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'TWILL NOT BE LONG.

'Twill not be long—this wearying commotion
That marks its passage in the human breast,
And, like the billows on the heaving ocean,
That ever rock the cradle of unrest,
Will soon subside; the happy time is nearing,
When bliss, not pain, shall have its rich increase;
E'en unto Thee the dove may now be steering
With gracious message. Wait, and hold thy peace;
'Twill not be long!

The lamps go out; the stars give up their shining;
The world is lost in darkness for awhile;
And foolish hearts give way to sad repining,
And feel as though they ne'er again could smile.
Why murmur thus, the needful lesson scorning?
Oh, read thy Teacher and His word aright!
The world would have no greeting for the morning,
If 'twere not for the darkness of the night.
'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long; the strife will soon be ended;
The doubts, the fears, the agony, the pain,
Will seem but as the clouds that low descended
To yield their pleasure to the parched plain.
The times of weakness and of sore temptations,
Of bitter grief and agonizing cry;
These earthly cares and ceaseless tribulations
Will bring a blissful harvest by-and-by—
'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long; the eye of faith, discerning
The wondrous glory that shall be revealed,
Instructs the soul, that every day is learning
The better wisdom which the world concealed.
And soon, aye, soon, there'll be an end of teaching,
When mortal vision finds immortal sight,
And her true place the soul in gladness reaching,
Beholds the glory of the Infinite,—
'Twill not be long!

"'Twill not be long!" the heart goes on repeating;
It is the burden of the mourner's song;
The work of grace in us he is completing,
Who thus assures us—"It will not be long."
His rod and staff our fainting steps sustaining,
Our hope and comfort every day will be;
And we may bear our cross as uncomplaining
As He who leads us unto Calvary;
'Twill not be long!

TEARS.

Is it raining, little flower?
Be glad of rain!
To much sun would wither thee—
'Twill shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true,
But just behind them shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain;
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

MABEL'S MATCH-MAKING.

WAS IT A SUCCESS?

Mabel Harvey was reading over a letter which she had just written. Let us read it with her:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I can never write you a word without speaking of my deep gratitude to you. But for your unceasing effort and untiring zeal I should now be hard at work for my own and my sister's support. Now, since my father's property is by your means replaced in my hands, I am above want, and am happy in my dear old home. As the beloved friend of my dear lost cousin, and the savior of my father's property and honor, you stand first in my friendship and esteem. I desire to see you in person, that I may thank you with words instead of with my pen. We have invited a few choice friends to spend some of these beautiful autumn days with us, and would be most happy to welcome you as a guest in our home—the home that you worked so hard to regain for us. Though we have never seen each other, yet I think we shall meet as old acquaintances. My best wishes and prayers for you always, and hoping to receive you as a guest,

"I am your very true friend,
"MABEL HARVEY."

The letter was folded and put in a delicate envelope, and Mabel Harvey said softly:

"I hope he will come, and I so hope he will like Hettie. I don't believe in match-making, but it would please me so much if he and Hettie should love each other. Hettie is a little wild now, and I think she would settle down after marriage and make a good wife. I feel almost sure that she will win his heart; she wins all hearts!"

And Mabel drew a little sigh, and she thought that her time of winning hearts was over, for she was 30 years old.

The freshness of youth had faded from her face, but the earnest and beautiful expression of her splendid brown eyes was even more enchanting than in the days of her childhood: and though no roses bloomed in her cheeks, her lips were full and scarlet, and her teeth like shining ivory.

With the letter she had just written in her fingers, and her eyes half veiled by white lids and long brown lashes, she thought upon her past life. It had been varied, mingled with thrilling pleasures, keenest pain, with luxury and want. She had been an only daughter, petted and gratified in every wish, and a star in the society in which she moved; but her beloved father had died in the midst of prosperity, and her mother had married in a few years a man who was father to a little fair-haired child of six years, the Hettie to whom she had ever been like a tender mother. Then misfortunes came. The property that had supported them in luxury and ease was swept away through dishonest management, and poverty, stern, relentless poverty, stared them in the face. Then her mother had died suddenly, and her stepfather, who had long been a victim to consumption, grew more feeble, and poor Mabel, whose delicate white hands were entirely unused to labor, worked early and late with her needle to keep cruel want from the door.

For a year her father had lingered, as it were, on the brink of the grave, and patient, noble-hearted Mabel supported and nursed him, wearing ever in his presence a cheerful face, and petting and caring for little Hettie as though she were her own child.

After the death of her stepfather she obtained a situation as teacher in an academy, and Hettie was well-clothed and sent to school, and Mabel grew hopeful, and some of the gaiety of her brighter days returned. Then a happy change had come. A young lawyer, who was the friend of a loved cousin of hers, who had died away from home in the buoyancy of youth, took the care of her father's lost property in his hands, and had at last restored it, placing her beyond want, and forever the unchanging friend to the man who had befriended her. The two had never met nor spoken to each other save through the medium of the pen; but the meeting was near at hand, and Mabel smiled as she thought of it, and raised her drooping eyelids, and looking away over the autumn-tinged woods, and half praying that Hettie and he might love each other, for Hettie was always first in her thoughts

The invitation which she extended to Wesley Dartmouth, the young lawyer, was accepted, and every day Mabel watched the stage coach as it came lazily up the road, hoping it would stop at her door. It stopped at last, and a tall, bearded man stepped from it and walked through the white gate and up the gravel walk, and smiled tenderly in Mabel's face as she stood in the hall to greet him. In one hand he held his hat, in the other he clasped Mabel's, bowing his head gracefully toward her, receiving her words of welcome, and speaking brotherly words to her.

Then fairy footsteps came tripping toward them, and Hettie came forward in her white dress, with bare arms and shoulders, her cheeks glowing with health and loveliness, and her yellow hair falling on her shoulders like a shower of golden rings. The glory of youth was upon her, and her blue eyes shone like twinkling stars. She came forward shyly and stood by Mabel's side; and Mabel looked at her fondly, proudly, and introduced her in a loving, tender tone, and looked into the young man's face to see the expression there, as he gazed on Hettie's loveliness. He took the white plump hand in his, and gallantly kissed it, making some little flattering remark about her fairy-like beauty, and calling up a rosy flush to the bright, young face. It had commenced better than Mabel had hoped, and she stood back a little in the shadow, and thought what a handsome couple they would make.

The days that followed were days of gayety and pleasure. The guests invited were all younger than Mabel, and though she did not always mingle with them in their amusements, it was a very happy time for her, for it gave her pleasure to see others happy. Hettie was the gayest of the gay, laughing, singing and dancing, with no care, a very child in the trials of life.

Mabel was housekeeper and overseer of all that belonged to her, and much of her time was required to perform pressing duties. It was she who put up nice dainties for picnics, sailing parties and rides, though she often remained at home and saw her sister and her guests go on their way laughing and happy; and then she would return to her labor, singing softly, or sometimes sighing unconsciously.

Mabel preferred to work a portion of her time—the days of her love of gayety were over, and she preferred quiet walks and sound conversation. Wesley Dartmouth was a man who could talk well and deeply; and often an hour or more was given to quiet conversation between himself and Mabel; and often would his eye light up with pleasure and astonishment as Mabel displayed the depth of her mind and the wealth of her information.

The days passed happily away, and Mabel felt more and more assured that her plans were succeeding, and visions of wedding arrangements passed before her mind, and she saw Hettie—her darling Hettie—the wife of Wesley Dartmouth, one of the best men, she thought, in all the world. But often, while thinking thus, she would look at her shapely fingers, on which no betrothal ring shone, and then she would try to smile and be contented; but there was always a vague longing and unrest in her heart, however much she strove to banish them.

Once, when the merry party had gone for a moonlight sail on the river, she had sat alone at the piano, singing some old, quaint melody. There was no light in the room save that from Heaven's lamps; but that fell across her smooth, brown hair, and her slender fingers on the white keys. She was thinking of the past days that the melody called to her mind, and did not know that Wesley Dartmouth had stolen quietly into the room, and was standing at her side. She finished her song, and turning her head slightly, she started to see him standing there and looking down upon her so kindly.

"I thought you had gone with the sailing party," she said.

"I started to go," he replied, "but gave it up on account of a dull headache, which I thought would prevent my being an agreeable companion. Your singing soothes me, Mabel; will you sing that song to me again?"

Mabel did not answer, but turned to the piano and sang in soft, gentle tones:

"I would be thine, I'd worship thee
By all that's noble, and divine;
My every thought is bi for thee—
I would be thine, I would be thine."

Neither spoke for a moment after she had finished her song, then Wesley Dartmouth laid his hand carelessly on her shining hair, and said, almost in a whisper:

"I thank you, Mabel; it was beautiful." Good night.

Before she could answer he was gone, and she wondered why he seemed so moved, and half feared that Hettie had slighted him, or perhaps refused his hand in marriage.

It was late when she went to her room, but she did not retire. She drew the crimson curtains from her window and sat looking off over the blue river, where she could just distinguish a sail boat approaching the shore in the moonlight. Nearer and nearer it came, until she could hear a song the merry party were singing; and in a short time Hettie came cautiously into her room, her face wearing a grieved look.

"Oh, dear, Mabel," she said, tossing back her heavy curls, "I wish I hadn't gone. It was an awful dull affair. What did Mr. Dartmouth come back for?"

Mabel put her hand out and drew the bright young thing upon her knee, kissing her pouting lips as she did so.

"Was it Mr. Dartmouth's absence that made the time so dull, Hettie?" said she, "tell me."

A crimson flush overspread Hettie's face, which she hid upon Mabel's shoulder.

"Yes, it was," she said. "I am never happy at our picnics, or anywhere else, if he is not there. I never keep a secret from you, Mabel, and I want to tell you that I believe I love Wesley Dartmouth."

"There is no sin in that," answered Mabel; "and I think he loves you, too;" and she smiled and sighed at the same time.

"Do you?" said Hettie, springing up and looking into Mabel's eyes with a pleading, earnest look. "Do you think he loves me, Mabel? If it is not so I shall die, for he is all the world to me."

A fear crept into Mabel's heart. She saw it was a serious thing with her beautiful sister, and there was a possibility that she was not loved by Wesley.

"I hope he loves you, Hettie," she said, "and I think he does. But time will prove, and you must not grow pale and sad about it."

A few more days passed by, and all the guests had gone but Wesley Dartmouth, and he was to linger but a week longer. With a woman's tact Mabel avoided his society, giving him up entirely to Hettie. But the day before his departure, as Mabel sat in the library quietly reading, he unceremoniously entered the room and took a seat beside her.

"I haven't had a chat with you, Mabel," he said, "for a week, and I am going to break in upon your reading to-day, and make you talk with me."

"I am willing," she said, laughing, and throwing her book aside. "What shall we talk about?"

"I will tell you," he said. "I am in love, and I came to ask your approval."

"My heartiest approval is yours," she said, blushing slightly, "and I am most happy to give my dear sister into the hands of one I esteem so highly."

"Mabel, have you not seen—can you not see—that it is you I love, and not your sister? Hettie is but a child to me; you are a true, loving woman, and I love you as I never loved before."

His face was close to hers, his warm breath came quickly upon her face. The feelings that swept over her were mingled with astonishment, guilt, pain and pleasure. She could not speak; her face blanched white as snow. His face was bowed nearer to hers, until his bearded lips almost touched hers, then she pushed him away, with her trembling hands, saying:

"No more; you are killing me."

He arose at once to his feet.

"I am sorry to have grieved you, Mabel; I know not your secret, for there must be something beyond your dislike to disappoint me that moves you so. I am always your friend, remember that, and let no thought of my sorrow cause you pain."

He was gone. Mabel tried to speak, but her white lips refused to move, and she sat pale and motionless when Hettie came in weeping bitterly. In an instant she was herself again, and asked Hettie the cause of her tears.

"Wesley Dartmouth has gone," she said, "and I know he does not love me; he kissed me when we parted as he would have kissed a child, and told me to be a good girl, and try to make you happy. Oh, Mabel, Mabel! It will kill me! Why did you invite him here? I wish I never had seen him!"

Mabel tried to soothe her, but could not; she would not be comforted. She would neither sleep nor eat as usual, but wept almost continuously. A doctor was consulted, and advised a change of scene for her, and Mabel went with her to a friend's at Brighton; but they had been there no more than a week before Hettie begged to go back to her dear home; and, disheartened, Mabel returned with her.

Whiter and thinner the poor child grew, and the doctor said there was no hope for her; she was a victim of consumption, as her father had been before her. When the autumn came round, Hettie lay upon her couch, with a bright red spot in either cheek, and her breath coming and going quick and fast.

"Mabel," she whispered, "I wish I might see Wesley Dartmouth."

Soon a telegram went flying over the wire: "Come. Hettie is dying and wishes to see you."

It was not long before he came and stood over her, his hand clasped hers and a tear in his eye.

"I loved you," whispered the pale lips, "and I could not be reconciled to being unloved. But I am happy now. All is given up, and my heart is with the Saviour. Mabel, where are you? Your uncomplaining and tender care of me will always find their reward. I leave you alone, but a spirit like yours will always find friends."

The light was fast fading out of the blue eyes, the lips moved but made no sound, and then the freed spirit of the beautiful girl soared away from the sorrowful regions of earth, and Hettie was an angel.

A year passed away, and it was Mabel's thirty-second birthday. She sat in the library as she had sat two years before, when Wesley Dartmouth had said he loved her. The sun's last rays were creeping in at the window and gilding her brown hair, and she was musing with a tear in either eye.

"How strange my life has been," she soliloquized. "I am growing old, and there will never be rest for me till I rest in the grave."

"Mabel!"

She started. Wesley Dartmouth stood before her. Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she allowed him to take her in his arms and kiss her.

"Mabel," he said softly, "shall I be refused again?"

"No," she answered bravely; and with her head upon his breast she felt that rest had come to her at last, and Wesley Dartmouth felt that he had won a woman well worthy to be the wife of any man.

HOW TO SECURE A GOOD COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

"Agriculture advances with the improved conditions of the common schools."

There is more at stake in a little country school than some of us are aware of. The surroundings of a child exert a wonderful influence for good or ill. It is good economy to see that the school-house and its surroundings are convenient and pleasant. For beautifying the ground employ a landscape gardener or the man or men of your own neighborhood, who have displayed the best taste in beautifying their own homes. Before constructing a school, do not be afraid to pay a small fee for plans to be examined. Then, on these plans get the advice of a committee of teachers. Every man is not a landscape gardener or an architect, any more than he is a blacksmith or a doctor. By employing the best men for each place or business, time and money are saved and everything goes off better. There are numerous approved patterns of stoves and furnaces which are made for bringing into the room, in a partially heated condition, an abundance of fresh air, and for expelling the impure air. To do this may take a trifle more fuel but it will prevent cold draughts, drowsiness, pale faces, and poor health. Good health is a priceless treasure, often too little prized till it is taken from us. To regain it we are willing to spend fortunes; to preserve it in our children we should take all reasonable precautions.

A school-room, even the poorest, need not be destitute of ornaments. A little effort on the part of a teacher or of the school board, will secure some pictures, brackets and vases for flowers. Once in a while some evergreens may be tastily arranged and suitable mottoes placed about the room.

And now, after making all needful preparations in the house and its surroundings, do not neglect the most important part of placing a first-class teacher in charge. The people may be poor, the number of children small, the times hard, and the most rigid economy seem necessary; but here is one of the last places wherein to cut off expenses. The enterprising farmer does not try to hire poor, cheap hands to do his work, because produce is cheap or because he is in debt. He knows the best are the cheapest at any reasonable price. He hires men to drive his team, to feed his animals, milk his cows, plant, cultivate, and harvest his crops. He does not expect that even his best men will perform these duties with profit to himself without some of his personal oversight. To perform this work, he often pays a man more wages than is paid the teacher of the summer district school. He is willing to leave this cheap teacher with entire control of his children all summer for the best hours of the day, but he would not think of trusting the entire care of his swine to the best man he could hire. He could not afford it. He would lose money. Swine may live a year or two and that is the last of them. The children will probably live forty to sixty years, and mold the character of those who follow them, and, to some extent, of all those with whom they associate. There is no reason in thus discriminating between the care of our domestic animals and of our children. Is it not a wonder that the district schools are as good as they are, considering their management?

Every farmer does not know how to superintend a school. But few of them know how, and they are aware of it, hence they do not visit the schools or attempt to interfere with their management. In some States the people employ skilled or *professional* persons to superintend their schools, but in many places there is almost no supervision. The school runs itself, if the teacher and scholars can get along together. Every man ought to be expert at his own business, and has no reason to expect he can do everything and do it well.

To all I say, employ only good teachers. How can this be done? Certainly not without taking some pains to find out that they are good. The candidates should be thoroughly examined in various studies, by *competent* persons, who make this their entire business, or an important part of their business. This is not all. Good testimonials must be produced, vouching for moral character, correct habits, etc. If the person has ever taught school before, great care should be taken to learn that he has liked the business, kept good order, and succeeded in interesting his pupils. With thorough examinations and a searching inquiry of reliable persons as to character and former success, competent teachers can be selected.

There is no objection to hiring such persons at the lowest possible rates that will employ them, but hire them at any price, and do not take up, even for one term, with a person who does not bear the severest test. In hiring for low wages, this must be taken into consideration: the teacher will not be contented with his place or business. He may think it important to give part of his time to something else, to eke out his small salary. If he is possessed of good calibre, he will soon engage in some other business, where his energy will bring larger returns. This will make it necessary to employ new and untried teachers. Frequent changes of teachers are much to be avoided.—*Prof. Beal.*

EFFECT OF EARLY TRAINING.

A few years ago, a fashionable French lady, while visiting in London, noticed a monkey collecting money for his master, an organ-grinder, in the prettiest way imaginable. She took such a fancy to the droll little fellow that she bought him, dressed him in the most costly jackets, and made him her especial pet. The other day the lady held a reception in Paris for the benefit of a charitable institution, and, of course, her monkey attracted a great deal of attention by his funny grimaces and amusing actions. In the course of the evening a young lady seated herself at the piano, and playing her own accompaniment, sang a popular song. As soon as she had finished, the monkey, who, notwithstanding his present position, had not forgotten his former duties, seized a hat, and holding it before each guest according to his custom, began a collection. The singer laughed, his mistress looked vexed; but, to the amusement of everybody, the animal went the rounds, and collected a large sum. His task ended, he jumped upon the knee of the singer, amid shouts of laughter, and deposited the contents of his hat in her lap. The collection was, of course, devoted to the charitable fund.

—One of the most remarkable facts in German university life is the extraordinary decrease in the number of the students of theology. The decrease is so great that in several States there has been an insufficiency of candidates for the pulpit. At Kiel there are at present twenty-four, at other German universities twenty-eight students of theology, altogether fifty-two. Fifty years ago there were no less than one hundred and sixty-eight students of theology at Kiel alone.

—Russian dissenters from the Greek Church are now computed at 15,000,000.

STRONG IMPULSES.

It is a common idea that strong impulses and eager desires are sources of untold evil. Excesses of all kinds that ruin the welfare of the individual and crimes that ruin the well-being of society are traced directly to this cause. Had it not been for this ardent desire for wealth, we say, such a one would not have lost his integrity; had it not been for his intense craving for excitement, another would not have fallen victim to intemperance; or, still another, but for his insane impulse to gain applause, would never have sacrificed his honor in stooping to flatter and deceive. Hence, many of the philanthropic efforts to remove these and other evils are directed to the suppression of impulse, and those persons only are considered safe and happy whose feelings and desires are too weak to require suppression.

Yet, plausible as this may seem, it is founded on an erroneous conception. Impulses are one part, and a very important part of human nature. Where they are strong there is energy, capacity, power, materials that may be applied to good or to evil uses, but without which we can only look for supineness, indifference, inefficiency, feebleness. The same source which supplies strong impulses and ardent feelings is also capable of generating firm principles and resolute self-control. Those in whom natural feelings are the most intense are just those in whom cultivated feelings may become the strongest. All power is liable to misuse, but we do not for that reason cease to value it. The same physical strength that can rescue and support a drowning man could also be used to hurl him to destruction; yet a strong body is not, therefore, less desirable. The iron that is softened in the forge may be fashioned into a deadly weapon of crime, yet we would not, therefore, diminish the supply of that metal. So with impulses; they often seem to work out much that is injurious and evil; but, on the other hand, they are the sources of so much that is good and valuable that we cannot spare a single one or afford to lessen its power.

How then, it may be asked, shall we attack wrong-doing, if not by subduing the impulses that gave it birth? First by recognizing that evil is a lack and not a surplus, weakness and not strength, negative and not positive. It used to be held by the medical profession, that disease was a real substance poisoning the system, and that all medical effort must be directed to the task of expelling it. Modern science has, however, proved that disease is rather feebleness or irregularity of action in some of the functions, than any foreign element, and her efforts are now applied to assist and strengthen nature to return to her normal condition. It is the same in the realm of morals. Wrong-doing comes, not from too strong impulses, but from too weak a conscience. It is the latter that needs building up, not the former that needs pulling down. There is a lack of balance in the character, which must be restored, not by withdrawing power from one part, but by increasing it in the other.

Take the child, for instance; how commonly do parents regret its intensity of desire for some trifling pleasure or plaything, and strive to curb and restrain it? How often do they mourn over its strong will and set themselves the ungracious task of "breaking" it? Fortunately for the child, such efforts are seldom successful; if they were, he would run a fair chance of growing up into a feeble, irresolute, valueless person. It should rather be a cause for rejoicing when a child manifests power in these directions, for it proves that he has in him the germs of a noble and valuable life. The care should be that other faculties are also alive and growing, that conscience be quickened, moral judgment be exercised, love for others be awakened. If his desires are keen let him be taught to fix them on worthy objects; if his will is strong let him be encouraged to exercise it in accomplishing what he undertakes, in resisting what his conscience condemns, in adhering to what is good and true.

If this principle is essential in the training of youth it is not less so in the efforts we make for the improvement and elevation of men and women. Not to quench their impulses and crush their wills, but to use them as the best means of their mental and moral advancement should be our aim. We should welcome all strength as an instrument for good, and to help to give it a right direction should be the chief business of philanthropy. There is too little of it, not too much, as may be seen in the general tendency to think, believe and act as other people do. This is weakness acknowledging itself. The question most frequently asked is not what is best, but what is customary?—not how shall we make the most of our own talents or capacities or energies, but how shall we bring them all into conformity with the authority of fashion or custom or popular opinion, and how shall we escape being thought singular. In the effort to avoid eccentricity, we lose originality. It is as if we should deprecate the variety of countenance which distinguishes one from another, and seek in all possible ways to efface it and produce one undeviating type. Yet differences of human nature are as great as those of feature, and to tone them all down to the same level is to sacrifice their chief value. They need different treatment, different circumstances, different opportunities, and the greatest kindness we can show to our brother is to help and encourage him to develope himself in the way which suits him best, to foster within him whatever may be lacking, to preserve what is strong and to strengthen what is weak, and thus to aid him to the extent of our power to become a full, rounded and well balanced individual.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

—General Sherman will start upon a journey to the coast of the Pacific about April 1st.

HOW HE GOT HIS PAY.

On the banks of the Ohio, before the advent of railroads, when steamboats plied between Pittsburg and the West, lived a sturdy farmer, whose spare time was spent in chopping wood with which he supplied the passing boats. One winter a boat was laid up at this place on account of the ice, and during a long, cold winter burned the old gentleman's wood. When the ice cleared away, the farmer presented his bill, which the captain refused to pay.

"You will pay it!" said the old man.

"I'll not pay it till I please!" retorted the captain, and ordered the old man off the boat—a request which he complied with.

A little later he appeared on the bank, axe in hand, and commenced chopping at a large tree hanging directly over the boat, which would not be able to move for several hours on account of the flow of the ice. The captain, with an oath, asked him what he meant by cutting that tree when he knew it would fall on the boat.

"Will you pay me for the wood?" asked the farmer.

"No!" roared the captain.

"Then I'll fell this tree on your boat," and the sound of the axe rang out on the air.

The captain stormed and swore and threatened to lick the old man, but to no purpose; the well-directed blows of the axe were gradually eating away to the heart of the tree, and unless something was done soon, it would fall and crush everything beneath it.

Finding threats and entreaties useless, the captain finally brought out a swivel-gun, which all the boats then carried, and loading it, pointed it right at the tree. Faster flew the chips as the old man saw the preparations for war, when the captain sang out:

"Will you quit chopping at that tree?"

"Will you pay me for my wood?" said the old man, never losing a stroke.

"I'll give you just one minute to get away from that tree, and if you're not gone then, I'll blow Satan out of you!" cried the captain, as he called for a light and primed the gun.

Without a word, as though some new thought had struck him, the old man shouldered his axe, and, shaking his fist at the captain, strode toward his home, and was seen there no more. In a few hours the boat pulled out and steamed down the river, making a landing at Steubenville, twenty-two miles below. As the captain stepped on the wharf the sheriff walked up, and, tapping him on the shoulder, informed him that he had a writ for him, and would tie his boat until he paid a little bill.

"What bill?"

"The bill for that wood you burned off me, and wouldn't pay for, you wall-eyed slink!" put in the old man, who had been concealed up to this moment, and he added: "I walked down here to ketch ye, and durned if I wouldn't a walked to Cincinnati afore I'd let ye get ahead of me!"

The captain saw it was no use to fume about it, for the old man had the law on him; and after paying the amount, with additional costs, and the old man's "mileage," each way, he was allowed to depart with his boat.

The woodman took the next boat home, with his money in his pocket, saying to the sheriff as he left: "If it hadn't been for that infernal swivel-gun I'd a-mashed his eternal old boat!"

AMERICAN CLIMATES.

Our preconceived ideas of excellence of climates for the cure of pulmonary diseases have undergone marked changes of late. It may be remembered that, some 15 years ago, consumptives were sent to Minnesota. A carefully prepared paper in *Harper's Magazine* furnishes an analysis of American climates, which contains most valuable information for those suffering from lung diseases. In looking at the thermometrical table, we find that the mean difference between summer and winter in Minnesota is 52.94, and that in studying the thermometrical divergences of some thirty-five well-known places, selected all over the world, St. Paul stands next to the very last. In fact, the differences are even greater than in New York. It is startling to learn that, in an estimate made of consumptive people visiting Minnesota, but one in fifteen recover. Of course, this does not mean that for normal constitutions Minnesota is hurtful, but if a man or woman has weak lungs Minnesota is not the place for them.

An admirable climate may be found in San Diego, Cal., where the mean difference is but 15.88. First, of course, of all places for consumptives is Funchal, Madeira. Here, with a winter of 62.88, summer is 70.19, the mean difference being 8.10. St Michol's in the Azores, stands second on the list, with 10.50; then Santa Cruz, of the Azores, with 12 03. Between St. Augustine, Fla., and Naples, the former being 22.11, and the latter 22.33, there is an advantage for St. Augustine. In Aiken the difference is 31.54, about one degree only of the thermometer inferior to that of Genoa. Three important facts have to be examined by the physician in the choice of a locality for a weak-lunged patient. First, that the climate shall be equal (slight differences between day and night). Second, an equable climate (slight range between the months). Third, and a most important one, equability in the moisture. One new element seems also to be necessary, that of a rather heavy barometrical pressure. The conclusion Dr. Coan arrived at is that, in the United States, the climate of San Diego, Cal., is the best, as San Diego stands fifth on the whole list.

—Free advertisement for an actress—Kate Claxton came near being run over by a frightened horse in Syracuse, the other day. That is to say, she was in one street and the horse in another, and nothing between her and eternity but several blocks.—*Cincinnati Sun.*

Varieties.

—Alabaster has been found in the north-eastern part of Ogeman county, Mich.

—The Hartford (Conn.) Theological Seminary will expend $10,000 the coming year on its library.

—The Supreme Court of Tennessee has just decided that the rents and profits of the estate of a married woman, not settled upon her for her sole benefit and use, are subject to the payment of the debts of her husband.

—It is thought possible in Paris that the French Government will abolish the rank of Marshal in the army. General de Wimpffen is said to be earnest in recommending the abolition of all the great commands, as decreed by the Assemblies of the First Republic.

—A man, now residing in Idaho, who 26 years ago cut his foot badly by stepping upon broken glass, has just had a piece of the glass removed from his foot. The glass had shifted its position about six inches, working back and upward from the toes to the ankle.

—By a recent change in the postal laws, a package not exceeding four pounds may be registered for ten cents, the same as a letter, and sent without additional postage. This is cheaper than the evpress companies can afford to handle these small packages, and just as safe, and will be found very convenient.

—There was a raising bee in Spencer county, Ind., followed by a ball in the evening, and a rule was adopted that nobody should dance who had not worked at the raising of the house frame. Nathaniel Woods had not qualified himself in the required manner, but insisted on dancing. A row was the result and Woods was killed.

—Miss Catherine A. Delattre, the youngest daughter of M. Delattre, the eminent engraver, has lately died in her ninety-fifth year. She well remembered sitting in the lap of Angelica Kaufmann, and being petted by the fair and clever "Miss Angel." It was Miss Delattre's eldest sister who first put a pencil in the hand of Edwin Landseer.

—In Germany a man who wishes to become a medical practitioner has to pass, some time in the course of his third year's study, an examination in chemistry and physics, botany, zoology, anatomy and physiology, and at the close of his studies he has to spend sometimes as much as a five months' session in passing a final examination in the practical departments.

—Mr. Jacob, a clever Paris detective, said that he could always recognize a man, no matter what were his disguise, simply by the expression of his eyes. On one occasion, on a bet, he went to the jail of La Roquette, and from five hundred or more convicts a dozen were paraded in coverlets and hoods, so that only their eyes could be seen. He named each one as he passed.

—Francois Grilhon, a rich French farmer, quarrelled with his son-in-law, and set his mill on fire. He then went home and burned his own house, and as the flames devoured it kept the neighbors at bay with a double-barrelled shot gun. He then proceeded to throw a large sum of money in gold and notes into the blazing ruins, and finally blew his brains out in the presence of the horrified crowd.

—The plans for the Palace of Industry intended to be erected at the Champ des Manœuvres, for the purpose of the anniversary fetes of Belgian Independence in 1887, and which have been prepared by M. Bordeau, of Brussels, have been approved of by the Government and the municipal authorities. The works, which will be constructed almost entirely of iron, will be proceeded with as early as possible.

—Competitors of British manufacturers are springing up on all sides. The iron workers of Germany have joined our own as rivals of the British in foreign markets, and Russian cotton spinners are following those of New England as manufacturers of goods for the East. A few days ago a steamship with over five thousand bales of cotton sailed from New Orleans for Sebastopol. It is said to have been the first direct clearance from New Orleans for that port.

—Life in a lighthouse must at all times be a dreary existence, and when illness occurs the sense of isolation must be terrible indeed. The lighthouses off the Burma coast are, it seems, very insufficiently inspected; and a story told by the Rangoon *Times* of one thus neglected will, it is to be hoped, lead to some better arrangements being adopted in future. A telegram having been received at Rangoon stating that the light on the Alguada reef was not visible, the steamer Celebrity was despatched to ascertain the cause. The light was found burning all right, but signals of distress were flying. On the Captain of the Celebrity landing, he discovered that two of the men in the lighthouse were dead, while a third was lying in a precarious state. The lighthouse keeper stated that signals of distress, such as "I want immediate help" and "Man dying," had been exhibited by him for about twenty days; but, although several vessels and steamers had passed by, no notice whatever had been taken of these appeals for assistance. He, therefore, as a last resource, darkened the light on the Bassein side, feeling certain that this step would not fail to attract attention to the lighthouse.

—A victim of the ague gazed
Upon an untried vial,
And owned that he was much amazed
Ere giving it a trial;
For there upon the label stood,
As plain as types could make it,
"Try me and I will do you good—
Shake well before you take it!"
He gazed upon the dose with dread
And on the mantle stuck it,
Then crawled beneath a feather bed
And shuk before he tuk it.

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