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Poetry.

NEVER SAY FAIL.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Keep pushing—'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming and sighing,
And waiting the tide!
In life's earnest battle,
They only prevail
Who daily march onward,
And never say fail.

With an eye ever open,
A tongue that's not dumb,
And a heart that will never
To sorrow succumb,
You'll battle and conquer,
Though thousands assail;
How strong and how mighty
Who never say fail!.

Ahead, then, keep pushing,
And elbow your way,
Unheeding the envious,
All asses that bray;
All obstacle vanish,
All enemies quail!
In the might of their wisdom
Who never say fail.

In life's rosy morning,
In manhood's fair pride,
Let this be your motto,
Your footsteps to guide:
In storm and in sunshine,
Whatever assail,
We'll onward and conquer,
And never say fail!

LOST AND FOUND.

I was a young physician, not over burdened with practice, when I sat half dozing in my office one stifling August afternoon, and was roused by a bustle in the street, and a cry:

Here's a doctor! Ring the bell!

By the time the ring was answered, I was wide awake, and had "my professional expression" on. Two men came in, and one held in his arms a limp, senseless figure, a boy about three years old, covered with the blood flowing from a gash in his head. I took the little fellow in my arms and carried him to a sofa, while the men brought me water, and seemed deeply interested in all my movements.

A broken arm and a deep cut on the head kept me busy some time, but at last my little patient was made as comfortable as possible, and was moaning with recovering consciousness.

How are you far to carry him? I asked of one of the men.

We don't own him, was the answer.—He was running across the street, and a horse kicked him over. Jim, here, indicating his companion, he picked him up, and I came along to help to find a doctor, 'cause Jim can't read.

Needn't a-shoved that in! growled Jim, turning red. Poor little chap, how he groans!

I will give him something to quiet him presently, I said, and will send word to the station-house if his name is not on his clothes.

The men departed, and I lifted my charge once more and went up stairs, to my mother's room, over the office.

It did not take many minutes to enlist her sympathies, and we undressed the child and put him in her wide bed, hoping to find some mark upon his clothing. There was none, and when I saw this I spoke frankly.

Mother there is just one chance for the little fellow's life, and that is, perfect quiet. He will have fever, probably be delirious, and to carry him to a hospital, or even to his own home, may be fatal. I will send word to the station-house, and then——

You know I will nurse him, John, my mother said. If his mother comes, she must do as she thinks best; but, until she does come, leave him to me.

I wrote a description of the child's long brown curls and brown eyes, of the delicate suit of white linen in which he was dressed, and sent it to the station-house.—No call being made in three days, I advertised him for a week, and still he was not claimed. It was very strange, for the child's pure delicate skin and dainty clothing, seemed to mark him as the child of wealth.

But while he lay unknown, my little patient was struggling hard for life, against fever and injuries. He was delirious for many days, calling pitifully for mamma! pretty mamma! begging her not to go away, and making our hearts ache by often crying, Oh, Aunt Lucy, don't beat Freddie! Freddie will be good; or Grandma! grandma! don't don't! in cries of extreme terror.

Mother would get so excited with indignation over those cries, that I saw the child had won a fond place in her warm heart.

He has been ill-treated, John, the pretty darling! she would say. I hope the cruel people who could hurt such a baby will never find him again.

She would rock him in her own motherly arms, would spend sleepless nights watching beside him, petting and foadling him till he seemed even in his delirium to to know her love, and would nestle up to her for protection against the phantoms of his own fevered imaginations.

The second week of his stay with us was closing, and Freddie had regained his reason and was on the road to recovery, when one morning a carriage dashed up to my door, and two ladies alighted.

They wore rustling silks of the latest fashion, and were evidently mother and daughter. The youngest lady was very beautiful, a perfect blonde, and dressed in exquisite taste.

Doctor Morrill? inquired the elder lady.

I bowed.

We called in answer to an advertisement regarding a child, my grandson. You will probably think it strange we have not been here before, but we were obliged to leave the city the day before he was lost, and have just returned. The nurse who had him in charge ran away, and, while we supposed him safe at home, he has been lying in a hospital, perhaps dying.

We were nearly distracted on our return said the young lady, when we missed our darling; but an inquiry at the station-house sent us here. The officer also showed us your advertisement. Where is our darling child?

He is here, I answered, under my mother's care, and I am happy to say, doing well.

An unmistakable look of disappointment crossed the faces of my visitors, but the elder one said:

Can we see him, doctor?

I asked permission to announce their coming to my mother, and left the ladies alone. When I returned, after some five minute's absence, I was struck by the change in their faces. The younger one was pale as ashes, and the older one had a set, hard look, of determination, as if nerved by some sudden resolution.

I led the way to my mother's bedroom, where Freddie was in a profound slumber. The younger lady shrank back in the shadow of the bed-curtains, but the mother advanced and bent over the child.

There was a moment of profound silence then in a hard voice the old lady said:

I am very sorry to have put you to so much trouble, Doctor Morrill. This is not the child we lost.

A heavy fall startled me, and I turned to see the young stranger senseless on the floor. Her mother spoke quietly.

The disappointment is too much for her. We so hoped to find our grandson.

I did not reply. The delirious ravings of the child were still ringing in my ears as he pleaded with the harsh grandmother and aunt. I did not believe the old lady's statement, but having no proof to the contrary, was forced to accept it.

Long after my visitors had departed, the beautiful blonde still trembling and white, mother and I talked of their strange conduct.

It is evident they wish to deny the child, I said.

I am glad of it mother replied. We will keep him, John. He shall have a grandmother to love, and not one to fear.

So the Summer and early Autumn wore away, and Freddie was dear to me as if he had claim of kinship. His rare beauty, his precocious intellect, and his loving heart had completed the fascination commenced by our pity for his suffering, weakness and loneliness. He called us Grandma and uncle John, and clung to us with affectionate caresses.

We tried in vain, from his childish prattle, to gain some clue to his parentage or relatives. He told us his papa had gone, far, far, off, and mamma had gone to papa; so we concluded he was an orphan, and I often heard mother telling him of the beautiful heaven where his parents waited for their little boy.

Of his grandmother and aunt Lucy he spoke with shrieking fear, and seemed to have an equal dread of Susan, whom we judged to be the nurse. Susan was talking to a tall man, he told us, who boxed his ears and told him to go home, when, trying to escape, he ran under the horse's hoofs and was hurt.

Being blest with health, mother and I had quite decided to formally adopt pretty Freddie when he had been a little longer unclaimed in our home. The convalescence of the child requiring fresh air without too much exercise, I made a habit of taking him with me in my daily drive to visit my patients.

Jerome, my coachman, was very fond of Freddie, and very careful, so I was not afraid to leave my little charge with him while I was indoors, and he was very happy chatting with the good-natured Irishman and waiting my coming.

It was early in November, and mother had dressed Freddie for the first time in a jaunty suit of velvet, with a dainty velvet cap over his brown curls, when one morning I sent him out with Jerome until I was ready to start. Looking out, I saw him to the black dress, never ceasing his loud cries of—

Oh, mamma! It is my mamma come home to Freddie! Mamma! pretty mamma!

The sound rang through the house, reaching my mother's ears, as she sat in her room, and entered the office just as Jerome deposited his burden in an arm chair. Comprehending the situation at a glance, mother tenderly removed the crape veil and bonnet, loosening a shower of brown curls round a marble-white face still insensible.

You see, sur, said Jerome, Masther Freddie had just given the horse the last of the carrot, and was running up and down, when the poor crather threw up her veil, gave one screech, and would ha' fallen on the ground if the tray-box and I hadn't a-cotched her atween us. Do you think sur, it's his mother?

At that moment the stranger opened a pair of large eyes, as brown and soft as Freddie's own, and murmured, in a faint voice—

Freddie! Did I see my boy?

Then her eyes fell upon the child, and in a moment she was on her knees before him clasping him to her heart, kissing him sobbing over him, till mother broke out crying too, and I was obliged to assume my "professional expression" by sheer force of will.

Come, come, I said gently, Freddie has been very ill, and cannot bear so much excitement.

This quieted the mother in an instant, and she rose, still holding the child's hand in her own.

It is my boy! she said, looking into my face.

Freddie, I asked, is this mamma?

Yes, said the little fellow, decidedly; of course it is! My own pretty mamma come from Heaven.

She reeled back at the innocent words, and would have fallen had I not caught her, and put her once more in the arm-chair.

Come from heaven! she repeated, with ashy lips and gasping breath. They told me he was dead, my boy Freddie—that he was run over and killed. The nurse saw him fall under the horse's feet.

But you see he was not killed, mother said, in a gentle tone, but is well and strong again.

And then, motioning for me to keep silent, mother told the widow of the child's injuries and recoveries, of the winning ways and our love for him.

And you kept him and nursed him she said, kissing mother's hands. Oh, what can I ever do for you to prove my gratitude? Freddie, my boy, how you must love the kind lady?

Yes, assented Freddie; that's grandma, and here's Uncle John! and I was dragged forward.

I cannot understand it all! the mother said. Did no one know he was here—my mother-in-law? Will you let me tell you, she added, looking at mother and myself, how my boy was lost?

If you will drink this first, I said, giving her a quieting drink.

She obeyed at once, and taking off Freddie's cap, and lifted him to her lap while she told her story. When we saw the two fair faces so close together, any lingering doubt we might have had of the stranger's claim vanished at once. Even in parent and child the resemblance between the woman and her boy was wonderful. The same brown hair and eyes, the same child-like expression, marked both countenances. Even to the pallid, wasted look of recent suffering the resemblance was perfect.

I must tell you first who I am, our visitor said. I am the widow of Carroll West who died with fever in New Orleans, only two weeks ago. He was taken ill in July, and I was telegraphed to come to him.—We had parted, she added, turning to mother, because his business called him to New Orleans, and he was afraid to have Freddie and I go there in summer. But when I heard he was ill, I went to him by the next steamer, leaving my boy with my husband's mother and sister. I knew they were not very fond of him, but I had no choice. I dared not take him to New Orlean in July, and I had nowhere else to leave him. I found my husband very ill but he was recovering, when he had a relapse. He rallied from that, and took cold, over-fatigued himself, bringing on a second relapse that proved fatal. During all his illness I heard only twice of Freddie; once that he had been killed in the street. I came home only two days ago, and they would tell me nothing of where my boy was buried—nothing but the bare fact of his death. I—I—oh, do not blame me! I was on my way to the river to end it all when I met Freddie!

Mother looked at me and whispered:

The grandmother who beat Feddie has driven her mad. Let her stay with me, while you try to find out something about her.

But I have no right to force myself into her private affairs, I said.

She is Feddie's mother! That gives you a right.

It would be tedious to tell in detail all the long conversation that followed, but, authorized by Mrs. West, I called upon her husband's lawyer, and there heard her story.

I think, the lawyer said, confidently, that the Wests are the proudest people I ever knew. Proud of their family, their money and their beauty. Carroll West was the only son, Lucy the only daughter, when the old man died. He left a considerable fortune, but Carroll has increased his share of it to immense wealth, his mother was very desirous of having him make a great match, and proportionately furious when he married a little dark eyed seamstress, of no family in particular, and sewing for a living.

I thought of the exquisite face, the low, tender voice of Feddie's mamma, and mentally applauded Carroll's choice.

Carroll, continued the lawyer, had sufficient good sense to keep up his own establishment until he went into a heavy cotton speculation that called him to New Orleans in the heat of summer. Then he left his wife and child under his mother's care, and before he went he made his will. Now doctor, said the lawyer, speaking very slowly, and with marked emphasis, that will leaves half his fortune to his wife, half to his child, but in case of the death of the child, the half that is his goes to Mrs. West and her daughter Lucy. If the mother dies, all goes to the child, to revert again to the Wests if he dies without direct heirs. Do you see.

I did see! I saw again the hard determined face leaning over the sleeping child, denying him; the weaker woman sanctioning the deceit, but falling senseless in the room. I understand now the disappointment that had greeted the tidings that the child was neither dead nor dying, but recovering. It was all clear now, but I shuddered as I recalled the mother's face when she confessed that she had contemplated suicide rather than bear her widowed, childless lot.

We could never tell whether the unnatural grandmother and aunt would have risked a legal investigation. The recognition between mother and child was complete, and the clothing we had carefully preserved was fully identified. Mrs. West did not return to her mother-in-law. For some weeks she was my mother's guest, and my patient, being prostrated with low, nervous fever, and then she rented the house next our own, her own claim and Freddie's to Carroll West's property being undisputed.

We were warm friends for two years, and Mrs. West, senior, with the beautiful blonde, were occasional visitors at the widow's house, but when the violet and white took the place of crape and bombazine, I ventured to ask Adelaide West if a second love could comfort her for the one she had lost, and my mother became Freddie's grandmother in truth, when his "pretty mamma" became my wife.

Mrs. West is dead, and Lucy married to a titled Italian, who admired the blonde beauty, but unlike many of his compatriots, finds the lovely lady fully able to take care of her own interests, and guard her money against his too profuse expenditures.

Other children call me papa, and Adelaide mamma, but I do not think I give any of them a warmer or truer love than I feel for brown eyed Freddie, who was lost and found

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A few passers-by stood near, making various suggestions, and Nat looked gravely over Jerome's shoulders, as if he could say a great deal if he had the inclination.

Bring her in, Jerome, I said.

I'll do that same, sur, was the reply, as Jerome lifted the little figure like a feather-weight, and, crossing the pavement, came into the office. I shut out the curious people who followed, and Freddie clung fast to her skirts, sobbing—mamma! mamma!

The Stove and Furnace Trade.

There are in the United States about 350 founderies engaged in the manufacture of stoves and furnaces, using annually 500,000 tons of iron. Of stoves alone, it is estimated by Mr. Perry, of Albany, who is regarded as the best authority upon this subject, that the 275 foundries engaged in the business in 1871 produced 2,200,000 stoves. This, of course, does not include heating furnaces. In 1830 the estimated number of stoves made in this country was 25,000; in 1840, 100,000; in 1850, 375,000; in 1860, 1,000,000; in 1870, 2,100,000—valued at $37,600,000. The value of heating furnaces annually made in the country will amount to $20,000,000. Forty years ago the amount of cast iron used in the construction of a house in Boston did not usually exceed in value ten dollars nor in weight 100 pounds.

Now the cost of the heating and cooking apparatus in a first class house frequently reaches $2,000, and in weight of material several tons. And if you build a country house costing $6,000 or $8,000 the stove dealer's bill will often amount to from $500 to $1,000 for what is deemed only necessary heating and cooking apparatus. Since the period first named this branch of the iron trade may be almost said to have been created, rising in value from a few thousand dollars to more than $60,000,000 per annum, and its consumption of iron, from a few hundred tons to an amount equal to one-fourth of the production of all the furnaces in the country. The number of stoves produced in 1874 is estimated at 2,695,165, valued at $46,063,000.

Explained.

Many people have been puzzled to decide why the dark wood so highly valued for furniture should be called rosewood. Its color certainly does not look much like a rose, so we must look for another reason. Upon asking, we are told that when the tree is first cut the fresh wood possesses a very strong, rose-like fragrance, hence the name. There are half a dozen or more kinds of rose wood trees. The varieties are found in South America, and in the East Indies and neighboring islands. Sometimes the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet in length can can be cut from one of these trees. These broad planks are principally used to make the tops of piano-fortes. When growing in the forest, the rosewood is remarkable for its beauty, but such is its value in manufactures as an ornamental wood that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly, now have scarcely a single specimen. In Madras, the Government has prudently had great plantations of this tree set out in order to keep up the supply.

American Wars.

WHAT THEY HAVE COST IN BLOOD AND TREASURE.

The subjugation of this continent has not been accomplished, as far as it has gone, without many struggles, considerable bloodshed, a vigorous amount of rascality as well as honest labor, and a large bill of costs—both in blood and treasure. War is a costly game, and the Anglo-American has played a strong hand and "bled' freely.—If, as a nation, we were not practically without neighbors to quarrel with, our first centennial aniversary would, without doubt, be more replete with the sickening memories of carnage. As it is, there is enough of it.

Two hundred years ago the struggling colonies of New England were smitten by the savages. "King Phillip's war'—the second "American" struggle—that known as the "Dutch war," occurred in 1673, while the Indian outbreak was in 1675.—Then came the wars during the reigns of King William and Queen Anne in 1689 and 1744. The French and Indian war occurred in 1753; the Revolutionary struggle began in 1775; followed by another Indian collision in 1790; the Barbery war in 1803; that of Tecumseh in 1811; the second war with Great Britain in 1812; with the Algerine pirates in 1815; and two with the Seminoles in 1817 and 1855. The Black Hawk war occurred in 1822; that with Mexico in 1846, and the gigantic struggle for the Union, in 1861. Since then we have had a number of Indian wars, requiring more troops then all that had gone before, but military operations have all been so dwarfed by the rebellion, that they are now passed by without comment.

At a moderate count the cost of our military fame since the first shot was heard at Lexington, "which echoed round the world," is modestly estimated at $3,308,352,706, and the time occupied in the four principal ones, at least, at fifteen and a half years. Probably we have done twenty years of serious fighting during the ninety-nine years of our national existence. Besides those enumerated, must be added the Corean conflict, and several other "spurts" in China and Japan that preceded it, and having marked our relation with those nations. For a comparatively young nation we have had a lively time of it.

The money total is but a bagatelle when compared with the lives that have been spent in the strifes referred to. The Interior Department some years ago estimated that 80,000 lives had been lost in the Indian wars. Since then the recorded and unrecorded deaths in the same way will swell the total to 100,000. The rebellion cost at least, North and South, a half million lives. Taking the other struggle named, it may be fairly estimated that not less than three fourths of a million persons have been slain in our colonial or national wars since the date given for the first one—1673. The larger portion have undoubtedly fallen since that April fight in 1775, and the greater portion have been offered as victims to the moloch of slavery, its early demands and its later treason.

Force of Imagination.

An esteemed friend of ours heard of the medical properties of a certain spring some distance from where she resided.

She had read a pamphlet that enumerated many diseases from which she recognized at least half a dozen with which she was afflicted. To her great joy she was told that her son had to call at the very town where the spring was located, and a five gallon keg and strict injunction were laid upon him to bring back some of the water.

The keg was put into the wagon, and slipping under the seat was quite overlooked. The business was urgent, and took some time to perform it, and the water was quite forgotten. He had got near home in the evening, when feeling down under the seat for something, his hand struck the keg. To turn back was not to be thought of, and to admit his stupidity was impossible. He therefore drew his horse by the side of a well, near which was the old sweep well from which the family drank for a century, and filling the keg went home. The first question put to him was.

"Did you get the water?"

"Yes," said he, "but darned if I see any difference in it from any other water." And forthwith the keg was brought in.

A cup was handed to the invalid, who drank with infinite relish, and said she was surprised her son in not seeing the difference. There was undoubtedly a medical taste about it, and it dried up as other water did, when she had always heard of mineral water.

Her son hoped it would do her some good, and by the time the keg was exhausted she was ready to give a certificate of the value of the water, it having relieved her of all her numerous ills.—*Waverly Magazine.*

CURE FOR A FELON.—As soon as discovered, take some spirits of turpentine in a cup, dip the finger in it, and then hold the hand near a hot fire till dry; then dip it in again, and repeat for fifteen minutes, or till the pain ceases. The next day with a sharp knife, pare off the thick skin, and you will find something like a honeycomb filled with clear water, open the cells and the felon is gone. If the felon is too far gone for turpentine, oil of origanum, treated in the same way, will cure. If too far advanced for either to cure, the felon will be benefited, as it will be less painful.—Never draw it.

Stay Where You Are.

One of the greatest drawbacks to prosperity is the restive, roving, and unsettled spirit of the people. Each one imagines that there is an El Dorado somewhere, or that some section is more prosperous than his own, and that he must get to it before he can accomplish anything. The idea unsettles him, and if he does not "pull up" and migrate at once, he is forever thinking about it, and neglects to improve his present home and farm. The delusion has been wide spread since the war, and much individual disaster has been the result.—The curse of Reuben seems to rest upon the people. The terrible "Texas fever," which so raged a few years ago, caused untold families misfortune, and ruined many excellent farms and good farmers.

It is a great mistake. Contentment is the great secret of life. Old Horace struck the right key when he said: "Happiness depends not upon place nor climate, but upon the state of one's mind." "Rolling stones gathers no moss," and the experiment of selling out and moving, in the hope of bettering the condition, often ends in bitter disappointment and irretrivable loss. Thousands in the South can testify, from experience, to the truth of this assertion.

Better stay where you are. If you are in a good community, and your lands have bottom, drive down your pegs and locate. Remember there is more in the man than the land, as old Jones said on returning from Texas, after a terrible failure, to the worn-out homestead which he had sold, and found it blooming like a garden. Right-up the old dwelling, renew the out-buildings, pailings, fences, and barns; spend a few dollars in white paint, and give the premises an air of cheerfulness. Cultivate less ground, and make it richer every year. Make plenty to eat and some to sell, and let your cotton crop be clear profit. Plant fruit trees, have your rye, oats, barley, wheat and clover patches, fine horses, fat cows and rich butter. Give your wives and daughters flower gardens, and assist them in collecting a good assortment of roots and cuttings. Do these simple things, and our word for it, your houses will take new hold upon your affection, and, instead of the rickety, dilapidated estaplishments and solemn, hungry-looking countenances so common in our country, we will find comfortable and inviting homes, where all is love, contentment, and happiness. It will be like a Colchian enchantress infusing new juices into the veines for the prolongation of life and youth. Try it.—Turn over a new leaf and begin anew.—Fear God. Love your neighbors, your wives and children, and don't try to get rich in any one year. Teach your little ones to love their homes. There is a word of melody and sentiment in that immortal old ballard,

"Mid pleasures and palaces, where'er we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

Perils of Precocity.

Baillet mentions one hundred and sixty-three children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian so vaunted by their father did not reach their tenth year. Hermogenes, who at the age of fifteen taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die at an early age, but at twenty-four lost his faculties and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pico di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannus Secundus at twenty-five, having at the age of fifteen composed admirable Greek and Latin verses and become profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius developed itself when ten years old, did not attain the third of a century.

In 1781, a child was born at Lubeck, named Henry Heinneked, whose precocity was miraculous. At ten months of age he spoke distinctly, at twelve learned the Pentateuch by rote, and at fourteen months was perfectly acquainted with the Old and New Testament. At two years he was as familiar with geography and ancient history as the most erudite authors of antiquity. In the ancient and modern language he was a proficient. This wonderful child was unfortunately carried off in his fourth year.

Depths of American Lakes.

There is a mystery about the American lakes. Lake Erie is only 60 to 70 feet deep; but lake Ontario, which is 592 feet deep, is 230 feet below the tide-level of the ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of St. Lawerence; and the bottom of Lake Huron, Michigan and Superior, although the surface is much higher, are all from their vast depths on a level with the bottom of Ontario. Now, as the discharge through the river Detroit, after allowing for the probable portion carried off by the evaporation, does not appear by any means equal to the quantity of water which the three upper lakes receive, it has been conjectured that a subterranean river may run from Lake Superior, by the Huron, to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is not impossible, and accounts for the singular fact that salmon and herring are caught in all the lakes communicating with the St. Lawerence, but no others. As the Falls of Niagara must have always existed, it would puzzle the naturalist to say how these fish got into the upper lakes without some subteranean river; moreover any periodical obstruction of the river would furnish a not improbable solution of the mysterious flux and reflux of the lakes.

How to Get Rich.

He had saved a few hundred dollars before he was twenty-five years old, at which time he bought a farm, paying for what he had, and then finding he spent too much time in cooking he married a strong, healthy woman, leaving the hayfield an hour and a half to have the ceremony performed, when he returned to his work, and his wife went in the kitchen to get dinner.—Of course they could not afford a bridal trip nor anything of the kind, nor could they afford to have children, and they lived forty years blessed with health, working all day long, wet or dry out doors and in. Churning, wood-sawing and shelling corn were done after dark.

They always had apple sauce and never wanted butter; salt pork answered instead of beef and fish; potatoes instead of eggs; and if they thought they needed doctoring they drank thoroughwort and catnip tea, and soaked their feet in warm water. Of books they had no need, because they had no time to read, though they made out to read the tracts given them, so that nothing might be lost. They never attended church, because they had money which they could worship, and they could not afford to give to the poor some day. For quarter of a century he hauled hay twenty miles to market, getting $8 to $10 a ton, all of which was saved since he carried his victuals in a round box, and bed clothes, so that he could sleep in the wagon.

Ten years ago he was sixty years old, and he was so crippled in various ways with hard work, having varicose veins and ruptures and some other little things, and their farm which had become the best in the county, was sold bringing over $40,000, and this with their extra stocks made up a value of over $50,000, all of which was put into Government bonds, and then they were making money faster than ever. He bought a small place of twenty acres of choice land, which they worked to the best advantage, keeping cows, hogs and poultry. He is now seventy. They rise every day at four o'clock, when he goes to work, allowing himself half an hour at noon, returns from work at dark, milks, feeds the hogs, churns, shells corn, and pursues the even tenor of his way. In every particular she is his mate, the house is neat and comfortable, no little children ever get things out of order, visitors seldom appear, but if they do the food is extra; almost as good as they have at home. Now the shadows are falling, the light of life begins to glimmer, but they are rich, and why should they not be happy? But there is one drawback. What is to become of their money?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Patriotic Fanaticism.

Fatigued and exhausted by forced marches, a regiment of the infantry of the guard of Jerome, the Ex-King of Westphalia, arrived before the monastery of Fugueiras, in Spain. The colonel of the regiment, a Frenchman, sent in an officer to demand of the prior the necessary refreshment for the men, as well as for the staff, consisting of about twenty officers. The prior, with some of the monks, came out to meet the General, assured him that the inhabitants of Figueiras would provide for the soldiers, but that he himself would prepare a frugal meal for the staff. The prior's offer was accepted. Captain Korff received from the General some commissions for the regiment, and about an hour afterwards it was announced to the prior that the dinner was to be served up in the refectory of the monastery. The General, who was aware that the French in Spain had reason to be on their guard in eating and drinking what was offered by the natives, invited the prior to dine with them; he and two other monks accepted the invitation, in such a manner, as to leave no doubt that he felt himself much flattered by it. After the officers had taken their seats, the prior said grace, and with his two brethren, who poured out the wine, drank plentifully with his guests. The General expressed his satisfaction to the prior, whose kind reception had surpassed all expectation.—Suddenly, however, the cheerfulness of the prior was changed into profound seriousness; he rose from his seat, thanked the company for the honor they had done him, and concluded by asking "if any of them had affairs to settle in this world?" adding, with emphasis, "this, gentlemen, is the last meal you and I shall take on earth; in one hour we shall all be before the Judgment Seat of God!" Cold and trembling, horror seized the amazed guests; for the prior and his two monks had poisoned the wine in which they had pledged the French officers. All the antidotes given by the French physicians were in vain. In less than an hour, every man of them had ceased to live.

LEAF AND FLOWER IMPRESSIONS.—Oil a piece of white paper on one side; hold the part oiled over a lamp or pine knot, smoke till quite black; place the leaf on the black surface, as the veins and fibres of the leaves show plainer on the under part; now press in it on all parts of the leaf with the fingers; then take up the leaf and put the black oiled sides on the page of a book (made for leaf impressions) with an extra piece of nice paper on the top to prevent smutting the opposite page; press it in a few moments; then remove the green leaf, and the immpression will be left on the page as beautiful as an engraving. Flowers of single corolla can be pressed in like manner. Many of the geranium leaves make beautiful impressions. The impression book can be made still more interesting by giving botantial classifications of each leaf and flower.