

SELECTED.

"Slipping only what is sweet;
Leave the chaff and take the wheat."

Alone.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air.
The echoes bound to a joyous sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—[Ella Wheeler.]

The Feathered Hero.

N interesting relic is preserved in a glass case in the English Coldstream Guards orderly room at Whitehall. It consists of the head and neck of a goose, around which is a golden collar with the inscription, "Jacob, 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards." Beneath it are the words, "Died on Duty."

In 1838, a rebellion broke out in Canada, and two battalions of the Guards were sent hither to assist in quelling it, the battalion already mentioned being one of them. Both corps occupied the Citadel of Quebec, and in their turn supplied the guards which were ordered to be mounted in different parts of the town and neighborhood. Near one of these guards was a farmyard which had suffered much from the ravages of foxes—animals that were at that time a great pest to the colonists; and as the farm in question had been suspected of being the meeting-place of the rebels, a chain of sentries was placed around it.

One day the sentry, whose duty it was to watch the entrance to the farm, had his attention attracted to an unusual noise, and on looking toward the spot whence it proceeded, he beheld a fine goose fleeing toward him closely pursued by a fox. His first impulse was to have a shot at the latter; but this would have alarmed the guard, and brought condign punishment on himself for giving a false alarm. He was compelled, therefore, to remain a silent spectator to the scene, while every step brought the reynard nearer to his prey. In the height of its despair the poor bird ran its head and neck between the legs of the soldier, in its frantic endeavor to reach the refuge which the sentry-box could afford, and at the same moment the wily fox made a desperate grab at the goose; but too late, for ere he could get a feather between his teeth, the ready bayonet of the sentinel passed through his body.

The poor goose, by way of showing its gratitude to its preserver, rubbed its head against his legs, and made other equally curious demonstrations of joy; nor could it ever be prevailed upon to quit the post, but walked up and down day after day with each successive sentry that was placed there until the battalion left Canada, when the goose was taken away with it, as a regimental pet, to England.

The most remarkable thing in connection with the story is that the goose in turn actually saved his preserver's life. Whether the former knew that the sentry was the same man or not must of course forever remain a problem; but it so happened that he was on that particular post about two months afterward, when a desperate attempt was made to

surprise and kill the unwary sentinel. It was winter time, and although it was a bright moonlight night, the moon was hidden ever and anon by the scudding clouds which seemed to presage an approaching storm. In these moments of darkness a sharp observer might have noticed the shadows of several men who, unobserved by the somewhat drowsy sentinel, were endeavoring stealthily to approach the post where he stood. Suddenly he heard, or thought he heard, a strange rustling sound, and bringing his musket to his shoulder, he shouted, loudly, "Who goes there?" Not a sound save the echo of his own voice in the distance, and the sighing of the winter wind among the branches of the trees which stood in the deserted farmyard, responded to the challenge.

Several minutes elapsed, during which the soldier marched up and down his lonely beat, followed by a devoted goose, until, deeming his alarm unwarranted, he again "stood at ease" before the sentry-box. This was the enemies' opportunity, and the rebels were not long in endeavoring to profit by it. Closer and closer they stole up toward the post, the thick snow which lay on the ground completely deadening the sound of their footsteps. But just as two of their number, one on each side of the sentry-box, were prepared with uplifted knife to spring upon the unsuspecting man, the bird made a grand effort, rose suddenly on its wings, and swept round the sentry-box with tremendous force, flapping its wings right in the faces of the would-be assassins. They were astounded, and rushed blindly forward; but the sentry, fully alive to his danger, bayoneted one and shot at the other as he was running away. Meanwhile, the other conspirators approached quickly to the assistance of their colleagues; but the bird repeated its tactics, and enabled the sentry to keep them at bay until the guard—whom the firing of his musket had alarmed—came upon the scene and made them flee for their lives.

When this incident became known, poor old Jacob was the hero of the garrison, and the officers subscribed for and purchased the golden collar which the bird afterward wore until the day of his death. On the arrival of the regiment in London, the bird resumed its old duties with the sentinel posted at the barrack gates; and it was exceedingly amusing to watch its movements as it walked prudently up and down with the sentry, or stood to "attention" beside the box when the latter was saluting a passing officer or guard. The feathered hero was well fed and cared for, and a circular bath filled with water was always at his disposal. Children were its especial favorites, as they used to bring the creature all kinds of food; but Jacob would never tolerate any liberties except when, in military parlance, he was "standing easy."

For many years Jacob seemed to bear a charmed life; but he was at length run over by a van. Every effort which kindness and skill could suggest was made to save this extraordinary bird, but it was of no avail, and he died like a true soldier, at the post of duty, after a "sentry go" of no less than twelve years.

A Word for Homely Women.

In reply to a reporter's query, "What ladies are the easiest to wait upon?" a clerk answered, "The homely ones," emphatically, and seeing a look of incredulity, upon the reporter's face he continued:—

"It's so; I am not bracing you a bit. The prettier they are the harder they are to please. A handsome girl has been so flattered and cajoled and petted, from infancy up, that she has lost her head. She enters with a flutter, and must be shown half a hundred different cosmetics. Then she settles down to a steady twenty-minutes' vibration between them all. She is changeable, fluctuating and peevish, and if you venture to make a suggestion she skips from the store as though fired from the mouth of a cannon. Now, on the other hand, a homely girl has a mind of her own. She is not constantly cloyed with admiration and petting from her admirers, and has drunk but precious little from the golden bowl of adulation. But she knows what she wants asks you for it decisively and leaves you with a smile that would be charming if her mouth was only a yard and a half smaller and her teeth a little less like elephant tusks. God grant us a prosperity of homely girls. Life would be endurable without pretty faces, but heaven help us if we lose our homely ones."