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Poetry.

[From the Illustrated Annual.]

IT NEVER PAYS.

It never pays to fret and growl
When fortune seems our foe;
The better bred will push ahead
And strike the braver blow.
For luck is work,
And those who shirk
Should not lament their doom,,
But yield the play,
And clear the way
That better men have room.

It never pays to wreck the health
In drudging after gain,
And he is sold who thinks that gold
Is cheapest bought with pain.
An humble lot,
A cosy cot,
Has tempted even kings,
For station high,
That wealth will buy,
Not oft contentment brings.

It never pays! a blunt refrain
Well worthy of a song,
For age and youth must learn this truth,
That nothing pays that's wrong.
The good and pure
Alone are sure
To bring prolonged success,
While what is right
In Heaven's sight
Is always sure to bless.

A SECOND LORLEI.

Unfortunately for myself and everybody who ever saw me, I am very beautiful. It is not egotism to make that remark, for I had plenty of mishaps on account of my looks, and every ill that can befall a family has been laid to the score of "Frank's terrible appearance." When I was a child everything went wrong. Once on a ferry boat a young and lovely lady, petting and talking to me, became so interested that she quietly backed off the edge, and only the presence of mind and daring of her husband rescued her in a very damp and choking condition. Nurse scolded, mama raised her hands in horror, and the lady gave me the name of "Lorlei," which I have ever since retained.

I was a continual source of anxiety lest I should be kidnapped by some childless people, and made into a circus-rider, or an heiress. My life was miserable, with the guard set around me, to say nothing of a dozen or two toilets a day, my hair to be combed and brushed incessantly, and myself kissed and fondled like a lap dog. It grew no better later. My sister happened to be very plain, and I couldn't help it if I got all the invitations, boquets, and proposals and they received none. To make it worse one of my admirers died of heart disease, and left me the large fortune that should have gone to his sisters; and then they loved me excessively, of course!

I combed my hair in the most horrible way I could invent, wore stiff collars up to my ears, plain dresses of sober color, made faces at myself in the glass by the hour, and all to no purpose. My hair would turn into the cunningest little rings about my forehead, and fall down in a golden mass of curls just at the wrong time. The neck above the ugly linen no amount of sun could make other than white and wellturned: and the clumsy dress hid a form of the most perfect mold—stately, smooth and rounded as only a healthy English girl can ever hope to be.

I couldn't have any girl friends, for without meaning it I captured their lovers; they grew jealous and called me names; and the attachment usually ended in a storm of tears and reproaches on the one part, dismayed repentance on the other. I couldn't have a gentleman friend, for, if single, he proposed in a month, and if married, the wife came to the rescue, and I got the worst of it. I tried one plan, and you shall have the result: I cut my hair off nearly close, and mercy me! I had done the business. I was handsomer than before! I looked a very picture of mischief, for my hair curled tighter than ever, and my eyes would dance, spite of all the sober books I read, and all the sad things I tried to think of. I took aunt Hetty into my confidence, one day when she came to the city to buy some furniture for her country house, and promised that as soon as her sons started for school, I would be with her to spend the summer. I made my preparations secretly, and only on the day of my departure asked and received permission to go unwatched and alone. Used to my freaks, mamma asked no questions, but gave me some advice—"to wear a thick veil in the cars, not to take my gloves off, and not to wink at any one." As though I ever knowingly did wink!

My own sister would not have known the little brown mouse of a girl that sat so demurely in the car on its way to Rockbridge. I had ordered a wig made of bright red hair, and it was a very marvel in its way. Short, crisp, fiery curls covered my head closely, well down on the neck, and twining lovingly around my ears. A dress of waterproof of the most ungraceful cut and make, green glasses, shoes and gloves, two sizes too big, and with the exception of mouth and complexion, I was hideous. Aunt would not believe that it was myself, until I had shown her my bright eyes, and spoken to her several times.

There was not a soul on the place that had ever seen me, except aunt and uncle; and as they called me 'Lorlei,' the servants never suspected that I was Frank Morrison they had heard so much of from the young masters. There were few neighbors, and I rather avoded them. For the first time in my life I was ugly, and consequently happy. I rode the horses, sat on the barnyard fence during the milking, fed the chickens, ate apples and new butter, took long walks in the woods, and my big feet and scarlet hair never invited a second glance from any one I passed. What happy, jolly days they were to me, only those who are blessed with too much beauty and long to flee from the consequences can imagine.

One morning I took a book, and going through the orchard, followed the stream to a favorite nook, lay down, and laughed the pretty musical laugh that was at once a pleasure and a bane. I laughed to think of myself in this rig in an opera box; and looking at the water, I said, "Why not be a 'Lorlei' for a while?" No sooner thought than done. Off came the clumsy shoes and knitted stockings, and holding my dress up I went splashing in the shallow waters. I stepped on a big stone; it rolled with me, and I sat down cosily in the middle of the brook, wet to my waist, and my dismay finished by the heartiest laugh you can imagine. Looking at a part of the bank that I had not before noticed, I saw a gentleman, in sporting dress, holding a fishing-rod in hand and waving the other at me in the most genial and pleasant manner. It might have been that my eyes did not match my hair; at any rate, I fancied that he stopped laughing rather suddenly, and coming close down to the water stood eyeing me inquiringly. I had been angry at first; but my usual sense of humor came to my aid, and sitting there with the lapping water full about me, I held my sides, and laughed with him until I was tired, and my cheeks glowed like two roses.

"Well," he finally said, stopping to laugh at every word or two "you have succeded in your loudly expressed wish, and made a veritable 'Lorlei' of yourself."

"Did you hear me?" I asked, feeling for the first time a little shy, and rising slowly to my feet. He saw that I could not come out of the water in my bare feet, and laughing still, he answered:

"Yes. But I fear you will continue a water-nymph until I am gone, so good-bye. And as suddenly as he had come, he disappeared.

I put on my shoes, and made the best of my way back to the house. Aunt Hetty laughed at me when I told her of my adventure, but stared when I described the man.

"Bless me, child, she said, it is Walter Gray, who lives on the next farm, or rather owns it, and lives in New York. I did not know he was at home."

The days flew by on golden wings; every one seemed more happy than the last. I took an apronful of peaches and a book, and lay down in the hammock under the elm for a lazy time one morning. I was scarcely settled when I heard auntie calling me, and then steps coming near to me. I raised myself, who should it be with her but that Walter Gray! He laughed heartily on recognizing in my auntie's voice the 'water-nymph,' but soon made me feel at ease by his courteous and merry manner. He had come over to see if he could buy a cow of uncle, and over the merits of butter and milk we grew quite friendly. Auntie would have him stay to lunch, and I tried to enact the country girl, and be as awkward as possible. Two or three times I almost betrayed myself by some unguarded remark; but by dropping my fork, upsetting my milk, and knocking my chair over when I rose, I managed to seem ill-bred enough to suit my coarse frock, absent collar, and tumbled hair.

To my utter astonishment, Mr. Gray asked me to go to a pic-nic, at the school house the next day. While I was staring, first at him and then at myself in a glass, aunt Hetty quietly said, "She will go with pleasure.' I was ready to beat her, but beyond a few muttered words, I said nothing until he was gone. Then I made a few remarks to her which made her look so sorry, that I kissed her and promised to go peaceably.

I made myself look as countrified as possible, next morning, and my looking glass told me that I was no longer even passable. Mr. Gray made no remark about my appearance, except to ask if the glasses were absolutely necessary, and on my gravely assuring him that they were, he helped me into the carriage, and away we went. How I enjoyed the glances the girls gave me, and their evident contempt for my dress and manner! I found myself alone with Mr. Gray, toward the end of the afternoon, and we sat down on the moss at the foot of a tree for what I called a good talk. His manner had been perfectly kind and courteous, and he had done everything in his power to make me forget the difference between myself and the pretty country girls I had met. After a little I forgot my part and letting the glasses fall unheeded in my lap, I pulled off the yellow cotton gloves I had worn all day, and lying backward, clasped my hands above my head, contentedly. After a minute he said:

"Maggie Thorne is entirely thrown away on that old man. What a life for a bright fair woman to live, shut away in that quiet house."

Following his glance toward the house on the other side of the road, I lazily answered:

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

The look of utter amazement on his face was too funny as he gasped out:

"Miss Lorlei what are you? Hideous and lovely at the same time, an uneducated country girl firing Shakespeare at me in that style. You wear these green glasses all the time, and yet I have noticed you can see much farther and better without them. You have the most exquisite hand I have ever seen, and your feet are large enough for a man. You bow like an empress, and tumble over your dress the next minute. I can't understand you.

I kept my face through all his speech; and then gave him answer, pulling on my gloves:

"I don't know what you mean by Shakespeare, and you need not insult my feet.—I can't help their size. What made you bring me, if only to tease?" And without further ceremony I left him more mystified than ever.

I saw him very often in the next two months, and learned to like him very much for his kindness to my awkward self. How much I liked him I scarcely knew, until a letter from mamma came, saying that summer was long over and people were growing very curious as to my whereabouts.—With a cold sick feeling at my heart, I took the letter in my hand, and went through the orchard to the place where I had played "Lorlei" for the benefit of Walter Gray. Bitterly I regretted my masqurade, for I thought he could never be brought to like the red-haired, clumsy girl he had pittied and been kind to.

I lay on the grass crying, holding in my hand some of the dead leaves lying all about me, and thinking how like my own hopes they were. How long I lay there I do not know, till some one dropped on the grass by me, and a cool, soft hand held my own.

"Crying! water-nymph? and before I knew it I found myself close held by two strong arms and a dear voice speaking to me.

"Your aunt says you are going away, Lorlei; going away to be educated, and taught many things it is right for you to know. I dare not let you go, little one, until I ask if you will think of yourself as my own Lorlei, and try to become as graceful outwardly as your pure, good heart and natural abilities will let you. I have learned to love you very much, and will let me hope, will you not?"

For all answer, I lay quiet, looking up in his face, and thinking how nice it was and fearing to break the spell by showing him my real self.

"Do you like this awkward, ugly, clumsy, red-haird girl?" I finally managed to ask, with a long-drawn breath of satisfaction.

"Stop the adjectives," he answered, closing my mouth gently with a caress (and how glad I was my mouth was pretty!)—"At times you are more graceful than any one I ever saw, and as for the hair.—"

I sat up eagerly, and asked:

"You like yellow hair don't you?"

"Yes," he said wondering at my eager look and manner.

"Turn your head away, and promise not to look," I said, turning his head so that he could not see me.

"I promise," came the voice I was waiting for. With trembling hands I took out the pins, unfastened the elastic which held my red wig, and pulling it off, turned his face toward me. He looked as though he had seen a ghost, and stared at the red hair in my hand and the golden on my head, in mute astonishment.

"Yes, it's mine," I said, answering his look; and I pulled one of the short curls hanging over my eyes. "And I can dance and sing, and play the piano, and I love Shakespeare!" I could get no further, for reason lovers can perhaps explain; and when, an hour after, in my pretty white ruffles and womanly finery, I crept into the sitting-room, I found Aunt Hetty talking to Walter, and saw him gravely kiss her hand as he came toward me. When I saw the light in his eyes as he looked at me, for the first time in my life I thanked God for my glorious beauty.

There was a grand time when I went home, and for awhile my "unfortunate appearance" ceased to be the general theme of conversation.

My first anxiety, when nurse brought me my little Fannie to look at was whether she was pretty. I need not have troubled myself. Her nose is flat, her mouth is wide, and only her blue eyes and sunny temper keeps her from positive plainness. She has relieved me from all fear of perpetuating the race of "Lorleis."—*The Aldine.*

LIFE TOO SHORT, YET WASTED.—Pliny makes a striking computation in regard to the shortness of life. I never recall it without being powerfully impressed by its truth. "Consider," he says, "the time spent in sleep, and you will find that a man actually lives only half this space. The other half passes in a state resembling death. You do not take into account the years of infancy, which are destitute of reason, nor the many diseases and the many cares of old age, those penalties of longevity. The senses grow dull, the limbs are racked, the sight, the hearing, the power of walking, the teeth also, die before us; and yet all this time is reckoned in the period of a life." But, short as life is at the best, those who complain of its brevity let it slide by them without wishing to seize and make the most of its golden moments. How much time do we waste in indecision, in vain regrets, delusive hopes, and ungrounded fears! What a vast portion of our precious existence is wasted in mere waiting—"waiting for something that seems necessary for our happiness, and the want of which prevents us from enjoying the present hour."

"Stick to Your Bush."

A rich man, in answer to the question how he became so very successful, recited the following story:

"I will tell you how it was. One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to pick blackberries. I wanted to go with them, but was afraid father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself. I rushed out into the kitchen, got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out at the door gate when my father called me back. He took my hand and said in a very gentle voice, "Joseph what are you going to do?" "To pick berries," I replied. "Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this; When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to seek a better one. The other boys and girls will run about picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and getting a few berries.

"I went and had a capital time. But it was just as my father had said. No sooner had they found a good bush than he called all the rest and they left their several places and ran off to the newly found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had very few berries. My father's words kept running in my ears, and I 'stuck to my bush.' When I had done with one I found another and finished that; then I took another. When night came I had a large basket of berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basket full of ripe blackberries, and said, "Well done, Joseph. Was I not right when I told you to always stick to your bush?"

He died a few days after, and I had to make my way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sank deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the blackberry party—I 'stuck to my bush.' When I had a fair place, and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months seeking one a little better. When other young men said, "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and 'stuck to my bush.' Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I staid with the old house until the principals died, and then I had every thing I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto—"Stick to your bush."

Short Essays.

WHO is wise? He that is teachable.—Who is mighty? He that conquers himself. Who is rich? He that is contented. Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

CHARITY is never lost: it may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

GENEROSITY during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death. One proceeds from general liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

SELF.—Say nothing respecting yourself either good, bad, or indifferent—nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

VALUE OF TIME.—As nothing truly valuable can be attained without industry, so there can be no persevering industry without a deep sense of the value of time.

DISPUTES.—It is an excellent rule to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex as to convince an opponent.

SOLITUDE AND SOCIETY.—It is easy, in the world, to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Emerson.*

HONESTY.—There is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all things considered, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to be honest.

THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD.—A true Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do, while he remains in the body, but by the world *living in him.*

The world in the heart has ruined millions of immortal souls. How careful are mariners in guarding against leakage, lest the waters, entering into the vessel, should, by imperceptible degrees, cause it to sink. And ought not the Christian to watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet to his heart, and thus by entering in, bring him to destruction, both of body and mind. The world, and things of the world press upon us at all points. Our daily avocations, yea, our most lawful enjoyments have needed to be narrowly watched, lest they insensibly steal upon our affections and draw away our hearts from God.

Growling Pests.

It is a homely old saying, yet nevertheless a true one, that "you should never cross a bridge until you come to it." The application is so plain. A person moves into a new house in the winter-time, and finds it tight, snug and warm; there are no nocks or crannies for the wind to whistle through, and the person *ought* to be content, yet is he? Far from it. "If the house is so warm and tight in the cold weather, it will be stifling at the time the hot season comes," he argues. Perhaps the house is situated near the water, and he is told of the many fine chances he will have for sailing. "But a fine chance for mosquitoes," he replies. No use to tell him there is no mosquitoes in the winter, for he will invariably discount their appearance in the spring. He crosses his bridge ere he comes to it.

Haven't you generally noticed that those who *look* for trouble generally find it? *They make it for themselves.*

By the way these trouble-borrowers sustain their incessent murmuring; one would imagine they took pleasure in grumbling, and that their highest delight was to look for misfortune. If it is pleasant to-day, they take no comfort in it, for they assume that it will storm on the morrow. If the country is at peace, they prophecy a war by-and-by. Food and water may be plenty, but, of course, this very plenty is a sure sign of there being a famine in no great future.

If disappointment is the result of their raven-like croakings, and the future is as bright as the past they take no pleasure in it, but shrug their shoulders, elongate their faces, and exclaim, "Well such things cannot last forever."

Such individuals burry themselves alive in the world; they build a wall around them until they are shunned by those who believe the "good time coming," and who do *not* believe in crossing the bridge before they come to it.

Is it to be wondered at that there is so much trouble in the world, when so many inhabitants of it make this trouble for themselves and for others as well? If we do look forward, how much better is it to people the future with bright thoughts, pleasant ideas, and happy pursuits.

The poet says, "The world is full of beauty," but these heralds of gloom are enough to fill it with ugliness. They sour all its sweets, and, if they could, would transform the lovely country into a desert wilderness; they would turn honey into gall, and then would not be content, for they would not think the gall bitter enough and would strive to make it more so.

Means to Get Rich.

Ten or twelve years ago, says the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise*, there was a miner working in the upper levels of the Comstock at $4 per day. He lived in a little cabin down the canyon, did his own cooking, and whistled softly, "There's a Good Time Coming Boys." To-day that miner walks about the streets of Virginia City, as cordial as in the old days; he dresses no better than any ordinary gentleman of Virginia and eats no better food than a conscientious editor ought to have. And yet, as his fortune is rated in the stock-list daily, he is so rich that, were his stocks turned into money, he could lend Scott that $70,000,000 he wants and have enough left to live comfortable upon. He could, unaided, go down and open at his own expense, the Darien Canal, or, should his fancy run that way, he could advertise to-morrow that the Government, through him, had determined to resume specie payment, and pretty nearly make the promise good. He could endow a college in each State of the Union with $2,000,000 each, or could build a double track narrow gauge railroad from San Francisco to New York, and solve at once the problem of cheap transportation.—There is no telling indeed what he might do, but what he will do is apparent enough. He was here when thirty feet of ore near the surface was a big mine. At 1,500 feet he has found it three or four times as wide. He believes at 4,000 he will strike it 500 feet wide, and get rich, and he is going for it.

Where Convicts Come From.

A short time since, a young man, condemnd to die for the awful crime of murder, lay in a prison-cell, awaiting the day of execution. A kind lady, who heard of his condition, visited him several times, and and sought to lead him to penitence and faith in Jesus, as his only hope. On one occasion the lady was accompanied by her little son, who spoke kindly to the poor prisoner, and offered him some fruit. The man seemed much affected by the grace and gentleness of the child, and, drawing him towards him, said, as the tears ran freely down his cheeks:

My dear child, let me tell you what brought me here. It was disobeying my parents, then breaking God's holy day, and lastly, drinking and gambling; that grew out of the other two. Never forget this, if you would not dare be where I now am: and tell your playfellows to take warning by my sad fate. Always obey your parents; never drink a drop of anything that can intoxicate; keep holy the Sabbath day, and turn, as from the evil one himself, from any one who would persuade you to enter a gambling house, or engage in a game of chance. These are the things that fill the prisons of earth, and crowd the gates of hell with victims.—*Young Reaper.*

How Dr. Bethune was Found Out.

On one occasion, when the Doctor was a resident of Philadelphia, he went for a few days of rest to a trout stream he had heard of in the interior of the State. Arriving, an entire stranger, at a house kept by a man who had been accustomed to entertain those who came there to fish, he was coldly received. The man told him frankly that he had attended a protracted meeting during the winter, that he hoped the Lord had forgiven his sins, and he had joined the Methodist church, and meant to give up going with the kind of men who came up there to fish.

The doctor's humor overcame his scruples so far as to gain admittance for the night, and, the next morning, succeeded still further, prevailing upon the man to go out with him and show him the best places of the stream. They spent most of the day together, and on returning to the house in the afternoon, the man slapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Doc, I like you,'" "Why, do you like me, my friend?"—"Well, Doc, I'll tell you. We've been out a'most all day, we havn't caught much, you fell in and got wet, and I havn't heard you swear once."

After supper, as the doctor was smoking his pipe in front of the house, his host came out and with some hesitancy said "Doc, since I jined the church I've had prayers every night; we are going to have them now, and may be you wouldn't object to come in."

"Certainly not, my friend," and he went in to listen to the reading of a passage in a broken way and to join heartily in a good old Methodist hymn. During the singing the man watched him closely, and at the end said anxiously, "May be you wouldn't mind leading us in prayer?"

The doctor knelt and offered one of those full and hearty, yet simple supplications, which are so well remembered by all who knew him. He was hardly seated in front of the house again before the man reappeared, saying: "Doc, I kinder suspicion you." "What do you suspect me of? Nothing bad, I hope!" "No, nothing bad, may be I'm wrong, but I kind o' think you are a minister."

"What makes you think I'm a minister?" "Well I'll tell you; I haven't hearn you swear since you came; then the way you jined in the hymn; then the way you prayed, made me think you were a minister."

The doctor laughed heartily as he acknowledged he was indeed a minister.

A Corpse in the Air.

The Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* writes:

"One of the strangest and most horrible of sensational incidents took place the other day at Puteaux. A party of children who were playing in the environs discovered floating in the air, and partly entangled amid the tranches of a tree, a white parcel upbourne by means of some twenty or thirty little red toy balloons, which were attached to it. The attention of the police being called to this singular object, it was brought down and the package opened, which proved to contain the corpse of a new-born infant. Investigations into the matter brought to light the following facts: The child was that of a poor toy-maker and his wife. Just after the confinement of the latter, the husband had died suddenly, and all the household goods and chattels had been seized for rent. The unhappy woman was driven mad by this accumulation of misfortunes; she killed her infant, and then went out and threw herself into the river, leaving behind her a written paper, in which she declared her intention of committing suicide, and said that she 'had gotten her baby all ready to go up to Heaven.' A sadder tale, with a stranger termination, it would be hard to find. The toy balloons evidently had formed part of the dead husband's stock in trade."

Good Nature.

Be good-natured if you can, for there is no attraction so great, no charm so admirable. A face that is full of the expression of amiability is always beautiful. It needs no paint and no powder.

Cosmetics are superfluous. Rouge cannot improve the cheeks, nor lily white mend its complexion. Its loveliness lies beyond all this. It is not the beauty, that is but skin deep. For when you gaze into the face of a noble-hearted man or woman, it is not the shape of the features you really see, nor yet the tint of the cheek, the hue of the lip, or the brilliance of the eye.

You see the nameless something which animates all these, and leaves for your instinct a sense of grateful fascination; you see an indescribable embodiment of the heartfelt goodness within, which wins your regard in spite of external rules of the æsthetic. Cultivate good nature, therefore. It is better than "apples of gold set in pictures of silver," for gold will take to itself wings and fly away, silver will tarnish in time, and both, when abundant, lose their comparative value; but good nature, never, never loses its worth, never abandons its possessor to the mental poverty of the malicious—never loses its hold on the esteem of the world. It is always in fashion and always in season. Everybody admires it, never grows stale. It costs little to acquire and nothing to keep. Yet it is beyond diamonds, in its worth to its owners, and can neither be stolen nor lost, however neglected. Surely this is a jewel that merits a protection. Possess yourselves of it, young woman; no talisman will find you so bewitching in the judgment of the sensible among the other sex.

How He Began.

"Lend me a postage stamp, Hal,' said Nicholas, as he was folding a letter to send home. "I am out of stamps and charge. I will pay you back when my next allowance comes.'

Hal handed over the stamp, and then went on with his writing. Nicholas mailed his letter, and thought no more of the stamp. Hal did not care, so you think there was no harm done. But there you made the mistake. He had defrauded his schoolmate out of three cents, and he had added another link to a chain which was fast binding him. Evil habits are so easy to form, but so hard to break up. The next time he borrowed ten cents, "just till to-morrow, when he would get a bill changed." Then he made himself noted in school for borrowing pencils, pens, knives, and such like school-boy possessions; and several of the most obliging boys had lost considerable by him. At last it grew the custom to decline when he wished to borrow. But there were generally new boys coming from time to time, who had to find out his propensities for themselves.

If you had called Nicholas a thief, I suppose he would have repelled the idea with scorn. But he was, for all that. The habit was growing upon him daily. He grew very reckless of the rights of others. He was always a borrowing as a boy and as a young man. His acquaintances grew shy of him, and crossed over on the other side rather than run the risk of being importuned for a "short loan.' He obtained a situation in a bank, and in an evil hour was tempted to enter into a speculation "that would surely make fifty thousand dollars.' He "borrowed' twenty thousand from the bank secretly, intending to return it in the same way as soon as his fortune was realized. But his scheme failed, and the wretched young man fled to avoid exposure. He was arrested, however, and consigned to a felon's cell, leaving a stricken household to the grief and shame with which such an act must overwhelm them. It was the natural end of the habit of borrowing and not returning small sums.—Boys, let the strictest honor characterize your dealings, down to the smallest particulars.—*School-day Magazine.*

The Way a Governor Courted.

This is the way Governor Chamberlain of South Carolina did up his courting, and the kind of a woman he won. The story is told by a Washington correspondent:

In the album of a lady friend he came across the picture of a young girl, with sweet, pure eyes and hauntingly lovely face. In his undemonstrative manner he asked her name and whereabouts, and, without stopping to ask the advice of any "mutual" friend, determined to see if the real picture compared favorably with the ideal, and if so, and the thing were possible, to gain the young lady for his bride. He saw and was conquered, not only by the personal beauty of sweet Alice Ingersoll, but by her additional charms of mind and manner. He saw her but twice and hardly seemed to notice her, addressing but very little conversation directly to her, but immediately upon his return to Columbia wrote her a letter such as girls dream about as coming from their ideal lovers; and sweet Alice, astonished, pleased, delighted that such a reserved, intellectual man should be charmed by her beauty and simplicity said, "Yes," and they were married three or four months afterward. Miss Ingersoll, was the daughter of an eminent lawyer, who was at one time Attorney-General of the State of Maine, and a warm friend of Senator Fessenden. After the father's death their ample income ceased, and the eldest daughter determined to put her fine education to some practical use. Accompanying her mother she came to Washington, and both obtained positions in the newly-organized Banking Bureau, over which Mr. McCulloch was then Controller. For years the girl, fresh from school, occupied a clerical desk, making the lone room all the brighter for her presence.—She was then a slender, golden-haired girl, with large blue eyes, shaded by dark lashes, dark penciled eyebrows, white teeth, and complexion of that vivid pink and white which the partial gods bestow upon New England girls, and no others. Now she is a splendid looking, matronly woman, with complexion unimpaired, a youthful bloom undimmed, and with happiness written on every feature.

A Mule Willing to Go.

A bad little boy in Portland lit a pack of shooting-crakers and threw them into the street to see them 'go off.' One of Ike Batman's mules came along and swallowed them before they 'went off.' The mule walked about fifteen feet and stopped.—Things wasn't acting right inside. He began to taste the smoke of fire-crackers.—He laid his left ear around against his ribs, and heard something. It was them crackers having fun. The mule picked out about three and a half miles of straight road and started. A negro met him about a mile on the other side of the almshouse, going South, white with perspiration, with streams of smoke shooting out of his nostrils, mouth, and ears, while his tale stuck straight up, and a stream of blue smoke followed in the rear. Ike found his mule yesterday morning sticking half way through a farm house near Paddy's Run, still smoking. The man had got his family out and put 'em up into a lot of trees.—Ike hauled his mule home, when he got cool enough, on a dray. The man is going to move his house further back off the road, and his wife and oldest daughter will be baptized when the water gets warm.