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WHEN ALL IS DONE.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down
And the day and the night are the same as one;
The year grows green and the year grows brown,
And what is it all when all is done.
Grains of sombre or shining sand
Sliding into and out of the hand.

And men go down in ships to the seas,
And a hundred ships are the same as one;
And backward and forward blows the breeze.
And what is it all when all is done?
A tide with never a shore in sight
Setting steadily on toward the night.

The fisherman droppeth his net in the stream,
And a hundred streams are the same as one;
The maiden dreameth her love-lit dream,
And what is it all when all is done
The fisher's net the burden breaks,
And after the dreaming the dreamer awakes.

Mr. Palmleaf's Proposal.

White and glistening like a mammoth bridal veil, the December sun lay over all the New Hampshire hills; dark and delicate, like the tracery of lacework, the leafless woods held up their boughs against the dazzling winter sky—and the Reverend Peter Palmleaf studying over an embryo sermon in his own especial sanctum glanced up where a blackbird was whistling in the casement, and thought to himself what a lovely world the Lord had made.

When, all of a sudden, a shrill voice called through the entry:

"Peter, the horse is ready."

"What horse?" asked the Rev. Mr. Palmleaf.

"Our horse, to be sure!" said Miss Paulina, his sister.

"What for?" demanded the parson, staring through his near-sighted spectacles at the door.

"To take you to Mr. Darrow's."

"Why, am I going to Mr. Darrow's?" further questioned the man of theology.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Paulina, bouncing into the study, with a yellow pocket handkerchief tied around her head and her sleeves rolled in a business-like fashion up to her elbows. "Peter, you grow more moody and absent-minded every day of your life! Have you forgotten our discussion at the breakfast table? Why, you are going to Mr. Darrow's after a girl, to be sure!"

"A—girl!" repeated the young minister, dreamily, rubbing his forehead. "Oh, I do recall something of the conversation. A hired girl."

"Yes," nodded the lady briskly. "She's going to leave Mr. Darrow's this morning, because the family is so large and work so heavy. She can't find that fault with our establishment, I guess. Ask her how much wages she wants, and how old she is, and ask her whether she has any followers—a follower is the one thing I can't tolerate, tell her—and be sure you bring her back with her bundles; as I must have her or some person to help me before cousin Philinda's folks come from the city."

"But suppose she won't come!" said the young minister, dubiously, fitting on the fingers of his gloves.

"Then you must make her come," said Miss Paulina, hurriedly retreating, to look after a certain kettle, which was noisily boiling over, at the back of the house.

And thus, charged with his mission, the Reverend Peter Palmleaf got into the one-horse cutter and jingled merrily away.

Mr. Darrow's farmhouse nestled under a hill, in the protecting shadow of a cluster of evergreens, with a green fence in front of it, a red barn at the rear, and a colony of dovehouses at the sunny southern angle; and Mr. Darrow himself, a ruddy-faced, elderly man with a fridge of white whiskers around his chin, was shoveling away the pearly masses of snow in front of his door.

"Hi!" said Mr. Darrow leaning on the handle of his spade, as the bells jingled up in front of his gate, and then stopped. "How? Why, it's the minister! Good morning, Mr. Palmleaf—good morning! That there Sunday sermon o' yours was a masterpiece. Me and Squire Semmex—"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmleaf, leisurely alighting and tying the horse to the post. "I have called on business this morning."

For Mr. Palmleaf was emphatically a man of one idea, for the time being, the "hired girl" had chased all theology out of his head.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow; "business?"

"I've have come after a young woman," said the minister.

Mr. Darrow dropped the spade in the middle of the snow-drift.

"Do you mean Dolly?" he said.

"If that's her name—yes, asserted the minister, solemnly.

"You don't mean that—it is to be an engagement?" cried Mr. Darrow.

"Well, yes—that is, if we suit each other," said Mr. Palmleaf, mildly.

"Jerusalem!" said Mr. Dorrow, who had always heard that Mr. Palmleaf, like most men of genius, was an "eccentric," but had never realized it before. "Have you spoken to her?"

"Certainly not!" answered Mr. Palmleaf. "Of course I shouldn't think of such a thing without seeing you first."

"Very straightforward of you, I'm sure," said the farmer. "But, of course, I can have no objection if Dolly herself is suited. Though," and he smote one red mitted hand upon his knee, "now I come to think of it, you've never seen Dolly."

"No!" said the minister, serenely. "But that need make no difference."

"Jerusalem!" again uttered the farmer. "It wasn't the way I used to look at things when I was a [illegible]."

"Tastes differ," said Mr. Palmleaf, a little impatient at this lengthened discussion. [illegible]

"Oh, of course you can see her," said Mr. Darrow. "She's in the dairy, skimming milk. Dolly! Dol!!" raising his voice to a wild bellow. "Here's the Reverend Mr. Palmleaf, wants to see you! There's the door, just to the left, sir."

And, in his [illegible] way, the minister stumbled into Farmer Darrow's dairy, where a rosy-cheeked girl, with jet-black hair, brushed away from a low, olive-dark brow, and eyes like pools of sherry wine, was skimming the cream from multitudinous milkpans into a huge stone pot.

"Young woman," said Mr. Palmleaf, turning his spectacles upon her amazed face, "do you want to engage yourself?"

"Sir!" said Dolly, her spoon coming to an abrupt standstill amid the wrinkly and leather-like folds of the cream on a particular pan.

"In other words," explained Mr. Palmleaf, "do you want a good home!"

"Indeed, sir, I never thought of such a thing!" said Dolly, all in a flurry.

"How old are you?" questioned Mr. Palmleaf.

"I am eighteen," said Dolly, in confusion.

"Have you any followers?"

"Sir?" fluttered Dolly.

"Beaux, I mean," elaborately explained the clergyman.

"Of course, I haven't," said Dolly, half inclined to laugh, half to be angry.

"Then I think you'll suit me," said Mr. Palmleaf; "or rather my sister. Our family is not large; the work is light, and Paulina is a most considerate mistress. Get your bundle."

"My—what!" said Dolly in bewilderment.

"Your clothes. I am to take you back with me immediately," said Mr. Palmleaf. "Paulina except company. It is essential that we obtain help at once."

Dolly Darrow looked up with cheeks crimson like any rose, eyes full of deep brown sparkles, and lips around which danced a perfect galaxy of dimples.

Wait a minute please," she said.

"Certainly," said Mr. Palmleaf.

And he sat down on a wooden stool in the corner, and fell to meditating on the "thirdly" of his uncompleted sermon, while Dolly sped up stairs, three steps at a time.

"Father," cried she, flying into the presence of her parents, "the minister has mistaken me for Bridget!"

"Eh?" said Mr. Darrow.

"You don't tell me, said Mrs. Darrow.

"And he wants to hire me," said Dolly, her eyes gleaming with fun. "And I'm going. Quick—where's my hat, and shawl, and mufflers?"

Mrs. Darrow rose up in the majesty of her black silk gown and gold watchchain.

"Dorothy Darrow,' said she, "you're never going to hire as a servant?"

"Yes, I am," said Dolly. "Its better than private theatricals. He's so nice and absent-minded, and Paulina is a jewel! Oh do make haste or he'll be tired of waiting!"

And Dolly succeeded in carrying her point. Fifteen minutes later she had got into the cutter, with a parcel, which Mr. Palmleaf stowed snugly away under the seat, and the minister drove home with secret exultation.

Miss Paulina was in the kitchen frying sausages for dinner, when Dorothy Darrow walked in, with cheeks like carnations, hair blown all over her face, and the bundle under her arm.

"Here I am, Miss Palmleaf," said she. "The hired help, at your service."

Miss Paulina started.

"Why, it's Dorothy," said she. "And I sent Peter after—"

"Yes I know," said Dolly brightly. "But Bridget was gone, and he mistook me for her, and he has engaged me to work here. And oh, Miss Paulina, please don't undeceive him. Because I am a smart little housekeeper, and I can help you just as much as any Irish girl could. Just give me a trial, that's all."

Miss Paulina had a shrewd appreciation of a joke; her hard features relaxed with a smile, as she stood looking down at the radiant little burnette.

"Well," said she, "I don't mind if I do."

For one month Dorothy Darrow officiated as hired girl at the parsonage. Then she came to the clergyman, one day:

"Mr. Palmleaf," said she, "I am going to leave the place!"

Mr. Palmleaf looked up in amazement and dismay.

"I hope, Dolly," said he, "that neither my sister or I have unwittingly offended you!"

"No!" said Dolly, patting her little foot on the staring green leaves in the study-carpet, "but oh, Mr. Palmleaf, I have done wrong, and I earnestly beg your pardon!"

"Dolly!" cried out the Reverend Peter, in mild surprise.

"Because you are so good and true," sobbed the girl, "and I am not a hired girl, and I only came here for a joke, and I can't bear to thing I'm de-de-deceiving you!"

And Dolly began to cry piteously, behind the corner of her apron.

"You came here for a joke, eh?" said the minister.

"Y-yes, confessed Dolly, behind her apron.

"Well then," said the minister, gently drawing her toward him, "suppose you stay in earnest?"

"Sir?" faltered Dolly.

"My dear," said Mr. Palmleaf, "I have got used to you around the house. I should miss you terrible if you should leave us. Do you think I am too old to think of a blooming wife like you?"

"Not a bit!" cried Dolly indignantly. "Old you!"

"Do you like me a little bit?"

"A great deal," said Dolly, laughing and blushing.

"Then you will stay with me—always?"

And Dolly promised that she would.

Everybody wondered how so bashful a man as the Rev. Mr. Palmleaf ever mustered courage for a proposal; but nobody knew that an "engagement" begun for a joke turned out sober earnest.

Thoughts from the French.

In some people mountains develop legs, in other wings.

He who travels alone is dependent on nobody and at the mercy of everybody.

There is only one thing less endurable than a fool's folly—to wit, a wise man's.

It is a little queer how giving the law to the world in fashion consoles us for no longer giving it the law in anything else.

The most intolerable of traveled folk are those who have come back from everywhere without having been anywhere.

An Englishman never travels without his field-glass, a German without his spectacles, or a Frenchman without his eye-glass.

Real distinction is to be obtained not by doing anything different from what your neighbor does, but by doing everything better than he does.

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.

Anecdotes of O'Connel.

He was examining a witness, whose inebriety, at the time to which the evidence referred, it was essential to his client's case to prove. He was a fellow who may be described as "half foolish with rogury."

"Well, Darby, you told the truth to this gentleman?"

"Yes, your honor, Counselor O'Connell."

"How do you know my name?"

"Ah, sure every one knows his own pathroit."

"Well, you are a good-humored, honest fellow. Now tell me Darby, did you take a drop of anything that day?"

"Why, your honor, I took my share of a pint of spirits."

"Your share of it! Now, by virtue of your oath, was not your share all of it—all but the pewter?"

"Why, then, dear knows, that's true for you, sir."

"The court was convulsed at both question and answer. It soon, step by step, came out that the man was drunk, and was not, therefore a competent witness. Thus O'Connell won the case for his client.

Here is another instance of his ready tact and infinite resource in the defense of his client. In a trial at Cork for murder, the principal witness swore strongly against the prisoner. He particularly swore that a hat, found near the place of the murder, belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James.

"By the virtue of your oath, are you sure this is the same hat?"

"Yes."

"Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?"

"I did."

"Now let me see," said O'Connell, as he took up the hat, and began to examine it carefully in the inside. He then spelled along the name of James, slowly, thus: "J-a-m-e-s." "Now, do you mean to say these letters were in the hat when you found it?"

"I do."

"Did you see them there?"

"I did."

"And it is the same hat?"

"It is."

"Now, my lord," said O'Connell, holding up the hat to the bench, "there is an end of the case. There is no name whatever inscribed in the hat?"

The result was an immediate acquittal.

Simpson's Experience.

When I met Simpson one day after I had been absent from the city for several months I noticed that he had a depressed look and that he wore a wig. I asked him the reason for assuming the wig, but he said, "Never you mind!" and appeared to want to avoid the subject. When I reached my office I asked hsm in, and I pressed him to tell me what was the matter. Finally, he consented, and locking the door and pulling down the window blind, he said:

"You know old Partridge the phrenologist?"

"Yes."

"You know he has an awful pretty daughter, Sally?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I was in love with that girl, and I thought she loved me. And so, one day, I called at Partridge's place to kind of sound him to see if I stood any chance. And the old man, you know, he was a little reserved, but he told me that any man who wanted to get a favor from him could do so by permitting him to shave off his hair and map out his scalp. Said, you know that he wanted a living subject to lecture from instead of a plaster bust."

"You refused, of course?"

"Well, you see, I was wild about his daughter, so like an immortal idiot I let him practice on me. He took off every hair clean, and then got a stick of caustic and laid out my scalp in town lots, with a picture in each reservation. Just look at that! Isn't that infamous?"

Simpson removed his wig. His head looked like a globular checker board, with frescoes of the most amazing and hideous characters daubed into each square. There was a prize fight in progress upon his bump of combativeness; two black doves that looked like buzzards were billing upon his bump of amativeness; a grimy angel with parasols for wings, stood on his veneration bump; and on his bump of philoprogenitiveness there was what appeared to be a comic picture of "ten little Indians standing in a line." It was the most startling spectacle I ever beheld, and I said to Simpson—

"Old fel'ow, I pity you!"

"Pity me! Humph! Why blame it man, do you know that those frescoes will never come off? Carry them to my grave, just as they are. And then you know, Partridge wasn't satisfied with that. He said that my bump of acquisitiveness was a great deal too small. And when I asked him what he was going to do about it, he said it must be swelled up somehow. He said if he ever had a son-in-law it must be a man whose amativeness was strong. So that fetched me and I told him to go ahead. He first proposed sawing out a square inch of my skull and setting in a bump that would about meet his views; but I was a little shy, you know, and so he said he could either cup me like the man in Marryat's novel, or else work me up some sort of a hydraulic pressure, or suction or something."

"Did he do it?"

"Well, all I know is that I was kep in that office for four nights and three days with a bucket on my head, put there to hold the machinery down; and that I was so delirious most of the time that he had to strap me to the bookcase. When I came to, I found I had a bump over my ear as large as a four-cent loaf of bread, and old Partridge you know, was standing there exclaiming, "Splendid! Splendid!" and decorating it with a caricature in caustic of a miser grasping a bag of gold! I'll kill that old idiot yet, if I get a chance!"

"You recovered though?"

"Yes; and next day Partridge said he must have a cast of that noble bump at all hazards. Said he wanted it to use to illustrate his annual address before the Phil[illegible] Society, so, like the incred[illegible] ass that I am, I yielded. He put me down on the sofa plugged my nose with quills, and then daubed some kind of white mud over my face. I stood it patiently till the stuff hardened, and then the old man took the mould off. About an hour later he had a bust of me, without hair and with a bulge on one side that looks like a cantelope skewered on a water-melon. He has it on his table now, with busts of murdurers, pirates, pickpockets and paupers."

"You got his daughter, though?"

"That's what I was coming to. After he had finished the bust, I thought I'd done about enough, and so I asked him plumply if I could have her. And do you know what the beastly old buccaneer said? Actually rose up and said that Sally was engaged to young Jim Duncan, and the announcement would be made on Tuesday! Laid me right out! The girl had gone back on me, fair and square! And so here I am. I bought a wig and went off to hide my misery."

Then Simpson said good morning and left. It struck me that his case was rather hard, taking it altogether.

Carrying Pistols.

Georgia has a stringent pistol law. The penalty is forfeiture of the pistol, a fine of fifty dollars and, at the discretion of the court, imprisonment for thirty days. A short time after the law went into effect, Judge Lester was holding court in one of the mountain counties of North Georgia, and, right in the midst of the trial of a cause, he asked the attorneys to suspend a few moments, and told the Sheriff to lock the court-house door and let no man pass out without permission from him. Then said the Judge in his firm, decided way: "Gentlemen, I saw a pistol on a man in this room a few moments ago, and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty as a peace officer to let such a violation of the law passed unnoticed. It may be that it is my duty to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine of one dollar down here, I will let him off this time, otherwise I will go before the grand jury and testify against him."

The Judge paused, and an attorney who was sitting down just before the stand got up, slipped his hand in his hip pocket, drew out a neat ivory-handled Smith & Wesson six shooter, and laid it and a dollar down before the Judge.

"This is all right," remarked the Judge, "but you are not the man I saw with the pistol."

At this another attorney, sitting immediately in front of the Judge, got up and drawing out a small Colt's revolver, laid it and a dollar bill upon the stand.

"This is right again," said the Judge, "but you are not the man, I speak of."

Thereupon, a large man, just outside of the bar, walked around, ran his hand in his bosom, and drawing out a huge old army pistol, laid it and a dollar on the stand.

"I declare," exclaimed the Judge, "if this don't beat all; you have done right, my friend but you are not the man that I saw with the pistol."

This process went on until nineteen pistols and nineteen dollars were lying on the Judge's stand. Then there was a pause, and it [illegible] as if the crowd was pretty well disarmed; at least, if there were any more pistols in the house their owners did not seem disposed to give them up.

"Gentlemen," resumed the Judge, "here are nineteen persons who have acted like men in this business, but the man that I saw with the pistol has not come up yet, and now," continued he, pulling out his watch and looking toward the far side of the court-house "I will give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he does not do it in that time, I will point him out to the Sheriff and order him to be taken into custody."

Immediately two men from the back part of the house began to move toward the Judge's stand. Once they stopped and looked at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and their dollars. As they turned to leave, the Judge said: "This man with the black whiskers is the one that I saw with the pistol."

Then Judge Lester gave a short lecture upon the cowardly, foolish and wicked habit of carrying concealed weapons, and assured his audience that in future the law would be strictly enforced. The Court proceeded with its regular business, and it is needless to add that in that county the habit of carrying pistols was broken up.

Speak the truth; yield not to anger; give when asked, of the little thou hast; by these three steps thou shall go near the gods.

A fire in China.

A person who was present at the late fire in Hong Kong, China, says: "I trust never to see such a sight again. The long road shaded with trees leading from our part of the town to the populous part, was alive with Chinese carrying their goods, women huddled together over beds, baskets, stools, clothes, crockery—anything and everything in the way of personal goods. Small-footed women tottered along, held up by their children; while others bore some good bit of bronze or some family treasure. Several sewing machines lay on the road, and I met a superb American piano carried along. Sick people borne past in blankets told us that the hospital was on fire. Still we made our way to the front, through the smoke, up a street of small houses, mostly those of small Parsee merchants who were huddling out bales of cotton, silks, embroideries, framed pictures, etc., while so great was the mass of broken looking glasses that walking became difficult. At last we reached the cordon of soldiers and beyond it a blazing mass was all that remained of the civil hospital and eight other large houses. The governor and general stood there; and the governor said to me, "I had to blow it up to save the jail;" and then he whispered, "God knows what we may have to do; there are nearly one thousand prisoners." Now came the shrill blast of the bugle "Stand back all." Out came from the smoke the engineer officers, having just laid the charges to blow up the rear of the hospital, which adjoined the jail-yard. Another explosion of bricks, blazing bits of rafter, a shower of sparks and blinding smoke and a gorgeous cloud of colored flame showed the drugs stored in the hospital were alight. Then came a commotion which I did not understand. Soldiers marched up, fresh cries were raised, and a stranger coming up said, "You had better stand up on the rise of the hill, for they are about to bring out the prisoners." It was like the riot scene in "Barnaby Rudge." I could hear the order "fix bayonets," and then down through the crowd and dust tramped the soldiers, with about one hundred hancuffed creatures in their midst. When X and I returned we followed the governor through the back entrance in the jail, passing through the central police station, where the inspectors who are married men, have large quarters. Here English furniture, books, ornaments, dresses lay about drenched with water. The governor of the jail told told me that the jail was saved by the blowing up of the civil hospital, but that the danger then was from the police station stables. Very soon they were gallantly broken open, principally by sailors, and huge piles of hay handed from man to man and thrown down the steep streets; and that night many homeless Chinese were cuddled under the hay. Now the block of buildings in front of the Oriental bank was to be blown up. I hastened thither, through a never-ending scene of distress, to find the bank hung over with the handsome carpets soaked with water. Within doors paper were being packed in safes, bank notes in fire-proof boxes, and so sent down to the harbor escorted by soldiers and placed in steam launches. I watched the blowing up of Ross' tailoring establishment, a fine block of buildings. Several fifty-pound charges of powder were laid, the bugle sounded again and Ross' ceased to exist. This however saved our end of the town. Words cannot tell the scene in Queen's road, one of the sights of the city, for here are (or rather were) the curiosity or bird shops. The place was deeply littered with broken glass and shattered vases, burning silks and gauzes, smashed ivories, lovely lacquer cabinets in fragments. I tumbled over a lot of hares, ducks, geese, pheasants, etc., the whole of a poulterer's stock. The fire brigade, mostly volunteers, were still working, looking thoroughly exhausted. Before one shop an Irish lad declared he could not let the birds be burned alive; and though he was warned that a fifty-pound charge was in the house, he dashed in, broke open the bird cages with his axe, and a flock of little canaries was all over Queen's road in less than five minutes. By six o'clock in the evening all was over, smouldering ruins and falling walls only left."

Man-Eater.

On the 14th of September, 1823, there might have been seen two travelers making their way on foot across the hill-country to the east of Macquarie Harbor, Van Diemen's Land. Of all parties consisting of two persons moving at the same time, upon the earth's surface, or at sea, we may safely affirm that there was none placed in such strange circumstances as were the men we write of. Others, like themselves, might have been escaped criminals, dreading lest they should be pursued, and brought back to chains and labor; others, like themselves, might have been suffering the acutest pangs of hunger, not to be appeased by grass and nettle-tops, boiled in a tin pot, which was all the food they could procure; but even then their circumstances would have been commonplace, compared to the position of the two men in question. By reason of faintness and the difficulties of the way, their progress was very tardy; yet, slowly as the leader advanced, who carried an axe (or they would never have made their way at all) the other man kept well in the rear—for he was afraid of being killed and eaten.

A few weeks back, these men, who were call Greenhill and Pierce, had three companions—Traverse, Badman and Matthews—who had fled with them from the penal colony, in hopes to make their way across the island to some of the eastern settlements. They were soon safe enough from pursuit of man, but starvation, with its slow but certain step, gradually overtook them. They had drawn lots which of the five should die, and the fatal slip had fallen to Badman. They then drew lots which should kill him, which fell to Traverse, who put him to death while the others collected wood for the fire. This dreadful provision lasted them some days, and then it became Matthews' "turn to die." "By the time he was all eaten," says Pierce, for we have his own confession, "Traverse through fatigue fell lame in his knees—so much so that he could not proceed; Greenhill proposed that I should kill him, which I agreed to." But now even this supply was exhausted, and the two men were alone in the wilderness, each pretending friendship, yet each seeking the other's life, in order that he might prolong his own. Neither of them dared to sleep. The struggle resolved itself into which could hold out the longer against the overpowering desire for repose; and Greenhill's constitution was the first to give way. Pierce snatched his axe and slew him, and with recruited strength, and carrying his ghastly victuals with him, made his way to a human habitation.

Convict to begin with, it is probable that this man had but little sensibility of any sort, but the rapidity with which he became demoralized was frightful. Having been remitted to the penal colony, he again made his escape from it in company with one Thomas Cox. This man had very eagerly pressed the attempt, although Pierce from experience knew something of its utter hopelessness. "I had irons on at the time, but Cox knocked them off for me with the axe. We came to King's river, which Cox said he could not swim. I remarked, that had I known that, he should never have been my companion. The arrangement for crossing the river created words, and I killed Cox with the axe, and ate part of him." They had been in straits for provisions, but there seems really to have been no necessity for such diet. Had not Pierce already partaken of this food four times, he would certainly not have touched it; nay, he even appears to have been actuated by the very feeling that prompts the savage; he desired the flesh of his enemy.

After a day of lone wandering and privation, Pierce's heart failed him, and he determined to go back, and give himself up. "I threw most of the flesh away; but some I carried in my pocket to show the commandant that Cox was dead." One of the wardens at Macquarie Harbor, therefore, upon perceiving a signal-fire in the direction of King's River—which was a common enough sign of some escaped convict getting tired of his freedom—took boat thither, and found out the Anthropophagite. Having confessed that he had killed Cox, Alexander Pierce was executed, June 21, 1832.

The Quaker's Eggs.

A Quaker grocer in a country village became notorious for selling eggs. The village gossips were ready to testify that he bought large and fine-looking eggs, and where he could find so many small-sized eggs as he daily sent out to customers was a mystery they could not fathom. There were two mysterious looking holes in his counter about the size of an egg, and curiosity was excited to the highest pitch to ascertain what use they were put to. The only answer anybody could get from the old man, when questioned concerning the use of these holes, was: "My friend, if I tell thee the truth, it would not benefit me nor thee, and I don't wish to tell a falsehood. It is a pity lying is a sin, for it comes in so easy in trade."

At last, it was resolved by some of the spinsters to watch his actions through the cracks of the shutters after he had closed his shop for the night, and thus endeavor to find out their use. This resolution was put into execution and the ladies caught the grocer passing eggs through the holes by the light of a penny dip. All those that passed through the smaller hole he placed in one basket; and those that passed through the larger one he put in another, and all that would not pass through either he placed in a tin pan and took them to his own house.

On his way thither, he heard the rustling of the women's dresses, and he saw that he was caught; so he called them to him, and in the blandest manner, said:

"Sisters, ye have given yourselves much trouble to appease thy curiosity, and I will therefore explain all to ye. Ye see, I sort my eggs into three sizes by means of these holes. The largest I use in my own family; the next size sell a half-penny cheaper on a dozen than any of my neighbors, for cash; the smallest I send to those who will buy no other way than on credit."

The ladies were satisfied with the lesson in trade, and spread the news abroad.

Underground Curiosities.

At the city of Medina, in Italy, and about four miles around it, whenever the earth is dug, and the workmen arrive at a distance of sixty-three feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an augur, five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the augur is removed, and upon its extraction the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills the newly made well, which continues full and is affected neither by rains nor drought. But what is the most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city—paved streets, houses, floors and different pieces of mason work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables; at twenty-six feet, large trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and the bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Be not proud of wealth, nor complain of poverty.

He who does not soar high, will suffer less by a fall.

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

Envy not those who have, nor despise those who have not.

The error of a moment becomes the sorrow of a whole life.

The more talents are exercised, the more they will be developed.

Mind your tongue! Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, or wicked words.

Never exhibit anger, impatience or excitement when an accident occurs.

The integrity of men is to be measured by their conduct, not by their professions.

Never enter a room noisily; never fail to close the door after you, and never slam it.

Unhappy is the man for whom his own mother has made other mothers venerable

All that is wise has been thought already; we must try, however, to think it again.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials.

The man who combats himself, will be happier than he who contends with others.

Never exhibit too much familiarity with the new acquaintance; you may give offence.

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.

Expression is of more consequence than shape—it will light up features otherwise heavy.

All virtue lies in a power of denying our own desires when reason does not authorize them.

The mind hath reason to remember that passions ought to be her vassals, not her masters.

Never fail to offer the easiest and best seat in the room to an invalid, or elderly person or a lady.

Generalizations and great self-conceit are always preparing the most lamentable mishaps.

Never neglect to perform the commission which the friend entrusted to you. You must not forget.

Ordinary apprehension, or a correct view of human affairs, is the general heirloom of common sense.

People do not reflect that they may soon die. If they did their quarrels would quickly terminate.

At present let us remove what is bad; which must always be done before good of any kind can spring up.

Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and of unspeakably more use than talented inconstancy.

In everything the consent of all nations is to be accounted the law of nature, and to resist it is to resist the law of God.

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own doors, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

Who will feel the tenderest participation in joy let him not look at happy children, but at the parents who rejoice to see them happy.

Though the life of a man falls short of a hundred years, he gives himself as much pain and anxiety as if he were to live a thousand.

True friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand many shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.

A man to be a success must not be a pure idealism, but he must have ideas. He does not want to be sun-dazzled or sun-blind, but he must keep him from knocking himself against the wall.

The despised of some people are the looked-up to of others. Were it not so, the little ones of the earth would not be able to hold up their heads under the contumely of the great ones.

The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct, the right forms the rule of his behavior, deference and modesty mark his exterior, sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishments.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

All the paths of knowledge are connected. They all run into each other. They are all one. There is no end to the things we must learn in order to have what may be called knowledge of any one thing.

If you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the present pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know to be right.

Some unknown philosopher observes: "A little girl who can put on a square patch may not be so accomplished as one who can work a green worsted dog on a yellow ground, but she is of far more value in the community."

The great high road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful; success treads on the heels of every right effort.

The only certain test by which we can ascertain the sincerity of our regard for our friends is the feeling with which we receive the news of their happiness and aggrandizement, the more especially when fortune has raised them above our level.

He who would proceed too fast is liable to take very false steps. It matters not at what time, but on what terms, a negotiation is concluded. It is much better to conclude matters later than to ruin them by precipitation; and it often happens that we even delay, by our impatience, that which we were too anxious to push forward.

The greatest man is he, who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burden cheerfully; who is the calmest in the storm and the most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on heaven, is most unfaltering.