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Nobody's Darling.

Little and pallid, and poor and shy,
With a downcast look in her soft gray eye;
No scornful toss of a queenly head,
But a drooping bend of the neck instead;
No ringing laugh, and no dancing feet,
No subtle wiles, and abandon sweet,
Jewels costly, no garments fine—
She is Nobody's Darling—but mine!

No "Dolly Varden" coquettish airs;
No high-heeled boots to throw her down stairs;
No yachting jacket and nautical style,
With a sailor's hat that she calls her "file,"
But "Lady" is stamped on her quiet brow;
And she crept in my heart I can't tell how;
Not made to dazzle—not born to shine—
Nobody's—Nobody's Darling—but mine!

No saucy, ravishing, girlish grace,
But a settled calm on the sweet pale face;
No sparkling chatter and repartee;
Very silent and still is she.
White and still is my pearl of pearls,
Yet to me she seemeth the queen of girls;
Why I love her I can't define,
For she's nobody's—Nobody's Darling—but mine!

Were riches hers, or a beauty rare,
She would lose her charm and become less fair:
Were rings to shine on those fingers small,
They could not add to their grace at all:
She would learn to smile and speak by rule,
In the foolish book of Dame Fashion's school;
And the world to spoil her would soon combine;
Now she's Nobody's Darling—but mine!

The day has come when the cooing dove
Croons to his mate a song of love,
When nature stirs, and the copses ring,
In all the joyance of dawning Spring.
The day has come when I dare to speak,
To watch the blush on the once pale cheek.
To whisper low on Saint Valentine,
"Darling! Nobody's Darling but mine!"

THE DEACON'S WIFE.

Deacon Flint had decided to move; had decided to move to C; had decided to commence moving at precisely five o'clock Monday morning, July 18; and so on that identical Monday morning you might, had you been an early riser, have seen the Deacon, divested of his coat and his Sunday dignity, shaking the best room carpet in the back-yard.

There is no need of saying what he did next, or what Mrs. Flint was doing then.

They went through the tearing up process very much as other people do; and not being endowed with an overabundance of this world's goods, the last load of furniture, consisting of the Deacon's wife and baby, the twins and the best room looking-glass, was on its way to the depot at five o'clock P. M.

"Blessed be nothing!" said the tired little woman, as the Deacon helped her out of the wagon.

"If we had been Squire Ransom's folks, Samuel, we wouldn't have been more than a quarter through now, would we? My! how my poor bones would have ached, though, this time to-morrow night. I'm glad the Lord know's what's best for me," she added, taking the baby from the Deacon, and looking around for the twins.

It was but a few hours ride to C. and just in the coolest dusk of the July twilight, they walked up the street to their new home, very tired and thankful, thankful they were not "Squire Ransom's folks," but just themselves, if they did have to work late that night putting up the kitchen stove and unpacking dishes and bedding.

Tuesday was a day of many troubles. The babies were tired and fretful; daylight revealed a coating of dirt on doors and windows, the depth of which they knew not before; and the heat was intense.

But the Deacon, possessing untiring energy, and his little wife the sunniest of tempers, they succeeded so well, that by Thursday night, as he came into the kitchen with an armful of wood, where his wife was washing dishes, she commenced singing:—

"The Deacon thinks his work is most done,
But I feel as if mine had just begun!"

"Did you hear that, Samuel?" she said, laughing, and turning around to look at him.

It was prayer-meeting night, and the Deacon went to prayer-meeting for the first time in C., took an active part, and, after meeting, waited to shake hands with the minister and some of the brethern, answer inquiries, and present their letters.

He had the satisfaction of feeling on his way home that he had made a good impression; it pleased him; it would have pleased us; and he told his little wife that night, in his grave way, that he 'hoped, coming as he did, into the midst of a strange people, there might never be any occasion of remark against him while he remained among them."

"I'm sure I hope not, Samuel," she said, looking innocently up in his face, and adding, as she nestled her little brown head on his shoulder, "I don't feel very much alarmed about it."

The next day, Friday, the Deacon went back to the old home, having some business settlements to make there.

"Can't tell certain when I shall be back; probably not till Monday noon; guess there's wood enough split to last till then. Goodby," he said, and was gone.

The wee woman went singing back to her half washed dinner dishes, and with one foot on the cradle rocker, she scoured the knives, while she told the story of "Jack and Gill," to the twins.

When the last kettle was washed, the kitchen stove and table brushed and scoured to the usual shade of black and white, the baby asleep in her little nest of a cradle, "bless her!" she washed the pretty twin faces till they blushed like red peppers, then settled them in their trundle bed for a nap.

Dear little woman! She did look so as she came out from the bedroom, and stopped to brush a fly from under the mosquito net over the baby, it would have made your back ache to look at her. But the cheery heart in the weary body asserted itself, and she smiled with the thought of all she would do before the Deacon came back.

"I must slick my hair over a little, so if any one should come I wouldn't spoil the Deacon's reputation," she said to herself, going up to the little glass that hung between the kitchen windows.

Just then a gem of a sunbeam flashed in at the window, and seemed to tangle itself all up in the wavy brown hair.

"Oh, how pretty," she said, with a blush and a laugh like a child's. "Guess if somebody'd been at home I'd had a kiss, then!" and off she flew to her work.

How like magic the white curtains [illegible]p and the cobwebs came down; [illegible] best room looking-glass shone after its polishing, and the old daguerreotype of "Samuel in his best days," never shone through so clean a surface as it did that day. So the time flew, bringing the Deacon's return nearer.

One morning she wakened early, entirely free from a wretched headache she had the day before. "Now for the washing," she said to herself. "I want to have it all done, the kitchen cleaned up and my dress changed before Samuel comes at noon."

Quietly dressing so as not to waken the children, she slipped out into the kitchen, built a fire, and commenced operations. How she did work! every step told of something done, and at half past ten, spite of all her hindrances from baby, who was cross, she was hanging out the clothes so snowy white they dazzled her eyes as the sun shone on them. One end of the clothes line ran nearly out to the front fence through the side yard, and the whitest, nicest clothes were hung there, of course.

"How many people are passing," she thought to herself, "and how they all stare at me; guess it must be the clothes though, instead of me," and she tenderly pinned the rear of one of the Deacon's shirts to the line. "Hark! was that the front gate?" Before she had time to turn around, the Deacon's energetic strides had brought him close to her; but what was the matter!

"Martha—Pendleton—Flint!" he exclaimed, "what in the world are you doing? Come straight into the house!"

With a look that defies description, the little body straightened itself up as high as it would go, as she said, "Not till you speak to me different from that and tell me why," her lip quivering.

"Don't you see the people all goin' to meeting, and you a hangin' out shirts? It's Sunday morning!"

Such a laugh as rang out then on the Sunday air I'm sure the good people of C., never heard before. "Oh, Samuel," she said, holding her sides, "it's so funny! no wonder the folks stared at me and my clothes. "Oh, ho, ho!" and she sank down on the grass in a convulsion of laughter.

The poor Deacon was scandalized. "Martha!" he said' in such a sadly anxious tone she only laughed the more, and it was not till she looked up in his face that she realized how he was touched; then she stood up soberly and walked into the house with him.

The door closed behind them. She went up to him with a little caress, and said, "Samuel, kiss and forgive me, and I'll go to work and ravel it all out. I truly will!" and she laughed again with the thought of what she had been guilty of, till the Deacon kissed her and laughed too, in spite of himself. Then he walked to the window and looked out.

"You're not going to let them clothes hang out there all day, are you, Martha Flint?"

"Of course I am; you don't suppose, now I've got them out, God's going to grudge me the sunshine to dry them with, because it's Sunday, do you? Why, it would be wicked to bring them in before sundown. But see here, Mr. Deacon, it's about time I called you to account, I think. How came you to be a traveling to-day? Guess there's a little Sunday-breaking on both sides, isn't there?"

The Deacon turned slowly around, and sat down. Then perching herself on his knee, she took his honest brown face in her hands, and said. "Be a good boy, now, and tell me all the truth; remember George Washington, dear."

The Deacon smiled, just a trace of trouble in his smile, and taking the hands that held him captive, in his own, said; "Welt, little woman, I had everything finished up last night, ready to start for home on the five o'clock train. Somehow I must have been uncommon tired, or else it was the heat, leastways, I dropped to sleep in the depot and missed the train. Then I thought I'd take the nine o'clock train, and get home at midnight, so's you wouldn't be so lonesome Sunday, but we broke down, and just got here half hour ago. Then to think, after walking through town, from the cars, and folks a lookin' at me on their way to church?"

"To think, Samuel," she broke in, "after that dreadful trial, you should walk into your front gate and find your wife hanging out clothes in your front yard, and you a deacon of good standing in the church! dear! What do you suppose the Lord will do to me for thinking this was washday? I don't think," she added, "he'll be very hard on me, because yesterday was my Sunday, though I had such a sick headache it seems I didn't know much about the day. I'll tell you what, Samuel, I'll stay at home with the babies to-night and you can go to meeting, and then piece out your Sunday to-morrow; won't that do?"

But the deacon couldn't get over it—his heart was heavy; and while his wife was busy in the kitchen he put on his hat, and with his hands clasped reverently behind him (his Sunday walk) slowly and solemnly he walked out to the clothes line.

Most of the clothes were dry, for the sun was very hot, and one by one he dropped the snowy things into the basket, unconsciously humming to himself, "Have pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive."

Mrs. Flint was washing dishes, and nearly dropped her best glass dish, when the Deacon walked in with the clean clothes. "I couldn't stand it, Martha," he said, in explanation.

"Guess I must sprinkle and iron them to-day, Samuel, would you?" she said archly.

The Deacon merely ejaculated a disapproving, "My dear!" and went into the other room to read his Sunday paper.

By and by the people began to come from church. What a sudden surprising interest they seemed to have taken in his household premises; they gazed and stared, and looked back and gazed again. But the Deacon was a humble man, it didn't flatter him; he read his paper and sighed, opened his Bible to read and sighed again and then "fell to thinking."

A little while after two arms stole softly around his neck, and a dear voice said, 'Forget all about it, dear, and I'll—" a knock at the door interrupted, and she went to open it.

She had brushed her brown wavy hair, and dressed in a cool white muslin dress, with far between dottings of pink, and looked not a bit like the guilty little washwoman she was. She opened the door, and Deacon Frost and Elder Cummins introduced themselves, and walked in with stately bows. Deacon Flint rose from his open Bible, and more introductions followed, whereupon Elder Cummins cleared his little throat, and in a piping voice said:

"You must excuse, Deacon Flint, our coming on such a day, but we thought it best that some explanations should be made, before our people again gather for evening service!"

"Oh, I know what you mean, I guess, Elder Cummins, you want to know why I kept yesterday for Sunday, instead of today, don't you? Well the fact was, the Deacon was away, and I made a miscount in the days somehow, I was so busy settling, and so yesterday was my Sunday, though I was in bed all day with a sick headache, and so didn't find out my mistake at all. Then, wasn't it funny? I got up at five this morning and went to washing, thinking it was Monday, and I'd got all through before the Deacon came home; I declare I've laughed so about it I fairly ache," and the little feminine offender laughed again, and so contagiously that the three laughed with her.

"I've been so good, though, Elder, the rest of the day, I'm sure the Lord has forgiven me for it," and she smiled so sweetly they both were completely won. When they rose to go, Deacon Frost said to Deacon Flint, "It is our missionary meeting to-night, brother, and a little explanation from you there will set the matter right, I guess."

Up spoke the feminine voice again:—"Oh, yes, Deacon Frost, Samuel was intending to explain to-night; I only wish I could be there, but I can't leave the babies."

"If you have no objections, Mrs. Flint," replied the Deacon, "my Susie will come and stay with them, and let you go; she would be delighted."

"Oh, thank you! that would be so nice; you are very kind!" and she bowed them out of the door.

"Ain't you glad you married me, Samuel, instead of Abigail Howe?" said the small woman, smiling up at him. No matter what the Deacon said and did.

As she was setting the tea table that night she broke out into another merry laugh.

"What's the matter now, dear?" said the Deacon.

"Oh, Samuel, I was thinking how you must have looked, coming up the street with your Sunday walk, your hands clasped solemnly behind you, till you got to the gate and saw me hanging up your shirt in the front yard, then how suddenly you broke into your week day stride!" Ha, ha! and they both laughed together till the tears came.

Supper over, dishes washed, baby asleep, and Susie telling stories to the twins, the Deacon and his wife started for church. "Don't be too humble, Samuel," she whispered at the door, "work in a little spice if you can, and I'll step on your corns when it's time to stop."

The meeting was opened as usual: then Brother Dean was called upon for a report from India.

A little wiry, black-eyed man rose and said, "Brethren, it's not much use reporting from heathen countries, when right in our midst Deacons travel on Sunday, and Deacon's wives wash and hang out their clothes before our very eyes as we walk to the house of God! I call for an explanation."

Deacon Flint tried to rise, but somebody pulled him down, and the next minute the whole congregation was electrified by the sound of a sweet womanly voice, saying:—"Now, O Lord, establish Thy word unto Thy servant, so shall I have wherewith to answer him that reproacheth me, for I trust in Thy word." Then turning to him she said:—"My brother, you shall have an explanation," and in a simple, almost child-like way she told the story of her mistake, and the deacon's delay, then added:—"My brother, judge nothing before the time, until the Lord come. For we shall stand before the judgment-seat of Christ, and every one shall give an account of himself to God; let us not, therefore, judge one another any more. Your sleep, my brother, will be sweet to night if your heart is at peace with God, as mine is, for I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

The next morning the Rev. Henry Brown and his wife called very unceremoniously on the new Deacon. "We knew it wouldn't be washing day here," laughed Mrs. Brown, "so we came early, I could hardly wait to get here and talk over the funny affair. Henry said after you sat down last night, he felt like inviting you up into the pulpit."

"Why, bless me!" said the astonished little body, blushing like a girl, "I felt so ashamed of myself after I got through, I wanted to hide my head under the deacon's coat! 'twas the first time I ever spoke in meeting in my life."

"I hope it won't be the last, Mrs. Flint, if you always speak as much to the purpose as you did last night," said the minister, coming forward.

"Yes," broke in his wife, "Henry said he'd always advocate women's speaking in meeting after this."

"It was capital!" said Mr. Brown, recrossing the room to where the deacon stood. "Just what Job Dean has needed for a long time—a good reproof—but no one had the courage to give it to him. Your little wife has just done what the whole parish will thank her for."

"Everybody I've seen since is just enraptured with you," said his wife to the laughing heroine, who had been rehearsing all the funny passages to her. You have made yourself famous: look out for plenty of calls this week!"

"Oh, well," she said, tossing the baby, "the washing is done, and I shall have plenty of time."

Mrs. Brown laughed, and said, "I think I shall send you word next Saturday night, that the next day will be Sunday, and you had better not wash till Monday."

"Mrs. Flint," said the minister, "I think you fully competent to manage your own affairs, without any of my wife's interference," and so, laughing merrily, they departed.

"Samuel," said his bonnie wife, as she closed the door, "don't you think I've introduced you pretty well? Will you ever call me Martha—Pendleton—Flint again when I am hanging up your shirt in the front yard?"

Somebody was chased out in the kitchen just then and laughed so loud it wakened the baby.

The Georgetown, Ky., *Times* says that a fancy farmer of Scott county, had built a $2,000 hog-pen, which is painted and grained, furnished with hot and cold water, warmed with steam, and lighted with gas.

How to Speak to Children.

It is usual to attempt the management of children either by corporeal punishment, or by rewards addressed to the senses, and by words alone. There is one other means of government, the power and importance of which are seldom regarded—I refer to the human voice. A blow may be inflicted on a child, accompanied with words so uttered as to counteract entirely its intended effect; or the parent may use language quite objectionable in itself, yet spoken in a tone which more than defeats its influence. What is it that lulls the infant to repose? It is an array of mere words. There is no charm to the untaught one, in letters, syllables and sentences. It is the sound which strikes its little ear that soothes and composes it to sleep. A few notes, however unskillfully arranged, if but read in a soft tone, are found to possess a magic influence. Think we that this influence, is confined to the cradle? No; it is diffused over age, and ceases not while the child remains under the parental roof. Is the boy growing rude in manner, and boisterous in speech? I know no instrument so sure to control these tendencies as the gentle tones of a mother. She who speaks to her son harshly does but give to his conduct the sanction of her own example. She pours oil on the already raging flame. In the presence of duty we are liable to utter ourselves harshly to children. Perhaps a threat is expressed in a loud and irritating tone; instead of allaying the passions of the child, it serves directly to increase them. Every fretful expression awakens in him the same spirit which produced it. So does a pleasant voice call up agreeable feelings. Whatever disposition, therefore, we would encourage in a child, the same we should manifest in the tone in which we address it.

A Joke, and What Came of It.

Charles Farren, a youth employed in one of the manufacturing establishments of Lafayette, Ind., went home at a late hour one night lately, and thinking to give his landlady a sensation, marked his face in spots with red keel. He had walked into the sitting-room and taken a seat by the fire before the spots were noticed. The landlady, all absorbed, looked up from her work in a moment, and noticing the spots on his face, asked in evident alarm, "Why, Charlie, what on earth is the matter with your face?" "Don't know," replied Charlie, "but guess it's only the varioloid." Then was a scene better imagined than described. The landlady was at first paralyzed with horror, but recovering in a moment, she rushed to the door, opened it quickly—"Get out of this mighty quick," said she. "Get out!" she screamed at the top of her voice, and, deaf to all expostulation from poor Charlie, she hustled him out without his overcoat. In a moment she opened the door and kicked his overcoat and cap out, as though afraid to touch his clothing with her hands. Charlie stood out in the cold, bewildered with the unexpected turn affairs had taken, when he heard a window raised, and a gentle voice called him by name. "Here, Charlie, here is your trunk!" There was a plunge in the snow, and sure enough, there was Charlie's new trunk, with all his store clothes and personal effects. The practical joker sought the first sheltering roof at hand, but took the precaution to wash his face in the snow.

Discharging Duty.—A story is told of the Grand Duke Alexis, who is in the naval service. A year or two ago, when holding the rank of midshipman, the flag-ship in which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral ordered the life-boats to be lowered, and directed Alexis to take charge of the first boat. The royal midshipman declined to obey the order. It was peremptorily repeated: "I, your commanding officer, order you into the boat."

"Admiral, I can not obey you," said the young prince. "It would not become the son of the emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you to the last."

"But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience of orders as soon as circumstances will allow me to do so."

"I mean no disobedience, but I can not obey," was the reply.

Four or five of the crew perished in the transit from the ship to shore, and the admiral and Alexis were the last to land. In hastily constructed tents the rigid discipline of ship-life was promptly resumed. The young prince was placed under arrest for disobedience of orders. The Russian minister at Copenhagen was informed of the facts, and telegraphed then to the emperor, from whom he received the following reply, "I approve the act of the admiral in placing the midshipman under arrest for disobedience of orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."

Influence of Heat on the Human Body.—Dr. Craig, of the Medical Service of the United States army, prosecuted some experiments during the hot summer of 1870, as published in the *American Journal of Science*, in reference to the influence of external physical conditions upon the temperature of the human body. The highest bodily temperature observed by him during that time was 99.7° F. He states that below 99° he did not feel uncomfortably hot; but when 99.2° was reached, then the sensation of suffering from heat come on. By the prolonged use of the shower-bath he was able to reduce his temperature to 97.7° in the hottest weather, which constituted a very great amelioration of his sensations. He concluded that the discomfort we feel in hot weather is not from the heat on the surface, but from the secondary effect of heating the whole body. Should the internal heat of the body be raised above 100°, he thinks that apoplexy and sun-stroke would be quite likely to supervene. Judging from some experiments recorded elsewhere, Dr. Craig thinks that a reduction of the temperature as low as 88° F., by external applications of cold, is as great as it is safe to venture upon.

Cleaning Tinware.—An experienced housekeeper says the best thing for cleaning tinware is common soda. She gives the following directions: Dampen a cloth and dip in soda and rub the ware briskly, after which wipe dry. Any blackened ware can thus be made to look as good as new.

A Romantic Story.

The *Alta California* speaks of a new expedition which has just set out from San Francisco to seek and possibly to find the treasures said to have been hidden long ago by pirates in the caves of Cocos Island in the South Pacific. Two organized attempts to do the same thing have already been made—one in 1867 and the other in 1870—but both of them failed; the first because the stress of weather prevented the arrival of the vessel at the island, and the second for the very good reason that the explorers did not know where the treasures were hidden, and consequently could only work at random. The expedition which has just set out is under the command of Captain Thomas Welsh, who has agreed to claim nothing if the amount of treasure he shall find shall not exceed $30,000,000 in value, but if it shall exceed that amount he is to have all the excess. This captain, having been interviewed by a reporter, has revealed some strange stories of his earlier life, which, should they be true, show him to be a fit commander. The tale in brief language is the following: Long years ago there dwelt a lovely maiden in Kent, England, who was wooed by a nobleman, but married a commoner—the father of Captain Welsh. The nobleman raved, and became so exceedingly misanthropic that he determined to turn pirate and scour the Spanish Main in a rakish-looking brig, and wreak vengeance on all mankind. He had succeeded to his heart's content in becoming the counterpart of the Black Avenger, but as years rolled on he thought he would revisit Kent and see what had become of his old love. Thither he went and found that she had given birth to a son, had died and left this boy to be cared for by a guardian, and brought up with that guardian's child Eliza—the present Mrs. Welsh. One day the children were playing together when a tall and fierce man came, carried them off, placed them on board the rakish-looking brig, and sailed away with them. This demon was the nobleman-pirate, and he had 160 trusty men with him who had sworn never to take the black flag from the mast. For many years they scoured the seas, and, at length grown rich with plundered store they steered their brig for Cocos shore, where they buried an incalculable amount of wealth in a certain cave. But the end of their evil deeds approached, and at last they went the way of all pirates—some were shot and some were hanged. The boy and girl escaped, were afterwards married, and now in their old age, they return together to the wondrous isle in search of what they know is there. With silvery hair Eliza walks the deck an ocean queen, and although not precisely the pride of the pirate's heart, still a hale, hearty old lady. *Bon voyage.*

How a Dunce Became a Statesman.—The following story is told of the late Dr. Salem Towne and Wm. L. Marcy: In his youth he (Dr. Towne) was a teacher of youth. One day, seventy odd years ago, a boy was brought to him, of whom the account given was that he was an incorrigible dunce, that none of his masters had been able to make anything of him; and he was brought to Mr. Towne as a last experiment, before apprenticing him to a mechanical trade. The next morning Mr. Towne proceeded to examine him, preparatory to entering upon his instruction. At the first mistake he dodged on one side, with every sign of terror. "Why do you do that?" asked the master. "Because I was afraid you were going to strike me." "Why should you think so?" "Because I have always been struck whenever I made a mistake." "You need never fear being struck by me," said Mr. Towne. "That is not my way of treating boys who do as well as they can." The lad very soon improved rapidly under this new treatment, so that Towne advised his father to give him a liberal education. The father could hardly believe the report at first; but was convinced, and complied with the good master's suggestion. The result was that William L. Marcy became an eminent lawyer, one of the supreme judges of New York State, governor, United States senator, and Secretary of War and of State.

A Poetical Grammar.—A poetical grammar, with rhymes in the "Mother Goose" style, might aid children to become familiar with the absurdities of our language. Some of the newspapers seem to be making the attempt to compose one. The following stanzas are a sample:

Remember, though box
In the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox
Should be oxen not "oxes."

And remember, though fleece
In the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose
Isn't "gooses," nor "geeses."

And remember, though house
In the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse
Should be mice, and not "mouses."

Or the last statement may be presented in the following metre:

Mouse, it is true,
In the plural is mice;
But the plural of house
Should be houses, not "hice."

Bitten by a Rat.—An infant child of Mr. Thomas Clinton, living on the corner of Seventh and Cambridge streets, in Boston, was put to bed by its mother, who sat down in the next room to do some sewing. Shortly afterward she was startled by the shrieks of her infant, and going into the room saw a huge rat, with its fangs fastened in the nose of the child, its face and the bed-clothing being covered with blood. The mother, in her turn, shrieked, and her husband came to her assistance, but the ferocious animal was with difficulty driven from the bed. It was pursued down-stairs and finally killed. Dr. Norris, who was called to dress the wounds, says the teeth of the rat came together through the nose of the child, and that its cheek was bitten through several times, presenting an appearance of having been punctured repeatedly with an awl. Besides these wounds there were others upon the right ear.

Choice of a Wife.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man, in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments, and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by paternal foudness. This is a comfort to people with large families.

Half a Crown.

"Please, sir, will you buy my chestnuts?"

"Chestnuts! no!" returned Ralph Moore, looking carelessly down on the upturned face, whose large, brown eyes, shadowed by tangled curls of flaxen hair, were appealing so pitifully to his own.

"What do I want with chestnuts?"

"But, please, sir, buy 'em," pleaded the little one, reassured by the rough kindness of his tone. "Nobody seems to care for them, and—and—"

She fairly burst into tears, and Moore, who had been on the point of brushing carelessly past her, stopped instinctively.

"Are you very much in want of money?"

"Indeed, sir, we are," sobbed the child, mother sent me out, and—"

"Nay! little one, don't cry in such a heartbroken way," said Ralph, smoothing down her hair with careless gentleness. "I don't want your chestnuts, but here's half a crown for you; if that will do you any good."

He did not stop to hear the delighted incoherent thanks the child poured out through a rainbow of smiles and tears, but strode on his way, muttering between his teeth: "That cut off my supply of cigars for the next week. I don't care though, the brown-eyed object really did cry as if she had not a friend in the world. Hang it! I wish I was rich enough to help every poor creature out of the Slough of Despond.

While Ralph Moore was indulging in these very natural reflections, the dark-eyed little damsel whom he had comforted, was dashing down the street with quick, elastic footsteps, utterly regardless of the basket of unsold nuts that still dangled on her arm. Down an obscure lane she darted, between ruinous rows of houses, and up a narrow wooden staircase, to a room where a pale neat-looking woman, with large, brown eyes like her own, was sewing as busily as if the breath of life depended upon every stitch, and two little ones were contentedly playing in the sunshine that temporarily supplied the place of fire.

"Mary! back already? Surely you have not sold your chestnuts so soon?

"Oh, mother! mother, see!" ejaculated the almost breathless child, "A gentleman gave me a whole half-crown. Only think, mother, a whole half-crown!"

If Ralph Moore could only have seen the rapture which his half-crown gift diffused around it in the poor widow's poverty-stricken home, he would have regarded still less the temporary privation of cigars to which his generosity had subjected him.

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Years came and went. The little chestnut girl passed entirely out of Ralph Moore's memory as if those pleading eyes had never touched the soft spot in his heart; but May Lee never forgot the stranger who had given her the silver half-crown.

* * * * *

The crimson window curtains were closely drawn, to shut out the storm and tempest of the bleak December night; the fire was glowing cheerily in the well filled grate, and the dinner table in a glitter with cut glass, rare china, and polished silver, was only waiting for the presence of Mr. Audley.

"What is it that can detain papa?" said Audley, a fair, handsome matron of about thirty as she glanced at the dial of a tiny enameled watch. "Six o'clock, and he does not make his appearance."

"There's a man with him in his study, mamma, come on business," said Robert Audley, a pretty boy eleven years old, who was reading by the fire.

"I'll call him again," said Mrs. Audley, stepping to the door.

But as she opened it, the brilliant gas-light in the hall fell full upon the face of an humble-looking man in worn and threadbare garments, who was leaving the house, while her husband stood in the doorway of his study, apparently relieved to be rid of his visitor.

"Charles," said Mrs. Audley, whose cheek had paled and flushed, "who is that man and what does he want?"

"His name is Moore, I believe, and he came to see if I would bestow upon him that vacant clerkship in the bank."

"And will you?"

"I don't know, Mary; I must think about it."

"Charles, give him that situation."

"Why, my love?"

"Because I ask it of you as a favor, and you have said a thousand times you would never deny me anything."

"And I will keep my word, Mary," said the noble hearted husband, with an affectionate kiss.

"I'll write the fellow a note this very evening. I believe I've got his address about me, somewhere."

An hour later, when Bobbie, Frank and Eugene were snugly tucked in bed, in the spacious nursery up stairs, Mrs. Audley told her husband why she was so much interested in the fate of a man whom she had not seen for twenty years.

"That's right, my little wife," replied her husband, folding her fondly to his breast, when the simple tale was concluded. Never forget one who was kind to you in the days when you needed kindness most."

* * * * *

Ralph Moore was sitting in his poor lodgings by his ailing wife's sick bed, when a livered servant brought a note from the rich banker, Mr. Charles Audley.

"Good news, Bertha!" he exclaimed, as he read the brief words. "We shall not starve. Mr. Audley promises me the vacant situation."

"You have dropped something from the letter, Ralph," said Mrs. Moore, pointing to a slip of paper on the floor.

Ralph stooped to recover the estray. It was a fifty-pound note, neatly folded in a piece of paper on which was written:

"In kind remembrance of a half-crown piece that a kind stranger bestowed on a little chestnut girl over twenty years ago."

Ralph Moore had thrown his morsel of bread upon the waters, and, after many days, it had returned to him.

Are You Square with the World?—"Farmer" discusses the question, and says: "A person in debt is a slave to his creditors. No man is truly happy so long as debt hovers over him." He commends the Chinese custom of going around the first month of each year and settling up squarely with all with whom they have had dealings the year past. In our judgment, so far as it is possible, it is better to end the year with no unsettled accounts, and begin the year resolved not to have any at its close.

Facts and Fancies.

At a recent bull fight in Madrid, three horses and two male performers were killed.

Science shows clearly that man has lived upon this earth for more than 6,000 years.

The first floor of the flat buildings of New York are rented at $5,000 a year, without furniture.

A fashionable young lady of New York boasted of having a dress on which were two hundred yards of lace trimming.

A New Bedford gentleman has succeeded in hatching 996 trout from 1,000 eggs which is said to be the greatest yield ever known.

The San Francisco boys play with slings made of wire and rubber, with which a buckshot can be driven through a half-inch plank.

A Kentucky lady took six ounces of landanum, and in consequence was kept walking for nine hours and a half, and blistered from head to foot, by her energetic friends.

The latest fashion in trimming bonnets is with four or five small hummingbirds on the front, with lace rosettes and ribbons. The next thing will be to have a bird's nest on the top.

Le Gaulois relates that a *gamin* met on the boulevards a fair lady carrying her pet dog in her arms. "Look!" cried he, "she carries her dogs and she puts her children out to nurse!"

Large bows of ribbon or velvet, with a large buckle in the centre, are worn at the back of the neck of silk or street costumes, with long and wide ends which reach below the waist.

When ladies wish to have dresses or bonnets purchased abroad, they send a full length photograph of themselves, by which modistes judge what would be becoming, and forward it accordingly.

As it takes 65,000 cochineal insects to make a pound, and as 1,849,842 pounds were brought into this country last year, 120,239,730,000 must have given up their lives to color the dresses and cheeks of American ladies.

The Scranton, Pa., lodge of the Knights of Pythias recently determined to dub Francis Williams a Pythian knight, but during the ceremony of initiation it was discovered that the Francis should be spelt Frances.

The largest iron casting ever yet attempted was successfully made at the Elswick Ordnance Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, under the direction of Sir Wm. Armstrong and Captain Noble. It was an anvil block, weighing 125 tons, to be used with a twenty-ton, double-action forge-hammer, for forging a thirty-five-ton Armstrong gun.

London is the largest city in the world, far surpassing all those of antiquity. According to Gibbon, the population of ancient Rome, in the height of its magnificence, was 1,200,000; the population of Pekin is supposed to be about 2,000,000; that of London is over 3,000,000, one-twelfth of the population of the whole United States.

Washington as a Farmer.—The farm of General Washington, at Mount Vernon, contained ten thousand acres of land in one body—equal to about fifteen square miles. It was divided into farms of convenient size, at the distance of twe, three, and five miles from the Mansion House. He visited these farms every day, in pleasant weather, and was constantly engaged in making experiments for the improvement of agriculture. Some idea of the extent of his farming operations may be formed from the following facts; In 1787 he had five hundred and eighty acres in grass; sowed six hundred bushels of oats; seven hundred acres with wheat—and as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, &c., and one hundred and fifty with turnips. His stock consisted of one hundred and forty horses; one hundred and twelve cows; two hundred and thirty-six working oxen, heifers and steers, and five hundred sheep. He constantly employed two hundred and fifty hands, and kept twenty-four ploughs going during the whole year, when the earth and the state of the weather would permit. In 1780 he slaughtered one hundred and fifty hogs for the use of his own family, and provisions for his negroes, for whose comfort he had great regard.

School Teaching.—An item is going the rounds of the exchanges, stating that a woman school teacher in Utica, Wisconsin, allows the pupils five minutes to go out and see the railway train when it passes. This is a sensible teacher. In old times the windows of school houses were built so high as to prevent the little prisoners from looking out, and an elephant might pass by and the little urchins be compelled to keep their eyes on their books, lest they might, through the open door, catch a glimpse of the animal. No wonder boys and girls came to hate school hours, and to look upon them as the darkest of the twenty-four. That woman teacher in Wisconsin is sound in her head; she favors "object teaching," she would give a recess were a menagerie to pass or a circus band to go by, and the children would study all the harder for the indulgence.

Jack Frost.—A good story is told of a Boston man who was boasting in his workshop of his intention to change his residence and cheat the city out of his water rates. One morning he awoke only to find the water shut off from his dwelling. Repentant of having expressed so dishonest a determination, he went to the office and paid his bill, after which he humbly requested that the water might be again let on. To his surprise he was informed that Jack Frost had shut off the water, and he returned home, it is to be hoped, a more honest man.—*Boston Globe.*

The feat of Herr Holtum, "the Prussian Hercules," who is astonishing the British by catching a ball fired from a cannon, is said to be neither noval or difficult. The fact is that about two ounces of powder are placed in the gun, then the ball is rammed home, then the balance of the charge is put in. When the gun is fired all the powder is ignited, and the flash, smoke, and report are orthodox, but the ball receives propulsion only from the small quantity of powder behind it, and is thrown but a few feet.

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