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# The American Union.

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## Poetry.

### YOUTH'S DREAMS.

BY JENNIE CARTER.

How bright the untried future seemed,
When years ago we sat and dreamed,
In youth's sweet morning hours!
With not a thought of weary pain,
Which riper years bring to their train,
To bright hope's fairest flowers.

With eager eyes, yet half afraid,
We scanned the time, then just ahead;
When happy girlhood o'er,
School-days all passed, books thrown aside,
Our little barque should stem life's tide,
And unknown shores explore.

Those years rolled on; we have attained
To womanhood; the heights are gained,
Which once seemed far away;
Do hopes in full fruition lie?
No, they were only born to die—
Frail blossoms of a day!

On! we have learned that human life,
Is one of care, and pain, and strife;
That only now and then
A sunbeam o'er our path will stary,
To cheer awhile our darkened way,
Then quickly fade again.

And though the dazzling visions grand,
That floated through youth's fairly-land,
Have vanished long ago;
If Christian faith and hope unite,
They'll bring to view a fairer sight,
Than ought on earth below.

## THE GRASS WIDOW.

BY MARGARET BLUNT.

It was a pleasant looking old kitchen, that of the red farm-house, on the hill—the house just shaded by the encircling arms of four great maple trees.

A pleasant kitchen, clean, and orderly, and neat, as a kitchen should always be in the house where a mistress, and not a servant-maid, is the presiding genius of the scene. The floor was painted yellow, and was clean enough to 'eat off of,' as the country people say. The walls were papered with a pretty pattern, crimson roses on a deep buff ground, that gave a home-like, cosy look to the room, a warm look, moreover, that was decidedly agreeable now that the cold nights of November were just about drawing in.

A great cooking stove stood in one corner of the room; opposite a cupboard whose glass doors displayed a goodly store of delf and china, one set of which appeared to be very valuable, for it was evidently of foreign manufacture. It was a curiosity in its way. Red rosebunds, on a translucently white ground, with the initials 'T. & M.' flourished all over each cup, and plate, and saucer, in twining tendrills of a true-lover's knot. It had been the gift of the handsome young sailor, Tom Parke, to his wife Mary on their wedding day; and he had brought it over from Canton, where it was made, through many an ocean storm to place it on the tea-table of their farm-house home upon that wedding night.—Each piece of porcelain had its own particular story to tell, its own peculiar remembrance to evoke. And, therefore, Mrs. Parke never used it now, and turned her eyes toward the glass cupboard that held it as seldom as she could. The pleasant kitchen was her own favorite sitting-room, and she would have moved the Canton china out of that cupboard into another in the square room,' if she had only dared. But some strange feeling, of which she was more than half ashamed, seemed to stay her hand: It was Tom who had first placed the cups and saucers there; Tom who had spent an hour or more on the morning after their wedding in deciding where each particular dish should stand. They had been taken down and used now and then, and washed, and wiped, and put carefully back in the same places during the ten years of her married life. For five years she had been what her neighbors called a 'grass widow,' and the cups and saucers stood there yet. If ever she thought seriously of moving them, a handsome, grave face seemed to rise up suddenly before her, and a pair of deep blue eyes looked into her very soul—the eyes, the face of Tom Parke as her lover-husband twenty years ago!—Was any wonder that the Canton china remained there still untouched?

On the night of which I write, Mrs. Parke sat alone in her kitchen, listening to the sighing and 'soughing' of the rising wind among the maple-trees and the orchard on the garden side. There was no fire in the great cooking stove, but on the broad brick hearth a bright blaze snapped and cracked, much to the content and pleasure of the old tabby cat curled up in a heap before it, with her kitten for a pillow. The firelight danced and flickered in every nook and corner of the room, showing the china behind the glass doors of the cupboard; the six Windsor chairs and the oaken dining table, with its cloth and tray neatly folded on the top; it sparkled on the open work-box that stood on the little sewing stand by the widow's side, and gilded the red peppers hanging in strings above the chimney piece.

More then all, it shone fairly and broadly on the widow herself, as she sat looking thoughtfully into the blaze and showed a woman of thirty-five, fair, buxom, and comely, with deep gray eyes and soft brown hair, a beaming good tempered look, and yet a mouth that closed somewhat firmly in spite of the ripe lips and their fresh color. Not a bad-looking dame, by any means was Mrs. Parke; and when you remember that the farm of seventy acres was all her own, together with the comfortable house and all its plenishing, you will not be surprised to hear that if Tom Parke had but been taken to the spirit world suitors without end would have applied to take the land and all things else of value 'at the halves,' provided the good looking mistress of the house was included in the bargain.

Every one said and thought that it was a great pitty Tom Parke could not 'step out' and give his wife a chance to try her luck again. Did Mrs. Parke think so too? No one knew. No one had ever heard her say.

Tom Parke had been a handsome, careless sailor when he married her, and grew handsomer and more careless as the days and years went by. Whose fault it was none but the married pair could really say, but the new home was not long a happy one, and as no children came to bind them nearer together, husband and wife fell farther and farther apart, and at last separated by free and mutual consent. Tom Parke went to sea once more, and cruised here, there, and everywhere, as his fancy led him. Mrs. Parke stayed quietly on at the farm, and with the help of her uncle, who lived in the house with her, managed the things so admirably that she grew quite rich. And five years went by without a word or line from Tom. No one knew certainly that he was alive. No one could swear that he was dead. Two more years and his wife, or widow, might legally suppose him gone to 'Davy Jone's locker,' and marry again if she chose to do so.

Would this be her choice? Even her old uncle could not tell. Her husband's name was never mentioned by her. No allusion to him was ever made in any way in that house, which had once been his happy home.

And yet, on this night, as the widow sat alone, her face was grave and sad, and her soft, gray eyes had an absent, far-away look in them as they gazed into the depths of the fire. Tom Parke had never liked to sit beside a cooking stove, and to please him, the fire-boards had always been taken down in the fall of the year, and the fire lighted on the hearth in the good old fashioned way. And this had been done again to-night, for the first time that year.—Where was he while the blaze flashed so cheerily? Tossing high on the angry waves as his good ship rolled and staggered round Cape Horn? or down, far down, beneath those waves, silent and still forever?

'Poor dear Tom!' said Mrs. Parke with a quivering sigh. And tears began to fill the soft gray eyes at the thought.

A knock came at the outer door.

Her uncle was up stairs asleep in his own bed. It was nearly ten o'clock—a late hour for any neighbor to be dropping in, to borrow the newspaper, or hold a friendly chat over the blazing fire. But Mrs. Parke was not one of those silly women who are afraid of a shadow, and so she went at once and opened the door.

A tall, stalwart man stood there in sailor's dress.

Her heart gave a great bound, but grew quiet again when she heard the tones of the rough, coarse voice.

'Does Mrs. Parke live here?'

'She does.'

'Can I see her?'

'I am Mrs. Parke.'

'Then I have a message to give to you, ma'am—from my captain.'

'Captain who?'

Captain Parke, ma'am—him as was your husband,' was the gruff reply.

*Was!*

She asked him in as civilly as she could, and gave him a chair before the blazing fire. His face was nearly covered by a forest of red hair and whiskers, but in her agitation she scarcely looked at him.

'Was, did you say?' she asked. 'Has anything happened? Is—is my husband—

'Now, don't you take on like that, ma'am,' said the gruff voice, with a touch of kinkness in its tone. 'I can't a-bear to see a woman cry. It just about kills me.'

'Is he dead? Tell me that,' she cried.

'No.'

She drew a long, deep breath, and sank back into her chair, the color coming back into her lips and cheeks by faint degrees.

'Dashed if I can make it out anyway,' said the sailor, with a wondering look.—'The captain he says to me: 'You go and find her out, Jack, and tell her so and so from me. But if you hear as how she is married, or likely to be, along of my not heaving in sight through all of these years, why then just keep your tongue in your head, and sheer off as fast as you can before you make any mischief for her.' Them was the captains's very words, ma'am, and I more than half expected I'd have to go back and leave my errand as it was. But you look as if you liked the captain yet—upon my soul you do!'

'Like him!' said Mrs. Parke, with an indignant glance. 'Why shouldn't I! What do you mean? Isn't he my husband?—Who has a better right, as you call it, to like him than I?'

'Right you are ma'am,' said the sailor, exultantly. 'And glad enough am I to have such good news to take back to the captain. You see, ma'am he knew just how handsome and pretty you are, and he was afraid that you might have a grudge against him, on account of your quarling, when you were both too young to know any better. And so he says to me 'Jack,' says he, 'if you find she has a kind look or word for me still, tell her I behaved like a brute to her in the old days, but if she'll only forgive me for it, and take me back again, I'll make it all up to her, on my soul I will,' and I do believe he will! For he would just give his eyes to see you as I am seeing you now, would the captain—I know he would! What am I to tell him?'

'Tell him! Why did he send you at all? Why didn't he come himself!' cried Mrs. Parke, springing to her feet. 'How can I tell you? No one ought to hear what I have to say, except him, and no one shall! Where is he? Take me to him.'

'Will you go with me, ma'am! Will you really, said the sailor, springing to his feet in his turn.

'Of conrse I will.'

'When?'

'Now.'

'It is late ma'am you know, and I am a stranger.'

'I don't care if it is midnight. And he is your captain! I'm not afraid to go with you. Let me get my bonnet and shawl.'

'Wait one moment, ma'am,' said the man hesitating. 'He told me to tell you all.'

'Tell it, then.'

'He has been very sick. His health is poor, and he has lost his strength.'

'He shall be well cared for here. Let us go.'

'And—an—an accident, ma'am on board ship—he lost his arm—

'Oh, my poor Tom!'

'And a leg, ma'am.'

The soft gray eyes were full of tears.

'And—and—an eye; and he has to wear a black patch all over the side of his face, where the gunpowder blew him up,' the man went on.

'Tom! Tom! Oh, how you have suffered, poor dear!' she was crying.

'And he said I was to tell you all, ma'am before you came anigh him. The ship is lost; he hasn't a penny in the world, and he isn't strong enough to work now.'

'Oh, why do you keep me awaiting here? she cried. 'Let me go to him! Poor, sick, blind, maimed—and I not to know! Poor Tom! Dear Tom! Take me to him at once, if you have any mercy in your heart! Come, I am ready now!'

She ran into the other room, and came out again wearing her bonnet and shawl.

Where was the sailor?

A red wig and whiskers lay on the floor, in company with a slouched hat and an old pea jacket. And on the hearth stood a handsome, stalwart man, in a naval uniform his limbs sound his face clear and fair, his blue eyes bright and beautiful as ever.

'Mary!' cried the old musical voice that she remembered so well. 'Forgive me for trying you so—forgive me all! Oh, my darling wife, the future shall atone for the past, if love and truth can make you happy!'

'Tom—dear Tom!' was all her answer. And then he had her in his arms, and their lips met in a kiss that sealed the pardon of both!'

'Mrs. Parke's uncle was somewhat astonished when he got up the next morning and saw the new inmate of the household. And three old bachelors and four widowers could look forward hopefully no longer to the 'seven years,' for Mrs. Parke was no longer a 'grass widow,' and seemed most provokingly well satisfied to find these things 'thus,' as poor Artemus Ward used to say.

### *Hints to Young People.*

Those who deserve nothing should be content with what they get.

Those who complain most of poor fare abroad, seldom have good fare at home.—That is so.

That gentleman who would impose his company upon a lady shows a lack of manliness and bravery upon his part.

A gentleman on being rejected by a lady should never treat her unkindly but quietly withdraw.

There is no better way of showing a lack of good moral culture than to be always gigling among strangers.

If we wish to live happy during our sojourn upon earth, we must seek our employment in those labors which are best calculated to make others happy.

If we wish to still continue to live after we have been dead a thousand years we must render heroic deeds of virtue worthy of a place upon the brightest pages in the history of passing events.

Ladies and gentlemen should never trifle with each others affections.

It is not only very unbecoming but highly productive of ill feeling for ladies and gentlemen to persist in that practice of false badges in each others clothes.

THE TOOTHACHE.—A correspondent says: After suffering excruciating pain from this ache, and having tried in vain to obtain relief, Betty told me a gentleman had been waiting sometime in the parlor, who said he would not detain me one minute. He came—a friend I had not seen for years.—He sympathized with me, while I briefly told how sadly I was afflicted. "My dear friend,' exclaimed he, "I can cure you in ten minutes.' "How? how?' inquired I; "do it, in pity.' "Instantly,' said he. "Betty, have you any alum?" "Yes.'—"Bring it and some common salt.' They were produced; my friend pulverized them, mixed them in equal quantities, then wet a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powders to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth. "There,' said he, "if that does not cure I will forfeit my head. You may tell this in Gath, and publish it in Askelon; the remedy is infallible.' It was. I experienced a sensation of coldness on applying it, which gradually subsided, and with it the toothache. Easily tried.

### *Finding O uthe Secret.*

Mrs. Brown and her gossip, Mrs. White, were conversing about husbands and the secrets of Freemasonry. Mr. Brown was a Freemason; and the fact of not being able to share the secrets of the order with him made Mrs. Brown very unhappy.—She was pouring out her grief to Mrs. White, and saying for the thousandth time, "I wonder what they do in the lodge room?'

"I have no doubt but it is dreadful,' replied Mrs. White. "But if my husband was a Mason, I'll bet I'd find out what he did.'

"But how?' They dare not tell.'

"Ah, but I'd make him tell.'

"How! oh, how?' asked Mrs. Brown, anxiously.

"Hush! I'll tell you; but don't breathe it for the world, because it's a secret.'

"No, no; I won't.'

"Well, do you know that tickling a person's ear when they are asleep will make them talk.

"No. Will't, thou?'

"Yes. Now you wait till Brown comes home from the lodge next time, and have a broom straw in bed with you. When he gets asleep you tickle his ear with it gently and he will begin to talk about what he has been doing in the lodge, and in this way you can get the whole of the business out of him.'

"Gracious me? You don't say so, Mrs. White?'

"To be sure I do. I always get my husband's secrets out of him in this way.'

"I will do it!'

"And you'll tell me all about it, won't you?'

"Certainly. But you must never say anything about it?'

"Oh, of course not. I'm very close mouthed,' replied Mrs. White, earnestly.

So it was agreed upon, and they separated. But unfortunately Mr. White had overheard the conspiracy, and lost no time in imforming Mr. Brown, who laughed heartily over it.

A few nights after Mr. Brown attended a meeting of his lodge, and his wife was all anxiety regarding it. On retiring, she armed herself with a spray from her broom and wakefully waited for her lord and master to return. At last she had almost broken down the veil of secrecy which had troubled her so long, and her heart beat wildly when she heard him open the front door and come in.

Of course she preferred to sleep, and did not see the comical smile on her husband's face as he turned up the gas and began disrobing for bed. But he said nothing, and in a few moments he was comfortably tucked in and giving premonitory indications of approaching slumber.

Then Mrs. Brown opened her eyes cautiously, and convinced herself that he had gone to that land from which every sleepy husband never returns until some time next day. Cautiously she reached under the pillow, and took the broom straw from its hiding place. Then she reached over carefully and began to tickle her husband's ear, and he was all the while doing his best to keep from exploding with laughter

Finally he began to talk a little, and her ears were keenly alive to every syllable.

"Yes, he must die,' said he. "He betrayed our secrets to his wife. I've got to kill him—the lot fell on me.'

Mrs. Brown screamed and leaped from the bed, while her husband, unable to control himself, gave vent to his laughter and disturbed the neighbors for the next ten minutes. But they never came to any understanding about the strange affair. She never asked him what he was laughing at, and he never inquired what it was which made her scream and leap out of bed so quickly.

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. White don't speak now. She thinks Mrs. White played a joke on her, and she seems to have lost much of her anxiety regarding the secrets of Free Masonry.

### *A New Way to Retain Subscribers.*

An indignant subscriber to the Elizabeth *News* came into the office a few days ago, and ordered his paper stopped, because he differed with Richard La Kue in his views of subsoiling fence rails. Richard conceded the man's right to stop his paper, and remarked, coolly, as he looked over his list.

"Do you know Jim Snowders down at Hardscrabble?

"Very well,' said the man.

"Well, he stopped his paper last week because I thought a farmer was a blamed fool who did't know that timothy was a good thing to graft on huckleberry bushes, and he died in less than four hours.'

"Lord, is that so?' said the astonished granger.

"Yes, and you know old George Erikson, down on Eagle Creek?'

"Well, I've heard of him?'

"Well,' said Richard, gravely, "he stopped his paper because I said he was the happy father of twins, and congratulated him on the success so late in life. He fell dead within twenty minutes. There is lots of similar cases, but it don't matter. I'll just cross your name off, though you don't look strong, and there is a bad color on your nose.'

"See here, Mr. La Rue,' said the subsciber, looking somewhat alarmed. "I believe I'll just keep on another year, I always did like your paper, and when I come to think about it, you're a yonng man, and some allowance orter be made,' and he departed, satisfied that he made a narrow escape from death.

### *A Monster Farm.*

The following are some of the figures of the monster farm of Illinois. We believe there is no like farm in the world for size or production. Three years ago it excited the admiration of an English company, who offered $1,500,000 for the land and improvements, which was then declined. The hard times have since thrown it into the hands of H. W. Sage, of New York, who has an interest in it of about $500,000. It cost $33,000 to put in this year's crops.

The Sullivan farm in Ford county, Illinois, about 100 miles from Chicago, is now in possession of Hon. Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, and is the largest farm in the country, if not in the world. Of these 40,000 acres, 18,000 are planted in corn, 5,000 in oats, and other crops, all the rest being in grass lands, say 17,000 acres. There are 200 miles in hedge. The farm has land equal to 64 miles in length by one mile in width. The land is divided into 8 sections, and covers 8 square miles with boulevards running along each two miles, so there is but one mile of roadway to the boulevard. The railroad passes through 14 miles of the land. There are now 23,000 acres in crops, and the rest of the land, except 60 acres in groves, is all in timothy. To take the corn from the cribs to the corn sheller requires 113 wagons. There are coal lands near at hand, and the coal costs but three dollars a ton. The working stock consists of 474 mules. Each of the 8 grand divisions is divided into 8 subordinate divisions, so that the men and beasts are all fed within one mile of each other, and no one has to go over one mile from the field to find food or rest. There is a large central office where reports are sent daily of all the work done. Each of the corn-cribs holds 6,000 bushels; 1,000 bushels of corn are shelled each hour and put into cars ready for movement. The corn sheller, necessary for the work, cost $20,000, and is not worked by steam. The work is all done by mules, and 12,000 bushels of corn are shelled each day.

Mr. Sibley has also the largest farm in New York, which covers 4,000 acres of land. The statistics on the Illinois farm are simply immense, and almost incomprehensible. It is not yet settled that such farming will pay, though it is reported that the famous Alexander farm of 17,000 acres has paid well at times. Taking into consideration uncertain weather and crops and wages, and markets, the work is greater than most men would like to handle. The elephant is often too big to manage.

As an incident of the times, we regret to learn that in many parts of the country great and small farms are being foreclosed. Capitalists have made large advances upon them, and been obliged to foreclose. Our insurance companies are full of evidence of these sad disasters, and they are the result of unwise investments, living beyond one's means, and expecting too much. Agriculture will pay like other professions in good hands, but it is also attended with the chances and risks which belong to trade and commerce. Farmers, like other people, have their good and bad years, and with them, as with others, mistakes alike in management and expectation, yield their natural losses.

### *The First Peninsular Camp Meeting.*

REV. FATHER BOEHM'S RECOLLECTIONS OF IT—REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.

The first camp meeting that I remember was held on the Peninsula, between the head of Chester and Smyrna, 1805. There were a number of tents on the ground in which families dwelt, and the preachers of the region were generally present. Dr. Chandler was in charge. A remarkable phenomenon took place while the meeting was in progress, which I remember with great distinctness. A minister was preaching one day from the stand to an attentive congregation, when a cloud came up from the west betokening speedy rain. The people began to be uneasy, and show signs of seeking shelter, when Dr. Chandler rose in the stand and in a positive manner told the people to remain seated, declaring that no rain would fall upon the encampment. The preachers were quite startled by this bold declaration, thinking the Doctor had overstepped the bounds of prudence, and that he would be confounded by the result. But strange to say, just before the cloud reached the camp ground it divided, one portion moving to the right and the other to the left pouring out rain on either side, while no rain fell upon the camp. The impression produced by this striking event resulted in the conversion of many souls.

Such a remarkable occurrence, signalizing the first camp meeting held on the Peninsula, could not but create a favorable impression on the public mind in regard to these meetings. They continued to be held thereafter every year, and in incressing numbers. There were occasions of great solemnity, and most respectful and reverent attention was given to the services by the religious portion of the community.

COUNTING UP THE COST OF THE TILTON-BECHER TRIAL.—Jurymen Thyer, Hull, Flate, Case, Jeffreys and McMurn, on Tuesday the 6th instant, received $52 each from the Kings county treasurer, and signed their names for their last pay. The jurors have received $2,981 in all, and the total jury expenses, including the two panels of 1,000 and 500 men each, cost $5,-194. The county treasurer has paid out $25,154 as the county's share of the scandal trial expenses. This is exclusive of the expense of the detailed policemen and the expense of the meals for the jurymen.

### *Tears.*

There are few things more beautiful than tears, whether they are shed for ourselves or others; they are always the meek and silent effusion of sincere feeling. I say nothing of angry tears, though I believe, such are sometimes shed; they are but a counterfeit coin, and not the pure gold.—Let us hope they are seldom called forth. But how many noble thoughts and warm emotions, which elevate our human nature, have frequently found, and are daily finding, their vent in tears, and could do so in no other way! All strong passion, in its first and mightiest movements within us, is necessarily voiceless; and if there were no kindly channel by which its exuberance might gain an escape, reason herself might sometime have cause to tremble.—But as the summer rain falls gently on the flower, which was fast dying in the burning noon, and dew of tears is sent down to us from Heaven, to refresh and animate the overcharging soul.

And while the tears are thus delightful in their influence, so their use is unlimited, and their fountain open to all. They are for every rank and situation in life; for the young and for the aged; for the wealthy and for the indigent, for the virtuous and for the wicked; for the happy and for the sad. To no scene are they foreign; they are natural, and therefore lovely in all. Oh, blessed tears! the liveliest joy is made holier and better by your influence, and by your power is the deepest woe beguiled of half its pain!

The sight of the tears of others may call up in the mind even of those who are careless of their cause, many varied thoughts. When we see tears on the blooming cheek of childhood, we think of the vernal shower-drop glittering on the tinted leaf of the first rose-bud of returning sunshine. When we see tears in the eyes of the warrior youth, whose soul burns too intensely with patriotic zeal for the liberty of his fatherland, our sympathetic spirit already beholds the grandeur of the battle array, and the fearless soldier struck down with the glory of victory in the very grasp.

When we see tears on the countenance of the young and gentle bride, as, 'mid the breathing of the parental blessing, she looks her last on the dear familiar faces and scenes of her early, innocent years, we feel that here, as it were, all the poetry of romance, and all the truth of reality are mysteriously blended together; and that the being before us stands as if between two worlds, like a beautiful bride yet lingering on the confines of one country, while her plumage is spread for her flight into another.

But when we see tears on the face of withered age, tears perhaps of holy feeling, while the eye of him who sheds them is fixed upon the page of the sacred book, more solemn ideas naturally present themselves to the mind; from the pains and disappointments of the present earthly scene, our wishes and our hopes are insensibly taught to arise in silent contemplation to that region where youth is unfading, and "where all tears shall be wiped from every eye."

### *Beutiful Allegory.*

Once on a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twigs said:

"What is the matter, little leaf?'

"The wind,' said the leaf, "just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to the ground to die.'

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf—

Do not be afraid, hold on tightly, and you shall not go until you want to.'

And the leaf stopped sighing, and went on nestling and singing. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of Autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some very yellow and some very scarlet, and some were striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said—

"All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy.'

Then the leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful of thinking of it, and when it was very gay in colors, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said:

"Oh, branch why are you lead colored and we golden?'

"We must keep on our work-clothes,' said the tree, for our life is not done yet, but your clothes are for a holiday, because your task is over.

Just then a little puff of wind came and the leaf let go without thinking of it and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and then whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and let it fall gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and it fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

THE following occurred at the door some time since:

GENT:—Dear Miss.—Will you sacrifice your own convenience to my pleasure, and present the digits, a part of your contiguous arm, to the aperture formed by the crook ing of my elbow against the perpendicular part of my mortal corporosity?

LADY:—No Sir.—Elevate your golgotha to the top of your pericranium and allow me to present to your occular demonstation, that piece of mechanical contrivance which constitutes the egress of this department.

He wanted her to take his arm.

### *Science and God.*

See, then, why science does not discover God. Because it is working with great instruments, with physical analysis and metaphysical speculation, instead of with the moral nature in exercise. It is like hunting for love with a microscope; like sweeping up music with a broom. The alpenstock is well to climb the glacier with, but to measure the Matterhorn, the scientists needs the barometer, and to sweep the horizon he needs the telescope; and so, no matter how high he may climb in his search for God, he needs at the summit the lenses of faith and love. Suppose I am told that Naples is not, but by memory of the vision of beauty none other than a dream; that Venice, lying anchored at her lagoons, and Mt. Blanc, raising its dome as if it were the great white throne itself, are naught; shall I disbelieve what my own eyes have seen? So men who have not been able to find God tell me that there is no God.—But I put over against the negative that is in them the positive that is in me; the revelation which this soul of mine, illuminated by the spirit of God, has had of him; and I stand invincible in my faith upon him.—You may reason the blue out of the heaven that is above us; you may untwist the strands of the ray of light as it comes to us from above, and prove it to be but darkness; you may dispute that there is any air to breathe, but not till then may you wrest from me the knowledge that has been vouchsafed me of this God of love and truth. Against this knowledge the shaft of argument cannot prevail, but falls shattered like the lance before the unyielding bronze.

### *A Mother's Anguish.*

While District Attorney Jones, of Sacramento, was making the opening argument against Rudolph, the murderer of a man named Davidson, the mother of Rudolph becoming excited at the earnestness with which the attorney was putting the case, sprang from her seat, and exclaimed in thrilling tones: "Oh, Mr. Jones!' Oh! Mr. Jones! dont't talk in that way! For God's sake be merciful!' Then the wretched mother fell fainting into the arms of friends. Could anything be more suggestive than this little incident, told in the plain language of the court reporter?—Could anything more forcibly display the anguish a mad deed brings to the innocent? If those about to commit crime would but think of the misery they were to bring on those who love them, they would pause, and the crime be left undone. It is not the victim, it is not the criminal who suffers the most by a deed of violence. But the poor mother, or father, or sister, brother who live in anguish while the life of one dear to them, though hated by the rest of the world, hangs upon the verdict of the jury.

### *True to the Character.*

"I say, girls, said a little blue-eyed, flaxen-haired boy on Second street yesterday, "let me take your candy and we'll all play chicken.'

"Is it nice?' inquired half a dozen six-year-olds in chorus.

"Nice! you bet it is. Let me show you. Now, I'll lay the candy down here on the step, and you all go down there and come up when you hear me call like a rooster.'

The girls retreated and gathered in a group about fifteen feet off, while the boy got on his knees, with his head over the candy, and began to call and strut and flap his arms like a rooster's wings.

"Cluck, cluck, rat, tat, rap, cluck,' and all the girls came running up and bent to pick up the candy, when the little fellow opened his mouth and took it in at one gulp.

"Oh, you mean boy,' they cried, "you have taken all our candy.'

"That's 'cause I played rooster,' said the boy; "roosters always call the hens up when he finds a grain of corn, and then picks it up himself.'—*St. Joseph* (Mo.,) *Gazette.*

'BROTHER Smith, what does this mean?'

'What does what mean?'

'Bringing a nigger to this church.'

'The pew is my own.'

'Your own! is that any reason why you should insult the whole congregation?'

'But he is intelligent and well educated.'

'Who cares for that, he is a nigger.'

'But he is a friend of mine.'

'What of that? Must you therefore insult the whole congregation?'

'But he is a Christian and belongs to the same denomination.'

'What do I care for that?' Let him go and worship with his fellow niggers.'

'But he is worth five million dollars.'

'Worth what?'

'Five million dollars?'

'Worth five million dollars! Jerusalem! Worth five million dollars! Bro. Smith introduce me.'

PATRICK saw a bull pawing in a field, and thought what fun it would be to catch him by the horns and rub his nose in the dirt. The idea was so funny that he laid down and laughed to think of it. The more he thought of it the funnier it seemed, and he determinied to do it. Turrus quickly tossed him over the fence. Pat leisurely picked himself up with the consolitory remark: "Well it's a mighty foine thing I had my laugh first.'

WHEN the mouth prays, man hears; when the heart, God hears. Every good prayer knocks at heaven for a blessing; but an importunate prayer pierces it, and makes way for itself into the ears of the Almighty.