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Poetry.

Welcome, Little Stranger.

Muzzar bought a baby,
'Tittle bity sing;
Sink I most could put him
From my rubber ring.
An't he awful ugly?
An't he awful pink?
'Just come down from heaven,
'Tat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor told anoxer
Great big awful lie;
'Nose an't out of joint, zen,
'Tat an't why I cry.
Mama stays up bedroom—
Guess he makes her sick;
Frow him in zo gutter,
'I can, right quick.

Cuddle him and love him!
Call him "bressed sing!"
Don't care if my kite an't
Got a bit of string!
Send me off with Biddy
'Every single day.
'Be a good boy, Charlie;
Run away and play."

"Sink I ought to love him!"
No, I won't, so zero!
Nassy, Crying baby,
Not got any hair.
Got all my nice kisses,
Meet my place in bed;
Mean to take a drum-stick,
And crack him on the head.

Interesting Case.

MY UNCLE'S WILL.

No need of your learning a trade, said my father. Stick to your books like a Briton, and who knows but that you may yet do without a trade at all. A life at the bench is a poor affair at the best; nothing but work day in and day out, and what do you get for it in the end? A crust of bread, a few rags on your back, and a narrow hole to wind up with.

My father's words disconcerted me. Was this true of a life at the bench? Was this all the working man's life? Did neither independence nor the glory of excelling, offer any reward to the poor human machine?

Although I was nearly eighteen, I am afraid that the tears stood in my eyes, as I replied with an effort at being respectful: The trade will do me no harm, father, even should Uncle John see fit to leave me anything when he dies.

Leave you anything! cried my mother, indignantly. Didn't he tell me years ago, that his will was made, and that he had left you all he possessed.

Much more in the same strain said my father and mother, but I was not convinced. I hurried to learn a trade.

A peep into a foundry seem to me like a glance into fairyland, and the notes of a young musician's first composition were never sweeter to him, than was the din of a boiler shop to me.

Looking back now in my old age, I can see the reason for my great warmth, although I failed to see it then. As usual there was a girl in the case.

Katie Hall—dear little Katie, my schoolmate, with the cherry lips and sweet, moist eyes—had a father who owned a boiler shop, and a large foundry, which latter daily seemed to send forth a roar of contempt against every young man who did not learn a trade.

The foundry, in all probability, accomplished other work, but to my fevered imagination, this was his chief occupation.

My parents were English, who had emigrated to the land of the free and the brave, when I was but three years old; consequently my education had been thoroughly American; and although my rich uncle had promised to make me his heir, I did not care to waste my youth in waiting for dead men's shoes, which in nine cases out of ten are never worn.

Fortunately for my purpose, I was an only child, and I determined never to give my parents a moment's rest till I had accomplished my purpose. They are dead, and gone now, and I say it with better regret, that I was not as filial as I might have been.

Oh, go to the foundry if you must! cried my father in a rage, and may you get your sick of it before three months are over. I'll put you under that tartar, old Hall, and if you don't come whimpering back to us in a week, my name isn't Joe Bartlett.

I could hardly contain my joy. To be but under her father without an effort! Why it was the very thing I had been running my head against for the last year.

Fearful of delay, I caused my father to wait

upon Mr. Hall at once. The preliminaries were arranged without trouble and I entered the gentleman's shop as apprentice to boiler making before the week was out.

My father was only a cabinet maker, remember, yet my mother's pride was so deeply wounded at the bare thought of her son coming home with a black face and soiled clothes, that she wept bitterly.

But spite of all discouragement, I did much less a week, so a suspicion rose in my mind that my father's name could not possibly be Joe Bartlett although every one called him so. All was not sun-hine with me, although I stuck to my trade as I had ever done to my books, but the trials I then met and overcame, served to make of me, that which it was the height of my ambition to be—a true man.

A peep into the foundry was still fairyland to me, but the machine shop was a little noisier at times, and the talk of a few rough fellows rather grating; but I tried hard to keep my integrity free from the prime about me, which is a harder thing to do, covered with dirt from morning till night, than your nice, clean gentlemen may think.

Mr. Hall began to notice me—it is useless to say I did not see it, for I did—and one day he proposed that I should take off my dirty clothes and go into the office as a permanency.

Now this was a great temptation, for whenever Katie came to the works, she, of course, came only to her father's office, and if I was there, she might see that her old schoolmate was a—in short a very amiable young man.

I hesitated, and Mr. Hall said: It will be a little more seemly occupation for you, as I understand that you will one day fall heir to a large English property.

I came here to learn a trade, sir, I said respectfully, and not to be a clerk. As regards to my fortune, this is all I look to holding out my grimy hands. To my astonishment, Mr. Hall slapped me on the back so heartily that he nearly knocked the breath out of me, as he replied:

That's the talk, young fellow! I started in life with the same resolution myself, and I'll not forget you.

I knew he would keep his word for a master cannot forget his best man, and this I strove to be. Whatever I undertook, I exerted all my powers upon, and if my fellow workmen were at times a little jealous they could not help at least respecting my open conduct.

I was barely out of my time when I was made foreman over the whole works, and had occasion to be frequently at Mr. Hall's house. It was then that I began to experience the reward of my indefatigable labor, for there I constantly met my little Katie with the sweet and modest eyes. We understood one another before long, though I'm sure I don't know how; we seldom spoke more than the most commonplace words, but then, Katie had wonderful eyes!

It was just in the midst of this pleasant time that my father received a morning letter from England, announcing the sudden death of my uncle, and stating that he had left me twenty pounds, the remainder of his property falling to his widow and infant heir, he having secretly married his house-keeper some eight or ten months previously. My father wore—my mother wept, and I, trying to look sleepily concerned, glided in my trade.

A lawyer's letter was dispatched to the wretched widow, and dark hints thrown out, but it was no use; the woman had been lawfully married to my uncle, and her infant son was his heir.

My father spent the twenty pounds on lawyers when my darkened prospects became known to Mr. Hall, he suddenly cut-off my opportunities for going to his house. Ah, the boiler shop was very, very noisy just then!

But I contrived a meeting with Katie one day when old Mr. and Mrs. Hall had gone in the country; and I told her my love, and vowed to accomplish unheard-of feats in the way of obtaining riches, that I might gain her from her hard father, while the dear child promised to wait for me forever.

Mrs. Hall took away her daughter, and Mr. Hall took me to task, accusing me of loving little Katie, just as though any young man in his senses could help doing that.

Unlike most criminals when charged, I pleaded guilty, and gently reminded him that he had started in life as poor as I was.

The result of this interview was that Katie and I were forbidden under dire threats, to hold any communication with each other.

I went to my work, and what between my efforts to do my whole day's work, and my sore heart, the days dragged heavily enough. Although I did not know it then, not till long afterwards, my little Katie drooped like a meek flower, and was at last laid on a bed of sickness; but her parents still held out, and only sent for me when they thought her dying.

Thank God I was enabled to carry some of the same energy that caused me to excel in my trade to that sick bed!

Katie got better, and we were married with some thing of a grudging consent from the old folk, who like so many others, alas! had outlived the sweet experiences of their own youth.

I did not get rich by magic, but my steady adherence to my business, but now that I am old, I can very well afford to let some one else be my uncle's heir.—[American Homes.

How Gunpowder is Made.

A HOUSE WHERE MEN NEVER LAUGH.

How do you think you would like to live fearing every moment to be blown up; not daring to speak loud or to jar anything for fear of starting an explosion that would send you in an instant to the other world?

You don't think it would be very pleasant? Well it isn't, yet hundreds of men live just in that state, work, receive pay, and live year after year, in the very sight of death, as it were; all that the world may have, gunpowder.

You can easily guess that these men go about quietly and never laugh.

You know that gunpowder is very dangerous in a gun, or near a fire, but perhaps you don't know that it is equally dangerous in the process of making. A powder-mill is a fearful place to visit, and strangers are very seldom allowed to go into one.

They are built far from any town, in the woods, and each branch of the work is done in a separate building. These houses are quite a distance from each other, so that if one blows up it won't blow up the rest. Then the lower parts of the building are made very strong, while the roofs are very slightly set on, so that if it explodes only the roof will suffer. But, in spite of every care, sometimes a whole settlement of the powder mills, will go off, almost in an instant, and every vestige of the toil of years will be swept away in a few seconds.

But though you feel like holding your breath to look at it, it is really a very interesting process to see. It is made perhaps you know of charcoal, saltpetre, and brimstone. Each of these articles is prepared in a house by itself, but the house where they are mixed is the first terrible one.

This building is an immense mill-stone, rolling round and found in an iron bed, and under the stone are put the three fearful ingredients of gunpowder. There they are thoroughly mixed and ground together. This is a very dangerous operation, because if the stone comes in contact with its iron bed it is very apt to strike fire, and the mere suspicion of a spark would set off the mill.

The materials are spread three or four inches thick in the bed; the wheel, which goes by water-power, is started and every man leaves the place. The door is shut and the machinery left to do its terrible work alone. When it has run long enough the mill is stopped and the men come back. This operation leaves the powder in hard lumps or cakes.

The next house is where the cakes are broken into grains, and, of course, is quite as dangerous as the last one. But the men can't go away from this; they are obliged to attend to it every moment, and you may be sure no laugh or joke is ever heard within its walls. Every one who goes in has to take off his boots and put on rubbers, because one grain of powder, crushed by the boot, would explode the whole in an instant.

The floor of this house is covered with leather, and is made perfectly black by the dust of the gunpowder. It contains a set of sieves, each one smaller than the last, through which the powder is sifted, and an immense ground and laboring mill, where it is ground up, while men shovel it in with wooden shovels. The machinery makes a great deal of noise, but the men are silent as in the other houses. The reckless crashing of the machinery even seems to give greater horror, and one is very glad to get out of that house.

The stoving-house is the next on the list, and there the gunpowder is heated on wooden trays. It is very hot, and no workmen stay there. From there it goes to the packing-house, and it is put up in barrels, kegs and canisters.

Safely through all these houses it goes at last to the storerooms. One feels like drawing a long breath to see the fearful stuff safely packed away, out of the hands of men in this curious house.

You've heard of things being as dry as a powder-house, but you wouldn't think this house very dry. It is almost imbedded in water. The roof is one big tank kept full of water. Did you ever hear of a water roof before. Instead of steps to go in, there are shallow tanks of water, through which every one must walk to the door.

In none of these powder houses is any light ever allowed, except sunlight. The wages are good, the day's work is short, ending always at three or four o'clock. But the men have a serious look, that makes one think every moment of the danger and glad to get away.

Though curiosity may take a man once to visit a powder mill, he has no desire to go the second time; and he feels all the rest of his life that for once he has been very near death.

The head-hardest distributor of a marriage license of Burlington, Iowa, the other day refused a license to an anxious couple respectively sixteen and fourteen years old.

Marriage.

Men and women, and especially young people, do not know that it takes years to marry completely two hearts, even of the most loving and well-sorted. But nature allows no sudden change. We slope very gradually from the cradle to the summit of life. Marriage is gradual, a fraction of us at a time. A happy wedlock is a long falling in love. I know young persons think love belongs only to brown hair, and plump, round or oval cheeks. So it does for its beginning, just as Mr. Washington begins at Boston bay. But the golden marriage is a part of love which the bridal day knows nothing of. Youth is the tassel and silken flower of love, age is the full corn, ripe and solid in the ear. Beautiful is the morning of love with its prophetic crimson, violet and gold, with its hopes of days that are to come. Beautiful also is the evening of love, with its glad remembrances, and its rainbow side turn toward Heaven as well as earth. Young people marry their opposites in temper and general character, and such a marriage is commonly a good match. They do it instinctively. The young man does not say, "My black eyes require to be wed with blue, and my over-vehemence requires to be a little modified with somewhat of dullness and reserve." When these opposites come together to be wed, they do not know it, but each thinks the other like himself. Old people never marry their opposites; they marry their similars, and from calculation. Each of these two arrangements is very proper. In their long journey, these young opposites will fall out by the way a great many times, and both get away from the road; but each will charm the other back again, and by and by they will be agreed as to the place they will go to and the road they will go by, and become reconciled. The man will be nobler and larger for being associated with so much humanity unlike himself, and she will be a nobler woman for having manhood beside her, that seeks to correct her deficiencies and supply her with what she lacks, if the diversity be not too great, and there be real piety and love in their hearts to begin with. The old bridegroom having a much shorter journey to make, must associate himself with one like himself. A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they only, I think after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage, that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season. But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes on such a spectacle.—[Theo. Parker.

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