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EVERY MAN'S DUTY.

The fates that sow select the plow
That cuts the cleanest furrow;
That man is only all a man
Whose work is clean and thorough:
And the fates that reap for the harvest-sweep
Aye choose the keenest sickle;
That man is only half a man
Whose course is weak and fickle.

They err who deem Life's busy stream
But meant for craft of power;
No honest work's so cheap and mean
But hath its solemn hour;
For the lowly poor in walks obscure
Have still their human duty,
As well as those whose statelier ways
Move on in light and beauty.

Do well your work, as porter, clerk,
Longshoreman, groom, or carter—
The crowns of toil are won as oft
In sweat of brow as barter;
Blunt Duty takes all sorts of tracks—
Broad, narrow, dry, or muddy;
As much of conscience may be thrown
In Workshopas in study.

Work without flaws the custom draws
From hands that slur and blunder;
The chiefest cause for making laws
'Gainst false pretence and plunder,
Springs out of Sloth and Folly, both
With naught but scorn before them.
All honest wages scorn unless
You give good labor for them.

The toil you use in pegging shoes,
Or wielding pick and shovel,
As much as that of pen and brain,
May glorify a hovel,
And mean and base to all his race,
To alien and to neighbor,
Is he who in his heart denies
The dignity of labor.

Then, though you toil above the soil,
Or underneath it burrow
In mines and tunnels, always let
Your work be clean and thorough.
Humanity's a Family Tree,
Requiring honest duty
Of little twigs, as well as boughs
That wave in strength and beauty.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

It was a warm June day. The sun was already half-way down his western slope, moving lazily, as if weary with the long march of the summer solstice. A gauzy haze veiled without obscuring his brightness, and lent a dreamy charm to the scene below. Soft rolling hills; a stream winding between green willowy shores; seen far away a broad blue river and the spires and roofs of a town: these were the outlines of the landscape. In the cool piazza of the old white farm-house, her home for half a century, stood my grandmother, a smile upon her placid face, and her mild eyes drinking in the serene beauty of the scene. Alice and I came flying down the hall staircase and stood beside her.

"Good-by, grandmamma," cried my sister. "We are going to leave you for a little while."

"Must you go to-day, my dears? The horses are away, and it is a long walk to S——. Why not wait till to-morrow?"

"You forget," I said, "that Frank comes to-morrow; and we shall be so busy with packing, and all the last things. And it is only two miles to town, after all."

"I suppose *you* must go, dear; but it is a long walk for Alice in this hot sun," grandmamma added, glancing from my gray walking dress to my sister's cloudy muslin dress and slippers.

"Oh, I am not going, grandma; I shall only walk with Charlotte down to the thorn-trees to take that sketch I have promised you so long. We shall both be back early to spend a long evening with you. This is my birthnight, you know—just think! I am nineteen—and I want you to make a festival of it."

"Be sure we will. And good-by, now, my children, for you have no time to spare."

Alice and I walked slowly down the green path which wound its way across the fields to the brook. Following this for some distance, we came to a rude wooden bridge by which we gained the other shore; and soon a sharp bend in the stream brought us to the thorn-trees of which Alice had spoken. A miniature promontory, covered with the softest and most velvety turf, was washed on two sides by the waters of the brook, while the third was guarded by a semicircular line of gnarled and twisted thorn-trees. A belt of similar trees upon the opposite shore rendered the seclusion of the place perfect. It was a spot which Titania might have chosen for her court, so still, so secret, and so green. Through a partial opening in the trees was visible a lovely bit of scenery, a sketch of which Alice, who draws with rare skill and fidelity, proposed to take in my absence. Seated there on the warm grass, the stream murmuring at her feet and the leaves fluttering over her, I left her to her pleasant task; and regaining in a few moments more the frequented path, took my way by the long yellow high road to the distant town.

Alice and I had been spending some months with our grandmother, and were to leave in a few days for our home in Philadelphia. Our own mother was dead; and the warm-hearted, though rather gay and fashionable, step-mother who had taken her place, did not come so near to our hearts as did the gentle old lady at the farm. A part of every year we spent with the latter, always leaving her with regret. I should mention that my step-mother had a son, the fruit of a former marriage, who had been absent several years in India, and at this time had just returned. As we had no brother of our own, Frank Baldwin, who was a few years older than I, had nearly filled a brother's place to Alice and myself. He was now to be our escort home, as our father was prevented by some business from coming for us himself.

This afternoon I had to make some trifling purchases at the shops, and pay a few parting visits of friendship or ceremony. We had many pleasant friends in S——, and the farewell calls consumed so much time that nine o'clock was ringing from all the steeples before I was able to leave the town and turn my steps toward home. But the way, though lonely, was safe; and I enjoyed the quiet walk in the evening air. It must have been nearly ten o'clock when I reached the gate which communicated with the foot-path across the fields. Of course I had no idea of meeting Alice at that hour; for though she had promised to wait for me, it was in the expectation that my return would be much earlier. Yet when I came to the turn of the path leading to the thorn-trees my steps half involuntary took that direction.

Walking on slowly I had reached the brook, and was rounding the point where, hours before, I had left my sister, when I was startled by percieving what seemed in the uncertain starlight to be her figure reclining on the grass under the thorn trees. Involuntarily I paused, half in doubt, half in fear. At that instant there came from far away in the south the first low breath of the night wind sighing across the fields and stirring the stiff leaves of the old thorns with a sound as of innumerable airy footsteps. With a sudden thrill, as if I had been conscious of some invisible presence, I called her name, but in a low, frightened voice. There was no answer; and springing forward, I knelt beside the figure of my sister, lying fast asleep upon the grass. Her flushed cheek rested on her round white arm, and a smile like that of dreamy infancy parted her beautiful lips. Lifting her long hair, on which the night dew glistened, I took her hand, exclaiming, "Alice! Alice Vane! what are you thinking of, asleep in this damp night air?"

Slowly she opened her large eyes and gazed around with a bewildered expression.

"Dear Alice, do rouse yourself," I cried, "It is past ten o'clock, and grandma will be crazy."

She obeyed the movement of my hand, sat up, and allowed me to wrap my shawl around her. I gathered up her scattered drawing materials, and again begged her to rouse herself and go home.

"Yes, we will go," she said; "but I have been dreaming so long, I can scarcely find the boundary line between my dreams and reality."

"What were you dreaming of?"

"Oh, so many things! I must have been sleeping a long time, for the last I can remember the sun was setting, and I thought you would soon be here. I was awake then, I am sure of it. All at once there came from up the glen a faint sweet strain of music. Then I distinguished voices singing, and presently I was surrounded by a crowd of people thronging all about me. Their garments brushed me, and their fingers touched my hair, but they never seemed to see me. Suddenly they vanished, one beautiful lady alone remaining. She stood just there, behind that long branch. She was all in green, and I could scarcely distinguish her from the trees. She spoke to me with a charming smile, and then lifting her white hand, waved it slowly through the air. I looked, and papa stood beside me. I could not move or speak, but his dear eyes looked into mine for a moment; then the figure slowly faded. As I gazed other figures came by, brightening and fading before my eyes. I saw yourself and Frank, mamma just as she used to look, and many more, all familiar faces, all persons who have had some part or influence in my life. Last of all came one I did not know. I turned to ask the lady who he was. She made no answer, but smiled and held up a ring. I thought I knew him for my future husband, and turned to look at him again. As I did so, I thought he bent ever and kissed me on the lips; then slowly faded as the others had done. The next I remember, you were calling me. Now don't laugh, Charlotte," she added, catching the expression of my eyes.

"Indeed, love, I shouldn't think of such a thing. I am too deeply impressed by your doubtless prophetic vision."

"Now, Lottie!"

"Well, dear, why not? Remember this is the eve of St. John, and your birthnight. Every one knows that children born on Midsummer-eve are the especial favorites of the fairy folk, and subject to their influence on that night. It is plain enough that the lady in green was your fairy god-mother, and your vision must be prophetic."

Alice laughed, but in a shy, absent way, and her pretty blush was visible even in the starlight. In answer to my railleries, she admitted that before falling asleep she had been indulging in fancies about fays and the like, naturally suggested by the place and the time; but as for the young man, she stoutly declared she had never seen, or imagined, or previously even dreamed of, any one in the least resembling him.

Alice was up early next morning, not a whit the worse for her green wood nap, and very busy with her drawing. I supposed she was finishing the thorn-tree sketch; but happening to look over her shoulder when she had been at work for an hour, I saw it was a portrait on which she was engaged. It was the likeness of a young man, apparently twenty-eight or thirty years of age.

"Who is it, Alice dear?"

Alice laughed but blushed a little. "It is the face I saw in my dream last night," she said.

"Is it possible?"

"It is the best likeness I have ever made. That is, in every feature, the face that was bending toward me when your voice broke the spell of my dream."

"Well, my love, you have wonderfully vivid dreams. We must take care that you do not sleep under the starlight too often."

Frank Baldwin arrived that afternoon, and we hastened our preparation for departure. He kindly offered to assist us, and stood round, man fashion, in the way, putting things in the wrong trunks, and making confusion generally. We were limited in trunk room, and Alice declared it quite impossible to get in her voluminous sketching-books. They were accordingly laid aside to be left till they could be sent for, or until we should make our regular visit next year. Frank, roaming restless about, tired of our inattention, spied the books, and began to look them over. He was silent for some time; but at length he looked round with an exclamation of surprise.

"Edward Granger's portrait! Alice, where did you ever see Ned Granger?"

"I never saw him to my knowledge. Pray who is he?"

"He is the friend of whose adventures with me in India I have frequently written home. Is this your drawing?"

"Certainly."

"Is it meant for any one?"

"It is a fancy merely."

"Well, it's a most surprising accidental resemblance, considering you never saw Ned; and of course you never could, as he is at this moment on his way home from India, where he has lived for ten years—since you were a child in the nursery. By-the-way, I see that the *Mogul*, in which Edward sailed, has been spoken only a week out. So we may expect to see him very soon."

A day or two later we were at home, and quickly launched on the stream of gayeties always flowing through my step-mother's house. Fresh from our six month's seclusion at the farm, we entered with zest upon this new course of pleasure. Frank Baldwin was our constant ally. Alice had always been rather his favorite, as, indeed, she was everybody's; for beauty is a born queen even in the nursery. She had changed in his absence from a sweet child to a lovely woman; and he seemed so charmed with her now that I began to think this brother by adoption might become one in reality.

We had been home a week, when one day, on returning from a drive, we learned that Frank's friend Granger had arrived. A good deal fatigued with traveling by sea and by land, he was still in his room, but would join us at dinner. There were to be other guests, and Alice and I went up to dress. I do not know that we "primped" more than usual that day; but I remembered feeling quite satisfied with my fresh summer toilet; and Alice looked supremely lovely in the pale green organdy, which would have been fatal to a complexion less dazzlingly fair. "You look like the queen of the fairies," I said, and I wondered why she should blush so at the sisterly flattery.

The blush had not quite faded when we entered the drawing-room, and Frank brought forward his friend. Mr. Granger was presented first to me, which gave me an opportunity to quietly observe him while he paid his compliments to my sister. I saw his eye light with a flash of admiration for her singular beauty; but this expression was succeeded by one of perplexity, which did not pass away for some time.

As I studied the face of the stranger, I was instantly reminded of Alice's drawing of what I called her "dream lover," and I no longer wondered at Frank's surprise on seeing it. It was indeed an astonishing resemblance. You could have sworn it was the same face. Not only was every feature the same, even to the cut of the beard and the parting of the hair, but the expression of the whole was identical: the same soul seemed looking through the eyes. Whether Alice noticed this or not, I could not tell. She was talking in a gay and animated manner, and there was a soft light in her eye and a flush of pleasure on her lovely cheek which made her even more than usually charming.

I have no occasion to prolong this story by making mysteries; so I may as well say that the case of Mr. Granger and my sister was one of love at first sight. Their two souls melted into one at their first meeting, and the affection which then sprang into life seemed to grow with every day. There were no serious obstacles to fret the current of their loves; therefore its course ran smooth. My father's only objections rested upon the fact that Alice was still so young and their acquaintance so brief. Against the match itself he had nothing to urge, as the young man's family, character, and fortune were all he could ask. So the young couple had their own way; and the ever-beautiful drama, so old, yet eternally so new, went on once more.

For me, I hope not to wholly lose the reader's respect when I confess to a slight feeling of superstition in this matter. The singular circumstance of Alice's midsummer-night dream, so strikingly and so quickly put in process of fulfillment, would present itself to me in the aspect of a prophecy. It was easy to laugh, and talk of coincidences, but such talk explains nothing. "Dreams are but foams," says the German proverb. Is it always true? Are there not, may there not be, mysterious intelligences which, when our grosser senses are locked in slumber, have their hour of communion with human souls, and breathe into our consciousness the loftier thoughts, the purer emotions, the larger knowledge, of theirs?

It was a fine morning in June, nearly a year from the period when this veracious history commences. In the cheerful breakfast-room of my sister, Mrs. Edward Granger, still lingered a party of three, the young mistress of the house, her husband, and myself. I had arrived the previous evening, and having been separated from Alice during the six weeks which had elapsed since her marriage, we had, of course, many things to talk over. So, though the morning was wearing away, we still sat there, Mr. Granger considerately leaving us to ourselves while he read his paper by the window. I had forgotten his presence, till a sudden exclamation from him drew my attention to his part of the room.

I had come to Alice's from grandmamma's, where I had been making a visit, and had brought with me among my luggage the portfolios of sketches and drawings which she had left behind last year. They were lying on the table, and Edward, having finished his paper, and getting no attention from us, amused himself by examining them. When we turned round, he was holding in his hand the spirited sketch of his own features which was so well remembered.

"Why, Alice," he said, "where did you get this?"

"I made it of course."

"But I never sat to you."

"No; I drew from memory."

"How came it among these things that Charlotte brought from your grandmother's?"

"I left it there last summer."

"What a little story-teller! At that time you had never seen me."

"No, nor any picture of you; yet I had drawn you as you see."

"What does she mean, Lottie?" said Edward, "The original of this must have been myself or my double."

"Precisely. It was your double. Alice knows that as well as I do."

"*Will* you ladies please explain," said my brother-in-law, throwing himself back in whimsical perplexity.

Alice laughed. "You will not believe if I tell you," she said, seating herself upon his knee.

"Well, love, tell me for all that."

Alice began the story gayly, but as it proceeded, her sportive tone became serious, and her large violet eyes deepened with an expression of earnestness and wonder. When she ceased, it was with a cheek somewhat flushed, and a sensitive quiver of the lips which she could not quite control. Her husband had listened at first with smiling interest, but this soon gave way to an ominous look of exaggerated gravity; and when the story was finished, he burst into a peal of uncontrollable laughter. He laughed till the tears came into his eyes; and when we thought he had done, he suddenly started off again, and laughed till he was tired. Alice and I joined in the mirth, but my sister not very heartily.

"My dear little girl" cried Edward, as he could speak, "do you hope to persuade me that you really dreamed all that about the green lady?"

"But it is true Edward."

Edward went off again.

"And you dare aver that you were asleep. I am confident you peeped."

"You impertinent boy! Small advantage in peeping, when you were not there."

"Do you presume to say you did not know I *was* there?"

"What do you mean Edward?"

"I mean that my recollection of that kiss is as vivid as your own, only I do not pretend to have been asleep."

"My dear Edward, at that time you were on the Atlantic, a week's sail or more from home. It was ten days after the eve of St. John that you reached our house, and you had only arrived the day before."

"My dear child, who told you that I had just arrived from India?"

"No one, perhaps; but we supposed so, of course."

"Nevertheless, on that night of the 23d of June I was near enough to get my first kiss from your lips. It was a mercy Lottie did not catch me, though. I had just time to gain the shelter of the thorn-trees before she came round the point."

"Now, Edward," cried I, in amazement, "explain your part in this mystery."

"There is little mystery about my part. It is true that when Frank Baldwin left Calcutta I was intending to come home in the sailing vessel *Mogul*, which belongs to our firm. But as I found it would be necessary for me to go to France any way, I took the steamer route by the Isthmus of Suez, and was in Marseilles before the *Mogul* had passed the Cape of Good Hope. I staid in France several weeks, crossed over to England, and took the steamer from Liverpool to Quebec, arriving on the 20th of June. It happens that one of our clerks in Calcutta, a faithful, excellent fellow, has a mother and sisters living on a farm not far from S——, and I was the bearer of letters and gifts from him to them. I might have sent the things by express, of course, but I thought the women might like to see and talk with some one who had come from Fred; so, having plenty of time at my disposal, I concluded to visit them myself. You see, no one in New York knew of my arrival, or expected me for a fortnight. I made a detour, and reached S—— on the afternoon of the 23d. I spent several hours with Fred's family, telling them every thing I could think of about him, and praised him to their hearts' content—the good fellow deserves it all. It was quite late when I started to walk back to the town. The evening was so fine that I felt in no hurry to reach my hotel, and I strolled along quite regardless of the way. Perceiving a foot-path which seemed to lead through some pleasant fields to a brook, I left the main road to explore it. Where I went I am sure I can not tell; perhaps you, who know the localities, can form a guess. I know that I passed through a deep lonely glen from which the brook issued, and following the windings of the stream, had just succeeded in making my way through a dense thicket of old thorn-trees, when I was startled by the sight of a female figure lying on the grass. I drew near and found a young girl, not dead, but sleeping sweetly. What brought her there at such a time was a mystery. The delicate texture of her dress and the gleam of a heavy gold bracelet on one of her round arms showed that she was not probably under the necessity of choosing such a bedchamber. If I had remembered what night of the year it was—the chosen hour of the people in green—I should probably not have attributed to her a mortal character at all, but should have supposed that she had merely arrived too soon at the rendezvous, and was waiting for her sisters to begin the greenwood revel. Whether under such a supposition I should have ventured to take the liberty I did I dare not say; but as it was, I think my guilt had some extenuating circumstances. The dewy red lips through which the sweet breath came so softly!—why it was not in human nature to resist the temptation! Blushing to the soul for the depravity of my race, I admit my crime."

"Your contrition is somewhat tardy, Sir," replied the blushing Alice, trying hard to frown. "Pray, how long were you there?"

"It could not have been more than five minutes at most. I was revolving the chances of getting another kiss without waking you, when I heard footsteps, and had just time to gain the cover of the trees before Charlotte appeared. I hurried away across the fields, and reached my hotel about midnight. Next day I started for St. Louis, whence I had just returned when I reached your house."

"And did you then recognize Alice?"

"No. I remember that at first sight her face seemed slightly familiar, but the impression passed away. Until to-day I never for an instant associated her with the heroine of my almost forgotten adventure. In that uncertain mingling of twilight and starlight, features were not accurately distinguishable. The only wonder is how she managed, undetected, to get so good a view of mine."

"Now, Edward," cried Alice, in a tone of real distress, "you surely do not believe—"

He stopped the reproach with a kiss. "No, darling; of course I do not believe anything of the kind. But, Charlotte," he added, "what a strange thing it is, this blending of events actually passing around us with the fantastic images of our dreams! What faculty of the mind is it which remains awake to take cognizance of things outside the closed eyelids?"

"The *prophetic* faculty, it would seem in this instance," I answered, with as much gravity as I could assume. "But perhaps that is peculiar to the dreams of Midsummer-eve."

Edward laughed. "It is an odd thing, any way," said he.

I think it odd myself, but it is true.

BEWARE OF LIGHTNING.

HOW TO AVOID DANGER DURING A THUNDER STORM.

Chamber's Journal remarks: Under what conditions is damage from lightning possible, and what are the means by which the risk may be lessened or avoided? An isolated tree, standing either upon a wide plain or upon an eminence, is obviously likely to determine a lightning discharge, to "attract the lightning," to use a common expression. The top of the tree is the nearest point to the cloud, and since the tree is a better conductor than the air, a line drawn vertically through it to the cloud marks the shortest and easiest course along which the electricities may pass. If, when the charged cloud arrives directly over this point, the tension is sufficient to overcome the resistance along that line, a discharge will take place and the tree will be struck. But if the tension be not sufficient, the cloud will pass harmlessly over. Hence it appears that a person standing during a thunder storm beneath a tree so situate is exposed to some risk. On no account, therefore, should the traveller take refuge under an isolated tree; generally he will do well to avoid its neighborhood altogether; but should he be overtaken by a storm when on a plain with no shelter near, the tree may still be made to afford him some protection. If he takes up a position near it, but not under its branches, he will probably escape unhurt should the lightning descend upon it. The safest distance from the tree is that which is equal to its height. To approach much nearer than this is to incur the risk of being within the influence of the stroke; to remain at a much greater distance away is to place one's self in the same condition of isolation as the tree itself. It will have been remarked by all observers of the phenomenon that whenever a tree has been struck by lightning it has generally occupied an isolated position. In describing the position as one of isolation, however, it is not meant that the tree is necessarily standing alone, but that it is not one of a numerous group. When there are many trees together, their collective conductivity is often sufficient to cause an indestructive discharge of the electricity. This is especially likely to happen when the trees are wet with rain, for then their surfaces are covered with a film of water, which is a good conductor. For this reason, the danger from lightning is much less after rain has begun to fall than before, when everything is dry. It appears, therefore, that the safest situation during a thunder storm is in the midst of a wood, particularly if the neighborhood of the tallest trees is avoided. In such a place of shelter the traveller may take refuge in full assurance that he will there be effectually shielded from harm. The greatest risk of injury from lightning is undoubtedly incurred by persons travelling across a wide and very flat plain, because in such a situation they are the only elevated objects. To lessen the risk, which may here be somewhat serious, advantage should be taken of whatever undulations of surface may exist, to keep upon the lowest ground. No doubt the prostrate position would in these circumstances afford greater security than the erect. It happens not unfrequently that animals are killed by lightning under a tree to which they had betaken themselves for shelter. In these cases the tree is struck partly in consequence of its isolation, and partly on account of the presence of the animals beneath it. Usually there are several, and often many of them assembled together, huddled probably by terror into contact one with another. The air, heated by their bodies, rises above them laden with moisture, derived mainly from their breath. Who has not noticed the cloud of vapor that in the early morning and in certain states of the weather hangs over a flock of sheep or a herd of kine? The column of moist air ascending through the branches of the tree toward the cloud offers, in consequence of the comparitively high conductivity of water, a favorable passage for the electricity. A herd of cattle under an isolated tree is thus exposed to a double risk; also it is evident that these animals are in the open country less secure from injury than human beings, who cannot affect the atmosphere in a like degree.

FEMALE BORROWERS.

A FEW SENSIBLE REMARKS ABOUT THEM.

In the last number of the *Rural New Yorker* Mrs. A. E. Story has the following sensible remarks on female borrowers, which many rural readers will heartily appreciate:

Does it ever enter into the mind of the woman who complains of the borrowing propensities of her neighbors that the lenders are themselves in a great measure responsible for the borrowing? Certain it is that borrowers would soon "cease from the land" if there were no one found to encourage the thriftless habit. The habit of borrowing grows upon one as habits generally do, whether good or bad, and the woman who begins by borrowing an occasional drawing of tea, or a hank of thread, will soon ask you for your latest magazine, and that before the leaves are hardly cut, or your best table-cloth when she has "company," as coolly as though she thought you must feel it a privilege to lend them. Her tablecloths are always "in the wash" at such times. She is always forgetting to send to the store for tea, sugar, starch, and a dozen other such things, and the reason she forgets is, she knows you have them and will lend them to her.

If her aunt's cousin is going to be married, and she is going to the wedding, she is sure not to have time to get ready for so grand and particular an occasion, and so you are asked to ransack your boxes and drawers for something that will set off her old dress and make her a fitting wedding guest. She will remind you while you are doing this that her complexion and style of features are peculiar, and that only certain things—which she mentions, and which she knows you possess—will become her.

You have been years it may be, getting the conveniences of housekeeping about you, and your neighbor, who has been too slack or thriftless to do the same for herself, uses them. She lets her tub fall to pieces in the sun, and then does her washing in yours. She runs her candles in your molds, twists her stocking yarn on the wheel your grandmother left you, sifts her pumpkins through your colander, and grinds her spices in your mill, and you may count yourself furtunate if, when these things are wanted by yourself, you do not have to go after them.

"Please, ma'am, will you lend ma a little salve? Tommy has cut his thumb."

"Mother would like to borrow a little kerosene, if you have it to spare."

"Pa has lamed his back so he can't work, and ma wants him to read to her; could you lend him a paper?"

"We want to go visiting this afternoon, and would you please let us take the baby's carriage?"

This is the way you are pestered, almost daily, if you belong to the great army of lenders and are so unfortunate as to live next neighbor to a chronic borrower. You bear it with a meek submissiveness that has become habitual with you, until Mrs. Slack comes in some day and requests the loan of your switch, as she is going West on a visit to her dear mother, and her hair—which is getting thin—"couldn't have been nearer the color of yours if it had all grown on one head," and "while she is there and thinks of it, she will take a fine-tooth comb if you have one handy."

An ominous flush leaps into your face at this, and your neighbor goes home empty-handed, doubtless to call you the meanest woman alive, but she comes back next morning for your traveling-bag, and you lend it, thankful that the woman has a mother out West, and hoping that her visit will be a long one.

Now some of these troublesome people will read this article. They will borrow the paper to read it and so sponge both on the publisher and subscriber who has paid for it, and unless the heading should provoke their ire as suggesting something "personal," they will want to see whether some woman they know of "catches it."

My dear friend, if you are an habitual borrower, this is for you. Don't you know that the tea you get of your neighbor is better than what you send back! Don't you know that you don't always return quite as much as you get? And don't you know, too, that it is possible for the neighbor to get out of tea while she is waiting for you to pay what you owe her! And don't you sometimes forget to pay it at all? Don't you know that you burn her brass kettle every time you have it to "make up your preserves?" and that you dull the knives of the sausage-grinder and then fail to sharpen them? Have you never thought what trouble you cause your neighbor when you oblige her to send to your house for the flat irons every time she wants to use them? And has it never occurred to you that you are doing her an injury, not only in the wearing out of the various conveniences which her forethought has provided, but in appropriating to your own service time which belongs to her and to her family, and to which you have no manner of right?

LOST AND FOUND.

CURIOUS RECOVERY OF MISSING RINGS

In the *Scotchman* of January 9th, 1878, a correspondent gives this curious instance of the loss and recovery of a ring: "About three weeks ago two gentlemen were out fishing on Loch Eriboll, northwest of Sutherlandshire, and one of them dropped a valuable ring into the water. Last week a fisherman on the same loch had among his haul a pretty large cod, and inside it was found the identical ring safe and sound. The fisherman was handed a pound note on his returning the ring to the owner."

"Those persons who have seen the Lord Mayor of London," says the *World*, of that city, "not merely in his most festive garb, but in semi-state, will not have failed to notice that the chief magistrate wears at such times a large oval ornament hung round his neck by a piece of Garter-blue ribbon. This ornament is composed of large diamonds. It is of great value and has a history extending over something like eight hundred years—the age of the corporation. Shortly after Lord Mayor Cotton came into office one of the enormous brilliants of the 'jewel'—for that is its proper appellation—was missed. It had either fallen out or been stolen, and search was made for it high and low. The Mansion-House was presumably closely looked over, but unsuccessfully; and a West-End jeweller was called in to provide a substitute for the lost diamond, the actual worth of which was very great, while its historical value might hardly be appraised. One day, however, as the Lord Mayor was reading in one of the drawing-rooms at the Mansion-House, a gleam of sunshine fell upon something lying near a couch, and when Mr. Cotton went to look, he found that that something was the missing diamond, which now gleams as brightly as ever in its old setting place."

Fifty years ago, or thereabouts, Admiral X—— was in command of one of His Majesty's ships on the Mediterranean station. He always wore an antique ring of rare workmanship and very great value; it was curiously engraved with Arabic or Egyptian characters—a ring that nobody could possibly mistake. One day when on deck in giving some orders he lifted his hand, and his ring slipped off his finger and fell overboard. Of course he concluded he had seen the last of his favorite ring; but a few weeks afterward he received a letter from a friend, Captain C——, who was stationed at Gibraltar, and who had heard of his loss, telling him he had found his ring in the following singular manner. He was buying some fish, when on the vendor's finger he saw the ring, which he at once recognized (as I said before, it was one it was impossible to mistake). He inquired of the woman how she got it, when she directly answered: "Sir, it is very odd, and perhaps you will hardly believe me, but I found it inside a fish I was cleaning." I need scarcely add that Captain C—— bought the ring, and returned it to his old friend, who, you may be sure, was more careful of it after this adventure, having a double value for it.

—A large number of Roman coins have been found at Baconsthorpe, near Holt, Norfolk, England. The discovery was accidentally made by a laborer while at work. The coins, of which there are some thousands, were found enclosed in broken urns. They are in an excellent state of preservation, both obverse and reverse being perfectly distinct.

—Out of 294,382 men admitted into the French army in 1877, only 4,992 were unable to read and write. This is regarded as a very strong proof of the stride education has made in that country.

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—Since 1855 Australia has coined 48,000,000 gold sovereigns.

—The death-bed hath no keener pang than remorse over lost opportunities.

—Over one-third of the oil produced in Pennsylvania comes from McKean county.

—Elopement, marriage, twins and divorce is the one year's experience of an Indiana girl.

—Newspapers are used in many public schools of the West instead of books for reading lessons.

—The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because heir associates are little.

—A single firm of Sheffield, Eng., has this year ordered 50,000 dozen of American hay rakers.

—Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, has no family. He lives generously, and is very social in his tastes.

—Over in Bohemia it is considered unlucky for a lover to visit his sweetheart except on Thursdays and Sundays.

—A good man doubles the length of his existence; to have lived so as to look back with pleasure on our past existence is to live twice.

—There are shiploads of boots and shoes lying at the London wharves, shipped thither by Americans who miscalculated on the war prospect in the east.

—In order to save coal, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company gives its firemen one-half the coal they save out of a specified amount for running the trains.

—Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid.

—There is much greatness of mind in the owning of a good turn as in the doing of it; and we must no more force a requital out of season than be wanting in it.

—One of the Chinese censors has memorialized the emporer to stop all the arsenals for a year and apply the money thus saved to the relief of the sufferers by the famine.

—A piece of a marble slab from the wreck of a ship sunk twenty years ago off Long Island, has just been recovered and found to have been completely honeycombed by sea worms.

—How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles!

—Everything in Egypt down to the navy coast guard seems to be in English hands, and it is said that the abdication of the Khedive would hardly be noticed if he should get out some fine day.

—One of Bismarck's little amusements is to keep as souvenirs the pistols and other weapons with which his assassination has been attempted. He has quite a large and varied collection.

—A Binghamton, N. Y., wife, the other day, found a letter in her husband's old clothes given him to mail eleven years ago, the non-receipt of which has estranged two families ever since.

—It is a great thing, when our Gethsemane hours come, when the cup of bitterness is pressed to our lips, and when we pray that it may pass away, to feel that it is not fate, that it is not necessity, but divine love for good ends working upon us.

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—A Bavarian mystery has been cleared up thirty-nine years after its occurrence by the discovery of a skeleton at Wurzbug, which a son has identified by a defect in the teeth and by the spectacles found with it as that of his father, a Jewish peddler, who unaccountably disappeared in 1839 with considerable money on his person. Subsequent investigation has shown that a servant in the stable under which the remains were found, who has since died, knew of the money the Jew carried, enticed him into the stable, killed, robbed and buried him.

—Mr. Grattan Geary, editor of *The Times of India*, has arrived in Paris from Bombay, having proceeded overland through the Sultan's Asiatic territory as far as the Mediterranean. He was obliged to ride on horseback over a thousand miles through a wild country touching the line of the retreat of the Ten Thousand, now infested by many roving Kurds. In order to catch a steamer at Alexandretta, he traveled a hundred miles in the saddle without rest. He visited Babylon on the way, and found a native engaged in digging up the remains of ancient palaces to sell on speculation as old bricks.

—The Princess of Wales has sent her wedding bouquet-holder to the Paris Exhibition. The Princess Alice's fan is already there. The latter was the gift of his Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh, and is an object of great beauty. It was designed and manufactured by London & Ryder, of New Bond street, and is formed of cristal de roche studded with pink coral and Indian gems, the ring for the finger and chain attached being ornamented with pearls of large size. It is made to open with a secret spring, which throws out four supports to stand upon the table, or it can be carried in the hand.

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