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Original Poetry.

Written for the Transcript.

MAYING ON SPESUTSIE ISLAND.

A morning bright, the first of May,
The air was filled with perfume sweet,
Shed by many a varied flower gay,
That brighter bloomed, *May day* to greet.

A merry quartette on pleasure bent,
We had determined to spend the day,
If Providence good weather sent,
In a Pic-nic Party over the bay.

Soon we are all seated in the boat,
Who with each white winged sail spread,
Gracefully on the waves doth float,
As for Spesutsie shore we head.

I have more famous waters seen,
Whose wavelets prettier beaches seek;
But ne'er a one with banks as green,
As our own dear old Chesapeake.

Our pretty girls with eyes of blue,
And locks of brown waving hair,
As we nearer to the island drew,
Enraptured seemed, to see it so fair.

A narrow strip of woodland green,
Fronting boldly to the bay,
Upon whose shimering waves are seen,
Many a white winged boat to-day.

"Is this," says Kate, "the island sweet,
That far-famed happy land,
Where men and women lose deceit,
Whene'er their footsteps press the sand?"

I replied, "I think 'tis not,
Though soon we'll have a chance to see;
For if *your* wiles are all forgot,
Then this that favored land must be."

Croquet we played beneath the trees,
Upon a velvet sward of green;
And Lucy's cheeks fanned by the breeze,
Glowed bright as those of any queen.

Mischievous Kate with dancing eyes,
Looked beautiful as fairy sprite;
Thus pleasantly each moment flies,
But brings us nearer to the night.

We wrote our names in sand so white,
And as we read them o'er and o'er,
Sighed to think the tide at night,
Would wash them from the shore.

The sun low sinking in the West,
Bids us leave for home once more;
And thus this day with pleasure blest,
Like all earth-joys, too soon is o'er.

VULCAN.

RINGS.—Solomon was said to own a ring which possessed magical powers.

Pharaoh gave a ring to Joseph, the patriarch, as a sign of his delegated authority.

When the Roman Ambassador required the King of Bithynia to give Hannibal up, the latter, on the point of the King's doing so, swallowed poison, which he always carried about in his ring.

In the time of Alexander the Great, it was customary in Athens to wear magnificent rings, with engraved stone.

It is recorded that Demosthenes was fond of finger-rings.

The Romans collected cases of rings, many of which are mentioned as being at Rome; among these was that which Pompey the Great took from Mithridates, and dedicated to Jupiter in the Capital. Upon Pompey's ring were engraved three trophies, as emblems of his three triumphs over the three parts of the world—Europe, Asia and Africa.

☞ Before dinner we are sure that Mr. Beecher is wrong, and that the region he ignores has a geographical existence: but when the inner man is well fortified we are apt to feel that Mr. Beecher is about right after all. We imagine that the old darkey hit the truth in this matter. When he felt "all gone" he told Marse George that he had received his "call," and was bound "fur de odder shoah." But, after a full meal, he said: "Marse George, I'se got de call, sure, and I'se gwine acrost de dark ribber soon; but I'se now braced up a little on de inside, an' de 'scursion am postponed—'scursion am postponed, sah!"—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Is my face dirty?" asked a young lady from the backwoods, while seated at a dinner-table on a steamboat running from Cairo to New Orleans.

"Dirty! No. Why do you ask?"

"Because that insulting waiter insists upon putting a towel beside my plate. Iv'e thrown three under the table, and yet every time he comes around he puts one before me."

HE was saying, "As the pearly column of smoke in a winter's atmosphere rises unbroken heavenward, so my heart rises to thee. As the sunflower follows the cruel sun which gives it life, so my heart follows thine. As the blue brook runs its unhindered course to the sea, so my soul, in slavery, goes to thee." Said she "Henry, now that we're engaged, will your nail blade cut corns?"

☞ A Cobb county school-teacher says he never felt unequal to any domand in the line of his profession, excepting on one occasion, when a farmer brought his bouncing fifteen-year-old daughter to the school, and walking up to the master's desk, said: "That's my youngest gal, and if ever you ketch her a-skidin' down hill with the boys, I just want you to trounce her.

VERY few men realize the blessing of a good wife until a place between his shoulder blades that he can't reach needs scratching.

A BLACK RIBBON.

The gentlemen of Cove House sat upon the piazza, smoking and looking at the sea as it tumbled in, when the evening coach, laden with piled-up baggage and passengers, came rattling down the turnpike, and made the sweep that led to the hotel. This, in itself, was matter enough for attention from the array of somewhat dull humored masculines; but when, in the wake of the yellow old coach, just beyond its cloud of dust, a glittering little pony carriage rolled swiftly on, a dozen pair of lazy eyes grew interested and expectant.

'Whoa!' called the driver. The coach drew up with a scientific flourish, and the sweating horses stood panting with the tug through the heavy sand, while the driver leapt down and with much tumbling and crashing of enormous trunks and endless screaming of discontented travelers from the body of the vehicle, the old stage was unladen. Meanwhile the pony-carriage, holding two girls, rolled smoothly up to a side-door, and three waiters were instantly in attendance upon them.

The ladies alighted. One was a brilliant blonde, with a round, exquisite pink face, a banner of curls that glistened like gold falling from beneath a little jockey cap, and a foot that brought out a brace of eyeglasses from the piazza. She leaped lightly upon the platform, turning to wait for her companion, who followed gracefully, and the two disappeared at the private door of the Cove House, while the perfect little turnout was taken around to the stable.

'Who are they?' asked Paul Hanover, withdrawing his cigar from his mouth and turning his handsome blue eyes on the friend at his elbow.

Fane King, who was looking thoughtfully out at sea, replied quietly, that he did not know.

'It's Miss Payson, of New York,' said Will McKenzie, who knew everybody. 'At any rate, that's her turnout.'

'Which one?'

'The blonde, I suppose. I never met her, but she was down at Newport with my sister last season. Nice, ain't she?'

'Who is the other one?'

'I don't know. Poor cousin I presume. Good shoulders, but her hat-strings were so broad, I couldn't see her face very well. It don't matter; the other one is trumps. Two hundred thousand. That was the old gentleman in the coach, so fussy about the luggage.'

Hanover and King relapsed to their cigars, the stage rolled out of sight, and the sounding quiet of the seashore reigned again But everybody was thinking, more or less, of Miss Payson.

The ladies appeared at supper. There were only five of the party—the old gentlemen, the two young ladies, and an invalid child of thirteen, with her nurse.—It was soon remarked that they appeared sufficient for themselves, and neither sought nor received acquaintances.

The face of the blonde girl was as *jolie* without the jockey-hat as with it: but the profile of her companion only was to be seen. A broad, black ribbon, bound around the chin and nearly concealing a wealth of rich brown hair, revealed only the side view of a set of regular features, and one smooth, fresh cheek.

'What can be the matter?' questioned the ladies, one of the other.

'Some disfigurement.'

'A birth-mark.'

'Perhaps a cancer.'

'Oh, horrors!'

'Poor girl! I wouldn't be so afflicted for a fortune!'

So, without the least possible information on the subject, Alice Payson was decided to be an object of misfortune and compassion, while unconcealed admiration and adulation were offered the other one.

I cannot say that either appeared much affected by the regard of those around them. They drove their carriage, rode the rollicking little ponies under the saddle, bathed to themselves, and Miss Maud Payson rowed like a regatta prize-winner. Both addressed an old man as "uncle," and he had been heard to speak of them as his nieces. Indeed, if it had not been for the hotel books, the young ladies' names would hardly have been discovered Certainly they spoke to no one for at least three weeks. People became discouraged about making their acquaintance, and few more attempts were tried.

But things inevitably changed. One evening, when all Cove House was in the surf, a scream arose. Fun ceased, cheeks grew pale, friends glanced about for each other.

The scream was followed by a frantic cry.

'Alice! Oh, Alice! she is drowning! Save her! save her! save her!'

A chorus of shouts and cries and exclamations arose. Everybody saw Alice Payson in the water, off some steep rocks where the depth was thirty feet.

'Who can swim?' was the cry.

Long before it was answered, Fane King was seen striking out boldly for the spot.

But he had some forty rods to swim, and it was probable that Alice Payson had sunk for the second time, while the strong tide swelled high against the rocks. It was probable that she would be dashed to death before he could reach her. Hearts beat, cheeks grew pale, and sisters clasped each other in sympathy, and uttered sobs as that pale, tossing face appeared again for the third time.

'Swim man, swim!' shouted the old uncle upon the beach.

'Save her, oh, for God's sake!' cried Maud, wringing her hands.

But within a few strokes of Fane King's outstretched arms Alice disappeared.

There was already death upon her closed eyes and pallid forehead. He thought it was a corpse he clasped as he dropped beneath the surface and caught her unresisting, sinking figure.

It was with difficulty he arose to the surface. Thrice the great billows rolled over his head before he appeared. They could not swim. He could only hold himself and his burden off the cruel rocks. Already his arm was lacerated with their sharp teeth.

They had put out a boat, and it at last came to his relief. As they lifted the senseless girl into wherry, they saw that the black ribbon had been torn from her face, and a large, dull, red, discolored mark appeared. It showed more plainly in the otherwise deadly pallor of her sweet face, for sweet it was, and pure as a child's. They covered face and figure reverently, thinking her quite dead, and rowed back, while Fane found his way up the rocks to have his hand wrung speechlessly by the agonized old man.—Maud could not speak for her overwhelming sobs.

'I don't think she is dead, Mr. Payson,' said Fane, remembering with a thrill, the silky hair which had washed against his lips. 'She cannot be dead!' murmured, unbelievingly.

She was not dead. In three days she appeared amongst them again, fairer, gentler, sweeter than ever, and frankly greatful for the interest everybody betrayed in her. And then it came out that there had been a mistake. It was Alice who was the heiress, and Maud the poor cousin, though as beautiful, as radiant and perfect as a Hebe.

'What a pity!' some still murmured, secretly. 'She will be married for her money, poor thing, for no one could *love* her with that dreadful disfigurement. She seems so good and patient! I suppose it is on account of her affliction. Well, one can't have everything.'

Miss Alice Payson (with the black ribbon replaced) tried to thank Fane King on the first day of her appearance, but her brown eyes filled, and she only said:

'You are young; life is sweet to you; it was noble in you to risk yours for me, Mr. King.

Fane's heart swelled so that he hardly knew what was the matter with him. He tried to persuade himself that he, a poor artist, was not in love with an heiress.—But, somehow, the friendly clasp of Alice Payson's light hand, and the gaze of her sweet eyes, affected him as no hand or eyes had ever affected him before.

The ice once broken, a bevy of gentlemen strove for the attention of the cousins. Paul Hanover was foremost.

He was very handsome, fair, brilliant, graceful. He was not poor, either.—Fane remembered that bitterly as he saw him strolling with Alice on the beach, or driving for her the little pony carriage. His own peace and comfort seemed suddenly gone. Miss Payson's gentle friendliness only made him worse.

He was startled one day, as if shot, by Hanover remarking:

'If you're not altogether gone with the blues, Fane, I'd like you to congratulate a fellow.'

Fane looked up at the assured smile and sparkling eyes, and a little pallor encircled his lips under the dark mustache; but he answered, carelessly

'Have you won your bet on the trotting match?'

'Pshaw! hang trotting-matches! Don't be stupid, Fane. Haven't I been riding with Miss Payson?'

'Well?'

'Well, it is,' pirouetting around the room and snapping his fingers like castanets. 'I'm the fond betrothed of a lovely girl, after the latest novel. *Now*, give you to say, my respectable, moping friend?'

Fane tried hard to command himself and not betray his secret.

'Alice Payson is too good for you, Paul,' he answered, with an attempt at being sage and composed, in which he succeeded but tolerably.

'I dare say, but it isn't her, Fane.'

'Tain't *her*?'—looking electrified.

'Certainly not. The money's very well, but that defect of hers—it's a delicate subject, but I really *couldn't* marry a girl with a disfigurement like that.'

'You mean that you are engaged to Maud?' asked Fane, scarcely believing his ears.

'Exactly.'

'Why, I congratulate you with all my heart,' jumping up excitedly.

'They are going away to-morrow.—Don't you want to see them again?'

Fane went down upon the piazza where the ladies sat, unreasonably happy. Some absurd hope was alive in his heart. He tried to check his spirits by remembering how poor and unknown and lonely he was; but a certain pair of brown eyes, a milky hand and a melodious voice, kept it alive and unreasonably vigorous.

He shut himself in his camber at last, and listened to the steady voice of the sea until he was brought to a little reason.—But common sense was an unwelcome bedfellow.

The ladies were standing upon the piazza, in the early sunlight, when he approached Alice Payson to say goodbye. They were dressed for the journey and the little ponies were champing their silver bits below. Paul was talking to Maud, saucy and beautiful in her jockey hat, as Fane found his way to Alice's side.

'Good-bye, Mr. King. You will come and see us, with your friend?' she said.

There was no one very near. He answered:

'No; I love you, and so I must say good-bye forever, Alice.'

He saw the delicate features pale. At this instant old Mr. Payson came hurrying out, followed by a porter with a large valise in each hand.

'Ready, girls?' he called. 'Come, hurry, or we'll miss the train.'

Alice, with downcast face, gathered up her gray traveling skirt. He thought she was going without a word, but suddenly she looked up into his eyes.

'No. Come,' she said.

And then in a moment she was gone, the dainty carriage glittering down the beach.

A week later he waited for her in the costly splendor of her drawing-room. She came down, giving him her soft hands, nor resisting his embrace.

'I love you so!' he murmured.

'Do you really—with this disfigured face?'

'I never think of it, Alice.'

She laughed, then, and slipped off the black ribbon, and there was one smooth cheek as fair and perfect as the other.

'I had blistered my face for the toothache. It was nothing lasting, you see.'

When Fane told Hanover his happiness, as much of it as can be expressed in words, he looked as if there was something unsaid upon his mind, but when he beheld Alice under her bridal veil, he seemed suddenly enlightened.

'If I hadn't been afraid of a black ribbon,' he murmured, 'I might have been fifty thousand dollars richer.'

Perhaps.

A MILKMAN'S MATHEMATICS.—When Thomas drove up to the house on Elizabeth street yesterday to deliver the usual quart of mixture, the gentleman of the house kindly inquired:

'Thomas, how many quarts of milk do you deliver?'

'Ninety-one, sir.'

'And how many cows have you?'

'Nine, sir.'

The gentleman made some remarks about the early spring, close of the Eastern war and the state of the roads, and then asked:

'Say, Thomas, how much milk per day do your cows average?'

'Seven quarts, sir.'

'Ad—um,' said the gentleman, as he moved off. Thomas looked after him, scratched his head, and at once grew pale, as he pulled out a short pencil and began to figure on the wagon sover.

'Nine cows is nine, and I set seven quarts down under the cows and multiply. That's sixty-three quarts of milk. I told him I sold ninety-one quarts per day. Sixty-three from ninety-one leaves twenty-eight, and none to carry. Now, where do I get the rest of the milk? I'll be banged if I haven't given myself away to one of my best customers by leaving a durned big cavity in these figures to be filled with water!'

DOCTORS, SUN AND AIR.—The air of the rooms we live in is more or less alive with germs. Sunlight with air will kill them, sunlight without air won't kill them; consequently sunlight and ventilation are essential conditions of health, and there must be at least two hours of sunlight to produce effective results. It is neither necessary nor desirable to allow the scorching sun to pour through our windows all day long, but we must have enough of it to keep our houses sweet and fresh, or we must suffer the consequences. We may keep our houses open till ten o'clock in the morning, and then close them during the heat of the day, reopening them in the afternoon when the noontide fervors are over. The amount of a good round doctor's bill for attendance on a case of diphtheria or typhoid fever will amply suffice to put wire netting over all our doors and windows so that no troublesome insect can find entrance, while sunlight and air may freely distil upon us their blessings.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—One quart flour, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons Dooley's Yeast Powder, three tablespoons butter, one egg, two tablespoons white sugar, and about half pint sweet milk, sift the flour, powder and salt together; rub in the butter, cold; add the egg slightly beaten, then the sugar and milk, and mix into a smooth dough, just soft enough to be easily handled; roll out in two pieces quite thin, to size required; lay one on top of the other and bake in a hot oven, in a well-greased pan, about fifteen minutes, and separate while yet warm—not hot. Use one for the bottom crust, cover with a layer of berries, then lay on the other piece and cover as before. Serve with powdered sugar and cream. The above will make a large cake. Half the quantities will make a fair size one.

STAMMERING.—Advising about the treatment of a little girl who stammers, the New York Tribune says: "Teach her to speak slowly, deliberately and very distinctly, and take as little notice as possible of her stammering. We know a little girl of nine years, who has been so carefully trained to read with distinctness and precision, that though she stammers sometimes in conversation, she rarely hesitates in reading. This little girl's father stammered badly in his boyhood, but cured himself by persistent elocutionary exercise, and in manhood was a fluent public speaker, with no trace of the infirmity. Habitually speaking from full lungs is said to be a permanent cure of stammering in grown people."

AN Albany woman woke her husband during a storm, the other night, and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear the thunder."

ELECTRIC ORGAN PLAYING.

Grace Church has been undergoing extensive alterations lately, among them being the addition of a new and magnificent organ, which, placed in combination with the two other organs previously in the church, by means of a novel and ingenious arrangement of electric wires, is calculated to produce a volume of sound, with new and delightful effects, scarcely equaled in church music. The gallery organ, a remarkably sweet-toned instrument, built in 1830, stands, as heretofore, at the west end of the church, over the main or Broadway entrance. The echo organ is situated between the ceiling and the roof, in the centre of the church, over the intersection of the nave and the transept. To accommodate the new organ an addition of white marble has been built outside the church proper at the angle formed by the east wall of the south transept and the chancel wall, so that the organ is directly on the right of the chancel.

The chancel and transept windows have been taken out and their traceries removed, and the space has been filled with two groups of pipes, painted a buff color, and elegantly picked out in scarlet, blue and gold, to harmonize with the other interior decorations, while a third group of similar pipes surround the pillar at the angle. These are all of the new organ that is shown. The great pipes, framework, batteries, bellows, and steam engine are compactly stowed away in the new outside chamber, which descends some distance underground. The connection with the other organs, which are separated one from the other and each from this by distances averaging 150 feet, is effected through over 20 miles of electric wire in 334 different strands. Troughs of mercury are placed transversely beneath the ends of the sounding-keys, which are fitted with metallic pins, and these, dipping into the troughs, opens the circuit. Some 50 or 60 large cells are used to produce the current. The great bellows are of the vertical pattern, and are worked by a compressed engine, wind being pumped simultaneously through pneumatic tubes into the gallery and echo organs also.

The key-board is inside the church, alongside of and facing the chancel on the right, and is without seeming connection with either of the three organs. Mr. Warren, the organist, has been practicing upon the instrument, and succeeded in eliciting a simultaneousness of response almost incredible. Touching a single key he first caused a burst of melody to pour from the far off gallery organ. Another touch and the muffled notes of the organ in the roof were heard, seemingly from nowhere in particular. A third touch, and a huge volume of sound rolled out of the great new organ in his rear. A fourth touch and the strains of all three were harmoniously blended. The effects produced were striking and delightful.

The sound-boards of the new organ are constructed on the exhaust principle, with certain modifications and improvements, by means of which the keys communicate directly with the pipes, the touch being thus rendered sufficiently easy and agreeable, and at the same time more prompt than with the assistance of the old pneumatic device. The same principle governs the draw-stop action, slender trackers serving the purpose of the former heavy rods. The stop-action and other accessories connecting with the gallery, though apparently not different from those of the chancel organ, are, of course, electric. The composition pedals are so made that the organist may at option arrange one or all of them for any set of changes or combinations, from one stop to the full power of the organ. They are double-acting and operate without affecting the draw-stop combinations made previously. The means thus at the disposal of the organist for varied contrasts are well-nigh inexhaustible, and the scope afforded for antiphonal effects in all degrees of shading and power, such as may not be found elsewhere in this country or Europe. In the musical or sound-producing portion, it is believed that even a higher degree of perfection has been attained than in previous works. Great care has been exercised in the process of voicing that each stop under its proper classification—whether diapason, gamba, flute or reed—should have secured to it some specific quality or shading of its own. The selection, arrangement and interbalance have been so successfully carried out as to insure a grand symmetrical ensemble. Particular attention was given to the flutes and reeds, the 16-foot stops of which contribute so largely to the richness and majesty of the tone-mass. The diapasons, also, are of a timber peculiarly round and sonorous. All the inventions and improvements which have tended in a great measure toward revolutionising the art of organ building during the past few years have been laid under full tribute. There are in the combination 70 sounding stops, 23 mechanical appliances, and 4,419 pipes, the latter including 1,635 great pipes, 1,327 swell pipes, 959 choir pipes and 298 pedal pipes. The compass of manuals CC to C4 is 61 keys, and that of pedal CCC to F is 30 keys.—*N. Y. Times.*

☞ A small white stone marks Charlotte Cushman's resting-place.

THE DREADNAUGHT.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HEAVIEST ARMED SHIP IN THE WORLD.

From the London Times.

The bright red funnels at the further end of Portsmouth Dock Yard mark the whereabouts of the Dreadnaught turret vessel, the most powerful addition that is to be made to the British navy during the present year. There is a busy crew of six hundred men on board at this moment, but instead of blue jackets they are grimy fitters and carpenters preparing the vessel in all haste for sea.

The Dreadnaught may well be termed an improved Thunderer. Her armor is thicker and there is more of it; in some parts of the vessel—the turrets for instance—the armor is upward of fifteen inches thick, while there is no exposed portion of the hull defended with less than eight inches of iron. The four guns of the Dreadnaught, again, have a somewhat larger calibre than those of the Thunderer, and the shot and shell one hundred pounds heavier; while the greatest improvement of all is to be found in the extra deck with which the Dreadnought is provided, and which permits both officers and crew to see something of the daylight in their cabins. As it is, a most elaborate system of ventilation is necessary to remove the foul air and send fresh supplies through the ship, and it is fortunate indeed that the crews of these vessels are limited to one half the number carried by our large broadside battle ships, for the machinery below is so intricate and extensive that to the unprofessional visitor it is hard to see where lodgings for 350 men are to be found. The two turrets as also the pair of monster guns in each of them, are moved by machinery of many different kinds, and as all this is below, in the middle of the ship, it is easy to imagine the vast amount of mechanism to be found in the dark 'tween decks.

The turrets fore and aft. are similar. They are entered from below; some roomy steps lead into the interior, and you find yourself in a low circular tower, the centre of which is taken up by two big guns placed parallel to one another, with a little passage between. The whole structure revolves like a roundabout, and thus the guns peeping out of their small ports can be made to fire in any direction. A lookout is provided in each turret, but there is besides an armored tower of considerable height, whence the captain can command a view on all sides. In action the whole of the crew is below, and not a soul upon deck, which may thus be swept with shot and shell with impunity. The hurricane deck, a superstructure raised in the centre of the vessel, and also the upper deck, where the berths of the officers and men are, and which, as we have said, does not exist on the Thunderer, are comparatively unarmored, and therefore could be shot away without difficulty; but as they are independent of the fighting capacity of the ship, any injury to them would be a matter of indifference to the crew, who would be safely housed under a three-inch flooring of iron. The whole of the centre of the vessel is, on the contrary, heavily armored, for here are the ship's engines—her very life—since as she moves only by steam, and turns her turrets and leads her guns by machinery, any accident to this portion of her hull would mean disaster.

Descending below to the unarmored living deck, we at once find a striking difference between the two types of ironclads—the turret and the broadside. The Droadnought, strange as it may appear, is to be fitted as a flagship, and the contrast between the accommodation for the Admiral on board this our newest turret ship, and that of the Alexandria, the most recent of our masted flagships, is very marked. Admiral Hornby, on board the Alexandria, has a dining room probably thirty feet long, and fifteen or sixteen feet high, with a drawing room lighted by the stern window of the flagship, still more spacious. On the Drednought, on the other hand, the flag officer must fain be content with a dark, cavernous retreat, of irregular shape, so low that one fears to strike one's head against the beams. To make room for the Admiral and his staff the officers of the ship are relegated to less favorable cabins, and it is very possible that some junior lieutenants will have to descend under the armor-plating into pitchy darkness, like that in which all officers have to live on board the Thunderer.

VALUE OF LABOR.—It is wonderful to what an extent people believe happiness depends on not being obliged to labor.—Honest, hearty, contented labor is the only source of happiness, as well as the only guarantee of life. The gloom of misanthropy is not only the great destroyer of happiness we might have, but it tends to destroy life itself. Idleness and luxury produce premature decay much faster than many trades regarded as the most exhaustive and fatal to longevity. Labor, in general, instead of shortening the term of life, actually increases it. It is the lack of occupation that annually destorys so many of the wealthy, who, having nothing to do, play the part of drones, and like them make a speedy exit, while the busy bee fills out its day in usefulness and honor.

THE SCOTCH THISTLE.—The origin of this national badge is thus handed down by tradition: "When the Danes invaded Scotland, it was deemed unwarlike to attack an enemy in the pitch darkness of night, instead of a pitched battle by day, but, on one occasion, the invaders resolved to avail themselves of this stratagem; and, in order to prevent their tramp from being heard, they marched barefooted.—They had thus neared the Scottish force unobserved, when a Dane unluckily stepped upon a superbly pricked thistle, and instinctively uttered a cry of pain, which discovered the assailants to the Scots, who ran to their arms, and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was immediately adopted as the insignia of Scotland."

☞ Lapland mothers are not in the habit of staying at home with their babies. The Laps are a very religious people, and take long journeys to hear their pastors. As soon as the family arrive at the little wooden church, and the reindeers are secured, the father shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and the mother wraps the baby in skins and deposits it therein. Then the father piles the snow around it, and the dog is set on guard, while the parents go decorously into the church. Often as many as thirty babies may be seen laid away in the snow about a church.

☞ An Irish gentleman writes to *Truth* to say that he has never found a Frenchman who can pronounce this: "Thimblerig Thistlethwaite thievously thought to thrive through thick and thin by throwing his thimbles about, and he was thwarted and thwacked and thumped and thrashed with thirty-three thousand thistles and thorns for thievously thinking to thrive through thick and thin by throwing the thimbles about."

You are well off when you are in a healthy neighborhood, with enough to eat and drink, a comfortable, well ventilated apartment to sleep in, and you are paying all your expenses and laying up something—even slowly—for a rainy day and in addition to all this, acquiring knowledge and strengthening your character. Young men whose situation combines all the preceding advantages should be cautious about exchanging such a certainty, unless it be for another certainty. Happiness does not depend upon great wealth so much as it does upon independence and intellectual and moral character.

☞ They tell a very good story on a deacon in a neighboring town. He thought he recognized a young lady friend leading a little boy up the street, and stepping to her side he ashed, 'Why, Mary, where did you get that child?'—The scarlet face instantly turned to his was that of an entire stranger, and her quick reply fully satisfied him. 'I came by it honestly,' was all she said, and the good old man had something to think about all the way home to dinner.—*Rochester Democrat.*

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.—Mr. and Mrs. Squibbles and the visitor were sitting in the parlor and the olive branch was sleeping sweetly in an inner room, from which a door opened into the parlor. 'Yes ma'am,' said Squibbles, 'there is something about babies that appeals to the inner feelings of our nature; an indefinable presence which softens us and makes our hearts go out towards them; a subtle influence which recalls—For God's sake, Maria, go in there and strangle that brat, or do something to make it shut up, so that a man can hear himself talk in his own house.'

☞ When Mr. Billony went home yesterday, and saw a handsome boquet reposing on one of the parlor chairs, he mentally observed that it was a shame to let such beautiful flowers lie there to wither; so he took them up tenderly, procured a basin of water and placed them carefully therein—and the same instant his wife gave a piercing shriek and fainted dead away. But it was too late. Mrs. Billony's new spring flower bonnet was utterly ruined.

☞ A little girl had been absent with her parents to a campmeeting for two weeks. On her return her little playmate Ella Day, entertained her by showing her new playthings. At night little Mary, in saying her prayers, said: "Oh, Lord, bless Ella Day, and make her a good girl, so I can take all her playthings away from her, and she won't want them back again."

THE Georgia negro has no more faith in banks. He lays all his money out in clothes and hair oil, and the news of a bank suspension causes him to exclaim: "Bust away, will ye, but ye can't hurt dese lavender breeches!"

☞ There is a family in Vermont so lazy that it takes two of them to chop off a stick of wood. Siah chops while Jim grunts, and then, for a change, Jim chops while Siah grunts.

☞ Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.

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