distributes a liberal supply of shoemaker's wax on two of the seats of the cane-bottomed chairs—those that the men had vacated. This wax was of the right consistency to serve the purpose in this case.—The young lady on the porch, who was in the secret, soon found an excuse for returning with her admirers. The young men sank down again into the "reserved seats," and each redoubled his efforts to please the damsel, annoy his fellow, and keep awake. About an hour passed in this way, by which time the wax, aided by the warmth pressing down upon it, had become thoroughly amalgamated with the shoddy of the pants—in fact, the cane bottoms of the chairs, the wax and the pantaloons become a sort of inseparable trinity. The time for the crisis was close at hand. It came. Each one of the bachelors found himself glued to his seat, and no amount of pulling and tugging effected a release. If they arose, the chairs followed. At first they tried to look upon the matter as a joke, but after a full half-hour's struggle to free themselves from their embarrassing predicament, they began to think they had got into a serious scrape. The lady suggested that they build up a rousing fire in the stove, and then, each man backing up as near the heat as possible, "melt the darned stuff off," as she said. This method was tried, but didn't work, as with the chairs fastened to them they couldn't get near enough to the fire. After they had sweat in the heated room for about an hour to no purpose, the wax retaining its relentless grip and connection, they saw no other way out of their awkward dilemma except to engage in a surgical operation. It was getting along toward morning, and daylight was near at hand. They realized that whatever was to be done must be done quickly. Their jack-knives were brought into requisition, and in a few minutes each fellow was released from his uncomfortable position. They left the young lady and the house in a hasty and uncermonious manner, with a cane patch on the rear of their unmentionables about the size of a full moon. Freeze-out games are not as popular as they were.

Warners.

A story is told of a little child who, having slipped on the sidewalk one frosty morning, stood and kept guard over the spot, warning all passers-by of the danger; and I doubt much if there were any who did not heed his advice.

And yet there are thousands of good men standing by every dangerous spot in the pathway of life, warning the inexperienced of the dangers of the way, and many are they who with a self-conceit almost unimaginable, pass on with a scornful laugh, and repent too late.

Or perhaps, although the danger of the place be great, they may not fall; they pass on to where another Good Samaritan is waiting to advise them; having gathered bravado, they pass on with a sneer as much as to say, "Oh! how weak are they who have fallen! I am strong, I can keep my balance," but sooner or later they will fall. It is inevitable; and the longer they continue this course the greater will be the shock and the more complete the destruction.

The little boy had his reward in seeing people act upon his advice; but those whole-soul generous men who are laboring for the good of unappreciating fellow-beings, seldom have this satisfaction. Yet let them work patiently and well; for they shall have their reward in the great hereafter as surely as those who heed them not shall be punished.

That Flour Trick.

Yesterday morning, says the Detroit *Free Press*, an innocent looking young man was loafing around the Central Depot with one of those small lung-testers, which throw a handful of flour into a man's face just as he imagines he is going to blow up to one hundred and fifty pounds. There was an old man waiting around for the train to go, and he was at once attracted to the machine. He saw others blow, and when told it would not cost him a cent, he pitched in. He was allowed to blow two or three times, and then the young man told him to put in a regular hurricane, and beat everybody by five pounds. The old man threw back his coat, got the pipe in his mouth, and then his eyes opened like traps as he sucked in all the air he could. After a second or two he let go, and the flour struck him. He didn't say a word for a moment. He softly laid down the pipe, winked his eyes, and spit flour, and as the roar of laughter increased, he backed up against the wall and said: "You kin laf, and laf, but I swan to gum I'll lick somebody for that, even if I don't never lead another class meeting!" And he did.

A Wonderful Inventor.

The New York *Sun* gives a biography of an inventor who has done more for the world than the world has done for him. After making half a dozen scientific improvements in mechanics, any one of which would have made another man's fortune, he has gradually fallen to the position of tender of a stage door in a New York theatre. His name is Freligh. When twenty years old he invented a diving dress, for which he got $600—about the only reward he ever obtained. He served his apprenticeship at the Novelty Iron Works, and afterward obtained a position as engineer of the Jersey City Ferry Company at $600 a year. For inventing the revolving grate for ferry-boats, the superintendent gave him a pair of patent leather boots; for inventing an apparatus to heat water by waste steam and save ten per cent. in fuel, he received a double-barrel shot gun; when he built a model for a Spaniard who wanted a boat of light draught and immense carrying capacity to navigate the shallows of the Amazon, and was about to sign a contract to construct a flotilla of such vessels, the Spaniard was murdered in a cigar store; when four years later, he invented a "combination gauge" to indicate the action of the force-pump, the temperature of the water in the "hot-well," and the density of that in the boiler, a Scotchman stole his discovery and patened it in his own name; when he compounded a lubricator for locomotives, the General supply Agent of the Erie Railroad refused to accept it unless he was paid a bonus of $6,000. And, lastly, after a day had been appointed by Jas. Fisk, jr., in which Freligh was to receive $30,000 in stock and money for the secret of the compound, Stokes interfered and murdered the only man who had promised him fair treatment. To such a man the facts have done their worst.—After a series of disappointments, no wonder that the poor man takes his stand at the door of a theatre, satisfied that the shams of the stage are more substantial than the gratitude and honesty of the world.

Limit Your Wants.

Lord Bolingbroke, in his "Reflections upon Exile," says: "Our natural and real wants are confined to narrow bounds, while those which custom and fancy create are confined to none." Young men who are just entering upon life, and forming the habits which are likely to adhere to them to its close, will do well to treasure up in memory these true and instructive words of one of England's finest writers and most philosophic statesmen: "Our natural and real wants are confined to narrow bounds." It is surprising how little it is that is absolutely essential to man's existence, and, if he will take an intelligent and considerate view of life, to his comfort and happiness. Intellectual enjoyments are comparatively cheap. The cultivation of the mind, which afford the highest and the only enduring satisfaction, can be pursued on an income quite insignificant for the supply of luxuries. Our physical wants are very few, if we preserve our tastes simple, as they are by nature. To eat, to drink, to exercise, to sleep, to keep warm, and to be sheltered: a small sum will supply all these necessities. The pleasures which are pure, and which tend to our improvement are within the reach of almost every one. But the wants which fancy and custom create, as Lord Bolingbroke well says, are confined to no bounds. It is against these that young men on the threshold of life should sedulously guard. Beware of luxurious and expensive habits. The gratification of them may cost you much of the labor and time which, if given to intellectual cultivation, would be far more conducive to happiness. It is easy to do without that which you have never indulged in. It is hard to leave off habits, however extravagant and absurd. When you are to decide about adopting a mode or style of living, consider well whether it is certain that, without inconvenience, you will be able always to preserve it. The only safe rule is, to keep your wants within narrow bounds.

Children's Ways.

Gail Hamilton, writing of children says; "I should be sorry to say anything that might aid or abet our idle, lax and worthless American fathers and mothers. But it is an indisputable fact that children do take an immense deal of spoiling without permanent injury if there is good stock in them. Nature seems to think more of substance than training, for she gives children to people when they are freshest and strongest. It is delightful to see children always behaving with perfect propriety and politeness; but if they kick, and cuff, and scream, and grab, all is not lost.—There is a certain governor whom, not having seen, I love, because he sends word to his son that his grandson is the best little fellow in the world if you do not thwart him, and always obedient if you do not hurry him about it. The baby in breeches was standing by my chair, and I clandestinely snatched a kiss, whereupon he drew his hand and gave me a smart slap on the cheek. It was in my heart to retort with a thump, but I refrained, and by and by, when I whispered, "Why did you strike me?" he answered innocently.—"Because you stole a kiss.' Innocent as an angel, for it was pure frolic, and no malice and rudeness at all. But we expect to take liberties with children, and then have them perfectly wise and aware of the exact degree of respect to be observed toward ourselves."

CONTRAST.

There is happy sailing for others
Adown life's calm, sweet seas,
Whose boats are gayly dancing
Before the fragrant breeze;
There are adverse winds and a billowy sea,
And storms, and clouds, and gloom for me.

Some walk 'long paths all fair and sweet,
Abloom with countless flowers,
And scarce can tell which first to pluck
In all love's radiant bowers;
I walk along a thorny road,
Bearing a cross—a heavy load.

Some have their homes all bright with love
And kisses and fond good-byes,
That only makes short absence sweet,
And tearless, sparkling eyes;
There's a dear one's grave on the hill for me,
And rest, sweet rest, beyond the sea.

I, too, had countless treasures once,
More than my heart could hold;
Love scattered its pearls down at my feet,
And crowned me with its gold. [Death,
My pearls were gathered by the demon,
My gold was tarnished by his breath.

God, steer my boat adown the sea,
Through all the murk and gloom;
Help me to walk along the road
Where not one flower doth bloom;
Open the pearl-gates 'cross Death's sea,
And give my darling back to me.

Home and Happiness.

There can be no doubt that the truest happiness is ever to be found at home.—No man without a home can be long and truly happy. But the domestic group can be productive of happiness only when it is assimulated by affection, and kept in union by discreet friendship. Then it tends to produce as much happiness as this world is capable of; and its sweet repose is sought for by all sensible men, as even by the wisest and the greatest. What can be compared in our intercourse of life with the attentions on our family, with their exhilerating smiles and undissembled love? All this raises the gentlest and most pleasing emotions, and calls forth all the sentiments of uncontrolled nature. What are the raptures of ambition, the pleasures of fame, the delights of honor, in comparison with this? Utterly worthless and insipid.—Hence it is that we see senators and heroes shutting out the acclamation of an applauding world to partake the endearments of family conversation, and to enjoy the prattling of their children in their harmless pleasures. This is one of the purest sources of mirth. It has influence, too, in amending the heart; for innocence is communicated by coming in contact with it; and the sweet simplicity of children tends to purify the heart from the pollution that it has acquired from moving in the world and mixing with men. Into what an abyss of moral degradation should we not be sunken were it not for women and children. Well might the Great Author of evangelical philosophy have been delighted with the presence of children and found in them—what he in vain sought among those who judged themselves their superior—goodness and virtue. Cicero, with all his liberality of mind, felt the tenderness of mind, felt the tenderness of home attachment. At one time he acknowledged that he received no satisfaction in *any* company but in that of his wife, his little daughter, and—to use his own language—"his *honied* young Cicero." Sir Thomas Moore, with his great powers of mind, devoted a great share of his time—because he knew it to be his duty and felt it to be his delight—to the amusement of his children. Homer, in his Iliad, in the parting interview between Hector and Andromache, has interested the heart of the reader in his terrible hero by showing the amiability of his Trojan chief, by depicting him, while sanding completely armed for the battle field, taking off his helmet that he might not frighten his little boy with its nodding plumes. How refreshed are we by this scene of domestic love! And how pleased to see the arm which is shortly to deal death and destruction among a host of foes employed in caressing an infant son with the embraces of paternal love.

Faith At The Last.—To encounter death, to go forth to the last dread scene with no strength but that of nature, is hopeless work. There must be the living might of faith to make the soul victorious. To millions of men the fear of death has cast a dark shadow over life, but faith has made the soul victorious over it. The marvels which this faith has wrought in various departments of life are written for our encouragement. It has shut the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, turned back the edge of the sword, and subdued kingdoms. But nowhere do we see its conquering force more than in life's last scene. It makes timid men bold, and feeble men more than conquerors.—It brings God to the soul's help, opens it to the prospects of a better world, and gives it foretaste of the future.

Two of 'Em.—A young fellow, whose better-half had just presented him with a bouncing pair of twins, attended church on Sunday. During the discourse the clergyman looked at our innocent friend, and said, in a tone of thrilling eloquence, "Young man, you have an important responsibility thurst upon you." The newly-fledged dad, supposing the preacher alluded to his peculiar home event, considerably startled the audience by exclaiming, "Yes, I have two of 'em."

Where Hair Comes to a Head.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes: "I have recently learned some interesting facts respecting a manufacture in which every female head throughout the land is interested, namely, the preparation of human hair and its transformation into switches, ringlets, etc.—The largest establishment of this nature in the world exists in Germany. It is situated in a town called Wetzlar in the valley of Lahn. It is the depot to which the traveling collectors of hair bring their wares to dispose of, and so extensive are its transactions that their wares are arranged in bales, each containing three or four hundred pounds of hair. These bales each contain a heterogeneous mass of human locks of every shade and texture, from raven black to flaxen blonde, from horsehair coarseness to silken fineness.—This is the material in the rough, and very dirty and disgusting are often the peasant-grown tresses when brought into the factory. But fear nothing, ladies fair, respecting the cleanliness of your alien locks; all the hair is thoroughly boiled before being placed in the hands of the work girls of whom about six hundred are employed in this establishment. The hair when dried and smoothed, is then carefully sorted according to color and length.—Good brown hair of average length is worth about $75 a pound; the highest priced hair is pure white, long tresses of which are sold, not by the pound but by the single hair, each hair being valued at half a cent. The most valuable of the natural hues is pale gold; a switch of that color was displayed valued at nearly $600, even in that wholesale mart. The greatest curiosity there was a switch of light brown hair measuring six feet in length, and for which $100 had been paid to the original owner thereof; this unparalleled braid is not to be sold, but is to be reserved for exhibition at our centennial.

Needle-work.

Needle-work is thus gracefully eulogized by Nathaniel Hawthorn, in the "Marble Faun:"

"There is something exquisitely pleasant and touching—at least of a very sweet soft and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needle-work, distinguishing men from women. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women, be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with artful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill up the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasions; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual flaw in her dress. And they have the advantage of use in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences do much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of common union with their kindred beings. Me thinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied.

Excitement and Short Life.

The deadliest foe to man's longevity is unnatural and unreasonable excitement.—Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be expended or husbanded rapidly, as he deems best. Within certain limits, he has his choice to move fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one; but when his stock is exhausted, he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtasks himself, indulges in no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no deliberating pleasure, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps his "accounts with God and man duly squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the longest possible limit which it is possible to attain while he who intensely feeds on high seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labor, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, give loose rein to his passions, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten his days.

A Sharp Rebuke.—Detroit Judge to Daniel Smith: "Whiskey is what ails you, sir, and if some good kicker would get hold of you and boot you from Hamtramack to Springwells, it would do you more good than a run of the fever. When I see a young man like you loafing around in rags, eyes red, nose red, boots out, pockets empty and feathers in his hair; I wonder why the lightning ever strikes any one else. Take him back, Bijah, and when the Marie starts make him waltz up lively."—*Free Press.*