

with his beloved; he babbled of still waters and green pastures; he sung of golden streets and gates of pearl; of the beauties and mysteries of the mansions of the peace that floweth as a river—he held her small, soft hand in his, and called up the love-light in her beautiful eyes, and played with her yellow hair; and all the time the train went on flying through the night, and out in the baggage car an old, old woman, wan and wrinkled, lay peacefully in her coffin, her vained and withered hands crossed over a heart that was at rest, and that was all that was mortal of Katy.

"Like a laverock in the lift, sing O bonny bride;
It's we two, and we two, happy side by side."

When the young traveler woke in the bright light of early day, he stretched his cramped limbs and felt like a giant refreshed with wine, and out of his strength and happiness gave the old man at his side a gay "good morning!" But when, getting no response, he turned to look at him, he saw that he had reached the new sunrise, the morning that has never a noon.

"It's we two, it's we two, while the world's away
Sitting by the golden sheaves on our wedding day."

Early Marriages.

In a recent sermon on domestic life, Henry Ward Beecher represented the power of children on society and the advantages of early marriages with some force. After noticing the children's important part in the founding of homes he went on to show their influence over parents. A father had to govern children—had to decide their disputes and put them into proper relations with each other. In all this he was learning law and justice and government, and that too from the standpoint of a judge. Men would be surprised if they could trace back and see how many of their ideas of justice in after life had their origin in the ruling of the family circle. Children in the household forced men to learn thrift. It is, on this account, said the preacher, I am disposed to advocate early marriages and humble ways of life. If a man will not marry until he has a fortune he will not marry until midlife. If the woman whom he wishes to marry has an ambition for distinction in society and will take no one until he can bring her the means of living as finely as she was brought up in her father's family, she subjects herself to the choice of ambition or of expediency or of money—of almost anything but love. Early marriages are the salvation of young men, and if a young woman doesn't love you enough to go down and live humbly with you and help you to work your way up, she doesn't love you—leave the torment to somebody else! But of all things, cried Mr. Beecher, with a gesture of abhorrence, to marry and to go into a hotel on a flat—(laughter)—or any other thing which is not a home; to begin where one ought to end; to know nothing of the generous education of want; to know nothing of that early striving together, there is nothing more demoralizing to-day than that! An ambition to stand high at once is an immoral ambition, and one that runs past and avoids this formative influence that makes the best and the ripest men. Marry early; marry poor. Let your poverty and your love strive together, that you may together build the platform, and the house, and the household.

Tall Men.

The New York doctors have had the question put to them whether a man can add a cubit to his stature, can be affected. People who drink limestone water like the Kentuckians and Tennesseans, who are famous for being tall, owe it perhaps to the fact that they absorb so much lime which goes to the making of their bones. So oatmeal builds up the bone and muscle of the Scotch, and makes them tall. Dr. Mott said: "Folks who feed upon good, healthy and simple food have the best chance for growing to be tall. Tallness seems sometimes to be a family trait, and runs along through generation after generation; but, on the other hand, tall children very often grow from short parents, and *vice versa*. There doesn't seem to be any positive rule about it, and I don't think that there is any mode of determining from the height of a child at any given age what it will grow to at maturity." There is a belief, however well or ill founded, that the height of the child at the age of two years is just half the height to which it will attain at maturity.

An Austrian Thief.

The following story exhibits the cool audacity of an Austrian rogue, who secured a pocket-book thereby:

A carriage in the train bound from Vienna to Pesth contained, one evening lately, five passengers—an Englishman, two Magyars, a mild-looking man of sixty, and a handsome young German, who seemed dreadful sleepy.

The Englishman observed that the sexagenarian essayer to chat with the young German, who, however, yawned, and soon slumbered.

The sexagenarian became garrulous, and lamented his son's carelessness in money matters.

"See him now, going to sleep in a carriage full of strangers. I think I'll give the young man a fright for once in his life;" and lifting up the lapel of his coat, he laughingly drew out a pocket-book.

At Pressburg the careful father said he must get out for a minute, but when the train moved on he didn't return.

When the young man woke up they told him that his father had got out and taken his pocket-book.

"My father!" he shrieked, and clutching his empty pocket, burst into a volley of most unfilial imprecation. "I haven't got a father," he bawled out. "I never saw the old scoundrel before. That pocket-book contained three thousand florins. He must have seen it when I took my ticket."

Not unlikely. That genial parent has not yet been heard from.

One cannot be too careful among strangers.

The Canary's Little Friend.

A very fine canary bird is owned by a gentleman in Nevada county, Cal. Recently unusual quantities of food disappeared from its cage, and there, snugly stowed away in one of the seed boxes, was a mouse as fat as butter. Upon attempts to remove the mouse the canary made a chivalrous fight for the little animal. A singular fact is that while the mouse was in the cage the bird kept up a constant singing all day, but since the mouse has been removed the bird has refused to warble.

A Pioneer's Will.

The will of John T. Pantlind, an old California pioneer, was filed in the Probate Court of San Francisco, recently, and is a curious document. After stating that he is in sound mind and in full use of all his faculties, he adds, "I wish it understood that I am in my clear level-headed sense and know just what I'm about, and I don't want any one-horse lawyer business fooling around." He then provides that his remains shall be taken to Newark, Ohio, and that the bodies of his parents and brothers be taken from Fort Wayne, Ind., and buried in the same lot with him, and one costly monument erected over the four. He forbids the burial of any of his half-sisters or brothers in the same lot, and says of them; "There was a chasm during life. Let it be even wider in death."

One of the Roads to Ruin.

"Any letters here for me?" asked a laughing, buxom girl of about sixteen, as she placed her pretty, curved nose on a level with the ladies' delivery window at the post office.

"Let's see; where do you live?" inquired the smiling clerk, whose chief aim is to captivate feminine hearts, as they appear at that particular window.

"None of your business," retorted the damsel, a cloud of anger quickly overspreading her pretty face.

"All right," replied the official; "we have a letter here, but it is addressed to a certain street and number. We cannot, of course, tell whether or not it belongs to you, as you will not give your address."

The girl's anxiety to get her letter was so great that she did not discover the postmaster's ruse, and gave her number, the address of a good family. Of course the letter was not for her, but the official, having found out her address, told her that in the future he would have her letters sent to her parents' residence. With a look on her face which meant, "No, you won't," the girl flitted out of the post office.

She, like scores of young girls, is keeping up a clandestine correspondence with some scapegrace. Saturday ■