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EVERY YEAR.

The spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken,
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder
Every year;
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrow blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year;
While the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year,
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year;
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year;
You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Yes! the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places, changing, fret us;
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

—*Keystone.*

LOANING A LOVER.

My sister Patricia was an heiress. Strange enough, for we had always been terribly poor down in Lowbridge, my widowed mother bringing up her four daughters with the greatest difficulty; but when brought up were worth looking at, I believe. Healthy habits and frugal living are apt to make good conditions, and Bess and Amy and Patricia and I were as bright and handsome girls as are not often seen.

Bess and Amy were twins, with eyes as blue as the sea near which they were born, rosy cheeks and long, light-brown curls; Patricia was a sparkling brunette, while I was a perfect blonde, with crinkled hair like molten gold. Great had been our excitement when Aunt Betty wrote from Fairhaven:

DEAR SISTER-IN-LAW:—I am going to do myself the pleasure of visiting you this Summer. I hear that brother Abel left four girls, and I want to see them. I am getting on in years, and I will make one of them an heiress.

Aunt Betty of Fairhaven was worth a hundred thousand, if she was worth a cent.

Well, in due time she came. She put up at the hotel, for our cottage at Lowbridge wasn't big enough to hold her, with her maid, coachman and carriage, but fortunately that was close by, and she spent the larger half of three days with us.

We all thought Bess would be her choice, for father had named her Elizabeth for Aunt Betty, though she was always "Bess" with us. But it was neither of the twins, and it was not I. It was Patricia.

"Where did that girl get her black hair?" Aunt Betty asked as soon as she saw her.

"I think she looks like my brother Luke, don't you?" asked my mother, with a wistful look.

"The very image of him," answered Aunt Betty, turning pale.

I divined then, as I learned afterward that Uncle Luke had been a lover of Aunt Betty's when both were young, before their marriage, and the fact seemed to have a power over her.

She looked at Patricia until the girl blushed rosy red, and would have slipped out of the room, when she called to her and drawing her down upon her knees on a foot-stool before her, she put a withered hand on each of the young cheeks and said warmly:

"My dear, you shall be my heiress!"

So it was Patricia she choose to leave her money to; but we were not out in the cold, for she sent the twins, who were only sixteen, to school for two years, and invited me with Patricia to the Hermitage.

It was her home—a stately old mansion of gray stone, gloomy-looking on the outside, but luxuriously comfortable within, without being in the least modern. We had each a maid and the free use of the horse and carriage. After making this provision for our comfort, Aunt Betty excused herself from making company for us, and we were free as air to enjoy ourselves as we chose, provided we did not interfere with her nap. We chose to make a great many pleasant acquaintances, guided consciously by Aunt Betty's wisdom, and the result was that I returned to Lowbridge in the Summer engaged to Clyde Sherrington. He was wealthy, handsome, agreeable, well connected. Everybody said "Gertrude had done well for herself."

That autumn Aunt Betty died. Patricia was to come in possession of her fortune in a year, when she was twenty-one—full and undisputed possession of $100,000.

It was arranged that we were all to come to the Hermitage to live. We did so, and lived there quietly as was becoming for nearly a year, when Patricia made the acquaintance of Gage Redmond.

She met him first at a funeral—of all places!—the occasion caused by the death of our next neighbor, General DeLacy, Gage Redmond being a neighbor of his. He was well connected, but poor as a church mouse, people said; "so of course he was after Patricia's fortune," mamma said.

"Patricia is rich and beautiful. Pray don't let her marry a fortune hunter, mamma," said I, looking up from a letter I was writing to Mr. Sherrington.

"I would not if I could help it, but what authority have I, Gertrude?" said my mother. "In a few months Patricia will be in undivided possession of her fortune. We are here only by courtesy. The Hermitage is her home. I have no right to control her whatever."

"But your influence, mamma."

"Will have very little effect if she sets her heart on this Gage Redmond. Pray stop staring vacantly out of the window, Gertrude, and attend to what I say. I want assistance in this matter."

"Please excuse me; I am thinking of my own affairs, just now, mamma. They may be of no consequence to you, but my letter is a matter of some importance to me."

I did not mean to be saucy, only pettish; but mamma having had long experience with four headstrong girls, bore it with me patiently.

"Well, finish your letter, Gertrude, and then advise me."

But my train of thought was broken, and after a few moments I put my sheet in the writing desk.

"What can't be accomplished openly must be done by strategem, mamma. It is probable this Gage Redmond is after Patricia's money. She is a great prize matrimonially. Well, you say I am prettier than Patty. Suppose I play decoy?"

"What!" cried mamma.

Mr. Redmond is dark and reserved. I am fair and volatile. Don't you think he will appreciate my style of beauty if I take a little pains to make him do so?"

"But Mr. Sherrington?"

"I will tell him. He will not object."

"I think he will."

"Oh, no; he'll be interested in the good of the family. Fortunately Patty is sick with a cold, and Mr. Redmond can see but little of her till then."

Quite pleased with my scheme, I ran up-stairs to give Patricia her cough drops, sitting down at the window of her room, and bowing cordially to Mr. Redmond, whom I could see writing in his uncle's study, in the great mansion across the way. The larches hid all the house but that one window. He was there a good deal, and I reflected that Patty's blue silk curtains were more becoming to my style of beauty than hers.

"I'll bring my embroidery up and sit with you, Patty,"

"Do," she said. "I am tired of watching the evergreens swaying about the gay Spring sky."

So I filled my lap with rose-colored worsted and framed myself in the blue window drapery for Mr. Redmond's benefit. Just the colors to set off the pink and snow of my complexion. I had the satisfaction of meeting his eyes more than once when I glanced over the way.

"Seems to me you're wonderfully good-spirited, Gert," remarked Patricia languidly.

The DeLacy dinner bell rang, and Mr. Redmond disappeared.

"Well, I must take them in another direction now," I said rising. "I can't give any more time to you, sis, for I want to finish my blue silk suit before Mr. Sherrington comes. You'd better take a nap."

Patricia settled herself obediently among her cushions. Suddenly she lifted her beautiful head.

"Has Mr. Redmond called to inquire for me to-day, Gerty?"

"No, I believe not," I replied indifferently.

She showed a moment's surprise, then settled herself on her couch again and in five minutes was sleeping sweetly.

The blue silk was finished, and having laid aside my half mourning for Aunt Betty and donned it, the family pronounced the effect charming.

"Is Mr. Sherrington coming to-night, Berty?" asked mamma.

"Yes."

"I want to sav to you, my dear, that on Mr. Sherrington's account I don't think you had better—" she whispered, but I interrupted her by my exit from the apartment.

The next train brought Clyde Sherrington.

"How delightful that the Spring is at hand," said he, "the sunshine growing warm, and the grass springing! I passed a bit of wood coming up from the station that is full of arbutus. We will have some delightful walks, Gerty. I am very tired of city life."

"Yes, Clyde dear; but you see I have been obliged to make a little plan which will interfere somewhat with that arrangement," I replied quickly. "I want to lend you to Patricia."

"Lend me to Patricia?"

"Yes, while I lure away a most ineligible suitor she has. Mamma and I conclude that it is the only way," I added. "Patricia has a fortune of about $100,000 you know."

"Yes."

"Well, we think that Gage Redmond is after her money. He is only a briefless lawyer. We can't afford such a match as that, and so, as I don't think I'm totally an uninteresting person, do you, Clyde? I am going to try and flirt a little with Mr. Redmond. Now you won't be a bear, and say no, will you, dear? And you'll try and help us by devoting yourself to Patricia, won't you?"

At first my companion didn't believe I was in earnest, but when convinced of my sincerity his astonishment was inexpressible. I remember he stammered out some faint objections, but I would not listen, and before retiring that night I whispered to mamma that I had made it all right with Mr. Sherrington, and she had only to observe how nicely I would manage the whole affair.

I sent Patricia off in the morning to find arbutus with Mr. Sherrington, while I waited to receive Mr. Redmond.

When he came I was in the garden, and had ordered lunch an hour earlier than usual. My pale blue silk looked beautiful on the lawn grass.

"Pray come and see my tulips, Mr. Redmond," I called as he walked up the avenue.

He came pleased enough, and as he was especially fond of flowers, I had no trouble of detaining him more than half an hour.

Then seeing him look at his watch, I observed:

"We won't wait lunch for Patricia, for Mr. Sherrington is with her. They have gone roaming off after Spring flowers, and may not be back these three hours. Come in and have a bit of salad with a cup of chocolate, Mr. Redmond. I made the chocolate myself and can recommend it."

So I kept him for another half an hour and he left pleased with his visit.

Patricia and Sherrington came back only fifteen minutes after the usual lunch hour, the former so delighted with a profusion of pink arbutus as hardly to heed when a servant informed her that Mr. Redmond had called to see her, and stayed with Miss Gertrude for lunch.

She had put the rosy clusters in her dark hair and on the bosom of her graceful gray dress, and, flushed with her long ramble, I think I never saw her look so perfectly lovely.

"He has been here. Very nice of you to keep her out of the way so long," I whispered to Clyde.

He looked at me queerly, but said nothing. I did not want him to expostulate with me, as I believed he wished to do, and so kept apart from him during the evening, leaving him to sing and play with Patricia.

He was interesting, with his very natural manner of reserved modesty. I was glad Patricia found him so. He had pale, silken hair that fell in shadowy curls over a beautiful forehead, and softly modulated tones. He contrasted nicely with her dark, spirited beauty.

"Clyde has an elder brother—Raymond—just the one for Patricia. I wonder if it cannot be brought about?"

But I soon had my hands full, for at all hours of the day and night Mr. Redmond came to the Hermitage. And it was not long before my success as decoy was patent to the most careless observer. He asked only for "Miss Gertrude."

In three weeks the crisis burst upon me. He proposed.

"I used to think Mr. Sherrington your lover," he said standing before me, the light on his frank, handsome face, "but late observations have shown me that his visits here are for your sister. Since you are free, then, will you not marry me? I can support you well, Gertrude, or I would not ask you to bind your future with mine. The death of my grandfather two years ago left me $50,000, beside some real estate. I have a pleasant home on the Hudson—retired, but elegant—where I would like to take you. What do you think Gertrude? Could you be contented to leave your friends and live at Rose Cottage with me?"

My amazement allowed me to stammer nothing intelligible. In some distant way I temporized the matter, and begged Mr. Redmond to give me some time for reflection.

He went away making an appointment for the next evening.

So thunderstruck was I by the revelation of Mr. Redmond's wealth that I wandered about the house in a dazed way, not heeding how mamma was fretting about Patricia, who had gone to ride with Mr. Sherrington.

"What is the matter, mamma! Is it going to storm?" I said at last.

"To storm? Nonsense! Where are your eyes, Gertrude? It is nearly 9 o'clock. Patricia has been gone seven hours with Mr. Sherrington, and I know something is wrong."

"What?" I demanded, rousing myself.

"I didn't know."

Nine, 10, 11 and 12 o'clock passed. No carriage—no news.

At noon the next day the buggy drove into the yard. Patricia cooly presented her husband. They had been married the evening before by our pastor at Lowbridge.

"So nice and quiet," said Patricia. "No foss, no notoriety."

She took her place cooly at the table.

"You needn't hesitate to take Gage now, Gertrude; he's dead in love with you, and as I like Clyde best, I thought I'd decide the matter without complications."

I think I was dumbfounded. But I found my tongue when Mr. Redmond came that evening, and said "yes."

I give my experience for the benefit of others. It is dangerous loaning one's lover.

THE LEGEND OF THE MOUSE TOWER.

Below Bingen the river becomes the true "castellated Rhine." Here begins the narrow gorge of the Rhine, cut through a chain of mountains running nearly at the right angles to the stream. It may be that the river burst through a great mountain wall which opposed its progress at Bingen; and it is certain that a wall of rock runs obliquely across at this place, and has been broken through artificially at what is known as the "Bingen Loch," or "Hole of Bingen." The deepest part of this channel lies under the castle of Ehrenfels, built by the Archbishop of Maintz early in the thirteenth century. It was stormed in the Thirty Years' War; but its destruction, like so much else in this country, is due to the French in 1689. It rises very picturesquely above the river, while vineyards creep up to it from below, and the fo.ding hills make a fitting background. Archbishop Hatto's name is connected with Ehrenfels, but not more justly than with the quaint Mausethurm, or Mouse Tower, on its island in the river below. Every one visits the Mausethurm, and every one knows how the cruel Archbishop induced the famishing people of Bingen to enter a great barn:

"Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And while for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn, and burnt them all."

So he went back to Ehrenfels "and sat down to supper merrily." But that night was his last. A vast army of rats issued from the smoking barn. The bishop, in terror, fled to his river tower. But there was no escape for him. The rats swam the river, climbed the walls, and crept by thousands in at the windows and loopholes. Then "all at once to the bishop they go,"

"They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones;
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do justice on him."

There are quaint pictures in some old German books which show us the rats scaling the tower, on the top of which appears the Archbishop, with cope, mitre, and pastoral staff, whilst a couple of huge rats have made good their lodging on his shoulders. The story is "in print," and if not "in choice Italian," yet in the choicest high German. And yet, as far as Bishop Hatto is concerned, it marks but the irony of fate. He was by no means a hard hearted prelate; and the Tower, which is much later than his time was built for collecting tolls from the vessels that passed up and down the Rhine. The same story is told of other bishops and of other rats. It is widely scattered, and occurs in Switzerland, in Sweden, in Poland and elsewhere. Mr. Baring-Gould, who has collected many of these parallel stories, suggests that the myth "points to sacrifices of chieftains and princes in times of famine"—of course in heathen days—"and that the manner of offering the sacrifice was the exposure of the victim to rats."—*Picturesque Europe.*

LEISURE HOUR OCCUPATION.

The recognition has never been given by reformers to the character that is born into a man. This inborn tendency almost constitutes the man's destiny. Men who are in the best sense successful are born so to a great extent. Circumstances fashion the pattern, but cannot change the material. One person will work his way on to success over every obstacle, while his neighbor, under exactly the same conditions, apparently, will sink into pauperism. The mistake of philosophers who undertake to reform humanity on some patent plan is that they lump all mankind together as one individual, without allowing for the innate tendencies of each one, that make him different from every other.

No better evidence of this inborn difference can be adduced than the manner in which people spend their leisure hours. A large party of men in this country are clamoring for a day's labor to be reduced to six hours. What would they do with the extra time if they had it? Most of them would probably not spend it studying higher mathematics, or even playing chess. The use men make of advantages already in their possession is an unerring gauge of what they would do if the advantages were greater.

It would be interesting to trace out the history of ten young clerks or mechanics, all working together, and all similarly situated, as far as might be. In all large American cities at present most ample opportunities for culture are afforded every workingman. Excellent evening schools are provided for him. After advancing to a certain point, he may fix upon one special branch of study, and devote himself to mechanical drawing, history, architecture, chemistry, or to whatever will assist him in the future he has marked out for himself. Aside from extraordinary circumstances, that future depends on his own will—the will that is born in him.

If he does not wish to attend school, there are the magnificent public libraries in every city freely open to him. The choicest literature of the ages is stored up waiting for him. In some cities public instruction in music and elocution is given free. He has only to use the means placed before him with a royal generosity to stand in time the equal of any man in refinement and general culture. Scientific and other lectures, if not already given free, can be arranged for by payment of a trifle on the part of him and his fellow-workmen.

The free strength and common sense which ought to come to him from labor will, in most cases, give him a positive advantage over the idle rich man. In practical life this is absolutely true. The most wonderful and useful inventions known to civilization have been made by mechanics who spent their time out of working hours in study. It was so with the invention of the locomotive, the machine for cotton spinning and the sewing machine. It is the same with the marvelous creations of Thomas Edison.

Any other mechanic who had it born in him to make the most of his powers could have achieved as much success in his way as the inventors of these machines. Of ten seemingly average young men, the chances are that no more than one will rise to his best. He will spend his evenings in developing his mental powers, saving what he can from his earnings for that. The other nine will pass the hours from 7 P. M. till bedtime—very late bedtime at that—in roaming the streets, now and then dodging into places where they would be much ashamed if either their employers or their mothers were to see them. For the precious privilege of going to work next morning with a stupid head, a disordered stomach and nerveless hands, the nine give in exchange one-sixth of their time and all their spare earnings. They call it "seeing the sights." They are proud of their record, as young men who know the world, whether they have sense enough to know when they are made the tools of plausible swindlers and designing political knaves or not. "Seeing the sights" is doubtless a very important part of a young man's education, even though after a time it causes him to lose his clear, fine intellectual powers, and sink into either a stupid dolt or a confirmed drunkard.

The most melancholy feature of this course of degeneration is that a majority of those who follow it are purely American young men. In the evening public schools numbers of grown men will be found, some of them even fifty years old, but in every case they are foreigners, Germans or Irish. Your lordly American despises the advantages which have been made too cheap for him. He will carouse till midnight or after, and wreck all that is best and brightest in his life, but to all persuasions to induce him to a course of self-improvement, he will answer that he will never come down to study like a schoolboy. That would be acknowledging that he did not know everything already, and what true American would do that?

Meantime the tenth man labors towards his aim of securing first pecuniary comfort and next intelligence. Gradually there opens up to him a line of work in which he develops particular excellence. From that time his future is secure. He may not achieve any great distinction, but he does achieve all that a moderate ambition could ask, and takes his place as a man of mark and influence. Of the other nine, perhaps two or three become tramps and castaways; the rest sink for life into the countless army of dull, drifting, shifting poor people, who never own the roof over their heads, who nurse a grievance against all the world, and declare they "never had no luck." An impressive instance comes to mind at this point. A few years ago five young mechanics began their career together in this city. Four of them laughed at the fifth for being a chicken-hearted fellow, who was too stingy to have any fun. To the outward observer he really seemed the dullest, feeblest of the five. But by some mysterious law he had been born with that pluck in him which the rest did not have. He went to school at night, and commenced to study books connected with his trade, beginning at the foundation. Life was not easy to him, and indeed it never has been, but the young fellow's rough road led him to such a goal that even by the time he reaches middle age he will be a man of wealth and culture. By a strange fatality every one of the other four went to the dogs. There was somewhere in them a fatal weakness which yielded to temptation when it came.

Americans spend much of their spare time in a most unprofitable manner. Even if too wearied for study, the workingman might choose recreations which are restful instead of exhaustive, and refining instead of coarsening. Reading, music and entertaining games are always within his reach, and they will not make a milksop of him either, unless to be rude, ignorant and dissipated is the only way to be manly. Perhaps it is. A slight knowledge of science, history and politics, as obtained from lively and popular evening lectures, would not be fatiguing to the mind of the American citizen, neither would it be degrading to his manhood to try to get such information. Bright young men, for a trifle of the money it now costs them to "see the sights" might form reading clubs, debating societies and literary associations, which would be a perpetual delight and pride to them. Churches might do much more than they have done in this direction. It would hurt neither the dignity nor divinity of a meeting house to be thrown open for secular purposes occasionally. It is true that the great majority of mankind are neither very wise nor very strong-willed, but still the world somehow grows slowly better and more civilized. A proportion of mankind inevitably break away and go the bad, but strong and united influences for good can make the proportion smaller from age to age.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE DOLLAR HISTORICALLY,

The word "dollar" is derived from the German word *thaler*, literally *valleyer* meaning a valley, and was so-called because the first thalers were coined in a little mining town in a valley of Bohemia, in the year 1518, by one of the Counts of Schlick, under the right of mintage conferred by the Emperor Sigismund, in 1437. They were silver pieces of one ounce in weight, and were uniform in weight and fineness. They soon became synonyms for honest coins of full weight and value, although the weight was changed by other coiners. From this term came the low German *dahler*, the Italian tollero, and finally, the well-known "dollar." This word was found in Britain already in use when the idea of the proper name for honest coins crept into that country, being derived from the Gælic dol (a valley) and ard (a hill), together signifying a valley shut in by hills, precisely the same, in signification, as the Schlicten thaler of Germany.

It is claimed, however, by some German scholars, that the term was derived from the word "talent," which in the Middle Ages designated a pound of gold, but the former origin is doubtless the correct one. In 1519, one year after the coinage of the Schlicten thaler, Charles V., King of Spain, became also Emperor of Germany, and he adopted a new coat of arms, in which those of Spain were united with those of Germany, and the coinage of Spain was stamped with this new device, giving rise later to the name "pillar dollars." These dollars were from the mint of Seville, and Sir Isaac Newton, assayer to the British mint, set them down at the exact value of fifty-four pence. Thus, that which was known in England as a dollar, and is our dollar of exchange, is the adaptation of an idea of German origin to a Gælic word and a Spanish coin.

It will be seen from the above, that the word "dollar" is not of American origin, nor of American limitation, and only interesting in the fact that it was adopted as the name of the monetary unit of the United States, first by the Congress of Confederation of American States, in 1786, when its weight was fixed at 375.64 grains of pure silver, intended to be equivalent to the fifty four pence dollar of Newton, and later, in 1792, when Congress established a National mint, and ordered "dollars or units" to be coined, each of the value of the Spanish milled or "pillar dollar," and to contain 371¼ grains of pure silver, 51¾ pence sterling. In February, 1873, Congress changed the unit of value from a silver to a gold dollar of 25.8 grains of standard gold. Under the Act of 1878, the coinage of the silver dollar has been restored as a standard dollar.

NATURAL HISTORY.

IN SMALL CHUNKS, FOR SMALL PEOPLE.

"What is this?"

"This is a cat. Do you see the beautiful curve to his back? If you continue to be a good boy you shall some day have a thousand cats."

"Are cats a useful animal?"

"Yes, very. If it wasn't for the cat every house would be overrun with canary birds."

"Are cats very brave?"

"Yes. They'll hang around a corner for four hours to get their claws into a poor little mouse, not one-fortieth part their size."

"What food do cats prefer?"

"A $20 mocking bird is their first choice. If the family are not able to keep a mocking-bird the cat must put up with an oriole or a German canary. It is only when suffering for food that a cat will accept of a sirloin steak."

"Cats can't sing, can they?"

"No, but, bless 'em! they keep trying to learn how! They have got so they can sound the first four notes on the scale, and they are determined to get the rest."

"What time do they sing the sweetest?"

"At night, between the hours of 11 p. m., and 4 a. m. You have probably read items about bold, bad men flinging boot-jacks, sticks of wood and other missiles at singing cats. Don't ever associate with such people. Cats have as much right in America as anybody else, and it is only the meanest kind of folks who will try to keep 'em from rising up in the world."

"How long do cats live?"

"Nobody knows, as no cat ever had a fair show to see how many years he could put in. After he has hung around one neighborhood for fifteen or twenty years some one murders him in cold blood."

"Does the fur of the cat contain electricity?"

"Yes, and it is a great wonder why some of these scientific men did not make use of the fact in searching for the clue to the telephone. There isn't much doubt that the day will yet come when a cat in Detroit, connected by a clothes-line with one in Chicago, will form a perfect telegraph line."

"Do cats suck children's breath?"

"They do. Mothers should let their children eat onions as a preventive.—Plug tobacco will answer the same purpose."—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE MICROSCOPE AS A DETECTIVE.

Some years since it was discovered by the authorities of a railway in Germany that a barrel which, on being despatched from a certain station, contained silver coin had, during the journey to its destination, been emptied of its contents and been filled with sand. For some time no clue to the perpetrator of the robbery could be discovered; but at length a learned professor, having been consulted on the subject, called in the aid of the microscope. And this was how the thief was found out. The professor knowing that even though in the very minutest degree there was a distinctive difference in the sand found near the various stations along the railway line, sent for a sample of it from each of the places through which the train containing the silver coin had passed. With the microscope he carefully examined the sample, compared it with the sand found in the barrel, and thus identified the station from which the latter had been procured. Having, in this ingenious manner, found out the station he wanted, little difficulty remained—for the railway servants employed at it, by one of whom the robbery had been committed, were so few in number that the culprit was readily detected.

REST FOR THE MIND.

When the daily occupation is monotonous and unengrossing, a full supply of excitement for the leisure hours may be desirable, but where the mental powers have been taxed to their utmost through the hours of labor, it is absolutely necessary to health and happiness that they be entirely released for at least a portion of the time that is left. It is not enough that the usual amount of time be spent in the absolute rest of sleep, if every waking hour be filled to the brim with eager, serious occupation. It is not enough that certain hours be secured free from absolute work, if they are still permeated with energetic thought, intense feeling, or exciting pleasures. The mind needs rest from effort in its waking hours—a time when it may rightly lay aside its activity, and enjoy being acted upon by calm and gentle influences.

REPUTATION AND CHARACTER

are two things which must never be confounded. The one is external, the other is internal. The one is determined by what other people say of us; the other is our inmost and real self. The one may vary with the caprices of the people, the other remains unaffected by the breath of applause, or the mask of hypocrisy. Sometimes a man, from certain circumstances, may have a very good reputation, though his character may be radically bad; and there have been cases in which the noblest men in point of character have been, just because they were acting out their principles, of very poor reputation.

—A heated lover wrote a letter of the same to his inamorata last week, beginning, "Sweatest." She will be a sister to him hereafter—nothing more.

Varieties.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

Innocence is like incense from heaven. It is a full-blown flower among thorns and brambles; it is the lily of the valley, which refreshes and gladdens the sight.

—Some rash fellow says that the giving of the ballot to women would not amount to much, for none of them would admit that they were old enough to vote until they were too old to take any interest in politics.

—A swarm of bees took possession of the chimney of a Middlefield (Conn.) Methodist Church during the summer, and when a fire was kindled in the stove on a recent Sunday, the floor of the church basement literally flowed with honey.

—A Frenchman, eight days after marriage, and while on his wedding trip, receives a telegram announcing the death of his mother-in-law. He returns immediately and with touching sincerity writes her epitaph: "To the best of mothers-in-law."

—The Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company has a fleet comprising fourteen iron steamers, which this year have made 546 voyages, running 483,236 miles and carrying 602,496 tons of coal. Since 1869 the fleet has run 2,000,000 miles and delivered 2,099,036 tons of coal.

—In 1872, according to the *Railroad Gazette*, a greater number of miles of new road was laid than in any other year before or since, namely, 4,623 miles. Since 1872 new track has been laid as follows: 1873, 2,507 miles; 1874, 1,925; 1875, 746; 1876, 1,556; 1877, 1,223; 1878, 1,273.

—The first telegraph wires were posted between Washington and Baltimore in 1847, and the first message transmitted was, "What hath God wrought?" A young lady of Hartford, Conn., having sent the message, the Governor of that State had it engraved in letters of gold and placed in the rooms of the Historical Society of Connecticut.

—The English propose to have a great agricultural fair in 1879, at an expense of $250,000. It is said that agriculture is declining in Great Britain. The number of cattle, the wheat acreage and other crops are decreasing, and very nearly one-half the population of the United Kingdom is now dependent for sustenance on imported food. The people hope that an exhibition as proposed will help to revive a drooping business.

—King Kamehameha, the founder of the present government of the Sandwich Islands, is to be honored with a bronze statue, designed by Mr. T. R. Gould, of Boston. It is to be erected at an expense of $10,000, and will furthermore, commemorate the centennial anniversary of the discovery of the Islands, by Captain Cook. Mr. Walter M. Gibson, a member of the Hawaiian Parliament, has the matter in charge.

—Vassar College has received two Japanese girls—Miss Stemutz Yamakawa and Miss Shige Nagai—who came to this country about six years ago. Miss Yamakawa has been in the family of Rev. Leonard Bacon, at New Haven, and Miss Nagai in the family of the late Rev. John S. C. Abbott, at Fair Haven. They are supported by the Japanese Government, and are expected to become teachers in the Imperial Normal School at Tokio. They have been much esteemed and beloved in the families and schools where they have been instructed.

—Preparations are being made in Maine to put in lumbering crews on the upper Kennebec and Moose rivers. It is doubtful whether the cut will be as large as last winter's, but it is too early yet to determine the amount of business to be done. There are signs of activity on the Penobscot water, and many are preparing for the winter's campaign in the forest. Lumber rules very low; the demand for lumber and the foreign demand for deals have greatly fallen off, but the supply of logs in the booms is not large, and there must necessarily be enough cutting to keep the mills running, as they cannot stop without great sacrifices.

—Young men contemplating marriage have so frequently called upon us to advise them in the manner of popping the all-important question that we have concluded to give our opinion once for all. Never propose to a young lady after a hearty meal,—the blood is needed to aid digestion, and her imagination is chilled. Nor should it come just before a meal, for the longing of an importuned system conduce to anxiety and irritability, and the shock may prove hazardous. It would be better to select the evening, and invite her to some entertainment which you know she wants to attend, and then propose to her just as she is ready to start. This will be greatly to your advantage, for she will see that a rejection will upset an evening's entertainment.

—A Parliamentary paper just issued shows that pauperism is increasing and crime diminishing in England. There are one and a half per cent. more paupers in the country now than there were last year, an increase wholly due to the depression of trade, as it is confined entirely to the north, the metropolis showing a decrease. In Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Southampton and Berks counties pauperism has declined three per cent. during the past twelve months, but Chester and Lancashire show an increase of 9 per cent., Yorshire of 6½ per cent., the northern district 5½ and Wales 4. In regard to crime, it is shown that there were fewer sentences for penal servitude recorded than in any year on record, except 1873, and there were only 22 executions and 11 life sentences. In 1833, 931 persons were sentenced to death, though only 33 were executed, and 783 persons were transported for life.

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