

GREEN GRASS UNDER THE SNOW. The work of the sun is alow. But as sure as heaven, we know ; Bo we'll not forget, When the skies are wet, When the winds of winter blow,

Wailing like voices of wos, There are April showers, And buda and flowers, And green grass under the snow.

We find that it's ever so In this life's uneven flow ; We've only to wait, In the face of fate, For the green grass under the snow. -Springfield Republican.

BY A. F. HILL.

End of a Feud.

In a certain quarter of the West, noted for family feuds, there lived, some years ago, a young man, named Unfortunately, the Martin Hazen. Hazens had been through many years at enmity with a family named Morgan, by a member of which Martin's own father had been killed in a desperate encounter, while he was yet a child. Martin was now the only male member of the family left, and he had grown up to manhood on the old homestead, under the careful guardianship and teaching

of his widowed mother. She had not taught him the lesson of hatred. She had told him of his im-petuous father's death—that she hoped to see no more wicked tragedies-and admonished him, although he might never like the Morgans, to cherish no thought of revenge.

The Morgans were four in number-Henry, a desperate and revengeful man, by whose hand old. Mr. Hazen had fallen; his two sons, James and Ephraim, much like him; and his daughter Eather, who was not like him. but who, with a lovely face, possessed the sweet and gentle nature of her mother, whom sorrow had years before hurried to the grave.

The two families lived in the same community. Martin and Esther frequently met-in the village, at church and at social parties, and notwithstanding the feud that had cast a shadow on both homes, they loved each other; and to the unbounded rage of Henry Morgan and his sons, who hated Martin for his father's sake they deliberately went and got married.

Esther and Martin well knew that she must not dare to visit her old home again after that; so she went with him to the house of the Hazans, and they did not see any of the Morgans for months.

He succeeded in reaching home, to be met at the gate by his mother, who told him that during his absence Esther had been forcibly earried away by her father and brothers. Martin fell, rather than dismounted from his horse, dragged himself into the lawn, and with the words : "The Morgans have shot me !" fell fainting upon the grass.

Mrs. Hazen hurried to a neighbor's house for assistance. A surgeon was summoned. Martin was carried in and wound was properly attended to, with appliances of splints and bandages; and the good doctor finally left him that night in great pain, with the consoling remark that he would "keep his bed for

a good three months at least." For many days several armed friends of Martin Hazen remained constantly at the house, to defend him from a possible attack of the Morgans. He began to recover from his wound; but his anxiety for Esther tormented him day and night. He feared they might murder her; but his friends assured him that they would not dare do that; that she was probably merely kept at her old home under strict surveilance, and that in due time she should be rescued by some process or other. It was ascertained, meantime, that Ephraim Morgan was not killed by the bullet from Martin's revolver on the night of the attempted assassination; that the missile had only plowed its way through the scalp of his cranium, producing a shock that had merely stunned him for half an hour. Finally, when Martin was able to get out of bed, and sit in a chair for a few minutes at a time, the

Morgans not having made their appear-ance, the friendly neighbors left, and Martin was alone with Mrs. Hazen. It was the very next night after the vigil ceased that the door suddenly

flew open, and Esther burst into the room occupied by Martin. It was a room on the ground floor, properly a sitting-room, but a bed had been placed in it temporarily for the wounded young man.

"Esther !" Martin exclaimed, joyfully.

She ran to his bedside, kissed him, then said, excitedly:

"Oh, Martin, they are preparing to come to-night to kill you ! I overheard their plans, and I escaped by jumping room at that moment. 'It is too late! They may be in a few minutes. We must carry Martoo well to doubt it. While he desired tin out of the house. Oh, heavens!" foot. "I hear their horses' hoofs now. They are not a hundred yards away.' "Be calm," said Martin. "I will tell you what to do, and do it quickly. Mother, you and Esther help me, and I will get out and lie under the bed. Then arrange the pillow under the covers, so that they may think I am lying in the bed, then both of you get into the next room. They will prob-ably rush in and fire, and I will grawl out with my revolver. Here it is. Then they with their empty rifles, will be at my mercy. Now leave the candle burning on the mantel. When I rap three times on the wall, come in." These instructions were quickly obeyed, and as the two women with drew, Esther said :

pierced Martin's left thigh. He had not gone far before he discovered that the shot had breken the bone; and he began to suffer such exeructating pain that only the danger which he knew was still behind him, and his realiza-tion of how important it was to reach home prevented him from reeling from his saddle in a swoon. He successful u reaching home to be tend.! If after this you try to harm me I will not spare you; but if you will be reconciled, take my hand and say so, and I will trust you, for I know that you and your sons are not men who will lie. Will you do it or will you depart with the same old hatred in your, hearts?"

Henry Morgan had been sitting with downcast eyes, his empty rifle poised upon one knee. He had trembled at first, apparently with suppressed rage; laid upon a bed. He revived, and his but now his better nature seemed to possess him and after a moment of thoughtful silence he arose, left his rifle standing against the wall, walked across the room, took Martin by the hand, and said :

"Hazen, you make me ashamed of myself. There's my hand. Let's forget and forgive all round. Hereafter you are my friend and son-in-law." The younger Morgans, catching the same true spirit, shook hands with Martin, and between the brave youth and these rough men, there was a reconciliation that was earnest and abiding. They had tried to murder him;

now they would have killed a dozen men to defend him. Martin tossed his revolver upon the bed, for he knew he could safely do so. Rough men as the Morgans has been all their lives, there was truth in them-

Martin knew it. And the feud between the Morgans and the Hazens was at an end forever and ever!

Hints to Brain Workers.

There is no kind of employment so exhausting to all man's faculties as steady brain work. No one is in constant need of more recuperation than the individual so employed. It should be a study with him how he may husband his energies and prevent that strain upon his powers which is breaking down so many in professional life. Any means or agencies which will save wear and tear, should be eagerly seized upon. While the brain power is exhausted by thought, the manual labor writing is wearisome to the flesh. Journalists, ministers and lawyers often postpone and then never accomplish intellectual tasks, because they have not the physical pluck to undertake them. The employment of an amanuensis to perform the manual work of writing while one dictates, is a great from the window of a room they had locked me in. They don't know it." "Let us hasten for aid!" said Mrs. Hazen, who came in from an adjoining room at that moment. resume the pen and finish some weary literary task that is urgent. Then is the time when he should draw back in his easy chair and take a comfortable she exclaimed, trembling from head to attitude elsewhere, and dictate to an amanuensis. After a little experience one will find thereby that he can accomplish twice as much and with far less exhaustion, The attention is not divided as when one writes himself. With nothing to divert the eyes, a person can, if necessary, close them and closely concentrate the mind on the subject, while the assistant communicates to a paper the thoughts which follow. Many of our greatest writers rarely touch the pen and paper themselves, unless when writing on private matter, but stretched out in the meantime in an easy chair or upon a lounge. prepare their articles through their amanuensis.

Hake a Note of It. Those who have never tried the experiment rarely appreciate tht benefit which an enterprising, progressive mechanic derives from keeping a record of matters worth remembering. An intelligent workman, especially one who reads, is constantly acquiring in-teresting and useful information, which at some time he will probably have occasion to apply practically in his business. Almost every day he learns something new, and says to himself: "I must remember this;" but unless he has occasion immediately to apply his knowledge, he is very apt to forget all about it, or to retain only a vague recollection of having some time description of the state o

time read or heard something about it. The memory, unless highly trained and naturally retentive, is a treacherous repository for odd scraps of useful knowledge not gained by experience or personal observation, and every mechanic should have a paper memory, which will never let a useful fact slip away.

We should advise all mechanics, and especially all young men with un-formed habits who are learning mechanical trades, to keep note books in which to enter anything worth remembering which may come to their knowledge. Facts learned from observation and experience, or gathered from conversation with other mechanics, useful hints gained from books, valuable suggestions or facts of practical interest found in newspapers should always be promptly recorded and saved. When a book is full, it should be carefully indexed and laid away in some place where it will be easy of ac-The more fact of writing, espec-0888. ially if condensation is required, will to fix a fact in the memory, and tend give'a man a more ready control of what he knows. In any case, he has the fact at command at all times, and a book such as we have described, con-taining the gleanings of years of study and practice, becomes of inestimable value to the possessor. We have seen mechanics' note books which would not have been given in exchange for a whole library of technical works, aud we have never known a man to begin

the record of facts who was not glad he acquired the babit. We regard this as a matter of great practical importance to mechanics in the trades we especially address. No printed text books contain all the points which a smart mechanic will pick up in the conrse of his business, and nothing will take the place of a scrap and note book. Let our readers, young mechanics especially, try the experiment, and we promise them that they will find immediate and life-long benefit from so doing. It will be to many the stepping stone to success in life, by inculcating careful habits of acquiring useful knowledge, and making them wiser men and better meput it where it will be accessible when you want it most. The habit is easily acquired, it need consume no time required for the performance of other and more important duties, and the pleasure which it will give will more than compensate for the trouble involved, even were no subsequent benefit to be expected from it.-Iron Age.

by his extreme hideousness. "Upon his face, half hidden by a rough and unkempt beard, was tattooed in red the trident of Neptune; his hair, tied

in a knot, was rolled above his head, forming a sort of mitre: and his body, which was very lean and quite naked, was besmeared with ashes. But the most revolting thing about him was his left arm, which, withered and quite stiff, stood out perpendicularly from the shoulder. Through the closed hand, bound round with stripes of linen, the nails had worked their way. and were growing out upon the other side; and the hollow of this hand, which had been filled with earth, served as a flower-pot for a small myrtle-bush."

In order to reduce his arm to this miserable condition, the fakir was tied to a seat, and the the uplifted limb was fastened to a cross-bar. During a considerable period, the torture resulting from this unnatural position is agonizing; but, as the arm becomes withered, sensation deadens, and finally anchylosis ensues, and a permanent condition of rigidity is the result.

A Peaceful Pipe.

Much thought, supplemented by on little experience, has led me to prefer the pipe before all other methods of tobacco using. There exist objections -but neither are St. Peter's dome and the Medicean Venus wholly satisfactory, though on the whole the best of the kind. There are times and places tolerant only of the cigarette, tenderly white and sweetly fragrant; a grimy pipe is no fit sight for the dark-eyed daughters of warm Castile. And have we dined with delicate sumptousness has each successive viand, from pearly oyster to perfumed Stilton, at once cun-ningly relieved the palate from what went before, and subtly stimulated it for what was to come; in short, has the repast been an epicarean song of finest harmony-hardly may we play the epilogue upon a pipe. More fitting there will be the refined Habana, dark and tapering, yielding a firm white column of moulded ash, which may be broken from its fiery base, but crumbles not. Let the elderly dowager, with high arched nose, and the silk stockinged Frenchman of the old regime, enshrine themselves in their gold snuff-boxes. And be not even that other preparation of the weed too much condemned. A horseman once, on a twenty-four hour gallop, condensed all nourishment into a mouthful or two of "chewing tobac-co," and it brought him successfully through.

But, after all is said, we turn to the pipe once more, It is better than chewing and suuffing, because we taste the fire-emancipated soul instead of the unrefined material part; better than the cigar, because the cigar is a mere stränger-a passing acquaintance; though much of the fine geutleman be chances than they would otherwise in him, he is dry and formal. Beginhave become. To all young mechan-ics we say: Never let a fact worth re-of cantivating savor, his language membering slip away from you. Make gradually grows stronger, till at the a note of it in some shape, and then end he sinks into rank and bitter repinings; now is he gone forever and forgotten. No romantic associations can cling to him; his history is comprised in a single event. Picturesque he is not ; an attache of the fashionable world, it is beneath his dignity to consort with such people as Teniers drew nor will he enroll himself among the familiar spirits of poets and philisophers. Shakespeare with a Partaga be-tween his teeth ! Milton wrestling with an Intimidad ! Dante puffing a cheroot ! We cannot entertain such images. But a quaintly carved pipe-bowl, embrowned and lustrous-would it not add to the grave dignity of each one of them 1-The Galaxy.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.

The May of life blossoms only once. Sweet mercy is true nobility's true badge.

The rich should remember what they owe to the poor.

The end of wisdom is consultation and deliberation.

Men are geese, women are ducks and birds of a feather flock together.

Greatness may build the tomb, but goodness must write the epitaph.

Sorrow turns the stars into mourners and every wind of heaven into a dirge.

He is not only idle who does nothing but he is idle who might be better employed.

In such a time as this it is not meet that every nice offence should bear its comment.

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt till they are too 'strong to be broken.

The worth of the State in the long run, is the worth of the individuals composing it.

Treason doth never prosper; what is the reason? Why if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world.

Pitch a lucky man into the Nile- says the Arabian proverb, and he will come up with a fish in his mouth.

A cross husband and father iat the head of the table makes the best dinner unpalatable and indigestible.

The eyes of the critics, whether in commending or carping, are both on one side, like a turbot's.-Landors (i

The comparison of love to fire, holds good in one respect, that the flercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished.

It is absurd to let a colt run wild the first few years of his life, and then by might and main, reduce him, all at once, to subjection. He should be taught from infancy to be led by a balter and be handled. A wild, Arab would be ashamed to rear a colt that required "breaking" when grown up.

A Cologne inventor has constructed another speaking machine admirably adapted for dramatic performances, inasmuch as it can do everything but hiss. It pronounces, labials, linguals, and even gutturals, in a manner conso-nant with human custom; but, of cuarse the vowels are its strongest points, especially its 0 de Cologne.

The Mikado of Japan is one of the busiest sovereigns of the period, He takes a hand in the court councils, attends naval, military and educitional displays, and dignifies the casting of a cannon or trial of a torpedo boat with his royal presence. He sports a heavy mustache and imperial, and stands, unbooted five feet seven inches. It has been said that true religion will make a man a more thorough gentleman than all the courts in Europe. And it is true; you may see simple laboring men as thorough gentlemen as any Duke, simply because they have learned to fear God, and, fearing him, to restrain themselves, which is the very root and essence of all good-breeding .- Rev. C. Kingsley. A little drummer boy was taken prisoner. Around the bivouse fires the soldiers said to him : Now beat us a "resolutions and to find : Now beat the a "re-reille." And he beat them a "receille." Now beat us an "advance." 'And he beat them an "advance." Now, beat us a "charge." And he beat them a "charge." Now beat us a "retreat." "charge." Now beat us a "retreat." "No," said the drummer boy, "I can-not do that; I never learnt that." The late synopsis of the Palms of Australia by Wendland Drude informs us that there are twenty-six species, on the continent and adjacent islands. Four species are found on Lord Home's Island and twenty-two are scattered over the mainland. As in Hindostan, the palms of Australia flouriah, most luxuriantly in the vicinity of the sea-coast. One of the finest specimens the Livistona Australis, attains a height of about 80 feet. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look upon one another next morning; or men, that cannot well bear it, to repent of the money they spend when they be warmed with drink; and take it for a rule, you may pick out such times and such companies that you may make yourself merrier for a little than a great deal of money, for "it is the company and not the charges that make the feast."-Izaak Walton. No trait of character-is more valuable n a woman than a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like a flower that springs up in our pathway, reviving and cheering Let a man go home at night weaus. ried by the tolls of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by & good . disposition ! It is sunshine falling on his heart. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper; it is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty and retains all freshness and power. In a work describing the present conlition of of the domestic industries Russia, W. Weschniakoff states that not less than thirty millions of wooden spoons are annually made in that country, the industry having its great centre in the district of Somenow. Poplar, aspen, maple, and box are the woods used for this purpose, and the cost of the spoons varies from about, \$5 to \$20 per thousand. The first operation consists in cutting, the woon into the proper lengths, and making, these up into bundles; the latter are sold in the markets, and are often procored from long distances. The second stage is that of forming the bowl of the spoon the third, shaping the handle; and the

But Martin was warned that he was in danger, and he knew the Morgans to live at peace with them, he determined not to fall as his father had fallen, if he could help it. Like most people in that section, and at that time, he went armed when away from home; and besides being one of that class of persons scarcely susceptible of fear h was one of the best shots, with rifle or pistols in the community.

One evening in autumn, just at dusk, a few months after the marriage, he was riding home from the village on a spirited horse, when the Morgans suddenly came into his mind. He thought over the strange history of the two families, and began talking to himself, as he rode leisurely along :

"How unfortunate-how foolish it is," he mused, "that this enmity should exist through whole generations, merely because remote ancestors quarreled over a line of fence, or the ownership of a truant pig! They hate me; I do not fear them, yet yet like to be reconciled. I think I shall see them and talk it over. I believe I could reason them into fairness. How to approach them, though-He was then riding by a little grove

of timber, from which three men spradg into the road. One grasped his bridle-rein, while two stood with rifles leveled upon him. It was not yet so dark but that he recognized his assailants. They were the Morgans. It was Ephraim who held his bridle-rein, while his father and James menaced him with their, rifles.

"Ob, Hazen !" said the old man, with an air of triumph, "we've got you! You won't see the sun rise to morrow, you independent young dog! You'll be with your father before that. What's more, you'll steal no more daughters of mine. Stop that! don't offer to reach for that shooter !" he said, as Martin's hand moved toward his breast-pocket. "At best, you've but a minute to live, while I tell you why I am going to shoot you, and how glad I am to wipe out the last Hazen; but none of your tricks or you won't live a second !"

Martin Hazen, sitting in the saddle with the calmness of tall trees by the readside that looked, in the gathering darkness like gran spectres browning upon the terrible scene—felt that it was walted, motionless, for Henry Morgan to speak again, for he knew that the revengeful man would love to gloat over the before destroying him, and Esther came in. revengeful man would love to gloat over tim before, destroying him, and that his sons would await his command. Henry Morgan, with rifle still leveled,

"Yes, young Hazen, the last of our

" Quick as a fissh; Martin snatched his revolver from his pocket, and dropping his face upon his horse's mane, to confuse the aim of Henry and James Morgan, he fired at Ephraim, who fell to the earth; and the horse, startled by the crack of the revolver at his ear,

dashed away at full speed - levi Almost simultaneously, Henry Mor-gan, fired at Marine's bead, missing him; and a moment later, James much confused by the sudden turn of affairs, dred almost at random, and the built

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"You won't kill them, if you can help it ?"

"No; I promise you that. Quick now! I hear them!"

The women withdrew, and had just closed the door behind them, when the front door flew open, and the Morgans rushed in.

"Ha! ha!" exclaimed the old man. 'Give him no chance this time !''

Instantly the reports of three rifles rang out, and the bullets perforated the bed-clothes and the quiet pillows, and the Morgans rushed to the bedside to see if their victim was dead, while bits of plastering, loosened by the concus-sion, rained from the ceiling,

Martin, although it caused him considerable pain, noiselessly dragged him-self out at the foot of the bed, which stood in a corner of the room, and placed himself in a low chair near the door, and just as he had attained this favorable situation, the Morgans discovered the trick that had been played upon them, and found themselves with empty rifles, confronted with a large revolver in the hands of a very cool and brave man.

"Heary Morgan," said Martin, "you and your sons are at my mercy. Don't

movel. You know how I handle this revolver. Move but a hair's-breadth, any one of you, an , I fire to kill !"

They stood transfixed. They were not cowards, but they did not possess no time now to reason with bis enemies the cool moral courage of Martin, and and he dismissed the thought. He the surprise to which they had been treated completely unmanned them.

"Why, girl !" exclatmed Henry Mor-"how in the_"

sternly. "I will do the talking how. There are chairs near you-sit down. Do you hear ?" and he pointed the revolver at each one in turn, with such rapidity that he seemed to cover all three at once.

They were so completely under his control, that they obeyed his command in the most submissive manner."

"Mr. Morgas " Martin proceeded, "I have all your lives in my hand. Our families have been at enmity for genera-tions. God knows for what. You sertions God knows for what. You ser-tainly have no reason to hate me. I have no eyes; but all three make men have never harmed you. I have only open their eyes pretty wide sometimes.

WATCH SHIELD SAME & D. T. T.

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Home Influence.

Homes, which are the nurseries of children who grow up into men and women, will be good or bad according tery in Arabia, who, desirous of preto the power that governs them. Where the spirit of love and duty pervades the home-where head and heart bear rule wisely there-where the daily life is honest and virtuous-where the government is sensible, kind, loying-then may we expect from such a home an issue of healthy, useful and happy beings, capable, as they gain the requisite strength, of following the footsteps of their parents, of walking uprightly, governing themselves wisely, and contributing to the welfare of those about them.

On the other hand, if surrounded by ignorance, coarseness and selfishness. they will unconsciously assume the same character, and grow up to adult the cost, on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars. more dangerous to society if placed amidst the manifold temptations of what is called **clyllized** life. "Give your child to be educated by a slave," said an ancient Greek, "and, instead of one slave, you will have two."

Life in Sponge.

Recent investigations have shown this curious fact about sponges : That no matter how long it may have been used kept dry, its life is apparently re-stored when it is wet. The sponge being wet with warm water and placed in a warm room, the extremities of the ries his self-abuse, in order that he sponge after a little while appear to be alive and reach out like so many anakes-the longer they are, the greater the motion. Nearly half of all the slender points seem to come to life, but after they become dry the motion ceases. All sorts of dust were put apon the sponge so that they should be under the same circumstances as the pores of the sponge, but nothing but the pores showed any motion. These moving parts, when caught with pli-ers, would pull out a pertion of the sponge. When there is much water in the sponge they seem to be satisfied, but it is as the sponge is drying gradu-ally that evidences of life are exhibited -this fact being discovered with an instrument which magnified only forty two diameters.

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How Coffee Came to be used.

It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons in any half or wholly civilized country in the world now make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia or Upper Utopia.

The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monasventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, on the reports of shepherds, who observed that his meal, he was charged two dollars, their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris.

A single plant, brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies, and the French and Spanish all Indies. The extent of the consumption now can hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consumes it at

Indian Fakirs.

The religious mendicants of India are a numerous class, deriving their subsistence from the charity of the populace, whose pity they excite by practicing various kinds of self-mortication. One exhibits himself destitute of clothing, or covered with a coating of ashes; and another displays a withered limb, which he has succeeded, by resolute effort, in paralyzing, Each one strives to surpass all others in the fanatical extent to which he carmay obtain a superior reputation for sanctity. One year, one of these pious beggars contrived to make himself a lion in the religious circles of Jeypore by suspending himself by the heels a great part of each morning. By tying ropes to the branches of a tree overhanging the road, so as to form a sort of pulley, and then fastening his feet into alip-knots at the end of one of the ropes, he continued to haul himself up until he hung his whole length in the air, with his head downwards. In this position he remained hours together, mnmbling his prayers and telling his beads. His face was serene, and he spoke without difficulty, and in no way gave signs of particular discomfort. During a whole month he continued this novel feat, winning thereby great enthusiaam from the crowd of admir-

A Carpet-bag at Dinner, and Its Appetite.

A recent second-class passenger on the Union Pacific Railroad, who was suspicious of some of his fellow-travellers, took into one of the restaurants on the road a huge carpet-bag, about half filled with his effects, and placed it in the chair beside him while he ate. Having finished and asked the price of one for himself and one for the carpetbag, which the restaurateur remarked. had occupied a seat at the table, and must pay for the privilege. "But," reasoned the passenger, "it

didn't eat anything, and, as there were plenty of other seats for all who wished a meal, didn't inconvenience anybody.' "Can't help that," said the host, "seats over South America and the West at this table are a dollar apiece, and if your bag occupied one it must pay.' Seemingly convinced by this logic the passenger handed out the extra dollar. Then he walked up to the carpet-bag and apostrophized it thus: "Carpetbag," said he, "you've been mighty pa-tient while I've been eating, and too busy to attend to you, and now you shall have all you want." So saying he unlocked the bag-displaying a yawning emptiness which the contents of a half-bushel measure would scarcely fill-and began heaping into it all that the table cotained, the other passen-gers, appreciating the situation, joining in to assist him, till the carpet bag had enjoyed such a "good square meal," that it was borne away with difficulty by its owner, who feasted upon its contents for the rest of the trip to his great comfort and satisfaction.

Logic Among Friends.

If people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much logic and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving ing Hindoos. At another time one of these beg-gars, or fakirs, distinguished himself way to arrive at good temper. at truth. But certainly it is not the fourth and last, dyeing them a yellow color.

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