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## THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A Mighty Hand, from an exhaustless urn,
Pours ... the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them. On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams, and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood leaps over them, and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined,
With roses, ride the topmost swel l awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves, and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers: the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's cropp'd ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train—the torrent sweeps away
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud; the flood rolls on;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude,
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator, who wields
The living mass as if he were its souk
The waters choke the shout, and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd, and one who spreads
The hands in prayer; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine, at his touch,
Gathers upon the canvass, and life glows;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them, and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms, she shrieks,
And weeps, and, midst her tears, is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart; the youth goes down, the maid
With hands outstretched in vain and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds; his bending form
Sinks slowly; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks, and they are seen no more.
Lo, wider grows the stream; a sea-like flood
Sepa earth's walled cities; massive palaces
Crumble before it; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters; populous realms,
Swept by their current, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stilled and never to be uttered more.
I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed,
I see
The silent Queen of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of forts, where mansions and hall
Drop away piecemeal; fruitbearing walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and tangled plots stand
Unweeded, drenched by the worshipers.
[illegible] thrones of kings o'er-
[illegible]
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust, and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
O'erwritten haply with fond words of love
And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
A moment, and then sink away from sight.
I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
For I behold, in every one of these,
A blighted hope, a separate history
Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
That sorrowfully ended; and I think
How painfully must the poor hearts have beat
In bosoms without number, as the blow
Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace.
Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
The flood must pass, and I behold a mist
Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
Divinely fair, that rests on banks of flowers
Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
And reappearing, haply giving place
To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
Molds from the idle air; where serpents lift
The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
The bony arm in menace. Further on
A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
Long, low and distant, where the Life that Is
Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
Hear what the wise and good have said. Beyond
That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again, and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble, and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river, broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded around the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord, hand in hand.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

☞ "But that juryman is deaf," expostulated a man at the opening of a case in the Criminal Court.

"Oh, that's all right" whispered a bailiff, in reply. "The sheriff's told him on a piece of paper what kind of a verdict is wanted."

☞ A prudent man advised his servant to put his money away for a rainy day. In a few weeks his master inquired how much he had saved:

"Faith none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

☞ "Fresh of milk in your cans this morning?" the customer asked a Berlin milkman the other morning.

And the milkman nodded, as without a wink in his eye, he replied, "Thick, too."

## MATCH-MAKING.

'I wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived.'

And she meant it, or, what answers the same purpose, she thought she meant it. After all, how few of us, really know what we mean?

'I engaged myself once when a girl and the simpleton thought he owned me. I soon took that conceit out of him and sent him about his business.'

The voice was now a trifle sharp.—And what wonder, with a galling memory?

'No man shall ever tyrannize over me—never! What the mischief do you suppose is the matter with this sewing machine?'

'Annoyed at your logic, most likely,' said my friend, a bright-eyed young matron, as she threaded her needle.

'My husband is not a tyrant, Miss Kent.'

'I am glad you are satisfied,' was the laconic answer.

It was quite evident by the expression of the dressmaker's face that she had formed her own opinion about my friend's husband, and was quite competent to form and express an opinion on any subject.

Miss Kent was a little woman, as fair as a girl and as plump as a robin. She wasn't ashamed to own that she was forty years old and an old maid. She had earned her own living most of her life and was proud of it. Laziness was the one sin Miss Kent could not forgive.—She was a good nurse, a faithful friend and a jolly companion; but stroke her the wrong way, and you'd wish you hadn't in a much shorter time than it takes me to write it. And her views on all subjects were strikingly original and not to be combated.

'What are you going to do when you are old?' persisted the mistress of the establishment.

'What other old folks do, I suppose,' she replied.

'But you can't work forever.'

'Can't say that I wan't to.'

'Now, Miss Kent, a husband with means, a kind, intelligent man—'

'I don't want. I don't want any man. I tell you, Miss Carlisle, I would not marry the best man that ever lived, if he was as rich as Crœsus, and would die if I didn't have him. Now, if you have exhausted the marriage question, I should like to try on your dress.'

That there was something behind all this I knew well. My friend's eyes danced with fun; and as Miss Kent fitted the waist she threw me a letter from the bureau.

'Read that,' she said, with a knowing look. 'It may amuse you.'

'This is what the letter said:

MY DEAR JENNIE.—I shall be delighted to spend a month with you and your husband. There must be, however, one stipulation about my visit; you must promise to say no more about marriage. I shall never be foolish again. Twenty-five years ago to-day, I wrecked my whole life.

'Better embark in a new ship, hadn't he?' put in Jennie.

'So unsuitable was this marriage, so utterly and entirely wretched have been its consequences, that I am forced to believe the marriage institution a mistake. So, for the last time, let me assure you that I wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, if by so doing I could save her life. Your own cousin,

MARK LANSING.'

'Rich, isn't it?' said Jennie, and then pointed to the chubby little figure whose back happened to be turned.

I shook my head and laughed,

'You'll see,' continued the incorrigible.

'See what?' inquired Miss Kent, quite unaware of our pantomime.

'That particles which are chemically attracted will unite. Of course an alkali and an acid—don't you think this sleeve is a little too long, Miss Kent?"

'Not after the seam is off. But what were you saying about alkalies and acids, Mrs. Carlisle. The other day at Professor Boynton's I saw some wonderful experiments.'

'Did they succeed?' inquired Jennie, demurely.

'Beautifully.'

'So will mine. I never botched a job in my life.'

'I don't think I quite understand you,' said Miss Kent, perplexed.

'No? I always grow scientific when talking about marriage, my dear.'

'Bother!' was all the little woman said, but the tone was much better natured than I expected.

The next week Cousin Mark arrived, and I liked him at once. An unhappy marriage would have been the last thing thought of in connection with the gentleman. He had accepted the situation like a man. Jennie told me and for fifteen years he had carried a load of misery that few could have endured. Death came to his relief at last, and now the poor fellow honestly believed himself an alien from domestic happiness.

Singular as it may appear, Cousin Mark was the embodiment of good health and good nature: fifty, perhaps, though he didn't look like it, and as sound and fresh in his way as the little dressmaker was in hers. As I looked [illegible] my boarding house.—Think of [illegible] Miss Kent—boarding [illegible] for anyone so fond of domestic [illegible] as I am, Miss Kent.

Just then my [illegible] and a [illegible] baby's cry, which [illegible] like a note of [illegible] from Miss Kent.

necessary to caution me about that, Cousin Mark,' cooed the plotter, as she stood by his side looking out of the window.—'The idea of my being so ridiculous!' and in the same breath, 'Come, let us go to my sitting-room. We are at work, there but it won't make any difference to you, will it?'

Of course Cousin Mark answered 'No,' promptly, as innocent as a dove about the trap being laid for him.

'This is my cousin—Mr. Lansing, Miss Kent,' and Mr. Lansing bowed politely and Miss Kent arose, dropped her scissors, blushed and sat down again.—Cousin Mark picked up the refractory implements and then Miss Jennie proceeded, with rare caution and tact, to her labor of love. Cousin Mark, at her request, read aloud an article from the Popular Science Monthly, drawing Miss Kent into discussion as deftly as was ever fly drawn into the web of the spider.

'Who was that lady, Jennie?' Cousin Mark inquired in the evening.

'Do you mean Miss Kent?' said Jennie, looking up from her paper. 'Oh, she is a lady I have known for a long time. She is making some dresses for me now. Why?'

'She seemed uncommonly well posted for a woman.'

Under other circumstances Mrs. Carlisle would have resented this, but now she only queried, 'Do you think so?' and that ended it.

Two or three invitations to the sewing room were quite sufficient to make Cousin Mark perfectly at home there, and after a week he became as familiar as this;

'If you are not too busy, I should like to read you this article;' and this is what Miss Kent would say:

'Oh, I am never too busy to be read to. Sit down by the window in this comfortable chair and let's hear it.'

After a couple of weeks, when the gentleman came in, hoarse with a sudden cold, Miss Kent bustled about, her voice full of sympathy, and brewed him a dose which he declared he should never forget to his dying day; but one dose cured him. After this Miss Kent was really a wonderful woman.

Ah, Jennie was an arch-plotter. She let them skirmish about, but not once did she give them a chance to be alone together—her plans were not to be destroyed by premature confidences—until the very evening preceeding Cousin Mark's departure for California. Then Miss Kent was very demurely asked to remain and keep an eye on Master Carlisle, whom the fond mother did not like to leave quite alone with his nurse.

We are compelled to be gone a couple of hours; but Cousin Mark will read to you, won't you, cousin?'

'Certainly, if Miss Kent will like it,' replied the gentleman.

The infant Carlisle, thanks to good management, was never awake in the evening, so the victims of this matrimonial speculation would have plenty of time. The back parlor was the room most in use during the evening, and out of this room was a large object with a large blind ventilator, and out of this closet a door leading to the back stoop and garden. Imagine my surprise when I was informed that Mr. Carlisle was going to the lodge, and that we, after profuse warnings about the baby, and promises not to be gone too long, were to proceed to this closet overlooking the back parlor via the back gate and garden. In vain I protested.

'Why, you goose,' laughed Jennie, 'there'll be fun enough to last a lifetime. John wanted to come awfully, but I knew he'd make a noise and spoil everything, so I wouldn't let him.' The wily schemer had taken the precaution to lock the closet door from the outside so there was no fear of detection. On a high bench, as still as two mice, we awaited the results.

Cousin Mark (as if arousing from a profound reverie)—What would you like to have me read?

Miss Kent—Oh, I'm not particular.

Cousin Mark—Here is an excellent article on elective affinities; how would you like that?

Jennie's elbow in my side almost took my breath away.

Miss Kent—Who is it by?

Jennie (clear into my ear)—That's to gain time, see if it isn't.

Cousin Mark—It's by a prominent French writer, I believe.

Miss Kent—I don't think I care for a translation to-night.

Cousin Mark—Nor I; nor reading of any kind. This is my last evening in New York, Miss Kent.

Miss Kent—I hope you enjoyed your visit.

Jennie (into my head this time)—She's as shy as a three-year-old colt.

Cousin Mark—I did not think I should feel so sorry about leaving.

Jennie—He is the wreck you remember.

A long pause.

Miss Kent—I think I hear the baby crying.

Cousin Mark—Oh, no. You are fond of babies, aren't you.

No answer from her.

Cousin Mark—I shave been a very lonely man, Miss Kent, but I never realised how lonely the rest of my life must be until I came here to this house.

Jennie—Oh, how lonely!

Cousin Mark—Now I must return to

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Cousin Mark (abruptly)—If you will go to California with me, Miss Kent, I'll wait another week.

Miss Kent—Why, Mr. Lansing, what do you mean? What would the folks say?

Cousin Mark—I don't for folks, Miss Kent. If you'll go, we'll have a house as pleasant as money can make it. You shall have birds and flowers and horses and all the scientific monthlies you want deuced if you shan't—and you shall never sew a stitch for anybody but me. Will you be my wife?

Just then Jennie and I stepped up another peg, and there was that little old maid, who wouldn't marry the best man that ever lived, hugged close to the man's breast who wouldn't marry the best woman that ever lived, not even to save her life. We came away then, but it's my opinion that they remained in just that position until we rang the bell half an hour after.

'How did you know?' I asked of Jennie.

'My dear,' she answered, 'my whole reliance was upon human nature; and let me tell you, Goosie, whatever else may fail, that never does.'

'Why, Miss Kent, what makes your face so red?' inquired Jennie, upon entering; 'and, Cousin Mark, how strangely you look! your hair is all mussed up.'

'And I hope to have it mussed often,' said Cousin Mark, boldly. 'Miss Kent and I are to be married next week.'

Jennie laughed till her face was purple and when I went up stairs Miss Kent was pounding her back.

## PREPARING FOWLS FOR WINTERING.

An article in the Rural New Yorker, on the subject or preparing the poultry house for winter, contains the following suggestions:

Examine the interior of the houses and see that they are tight. If you expect a goodly stock of eggs from your fowls, you must keep their house warm, and there is no better way of doing this than by lining the house with strong paper.—It is the cheapest lining, and if satuated with a moderately strong solution of carbolic acid, will keep vermin at bay.—Don't say that this is "too much trouble." So it is a trouble to bed the cattle and feed the stock, but you must *expect* to take some trouble if you demand a profit from them. Don't begrudge trouble in the fowl house. The result will be seen in the filling of the egg basket, and there is no portion of the farm that will pay a higher percentage of profit on the outlay of labor than the hen yards.

If you have an old window-sash about the place, for which you have no especial use, put an extra light in the southern or eastern end of the fowl house. It will be grateful to the fows in winttn, on cold days, when they will huddle together in the house to escape the biting winds.—The sash will enable them to bask in the sunlight without going out of the house, and the increased good health of the chickens will repay you double for your trouble.

Those who intend to house birds for the winter should let them run as much as possible now, while the grass is green. Don't shut them up until the last moment and they will so much the better bear the winter's confinement.

Lay in a stock of dry dust from the road. Collect it with a road scraper and store it away in one corner of the barn, where it will remain dry, for winter use. It will be invaluable for the fowls to dust in while the ground is frozen hard, and will tend to keep them free from vermin.

See that the fowls have, before dusk, a few handfuls of whole corn and a comfortable roost. If your fowls are to be kept in health, they must not be left all night with empty crops, nor allowed to roost in exposed places. The plan of allowing a fowl the exquisit privilege of roosting on 'a rickety beam and an empty crop" is anything but economical.—Don't have the roosts one above the other or the birds will be continually fighting for the highest places.

Feed your fowls liberally, and they will return it to you with interest. Keep them cleanly and disease will be a rarity. House them comfortably and they will lay regularly. "Regular meals" is the secret of the successful fancier.

☞ "What on earth am I to do with that incorrigible son of mine?" inquired an anxious father, the other day, of an old friend.

"Dress him in shepherd's plaid," was the reply.

"Why, what possible benefit would that be?" demanded the wondering peon.

"It would at least be a way of keeping him in check."

☞ [illegible]thereal Newton [illegible] only three years old, [illegible] of the dynamite in the Hell Gate mines. Upon our soul, Miss Newton knows up things so thoroughly when she is only three years old, what will she be when she is a mother-in-[illegible]

## A BOY'S FIRST START IN LIFE.

Many years ago a gentleman from the town of Methuen, while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew a boy in Methuen that he could recommend to work in his store. At first the gentleman could think of no one; for he knew none but a faithful, honest boy would suit the thrifty merchant. At length, however, he called to mind a boy of excellent character in his neighborhood, but he feared that he would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position. But the description of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he handed the gentleman a dollar with which to pay the boy's fare to Boston by stage, and if on a personal interview all should not prove satisfactory, he would pay his fare back home again.

The gentleman, as requested, visited the boy's parents, and stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave him the dollar which was sent to pay his fare to Boston, and departed.

Under similar circumstances ninety-nine out of every hundred boys would have said, "Now for a good time! I never saw a city, and never rode in a stage. Oh, there will be so much to see, and it will be such a long ride, and here is money sent to pay my fare!" Not so with this boy. Putting the money carefully in his pocket, he said to himself—"this is the first dollar I ever had; how I wish I could save it. It is only twenty-five miles to Boston—I can walk there in a day. I'll do it and save my dollar."

His mother patched up his clothes as well as she could, and early next morning the little fellow parted with his parents at the door of his humble home, and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached, tired and dusty, a little before sunset.

He soon found the merchant, who sternly asked—

"Where have you been all day? The stage came in hours ago."

The boy thought that he had displeased the merchant at the onset, and with downcast head and tremulous voice he answered—

"I did not come on the stage."

"What do you mean? Didn't I send money to pay your fare?"

The boy thought it was all up with him sure, and amid gathering tears he managed to reply:

"I am very sorry—I did not mean to offend you. I thought I would walk and save the dollar; I never had one before."

Placing his hand gently on the boy's head, the merchant replied—

"My little man, you did exactly right. Come home with me and get some supper." Then turning to a bystander, he remarked, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for this boy to-day.

The boy has grown to manhood and has since become widely known in business circles. He is now the owner of the mills at Metheun, the Pemberton mills at Lawrence, a banking house in Boston, and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts. *Hartford Times.*

☞ A French money-lender, complaining to the late Baron Rothschild that he had loaned a nobleman ten thousand francs who had gone off to Constantinople without leaving any acknowledgment of the debt, the Baron said—

'Well, write to him and ask him to send you the seventy thousand francs he owes you.'

'But he only owes me ten,' said the money-lender.

'Precisely,' rejoined the Baron; 'and he will write and tell you so, and you will thus get his acknowledgment.'

☞ An elegantly dressed lady got into a Madison avenue car, and, although the day was cool, she could not wear her gloves on account of her many diamond rings. A balky horse having twice stopped the car, the lady went to the door, and, looking at the team for a few moments, said to the driver—

"That 'are off horse ain't used to be druv on that 'are side."

And that was just the trouble, in spite of the diamonds.

☞ "Why don't you trade with me?" said a close-fisted tradesman to a publisher, the other day.

"Because," was the characteristic answer, "you have never asked me, sir. I have looked all through the papers for an invitation in the shape of an advertisement, but in vain; I never go where I am not invited."

☞ "Why is it, my dear," said Wilkins's landlady to him the other day, "that you newspaper men [illegible]

"I don't know," [illegible] replied, "except it is that [illegible] always travel [illegible]

## THE MORNING AND EVENING STAR.

"Fairest of stars, last in the train of night
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere."—MILTON.

All through the spring months, and onward to the end of June, the evening star shone brightly in the west, slowly passing downward along the track which the sun had followed. She had been growing brighter and brighter up to the end of May, and for week or so longer, but then she began to lose lustre night after night. She also drew nearer and nearer to the sun's place on the sky, so as to set sooner and sooner after him. At last she was no more seen. But if, during this September and October, and afterward till next spring, you get up before sunrise, you will see the morning star in the east, shining very brightly in September, but gradually with less and less splendor, until late in next spring, it will be lost to view. This morning star is the same body which before had shone in the evening. It shines half the time as an evening star, and half the time as a morning star; or, to be more exact, I ought to say that after shining for a long time as an evening star, and being lost for a long time from view, it shines for just as long a time as a morning star, then is again lost from view, then shines for as long a time as before in the evening, and so on continually. It also changes in brightness all the time, in this way:

For rather more than eight months you see it in the evening, getting brighter and brighter, slowly, for the first seven months, and then getting fainter much more quickly, until at last you lose sight of it. In about a fortnight you see it as a morning star, getting brighter and brighter quickly during rather more than a month, and getting slowly faintar and fainter during seven months, after which it can no more be seen. So that it shines about eight months as a morning star. After this it remains out of sight for about two months, and is then seen as an evening star. And so it goes on changing from a morning to an evening star, and from an evening star to a morning star continually, and always changing in brightness in the way just described.

The star which shows these strange changes is called by astronomers Venus, and is the most beautiful of all the stars. Venus was called the Planet of Love; and in old times, when men thought, that the stars rule our fortunes, the rays of Venus were supposed to do a great deal of good to those who wore born when she was shining brightly. But in our time, men no longer fancy that because a star looks beautiful like Venus, it brings good luck; or that because a star loods dim and yellow, like Saturn, it brings bad fortune. They know that Venus is a globe like our own earth, going around the sun just as the earth does. Our earth seen from Venus looks like a star, just as Venus looks like a star to us. And if there are any creatures living on Venus who can study the stars as we do, they have quite as much reason for thinking that the globe on which we live brings them good luck, as we have for thinking that their globe brings us good luck.—*Prof. Richard A. Proctor, St. Nicholas for October.*

## AN OVER-ANXIOUS MAN.

He was around yesterday afternoon, inquiring after "the latest," and he looked so hard up and knocked about that many wondered what possible benefit a political victory could be to him. When they made bold to ask him he replied:

"Well, you see my brother Bill is fishing for the office of Secretary of War."

"He is, eh?"

"Yes, sir; and if he gets it he will get brother Sam appointed revenue collector."

"Yes."

"And then Sam will get the old man appointed postmaster."

"Yes."

"And the old man will get my brother in-law on as letter carrier."

"Yes."

"And my brother-in-law will use his influence to get me appointed weigh-master of the Western Market, and then the whole family of us will walk around in clover knee high. You see how much depends on this thing. How's Florida gone?"

☞ A few Sundays since, in one of our Sabbath schools, a boy was approached by a little [illegible] named Miss [illegible]. Miss [illegible] never [illegible] word to-day.

"Why, Miss [illegible] I've received the anxious seat."

"Oh, I don't [illegible] to it, it's wicked; but I'll write it on the blackboard."

☞ An extra sentimental Nevada youth [illegible] declining this as a reason: "My [illegible] is dead, and I must be [illegible] but some rival angel should win her affection."

☞ "Time works wonders" as the woman said when she got married after thirteen years' courtship.

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