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Poetry.

For the Union.

NAPOLEON AT WATERLOO.

BY A SCHOOL BOY.

Napoleon saw with fierce dismay
Each furious charge repulsed,
He saw his bleeding warrors lay
All covered o'er with dust.

Then on the battle-field he formed
The Old Guard—veterans true—
They who now the world alarmed
On the field of Waterloo.

'Mid the din of battle onward
O'er the bodies of the dead;
Pressing boldly, bravely forward
With their captain at their head.

But they were met by British foemen
On the blood stained battle-field,
These were brave and sturdy yoemen,
And know not how to yield.

Their ranks the British cannon thin
But onward still they came;
And the captain's voice above the din
Called the valiant guard by name.

In their grasp the victory seemed,
As they drove the British back;
And with hope their voices teemed,
As they followed on the track.

But the Russian forces came
Like thunder from afar;
They charged the French with hearts
And turned the tide of war. [aflame.

Then the British army allied
Around their glorious flag,
Which waved above the armies rallied
Like the vulture o'er the crag.

The French were taken by surprise,
As the Prussians took the field;
Fear seemed their limbs to paralyze,
For they were compelled to yield.

Backward 'mid the tumult borne,
Backward the Old Guard flew,
For they were of their glory shorn
On the field of Waterloo.

Napoleon tried the route to stem,
And keep them from defeat,
But nothing now could rally them,
The panic was complete.

And now that monarch great and brave,
His power is no more,
For he has found an exile's grave
On Saint Helena's shore.

GREENSBOROUGH, May 23d, 1877.

LITTLE FOXES.

"Dear me! there comes Grandma Jarvis!' sighed pretty Mabel Lee, as she looked out of the window and saw an old lady coming across the lawn—a very queer looking old lady, in a plain gray gown, a dark purple shawl and an old-fashioned silk calash over her thick-ruffled cap.

"Mabel!' said her mother, indignantly.

"Oh, I know it, mamma dear. I'm an awful sinner; but Grandma Jarvis is so good and sensible, and so forth, I always feel as if I were a poor little nut in the jaws of a steel nut-cracker when she is about.'

"She generally finds out and brings out the good in you,' said Mrs. Lee, smiling, but she said no more, for Mrs. Jarvis turned the door-handle at that moment and came in.

You saw at once, if you saw her face, that she was a person of keen insight and judgment; perhaps less lovable than a gentler and more gracious nature, but yet a woman to be thoroughly trusted and relied on.

Mabel was a ladylike, bright girl, spoiled, to be sure, as children are apt to be, when there is but one in a family, and resenting, like any spoiled child, her grandmother's sharp comments and sensible advice. At heart, however, she respected her, and perhaps a little more that the old lady was rich and generous, and young people, even the least mercenary and grasping, feel kindly toward the hand that brings timely and costly gifts.

Mabel even forgave the old, worn dress, since that gray gown was heavy, lustreless silk; the thick-quilted cap ruffles India muslin and thread lace; the purple shawl crape, covered with embroidery, and the white kerchief fastened with one great diamond.

Grandma Jarvis never thought about her clothes further than to have them comfortable and not too *outre*. She knew very well the world was like Mabel, and would forgive the simple fashion for the costly material, and with a certain grim humor, she always called the diamond pin "Charity.'

"It covers so many of my sins, my dear,' she said. "I pass for a woman of sense with ninety people out of a hundred simply on account of this big trinket. It blinds them so they can't see I am out of the fashion.'

To-day Mrs. Jarvis had a definite errand. She sat down on the sofa and took off her calash with deliberation.

"Mehetabel,' said she, fixing her eyes on the young girl, whose color rose to her fair face at the obnoxious name, "I hear you are going to be married.'

Mabel blushed still more hotly, and looked straight out of the window. The tell-tale pane reflected a knit brow and unmistakably cross lips.

Mrs. Jarvis laughed.

"You are rather startling, mother.'

"I should think the fact was more startling than I am,' dryly answered the old lady. "I got your note last night, Hetty, and I made up my mind to come over this morning and see you about it.'

"Yours are the first congratulations, mother. Nobody else knows it.'

"I haven't congratulated anybody yet,' snapped Mrs. Jarvis. "I never do congratulate anybody till a year after their wedding day, and then I don't have to very often. I came to say, don't any of you give the child a tea service. I want to do that myself. She's got my name, and it ought to be gilt, or silvered, or something, to console her for such an old-fashioned appellation, though she does top and tail it as if it were a gooseberry.'

"O grandma!' Mabel turned a pleased and pretty face away from the window now.

"Don't be overcome yet. Maybe you'll change your mind before the end, miss.—I've got a bit of advice for you and a promise to take first. The advice is, to leave off the piano for six months and take to the kitchen. Men can't live and love waltzes, much less a man of the Selden tribe. I know 'em. If he don't have good food, he'll be sour first, and then he'll have dyspepsia, and there'll be a sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees; which things are a figure. But that's the advice.'

"O grandma! I can make a splendid cake, and ice-pudding, too, and Charlottes, just as good as Cross.'

"Fiddle-stick! You can't make bread, or boil a potato, or broil a steak.'

"But anybody can do that.'

"Mrs. Lee smiled, and grandma turned a withering look on Mabel.

"Don't be a fool! There isn't one in a hundred can do either, and I doubt if you've got brains to; but you might try.'

There rose up instantly a mighty resolve in Mabel's feminine soul to show Grandma Jarvis that she could do more than she gave her credit for; that she would learn to cook in spite of this discouraging prophecy. It is just possible grandma knew who she was talking to.

Then, as to the promise. I'm going to send you over a motto—one of those painted gimcracks everybody hangs up everywhere. I don't know why they call them illuminated, I'm sure, except by the rule of contraries, for they need extra spectacles and a calcium light to read them by; but you can read mine; I warned of the curlicues; only promise to read it every morning before breakfast, or I can tell you you won't get the tea set.

"O yes, of course I'll read it, grandma—the idea!'

"Well, well, if you read it, you'll think about it, I'll warrant. Now I must go home and send John over with the things;' and, with a frosty little caress on Mabel's fair cheek, and a nod to her mother, the old lady went.

"Grandma kisses me just like a clam-shell,' said Mabel, in half-soliloquy as she sat down by the window. Her mother could not help laughing, for the cool nip of thin lips, that was grandma's substitute for a kiss, certainly did suggest shells and clamminess. John came directly back with the package, and Mabel eagerly untied and unfolded it. The motto was printed in large German text, easy to read, though gay with gold and colors, and it ran thus:

"Take up the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes.'

Mabel stared.

"Mother, what on earth does it mean?'

Mrs. Lee smiled and sighed, both, as she read the legend over the girl's shoulder.—"Look here Mab,' and she slipping a flat gold hoop off her third finger, and the girl read inside, "Beware of little foxes!' and looked up, freshly astonished, into her mother's face.

"I suppose grandma means me to tell you a story, Mabel, which she told me when I was first engaged. It hurt her bitterly to tell it, but it did me much good.—I think she could not bring herself to tell you. You are not her daughter, and cannot love her as I do, and you never have had reason to pity her as I have. You never saw Grandfather Jarvis, Mabel.'

"Why, I thought he died before I was born.'

"No, he died ten years ago in Brazil.—I never saw him myself, Mab; he never knew he had a daughter.

"Mother!'

Mrs. Lee's lovely dark eyes filled with tears as she drew Mabel down beside her on the sofa.

"I have been told that grandma was a very beautiful, high-spirited girl at your age, dear, animated, brilliant, thoroughly satisfied with herself and her surroundings, especially when Jonathan Jarvis fell in love with her. Her father died when she was three years old, and her invalid mother adored the child, and spoiled her even more than I do you.'

Mabel kissed the soft hand laid on the shoulder, and gave it a wilful little bite.

"Don't be horrid, mamma, or I shall eat you right up. As if I was one bit spoiled!'

"If you were not my child you would not need grandma's lesson. She was spoiled, as I said, and Jonathan Jarvis knew it, but he was bewitched by her spirit and beauty, and thought, as men are apt to think, that he could control and cure all that. She loved him, too, very deeply, after her fashion, and there was nothing to delay their marriage, but the day was scarcely fixed when her mother suddenly sank and died. Grandmother did not mourn so hopelessly that it was thought best to put off her marriage, though, out of respect to her mother's memory, there was no wedding party, and the 'happy pair' began their life at once in the old homestead where grandma lives to-day.

"The outlook before these two was very fair; youth, health, competency, what seemed to be devoted love, made them an apparently enviable couple; but no sooner were these unbroken wills brought into daily contact than trouble began.

You may laugh, Mabel, but their first dispute was about a coffee-pot. Mother preferred the old-fashioned urn, her husband the newer style of pitcher. Neither would yield in a mere matter of taste, and this was the beginning of evil.

"Silly? Yes, it looks wonderfully silly to us; but I think I heard a very warm discussion only yesterday on the proper style of riding-hats for a lady.'

Mabel colored to the waves of her dark hair and tried to smile.

"They came to a compromise on this matter, agreeing to drink chocolate in place of coffee; but other small disputes followed; they all burnt in on grandma's mind, but I forgot most of them, so slight and trivial were the matters of discussion, though they grew to active means of torment.

"A child was born, and Jonathan, in his sad and sore heart, thought would bring peace, and his indignant and grieved wife hoped it also, for each blamed the other, as combatants will; but the baby's eyes never saw their strife; it died, and the hope died with it. Little frets are what wear away love and life, Mabel. My poor father!—and my poor mother!—There was no kindly friend to say a judicious word to either. They showed a smiling front to the world outside, but grew more alienated daily.

"There was no real quarrel, no vital disagreement, but the hourly fret of undisciplined tempers, impatient natures, strong wills and a self-consideration that forbade yielding, that cherished pride and petulence, that recognized no duty except as owed to itself.

"The end of these things hastened. Before nameless baby slept in its green grave a year, father had set out for Brazil in a merchant vessel, leaving this short adieu to his wife:

"You can say I have gone South on business, Mehetabel, but *you* must know I shall never come back. I am tired of living in torment, and you will be glad to part with one who could never please you. So farewell. Yours to command,

JONATHAN JARVIS.

"Mother was frantically angry at first. She raved in her own chamber over what she termed a mortal insult, but, as day after day came on, and her loneliness and weakness grew over her, she began to see things more honestly; and when news came that the ship had foundered at sea, and all hands perished, then she was entirely prostrated. As she told me, her past life rose up, looked her in the face, and struck her down.

"I was born after my father's departure and a very long illness carried her to the gates of the grave. She recovered at last, a stern and saddened woman, with only one interest in her life; but she brought me up with strictness and care, tenderly as she loved me; and, when I was about to take my life up for myself, told me this bitter story, and gave me this ring.

"If I had killed the little foxes,' said she, sadly, "I might to-day have a goodly vineyard of my own. Beware of them, Hetty. They have spoiled my life.'

"And after all, Mabel, my father was not lost on the wreck. He was picked up by another vessel, and, under an assumed name, lived on in Brazil. In the grasp of mortal illness, he wrote to his wife, asking and giving pardon. It was from him that all her wealth came, but she has never forgiven herself.'

"Poor grandma!' sobbed Mabel, "and I have been so horridly hateful to her!'

"It will console her for all your freaks, my darling, if you only profit by her pitiful story.'

The next time Grandma Jarvis came over Mabel greeted her with a stringent hug and a heartfelt kiss, not at all of the clamshell order.

"Gracious!' exclaimed the old lady, withdrawing herself a little to look at Mabel; but she saw the brown eyes fill, and her own grew dim.

"Go along, child, go along!' she growled under her breath. "And now you've got your lesson, don't forget it.'

It would have been hard for Mabel to do so, when the exquisitely-wrought tea set that adorned her table through all her married life bore on every cover the sly and eager head of a tiny fox, and the very cream pitcher had for its handle the slender body of that treacherous animal, its eager head peering over the brim, and its long, bushy tail curving outward at the base. Many and many a time, when some trifling matter irritated her, and a quick, or stinging word rose to her lips, a glance at the tea-set shut her pretty mouth closely just in time; and when Grandma Jarvis came into Boston a year after Mabel's marriage, to eat her Christmas dinner at Mr. Seldon's, she nodded quaintly at the lady of the house as she said: "I congratulate you now, Mehetable. I can do it with a clear conscience. It's been a good hunting year, I see.'

Mabel colored and laughed, and her husband stared, but nobody explained the sybillic utterance; only Mrs. Lee gave her mother a loving and grateful look, and Grandma Jarvis wiped her spectacles.

And the moral is—let us go fox-hunting.

RAFFLING FOR FREEDOM.

We translate from a German sketch of American travel the subjoined account of an incident alleged to have occurred on a Mississippi steamboat a short time before the war.

I ascended the Mississppi, says the writer, on a steamer, on board which were Judge J——and General K——, of Pennsylvania, with both of whom I was slightly acquainted.

"A hard set, these Natchez men,' said the captain, who met us on the cabin stairs, "There's some of them down in the saloon playing a high game. How men can be such fools I could never see."

"Let's go down and look on awhile,' suggested the Judge.

In the saloon we found four men seated at a table, around which a crowd of spectators was gathered. The four were the "heavy players."

The game was poker, and the money changed hands rapidly. We had not been looking on long when one of the players, a middle-aged man, who I learned was a cotton planter, bet his last dollar against the hand of one of his antagonists. The latter showed four kings, while he had only four queens. He was "cleaned out,' and rose as though he were going to leave the table.

"Are you broke, Colonel?' asked one of the men.

"Dead!' was the laconic reply.

"Never mind; I'll lend you.'

"No; I can make a raise, I reckon—here, Pomp!'

"Here, massa!' responded an old negro, as he emerged from one corner of the saloon.

"Bring that girl and her youngster here that I bought in Natchez. Wait a few minutes, gentlemen; I'll raise some money.

The old negro went on his errand and soon returned with the girl and her youngster. The "girl, proved to be a stately mulatto woman about thirty-five years old. Her "youngster' was a fine, intelligent-looking boy eleven or twelve years old, whose complexion showed him to be much more nearly allied to the white race than to the black.

"Here, gentlemen,' said the planter, as they entered, "you see the girl and her boy—two as fine niggers as you can find anywhere. I paid eight hundred dollars for them yesterday in Natchez. Who will give me six hundred for them?'

"Will you sell them separate?' asked some one.

"No, can't do it; I promised not to.—The girl swears she'll take her life if she's separated from her boy, and her old master said that he was sure she would keep her word. But don't you see that the girl is worth more money than I ask for both of them. Come, who'll give me six hundred for both?'

The planter waited a moment for a reply, and then said:

"Well, I must have some money. What say you to a raffle—thirty chances at twenty dollars a chance? Out with your cash, gentlemen. The first on the list has the first throw.'

This proposition created quite a stir among all present. The three players at the table led off by taking three chances each. Their example was followed by the spectators, and twenty chances were taken as rapidly as the planter could write down the names and take the money. Then there was a slight pause. The planter himself now took two chances and he was followed by his three fellow-players, who each took one chance more. Finally, three more chances were taken by the spectators when the planter cried out—

"Two chances still, gentlemen! Who will have them?'

General K—— whispered something in Judge J——'s ear, and then went to the table and laid two ten-dollar gold pieces on it.

"Name, Sir, please.'

"Never mind the name. Put it down for the woman—'

"Eh—what! for the girl herself?'

"Yes, certainly; let's give her a chance.'

"All right. One for Ninette. And now—'

"That's for the boy,' said Judge J——, quietly, as he laid twenty dollars on the table.

"Good! bravo! bravo!' cried the planter and several of the bystanders. "One for Tommy, which makes the thirty.—Now, gentlemen, let's see whose luck favors.'

The dice were brought, and the throwing began. Each chance entitled the holder to three throws.

Thirty-six was the highest thrown, until the holder of the eleventh chance threw.—He scored forty-two. Then a less number was thrown, until number twenty-one scored forty-nine.

The excitement now became intense.—Forty-nine was hard to beat, the highest throw possible being nine sixes—fifty-four.

Again and again the dice rattled in the box, until it came to number twenty-nine.

"Come Ninette—it's your turn now!'

As the poor woman came forward, her hands crossed and pressed convulsively against her breast, it was truly painful to witness her agitation.

"Won't the gentleman that took the chance for me please throw?' she asked in a low, tremulous tone.

"No; let your boy throw,' replied the General; "perhaps he would have more luck than I.'

"Come, Tom,' said the planter.

Tom came forward and picked up the box. The woman pressed her lips firmly together and clasped her hands as if in prayer. The boy trembled like an aspan leaf, but shook the dice, and threw—three!

For a moment he stared at the dice as though he could not believe his eyes; then he put down the box, and stepped back, pale and dejected.

"Come, Tommy, throw again,' urged the planter.

"It's no use, master; I couldn't throw forty-nine now.'

"True, true! But you have your own chance. Throw that.'

"Certainly,' said Judge ——, "that one was your mother's. Now throw for yourself, on the chance I gave you. Have a stout heart, my boy, and may heaven smile on you!'

Again the boy returned to the table, and took up the box. He pressed his lips together, and did his best to control his trembling limbs. Not a sound was to be heard in the saloon but the rattling of the dice.—For a moment every man seemed to hold his breath.

He threw.

"Two fives and a six—sixteen!' said the planter, putting down the number, while a murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd.

One of the bystanders gathered up the dice and put them in the box, and the boy threw again.'

"Two sixes and a five—seventeen!'

The excitement now knew no bounds, and the 'bravos' resounded on every hand. The boy, as he took up the box to throw for the third and last time, was as nearly colorless as it was possible for him to be with his yellow skin.

Out rolled the dice, and up came three sixes, which made fifty-one!

"Tommy, my boy, I congratulate you!' cried the planter. "You are your own and your mother's master! Fill up the necessary papers, Captain, and I will sign them. These gentlemen will be the witnesses!'

I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. In the general satisfaction, one of the roughest looking men in the crowd proposed a subscription for the freed negroes. The proposition was received with such favor that in less than five minutes fifty dollars were collected.—*From Appleton's Journal for June.*

The Blind.

The total number of blind persons now living is estimated at over two and a quarter millions. The proportion of blind persons to the entire population of the United States is 1 to 1,900, or 20,041 in a population of 38,115,641. In British North America, 1 to 1,592. In Mexico 1 to 1,500. In the West Indies, 1 to 616. In Central and South America, 1 to 800. In Australia and Polynesia, 1 to 800. In Europe, 1 to 1,094. In Asia, 1 to 431. In Africa, 1 to 300.

In all the ages of heathenism, asylums for the blind and the helpless were unknown. The first known public asylum for the blind was founded in Paris, by Louis IX, in 1260. Now, in almost every Christian country institutions for the blind have been established. Great Britain and Ireland have twenty-four, and there are 27 in the United States. Many persons eminent in history have been blind. Diodotus, the philosopher and preceptor of Cicero; Eusebius, the theologian, and Didymus the rhetorician, among the ancients, were blind. Henry the minstrel poet of Scotland in the 14th century, Zisca the Bohemian warrior in the 15th, Giovanni Paolo an Italian painter of the 16 th, Sanderson the famous English mathematician of the 17th, and Milton the great English poet of the same century, were blind. Some of them became blind at adult age, but others were blind from their birth. W. H. Milburn the eminent pulpit orator, and W. H. Churchman, Superintendent of the institution for the blind at Indianapolis, are among the distinguished living blind persons.

Many years ago an English mother heard with inexpressible grief that her little son must lose his sight, and be blind for life.—But the blind boy lived and grew up, and consecrated his life to the service of the blind. To-day, after preparing and printing portions of God's word in *seventy-two languages*, in raised letters, so that *the blind* can read it, Dr. Moon is said to be the "happiest man in London.' Through his blindness many who sat in darkness have been led to see "the light of life."

Christ was the great healer of the blind, but the few he healed by the wayside or in the temple were but specimens and illustrations of his wonder-working power which shall be manifest when the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—"Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped." Isa. xxxv. 5.

"O long expected day begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin."

Wayside.

"Now, my boy," said the examiner, "if I had a mince pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to Isaac, two-twelfths to Henry, two-twelfths to John, and should take half the pie myself, what would be left? Speak out loud so all can hear."—"The plate," shouted the boy.

A Western woman having been spoken of as "having one foot in the grave," a cruel commentator remarks that there must be a big hole out there somewhere.

Where Art Thou.

We who profess to be Christians, where are we? Do you honestly believe that, if the professing Christians were living as God would have us live, that there would not be thousands and tens of thousands of people converted in thirty days? I haven't the slightest doubt about that. I tell you the world has got tired and sick of your shams. The charge that they bring against us, and I do not blame them, is that we profess something we do not posess; that if we really believed what we preach, what we talk about, and what we profess to believe, we would be in earnest about their salvation. And I say they are right. Can you find a church whose members are really burdened for the salvation of souls? To be sure you may find one here and there. But is the Church of God to-day in its true position? Are we not living like the world? Are we not mingling with the world, so that the world cannot tell the difference between the professors and the ones who do not profess? I tell you they are tired and sick of sham professions, and where one ungodly man reads the Bible, a hundred read you, and by the strength of your love for Christ, represented through your daily life they judge you, and presume that our christianity is a myth they say it is a sham; that it is not real.

A young friend of mine talking to a young man some time ago, and pressing on him the claims of Christ, the young man turned up his nose, and said: "I don't believe a word of your Christianity.' 'Why you don't really mean that, do you?—you don't really believe that all Christians are hypocrites?' "Yes, I do.' The young man knew that his mother was a professing Christian, and he said: "You don't think your own mother is a hypocrite, do you?' 'No.' The young man didn't want to speak disrespectfully of his mother. "No, I can't call her a hypocrite, but *she don't believe what she professes*, for if she did she would have talked to me personally about my soul. My mother never talked to me personally about my soul.' And the young man didn't believe that his mother believed what she professed. I say the young man had the best of it.

And isn't that just the condition of hundreds and thousands of us to-day—that with us Christianity is merely an empty form? We profess something we do not possess. We have not published the glory of heaven. We have not put off the old man, and put on the new man. We have not seperated ourselves from the world.—We are not living with God and Christ, and the world goes stumbling over us. That is what Paul meant when he said: "Ye are living epistles, known and read of all men.' The word reads the heart, and if we do not live as God would have us live, the world will stumble over us.

I remember a few years ago being in a country town, and the most prominent merchant in that town had died, and was then lying a corpse in his house. I was told a story that I have never forgotten,—that, when the family physician, who was a professing Christian, came to the dying man, he said to the merchant, "You cannot live,' and then he thought he would talk about Christ. There are a great many just such Christians. They never talk about Christ until they hear the death-rattle in the throat and the sands of life are about running out, and then they wake up and find that they have not been faithful. So it was with this very man when he talked with his neighbor about Christ.—The merchant looked up to his old friend, and says:

"Doctor, how long have you known these things?'

"Oh,' says the doctor, "I became a Christian before I left the East. I have been a Christian ever since you have known me.'

"Why,' says the merchant, "It is very singular you never told me that before.—You have been a friend of mine, have been in my store every day, or I have been in your office; you have been my family physician for years; you have been in my home, and I have been in yours, and you never told me this before. Doctor, why didnt you tell me that these things were true? You knew; why didn't you tell me?'

The doctor tried to apologize and to gain time; and, as he went to his house, it kept ringing in his ears: "Why didn't you tell me?' He tried to rest, but he couldn't—When he went back to his dying friend he was nearly gone, and all his friend said when he came to his bed-side was to whisper: "*Why didn't you tell me before?*' and he was gone. Ah! how many friends you have got. If they should be summoned away by death, and you should attempt to talk to them, wouldn't most of them ask you why you didn't talk to them before? "*Why didn't you tell me?*'

Oh! my friends, the world is waiting for you to come and tell them of Christ; and they will not know Christ unless we publish the tidings. The devil tries to make people believe that Christ is not real,—that Christ will not save the world: and if we know him to be our Savior, if God has revealed to us Christ, shall we not publish it, shall we not tell it, shall we not be bold and speak right out for Christ?—*D. L. Moody.*

THE talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of little minds and ungerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement.

Borrowing Trouble.

"What shall I do if Susan leaves me?' said Mrs Towne, in despair.

"There's an old proverb,' answered her neighbor, Mrs. Strong, "that there are as good fish in the river as ever swam. There are plenty other Susans to be had.'

"I don't know,' answered Mrs. Towne, ruefully. "Help seems to be getting worse and worse all the time. I'm shure it wasn't so when I was young.'

"Perhaps not, my dear, said Mrs. Strong, for you may be younger than I am.' But I remember, in my mother's time, there was just as much trouble with servants as there is now.

"But,' said Mrs. Towne, "baby will be teething this summer, and whatever I shall do without Susan I can't tell. What right has she to get married?'

Little, jovial Mrs. Strong laughed very heartily at this.

"I'm afraid as much right,' she said good humoredly, as you or I had. Have you tried to get one to fill her place?'

"What's the use? I know I shant succeed. Some worthless creature will come that will be a cripple for life. Oh, dear!'

"But try. There's just as much chance for a good nurse applying as a bad one.'

"It's no use. There'll never be another Susan.'

"Come, come, I've kept house as long as you have, and can't afford to pay any higher wages than you do, yet I have managed to get along, and find plenty of Susans. Of course one don't get an angel for what we pay a year. But if one servan' goes, I look out for another, and I always expect beforehand to secure as good a one as I lose. So in everything else. I tell you, my dear Mrs. Towne, life is a good deal more what we make it than at first one would suppose. If we take troubles easy, they generally smoothe their path for themselves.'

"I never knew people to get along who did that. We are not fed as the ravens are. We've got to work and worry.'

"Work, yes! Worry, no! At least not too much. I never meant one shou'd make no effort. To sit down with one's hands in one's lap is just what I condemn. But always hope for the best. Trouble comes soon enough, and there is always enough of it. Why should we make it greater by worrying over it in advance!'

"Oh, yes, I know. You always take it that way. But you're strong and healthy; little worries don't affect you, while I—well—I'm that nervous that I'm ready to cry sometimes.'

"Have you never thought, my dear said Mrs. Strong, kindly, "that this worrying might be the cause of your nervousness? I'm very sure that if I gave way to every little trouble, I should soon lose my health. But I say, even when I fail, "better luck next time.' I will not allow myself to be disheartened. What has a wiser than either of us said? 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

"It is real good to hear you talk; and your coming to see me in this way when I'm down-hearted, does cheer me up, I'll admit; but it's in my nature to worry—and there's the end of it. What else can a woman with five children, and only able to keep half the help she needs, do but worry?'

"You forget,' replied Mrs. Strong laughing again, "that I have five children also, and that, so far as money goes, you are better off than I am. Why, my dear, when you went to housekeeping, and could afford to have plush covered furniture for your parlor, while I had to put up with horse hair, I came nearer being envious than I ever did in my life. But I knew my husbands comparative poverty couldn't be helped, and so I made the best of it.'

Mrs. Strong was right.

Her friends habit of worrying was really the principle cause of her ill health, for at eighteen, she, who was now Mrs. Towne, had been the handsomer of the two; tall, lithe, and willowly in figure, with a fine color, and a face the very picture of health.

But after her marriage, she had fallen into the habit of thinking that she must of necessity, always be sick, or her children sick, or her servants about to leave, or some other trouble be impending; and this at thirty, had brought her to the faded, querelous woman we see; while her old schoolmate, by pursuing an exactly opposite course, had retained her health, her spirits, and her good looks, and was able to laugh at all the lesser evils of life.

A Chicago man insists that he saw a red and black snake forty feet long, and as big as a barrell of whiskey. We have no doubt that he did, but he unquestionably saw the barrel of whiskey before he saw the snake.

A young man on olive street, whose sweetheart has pretty, pouting lips, says that a kiss of hers always reminds him of the *menue* of the best restaurant in town, it's such a delicious bill affair.

AN Iowa jailer didn't believe that a female could crawl through a hole two feet square. She preferred liberty to bustle and left the latter on the floor as a sad memento.

Even if a boy is always whistling "I want to be an angel,' it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf of the pantry.

MIND may act upon mind though bodies be far divided; for the life is in the blood, but souls communicate unseen.