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FREE LIBRARY OF ENOCH PRATT BALTO.

Poetry.

THE MYSTIC GATE.

Oh dark and shadowed door!
Oh gloomy shining portals!
Lying our path before,
Leading to the immortal!
Thou art the end of toil and strife,
To weary ones the gate of life,
Yet since thy noiseless hinge and lock
Yield only to the touch
Of Nature's icy breath,
Mortals do fear Death!

Oh silent, swinging door!
How smoothly dost thou move
To let thy threshold o'er,
The feet of those we love!
How slight thy mystic barrier seems
Between us and the "land of dreams!"
How fine the veil, how thin the screen
Hung paradise and pain between!
So slight that it doth not withstand
The pressure of the childish hand;
So fine, the infant's closing sigh
Will sway the folds to let it by!

Oh noiseless, hanging door,
How gently dost thou ope,
To pass for evermore
The treasures of our hope!
Not one beyond thine archway past,
Thou shuttest to and sandest fast!
Fast, tho' our longing hearts pursue
The darlings who have just gone through!
Vain, throbbing heart, is thy pursuing!
The hidden bolt's secure, no undoing!
Thou mayst not force the secret lock!
Nor stands the adamant rock!
Cannst but wait down and wait
The opening of the pearly gate;
Ere long it shall to thee unfold
And entrance give to streets of gold.

Beloved, is the waiting weary?
Doth all without that gate seem dreary?
Is thy heart with grief oppress?
Art thou sighing for thy rest?
Thirsting for renewed love
In the deathless land above?
Canst thou now no longer wait?
Wouldst thou rise and storm the gate?
Patience! sit thee down and watch,
Mindful who doth hold the latch.
Thou knowest how he died to save thee,
And how he yearneth now to have thee!
Will he be slow to ope the door
And welcome home for evermore?

Behold, traced on the arch above
His own sweet words of trust and love:
"Let not your spirit troubled be;
Ye trust my Father, trust in me!"
Within his house are mansions fair,
Which for loved ones I prepare;
And thou shalt without no more,
But to my longing arms shall flee
That where I am there thou mayst be."
Then sit thee down and calmly wait
His opening of the silent gate;
Repine not at the lengthened watch,
Since *His* dear hand is on the latch.

One Thousand Dollars Reward;

OR,

THE WOMAN CHIEF.

BY PATIENCE [illegible].

'Let please.' [illegible] it when I got
e lost mine, [illegible] it now.'
[illegible] obliged to col-
[illegible]ing?'
[illegible]t pay my fare
[illegible]Barksburg and
[illegible]propose to pay
[illegible] a ticket then.
[illegible]our ride—either
[illegible]rhaps you can
[illegible] give you half

[illegible]p occurred on
[illegible]uctor, between
and myself. She
ticket. Perhaps
she had ever pur-
of the 'lost ticket'
[illegible] roads, by wo-
[illegible]played success-
[illegible]e my usual round
[illegible]assengers—I
[illegible]man if she had

[illegible]sizing the *sir*.
[illegible]5 then, of you
[illegible]u have been
[illegible]e 'unfortu-
[illegible]but the rules
[illegible]d, 'pay, or

I do,' she

[illegible] and put her
[illegible]remember had it was raining. It would be too bad to put any one off in the rain, to wander around in the marshes, and perhaps get lost; for there was no habitation between the two stations the nearest being nine miles distant, and I concluded to take her on to Bridgwater, and then make her leave the car.

While debating upon what course to pursue, a smile of contempt and defiance lighted up her face, and she said, 'Why don't you pull the bell?'

'Because I don't choose to,' I answered, curtly.

Our conversation had attracted the attention of the immediate passengers, who regarded my actions with astonishment. At Bridgwater I ordered her to get off.—She refused to do so.

'I shall be compelled to use force, madam, if you persist in thus setting at defiance the rules of the company,' said I.

'Lay your hands on me, if you dare,' said she, putting her hand into her pocket.

Here was a tartar. Did she have a nice little knife in her pocket that would cut short my existence? She was evidently a hard customer. The breakman was poking the fire, and although he saw something was wrong, trouble with 'dead heads' was of so frequent occurrence, that he thought nothing of it. As he was passing by me, I stopped him, and said, 'Abe (his name was Abraham,) 'will you help me to escort this lady to the door?'

Without a moment's hesitation he seized her by the arm and said, 'Come out of this old woman.'

Quicker than thought she jerked her arm away, and gave him a stinging blow in the face.

'She must be the devil,' said he.

'I'll lay you both out,' she said, 'if you bother me.'

I began to think she might, too.

'Let me manage her,' said Abe.

'What did you say the fare was?' she asked, suddenly, her voice dropping from that high pitch to which she had raised it.

'To Ellsbank?'

'Yes.'

'Seven dollars and thirty-five cents.'

'I haven't anything less than a fifty dollar bill,' said she, 'can you change it?'

'Not just now, madam,' I answered, 'but will get it and hand it to you.'

'Let me see, I want $42.85 back,' said she to herself.

It happened that I had taken in all large bills—I had none less than a fifty—and knew I could not make the change. I was wondering what had so suddenly cooled the woman down. A moment ago she was ready to fight, and actually had struck Abe. I passed out of the coach and was seated in the smoking car, when the brakeman came in. Seeing me, he said, 'what ails the old bear, that she turned down so almighty quick?'

'I haven't the least idea,' I answered.

'Something struck her all at once, that's what's the matter with me,' said Abe, thoughtfully.

At Jancsville I had the bill changed, and after taking seven dollars and thirty-five cents for her fare, I gave her the balance, was forty-two dollars and eighty-five cents, not waiting for her to count it, as I should have done. Upon coming by her twenty minutes later, she stopped me and said:

'I gave you a $50 bill?'

'Yes, madam.'

'The fare was seven dollars and thirty-five cents,' said she.

'Seven thirty-five,' I answered.

'That would leave $42.85, wouldn't it?' she asked.

'Yes, madam, it would,' I replied, wondering what she was coming at.

'Well, you didn't give me but twenty-two dollars,' she said.

'You have made a mistake in counting, madam,' I answered. 'I gave you the full amount, I am positive of it.'

'But I say you didn't.'

'You are mistaken,' I said.

'I am, eh! You are going to try and beat me out of over twenty dollars, but you can't do it, no sir.'

'I am not beating, or trying to beat you out of a cent,' I answered.

Her wrath was rapidly rising, and not wishing to have a scene, I left the car. I informed Abe of the new game she was trying to play, when he gave utterance as follows:

'If you let that old she devil beat you, you're not not half as smart as I think you be. She is playing some deep game, she is. I thought it funny when she so quickly paid her fare after making so much fuss. Just like as not the bill was counterfeit.'

Abe was right. She was playing a deep game, and perhaps the bill was counterfeit, but I had gotten rid of it, left it with the agent at Jancsville.

At A—— the telegraph operator handed me a bundle of bills, which had been left with him, asking me to give them to the agent at C——, with a request to have them posted up conspicuously. Such transactions were common, and I did not ask the nature of them. They were tied around with a small string. After we left A—— I gave the bills to the baggage-man on the train, telling him to leave them at C—— with his report, for I feared I might forget to deliver them. About two hours after I wanted a piece of string, but could not find any on the train. Generally there was quite an amout in the lamp-box, but not a single piece now. I discovered the bills (which were handed to me at A——) upon the rack in the baggage car, and unwound the string from and placed them back.—Going into the car again some time after, I found they had fallen on the floor. Picking them up I noticed the heading, which read:

"*One Thousand Dollars Reward.*"

The rest of the bill was as follows:

'The above reward will be paid for the arrest and conviction of a gang of counterfeiters, who are now operating in this portion of the country. The 'head' or 'chief of the gang is a woman.'

Signed—Allen Pinkerton, Chief of Pinkertons Detective Bureau, Chicago, Illinois.'

I read the latter portion of the bill several times. 'The head or chief of the gang is a woman.'

I put the bills up and they and their contents soon passed out of my mind. On leaving home that evening, my wife had said:

'Remember, Leonard, that the mortgage falls due in two weeks, if we can only discharge it and have our home clear, how happy I shall be.'

Her words recurred to me now. In two weeks if not paid what then? It *must* be. But how? The mortgage was eight hundred dollars, and I had only six, which by dint of economy I had saved. My reveries were interrupted by arriving at C——. On passing through the car in which the woman was, she stopped me and asked if I would send a dispatch for her.

'Certainly, but you might think I would charge you more than the cost of sending,' I said sharply.

'I was mistaken about the change,' she replied, in an apologetic tone.

'What do you wish to send?' I asked.

'Here it is. I wrote it out before I got abroad,' and she handed me a slip of paper.

I did not glance at it, but put it in my pocket, and in the depot asked the operator the charge of sending it. He opened the paper and, after looking at it a moment, said:

'What kind of gibberish do you call this, any way?'

I took the paper; it read:

'B—i—X—I—Sure pop come.'

'S. A.'

It was directed to a person at K——, a place fifty miles beyond.

'I don't know,' said I, 'but send it.'

'Did you send the telegram?' asked the woman, when I again saw her.

'I did,' I answered.

I told Abe about the telegram; he was much mystified. 'What's she sending such telegrams for, I'd like to know,' said he.

At K—— two very rough and suspicious looking men came aboard, and after scanning every one on the train, they seated themselves behind the woman and engaged in conversation with her. At the same place I received a message from Jancsville signed by the agent which read. 'The bill I changed for you is a counterfeit.' I was startled. Calling Abe into the smoking car I told him my suspicions.

'Abe,' said I, 'read that,' giving him one of the bills which I had put in my pocket.

'By the holy mackreal,' he exclaimed, it's the devil!'

'I think so myself,' I answered. 'Now then, Abe, we've got to capture her and the men.'

'Five hundred dollars apiece,' said he musingly.

I prepared the following dispatch, which I sent at the next station.

'Pinkertons Detective agency, Chicago, Ill.: Have you a description of the woman, chief of the gang of counterfeiters, for whom $1,000 reward is offered? If so, send it at once to L—— R—— conductor No. 4, ——R. R. at B——.'

The message traversed the small wire with lightning speed, and back the answer came, which I received at B——. 'Rather large, fiery nature, gray hair, and generally dresses in black.' Beyond a doubt it was the woman on board. The two men were probably her accomplices. She had some of the 'queer' in her possession, for she had passed a bogus fifty on me. Conviction would be insured without a doubt. Ellsbank was less than sixty miles distant. She and her accomplices would leave the train at that point, and they must be secured before arriving there. I telegraphed to D——, twenty miles this side of Ellsbank, for two officers to get on the train and to be prepared to deal with desperate characters. I met them on the depot platform and directed them where to station themselves. They were dressed in plain clothes.

'We undoubtedly shall have a severe tussel if we attack them all together,' said one of the officers; 'if we can manage to separate them it will be easy enough.'

'I'll manage that,' said Abe. Approaching the trio, he said, 'which one of you gentlemen got on at C——.'

'Why?' asked one of the men.

'Because there is a package which was put into the baggage car for one of you at C——; if you want it you'd better go ahead and get it.'

'I'll go and see what it is,' said one of the men to his companion, and moved toward the baggage car.

'Now is our time,' said Abe; 'one of you follow him into the car and secure him.'

The man opened the door and entered the car, closely followed by Abe and one of the officers.

'Where's the box?' asked the fellow.

'Never mind!' exclaimed the officer, throwing himself upon the man, and assisted by Abe, he was speedily secured.

'Now for the other one,' said Abe, and going back into the coach he told the other man that his 'partner' wanted him. Without a suspicion of anything wrong, he fell into the trap, and was secured as nicely as we could wish. The worst was yet to be.

'If that old woman dosn't make us smart I'm a sinner,' said Abe.

One of the officers going into the car took the seat made vacant by the men and when the other came down the aisle, at a preconcerted signal, threw his arms around her. The other one put the bracelets on her and she was fast.

Oh how she did rave! The curses that fell from her vile lips make me shudder even now, as I think of it.

I handed my prisoners over to the Chief of Police of Ellsbank. They proved to be, what I supposed they were, members of a counterfeiters, of whom the woman was the chief. One of the men turned State's evidence and the information he gave led to the capture of the entire gang, who might even to this day, have been practicing their nefarious art, had it not been for the woman's greediness of gold, which led her to make the fuss she did, when I attempted to collect her fare, which caused me to suspect her, when she so suddenly paid.

I received the reward and divided with honest, though illiterate Abe. The mortgage was paid, and I had enough to purchase for my dear little wife what she most desired, a piano.—*Ballou's Mag.*

Social Christianity.

The Rev. O. J. Peck, delivered a sermon on Sunday week at the Mt. Vernon Place M. E. Church, Baltimore, on Social Christianity. He said, the great Spurgeon had remarked about 'conducting business on religious principles,' and Mr. Spurgeon at once rejoined, 'Why not conduct business on religious principles?' Cordiality and suavity were almost omnipotent in their good effects, so soothing to a soul that yearns in strange places for one grasp of a Christian hand, one word from a heart full of Christian love and politeness, and one look from an eye that beams its cordial invitations of welcome to a Christian fold. Were I, exclaimed Mr. Peck, told from on high that my salvation depended upon my saving a thousand souls between this present time and my seventieth year, with these conditions, that I would use the pulpit and not speak to a single soul personally, or would not use the pulpit at all, and rely upon personal conversions alone, I would unhesitatingly stake my eternal weal and woe upon my personal exertions.—What sympathy, what electric feelings of love and friendship are conveyed by one grasp of hand! Not such a grasp as is given by those whose religion has grown consumptive from close confiement in a dignified fastidiousness, but a warm, loving, open, powerful grasp, whose impulse of earnestness comes fresh and pure from a free, fearless Christian heart. By such means are souls saved and not by the gingerly, iceberg conventionalities of a polite, fashionable religion.

If a stranger should come from a distance and chance to pray in a church where cold looks meet him as he came in, no seat offered, no kind hand extended to bid him welcome, what would be his opinion of that church, and how could he refrain from passing unconscious judgement upon that congregation and predicting no good result from prayers that spring from such cold hearts? But if, weary with the world's stern issues, he should repair to church to fortify himself for another week's conflict with troubles by prayers, of how much more avail would be his devotion when a hand, earnest and warm, was held out to bid him welcome, a voice trembling with the heart's kindest emotions, and an eye dewy with tears of Christian sympathy, all united in their simple task of bidding him welcome. If Christians would only throw off the chilling fetters of conventionalism and be Christians in deed as well as name, how much easier would be the thorny way of the cross! As the golden sun in the heat and glow of a summer day sends down his lines of arrows, piercing the pools and drawing the nebulæ from their depths, at close of day, when his task is done, goes to rest with the gilded, glorious trophies of his day's work illumined by his dying rays, giving the promise of a fair to-morrow, so the Christian, laboring through the ephemeral existence, can only go to rest, proudly conscious of the good work he has done in the cause of 'social Christianity.'

Deceived by a Girl.

The Boston *Post* has the following account of a successful deception lately practiced in that city: 'Sometime last August a prepossessing young lady called upon Mother Louisa (the Lady Superior of the home) and represented to her that she wished to join the order of deaconesses (to which the Lady Superior belongs,) but that her father, who was a wealthy man, residing in New York, was very much opposed to her joining. She also said that a lawyer was negotiating with her and him, and she expected that he would settle an annuity of $8,000 a year upon her. She also promised that if she was successful in obtaining the amount she would settle five thousand dollars a year upon the home; and as a guarantee of good faith she deposited with her mother two checks—one for $500, and the other for $5,000, to keep for her in trust. Shortly after she entered the house, she signified her desire to go to New York shopping, and invited the credulous sister to accompany her, which invitation was accepted, and the two women went in company. Upon the arrival of Miss Townsend purchased goods, the aggregated value of which amounted to $800. They then returned to Boston, where goods to the value of $800 were purchased, the sister of Charity going security for the goods, she supposing the two checks in her possession would secure her from loss; but, alas for human expectations, for as soon as Miss Townsend had got possession of the goods she suddenly disappeared, giving no clue to her whereabouts, and upon examination, the checks were found to be worthless.'

A boy who was confounding the mosquito, was told by his pastor that 'doubtless the insects are made with a good end in view,' when the young scamp replied, 'I can't see it, whether it is in view or not.—At any rate, I don't like the end I feel.'

LAMB once said to a prominent whist player, whose hands were none of the cleanest, 'if dirt was trumps, what a hand you would have!'

The Man Who Was Not Elected.

The candidate who didn't get enough votes to elect him the other day is out on the street now, wearing the look of an injured man. As he turns a corner he meets Jones, and Jones says:

'Ah! Well, I'm sorry for you; I'd have bet money that you would go in by 500 majority.

'My majority would have been twice that if some dastard hadn't started the rumor that I was opposed to education,' replies Unsuccessful.

'They lied about you, eh?'

'Lied? Why, they told the most outrageous falsehoods the human mind could conceive! I've got a clew, and you look out for three or four suits for damages!'

Turning the next corner he meets Davis, and Davis yells out:

'Hello! I see you aren't dead yet! Well I'am sorry for you; I wanted to see you go in.'

'And I should have been elected stright as a string if my name on the ticket hadn't been spelled wrong. That, and that alone floored me.'

One block more and Smith rushes at him and shouts:

'Hang it! but I thought you would have waxed that fellow by three thousand votes?

'I'd have done it like a shot,' replied unsuccessful, 'but the inspectors received hundreds of illegal voters and I was laid out. This thing isn't through with, however; I propose to carry it to the supreme court.'

As he reaches the city hall the fourth man holds out his hand and says:

'Wall, you couldn't be elected; but you did just run like a quarter horse.'

'I can tell you something,' whispers Unsuccessful.

'Eh! What?'

'I believe the ballot boxes were stuffed against me.'

'No!'

''Strue as you live! I think I can put my hand on a man who will swear to it, and I tell you I'll make it red-hot for those inspectors!'

And the unsuccessful candidate is certain in his own mind that he is a great martyr.

A Celestial Mathematician.

Wong Chinfoo, the highly educated Chinaman, rather 'got away' with a young professor at Greencastle Friday evening.—During the course of the evening Mr. Wong stated that among the Chinese mathematicians were hired at $4 per week.—They do this work by machinery as it were, and it is the dirty work of the empire. When Mr. Wong first came to this country to enter college, he was told that it would be necessary to study mathematics two years; he at once told them he knew mathematics better than those who were to teach him in this particular branch. Illustrative of this, Wong in his address at Brown's hall, offered to foot up several columns of figures. For convenience his manager, Mr. Hawkins, who was to name the figures, but the young professor of mathematics at Asbury, who was present, thought he saw a flaw there, and at once came to his feet. He asked: 'Will you, sir, allow me to give you the figures?'—'Certainly, sir; I shall be glad to have you do so,' Was Mr. Wong's courteous answer.—'Now, then, sir,' began the professor, and he named sum upon sum, not going beyond the tens of thousands, but giving him at least some thirty different sums to add.—When they were all on paper, Mr. Wong asked: 'And now, is that all, sir?' 'That's all,' replied the professor; 'get ready to add.' Mr. Wong stood smiling, and when the professor had straightened himself up, and said, 'now begin,' he quietly remarked 'Very well, sir, here is my amount.' This before the astonished professor had time to get half way up the first column. 'But you are not through already,' remarked the professor. 'Here is the footing of my figures,' was the response, and he read them, the footing being exact. 'Please read that again, sir,' asked the professor. He did so, and the astonished professor was forced to admit that it was right. The professor was astonished, and was forced to admit that Mr. Wong did know something about mathematics. The mandarin stated that he was not an extraordinary mathematician as compared with some of the educated Chinese.—*Terre Hute Ind., Express.*

Not Afraid of the Devil

A colored man named Nelson is owing a butcher on Beaubien street, five or six dollars, and after trying in vain to collect the money, the butcher and a friend put their heads together the other night and laid a plan. About midnight they called at Nelson's house, and he was awakened by a rap on the window.

'Who's dar?' he called out.

'The Devil!' solemnly replied the butcher.

'You is, hey?'

'Yes. I want you!'

'What fur?'

'You refuse to pay your butcher, and I am sent to take you to the bottomless pit!'

'You is?'

'I am! Come forth at once!'

'Ize comin'!' replied the negro as he jumped out of bed; 'I can't pay dat six dollars and a half as easy in any oddor way, an' de old woman is so mighty cross, Ize glad to git away from home.'

The butcher and his friend didn't wait for Nelson to come out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Curious Facts.

Fishes swallow their food whole. They have no dental machinery furnished for them.

Frogs, toads and serpents never take any food but that which they are satisfied is alive.

If a bee, wasp, or hornet stings, is nearly always at the expense of his life.

Serpents are so tenacious of their life that they will live for 6 months without food.

Turtles dig holes in the sand by the seashore, and burry their eggs.

Lobsters are very pugnacious, and fight severe battles. If they loose a claw another grows out.

Naturalists say that a single swallow will devour six thousand flies in a day.

The tarantula of Texas is nothing but an enormous spicer.

A single codfish produces more than a million eggs in one season.

A whale suckles its young, and therefore is not a fish.

Toads become torpid in winter and hide themselves, taking no food for 5 or 6 months.

Serpents of all species shed their skins annually like sea crabs and lobsters.

Turtles and tortoises have their skeleton partly outside of, instead of within the body.

It is believed crocodiles live to be hundreds of years old.

In South America there is a prolific honey bee that has not been furnished with a sting.

In the darkest nights fishes pursue their usual movements, the same as by daylight.

Seals are as intelligent as dogs, and may be made to perform tricks like them.

A MARVELLOUS PIECE OF MECHANISM, in the way of clocks, is described in the French journals. It is an eighty-day instrument, with deadbeat escapement maintaining power. It chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes, plays three tunes every twelve hours, or will play at any time required. The hands goes round as follows: One, once a minute; one, once an hour;—one, once a week; one, once a month;—one, once a year. It shows the moon's age; the rising and setting of the sun; the time of low and high water, half ebb and half flood, and by a beautiful contrivance there is a part which represents the water, which rises and falls, lifting some ships at highwater tide as if they were motion, and as it recedes, leaves these little automatom ships dry on the sands. The clock shows the hour of the day, day of the week, day of the month, month of the year, and in the day of the month there is provision made for the long and short months. It shows the signs of the zodiac: it strikes or not, as may be desired; and if has the equation table, showing the difference of clock and sun every day in the year.

"FATHER KNOWS."—A gentleman was one day opening a box of dry-goods. His little son was standing near, and as his father took the packages from the box, he laid some of them upon the arm of the boy. A young friend a playmate of the merchant's son was standing by looking on.—As parcel after parcel was laid upon the arm of the boy, his friend began to fear his load was becoming too heavy and said:

'Johnny, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?'

'Never mind,' answered Johnny, in a sweet happy tone, 'father knows how much I can carry.'

Brave, trusting little fellow! He did not grow restless or impatient under the burden. There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. His father knew his strength, or rather the weakness of that little arm, and would not overtask it. More than all, his father loved him, and therefore would not harm him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in him that God desires all his children to possess.

NOTHING *wastes* time like miscalculation. It negatives all results. It is the parent of incompleteness, the great author of the Unfinished and the Unserviceable. Almost every intellectual man has laid out great masses of time or five or six different branches of knowledge which are not of the least use to him, simply because he has not carried them far enough, and could not carry them far enough in the time he had to give. Yet this might have been ascertained at the beginning by the simplest arithmetical calculation. The experience of students in all departments of knowledge has quite definitely ascertained the amount of time that is necessary for success in them, and the successful student can at once inform the aspirant how far he is likely to travel along the road. What is the use, to anybody, of having just enough skill to be vexed with himself that he has no more, and yet angry at other people for not admiring the little that he possesses?—*Hamerton.*

A SILVER CITY, Nevada, young lady, who has a passion for pretty young babies, to a little four-year-old angel who has a bran new sister: 'I say, bub, won't you give me your baby sister? I love little babies.' Young hopeful: 'No, I tant.'—Young lady (winking at her young man): 'Why, sonny—why won't you give the baby to me?' Hopeful (indignantly): 'Fy, he'd starve to death; your dress opens behind.' Painful silence for the next fifteen minutes.

A young married lady wants to know whether it is bigamy for a married man to become wedded to his wife's opinions.

A Rabbit Plague in Nevada.

A farmer in from a ranch about twenty miles below Panaca informs us that the fields of growing vegetation, etc., are totally destroyed by large armies of rabbits that infest that section of country. These pests visit the different ranches every morning and make a general tour through the grain and vegetable crops, devouring and destroying everything in their march. One farmer, whose ranche is in Meadow Valley Wash, had his entire crop of cabbages and grain destroyed. The farmer has been patiently cultivating this plot of ground for the last three months, with the expectation of laying in enough provisions for the winter, and when about ready for the market these pests made their appearance on his ranch, with the above result. His loss is estimated at about $500. Prairie's ranch, fifty miles north of Pioche, has been visited by an army of these animals and fifty acres of the finest barley destroyed; and at the ranch of Judge Rives, in the valley below town, as soon as the grass or alfalfa shoots above the ground it is devoured by the rabbits. Poisoned wheat is going to be freely used by the farmers, with the hope of killing them off.—*Pioche* (Nev.) *Journal.*

IN one of the eastern towns of Massachusetts lived uncle Bill, a hard working stone mason, of ready wit but addicted to drink. Regularly each morning at an early hour he made a visit to the grocery store to lay in a stock of the ardent. With the same regularity the Rev. Dr. C., a kindly natured clergyman, in quest of his morning chop or mid-day roast sought the butcher shop. After meeting often in the morning walk Dr. C. at last felt it his duty to reprove Uncle Bill in his besetting sin. So one morning, after their usual salutation, the dominie began.

'You and I walk out early Uncle Bill, but do you ever reflect how different are our errands?'

'Well, for what matter,' said Uncle Bill, 'if we bring the thing down to scripture test, my errand will come out ahead.'

'How so?' asked Dr. C.

'Why, you walk after the flesh but I walk after the spirit.'

ONE of the most provoking things which mortal man encounters is that of taking a vast deal of trouble to provide against a danger that never arrives. Yet, nothing is more common than to see people laying up treasures they never live to enjoy—providing against exigencies that never happen—and sacrificing present ease, pleasure and enjoyment, only to guard against the wants of a period that they may never live to see.

AN officer in battle happening to bow, a cannon-ball took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him. 'You see' said he, 'a man loses nothing by politeness.'

TRUTH lies in character. Christ did not simply speak truth; he was truth—true through and through; for truth is a thing not of words; but of life and being.

GET atop of your troubles, and then they're half cured.—*L. M. Alcott.*

IT is one of the worst of errors to suppose that there is any other path of safety except that of duty.

WITHOUT temperance, there is no health; without virtue, no order; without religion, no happiness.

'I see the villain in your face,' said a Western judge to a prisoner. 'May it please your worship,' replied the prisoner, 'that is a personal reflection.'

IN Glasgow there is a church on which, in a conspicuous place, is posted this notice: 'Sermons for people in working clothes.'

'I suppose,' said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, 'that you think me a humbug.' 'Sir,' replied the sick man, 'I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse.'

NEVER write on a subject without having first read yourself full on it; and never read on a subject till you have thought yourself hungry on it.

'THE best way to find out is to put a ring on it,' was the blushing reply of a young woman to the remark of her lover that he hoped her 'hand' was not a counterfeit.

WORDS, like sunbeams, burn deeper when condensed.

NEVER let your honest convictions be laughed down.

ETERNITY—the endless chasm composing the life of God!

To a liberal mind poverty is a stimulant, meanness a refrigerant, selfishness an opiate and ingratitude a poison.

THE safest and best remedies in the world are warmth, rest and abstinence—the brutes employ these.

HE that lags behind in a road that many are driving on, will always be in a cloud of dust.

FLATTERY is like a painted armor, designed for show and not for use.—*Socrate.*

Gratitude is a duty wich ought to be paid but which none have a right to expect.

A single bolt of lightning in Dakota lately killed fourteen horses and five steers.

CALIFORNIANS are allowed off their taxes $1 for every tree planted and maintained for 8 years.

NOT the oaks of intellect but the blossoms of the heart are twisted into the wreath of fame.