THE HEARTHSTONE.

his penkulfe-the penkulfe you gave him, "He's only a boy," said Miss Muttic, indul-

gently.
"You spot! him," said the gentleman. "Who gave him a shovel last week, with which he dug up all my carnations?" retorted

Where the discussion would have ended it is impossible to say, but at that moment the door opened, and the staid old waiter man, who re-membered the childhool of the brother and sister, handed in a letter. Mr. Iroton read it

with a puzzled face.

"Do youremember anybody named Bilfool?"

he asked his sister.
"Riffied! Riffied! What a queer name?" "Rimon! Rimon! What it queer intine!"
"He is going to send me some game. I think
it must be a mistake. No, here is my name
and address, as plain as print.—What kind of
game can it be at this season?"

When is it coming?"

"This afternoon! There! read the note." It would be useless to deny that Miss Mattle was in quite a flutter over the note. Live game was in quite a fluiter over the note. Live game! Perhaps some rare birds, that would be a fresh ornament to her aviary. She was quite determined Herbert should never kill them, if they were golden pheasants, lopeared rabbits, or any rarities of that kind. She took her work to the front window to watch for the express wagon, but to her disgust it was driven right past the window. It was long past dinner-time, and was quite dark, before the long-expected ring was

"If it is a hamper of game, bring it in here, Joseph," said Mr. Ireton, as the man servant crossed the hall to open the door, ... A hamper, sure enough, it is," said Joseph,

and obeyed orders.

There was no flutter of wings, or moving of tired feet as the cover of the hamper was thrown back. Mr. Ireton started back with a cry of horror, but Miss Mattle knell down for a nearer view of the unexpected present. Never had she seen a prettier sight than the sleeping baby upon the soft pillows that were in the hamper the sate priors that were it the samper. Its rosy cheeks were shaded by a hood of soft white zephyr, and a white cloak covered carefully the little round limbs. One dimpled hand had escaped from the folds of the cloak, and was thrown across the breast. The parted crimson lips showed two tiny pearls of teeth, and the long dark covalishes suggested durk and the long, dark cyclashes suggested dark eyes. A little eard was pluned to the cloak, and on this was written: "My name is Sadio Williams."

In't she pretty?" whispered Miss Mattic. "In't she protty?" whispered Miss Mattle.
Take her awny! Put her in alms's house?"
cried the gentleman. "Live game! By Jove,
Mattle! It's the first of April. Rilfool! A. P.
Rilfoul! April Pool! We were a pair of old
fools not to see through that signature be-

to, no! It is too late to-night. Let her stay to-night. Take her to my room, Joseph."

Take the hamper to the almshouse,

Joseph, obeyed, muttering as he did so.
"I'll ent my head if this is not one of
Master Herbert's or Miss Amelia's pranks," Much to Mr. Ireton's disgust, he was obliged

to retire without his backgammon.
"Miss Mattle says she won't be down again
this evening; the baby's crying," was the message sent in answer to his summons.

Miss Mattie found she had work till bedtime undressing the foundling, sorting out the clothing under the pillows in the hamper, filling the ing under the philows in the namper, ning the bottle also there with warm milk, feeding the little one, and hushing it again to sleep. By the time the sun rose, and the little hands had nestled all night in her bosom, Miss Mattle would have killed every pet in heraviary before she would have sent Sadie to the alms house.

It took longer to overcome her brother's premiers. He hated hables! He despised ciris!

judices. He hated bables! He despised girls There would never be an hour's peace in the house! Mattle was crazy! He would send for a policeman to take the child away! and a thousand other objections and threats, to all of which Miss Muttle listened caimly; and washed, dressed, and fed her new pet with renowed de-votion, repudd by its crowing laugh of pleasure at her caresses, and the clinging clasp of buby

Eighteen years passed before I again intro-duce Miss Sadie Williams to my readers. Herhert and Amelia Ireton are married, and Walter is a flourishing young lawyer, with a fair share of practice.

But there is no greater change in all the family than can be discovered by peeping into 29 Elm Row. The prim, staid, old-fashloned furniture is all gone; and the sauciest of chairs, Oles-à-lèle, and lounges till its place. Dainty mats are under the prettiest of knick-knacks, silvery clock-chlunes sound the hours from the prettiest of clocks, windows are only covered by bace curtains, shutters are open to the full flood of small ht, regardless of the possible damage to bright carpets. In place of staid, sober dinner parties twice a year, the parlors are now often tease Miss Mattle's pets, and toss about Mr. Iretou's choicest volumes.

The change in brother and sister is as marked as that in their house. They have grown young again in the loving care they have given their adopted child; for Mr. Ireton, early in the full following Miss Sadio's arrival in his home, took her also into his heart, and legally adopted her, to the great delight of Herbert and Amelia.

righter, prettier girl never gladdened a than Saddie Williams Iroton. Pretty as picture, with a graceful figure and bright, runette beauty, she had her warm Trish heart and vivacity only kept in check by her love for the uncle and aunt who had adopted her. ted, humored and loved, she had never been spoiled. Education had been always conducted at home, for neither Mr. Iroton nor Miss Mattie would listen to the suggestion of sending her to shool, and she was a credit to her teacher Mr. Iroton guided her reading and studies, after Miss Mattie had piloted her through the mysterles of the alphabet, spelling book and reader. For music she had a master, but languages she learned also from Uncle Herbert, as she was taught to call Mr. Iroton.

Eighteen years of unclouded happiness had passed overhead, and the little lady had awakened to the fact that she was no longer a child, and that she had a lover. Whether Walter froton left his heart in the hamper on the night he assisted in carrying Sadio to Eim Row, he never know, but it is certain that from that hour he was her most devoted cavaller. He pulled her buby carriage around the garden, h her patient horse; he spent his pennies to buy camiles; and, as he grow older, he bough her flowers, books and music, till one day he fact that Sadie was a young indy and he loved her.

A very pleasant state of affairs for the young But there was an odd combination o em .ions awakened about that time in another hourt that would have made Sadie open her wide with astonishment, and probably sent eyes wide with astonishine Miss Mattle into hysteries.

Mr. Herbert Ireton, in the sixtleth year of his age, had fallen in love with his adopted niece, Miss Sadie Williams Ireton. He had petted her babyhood, indulged her childhood, looking upon ber as a pretty plaything and bright pupil, when, without any warning, he found his heart

was in her hands, and she, all unconsciously,

was playing with the precious gift.

If could not credit his own sensations at first, but it was not long before he took what he deemed a "sensible view of the case." deemed a "sensible view of the case." She had never known any other home, and certainly had no other lover; therefore he would speak to her at once, and install her mistress of his home as soon as Mattle could arrange the wedding finery. He could hear her now singing in the drawing-room, so he would go at once and have it over.

He had forgotten the fact, but it was now eighteen years to the day since Sadie came into his house. He found her in the drawing-room, singing gaily as she arranged and watered a stand of favorite flowers. In her pretty spring stand of favorite flowers. In her pretty spring dress of soft gray, trimmed with the marrowest lines of cerise in her black, glossy hair, she was herself the prettlest flower there. There was nothing subdued about her; she was all flash and spurkle, vivacity and brightness. How such a gay heart had expanded in the quiet old house had been a mystery to more than one of the other of the all property but there she was friends of the old people; but there she was smilling and happy, without one shadow to cloud her fair young face or heart. Mr. Iroton hest-tated a moment in the doorway, then came in and sat upon the sofu.

"Sadie, my dear," he said. "I want to have a few moments' serious conversation with you."

a few moments' serious conversation with you."

"Yes, dear uncle. Let me the up this geranium, and I will come. There! Is it not a
beauty. Now I am all ready."

"Ahen!" said the old gentleman. "You
know, my dear, you are no longer a child."

"No?" she questioned.

"Certainly not. You are now eighteen years
of age, nearly mineteen, in fact, as you were
some months old when you came here. A
young lady with proporlety begins to think of her young lady with propriety begins to think of her

A little crimson flush came on Sadie's check and her cyclids drooped.

"Have you ever thought, my dear, of being married?"

No answer. "Your Aunt Mattie has instructed you well in all household matters, so that you can preside over a house of your own. Don't you think Mrs. Sadio Ireton would be a pretty name,

was to prepare her for his proposal! Sadie lifted her eyes and said, softly:

"Then, my dear, we will have a wedding?"

No answer, only a deeper blush.
"I will see Mattle now, and come and talk to you again. You have made me the happies man in the world."

Sadie accepted the kiss with quiet grace, find-

ing no novelty in the habitual caress, and the old gentleman trotted off to electrify Mattle. What bird whispered to Walter Ireton that somebody else was covering his idol I can only guess; but certain it is that, whatever instinct prompted him. Sadle was not alone dve minutes Walter put his handsome head in at

the door.
One love scene is surely enough to describe, so I spare my readers a second. No reference was made to Uncle Herbert, but Sadie gave a more cordial reception to the suit of her lover, feeling so certain of her uncle's approval, Walter, proud and happy, was putting a ring upon Sadie's finger, his arm around her waist, and his lips on her check, when Uncle Herbert led the fluttered Aunt Mattle in the room.

Walter drew off a step or two before the old gentleman's astonished eyes, but Sadie said,

"Uncle Herbert told me this morning you

were coming, Walter."
"Told you I was coming?"
"Why, brother Herbert," said Aunt Mattle,

I thought you said—"
" Ifush! hush!" whispered the old gentleman. "Her been an old fool." Then aloud he said:
"Accept my best wishes, Walter. You have
won a charming bride and Mattle will see to the wedding. Come, Mattle, leave the young folks together!" Once outside the door: "That's twice I've been fooled by Miss Sadle on the first of April."

> For the Hourthstone. BUD AND BLOSSOM.

BY DR. NORMAN SMITH

Softly fall the little rain-drops, In the gentle spring-time showers, And the earthland of its treasures, Giveth us the buds and flowers,

Amid the tears and smiles of an April sky, comes the fresh young spring, with bud and blossom, with life and beauty, with song and gladness. The dark, dreary shadows of winter have crept stiently away, giving place to the work, you and the white-winged clouds float lazily over the valleys, and loiter around the hill-tops, sittin' wid a baythen an' he a atin' wid dromthe valleys, and loiter around the hill-tops, dropping down from time to time the genial showers like so many tear drops of joy. Nature haste to spread out over the earth a makes muste to spread out over the earth a beautiful carpet of green, and decorate the fields in toveliness. The woodlands are echoing with merry bird songs, and the soft, warm breezes that come up to us from the sunny south, waft along the muste of murnuring rills, from every side, from valley and bill, from forest and plain. from hill-top and mountain, arises a glad song of welcome to the verdant spring.

Now we may break down our prison walls

and go out into the broad fields where we can admire nature as she puts on her vermi rober and prepares to decorate herself with the glories of summer; and as we wander away over the mendows, through the wild wood or down by much from which we may learn truthful les sons and desire real pleasure. When the last Autumn winds swept over the landscape, and the flowers one by one taded away, our hearts grow sad for we loved them; loved them for their benuty, their purity and fragrance, and w layed them too, for that silent influence which ever surrounds them, for they are to us as ministering angels by the wayside of life, constant ly reminding us of the home that gave them, and of the flowers that bloom in cudiess beauty in celestial bowers, but the ley fetters of the frost-king are broken; the fall of snow has melted nway, the seads begin to take root, the leaves to unfold, the flowers to blossom, and thus is the earth again unde beautifut. Ah! yes, nature has indeed scattered over the earth beautifut flowers in rich profusion todelight our eyes with tuoir delicate tluts, and charm our seases with sweet fragrance, with what splendor do they array the same meadows, the shady delis and and leafy woodlands, how they spring up in each mossy bank and creep out of every rocky crevice of the mountain height. They bloom with equal beauty in the gardens of the rich and by the humble cottages of the poor, for they are God's free gift to be enjoyed alike by all. Where the little laughing brooklets sparkle along in the rosy sunlight, there they bloom upon the grassy bank, and bend low their heads to kiss

amid the arid sands of the desert, wherever falls the crystal dews and genial showers, there also may be found the bads and blossoms, the gems of beauty fresh from the Creator's hands

Flowers have in all ages been made the emblems of innocence, of purity and love, with tender thoughts we twine the bridal wreath with orange blossoms, and strew with sorrowing tears, immortels over the graves of dear ones gone to the spirit hand, they have each a silent language, and from the queenly rose, to the modest little violet or dalsy, every one breaties forth in its fragrance maight but what is fair and lovely blending with its exquisite perfune, the beauty of its own perfection. Nature seems to have endowed each thy blossom with charms unsurpassed by any of her other children, they are in fact her adornments worn only during the season of gayty and pleasure when gentle tephyr's chant low sweet includes beneath the

For all this beauty which we so much admire, ought not we to join in the universal song of thanksgiving to Him who causes the changing seasons to come and go, and giveth us the verdant spring, with its genial showers, glorious sunshine, buds and flowers? Well, bloom on little flowers, and when the dew-gents sparkle on each thry leaf, we will go out into the green fields to admire thy loveliness and inhale the fragrance which floats upon the morning air, falthfully will we watch over thee, and love thee, and when the chilling winds of Autumn sweep over the plain and thy drooping heads and faded leaves tell us that thou are passing away, we will treasure up thy memory in our hearts and trust that each in due time will be again renewed, and thus passing on through life's deci-ing hours, may we constantly learn of thee les-sons of love and beauty, and so live that our last hours may pass away as calmly and serene ly as fades away the fily of the valley.

MISS MALONY ON THE HEATHEN CHUNEE.

Och! don't be talkin'. Is is howld on, ye ay? An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clean broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me tollin' like a mager for the six years I've been in Ameriky—had luck to the day I ever left the owld country—to be bate by the likes o' them! (falk and l'li sit down when I'm rendy, so 1 will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listenin' than drawin' your remarks) an' isit myse'f, with five good characters from respect able places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer.

Sure an't was the granteborn not to be lavin' at onst when the missus kim into the kitchen wid her perlayer about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, It's meself that looks to you to be kind and patient wid bim, for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' lookin' off. "Sure an' It's little l'it hinder bim nor any other, main," says I, a kind o' still, for I minded me how those French watters, their many callars and brass thus on their the their paper collars and brass rings on their fin-ger, isn't company for no gurril brought up dactnt and honest.

Och I sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till

the misus walked into me klichen smilin', and says kind o' schared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll hav too much sense to mind his bein'

a little strange."
Wid that she shoots the doore, and I, mistrus tid if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—Howly Fa-thers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stood a raio haythen Chineser a grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll blave me, the crayture was that yeller it 'ud sieken yun to see him; and sorra stich was on him but a black night-gown over his trousers, and the front of his head shavel claner nor a copper biler, and a black tall a-hanging down from it, behind, wid his two feet stack into the hea-

thenestest shoes you ever set eyes on.
Och! but I was up stairs afore you could turn about, a givin' the missus warnin', an' only stops wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars an playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins and taich 'em all in our the saints save us !

Well, the ways and trial I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissid thing cud I do but he'd be leokin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-bandles. an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' wilsker on him, an' his finger nalis full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a larnin' him, and he a grinnin' an' waggin' his ple-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate i) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, initatin' that chary, you'd be shurprised, an' ketchen' an' cop-pyin' things the best of us will do a hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' tothe knowledge

sticks-yes, an' atla' dogs an' cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me fine clothes for the iron-in' an' fillin' his haythen mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder squirrit through his teeth stret over the best linen-cloth, and fold it up tight as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of it all was the copnyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be distracted. It's yersel' knows the tinder feet that's on me ever lines I've bin in this cyunthry. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praties or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind that haythen would do the same thing after me whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him clave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be paylin' anything.

Did I have for that? Falx an' I didn't, Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythen? You're aware yoursel' how the boondies comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n 'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter, I'd now an' then take out a cap o sugar, or flour, or tay, an' wrap it in paper an' put it in the hit of a buy tucked under the freein' blankit and there it enddont be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn the missus was a spakin' pleasant and respectful wid me in me kitchen wid his boundles, and she motions like to Fing Wing, (which I never would call by that many ty out the sugar, an' what not where they be-longs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ityan, what did the blatherin' Chineser do but take out a cup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chaze right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprize, an he the next minute up wid the ironin' blanki and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to

says she. "I'll arrist him," says 1. "H's you ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says 1. "I will," says she—and so it went till she give me so much sass as I caldent take from no lady—an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, no' she a-pointin' to the doore,— Seribner's Monthly.

THE STORY OF LUCY.

fast week, in a neighboring city, a sudden etal came to a little domestic drama, for which we purpose to make room here. We believe We purpose to make room here. its meaning bears more nearly on the lives of a large class of our readers than even the na-tional debt or the choice of our next President.

About twenty years ago, a girl-baby was born

to a carpenter and his wife who had five boys already swarming and squabhling about the three-roomed house. The baby shared the fate of solitary girls among brothers. She was the bit of porcelain among rough crackery; her fa-ther and the bigger boys dubbed her e-little body;" carried her out proudly on Sunday afternoons, when their own clothes were coarse and patched chongh; but she never lacked a bit of embroblery or a feather in her cap. She, un-like myrlads of other children, was born to no Inexorable Inheritance of poverty or dirt or crime. The carpenter was a hard-working, honest, domestic old man, whose highest ambition was to give each of his boys a steady trade, other they might never need to take to shifty ways to earn a meat." For Lucy, of course, he hoped for something better. His wife was a thrifty Scotch-Frishwoman, who had lived in one house at service for fifteen years before her marriage, and could command a high salary at any time now as honsekrener. Others in the any time now as housekeeper. "Girls in the old country," she said, "were set to work from the time they could walk. They did not need to drudge so here. There were chances for them in a free country." She never passed a rich man's daughter, delicately dressed, that she did not think of these "chances;" chances that numbered not only easy flying and refinement, but equipages, velvets, diamonds. Education placed all men on a levet. Her mother's heart was sore and tender. Why should not her little girl enter into that high nuknown world of luxgerienter into that high mixinown word of this mry from which she had been shut out? God had made no life so full of blessings that it ought not to be possible to Lucy with her loying blue eyes and wonderful bright hair. It was quite true that God had made no life of happy wo-manhood which was not possible to the child. She had a practical, nimble intellect, was frank, agreed, offsetlemate; blushes and tears can. carnest, affectionate; blushes and tears came quickly, signs of a delicate nature and tender conscience, betiting to a servant as a queen, both of them being God's children. One would have said the girl was born to be in time a pure

maiden, a loving wife, a faithful mother.

She went to school years after her brothers were nt work, but learned little more than to read and write; whatever ability she had as-suredly did not lie in the path of book-knowledge; the boys bought ber a cheap plane at auction, on which she strummed a few street airs. People who noticed the girl's readiness and winning manner, told her mother it was time she was making some provision for her and offered to take her into their houses as servant. But menial work was a certainty which to Lucy's vague chances was an insult. Even drudgery at home was spared her that sh might ran with her school companions, or read the cheap papers of the day. Gradually the anc delicatey faded out of her face; her voice grow loud; the quick step dragged lazily; it became a matter of course for her to watch her old father work for her while she sat idle. At hist the turn came; the older brothers married; the old man and his wife died; a deformed brother kept the house with facey, but it was ne-cessary that she should earn her own living. There were half-a-dozen homes open to her, where she would have had light work, which would have fitted her for her duties when she married, high wages, and the protection and se-clusion of a refined Christian family. But this irl, whose Master was born in a stable, was ingirl, whose Master was born in a stable, was in-dignant at being asked to take the place of a servant. She went into a mill. The wages were good. She had her ambition. Velvets and dlamonds made the hely. She could at least flaunt in Terry and Milton gold. She had the imagination of other young girls—the zest for love, adventure. No knights or gentlemen came about the mill, or lovers to the house, but there was the chance compliment from young men on the streets; the encounter on the streetmen on the streets; the encounter on the street-

cars going bome at night.

The story is told. There came a day when
the deformed brother, who had watched over her since she was a baby with a sorer tenderness because no other woman could ever be near or dear to him, cursed her and drove her from the door. She went gladly. The street life sulted her now; for the change in the girl alld not begin in dress or face or voice; it worked out from within. Year by year her training had corrupted soul and brain. It mattered little when the symptoms of decay showed them-selves to the world. For years she has tested the street life. Last week it ended. In the bright samight a blouted, fifthy woman crept out of the prison van into the stone archway of the city prison, and the iron gates with their heavy clang shut on her, not to open for two years. "Lucy—, sentenced for grand larceny." Whether, when they open, her ruined body will be there to drug itself out into the santight again, matters little. It may live until old age. But Lucy, honest, unselfish, pure in thought, died long ago. It it had been only to sleep with her mother on yonder hill-side, we might have made the grass green above her, knowing that the child would come again. But she, still living, child would come again. But she, still living, went down into a grave from which there is no place of resurrection, though we seek it carefully and with tears.—Perlmps It is astory without a moral;—at least It has none, if mothers do not find it for themselves.—N. T. Tribune.

ON THE ICE.

Mary Ann went to the front door, last evening, to see if the paper had come. She had been lelivering a short address to me concerning what she is pleased to term my «cold molasses style" of moving around. As she had opened the door she remarked, "I like to see a body inven more quick, prompt, emplatte manner, and I reached the door Just in time to see my better half sliding across the sidewalk, in a sit ting posture. I suggested, as she limped back to the door, that there might be such a thing as too much celerity; but she did not seem to clined to carry on the conversation, and I started

Right in front of me, on the slippery sldewalk, strode two independent Knights of St. Crispin. They were talking over their plans for the fu-ture, and as I overtook them, I heard one of them say; "I have only my two hands to depend upon; but that is fortune enough for any man who is not afraid to work. I intend to my own way through the world"—his feet grassy bank, and bend low their heads to kiss put the min. Och, the Lord forgive me, but is slipped out under him, and he came down in the the crystal waters as they dance gally by, they gladden the sight of the traveller in the most northern climes, and are found too on the oasis haythen nager," says i. "I've found you out,"

he did he would come through among the

he did he would come through among the "heathen Chinese," and he was really grateful for the Interest I manifested. He invited me to a place where lee never forms on the sidewalk. Then I slid along behind a loving couple on their way to hear Madam Anna Bishop. Their hands were frezen together. Their hearts beat as one. Said he: "My own, I shall think mething of hard work if I can make you happy. It shall be my only aim to surround you with comfort. My sympathy shall lighten every sorrow, and through the path of life I will be your stay and support; your...," he stomed. your stay and support; your—," he stopped. His speech was too flowery for this climate, and as I passed, she was trying to lift him up.

as I passed, she was trying to fit min up.

Two lawyers conting from the Court house
next attracted my attention. "Ah," said one,
"Judge Foster would rule that out. We must
concede the two first points. We can afford to concede the two first points. We can afford to do it if eyhlence sustains us in the third, but on this position we must make our stand, and----," his thue was up. I left him moving for a new

I mused. What a lesson the ice teaches us, How easy is humanity controlled by circumstances and the attraction of gravitation. What a sermior might be preached. I got up and took the middle of the street to prevent further accident.

Love's Banautyer Hoor. Not long since I met a gentleman who is asset sed for more than a million. Silver was in his bair, care upon his brow, and ho stooped heneath his burden of wealth. We were speaking of that period of life when we had realized the most perfect enloyment, or, rather, when we had found the happiness mearest to be unalloyed. "I'll tell you," said the millionaire, "when was the happiest hour of my life. At the age of one and-twenty, I had saved up \$800. I was carming \$500 a year, and my fitther did not take it from me, only requiring that I should pay for my board. At the age of twenty-two I had secured a pretty cottage, jost outsidn of the city. I was able to pay two thirds of the value down, and also to formish it respectably. I was married on Sunday an Sunday in June at my inther's house. My wife had come to me poor in purse, but rich in the wealth other womanhood. The Sabbath and the Sabbath might we pessed beneath my father's roof, and on Monday morning I went to my work, leaving my mother and sister to help in preparing my home. On Monday evening, when the balors of the day where done, I went not to the paternal shelter, as in tho days past, but to my own house—my own home. The holy atmosphere of that hour seems to surround me even now in memory. I opened the door of my cottage and entered. I had my hat upon the little stand in the hall, and passed on into the evening meal was ready—prepared by the hands of hor who had come to be my help-meet in doed na well as in name—and by the table, with a throbbing, overestant look upon her lovely and loving too her the estatic burden of my heart. The years have passed—long, long yeurs—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honered and onvioul; but, as true as heaven. I would give it all—every dollar—for the joy of the hour of that June ceening in the long, long yeurs—and worldly wealth has flowed in upon me, and I am honered and onvioul; but, as true as sheaven.

Tilliand Stories.—A few years up a society was formed in New York for the suppression of story-tellers. Ariemus Ward, Dan Bryand, Billy Florence and men of that ilk constituted the active members. Their plan was, when a man commenced a story, to get up and saunter away, one at a time, leaving the unhappy man to complete his intration to the chairs and other fermiture.

One day Dan Bryant so far forget himself as to hegin a story, foreithly brought to his remembrance by some incident of the occasion. Ward got up and sauntered out, whistling a melancholy time.

One by one the romaindor followed suit, with troubled looks and a sad shake of the head, sometimes sighing decidely. By the time Dan had reading the middle of his story he was alone. As the last man youed out. Dan turned to a picture of George Wishington hanging on the wall, and remarking:

"Here, old follow, you've got to hear the reet of

George Washington manging on the marking:

"Hare, old follow, you've got to hear the rest of the story: Pd like to sou you get down and walk off on your ear," completed his narrative, the Father of his Country listening with that calm boungity so characteristic of him. It is needless to say, the story extinguishers, who were listening outside, enjoyed this part of the yarn at least.

Where the Sun Never Sets.—The following paragraph is from the description of a scene witnessed by Mr. Campbell and a party in the north of Norway, from a diff 1,000 feet above the sen; "The ocean strutched away in silout vastness at our feet; the sound of the waves scarcely reached our airy lookout, away in the north the huge old sun swamg low along the horizon, like the slow heat of the pendulum in the tall clock of our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, booking at our watches. When the hands canne together at twelve, midnight, the fall orb hung triumphantly above the waves—a bridge of gold, ranning due north, spanned the water between us and him. There he shome in silent majesty that knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats, and no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant surries and suncer that you ever saw, and its hearties, will pale before the sor geons coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swing by perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the flood, one sangster after another piped up in the trees behind us—we had slid into another day."

Haurs or Flowers.—It is said that almost all kinds of flowers sleep during the night. The marigold goes to bed with the sun and rises weaping. Many plants are so sensitive that their leaves closs during the passage of a cloud. The dandedion opens at five or six in the morning and closes at nine in the evening. The daisy opens its day's eye to meet the early heams of the morning. The croans, tully and many others, close their blossoms at different hours towards the evening. The ivy leafed lettuce opens at four in the afternoon.

The night bowering cerous turns night into day it begins to expand its magnificent sweet-sended blossoms in the twilight; it is in full bloom at midnight, and closes never to open again at the days

blussoms in the iwilight; it is in full bluom at muchight, and choos never to open ugain at the dawn of the day. In a clover field not a leaf openstill after surrise. So says a celebrated author, who has devoted much time to the study of plants, and often watched them in their slumbers. Those plants which seem to be awake all hight he styles the bats and owls of the vegetable kingdom.

A Lesson in Political. Economy.—A certair Judge living in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, having had a load of wood brought into his yard, a Chinese wood-sawyer applied for the job of sawing it:

"How maches?" asked the Judge.

"Hap dollar." replied John.
A bargain was about to be struck, when an Irish American citizen demanded the Johnse.

"Now much?" nain asked the Judge.

"A dollar and a half," replied the American citizen.

zen.
The Judge denurred, saying that the Chinaman had just offered to do the same work for half a dollar.
However, he said " as I prefer to encourage white American labor. I will pay you a dollar and a half. The Judge returned some hours afterwards, and to his surprise, found the Chinaman, and not the white

his surprise, found the Chinaman, and not the white man at work upon his wood pile.

"How's this, how's this?" said his honor; "who told you to saw my wood?"

"Melican man," said John.
"How muchee he pny?" enquired the Judge.
"Hap dollar," said John.
The Judge accepted this lesson in cheap Asiatic labor.

Quite connect.—The indian modicine known as the Grant Shoshonees Remedy and Pills will be found to be the most reliable curative and blood purifier when spring after a long and inclement winter reopens the perce of the skin and an alterative is required to transfer impurities from the body through these natural outlets. The Remedy and Pills can be confidently recommended as the surest, safest, and easiest means of staining this desirable end, without weakening the most deliaste or incommoding the most feeble. When from frequent chills or impure air the blood becomes foul and the scorotions vitated, this modicine presents a ready and efficient means of cleaning the former and correcting the latter, it may fairly be said of this celebrated indian Medicine that it radically removes all corrupt and disordered elements from the system.—3-14-d



