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IN THE OLD CHURCH TOWER.

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell;
You can hear its great heart beat,
All as loud and cold and sweet,
As the power upon its prayer
Over hamlet and town rises,
While all to-will!

In the old church tower
Hangs the bell.
Deep and solemn. Hark! again,
Ah! what passion and what pain!
With her hand upon her breast,
Some poor soul has gone to rest
Under all to-will!

In the old churchtower
Hangs the bell—
A quaint friend that seems to know,
All our joys and all our woe;
It is glad when we are wed,
It is sad when we are dead,
And all is well.

A LOTUS DREAM.

Sitting by the fire in dreamy languor on a dull October evening. Over against the window pane on which the sleet is weaving fantastic figures, stands a girlish figure stamping her foot and looking out on the dull, leaden-colored sky. The crispy logs burn brightly, and man as I am and thirty, I turn to watch the fair profile at the window. By and by she comes toward me, and stands by my side, warming her fair hands at the fire. They are symmetrical hands, white and small; her bosom rises and falls, and a sigh as gentle as the zephyr winds in summer goes out and away. Before me is the picture of a fair lady of twenty-three, and by my side on the table is a letter to her I have just finished. I show it to the little maiden and she reads and sighs again. Then she says:

"You are going down there and you and Miss Lulie will marry sure enough, Mr. Walter. And you'll bring her back here and keep this room. And when you come, I would like to be a fly crawling around the ceiling."

"Why, Pappoose?"

"To watch your happiness and tickle your noses, perhaps." And away she flew, to help her mamma about her household duties.

The scene is in the South land, no matter where. I am a writer gathering up incidents for an article in a leading magazine, or at least I came here for that purpose, and have prolonged my stay indefinitely. I have stopped with a widow lady, Mrs. Mahoiis, and Laura, named Pappoose. With Southern prodigality, with a tiny scrap, which she offers, and says:

"Let me pin this on your coat. It may keep you in a good humor."

"How did you know I was angry, or in a bad humor?"

"Look at that chair;" and she walks over, picks up my fallen chair, sets it down straight with a thud, and with an air of intense anger, stamping her pretty foot, she says, "There now!"

Then, breaking into a ringing laugh, she trips away.

After she leaves I am still standing on the gallery, leaning against a post, whipping myself with my riding whip, when out in the road in front of the house whom do I see but Pappoose on Dan, galloping wildly down the road! If the horse is tired there is no danger what-ever; but if he is not, and gets the least excitement, he will kick her. I start to my feet, but she has passed in a minute. I go in to see her mother. She only says:

"Don't fret yourself. If anybody on earth can ride him she can."

An hour afterward she is brought in limp and helpless and bleeding from a wound in her forehead.

A plain room, with plain paper decorations. A cheerful fireside, an old-fashioned hearth, and a cosy arm-chair in which I am seated alone. No, not quite alone; for on a downy couch over against the window pane, where she first stamped her pretty feet, lies my little Pappoose, pale and thin and sad. She is sleeping now, her loose hair, like a shadowy covering, hides the fringed eyelids, and one fair arm is thrown over her head. Outside it is snowing, cold and bitter. Her mother has left me to watch her a moment. She has been very low, Dan having thrown her on a rock and almost crushed her tender skull. "Concussion of the brain," the doctors said. Five days we have watched and waited, and she is still unconscious.

The weary hours we watch over our loved ones, ill or dying, are the most miserable of our lives. How we tremble at the senseless glance of the eye, the glow or pallor of the cheek, the wild mutterings of discontented dreams of delirium!

But to-day the weariness passed away as I heard Pappoose turn on her couch and say:

"Mr. Walter!"

Quick as thought I am by her side, and her hand is in mine.

"Where is mamma?"

"She is down stairs, little Pappoose."

"Why are you watching me?"

"Because I love you, Pappoose."

"Won't mamma do it?"

"Yes, she has just left you. You don't care for me staying with you, do you?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Only a few minutes."

"You had better go away. I am well."

I go out in the cold. I can't understand it. I believe Pappoose loves me, but she is so artless and childish in her manner, that I cannot tell. For some reason I dare not ask her. I feel hurt, and yet I know not why. Her mother asked me to remain in the room a few minutes while she was sleeping. Was it maiden modesty, or does she dislike me?

I walked up the street with the snow drifting in my face, a north wind twisting my hair into curls with its cold fierceness. Two men in front of me, muffled up in warm ulsters, are talking rapidly as they hurry through the cold. One of them says:

She's a good one. That young fellow Bascom thinks he has got it all his own way; but wait till he goes and she'll come back to me quickly. Laura loves me better than anybody else in the world."

My name is Walter Bascom, and Pappoose's name is Laura. My jealous fancy makes the application immediately. I follow them up, and stop the first acquaintance I meet to ask the names of the two men. One is a gambler, the other, who spoke of Laura, is the keeper of a variety theatre in the town; his name is Joyce.

Maddened with pain and anguish, I retrace my steps. I find Laura sitting up in bed, much better. She is not unkind, but says:

"Mr. Walter, I beg your pardon; I am very grateful for your kindness to me."

"I am feeling mean, and I say:

"I would be glad to see you looking so well, but it seems Mr. Joyce would be better pleased."

How the dear, tender face, the pitiful wall come back to me after the lapse of years. She droops over like a flower cut down. Her breathing is faint, and we count the pulsations through the

"Poor little Pappoose! She never spoke again. She is dead now and I never know and never shall know whether my unkindness killed her or not.

It seems like a dream from which I have awakened. The village is but a memory, the shirt-sleeved, where Laura, like a fayth; and Lulie, who is my wife now, kisses the sadness from my brow and says:

"It was a dream, Walter—a lotus dream."

Served Him Right.

A woman at Cape Girardeau, Mo., who had suffered from a husband's neglect, recoil him in a barrel when he was playing cards with several companions, letting a covered dish she had in her hands drop upon the table, and cried "your meals come hereafter, if it is you." "you no longer to come home to dinner, I have brought you yours," and departed. Quite a crowd heads he rushed his friends to clear with him, but on running the name from the door only a slip of paper on which was written "I hope you will enjoy your meals as the same your family have at home."

No man likes an auto but he that is bonnet.

A woman, truly noble, cannot be insulted.

A jewel is a jewel still though lying in the dust.

A good man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones.

A just debtor is the favorite hero of banks.

Points in Odessa.

One of the duties of Keeper J. S. Brown, of Auburn, N. Y., State-prison, is to deem all convicts whose time has expired and while discharging his duty he has unearthed a number of contraband articles. The Evening Auburnian tells the latest dodge attempted in the State boarding-house. "Two 'salute' who had served hours. "Two 'salute' who had served Brown's office to receive their citizen's outfit. They were given their clothing, and one of them was about to draw on his boots when Mr. Brown noticed that the stitching at the top of them was not uniform. He asked the man for the boot, and taking his knife and cutting the stitches he found a number of letters secreted in the leg of his boot, intended for outside parties. The other man had donned his citizen's garb, and thinking he might have some surreptitious secretial about him, Mr. Brown made him remove his boots, and upon exploring them he found wadded in the toes of the boots, between two layers of cotton, a number of letters also designed for the outside world. Both men were ordered to disrobe again and put on the striped uniforms of the State. They were turned over to Principal Keeper Boyle, who sent them back to their shops. They have forfeited their commutation for good behavior, and will remain in prison until the authorities feel disposed to release them, which may not be until after their sentences have expired. All convicts are allowed to write to their friends once a month. Their letters pass through the chaplain's office, where they are examined before passing out, to see if their contents are objectionable. When convicts desire to communicate with friends that they are in want of articles forbidden by the authorities, they generally employ some outgoing 'striped' to carry out their letters for them, which generally contain directions where to send the contraband articles, and by whom it will be brought inside. One of these letters once fell into the hands of the officials which contained an order for three revolvers, accompanied by the request to go to a certain friend in Buffalo, who would furnish the money to purchase them with, and after they were bought they were to be delivered to an ex-convict who was loitering about Auburn, and he would slip them under the north gate where the hostler, who went out early in the morning, would bring them to the writer, a twenty-years man, who, with some of his companions, proposed to use the weapons in making their escape from one of the wings in the night by shooting down the guard."

Coney Island.

Everybody has heard of this popular summer resort of the New York Company of New York, have entered into arrangements by which extra facilities are offered for reaching Coney Island, this popular summer resort. These palace steamers will connect with trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City, and land passengers at the Iron Pier, Coney Island, direct, also at Bay Ridge, where connection is made with the New York and Sea Beach Railroad. Return trips will be made at such hours as will afford satisfaction to all visitors to the island, and enable them to make sure and close connections with trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad homeward bound. The time on this line between Jersey City and Coney Island will be about forty minutes. This will be a safe, speedy, and pleasant route from all points to Coney Island.

An English Recovery.

Surrounded for miles by the spreading heath on three sides, and with a wide expanse of water on the other, the clump of fir trees that is the home of the herons stands alone. The best way to visit it is to go by punt across "the sea," and then, plunging knee-deep through the heather, make your way toward the trees, which can be seen for miles. Landing at what is called 'Jack Sands', and where one stood three or four cottages, and where we can still see traces of the old gardens, we walked through last year's fern and heath until we came almost within gunshot of the herons. Then we paused and noticed how the trees were laden with the big flat nests, some looking twice the size of the rest, being evidently built upon the site of old ones. As we approached nearer the hen birds raised their long necks and fluttered, and as they did so they looked like patches of gray snow among the blue-green branches. Then from behind a brown hill on the left rose a flock of male birds, where they had been sunning themselves in the 'lee of the mound.'

The nearer we came the greater seemed to be the agitation among the denizens of the heronry. The birds rose from their nests and circled round and round, watching our advancing figures keenly. The heronry is surrounded by a marl moat thrown up, but it is otherwise unprotected, and we were very soon inside it, looking up at the nests through the branches. The trees are very much crowded, and have also many of the dozen trees below the herons, and watch the denizens down to them by the convex. They not only fight for favorite sites, but watch their opportunity and destroy the eggs and nests whenever they get a chance to do so. There was a strong wind, and the herons swayed heavily to and fro, creaking and groaning like the masts of a ship in a storm; and as the herons flew to and fro the clatter of wings and screaming of young was deafening. And now we could hear the hollow cry of the newly hatched birds—one that told us that the families were already out of the shell. The ground is deeply covered with moss-cushion, fir cones, and well preserved moults, bits which are dry and crumbling, and others which are quite fresh. As we walked and noted how the trees were laden with the big flat nests, some looking twice the size of the rest, being evidently built upon the site of old ones. As we approached nearer the hen birds raised their long necks and fluttered, and as they did so they looked like patches of gray snow among the blue-green branches. Then from behind a brown hill on the left rose a flock of male birds, where they had been sunning themselves in the 'lee of the mound.'

A Norwegian Village.

Vossevangen is a little farming hamlet on the west shore of a beautiful lake. The region is one of the best agricultural districts in Western Norway; the "Vos" farmers are held to be fortunate and well to do, and their butter and cheese always bring high prices in market.

As we drove into the village we met the peasants going home from church, the women in short green or black gowns, with gay jackets and white handkerchiefs made into a flying-buttress sort of head-dress on their heads; the men with knee-breeches, short coats, and jackets thick trimmed with silver buttons. Every man bowed and every woman courtesied as we passed. To pass any one on the highway without a bow or courtesy would be considered as the most unpardonable of rudeness; and a child even, in such manner, any child can to do it would be sharply reproved. Probably few things would astonish the rural Norwegian more than to be told that among the highly civilized it is considered a mark of good breeding, if you chance to meet a fellow-man on the highway, to go by him with no more recognition of his presence than you would give to a tree or a stone wall.

It is an odd thing that a man should be keeping the Vossevangen Hotel to-day who served in America's civil war, was for two years in one of the New York regiments and saw a good deal of active service. He was called back to Norway by the death of his father, which made it necessary for him to take charge of the family estate in Vossevangen. He has married a Vossevangen woman and is likely to end his days there, but he hankers, for Chicago, and always will. He keeps a fairly good little hotel, on the shores of the lake, with a row of willow-trees in front; dwarf apple-trees, gooseberry and currant bushes, and thickets of rhubarb in his yard. roses, too, besides larkspur and phlox, but the rhubarb has the place of honor. The dining-room and the parlor were like those at Eide, adorned with lyres and flowering plants; oleanders in the windows, and potted carnations on the table. In one corner of the dining-room was a large round table covered with old silver for sale: tankards, chains, belts, buttons, coins, rings, buckles, brooches, ornaments of all kinds,—hundreds of dollars' worth of things. There they lay, day and night, open to all who came; and they had done this, the landlady said, for years, and not a single article had ever been stolen from which it is plain that not only is the Norwegian honest himself, there must be a contagion in his honesty, which spreads it to all travelers in his country.

A Gigantic Iron Pier Found-Not.

The Long Island fish company proposes to engage in pound fishing on a scale hitherto undreamed of. [illegible] a large tract of land has been purchased at the eastern end of Long Island, extending about a mile along the coast. At this point, which is unanimously favorable for pound fishing, since fish that run along the coast here always come very close to the shore, the company proposes to erect a gigantic pier supported by iron piles, forming an iron pier 700 feet long and ten feet wide, with bents or sections twenty feet long. At the outer end of the pier, in thirty feet of water, will be a heart-shaped pound, the large end of the heart in shore. This heart will be about seventy feet across, and outside of it is to be a box of iron piers and netting about seventy-five feet square. The fish coming from either direction and striking the pier netting will run out seaward to the heart, and passing out at the lower end will find themselves in the other receptacle. In the sections of the iron pier storage for thousands of tons of fish can be provided, where they will keep alive in their native element for a month or longer, and need not be immediately brought to market when the price is low. The great advantage of an iron pier lies in its stability and freedom from attacks by worms. The netting descends down to the bottom of the water so as to stop ground swimming fish. The pound has a net bottom, and when filled with fish is lifted and the fish dipped out with hand nets.

On Region Dangers.

The season of thunder storms always brings with a feeling of gross uneasiness in the oil regions. Scattered about the great petroleum-producing field there are probably 1,000 iron tanks, each one of which are stored from 10,000 to 40,000 barrels of crude oil. Most of these are situated in the midst of populous towns and cities. It is not in the least fear that the tanks are made of iron that the danger of lightning strikes them produces a vapor that arises and hovers above them, and becomes a perpetual attraction to the electric fluid. The [illegible] of lightning in the oil regions. The United Pipe Line Company which owns nearly all the iron tanks in the oil country, is standing by which electricity is applied to the tanks in such a manner that any child can to do it would be sharply reproved. Probably few things would astonish the rural Norwegian more than to be told that among the highly civilized it is considered a mark of good breeding, if you chance to meet a fellow-man on the highway, to go by him with no more recognition of his presence than you would give to a tree or a stone wall.

Mutilated Coins.

The resumption of specie payment by the government is again followed by the mutilation of coins, and the ingenious and fraudulent practice, which prevails in all countries, of punching, filing and "sweating" coins. A number of silver coins, with holes therein, have attracted the attention of officers of the government, and there is a lurking suspicion that many of these coins have been punched for purposes of gain by persons engaged in that sort of small, fraudulent business. On the other hand, many of the circulating so defaced, are of old date, and have probably been kept as pocket pieces, and perforated so as to run a string through. The public should adopt the remedy of refusing to take punched or defaced coins, and this would soon stop the practice of those engaged in violating the law.

The most dangerous of all practices, which is confined to a skilful few, is the ancient one of "sweating" gold coins. This was done by dipping coins in a strong solution of acid, which will dissolve the copper on the face, and leave the fine gold in a honey-combed condition very susceptible of abrasion. In this state the coins are placed in a flannel bag, and shaken violently together. The small particle of fine gold is detached from the coin and adheres to the flannel bag. The rubbing of the coin together, in a measure, restores the natural appearance of the piece. The bag is then carefully washed out, to be again used, or burned, and the ashes carefully preserved and separated from the gold. To an expert the process is apparent by a look at the coin; but the only mode the general public has of testing the question is by weighing the piece. All coins falling below two or three grains or thereabouts should be refused, and this refusal whould throw the loss upon the holder, who would have to deposit them at the mint for recoinage. If care of this kind is taken but little danger need be apprehended from scratched coin.

The great preventive against "sweating" pieces is that the man who deals with them has to operate on a large number of coins. To carry on a profitable business he would have to exchange a large amount of notes for coin, and exchange abraded coin for paper money. These operations would arouse suspicion, and ultimately lead to arrest and conviction. Silver change is the most natural and proper currency to be used among the people, and no piece should be received which it is manifest on its face has been tampered with. Gold coin is but little used in general circulation, and it should never be accepted by trades people and others, if from its rubbed and indistinct impression it is evident it has been subjected to unlawful practices. If this course is taken generally by the public, in a short time there will be but little punched and defaced silver and no light weight gold in circulation. The greatest danger to be apprehended is either paper or metallic currency is not from shavings, "sweating" and other unlawful practices, but from the skill of the counterfeiter. With regard to paper currency, there is no protection except in the education of the eye, while in metallic currency there is the eye, touch, weight, thickness, acid tests and sound of piece to assist the judgment.

Dogs in Germany.

Dogs are valued highly in Germany. In Vienna an enterprising man has established a bath house exclusively for dogs, which, after being thoroughly washed in large tubs, are placed in cages to dry. Dogs of all sizes and breeds and of every social position are admitted and charged only with reference to their size. No one appreciates the spirit of the phrase "to work like a dog," until he has been in Germany. The Arickaree Indians call a horse "a big dog." In Germany a dog might well be called a horse. About half of the draft power is furnished by dogs and women; and they are frequently hitched up together. It is not uncommon to see a dog draw ten or twelve hundred weight. I have seen a man and a woman get into a cart drawn by two large mastiffs, and then drive down the street at a rate of which John might have been proud. Sixteen dollars will purchase a dog for this purpose—a trifling sum considering its usefulness. A dog team has one advantage over a horse team; it guards the property as well as drags it. In Winter they are often allowed when resting or waiting to jump into the cart and cuddle down in the straw. In Vienna there is an immense hospital and veterinary college where horses, dogs and cats, and all quadrupeds are received. Farriers or horse blacksmiths are required to spend six months at this institution and to receive a certificate of graduation before setting up in business for themselves. In this as in all other matters, the Germans believe in thoroughness.

I Never Drink.

On the sleeper of an up train from Carson City, recently, a traveler noticed an old, white bearded gentleman trying to get in an overcoat. The young and spry traveler rushed to his assistance, and in helping him with the garment, noticed a goodsized bottle of whisky protruding from one of the inside pockets of the coat. Being of a waggish turn, he appropriated the bottle, got the coat on the stranger and then pulling out the flask said:

"Will you take a drink sir?"

The old man did not recognize the bottle, and drawing himself up, remarked quite severely:

"No sir, I never drink."

"It won't hurt you," insisted the wag; "try the bottle."

"Young man," said the old gentleman, as a tear trembled for the whilst on, "if you insist on drinking whisky you will to [illegible] years as forty. If is the curse of [illegible] man. When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing that earthly woman did was to call me to her dying bedside and ask, 'John, swear to me that you will never drink a drop of liquor.'"

Here the old man stopped his head to his pale cheeks, fished it empty, and reappeared the bottle to the hands of the astonished.

"I promised my dear boy, and [illegible] until a few minutes," that smiling for the first time during the trip. "I never drink whisky myself, but I always keep it on hand to treat a friend."

Chancellor Pomeroy, who was probably more kind hearted than intelligent, once said that every one was in a strange position of the earth who was not in a strange position of the earth. Being asked to explain, he said that when he was in the position of the earth he was in a strange position of the earth, but when he was not in the position of the earth he was in a strange position of the earth.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

If you set with a view to praise only you deserve none.

Allow people to think as well of each other as they can.

An unruly tongue is harder to control than a vicious horse.

Character would be impossible were there no temptation.

The strongest minds are the smallest and most pitiful.

We must learn to infuse sublimity into trifles. That is power.

Put no faith in the remorse of a woman who talks about it.

Even the weakest man is strong enough to enforce his conviction.

A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities but not his vices.

A character which will not defend itself is rarely worth defending.

Great works are performed, not by strength, but by perseverance.

Poverty may excuse a shabby coat but it is no excuse for shabby morals.

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use.

A person often repents of talking too much, but seldom of saying too little.

Strength with men is insensibility, greatness is pride, and calmness indifference.

If you would never have an evil deed spoken of in connection with you, don't do one.

In ourselves rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful.

A man who cannot mind his own business is not to be trusted with the king's.—*Sunville.*

Rest, that is permanent, is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

Making a joke is like throwing a top: If it doesn't come down on its point it will not spin.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

We polish marble, not clay. If one would be a polished gentleman he must have solidity.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less: do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

When one man has a prejudice against another suspicion is very busy in coining resemblances.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

Air and scandal are much alike; the oftener they are breathed the more poisonous they become.

Life is a short day, but it is a working day. Activity may lead to evil, but inactivity cannot lead to good.

A man is made rich by what he loses, just as a tree is fortified by its own dead leaves and broken branches.

Some conceited folk think they fill a large space in the public eye when in reality it is all in their own.

To endeavor to work upon the vulgar with fine sense is like attempting to hew a block of marble with a razor.

Happiness is like a sunbeam, which the least shadow intercepts, while adversity is often as the rain of spring.

Do that which is right. The respect of mankind will follow; or, if it do not, you will be able to do without it.

It is foolish to grieve over what can't be helped and still more foolish, because needless, to grieve over what can be.

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home.

If your wife is small of stature you have this philosophic consolation, viz., that of all the evils you have chosen the least.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loop and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

If it be true that "a mind quite vacant is a mind distressed," there are a great many people in the world who suffer terribly.

Flattery is the hocus-pocus sesame with which our ears are cajoled, in order that we may be more effectually bamboozled and deceived.

When a man produces a thousand and one vehement arguments to prove that he is innocent, your verdict ought to be "Not guilty; but he mustn't do it again."

Of all the actions of man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all the actions of our lives it is the most meddled with by other people.

There are three kinds of people in the world—the will's the won't's and can't's. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything, the third fail in everything.

Poets and philosophers have tried to define happiness, but when you get down to the foundation of things it consists of a fine house and an abundance of six per cents.

If you have made a mistake don't think it a misdemeanor to apologize. The true gentleman is always ready to rectify a blunder. Only the snob likes with one and kicks with the other.

The Assiniboines for to man's prosperity is an unnatural and unnecessary condition. Every man is born with a certain share of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be economized and expended unwisely, as is too often done.

Within certain limits, by the exercise of prudence and economy, every citizen should try to provide for himself a competency sufficient to keep him from want in his old age. Every man who does this relieves society of a burden, and is entitled to the credit of having done his duty as a member of the community.

As the world stands, it is having wisdom in the world to put the best construction on the acts of others, and to believe that they are as honest in their intentions as we would have them believe we are in ours. Charity suffereth long and is kind, and thinketh no evil.

There are three kinds of people in the world: The good, the bad, and those who need a guardian. The first are the salt of the earth; the second are to be avoided; the third are to be pitied.