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LOVERS.

He gather'd blue forget-me-nots,
To fling them laughing on her knee.
She cried, "Ah no, if thou canst go,
Ah, love, thou shalt forgotten be!"

He gather'd golden buttercups,
That grow so very fresh and free.
"Ah, happy plays, in childish days,
When buttercups were gold to me!"

He gather'd little meadow-sweet,
And hid it where she could not see.
She peeped about and found it out,
And laugh'd aloud, and so did he.

He gather'd shining silver-weed;
He stole the heather from the bee;
Amid the grass the minutes pass,
And twilight lingers on the lea.

Laying Up Treasures.

A STORY FOR PARENTS.

Mrs. Moore was a busy woman as her husband was a busy man. Their views of life as it should be were practical in the extreme. Mr. Moore was a well-to-do farmer. He had made his large and thriving farm by hard work and saving, and in these he had been ably assisted by his wife. So earnest had been their efforts to lay up riches that they had scarcely given heed to the family growing up about them. Both forgot they were once children, and that children have aspirations and longings that older people can scarcely comprehend or appreciate.

Joe, the oldest boy, and Jicky, the little girl, had been busy all the morning digging potatoes. Joe's heart was not in his work and the potatoes gathered very slowly in the basket. Several times his mother had been obliged to go to the door and call to him to hurry, as she wanted to cook dinner. Joe grumbled as he worked, and when the basket was taken to the house a woman, flushed and tired with a morning's hard work, and annoyed with this long waiting, caught the basket before the tardy little feet that bore it had crossed the threshold, and said in tones sharp with impatience:

"Well, you did get here at last! What possessed you to stay so? It does seem to me that I can't set you children at anything but what you'll continue to hinder more than you help. Here, Joe, take this pail and bring me in some water—quick, now!"

Joe got the water and then went and sat down in the door-way. He was restless and uneasy that day, his thoughts continually traveling back to a disappointment of the morning.

"I don't see why we can't go to the picnic too! All the other boys and girls'll be down at the school-house this afternoon, helpin' make wreaths and banners, and learnin' speeches an' things to say."

His mother looked into the oven, and carefully turned the loaves of bread that were baking, but made no answer.

"I don't see why we can't go, too; say, mother, why can't we?"

"You know very well; I told you this morning. Nothing will do but the little girls must all wear white, so I'd have to buy and make a new dress for Jicky; and then there must be cake and other things baked for you to carry, and I haven't got time to spend on such nonsense, nor money either—that's all there is of it. You're better off at home anyway."

"That's what you always say, and I don't want to stay at home all the time, I want to go somewhere, and have some fun," persisted Joe, complainingly. "Can't I go up to the school-house and see what they're doing?"

"Dear me! yes, if that'll keep you quiet."

"And can I put on my t'other jacket an' trowsers?"

"No, you can't," was answered shortly—the mother was tired of being teased. "If you get 'em on you'll get 'em all stained and soiled, and then they won't be fit to be seen on Sunday, unless they're washed. I can't be bothered that way."

"Then I won't go," said Joe, leaning his head back against the door-frame again. "I ain't goin' up there lookin' this way, when the other fellers 'll be all fixed up—that's what I ain't!"

"Very well, you can stay at home, then; you'd ought to if you don't know that it's politeness and good manners that make any one respectable, and not what they wear. If you'd only behave as well as you're dressed, you'd do well enough."

"Behave like I'm dressed!" muttered Joe, surveying a pair of pants that certainly bore strong proof of maternal industry in the mending line. "Guess I'll have patched up politeness an' darned manners then."

"Joe!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore, severely, but Joe was walking off toward the barn and did not hear.

Marcia, a pretty girl of fifteen, who stood at the ironing table with her back toward her mother, smiled faintly. She had a lurking suspicion that if "tendin' to" meant reproof, Joe would do quite as well without further attention that day. She watched him walk listlessly across the yard, and a little wound in her own heart ached in sympathy with his disappointment. Someway they never did "have things like other folks," as he said; never kept the holidays, or had birth-day parties, or went off on little excursions. She did not quite know why, only father and mother thought such things nonsensical—a useless way of spending time and money. Perhaps they were right, and she might feel differently about it, too, when she grew older, but now she was so weary of the dull, monotonous round, and so longed for things that never came into her life. The words so frequently repeated—"we can't afford this or that," "we must economize," "somebody must work, or how shall we live?" often sounded in her ears like clanking chains, and by no means satisfied her hungry heart.

"Marcia, ain't you most through with that ironing? It's nearly time to set the table for dinner."

"Yes'm," answered the girl slowly—a little hesitatingly, the words broke so sharply upon her dream of rest and coolness.

"If we could only dress up real nicely, and sit down somewhere to read!" Marcia spoke the words aloud almost unconsciously.

Her mother looked at her in astonishment.

"After dinner, do you mean? Dear me! I guess we shall have enough to do without reading, and as for dressing up—why you're most as bad as Joe! It'll be pretty late before we're all through, and what would be the sense of putting on good clothes when it would so soon be time to get supper, 'tend the milking, and other things that might spoil 'em? It's not likely anybody'll come here to-day, and if they do, I'm sure we're clean."

"I wish, Marcia," said Mrs. Moore, after a few minutes silence, "that you'd try to hurry up a little afternoons, and find time to get along the patch-work for that quilt faster. You've had it on hand a good while."

"Yes, I know," Marcia answered, hesitatingly, "but then—why, mother, it does'nt seem much use doing it: you've so many quilts laid away now—more than we ever use."

"I should be ashamed of myself if I hadn't," Mrs. Moore responded decidedly. "Any good housekeeper will have plenty of bed-clothes, and every girl ought to make up some quilts. Why, I had six that I'd done all myself, handsome patterns, too, when I was eighteen; and that's a good deal more than you'll have, Marcia, if you don't rouse up and take a little interest in such things."

Marcia questioned no farther, only sighed as she spread the table, and arranged plates, knives and forks.

Mr. Moore was in high spirits that noon.

"Simms paid me that money to-day," he remarked to his wife, "and that makes up six hundred. I expect I'd better take it into the bank this afternoon, for safe keeping, but I mean to have that south meadow now, before long; I'm pretty sure I can get it."

"I wish you'd buy me a pony, all of my own, or a boat to sail on the pond, or something to have some fun, 'cause I can't have none," said Joe, disconsolately.

"Ho!" laughed his father. "You have high notions, Master Joe! A boy that wants so many things had better learn to work pretty hard, or he'll never earn money enough to get 'em in the world. I wonder how much you've helped your mother this morning?"

"Help, indeed!" commented Mrs. Moore, contemptuously, recalling the morning's annoyances.

"Well, I don't want to work all the time," persisted Joe; "and she won't let me and Jickey go to the picnic, where all the rest of the school's a goin."

"Won't let you go off with a lot of other little simpletons, and some big ones, to tear your clothes to pieces, and make yourselves sick with the stuffing cake and lemonade, eh? That's a pity, to be sure!" The father's ridicule was good-natured. It was such a small matter to him, and he never thought what it might be to Joe.

"Jicky," said the boy that afternoon, when after numerous errands to the well and wood-pile, his mother was at last busy with the apples, and he detected a chance to withdraw from active service. "Jicky, let's go down to the pond."

"Well," assented Jicky. She always assented to Joe's propositions.

The pond, a small lake not more than half a mile in width, lay at the foot of a sloping meadow. Joe went to the farm-yard, and, from the contents of an old lumber shed, possessed himself of two small doors that had once been used for an outer cellar-way. These he dragged down to the water's edge.

"Now," said Joe, getting upon them, "We'll be sailor boys runnin' away, 'cause we can't have no good times to home. You get on, too, Jicky."

"Yes," answered Jicky, serenely—just as serenely as she would have done if Joe had proposed going to sea in a sieve. But the raft did not work very well. By vigorous use of his pole, the boy contrived to push them out a little way, but it was rather heavily laden, the water would wash over it now and then, and Jicky, moreover, was not the most tranquil of sailors.

"'Spose you get off, and let me try it alone a little first," suggested Joe, when by hard pushing he had reached the shore again.—"I'll be a Sunday-School 'scursion goin' out to look for a place to go to, and then I'll come back for you."

Joe was delighted. He pushed out farther and farther, calling back, laughingly, to the little girl, who was trying to throw acorns far enough to reach him, and using his pole wildly in pretended efforts to escape from her. Presently, in making a sudden plunge with it, he came into a deep hole where it would not reach the bottom, and in another moment he had lost his balance and was struggling in the water. For one instant Jicky stood motionless, scarcely comprehending that this was not some new freak of fun; then her shriek of terror rang loud and shrill, and she turned homeward, her little feet fairly flying. Once only she glanced back over her shoulder as she ran, and that one look revealed her brother rising and sinking again.

Her agonized screams had brought her mother and Marcia to the door in alarm before she reached the house.

"O, he's in the pond! in the pond! Joe is!" she panted, and sank down trembling and breathless upon the steps.

Two words only—an exclamation and a prayer together—burst from Mrs. Moore's blanched lips as she sprang from the doorway, and ran with a frantic speed that Marcia, with her young strength could scarcely equal—Marcia, whose tortured heart was whispering at every step, "We shall be too late! too late! By the time we reach him there will be no hope—none!"

They did not reach the water's side, others had been before them. Some men driving slowly along a road near by had noticed the perilous sailing, and a few moments later heard the child's wild cry, and hastened to the spot. They met the mother and sister now, bearing a burden—no restless, teasing, troublesome boy, but something cold, white and still.

Who can follow the hurried events of such an hour? Mrs. Moore could not have told how it was that the tidings spread, and the neighbors came hurrying in, and that she was pityingly drawn away, while others less trembling, and so more efficient hands worked over the motionless form that she scarcely dared look upon. She wandered away to the kitchen, where her work all stood as she had left it, and found herself wondering vaguely how she could ever have been interested in such pitiable, trifling things! But death had never entered their home; it had seemed to her something dim and far away—almost beyond thought—one little hour ago.

She stole to her room, listening for yet scarcely daring to hear, any word of hope or doom that might be spoken in the adjoining apartment. Closets and drawers had been thrown open with eager hands, to furnish articles that were needed, and her eyes fell upon a little suit of clothes hanging there—the ones Joe had coaxed for only that noon, and been refused. She wanted to keep them from soiling—perhaps she had done it forever. An added pang forced its sharp way even through her steady agony—a feeling that she had defrauded her child. It was unendurable; she shuddered and turned away.

"There's life there," said a low voice in the next room.

The mother bent her ear eagerly, every breath a prayer, while the brief silence that followed seemed interminable.

"Oh! he's breathing!" said another. "Poor fellow! he's had a narrow chance. Stand away a little, some of you, and give him more air."

Slowly he struggled back to life; the breathing became more natural, his eyes unclosed again, and the dread shadow of death lifted and passed away.

Aunt Prudy Greer walked in—aunt and nurse to the whole neighborhood.

"Heerd about it, an' come to stay a spell," she announced briefly, depositing her work-bag and untying her bonnet. "How came he to be pokin' round the pond, anyway?" she questioned when she was comfortably established. "Thought all the children in these parts would be down at the school-house this afternoon."

"Joe did want to go, but I thought—that is—we decided it wasn't best they should go to the picnic," Mrs. Moore explained in a reluctant way, unlike her usual assured manner. "You see," she continued, reading the dissent in Aunt Prudy's gray eyes, "there would have to be some new clothes bought, and rich cake made, and, altogether, it would take a good deal of time and bother, and I didn't know how to be troubled with it. Then it would cost something, too—not but what we could do it as well as some others—but such things seem sort of foolish. We're trying to lay up for the children, and it will be more use to 'em by and by."

"Will it?" asked Aunt Prudy, slowly. "Layin' up, layin' up!" she repeated, musingly. "That's all very well, but I've lived long enough to learn that it's best to be very careful what we lay up. There's such a thing as layin' up bitter memories and everlasting regrets. I've seen it. There's people, too, that robs the time that is to lay up for a time that never comes—like that man in the Bible with his 'much goods laid up for many years,' an' he never had the many years, you see. 'Whose shall those things be?' It don't say whose they was; I s'pose it don't matter. If little Joe had been laid up in Heaven to-day, why, his portion—well! well! I don't know! It's all well and wise to look out for the comin' years, when we can, but then they're uncertain—mighty uncertain—and I'd try an' lay up happy childhood for the children, Ellen, while I had 'em. There's a deal of meanin' in that verse about 'moth and rust,' if we could only get down to it."

The mother shivered, but made no reply; she was thinking too deeply for that. Had they been robbing the children? They had tried to teach them to work, save and plan as they did, but was that, after all, the highest, noblest life? She had worked for her children so hurriedly and busily, that she had found no time to sympathize with them, to make them happy, to show her love in the little things that came up day by day. Would broad lands altogether atone for there being no happy home life to treasure up? no days marked with a white stone? no tender memories? Was their present of so much less importance than their earthly future would be if they lived? and if not—

"No, David, this straining, hurried, crowded life isn't the best, for now or afterward," she said, when she and her husband talked the matter over that evening.

The "south meadow" was not purchased, but greener and fairer possessions far came into the family, as sweet poetry began to mingle with life's earnest prose, and the old yellow farm-house slowly blossomed into brightness and beauty. Years afterward, Mr. Moore was wont to say, with an odd smile, that his most fruitful field was the one he never bought; it yielded the richest harvest.

The Terrible Diphtheria.

The sad death of the Princess Olin from diphtheria has called the attention of the English medical faculty to that terrible disease. The *Medical Journal* says that diphtheria has a strong resemblance to most of the other infectious diseases. Over and over again we hear with regret that physicians, surgeons, nurses, who have brought help and relief to a great many other sufferers in epidemics of diphtheria, typhus, yellow fever, cholera, small-pox, etc., and who have remained unattacked when these terrible diseases were raging in their worst forms, succumbed finally when the evil was nearly exterminated, and when the few cases still under treatment bore a comparatively mild character. This shows convincingly that a long-continued and repeated exposure to influences of contagion does not give an immunity against infection; and this ought to be borne in mind by every practitioner and every nurse. It becomes an imperious duty for the practitioner permanently to remember that his indefatigable efforts at saving his patient's life, and the bodily fatigues and the mental anxieties which the patient's relations and nurses undergo, make all of them still more prone to be attacked finally by the disease. He will have to remember, both as to himself and other surrounding his patient, that, although convalescence might have apparently begun, the patient is not free from the danger of communicating the disease to other persons until the mucous membrane of his throat has actually returned to the normal state. He will therefore have to warn especially the convalescent's relations not to come into close contact or kiss his mouth, even when all febrile symptoms have disappeared and health and strength are rapidly increasing; he will strongly forbid the bringing back too soon the other children, who have been at once removed from their parents' house at the outbreak of the disease, and will not allow them to live in the house before its thorough disinfection, and the disinfection, or if possible destruction, of the patient's and his attendant's clothes, towels, bed-linen, handkerchiefs, etc., and he for himself will have to remain cautious up to the last, in inspecting the patient's mouth and throat, and in changing his clothes before another visit, after having seen a convalescent from diphtheria.

Saving a Bank.

During the panic of 1847, the manager of a remote branch of a joint stock bank in England called his accountant aside, after the close of business one afternoon, and addressed him in terms something like these: "Now, Mr.——, you see how matters stand. I am off to the head office for more cash. You must work the branch through to-morrow somehow—I give you *carte blanche*." And he did wisely. His accountant had just that sort of coolness, with a flash of audacity in it, fitted for such emergencies. There was a great rush of depositors with their receipts for payment the next day. He told them (quietly mending his pen the while) that he was very sorry, but a recent order of the directors was imperative—"No deposit to be taken or paid short of ten days' notice." The manager, if he were at home, which he would be to-morrow, might, perhaps, break through the rule; but as for himself, he was only a clerk, and couldn't afford to lose his situation. And he didn't. During the same panic, a cashier in the head office of one of the banks which were then run upon, had a check presented to him for payment of an amount which he actually had not funds in the till to meet at the moment. He, therefore, with a daring humor, wrote in the corner of the check "No funds," which was true enough in one sense—seeing there were no funds in the bank to meet it—and dishonored the check. The transaction caused the withdrawal of a fine account, but it saved the bank.

—When a man hasn't a red he gets blue. And things look black.

THE RAVAGES OF THE PLAGUE.

WHAT MANKIND SUFFERED IN THE 14TH CENTURY—THE PLANETARY MOVEMENTS OF 1881.

If we glance at the history of the frightful devastations that have marked the visits of the plague to the earth, mankind has reason to tremble before the dread spectre whose appearance the Russians evoked on their pleasure trip to Constantinople, and which now threathens all Europe. Plague epidemics are recorded of almost every century. In the first year of the Peloponnesian war the plague raged with terrible violence in Athens, and Greece's greatest statesman at that time, Pericles was one of its victims.

But not until the fourteenth century did it become a scourge to the entire world, traveling, as it did then, from the eastern boundaries of Aisa through China, India and Russia, and punishing with equal severity the inhabitants of the pyrenean peninsula and the hardened people of Scandinavia and Iceland. And if the western hemisphere had been discovered at that time, and active communication and traffic with it had existed, there can be no doubt that the grim destroyer would have visited America also. It is, indeed, by no means certain but that the plague did reach this continent, since there are Indian legends which speak of a time of great mortality long before the advent of Europeans.

It is estimated that not less than 52,000,000 persons fell victims to the black death in Asia and Europe toward the middle of the fourteenth century. Of these, 15,000,000 are supposed to have perished in Europe, 24,000,000 in Asia Minor, India and the adjacent countries, and 13,000,000 in China. One historian writes concerning the appearance of the plague in Europe: Terrible omens in the heavens overwhelmed the nations with dread. In 1337, a large comet appeared; in following years came immense multitudes of locusts; but in 1348 the end of the world seemed at hand. An earthquake devastated Cyprus, Greece Italy and the Alpine valleys. Mountains caved in. In the province of Carnthen, in Austria, thirty villages and a town were utterly destroyed. The atmosphere became thick, fetid and confusing. Wine became turbid in the barrels. Fiery meteors illuminated the sky. A pillar of flame was seen over the Papal palace at Avignon. These terrors were followed by a murderous plague. It originated in China, was carried through the whole of Aisa, and in Germany received the name of the "black death," because it covered its victims suddenly with black pustules, and often killed them instantaneously. It spread over the whole of Europe, and it is said that it did not rage most virulently in Germany. Nevertheless 14,000 persons died in Basle, 16,000 in Strasburg and the same number in Erfurt, and they perished in all other places in similar proportions. In Osnabruck only seven families are said to have survived.

For twenty-five years the awful epidemic maintained its annihilating sway, while at the same time droughts, famines floods, and earthquakes destoyed city and country, and vast swarms of locusts everywhere inflicted the direst ravages. Meantime the whole order of the nation seemed reversed. In midwinter the severest rains were experienced, and in summer long-continued and severe frosts, and volcanoes that had been long thought extinct opened their craters anew. Some have attributed the origin of the epidemic to the atmospheric ic changes produced by the convulsions of the earth, combined with the decay of organic matter—the myriads of locusts and the unnumbered bodies of men and animals.

Some have also attributed that frightful epidemic to the then recorded approach of several planets to the sun. Inasmuch as four planets enter the perihelion in 1881, we have at least this similarity between the present time and that dreadful period; and this circumstance, combined with the sudden outbreak of the plague that is reported from Europe, may give rise to the fears that the coming planetary proximity to the sun is perhaps to have an evil import for poor humanity.

Counsel Instructed.

Recent scene in a London criminal court. Rising young counsel cross-examining a witness. "Now, sir, what do you say your name is?" "Moses Israels." "And where do you state you live?" "Petticoat lane." "What do you do there? What is your profession?" "I am a dealer in cloth." "Oh, a dealer in cloth! Are you in a large way of business? Do you deal in large pieces or small pieces?" "I deal principally in made-up pieces." "Oh, I see! In short, you are an old clothes dealer?" "Well, some people call me so." "Now, sir, might I ask what your religion is?" (he had not been in court when the oath was administered.) The witness burst out laughing. "Look here; you asks me my name and I tells you Moses Israels; you ask me my address and I tells you Petticoat lane; you ask me my profession and I tells you an old clothes dealer, and now you asks me my religion—why, a Quaker, of course!"

CALAMITIES.—One Montgomery, of Killinchey, County Down, dropped dead the other day; his wife fell dead on seeing him fall, and her sister expired of heart-disease on receiving news of the double catastrophe.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Miscellaneous.—In some miscellaneous talk before the Rochester Agricultural Conference it was stated that fruit is exposed to the fumes of sulphur before drying to render it perfectly white. One gentleman never breaks the soil without manuring. When manure is heated, he runs cold water and spreads gypsum upon it. Good farmers stated that they found no difficulty in obtaining plenty of manure. Apple pomace was mentioned as having but little value as a fertilizer. It was thought that the acid injures the soil. The yellows in the peach was discussed. It is contagious; affected trees should be destroyed. The first evidence of the disease is the appearance of small yellow shoots; the fruit is discolored and ripens in advance of its season. Trees kept growing vigorously are least affected. P. Barry said he knew of trees giving every appearance of having the yellows, yet they did not have the disease. Salt is good to spread over manure to prevent heating.

To Exterminate Woodchucks, put two ounces of rock powder in an old bottle; insert a yard of fuse; fill up the bottle with damp soil, tamping it tightly with a stick; drive home the cork; put the bottle into the mouth of the hole, with the end of the fuse sticking out; fill up the hole and all outlets, tramping the soil tightly; touch a match to the fuse, and in nine cases out of ten Mr. Chuck's house will prove to be his grave. —*J. T. VanWyck, Dutchess Co., N. Y.*

Seeding Clover with Spring Grain.—"Many farmers have an idea that clover should be sown only upon fall-sown wheat or rye. I have seen equally good catches when sown with oats, spring wheat or barley. When intending to seed with spring grain a less quantity of the grain should be sown, and if the ground is mellow sow the clover and go over with a Thomas or brush harrow after drilling. If in a buckwheat-growing section sow the clover on previous to the last harrowing, and as the buckwheat will afford the young clover a good shade from the heat of the sun its growth will be rapid and satisfactory."—*L. D. Snook, Burrington, N. Y.*

Potato Culture.—"For the past twenty years my practice has been to plant the largest of the small ones, cutting two eyes on a piece and putting three pieces in a hill, and, as every eye will not come, I intend to have three or four stalks to a hill. If you get twelve or fourteen stalks to a hill you will surely have small potatoes, for there is just as much impropriety in overseeding potatoes as corn. When seeded light the vines grow strong and erect, admit the sun and air to the ground, thus tending to prevent disease and blight. When overseeded he vines grow slender, are liable to break down, retain the moisture of the ground, mildew and prematurely decay. I believe the only advantage derived from planting large potatoes is the extra amount of starch secreted, and that, on the other hand, is more than made up by the gain in seed and the slight cost of the small ones."—*Noah W. Hardy, New Hampshire.*

Beet Sugar.—Prof. Engelhard, of Syracuse, N. Y., gave the Vermont Dairymen's Association some information about sugar-beets. He said the cultivation of sugar-beets in several of the United States has been attempted, and the results prove that they can be profitably raised for sugar-making purposes. To be successful in raising these beets good seed, thorough cultivation, and a proper supply of fertilizers are needed. These beets should weigh about one and a half pounds each to possess the largest amount of sugar. Good beets should possess about twelve per cent. of crystalizable sugar. A mellow, deep, sandy loam, or barley soil, is best for this root. The land must be thoroughly underdrained. Sulphate of ammonia is a valuable fertilizer. Potash is a natural ingredient of the manure in some form, and nitric acid or nitric of ammonia is also necessary. The cost of production is considerable, and would not render the raising profitable, except for sugar-making purposes, as much more can be raised of Lane's Improved Sugar-beet, or some other root crops. The pulp left after the sugar is extracted makes a very valuable feeding material.

A FOOLISH FELLOW.—A Providence young man was in Boston with a friend the other day. They went to a leading hotel to dinner, and, after eating, the former called for two cigars. The waiter asked what kind of cigars he would have. This made the young man indignant, for he is high toned in dress and looks, and he said: "You heard my order, didn't you? Now you be sure and bring me the best!" He got the best and he had to pay three dollars for two of them. He has learned since then to be more definite in his orders for cigars when he is away from home.

—Little four-year-old Mary complained to mamma that her button shoes were "hurting." "Why, Mary, you've put them on the wrong foot." Puzzled and ready to cry, she made answer. "What'll I do, mamma? They's all the feet I've got!"

—The duty on sugar is to use about two lumps to every cup of coffee.—*New Haven Register.*

THE SECOND PLACE.

Unto my loved ones I have given all—
The tireless service of my willing hands,
The strength of swift feet running to their call,
Each pulse of this fond heart, whose love commands
The busy brain unto their use; each grace,
Each gift, the flower and fruit of life. To me
They give, with gracious hearts and tenderly,
The second place.

Such joy as my glad service may dispense
They spend to make some brighter life more blest;
The grief that comes despite my frail defense
They seek to sooth upon a dearer breast.
Love veils his deepest glories from my face;
I dimly dream how fair the light may be
Beyond the shade, when I hold, longingly,
The second place.

And yet 'tis sweet to know that though I make
No soul's supremest bliss, no life shall lie
Ruined and desolated for my sake,
Nor any heart be broken when I die.
And sweet it is to see my little space
Grow wider hour by hour; and gratefully
I thank the tender fate that granted me
The second place.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—A life preserver—Bread.

—A matter of cores—apple sauce.

—A matter of coerce—compulsion.

—A matter of coarse—cheap clothing.

—A man who attempted to pass counterfeit money said he did so to encourage home manufactures.

—"Though he sleigh me yet will I trust him," is now the humble aspiration of the trustful maiden.

—Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl? Because she is too young to show much reflection.

—A woman too often reasons from her heart; hence two-thirds of her mistakes and her troubles. —Bulwer Lytton.

—Great men owe their fame to the littleness of the rest of the world. Fame is only a result of comparison, after all.

—When the million applaud you, seriously ask yourself what harm you have done; when they censure you, what good.

—The most bashful girl we ever heard of was the young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

—Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.

—You may mend a rent in a damaged reputation so that it may not show, but you can never make the reputation quite whole again.

—There are men out West, with some of the feathers still sticking to them, who cannot bear any allusion to the evening's tar.

—Beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

—There is many a man who prays fervently not to be led into temptation, and then goes into it of his own accord, expecting the Lord to get him out.

—On the water an oarsman rowed,
A horseman rode on the land.
The horseman rode on a very good road,
But the oarsman rowed hand over hand.
—*Boston Advertiser.*

—Mere immensity of size always astounds; but our wonder at the vast results accomplished by comparatively slight means remains the longest with us.

—When a rich miser tells you that he can't give you any money, but that he will carry you in his heart, it is safe to conclude that you will soon be in a very tight place.

Nobody seems to know what becomes of the bumble-bees in winter, but they are on deck and ready to be sat down on as soon as the first barefooted boy appears.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A boy of twelve, dining at his uncle's, made such a good dinner that his aunty observed, "Johnny, you appear to eat well." "Yes, aunty," replied the urchin, "I've been practising eating all my life."

—Not every judge confesses it, but a great many of them really do what the Dutch justice did when he said:—"I shall dake dree days to gonsider de points of dis case, but I shall eventually decide for de plaintiff."

—The following is posted in front of a grocery store near Harvard Square:—"Wooden pails, six cents each. Notice—We did not steal these pails, but we think the man we bought them of did.—*Boston Advertiser.*

—It is all very well to talk about economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these times manages to make both ends meet.

—"Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" asks an exchange. We see no impediment in the way. But if he is given to practising at home, it is an utter impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian.

—"My dearest Maria," wrote a recently married husband to his wife. She wrote back: "Dearest, let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You address me, 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?"

—Quoth blushing Kate, while popping corn
Unto her lover, with a sigh,
"I would you were a kernel born;
Now can you tell the reason why?"
"For thy sweet cornstalk I've an ear,"
With husky voice the youth replied:
"But I'm too green to pop, I fear.
Said saucy Kate, "You never tried."

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