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Poetry.

REBUKE.

The world is cold the world is cold,
And never a day is fair, I said;
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled about my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

The world is cruel, I said again,
Her voice is harsh to my shrinking ear,
And the nights are dreary and full of pain,
Out of the darkness, sweet and clear,
There rippled a tender strain;

Rippled a song of a bird asleep,
That sang in a dream of the budding wood,
Of the shining fields where the reapers reap,
Of a wee brown mate and nestling brood,
And the grass where the berries peep.

The world is false, though the world be fair,
And never a heart is pure, I said.
And lo! the clinging of the white arms bare,
The innocent gold of my baby's head,
And the lisp of a childish prayer.

Interesting Tale.

Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.

(CONCLUDED.)

Thus both lovers—for lovers they certainly were—stood in fear each of the other, to the no small spells of the enchantress who had thrown her spells around them, and was wickedly enjoying the triumph of her charms.

I must put this fellow down at once, the baronet said to himself. "What business has a beggarly underling like him to be on such familiar terms with her; but I'll make him know his place.

Then coming forward, and, speaking aloud in an insolent tone—

Oh, Mr. Bayley, or whatever your name is—

My name is Bayfield, Sir Francis.

Well, Bayley or Bayfield, it doesn't much matter. You are one of Redgold's clerks, I believe?

Yes, I am.

Then I must tell you there is a scandalous error in my account—an omission of fifty pounds that I paid myself last Tuesday.

I think you ought to be aware, Sir Francis, that this is neither a time nor a place to discuss matters of business.

What do you mean by that? If you blundering clerks make mistakes of that sort, I suppose a gentleman is at liberty to mention it.

That depends upon circumstances, replied Bayfield, coolly.

You are insolent, sir, and I shall take good care that your masters are informed of the misconduct of their servants.

He emphasized the last word, as if to impress the ladies with a due sense of the young man's inferior position; but he missed his mark, as he could not fail to perceive, for the widow's eyes flashed on him indignantly, as she said—

You forget yourself, Sir Francis; Mr. Bayfield is perfectly right—this is no place for business.

It seems to be a place to encourage upstart beggars, exclaimed the baronet, whose ill-temper was now beyond control. At any rate, I will have this affair looked into at once. How do I know but what I have been defrauded of my money?

Bayfield felt a strong inclination to knock him down, and if they had been alone would probably have acted on the impulse; but he wisely put a restraint upon himself, and with some difficulty kept his voice steady and preserved a calm exterior while he replied to the gross insinuation.

Sir Francis Lowe, I shall find an opportunity of letting you know my sentiments as to your most ungentlemanly conduct; and be assured I am only withheld from doing so now from respect for the presence of those ladies, which you seem to have forgotten.

Sir Francis was about to make a violent rejoinder, when Mrs. Ilford again interposed.

Sir Francis, I beg you will say no more. I am extremely sorry, Mr. Bayfield, this has occurred, as I cannot help feeling I have been the means of bringing you here; but I am sure you will excuse me if I say you had better leave us, as that seems to be the only way of putting an end to this unpleasant altercation.

He bowed respectfully, and walked away without another word, deeply mortified at the results of his adventure.

What an ass I have made of myself! was his prominent and most vexatious reflection. But it is all Mason's fault. He ought not to have put such an idea into my head; I should never have thought of it myself, and I was mad to listen to him. Yet if that swaggering fool of a baronet had not been in the way things might have gone on differently. However, it's all over now. I can never show my face there again; but I'll have revenge of him, if I'm turned out of the house for it—an insolent braggart!

Then he indulged in a few mental invectives against the vanity and caprice of womankind, and tried to persuade himself that the annoyance he felt was occasioned by the insults he had received and not by the fact of having been virtually dismissed by the pretty little widow.

CHAPTER III.

My dear Frederick, what is the matter? I am sure you are not well.

Quite well, mother—rather tired, that's all.

Why, what has tired you?

The heat, I suppose, and a long walk. I went down to the Crystal Palace and walked all the way back.

My dear boy, it was much too far. What made you go there?

I wanted to get a breath of fresh air. It was so hot in the city, I was stifled, and I thought I should like a little change.

That was right; I wish you would go oftener—you would be all the better for it.

That's as it may be mother, miss. You do'nt seem to think it has done me much good this time, at any rate.

You might take air and exercise without over fatiguing yourself, that's what I mean. A run down to the Crystal Palace now and then, after sitting at the desk all day, would quite set you up, depend upon it.

So Mason thinks, said Frederick, laughing. It was by his advice that we went to-day.

Was it, my dear? He is an excellent man, that Mr. Mason, and has shown himself a kind friend. When is he going to be married?

Very soon, I believe. He was only waiting for his next increase of salary.

"Who is going to be married, Mr. Frederick?" inquired the old servant, who had just brought in the supper-tray.

Mr. Mason, Deborah.

I am glad of it, sir. He's as nice a gentleman as I would wish to see, and will answer for him. Ah! Mr. Frederick, I hope to see the day when your will be married yourself.

I'm afraid that's a long way off, Deb, unless it was possible to get a wife who could live upon air.

Or one with plenty of money, sir; that would be better still. For if she could live upon air there might be others bye-and-bye you know, who would want feeding. You should look about you, dear. I don't think there's many ladies as would say no, let them be ever so rich.

Her young master laughed and said he would consider of it, and that if she would prove true, she should have a new silk gown, and be at the wedding.

Deborah was a privileged person. She had lived in the family from her childhood, had been present at the marriage of Mrs. Bayfield, and at the birth of Frederick, whom she almost idolized. In the rector's time she had acted in the capacity of housekeeper and cook; but after his death, when the establishment had broken up, and her circumstances reduced to comparative poverty, she was content to remain with her for half the wages she had hitherto received, and take all the work upon herself, saying—"She could not abide the thought of going among strangers, and so long as she had her bit of victuals, and a roof to cover her, it was all she wanted.

So she had followed Mrs. Bayfield to the humble abode that was now her home, in one of the London suburbs, and had served her faithfully and affectionately ever since.

She was one of those admirable instances of gratitude and devoted attachment so rarely met with in the present day. Therefore, she was allowed more licence of speech than would have been tolerated in a less valuable domestic.

Frederick did not get much sleep that night; in fact, he never slept at all, and in consequence looked so much out of sorts in the morning that his anxious mother entreated him to stay at home, with a view to pills and gruel, but however excellent these remedies are in a general way, the young gentleman was of opinion they were not exactly suited to his complaint. So he declared there was nothing at all the matter with him, and, in spite of maternal solicitude hurried off to the city, impatient to hear what Mason would say of his misadventure, for although he had accused that gentleman of giving him bad counsel, and leading him into error, he was eager to consult him again, as if his advice had been of sterling quality.

Mason laughed heartily at his account of the fracas with Sir Francis Lowe, of whom he spoke with the utmost contempt.

He is an ill-bred fellow, and most likely had taken more wine than was good for him, for he is seldom quite sober after dinner.—There is no mistake in his account, and he knew it; but his object was to increase his own importance, and lessen yours—in short to bring the lady to the proper idea of the difference between a baronet and a banker's clerk

Be that as it may, I shall not pass over his insulting inuendo about being defrauded of his money without demanding an apology; and if he refuses I will cane him as sure as he's alive I would blow his brains out, if that sort of thing were not exploded

You would perform a miracle then, for he certainly has none. Now I'll tell you what, Fred. You had better let him alone. There's no good to be done by getting into a row. His behaviour is a plain proof that he is afraid of you, and that's all in your favor. He has been dangling after Mrs. Ilford for the last three months, and she won't have anything to say to him.

Then why does she let him walk about with her?

Oh, that says nothing. He is acquainted with her aunt; so she cannot very well avoid him when she is visiting the old lady.

Does the aunt encourage his pretensions?

I don't know; nor does it much signify, for the little widow is her own mistress, and will please herself, depend upon it.

Perhaps so; but a man must have something more than himself to offer, or he hasn't much chance of winning such a prize.

Bosh! Six feet of good-looking stuff has more weight with a woman like her than full pockets and empty titles. You are not going to give up at the first brush, are you?

I am afraid that I can't do anything more after the check that I received last night

Nonsense, man, try again. That fellow cannot be always at her elbow, and you know the old proverb. Faint heart never won fair lady.

What would you have me to do then?

Do! Why, go down again, to be sure—to day, if you like; the sooner the better

She would set me down for a fortune hunter.

Not she. If she were old and ugly, she might harbor such an idea; but being young and pretty, she is sure to have faith enough in her attractions to absolve you from that charge. Not but what the fortune may have a little to do with it—hey?

You don't suppose I would marry a woman I didn't care about merely because she had money, do you?

No; but it's a deuced good thing though when the woman you do care about happens to have that useful commodity

That I cannot deny. Still I should not like by any act of mine to lay myself open to a suspicion so degradingly.

You are too scrupulous by half. The game is in your own hands, and if you lose it the fault will be your own.

If I could only be sure !

Ask her, that's the best way of being sure

I dare not, Mason, unless I can feel more certain that such a question would not be treated with derision.

All very fine; but I'll bet you five to one you make the proposal before this day week. Now then what do you say to that?

Five! what to one shilling?

Yes, shillings—or sovereigns, if you like, I am not particular.

Well, I don't mind risking a shilling.

Done, said Mason; I'll make a note of it.

He took out his memorandum book for that purpose, and had scarcely made an entry of the wager, when the postman brought in five or six letters, one of which was addressed to George Mason, Esq., and bore the post mark Sydenham. It was a bulky letter, for it contained several enclosures—one being Mrs Ilford's cheque for twenty five pounds—and the epistle was concerning the documents sent; but there was a postscript, which Mr. Mason read twice over, then burst into an immoderate fit of laughter.

There, my boy he said, giving the letter to Bayfield, and pointing to the last lines, that's a balm for your wound, so you may as well hand over the shilling at once.

Frederick read eagerly—

"P S.—I am in immediate want of the money and shall also be glad of my book, if it can be made up to day: therefore if you can find any one that may be trusted to bring the packet down to me this evening, I shall feel obliged; otherwise, I must send Beale to-morrow"

I will take the parcel Mason, said Frederick giving back the letter.

I should think so. And if don't come back an engaged man I shall say you do not deserve to have any good fortune thrown in your way again.

But Frederick did come back an engaged man. When he made his appearance at Redgold's bank the next morning, he went straight up to Mr. Mason's desk, and quietly putting down a shilling, said—

You have won your bet; so now you may wish me joy, and get another clerk as soon as you please.

After the usual arrangements had been entered into for the happy ceremony, Frederick informed his mother, that he would in a short time, present her with a daughter in law, whose heart and wealth had been placed in his keeping.

His mother clasped him to her bosom, and said, dear Fred. I will be delighted to welcome to our humble home, the dear woman whom you have chosen for a wife, and will love her as my own child.

The marriage took place the following day, and the happy pair called in their carriage for Frederick's mother and his old nurse, and drove them to the splendid mansion, which Mrs. Ilford had conveyed to him on the day of their marriage, saying,—Frederick you are satisfied that "Faint heart never won fair lady."

The California Wheat Crop.

While some countries are anxiously estimating the prospect of a scarcity of their food supplies, it must be satisfactory to the Californians to find themselves blessed with a wheat crop more than prodigious—positively alarming. All the crops of that magnificent State, says the New York "World," are cultivated and harvested on a scale unknown to Eastern farmers; but wheat is sown and reaped with a famous profusion. The forty acre or sixty-acre farms ploughed by the tired hands and watched by the shrewd eyes of New England husbandmen are mere specks of land compared to the extensive tracts farmed by the California ranch men. Even the huge prairie farms of the Western States this side of the Rocky Mountains would look like "small potatoes" alongside the domain comprising 20,000, 30,000 aye 50,000 acres, which as Mr. Harte would say, are "frequent" in California. The wheat growing region is largely made up of such enormous tracts, only small parts of which are planted with fruits and vegetables A careful correspondent of the "Alta California," who has just finished a trip through the region, and who applied at nearly every railroad station for statistics of the crop and of the proportions of it which were ready for or about to be forwarded to market, returns with an astounding exhibit of figures. He found at each station thousands of sacks in store and news of thousands of sacks approaching in waggons. Every storehouse and shed and covered nook was filled with sacks of wheat In the upper Sacramento and Napa valleys alone there were found to be 4 742,000 sacks, or 9,484,000 bushels, or 5,690,000 centals, or about 284,000 tons of wheat.

The total yield of wheat in the San Joaquin, Livermore, Sacramento, and Napa valleys showed 10 745,945, sacks, or 21,491,-890, bushels, or 12,896,134 centials, equal to 681,746 tons. There is, however, one drawback to the flood of prosperity. The prospect of getting this unprecedented crop to market is very poor. First, there are not a sufficient number of railroad cars to take the wheat to the coast; next San Francisco, having no railroad depot nearer than across the bay, is embarrassed by transhipment, But the most important want of San Francisco and the whole Pacific coast, is ocean transhipment; and the "Alta California" though an Administration journal, declares that Congress at its next session should remove all restrictions on ship building in the country, "California," it says, "will want 600 large ships to carry this year's crop. It is a disgrace to this great nation that we should be dependent on foreign ships to carry our own products."

DEATH RATE IN THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE.—It is a curious fact, says the "Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter." and one well worth knowing, the death rate in Europe is nearly double what it is in the United States, averaging yearly one out of every forty three inhabitants; while in America it is only one out of every eighty one. Of the leading countries of Europe, France leads in its mortality, the average being one death to thirty-two people; and England appears to be the healthiest, the deaths being one to every forty six In the United States there is a wide range of difference, In Arkansas, for instance, the annual deaths are one to every forty-nine inhabitants; while in Oregon the rate is only one to every two hundred and nine. It appears that the north western states average the healthiest, and the Gulf states the sickliest.—[British Medical Journal.

REPLY OF MR. STANLEY TO HIS CRITICS.—Mr. Stanley writes a bitter letter on the criticisms which have been passed upon him. He does not think it possible for a man to be more misrepresented than he has been. He considers Mr. Beke's letters are unscientific and illogical, and that Sir Henry Rowlinson's ideas respecting Central African Rivers, and watersheds are wild, absurd, and childish, to use the mildest terms If he says the "Saturday Review" wishes to know what I resent, let it be understood that I resent all manner of impertinence; brutal horse laughs at the mention of Livingstone's name or his sufferings, all statements that Livingstone is either insane or irritable, that he has no right to complain of being neglected; all insinuations that I have written, interpolated, or suggested one word or quotation in Livingstone's letters to the "New York Herald"; all statements that I am not what I claim to be—an American; all gratuitous remarks, such as sensationalism, as directed to me by that sauve gentleman Mr Francis Galton, who is evidently no friend to Livingstone or to myself; and all such nonsense as the "Spectator" has seen fit to attribute to my pen. Mr. Stanley thinks that Livingstone is far happier pursuing the noble course that he has taken than he would be in England, exposed to the taunts levelled at him by some of the "scientists" of the Royal Geographical Society. Referring to the paragraph which the "Spectator" quoted from the 'New York Nation," in which extraordinary language was attributed to Dr. Livingstone, Mr. Stanley remarks—For a serious journal to publish the above as having really emanated from my pen is as astonishing to me as its formerly expressed unbelief in my very existance, least of all in my "discovery of Livingstone." Mr. Stanley also says—"I think Livingstone has done perfecty right in not exposing his journal, his discoveries, and geographical information to the captious emendations of easy-chair geographers. I know well that I am giving mortal offence to those for whose benefit this letter is written; but I shall not cry Peccavi. I stand by Livingstone."

The Man who Advertises

shows not only a business talent above his neighbors, but he may at once be reckoned among the independent, generous and public spirited of the community. He who hides his light under a bushel when such advantages as those at present afforded are so freely offered him does not deserve to succeed.

BEN BUTLER was a down-east lawyer before he got to be a major general and representative of his district in Congress. Like all lawers, Ben had a hard pull of it at the start, and perhaps the sharpness and acumen for which he is so universally celebrated, were acquired at this early period of his life, when he was striving for a practice, and the odds were brains or starvation.

One day, while sitting in his office, there entered a long-legged, gaunt, hatchet faced specimen of the genius Yankee, who looked sharp enough to make his meals off pins and needles, and who thus accosted the future Congressman:

Mr. Lawyer, I am going into a little bit of law business, as you seem like a right smart, plucky sort of chap, I thought I might as well give the job to you.

Well, then, I had a ham hanging in an out-shed, and a neighbor's dog came along and ate it. What would you do?

Why, prosecute the owner of the dog, of course. Make the fellow pay for damages.

That's the talk, Mr. Lawyer, said the Yankee, with a sly smile beginning to work around the corners of his eyes and mouth. But you see—I don't know as it makes any difference—the dog was yourn

Butler opened his eyes a little at this onslaught, but he wasn't going to be taken aback in that manner, even by a brother Yankee.

What do you value your ham at? asked Butler, drawing out his wallet

Well, I guess five dollars will be letting off cheap, said the Yankee, for it was an all fired good ham.

Without entering a word of protest, Butler paid the money, and then said:

There is your damage for the ham. Now fork over ten dollars.

What for? inquired the Yankee, in his turn astonished

For my legal advice, said Butler. You don't suppose I can work without a fee, do you?

Mr. Yankee was bit; so drawing a face as long as his legs, he slowly counted out the money, and inwardly vowed he would bring no more law business before the youthful but razor like dispenser of Coke and Blackstone.

The proof-reader of a Norwich paper was worried by something the other day, and, unable to read the editor's hieroglyphics, allowed the phrase, "the most popular of dissyllables, woman," to read, "that most popular or disagreeable woman."