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Nature's Worship.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The harp of Nature's advent stirring,
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to Heaven
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand
The priesthood of the sea!

They poured their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rill
Rise white as wings of prayer!
The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sounds of pain;
The thunder organ of the cloud,
The drooping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Penticost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of the starry march,
The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

A WOMAN'S GIFT.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a bright winter morning, and Mr. Segrist's two pretty nieces had just come down stairs fresh as Hebe, and pink-cheeked as the roses of fragrant hyacinth bells in the south window, where the sunshine had gotten into such a hopeless tangle with the ivy vines and rosebuds and feathery sprays of fern. Very pretty girls they were, in a delicately womanly fashion, although nobody would ever have been reminded by them of the Venus de Medici, and not an artist had ever thought of asking them to sit for a Madonna. It is the every day style of beauty that wears best, and Lisa and Cora sighed for nothing rarer or more precious.

"So he has failed, has he?" said Cora to her uncle, who had just been promulgating the news of the day from behind his newspaper. "What a pity! and he was so nice and agreeable."

"Failed!—Mr. Kirkwood!" echoed Lisa her rosy cheek losing a shade or so of its satin bloom. "Oh, uncle how did that happen?"

"As most failures happen, my dear," said Mr. Segrist, folding up his paper and laying his spectacles on one side, preparatory to the morning meal. "Too much press of canvas, and too little ballast. Some people never will learn wisdom. Yes, it *is* a pity; he was a good young fellow enough, and this will throw him back a good twenty years."

"Lisa sat, thinking, her pansy blue eyes fixed intently on the pattern of the table cloth, he red lips apart, until her sister's clear, bird-like voice roused her from the temporary abstraction.

"Upon my word, Lisa," the elder cried merrily, "I do believe you are in a trance. Why don't you answer my question?"

"Lisa started, both cheeks suddenly crimsoning.

"I—I was only thinking, Cora. What was it you asked me?"

"About our ball dresses for to-morrow evening. I think bunches of silver barley would be prettier to loop up than the commonplace roses. Everybody wears roses."

"Oh, Cora," cried downright, Lisa, "how can you talk about ball dresses when—when you remember who was to have taken you there?"

"Mr. Kirkwood?" said Cora calmly.—"Of course he'll not go now, but we can easily send for Cousin George."

"Then you really mean to go?"

"Of course; why shouldn't I? Surely, Lisa, you can't expect me to go into mourning because Guy Kirkwood has failed?—He was no relative of ours."

"I think he loved you, Cora," said Lisa, in a low voice; and *you* thought so too!"

"He must learn to unlove me, then," said the elder sister, with a musical little laugh. "Mr. Kirkwood the successful merchant was very well, but Mr. Kirkwood the beggar cannot expect to indulge in the luxury of a wife. Of course all that is over, for good and all."

And Cora calmly poured out a second cup of the coffee for her uncle.

"But, Cora," pleaded her sister, "it isn't as if you yourself were poor. You know we will have a little money of our own."

"Very true, wise Lisa; but I mean to keep my own to myself, and not spend it in bolstering up the ruined fortunes of any unlucky speculator. No, no, child; my husband must bring money of his own, not to be a drain upon my slender resources."

Lisa shook her head.

"That sounds very worldly," said she.

"Does it? Now I think it has just the common-sensical sound to it. People must look at these thing from a practical point of view."

"Uncle! cried Lisa, almost passionately, "don't you think she ought to like him all the better because he is in trouble and need?"

"My dear, my dear," said the old gentleman composedly, crumbling up a bit of dry toast on his plate, "I can't pretend to judge of these things. You girls must settle your affairs between you."

"My mind is quite made up already," said Cora Segrist calmly.

And when poor Guy Kirkwood's card came up that afternoon, to the room where the two sisters were arranging the bunches of siver barley ears that Madame Fichu the milliner had just sent round in a mammoth paper box, Bessie the maid came courtesying demurey down into the parlor, with:

"Please, sir, Miss Cora is engaged."

Guy Kirkwood went slowly and sadly away, without answering a single word.—If only she had remained true to him, he believed he could have breasted the cold waves of all other fate; but *now*—

Well, such was the way of the world.—He must make up his mind to take the bitter with the sweet as it came. But the sweet had been honey-sweet and the bitter was a gall!

"Uncle, can I speak to you for a minute?"

Mr. Segrist, setting away the piles of dusty papers in his law library, started at the sound of the soft, bell-like voice.

"My child, I thought you and Cora had gone to the ball"

"Cora has gone, uncle; but I thought I would rather remain quietly at home.—Uncle—' And here she paused and hesitated.

"Well, child, what is it?"

"You are my guardian and trustee, uncle," she went on, as if forcing herself to speak. "Will you tell me how much money Cora and I have each got?"

"About ten thousand dollars, Lisa. But what makes you ask?"

"And can I do just as I please with it?"

"That depends on circumstances—probably yes."

"Well, uncle, I want to lend it to Mr. Kirkwood, to help him get into business again."

"Child, what for?"

"Because he has no friends left, uncle; because I feel so sorry for him," said Lisa Segrist, with deepening color and downcast eyes. "And, uncle, he must not know who let him have it."

"Why not you little network of riddles and mystery?"

"Oh, because I couldn't bear to have him know. It could be managed couldn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose. But are you really in earnest, Lisa?"

"Yes, uncle."

"And the interest of the money, which has always supplied you with pins and ribbons and tape, and gim-crackery in general?"

"I can do without that, uncle," Lisa resolutely answered. "But you must not tell Cora. She would think it silly and romantic."

"Well, well, child," said Uncle Segrist, smiling, though he was in reality deeply moved. "You shall have your own way."

The next week Mr. Kirkwood's lawyer informed him that ten thousand dollars lay at his banking house, subject to his draft or at any time.

"Ten thousand dollars!" cried poor Guy, quite overwhelmed at the magnitude of the sum; "who would lend me ten thousand dollars?"

"That is what I am not at liberty to inform you," said Mr. Jessup very stiffly.

And it was in vain that Guy Kirwood, marshalling in his memory all his probable and improbable friends, tried to fix the benefit upon one or the other of them.—No, he could not place it anywhere, this mysterious benediction; he must just accept it in the spirit in which it had been given.

"And I will try to prove to my unknown friend," he said, in a choking voice, "that the favor has not been bestowed in vain. Upon this foundation, Heaven, helping me, I will build up the beginning of a new fortune, a more prosperous career."

Mr. Kirkwood's words proved almost prophetic. Five years from that time he had not only regained his former position in the commercial world, but had shot beyond it; and Cora Segrist, who in the mean time had indulged in several futile flirtations, and broken off two engagements, began seriously to consider the propriety of once more spreading her net for the birds she had let fly so long ago.

"Because I really am getting quite middle-aged!" said Cora demuredly; "and Mr. Kirkwood certainly is more charming than ever."

Guy Kirkwood came often to Mr. Segrist's mansion; but Cora, disposed though she was to take the most favorable view of matters, could not but mistrust that it was more on her sister's account than her own.

"Does he really care for her, I wonder?" thought Cora, or is it only to revenge himself upon me for the cavalier manner in which I dismissed him five years ago? Nonsense! Lisa isn't half as pretty as I am, and she never was. I shall win this battle yet."

Mr. Kirkwood had just posted a letter—a missive whereon hung his fate—directed to Lisa Segrist. For he had learned to love the sly, gentle girl, and lacking the courage to tell her so in words, he had put the substance of his heart's hope on paper.

"For I won't live in this sort of suspense any longer," was his secret resolve.

From the post-office he went directly to old Jessup's law sanctum.

"Have you paid back that ten thousand dollars, according to my orders he said.

"I paid it to day, with legal interest, both simple and compound, for five years," answered Jessup very succinctly.

"I only wish I knew whom to thank for this stepping-stone to fortune."

Old Mr. Segrist, who was sitting by looked up queerly, over the tops of his spectacle glasses.

"What would you give to khow Guy?" said he.

"Half I am worth," was the impulsive answer.

"Well," chuckled the old man, "I can tell you on cheaper terms than that. I was bound over to secrecy for five years, but the time was up last week. Your mysterious good angel was none other than my little niece Lisa."

Kirkwood colored—his heart gave a great upward bound. Lisa! his Lisa! He turned silently away and left the office.

"A curious way of acknowledging a favor!" cried Mr. Segrist, a little testily.

"Hem!" commented Mr. Jessup. There are some people who feel too little to say 'thank'e,' and some who feel too much.—My client, I rather think belongs to the latter class. I do not believe he is ungrateful."

"Nor I neither—on the whole," said Mr. Segrist, repenting him of his haste.

As for Guy, he went straight to Lisa.

"Lisa," he said, "I have written you a letter which you will probably receive tomorrow morning, but I cannot wait for it to come now. I have learned this evening whose hand lifted me from the depths of poverty and discouragement—whose hidden bounty carved out a new path for me. Lisa, there is but one way to pay you, to give you myself and my whole heart, if you will deign to accept the poor return."

Lisa had grown very pale and quiet.

"No," she said. "I accept no mere tribute of gratitude."

"But, Lisa, the letter that I wrote you before I heard these tidings—the letter asking you to be my wife—you must answer that now," he pleaded, refusing to let go her trembling hand, "You have said no to my second offer, what say you to my first?"

The roses had returned to Lisa's cheek, the soft light to her eyes, as she put the other hand willingly in Kirkwood's and answered:

"Yes."

What Resolution Will Do.

Everybody says these are hard times, and this in a measure makes them so. The times are not by half as bad as we pretend, nevertheless, and were we to put on more resolution, and push on our purposes with more heart and zeal, at least half the existing depression would disappear with the lengthening of the days.

We attended the raising of a heavy barn frame some years ago in which the force of will was exhibited in a marked degree.—The assembled help having the timber together into bents, laid hold of the first one and with some effort raised it breast high. The boss was a man of moderate moral power, and stood near hallooing, as is the custom, "heo, heave! heo, heave!" but somehow they did not heave,—the heavy bent did not go up. There were seemingly men enough hold of it to eat it, but there was a great deal of pretence in the lifting business, only a few laid out their strength, too many made easy work of lifting—they put no vigor into their efforts—there was a pause, and yet not a pause—the boss hallooed the louder, but the bent did not go; some began to think about standing from under, and it sank back rather than went up.

Just at this crisis there came two brothers from a back settlement, resolute and rough, who seeing the situation from a few rods away, came up on the double quick, and nearing the frame, the foremost one called out, *Lift, you scoundrels!* All together; heo, heave!" Instantly applying his strength to one corner and his brother to the other, the bent went up majestically. All it lacked before was purpose, will, a putting forth of vigor. There was strength enough in those unnerved muscles about it to throw it into the sea, but its possessors did not use it; they were not waked up to the exigency. They were waiting for each other, hoping it would go without their lifting very hard. The coming of the two extra men, all out of breath as they were, did not so much increase the force as it nerved the purpose of those already hold of it.

It is quite thus, at present, in reference to the times! A rather short crop last year, getting down from an inflated currency nearer to a specie basis, makes things different from what they were. But there is bread and meat enough in the land.—There is about the same amount there has been—there is, in short, as much means and muscle to work with as ever, but somehow a spirit of croaking has come over the country, and we make the times worse than they are by our lack of spirit. If we stop grumbling and go at our work, project our enterprises, call forth our latent strength, economize our resources, and put our shoulder to the wheel, fearless of a little mud or dust, we shall find the times about as [illegible] towards us as ever.

Not Quite Married.

I think that the very biggest nuisance on the face of the earth is a girl just going to get married, except, perhaps, a *man* who just *has* been. I would go sixteen blocks out of my way to avoid one of those fellows. I don't mean the young trash who go for it as soon as they dare ask a girl to have them, but these old fellows who have been confirmed bachelors until their forty-fifth year, and then suddenly pounce upon you with the intelligence that they suppose you know that they are married. The prevaricating old rascals, they didn't suppose anything of the kind! How they do smile and simper over it! And how smart they think they are! And how careful they are to tell you how they managed it all so well that not even their own family mistrusted such a thing until they were invited to attend a wedding that was going to take place on such a morning at such a church. Very sly it all was! Even the book-keeper never mistrusted such a thing, not even when they telegraphed him from Boston that they would be home in the early part of next week—and yet they have been thinking about it for *three years*! and intending to do it all the time! And then they extol the goodness of the bride, her beauty and her accomplishments, her rare talent for everything, asserting over and over again that there never was another such woman, until you wish to the uttermost depth of your bored heart that there never had been even that one, and unconciously long for an earthquake or something to interrupt the thread of the narrative.

Sometimes it happens that you run across one, who after a wait of thirty years has married his first love—she having during the interim which has elapsed since her maiden cheek first flushed at the warm avowal of his love—married *Smith*, raised up a full quota of boys and girls, buried the partner of her joys, and come again upon the market, a sadder and an older woman. How the eye brightens and the cheek flushes as the weary waiter—the confirmed bachelor, takes you by the hand and demands your congratulations. What a world of sentiment he thinks he has uncorked when he gives you the particulars of his wooing, his disappointment when rejected by the rude paterfamilias for his poverty, and his dreadful sorrow when he saw his beloved Maria led to the alter by his hated rival. How he watched her career—saw Smiths and artisians of every description rising up around her, felt his heart gladden when gold accumulated in his coffers, and he knew that her family would see that "the stone which the builder rejected" could at least hold up one corner of the smoke house. Knew they *had* seen it, too, when the news reached him that Maria's youngest born was named for him. It was a haunting shadow—not the baby—but the love of early life, and when Smith at last succumbed to the fell destroyer, and he saw Maria pale with sorrow, and leaning over the dead form as it lay in its rose wood casket, a ray of hope, bright and beautiful as the morning gleam of sunrise, shot through his benumed heart. He had years ago loved and embraced, but now reversing the order of things as he had been reversed all his life long, he *pitied* her.—*Correspondent N. Y. Atlas.*

Fish For Tickets.

We copy the following from Signor Blitz's new book, "Fifty Years in the Magic Circle:"

A few miles distant from Salem was the small and interesting town of Marblehead.

The inhabitants of this place are, to a great extent, dependent on the fisheries, generous in nature, and a hardy race, well adapted to the locality.

I gave my exhibitions at the academy and I must here relate an anecdote that will, in a measure, illustrate the peculiarities of the people.

During the day of my performance, numbers inquired if I intended to receive fish—the merchandise of the place—in payment for the ticket, or the admission fee. To this I replied I could not.

When the hour arrived for commencing, there was scarcely a dozen persons present, while hundreds were collected outside. On observing to the door-keeper my surprise and disappointment, he remarked that if I would take fish in payment, he could fill the room in a few minutes; to which I consented. This fact being communicated to the assembled crowd, caused a general dispersion, but they soon returned, laden with one or two fish, of the value of the ticket. To my astonishment the house was soon crowded to overflowing. The following evening the attendance was equally large, all parties bringing the necessary amount of fish to procure admission.

Previous to my leaving, I disposed of more than two cartloads of fish to a merchant of the town. A similar circumstance has probably never taken place in the history of amusements, and notwithstanding my Marblehead friends have experienced considerable chagrin that their mercantile traffic at the ticket office had become known abroad, it does no dishonor to their integrity and worth.

"Father," said a four-year child, "I think you ain't wise." [illegible] baby
"Why, [illegible] have brought that [illegible] to
"[illegible] is sick, and you hav[illegible]
"[illegible] take care of it!"
[illegible] the crandle, Lucy, and let us
[illegible]ore of your jabber."

The June Rain.

Dull and sullen gray
Hides the sky to-day;
Dressed in duller green,
Trees and grass are seen;
And the parched leaves upward reaching,
Wait the rain.

Hurrying on in crowds,
Darker grow the clouds;
Overhead a crash—
Then, with sudden dash,
From the riven mist above us
Comes the rain.

Pattering on the leaves,
Dripping from the eaves,
Twirling with the breeze,
Whirling through the trees,
Showering, rattling, sweeping, dashing,
Falls the rain.

Over now they pour,
Hushed the thunder roar;
Pass the storm clouds by,
And the smiling sky,
Turns to diamonds the round drops
Of the rain.

Birds on slender limbs
Chirp their grateful hymns,
Or with careless wing
Flit, and flitting sing,
While the trees and bushes waving,
Shed the rain.

Greener moss on stone,
Blossoms brighter grown,
Coolness in the air,
Everywhere more fair,
Blesses God, the Bounteous Giver,
For the rain.

Working to Advantage.

A great part of the art of life consists in the skill with which a man will do, in the right way, what he has to do. A man should school and train himself to seize the passing moment, and to secure every advantage of position. This is an art very hard to acquire, even in that rudimentary form which consists in going in an orderly and thoughtful way through the business of the day. It is, perhaps, for this reason that the great majority of people are not brought to the necessity of learning this lesson for themselves. Most people have their hours of work rigidly marked out for them. Their hours are from ten to four.—They go forth to their work and do their labor until the evening. They are not intrusted with any power of opinion. The clerk must be at his office, the schoolmaster with his pupils, the doctor on his rounds, the barrister in the courts while the Judges are sitting. They are constrained by a net-work of circumstances for which some of them cannot be sufficiently grateful.—The whole business of life would fall out of gear if the steadiness of its transactions depended on their volitions. Then there are many people, the fine ladies and gentlemen of the world, who do not obey such laws, but are a law unto themselves.—There are the students and artists and thinkers, who are left unfettered by precise lines of days and hours and seasons; they are left to their own need of exertion and sense of responsibility. I often think such men are raised from a lower to a higher stratum of life. Things are left to their honor. Their's is the possession of law in freedom and of freedom in law.—Sometimes this liberty is used in a servile spirit. Men force themselves into the mechanical round from which they have been liberated. They surrender themselves to inflexible rules, pursue their work pertenaciously, losing that sense of elasticity and freedom which it was intended they should possess. Such a man, dominated by that lust of finishing which John Wesley denounced strongly, will not leave off to note some curious phenomenon—to watch a sunset, to hear rare music, to listen to brilliant converse. He is harsely making the best of things. It is a great art while carrying on the work of life to seize every means of rising beyond it.

"Nothing in the Paper."

The Richmond *Examiner*, has a spicy chapter on the subject of newspapers, elicited by the stereotyped remark of indifferent readers after scanning the "miniature world" of a daily issue of news, that "there's nothing in the paper," It says: "And men are always grumbling about their papers, and insinuating how much better they could do it. They talk as flippantly about "fine-articles" on every imaginable subject as if they could effect such a change. Let some of these over-running philosophers try it for one hundred and fifty days in succession. And then they think it is nothing to "select" for a newspaper, you have merely to run the scissors through a half dozen exchanges, and you have got matter enough. Now this is the most important, and the most difficult department to fill on a newspaper. Very few men have the slightest idea how to do such work. It requires a thorough newspaper man—who knows the public appetite well—who knows what is going on in the world—and who knows how to re-write and pack a column into a dozen lines.—Men who skim a newspaper and toss it aside little reflect how much brains and toil have been expended in serving up that meal. Busy heads and busy hands have been toiling all day to gather and prepare those viands, and some vast building has been lit from cellar to garret all night to get the paper ready for the newsboy by crack of dawn. "Nothing in the newspaper?" Nothing in your heads, that's what's the matter."

An ill-natured contemporary says that Pennsylvania should shake in her shoes, at the news of the discovery of coal in Rhode Island; for, should the same prove middling thick, and underlie the whole State, the produce would be as much as seven [illegible]shels.

One Good Turn for Another.

A tinker was travelling in a country town, and having travelled many miles without having anything to do, he stopped, weary and hungry, at a tavern. Here he got into conversation with a glazier, to whom he related his troubles. The latter sympathized with him deeply, and told him to go into his dinner and eat heartily. The tinker took his advice, ate his fill, and when he returned to the bar-room he was overjoyed to hear that the landlord required his services to mend a lot of pans and kettles which had sprung aleak. The tinker at once fell to work, accomplished the task and received a liberal sum, and started on his way rejoicing. Upon reaching the outside of the house he found the glazier, who said:

"Well, you see, I told you the truth, I procured you a job of work, and how do you think I accomplished it?"

"I am sure I cannot tell." replied the tinker.

"I will tell you," rejoined the glazier.

"You told me you were weary, hungry and penniless. I knew the landlord was well of, and doing a good business, so I watched the opportunity and started a leak in every ti[illegible] vessel I could get hold of."

The tinker with many thanks and a heart full of gratitude, resumed his journey; but he had not proceeded many yards before he reached the village church when a bright idea struck him—he would befriend the glazier. The church, he thought, could afford to bear a slight loss in a good cause; so, taking position where he could not be seen, he riddled every window in the edifice with stones, and then highly elated with his exploit, he retraced his steps to notify the glazier that he would speedily have a very important job. He met the glazier at the tavern.

"Sir," said he, "I am happy to inform you that fortune has enabled me to return the kindness I received from you an hour since."

"How so?" asked the glazier, pleasantly.

"I have broken every pane of glass in the church," answered the tinker, and you, of course, will be employed to put them in again."

The glazier's jaw fell and his face assumed a blank expression as he said in a tremulous tone, "You don't mean to say that do you?"

Certainly, replied the tinker, "there isn't a whole pane of glass in the building. One good turn deserves another, you know!"

"Yes," answered the glazier, in a tone of despair; "but, you infernal scoundrel, you have ruined me, for I keep the church in repair by the year."

What Real Love Is.

Many women suppose they love their husbands, when, unfortunately, they have not the beginning of an idea what love is. Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be petted by him, and loving to be praised by him, is not loving him. All these may be, when a woman has no power of loving at all; they may be, simply because she loves herself, and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed, coaxed, as a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner.

But all this is not love. It may exist, to be sure, where there is love; it generally does. Love is self-sacrifice; it is a life out of self and in another to one's own, for the love we bear them. Love is giving and not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting paper or a sponge sucking in everything to itself; it is an out springing fountain, giving from itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a chance game of great price, by the loveliest and fairest, the purest, the strongest of Lovers that ever trod this mortal earth, of whom it is recorded that he said, "It is more blessed to give than receive."

Now, in love, there are ten receivers to one giver. There are ten persons in this world who like to be loved, where there is one who knows how to love. That is a nobler attainment than all your French, and music and dancing. You may lose the very power of it by smothering it under a load of early self-indulgence. By living just as you are all wanting to live—living to be petted, to be flattered, to be admired, to be praised, to have your own way, and to do only that which is easy and agreeable—you may lose the power of self-denial and self-sacrifice; you may lose the power of loving nobly and worthily, and become a mere sheet of blotting paper all your life.

The Sun's Blessing.—Sleepless people—and there are many in America—should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanu[illegible], and the very best sunshine.—Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass as many hours in the day in the sunshine, and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs and yet do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their houses and their hearts, they wear veils, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest, and yet most potent, influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. Is it not time to change all this and so get color and roses in our pale cheeks, strength in our weak backs, and courage in our timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate; they may be blooming and strong, and the sunshine light will be a potent influence in this transformation. Will they not try it a year or two and oblige thousands of admirers.

Little Things and Great Resu

A gnat choked Pope Adrian to de which caused wonderful changes in the tion and history of the whole world.

A councellor of Rome was strangled a hair in the milk which he drank.

Anacreon, one of the lyric poets, is sai to have died from swallowing the skin of rasin.

A destructive war between France and England was occasioned by a quarrel between two boy princes.

The "Grasshopper War" which took place about the time the Pilgrims came to New England, between two Indian tribes, was brought about in this way: An Indian woman with her little son went to see a friend belonging to another tribe. The little fellow caught a large grasshopper on the road and carried it with him. A lad from the other tribe wanted it, but he refused to give it up. A quarrel ensued which soon drew the mothers and fathers into the dispute, and ere long the chiefs were engaged in a war which nearly exterminated one of the tribes.

Several centuries ago some soldiers of Modena carried away a bucket from a public well at Bologna, which was the cause of a long war, and the king of Sardinia was imprisoned for twenty-two years, in whic imprisonment he died.

An English and French vessel had a quarrel about who should be supplied with water from a certain well first, which resulted in the death of a thousand men.

Stephen Montgolfier saw a shirt waving when hung before the fire, from which he first conceived the idea of a balloon.

When Galileo was in the temple of Pisa he observed the oscillation of a lamp, and this was the first conception of a correct method of measuring time.

The introduction of a telescope is due to a little boy playing with spectacles.

The art of printing was suggested by a man cutting the letters of his name upon the bark of a tree and impressing them on paper. From this we have books printed in good legible type, on almost any and every subject sought by the human mind.

Female Coquetry.—To women there is an inexpressible fascination in this dalliance with danger—this compromise between love and coquetry. It is their one excitement, and it is worth to them all the thousand others that serve to relieve, or more often to distract, the dullness of their lords and masters. They are content to be whirled out of their own thoughts in that pleasing vortex. Its rapidity is so delightful—its attraction so gently powerful,—its surface, up to the very edge, so smooth and glassy; all is charming till the last fatal plunge itself, when the abyss is open to its victim, and then closes upon her forever.

Conscience.—A tender conscience is like the apple of a man's eye; the least dust that gathers in it affects it. There is no surer and better way to know whether our consciences are dead and stupid than to observe what impression small sins has upon us. If we are not careful to avoid all appearances of evil, and to shun what looks like sin; if we are not so much troubled at the rising up of sinful desires in us, as as we have been formerly, we may then conclude that our hearts are hardened and our consciences are stupefying, for a tender conscience will no more allow of small sins than great ones.

A Cautious Man.—A fellow who was traveling in Western New York, entered a bar-room, and after calling for drinks for two, looking about over the loungers, apparently for a friend to drink with him.—To every one's surprise, he invited a XVth, who eagerly accepted, and swallowed his "pizen" with great avidity. Our traveler, however, leaving his untouched, very coolly lighted a cigar and settled himself by the fire. After some time the landlord inquired, rather sharply, if he did not intend to drink that whiskey. "Why, certainly," said he, "if it don't kill that colored man within ten or fifteen minutes."

California papers tell of a man who, having lost a considerable portion of his nose in a fight, picked up the severed part and put it in his pocket, and subsequently, having gone home and bandaged what was left, put on his best suit and started for a surgeon. When the doctor was ready to reunite the separated parts, he called for the piece, and the mutilated man, to his horror, found that he had left it at home, and after searching vainly in all his pockets said: "I beg pardon, doctor; it is a rough joke on me, but I left my nose as home in the other vest."

You have heard of "Hobson's choice."—Down in a certain village in one of the Eastern States a poor half-witted fellow named Hobson got married. A neighbor met him and said, "How is this, Hobson? You've married a woman that is foolish, hard of hearing and lame. What sort of a choice is that?" "I know it," said poor meek Hobson; "but it was her or nobody." This was the origin of "Hobson's choice."

The witty John Clerk, the barrister, who was lame, overheard a lady remark to a friend:

"That's Mr. Clerk, the lame lawyer."

Mr. Clerk, who was passing along the street, turned round and, addressing the lady said:

"No, madam, I am a lame m[illegible] a lame lawyer."

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