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Poetry.

HEATHER BLOOM.

When Autumn breezes crisply blow,
And Autumn suns are mellow,
When maple-leaves begin to glow,
And all the woodland spaces show
Their pomp of red and yellow.

I drop my knitting on my knees,
I fold my hands together,
And far beyond the maple-trees,
And far across the rolling seas,
I smell the moorland heather.

The purple heather, blown about
By warm winds off the border—
Ah me! what memories blossom out,
What ordered thoughts are put to rout
In tremulous disorder,—

By just a color in the air,
An atmospheric glamor—
That, spite of wrinkles and gray hair,
Has thrilled old heart-beats unaware
With new and noisy clamor.

First love is sweet! It came to me
In breezy Autumn weather:
Across the moor the wind swept free,
Warm shone the sun where I and he
Sat knee-deep in the heather.

A waving fragrant sea, it spread
All round in purple splendor:
White clouds went sailing overhead,
A lark was soaring, when he said
"*I love you,*" low and tender.

I wondered, dumb with glad surprise,—
Could I have heard him clearly?
He saw the blissful color rise,
He drew me, kissing lips and eyes—
"*You know I love you dearly!*"

And earth and sky seemed echoing
Those words of sweetest meaning;
The blackcock trailed them on the wing
The very blossoms seemed to ring,
While, on his bosom leaning.

I built the airy towers that youth
Can fashion so sublimely;—
Nor dreamed how love would end in ruth,
For joy that had no root in truth,
And hope that died untimely.

His grave was made long years ago
Beneath his English willows:
For me the scarlet maples glow,
And evermore between us flow
The wide Atlantic billows.

My life has had its share of gain,
No less perhaps than losses;
Its pleasure has alloy of pain,
But haply I have learned to train
Some flowers around my crosses.

And still, when maple-boughs are red
In breezy Autumn weather,
Once more the moorland ways I tread;
Once more I hear the words he said
That day amongst the heather.

"Nothing to Live For."

BY MRS. M. A. BATES.

'There's nothing to live for,' sighed Mrs. Brant, sinking listlessly into a luxurious chair; 'I'm so weary, yet I haven't made a call or taken a drive to-day—nor don't want to.' She added, spitefully, 'for it's better to stay here and rock and lounge away my miserable life, than to have it jolted out of me by such exertion. Ugh! hear that apple-woman sing! How can such poor wretches feel happy, when I can find nothing worth spending a breath for?'

'Can the children come in, ma'am?' inquired the nursery-maid, opening the door, while a lively scampering and a chorus of merry voices sounded at the same moment in the hall outside.

'What a noise!' ejaculated Mrs. Brant, clapping her hands over her ears. 'I should think you would know better, Jane, than to bring the little torments here, when you know I so hate to be disturbed.'

'Please let us come in, just a moment, mamma; and, O, we haven't kissed you for so long!' was quickly beseeched in sweet tones, from behind the servant, and before she could prevent it, two rosy little fellows burst into the parlor and wound their chubby arms with eager childish love around Mrs. Brant's neck.

'There!' she said returning their kisses, in a broad way, 'now go. Mercy, I shall be strangled! Now you have torn my collar,' and snatching the little fingers that had unmeaningly committed the offence, she struck them violently. 'Don't dare to bring them here again,' she sternly commanded, as the servant quickly led the frightened children away.

'Irene!'

Mrs. Brant started, and a flush came to her cheek; for it was the reproachful voice of her husband who, from the veranda, had witnessed the scene.

'How could you treat poor Johnny so!' he went on, in the same tone; 'for even if in his rough playfulness he did spoil your collar, we are well able to buy more, and both of the little fellows are so affectionate. Ah, I am afraid that beautiful quality will die out, unless you, Irene, respond to it more. They crave a mother's as well as a father's love.'

'You know that I can't bear children or their racket,' she answered, pettishly, her momentary confusion gone. 'It may be because I am so nervous—so wretched.'

'But, why are you so, Irene?' he gently asked; 'you are in good health as nearly as I can judge, and surrounded with every comfort in life. Why, I repeat, should you feel miserable?'

'I don't know,' was jerked out; but I'm the most unhappy woman alive—am so tired of everything. I wish—I wish—well, I can't tell what—only to die; for there is nothing for me to live for!'

'Nothing to live for!' exclaimed Mr. Brant, astonished.

'There—don't begin to lecture,' she said, impatiently, as he was about to proceed, with a look of pain upon his face. 'Do shut out that sun Elson, it fades the furniture so dreadfully.'

He complied; and then biting his lips, he quickly left the parlor. But a few moments later he was sitting in the nursery, clasping his little sons in his arms and groaning to himself.

'God help them! they have less a mother than the poorest child that walks the street. And I—well, I could bear the cool affection which, in her selfishness, she spares me, if she would only love the little ones more. O, O! what little of home this place resembles now will soon pass for her pevishness and self-love will work itself into these children, and then goodby to hope for their future life.'

'May God curse you! May the riches, of which you refuse me so slight a part to bury my poor wife, turn to fire in your hands, heartless woman!'

Mrs. Brant turned a little pale, as the poorly-clad but intelligent looking old man whom the servant had shown into the parlor, solemnly uttered, with his hand lifted heavenward, this malediction. But it seemed to astound her only for a moment; and then, in a perfect rage, she laid hold of the bellrope.

'Go, before I call help to put you out of the house. I don't give to beggars, for I never knew one but what would steal,' yes, and lie, too, as I am sure you have in the mournful story you have recited. Go!'

'I will,' and the old man turned proudly away drawing a deep breath. 'But Heaven witness,' he said looking sternly back, 'that I have told the truth about my poverty—my poor wife.'

'It may have been that he did,' pondered the rich woman, when left alone; 'but, if so, what would have been the use of my giving him money—it only makes these beggars a regular pest. The more you give the worse they impose on you, while charitable people never accumulate anything. There! O dear, I had forgotten all about Mrs. Drew's coming here to day, and I suppose she well bring all of her children. Gracious, it fairly makes my nerves quiver to think what a noise there will be. What shall I do to get rid of it? There, I might ride into the suburbs and collect Elson's rents, and—O, bother the carriage is gone, and it would be like death for me to walk so far; yet, after all, it wouldn't be so bad as to remain here in so much confusion.—I'll go.'

So, fearful that her visitors might arrive before she could depart, Mrs. Brant hastened to don her bonnet and mantle; and, after possessing herself of a large walnut, she hurried from the house. Pity her. For, as she walked along the road that led to the houses her husband owned, she saw no beautyin in the glowing sky, nor in the clover-scented air, the little birds singing and the star flowers and violets peeping through the grass. She only thought of her own fatigue and the money she was about to collect, and over all prevailed a querulous regret that she had come on this errand at all—had not resorted to some less fatiguing method, though what she didn't know, to escape her expected visitors.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, when she had collected the rents from all but one of her tenants; and now with a fretful exclamation, she approached a gate, leading to the last house, and was lifting the latch, when her foot sank into a deep hole from which a post had been taken.—The accident had hardly occurred when a motherly looking woman, who had doubtless seen it from the window, came running out of the cottage with expressions of concern, and quickly extricated the rich woman's foot; and, unaware of her being her landlady, invited and gently assisted her within doors, where, amid the latter's exclamations of pain, and that 'she was the most unfortunate creature—nobody but her would have met with such a mishap,' the woman kindly proceeded to bathe and so dress the injured member as to nearly dispel the pain. But when Mrs. Brant attempted to rise from the chair she sank back in dismay.

'What is to be done?' she helplessly asked. 'I cannot stand on that foot; how shall I get back to the city?' Then she explained to Mrs. Worth who she was.

'If you could wait here until my husband comes to supper, he would carry any message you wish to send home,' was respectfully answered.

'Well, I suppose I shall have to,' said Mrs. Brant, ungraciously. 'And now assist me out of this hard chair on to the lounge.'

The check of the mechanic's wife burned, and her handsome eye flashed at the commanding tone which Mrs. Brant unconsciously used. But these signs of indignation quickly passed, and, with a pitying look she complied.

As the rich woman lay there upon the lounge, she found time between her impatient murmurs and anxious glances at the clock, to observe Mrs. Worth as she briskly proceeded in the work her coming had interrupted; and she wondered much at the rosy face, whose happy look, mingled with noble intelligence, she could not but enviously acknowledge, shamed her own. But how could a woman, obliged to labor, economize and live so humbly, wear an expression like that? And Mrs. Brant felt that it was a likeness of the heart beneath; and she marvelled more when four little children came rollicking into the room and around their mother, singing, telling her little bits of news, and chirruping for something to eat all in a breath.

'I should think you would die;' exclaimed Mrs. Brant, restraining her hands which were flying nervously to her ears. Her arrogant tone was insensibly relaxing.

Mrs. Worth looked at her wonderingly for a moment, and then, with a golden glow on her face, she turned to the children clasping the whole four in her arms.

'Die! Well, I don't know but I should if they were taken away—my gold and jewels, God bless them!'

'But I should think if their noise didn't trouble you, your narrow means would make you object to so many,' presisted the other, though silently affected by the scene.

'You are mistaken,' replied Mrs. Worth, earnestly; 'no child is born to me but what I thank God for the gift, knowing that he will graciously provide for them all; and, dear, little children,' she clasped them anew, 'who could be poor or unhappy who has them to love? O madam, with all your wealth you must indeed be both if you are childless!'

'I have two at home,' said Mrs. Brant, a little reluctantly, and with a remorseful twinge in her selfish heart; 'but—I'm so—well, I might as well say it—so wretched that I don't care for them, perhaps so much as I ought.'

'You surprise me,' said Mrs. Worth. 'I can't conceive how, with all your blessings you can be a moment unhappy.'

Before Mrs. Brant could reply a rap was heard at the door, and the mechanic's wife hurried to open it.

'Bless me! How do you do, Jennie?' and she cordially drew a pale and poorly-dressed little girl into the room. 'There, sit right down in the rocking-chair and rest. How is your father to-day?'

'He's worse than when you came to see him last night,' sighed the child, casting a look of wonder at the richly attired woman on the lounge; 'and O, he suffers so much.'

'Never mind, dear,' replied Mrs. Worth, cheerfully, 'we will hope that he may yet be well and happy. And now open your basket while I put in these jellies and cake I promised to make him.'

'Father said if he ever lived to get well and go to work, he would pay you for all the good things you've sent him,' replied the little girl, earnestly rising to go.

'Tell him not to talk about paying,' laughed Mrs. Worth, gently pinching her cheek; 'and when he wants a watcher again, come right over here!'

As the child opened the door to pass outside the gate, and Mrs. Worth, bending forward, discovered a little boy with his face burried in the grass, and waving one arm about with a motion of pain.

'What is the matter, Sammy?' she exclaimed running up to him, while Mrs. Brant, aroused from her usual indifference by what she had seen in the cottage, sat upright and listened.

'O dear,' sobbed the boy, as Mrs. Worth gently raised him up, 'my arm do ache so with this boil on it, O, O, and Miss Ladd wont do anything to make the pain stop—she only licks me if I ask her.'

'Come into the house, dear,' said Mrs. Worth, heartily. 'I will find something to cure that arm. He is a poor little orphan,' she explained to Mrs. Brant, 'and the woman he is bound out to abuses him dreadfully. There, Sammy, how does that feel?'

'By golly, aint it better though,' exclaimed the little fellow, as, laughing through his tears, he proudly viewed the arm she had bandaged. Then, after receiving some doughnuts from his kind benefactress he went on his way rejoicing.

'I don't see,' observed Mrs. Brant, as the other children scampered off to play, 'how you keep yourself from poverty.'

'Why?' asked Mrs. Worth, smiling at her look of surprise.

'From your giving so much. Neither can I realize, if you spend your time in watching with sick people and taking in every stray child to doctor and comfort, how you find opportunity to do much for yourself; yet I see your house is as neat as mine, with all my servants, and your children tidily dressed.'

'To satisfy your first question,' replied Mrs. Worth, 'I must say that, as much as I give I have a deal more bestowed upon me, as, bless God, all those do, who under him follow the 'Golden Rule,' though, may he be my witness, that I never give with such exceptations, O, no, no, no, madam, for it is such a joy and blessing to divide with a fellow-creature; and then, if I spend any time on those outside my family, the knowledge that I have done right makes me active and strong for every duty; and aside from this I am never idle, for I love work, the earnest work which brings happiness. Yes, God forbid that I should ever be a sluggard in this sweet beautiful world, where there is so much worth laboring and living for.'

'Worth living for,' reiterated Mrs. Brant, unsteadily, and her eyes averted themselves from the earnest speaking ones of the other. The truth was dawning upon her at last.

'Yes,' responded Mrs. Worth, fervently, 'the poor and the rich by dispensing here and there such benefits as God has given them ability to bestow, by striving for happiness at home, and rightly estimating the glories around us, can even in this world have a foretaste of heaven; and if we so live, we shall surely gain it there.'

She was pointing upward with a blissful look, this woman whom Mrs. Brant, upon entering that house, had supposed so inferior to her, but who now had proved her teacher, and unknowingly humbled her to the dust by the words so rebuking to her stagnant and selfish character. She had sated her life with the scum of earthly pleasure, flattery and show—scorning the pure happiness which fades not away, but leaves in the soul endless and satisfying joy. 'No wonder,' she groaned, as Mrs. Worth hurried out to the gate to meet her husband, 'with all sunshine, love and charity shut out from my heart, I have thought the world so dismal. But, O God! henceforth may I brighten and stimulate my life by *acting something to live for!*'

Little Snow-White.

Once upon a time a queen sat sewing at her palace window and looking occasionally at the snow falling without. The window frame was of ebony, and as the snow lay on the sill it looked so beautiful that she forgot what she was doing, and presently she pricked her finger with the needle. Three drops of blood fell on the snow and made it look so charming that the queen said, 'Ah, God! that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as ebony.' Such a child was soon born to her, and she died, leaving the king's care. Soon, however, he married again, and the new queen was so proud of her beauty that she could not bear the thought that in all the world was one more lovely than she. In her bower was a mirror, to which she would say:

"Mirror, mirror on the wall,
Fairest am I not of all?"

and the mirror would tell her yes. Meanwhile Little Snow-white was growing up, and one day when the queen questioned her mirror it informed her that Little Snow white was a thousand fold lovlier than she. Filled with rage and anger she gave the little girl into the hands of a woodman, with instructions to kill her. The childs beauty touched him, and he let her run free in the forest, when one day she found a little house, upon entering which she found a small table arranged for seven persons.—She tasted the food and drank a little wine, after which she lay down on the seven little beds, and soon was fast asleep.—The seven dwarfs who owned the house, and delved for the precious metals in the earth, soon came home, and seeing her beauty let her sleep till morning, when she told her story. They told her she might live with them if she would be their housekeeper. She consented, and the dwarfs were very fond of her. One day the queen consulted her mirror and found that Little Snow-white was yet alive. She poisoned an apple and sent it to the child, who took one bite of it and fell dead. The dwarfs mourned and carried her on a bier for burial, but she looked so lovely as she lay there, her throat was so white, her cheeks so red, and her hair so black that they made a glass coffin and inscribed on it, 'She was a king's daughter.' This, with the child in it, they placed on the mountain, where one day a prince saw it. He wept, and at last induced the dwarfs to let him bear it to his palace. As his followers were carrying it the jostling caused the piece of the poisoned apple to fall out of the maiden's throat, whereupon she rose as well as ever, and married the prince. The wicked queen consulted her mirror, and now it told her that a new queen was more lovlier than she. To test the matter, she went to a wedding ball, where she found the new queen to be Little Snow-white. They made her put her feet in glass slippers heated till they glowed like fire, and thus she had to dance till she fell dead with anger, pain and chagrin. But the prince and Little Snow-white—so the story runs—lived many happy years, were blessed with numerous good children, and, in short, lived in peace, died in Greece, and were burried in a cake of tallow.—*Graphic.*

Offensive People.

If to be a good man and a successful man is offensive to the world at large, to be praised is exasperating. No greater unkindness can be done to any man than to praise him much. People generally will stand a moderate compliment paid to a neighbor, while they are left to qualify it, or to admit it is as a matter of generosity or courtesy; but praise persisted in will ruin the reputation of anybody. There is nothing more offensive to the average human being than persistant laudation bestowed upon another. To hear a man warmly praised is sufficient to make us hate him; and it is only necessary to have the praise repeated often enough to make us desire to shoot him. Praise is one of the articles we would like to have distributed a little—if we know ourselves. Virtue is a good thing, genius is not a bad thing altogether; but no man is to be mentioned so many as ten times as having either of them in possession without making his name a stench and an offense to the nostrils of a sensitive world. The true way of getting along in the world is not to make one's self offensive to one's friends by excellence of character and habits of life, by success, or by doing anything praiseworthy. Let us strike the average as nearly as possible. Let us be good fellows rather than good men, and choke the first man, who dares to ascribe to us a single virtue. Let us all keep down and out of sight. All that we do for ourselves, and all we do for mankind, only feeds hell with slanderers, and so betrays the baseness of human nature that we may well blush to think that we are members of the human race.—*Dr. J. G. Holland, in Scribner for October.*

Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is remarkable in many ways. First, that she is a mountain city. From all sides you ascend to what is, indeed, a mountain fastness, breathing a mountain air, constituting in her days of glory a mountain throne, bearing on high the mountain sanctuary of Jehovah. Solomon's Temple is imagined as having been distinguished by size, grace, and splendor; but its chief pre-eminence was that it stood upon a lofty summit, and upon a platform rising upon that; so that nothing shut it out from view, and it gave a character to the scene over which spread the wings of Divine protection.

Next to the elevation of this 'mountain of the Lord' is its manifest antiquity.—There are many ancient places which are all modernized; but, though Jerusalem has been seventeen times destroyed, its battlemented walls show many a stone with ancient carvings; the blocks of the Temple enclosure, at the depth of eighty feet below the street, betray a vast age; the fine ruin of the Knights of St. John, near the Holy Sepulchre, is undoubtedly an intique;—while Herod's Tower was actually the work of that king. The general aspect is that of the city which has been destroyed by repeated conflagrations.

One cannot be but struck by the silence embosoming a community supposed to number thirty thousand inhabitants. Palestine has no roads, Jerusalem no factories, the Jew no gaities; and so a graveyard stillness broods around Mount Zion. On fine days the solitude folding itself around the city is really wonderful. Among those of nearly all nations you may look long at noonday for a moving thing, for a stray horse, for a child at play. As vast numbers are buried where the resurrection is expected to begin, in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, it is no exaggeration to state that every inch of ground along the entire eastern slope is covered with Turk and Greek, Armenian and Catholic, Jew and Gentile tombstones. The most interesting of course, are these that profess to honor prophets, apostles, and kings, the graves being cut in live rock, some of them many chambered and beautifully ornamented on the front, though not to compare with the immense sepulchres of the Egyptian Thebes.

The finest view of the city is undoubtedly that which the traveler gets last, from the east—upon that grand road from Bethany which Pompey took, rather than that ancient mule path which the Saviour often trod. Here you have full in view the Grand Mosque of Omar, towering over the entire scene, a fairy-like building, that lies to the west. On the south is the high pile of the Armenian Convent and the dome over David's Tomb. At the southwest corner stands Herod's Tower, a stately relic, simple and grand; next to this are seen the two domes over the Holy Sepulchre, and the long mass of the Latin Convent stretching to the northward.

The Dome of the Rock, which marks Jerusalem as that of St. Peter's marks Rome, has no rival for beauty, hardly for sanctity. Believers in three great religions revere the spot where Solomon's Temple once stood; the Mohammedan, who only exhalts Mecca a little higher; the Jew, who has no other actual sanctuary, and who expects to meet a reconciled Jehovah at that accepted shrine; and the Christian, who held it through the Crusader's valor, and is quietly coming in possession of it again. The blue and white Temple seems as a cloud resting for a moment over the altar so many thousand years' sacrifice, by and by melt away in the serene heavens.

The recent explorations of English engineers, besides mapping out the whole area belonging to the ancient Court of the Gentiles—an area one thousand by fifteen hundred feet—have proved all that was conjectured about the antiquity of the beveled stones forming the outer wall. They certainly go back to Solomon, and are remarkable stone work for that early day, though far inferior to the Egyptian masterpieces, where thousands of artisans spent their lives in decorating a single tomb.

The explanation of the compact condition of Jerusalem, shut in by battlemented walls, is that exposure to Bedouin assault which keeps all Palestine on perpetual guard, suffers no man to plough his field unarmed, and forbids entirely that straggling life which marks our peaceful villages in America. Except the cave-dwellers in Siloam, who are too poor to be robbed and too filthy to be visited, nobody sleeps outside of the city; the gates are guarded all day and locked at sundown. The present walls were erected by Selim, the conqueror of Egypt, and though no defense against modern artillery, they defy any Arab assault.

Among the places of touching memory, is the Pool of Bethesda. It is a reservoir of three hundred and sixty feet by one hundred and thirty, cemented on the sides so to hold water, crossed over by some lofty arches which sustain a street, and seventy feet below the level on which you stand. But anciently it could not have been more than half that depth, because recent engineering excavations show that at least thirty-five feet of rubbish have accumulated over the remains of ancient Jerusalem. The pool has had no water for centuries; a few wild trees flourish in its damp soil, and, like every thing else in the city, it has a terribly desolute look.

ALL the inventive genius of the great and "tarnally cute" Yankee nation is said to be unequal to making a fire-cracker.—And we are mighty glad of it.

Promptitude of Newspaper Debtors.

The experience of the Findly *Courier* man is sad and mournful. He has lost faith in the profession of his fellow men. Hear how he talks:

Last week a man stepped up to us and said he would pay us every cent he owed if he lived till Saturday night. We presumed that man died. Another said he would pay us in a day or two, as sure as he was born. Query—Did the man lie, or were we borne? Another said he would settle his bill as sure as shooting. We are led to the conclusion that shooting is decidedly uncertain. Quite a number said they would see us to-morrow. Those men have been blind ever since, or else to-morrow has not come. One man told us six months ago that he would pay us as soon as he got some money. That man would not lie, and of course has not had a cent since.

But the experience of editors is about the same all over, says the Fremont *Journal*. Last year we stopped one man's paper who owed six dollars. He was serving the public, and we met him while in the discharge of his duties. He avered that as soon as he got through and received his pay, he would make it all right, he would, indeed. He told us the same story this spring, and we presume he is still assessing. Another came all the way, five miles, to town to assure us that he was all right, and that we need not be afraid. He would have some money soon, and would pay—yes he would. Some time later we 'saw' his money at a distance. He was putting it in a bank. It was the last and only glimpse we had of it. He never had a hatchet and ran round hacking cherry trees, or they would have died without anybody knowing who killed them. Another would pay us after sheep shearing. His sheep are long wools, and it takes a long time for the wool to mature. Another would pay after wheat harvest, but his wheat, like the century plant, is of slow growth, and don't ripen often. Another had poor health but was improving. He has had a relapse, for though he eats hearty and works hard, he don't get 'round' worth a cent. We would have some hopes of getting even with such folks some day, when an administrator is appointed, if they had anything to administer on, but they haven't, and, and—well we sympathize with that *Courier* man.

Beautiful Legend.

One day Rabbi Judah and his brethern, the seven pillers of Wisdom, sat in the Temple, on feast-day, disputing about Rest.—One said it was to have attained sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second, that it was fame and praise of all men. The third, that is was the possession of power to rule the State. The fourth, that it consisted only in a happy home. The fifth, that it must be in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, surrounded by children and children's children. The sixth said that all were vain, unless a man keep all the ritual law of Moses.—And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest brothers, said, "Ye have spoken wisely; but one thing more is necessary.—He only can find rest, who to all things addeth this, that he keepeth the tradition of the elders.'

There sat in the Court a fair haired boy, playing with some lilies in his lap, and, hearing the talk, he dropped them with astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said, 'Nay, nay, fathers: he only findeth rest, who loveth his brother as himself, and God with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, and wealth, and power, happier than a happy home, happy without it, better than honored age; he is a law to himself, and above all tradition. The doctors were astonished. They said, 'When Christ cometh, shall He tell us greater things?' And they thanked God, for what they said, 'The old men are not always wise, yet God be praised, that out of the mouth of this young suckling has His praise become perfect.'

Napoleon and the Stone-Cutter.

Napoleon, when in the height of his power, being once at Amelns, whilst traversing the square, in the midst of the accumulations of the inhabitants who had assembled around him, cast his eyes upon the multitude, and perceived, in one of the corners of the square, a stone cutter who had not been induced to quit his work by the curiosity which animated the crowd by whom he was surrounded. The indifference of this man excited the curiosity of Napoleon. He wished to know something about him; and passing through the crowd, urged on his horse until he arrived close to him. 'What are you doing there? said Napoleon. The workman raised his eyes, and recognized the Emperor. 'I am cutting stone.' 'You have served under me,' quickly observed the Emeperor, who recognized an old soldier. 'It is true, sire.' 'You were present at the campaign of Egypt—you were a brigadier in such a corpse?' 'Yes, sire.' 'Why have you quitted the service?' 'Because I had completed my time, and obtained my discharge. 'I am sorry for it; you were a brave man. I shall be happy to do for you anything in my power; say, what do you require from me?' 'That your Majesty will leave me to cut my stone in quiet; I am in want of nothing.' This fact brings to mind the interview of Diogenes with Alexander; but the modest pride of the Greek philosopher was not equal to the reply of the stone cutter.

Eighteen Hundred Years After Death.

A correspondent of Appleton's Journal writing of excavations of Pompeii, says:

Among the most interesting of the objects found recently are two skeletons, one of a somewhat elderly man, the other of a woman. They were found in the Via Stabia, among the ashes of the last eruption, evidently overtaken in their flight and buried among the cinders. According to the usual method employed to preserve the external appearances of objects, liquid plaster was poured into the cavity, which, serving as a mould, a fac simile of the forms was obtained, and thus perfectly preserved, the statue-like bodies were placed in glass in the Pompeii Museum.—While appreciating all the horror of such a death, and the suffering endured, as shown by the position of the limbs, one cannot but imagine what would have been the astonishment of that man and woman had some prophet informed them that eighteen hundred years after their death their forms, and even as much of their garments as were not consumed in the eruption, would be placed in a museum for inspection by a multitude of sight-seers, some from lands the existence of which they never dreamed of. The poor woman is lying on her face, and even the form of her hair, put up behind, is seen. One arm shields her forehead, and she is supported by the other.—Her stony limbs are well formed, and traces of a garment are seen passing in folds around her. The man, although placed on his back in the exhibition, when found was turned on his side. One arm rests on his hip; the other uplifted. The face is somewhat distorted, but massive and smoothly shaven. Even the form of the fastening of the sandals around the ankle, and of the long button higher up on the leg to hold them, is clearly seen. The limbs are partly drawn up.

The skeleton of a tolerably large dog, also recently found, is in the museum of Pompeii, his whole form preserved in plaster, in the same manner as those just mentioned. He is lying on his back, writhing in suffering, biting his hind leg. The rings in his collar are plainly seen.

Very Funny Cure.

Caezar held that to die quickly was to die happily; so, too, thought the one whose case was cited by Montaigne as an instance of fortune playing the physician:

"Jason Pherens, troubled with an incurable imposthumation, resolved to end his pain by dying in battle, and throwing himself in the thickest of the fight was run through the body, which caused the imposthumas to break, and the wound healing, he found life enjoyable after all.—This lucky hero, who braved death better than he could endure pain, owed his cure to a foe. A quinsy-afflicted Cardinal had to thank a monkey for a like good turn.—The physicians had left him to die; and as he lay hopelessly waiting for the end, the dying Cardinal saw his servants carry off everything that was moveable, without being able even to expostulate with the thieves. At length his pet ape came into the room, and taking the hint from the provident lackeys, looked round for something he could appropriate. Nothing was left but the Cardinal's hat, this he donned, and, proud of his novel head-gear, indulged in such odd antics that his all-but-dead master burst into a hearty fit of laughter; the quinsy broke and the Cardinal recovered, as much to his own astonishment as to the dismay of his plundering servitors."

Success.

Purposes, however wise, without plans, cannot be relied on for good results. Random or spasmodic efforts, like aimless shots, are usually no better than wasted time and strength. The purposes of shrewd men in the business of this life are always followed by carefully formed plans. Whether the object is learning, honor, or wealth, the ways and means are all laid out according to the best rules and methods. The mariner has his chart, the architect his plan, and the sculptor his model, and all as a means and condition of success. Invention, genius, or even what is sometimes called inspiration, can do little in any department of theoretic or practical science, except as it works by a well-formed plan. Then every step is an advance toward the accomplishment of the object. Every tack of the ship made according to nautical law keeps her steadily nearing the port. Each stroke of the chisel brings the marble into a closer likeness of the model. No effort or time is lost, for nothing is done rashly or at random.

HASTE AND HEALTH.—It is not at all wholesome to be in a hurry. Locomotives have been reported to have moved a mile a minute for short distances. But locomotives have often come to grief by such rapidity. Multitudes in their haste to get rich are ruined every year. The men who do things maturely, slowly, deliberately, are men who often succeed in life; people who are habitually in a hurry generally have to do things twice over. The tortoise beat the hare at last. Slow men seldom knock their brains out against a post.—Foot-races are injurious to health, as are all forms of competitive exercise; steady labor in the field is the best gymnasium in the world. Either labor or exercise, carried to exhaustion or prostration, or even great tiredness, expressed by fagged out, always does more harm than the previous exercise has done good. All running up stairs or to catch up with a vehicle or ferry boat, is extremely injurious to every person and condition of life.