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JOB WORK—CASH ON DEMAND.

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON

The minister did last night, said he,
"Don't be afraid of givin';
For your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
Why, what's the use of livin'?"
And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
There's Brown, the mis'rable sinner,
He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister is prime, he is,
But I couldn't quite git ready,
When I'd said I'm givin' it right and left,
Just who was hit by his sermon.
Of course there couldn't be no mistake
When he talked of long-winded prayin'
For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled,
As every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
The various kinds of cheatin',
And religion's as good for every day,
As it is to rang to meetin',
I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
And spends his time the following week
In cheatin' and overreachin'.

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow;
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler;
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us none more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' that.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin's out in bows and things,
As woman's ruling passion,
And coming to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a winkin
And nudgin' my wife, and says I "that's you,"
And I guess it set her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat,
But man is a queer creation,
For I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sayin',
I'd have gone to work to fight myself,
And not ask more aggravatin'.

Just then the minister raised his voice,
And he said he'd have come to the fellers
Who clothed this shower he was in their friends
In sort of a dead and yellow,
Contrary to his, said, "And all your families,
In spite of health, your mother,
Contrary, again he said, "as I hear the costs
Of the fixin's for t'other."

My wife she reddened, and I began to think,
Since there was lots of sinnin',
And folks lookin' at our pews,
It was my blood a-boilin'
Says I to my wife, our minister
Is getin' a little bitter,
I'll tell him, when the next tin's out, that I
Don't at all like that kind of a critter.

New Marion Register.

At Last.

Marion Thornton stood alone in the dull gray twilight of a November afternoon gazing out upon the snowflakes coming down faster and faster, touching everything with fairy-like fingers, causing the whole earth to appear a very miracle of beauty.

A charming picture she made standing there clad in her rich silk robes, with the ruddy glow of the fire falling upon her hair and lighting it up until it shone with the glory that old painters loved to represent. That alone had been enough to have beautified any woman, yet Marion Thornton's hair was but one of the many gifts with which Nature had been so prodigal in her regard. The eyes were large and deep, and of that peculiar brown so often read of, yet so seldom seen. Just now they were full of weary longing which told of tears kept back by strong will.

So lost was she in thought that a quiet footfall never roused her, and she started, turning from the window when addressed.

"Marion, my time of probation is at an end. I ventured to come to you, feeling sure that you would expect me, even though your heart has not learned to echo the love that fills my own."

He was not a handsome man, yet no one would have questioned the fact of his being the product of generations of affluence and culture; then there was a look of power about him that people never ignored. It told you that what John Thorndyke willed to do he did, perhaps not honorably, but nevertheless, surely.

He was decidedly *un homme de société*—extravagant and morbidly fastidious in taste, and withal delightful to women, because they were compelled to work hard to obtain his apparent approval. With men he followed the Scriptural injunction, becoming all things to them, that he might gain them all.

Until six months previous he had never yielded to the gentle influence of any woman. They had served to amuse and while away some leisure hours. Having done this, their mission was accomplished so far as he was concerned. Perhaps it had been decreed in the annals of Fate that his fall should be deferred in order that it might prove more sure.

He had met Miss Thornton at the house of a mutual friend, and from that hour his doom had been sealed. She had invited him to call, having known his sister during her school days, and feeling a sort of interest in him through the bond of association. He had availed himself of her courteous invitation in less than a week; after that he sought her constantly.

There was a new and wonderful satisfaction in being in her presence, in listening to her bright cheering words, in watching her every movement. He had all the world from which to choose, but this calm, self-possessed, beautiful woman rested him, and she alone.

When the Summer came he followed her to Newport, and one evening when he chanced to come upon her unexpectedly, as she sat in the deep embrasure of a window at the Ocean House, he told her that old, yet ever new story, and then awaited her answer.

In truth he never questioned what that answer would be—there was no doubt in his mind. Was he not John Thorndyke, the man who had been flattered and schemed for, and without whom society was desolate.

Miss Thornton listened to his avowal very quietly, so quietly, indeed, that it boded no good to him; she may have become a true worshipper—but she never had much color—so who can say that there was even a shadow of change?

At last she spoke, regretfully, yet most solemnly.

"Mr. Thorndyke you have paid me the highest compliment a man can offer a woman. Believe me that I am not unmindful of it, nor forgetful of the many pleasant hours we have passed together. Still I know that I cannot make you happy, and therefore must not become your wife."

She rose to go, but he detained her with:

"I will wait—I have been too abrupt. Give me six months in which to hope, then I will accept your final decision; meanwhile grant me the benefit of the doubt."

Out of pity against her better judgment, she had consented to his proposition.

How many women have done the same, thus investing in a treasury of sorrow with an ever increasing amount of capital.

The days and weeks of John Thorndyke's time of waiting had written themselves out, and he had come, as he had told her, for the word which was to bind them by an indissoluble tie, or separate their lives forever.

Marion had talked much with her own heart; she had viewed the matter from every possible stand-point. There was no one she cared for, and she felt the need of a strong, honest love to rest upon. At five-and twenty life does not seem the same as at sixteen. So she had decided to give herself to this man's faith, and to meet his wants with truth and consistency—more she could not promise.

Now that the moment had arrived in which she must act, the whole strength of her nature rose up in rebellion, yet she was a brave woman, and she did not swerve from her resolve.

He stood before her, waiting this time not some but patient. Nearer and nearer she came, until she felt his breath upon her cheek; then lifting her head and her lips to his, she said:

"Mr. Thorndyke, I cannot give all that you have asked. I do not love you as I once imagined I must love the man that I should marry; but it is a pleasure for me to be with you, we have much in common, and if you can be satisfied with such regard as I give, though it is not all that you deserve, why, I will be your wife."

A shadow, so faint, so swift in passing as to be almost imperceptible, darkened the listener's face; but he clasped the hands closely in his own, then drew the beautiful head down until it rested on his shoulder, saying:

"Marion, I will take the hand now, and wait for the heart."

A month later, they were married very quietly, without display or a flourish of trumpets. After the ceremony, a few friends of the bridal pair accompanied them to the steamer where Marion was caressed and cried over, and finally bid adieu.

They were in Europe a year, wandering from one sunny land to another, and then they turned their faces homeward.

A year can do and undo so many things, can effect such changes, that familiar scenes become strange to us, and old friends pass out of remembrance. For them it had done something, since the gossips had forgotten to look wise and shake their heads over a match which did not meet with general approval.

On the return of the Thorndykes, one of the handsomest houses on Fifth Avenue was opened, and Mrs. Thorndyke was "at home" for friends and congratulations alike.

Rumor soon told strange stories of her not being happy, but she was never known to complain, and it was certainly unreasonable for any woman with such a home and husband not to gather some enjoyment out of life.

One evening, late in December, Mr. Thorndyke entered and sought his wife, with an anxious, disturbed look on his face.

"Marion, I shall have to go to Washington to-night, and as it is essential for me to be back here before the New Year, it don't seem worth while to take you. Still, it is not pleasant to leave you alone, and our guests will not be here this week. Now, what do you say?"

"I will remain here, Mr. Thorndyke." She had never called her husband by his first name, or by any endearing appellation—she had almost become accustomed to this mode of address from his wife and looked for no other. "Grace wrote that she would be here to-morrow with the children, and I have several engagements to fulfill, so you will have to go without me."

Had this man and woman been disappointed in each other? In the beginning they had both been very honest, knowing that one was giving and the other receiving. Their lives were not spoiled, simply because there was an indefinable something wanting to complete a perfect harmony.

John Thorndyke had learned what it was to suffer during the past year. He had found that he loved his wife more—far more than he loved himself, and all his petty interests and selfishness had fallen from him, leaving the man's noble nature like the gold in the rough. It was a difficult work, but he began the polishing with his own hand. He no longer hoped; but he carried his sorrow in his heart, not on his sleeve. Men envied him, thinking that they would be blessed, indeed, if they might lay claim to such rare household gods.

He could not condemn his wife; he could not even find fault with her. Was she not always kind and womanly? She presided at his table, received his guests and honored him. Why should he ask more? Only a week before, the fashionable world had been startled by learning of the flight of one of its fairest denizens with a penniless adventurer. He had shuddered, remembering that the woman professed to love her husband.

To-night a matter of pressing necessity demanded his attention in the capitol, and he was speeding fast away from home on the Air Line Express.

Two days of hard brain-work followed on his arrival—the review of an important lawsuit then pending—a glance in the House and Senate Chamber, and he was on the homeward journey.

So many things passed through his mind during the next few hours! His early life, that had been ruled only by his own will and arrant selfishness, his ambition and determination to win everything he undertook. Then came the remembrance of the meeting with Marion Thornton, his cool assurance and subsequent disappointment, the final success which had become, worse than failure, and, last of all, the home without love. These memories mapped themselves out so distinctly before his mental vision, that the things of yesterday became realities in the new light of to-day.

Out of his musings he was suddenly aroused by a crash, followed by a confused noise of shrieks and cries; then silence settled over him, and he remembered nothing more.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Thorndyke sat alone at her sumptuous breakfast-table. The cousin had not arrived, and she felt a longing for her husband that was altogether new to her. This was the first separation since their marriage, and in looking over the year they had passed together, she found that she had not done all within her power to make their home a happy one.—"When he returned, things should be different;" it must not be said of her that she had been found wanting.

A servant entered, bringing the morning mail; she took it from the salver and listlessly ran over the letters addressed to her; then, taking up the morning *Herald* she glanced at the headings.

What was it that caused the fair face to grow pallid in the morning sun-light? What terrible calamity had swept the peaceful look from the eyes? Only this, found in the columns of that pitiless newspaper:

"Awful disaster on the Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore Railroad. Cars thrown from the track. Fifteen killed; many mortally wounded."

Then followed a list of names, prominent among which was that of "Hon. John Thorndyke.

She was young, and her burden was very heavy, because she believed she must bear it without hope of atonement.

For one moment only did Marion Thorndyke remain where her grief had met her, but in that moment she held every nerve in her body under a control that must last until the end.

Ringing a bell, she ordered her carriage, gave a few hurried directions to her servants, then hastened to her bedroom. Ten minutes later she returned, carrying a small travelling-bag in her hand, and got into her carriage, directing the coachman to drive to the Philadelphia depot.

"Drive rapidly," she said. "I must catch the 10:30 train."

Just as she stepped on board the train, a telegram was handed her. She opened it in the same mechanical manner in which she had done everything since the news of her trouble had come, and read: "John is alive. Come to our house. A. W. C."

"Oh, God, be merciful! Let me get there in time!" she prayed.

As the train moved out of the depot, she heard persons speaking of the accident. She even heard her husband's name, but she only drew her veil closer over her face, and looked out of the window.

"My dear Marion, there is yet hope," Mrs. Churchill said, as she stepped from the carriage. "How terribly you look——"

"Take me to him, Agnes," Mrs. Thorndyke interrupted. "It is my place to be with him now."

Was this John Thorndyke, lying on that bed, so white and still, the forehead covered with bandages, and the hair cut entirely on one side of the head?

"Oh, my darling!" she sobbed, kneeling beside him, "you must not die. I cannot live without you!"

For one moment the eyes opened, and a glad light came into them, but no word was spoken; and the doctor coming in, told Mrs. Thorndyke that the least excitement might produce a fatal result.

Through three long weeks Marion nursed her husband. She would have no one else near, and the kind-hearted physician did not forbid it, believing that otherwise he would have two patients instead of one. She had become almost hopeless in the long, sad watching, but she grew strong in love and patience, and asked of God not to leave her desolate.

One evening, as she sat beside him, knowing that life and death were struggling together, she saw a change come over the wan face. Going nearer, she said, softly:

"John, my husband, what can I do for you?"

"Mine at last!" he said. "It was worth while to be under the jaws of death to find my Marion."

"Hush! you must not talk, dear;" and she stopped his words with kisses.

Slowly but surely John Thorndyke crept back to life—not the old life, but a new and better one, in which existed a perfect love that was never to know change or decay.

So they came into joy unutterable with the story ended and the story just begun.

Cricket.

BY CLARENCE GORDON.

"Cricket? Who is he, and what do you mean?"

"Who is Cricket? He was the sweetest fellow who ever breathed, and if you will take the game from that bag by you, and hand me the bag to sit on, I'll tell you what I mean."

I did as requested, and when Strong had a dry seat, he picked up a withered oak leaf and, pressing it out on a knee with his hands, continued:

"You have heard of France's overland trip to San Francisco in '49,—one of the cruellest frauds,—and Parkhurst France, the most unmitigated scoundrel of those California times. You remember he sold all the menagerie and circus wagons of Dan Rice's caravan, and induced a lot of poor fools to take gold seekers overland to San Francisco at about one hundred dollars less than the trip around the Horn, or by the Isthmus, could be made for. His hundreds of deluded adventurers got nearly across Texas when Major Brooks, of San Antonio, on whom France had forged a government requisition for $30,000 worth of arms, ammunition and rations, stopped his game with a company of dragoons, and the poor victims of Col. France lost every thing, and scattered about to find their ways home or to California as best they might. That is one of the very mildest events in France's romantic and bringandly career, the full story of which I may tell you some other time. However, Cricket and I were among France's followers in that little jaunt. He was in charge of the wagons, and I commanded three thousand heads of horses that France bought around Indianola and Lavacca, before beginning the overland journey. We had been shipped from New York to Matagorda Bay. Cricket and I were ranked as captains. Little we knew then the villain we were serving. I met Cricket for the first time on board the brig. What was his real name. Do you know I can't call it now. 'Cricket' he ever was to us. He got that name mighty soon on shipboard for he was the chirpiest, cheerfullest, bravest fellow I ever served with. Strange though that I can't remember the right name of a man I lived so closely with and loved so well. No matter. Cricket was older than I—six or seven years. He was a gentleman—a college man—and had studied for the ministry. I don't know what was taking him to California. I knew that his sweetheart had died three weeks before we started, and that he was to have married her the very day our brig sailed. All that I found out afterwards. He was rather under height, but nattily built, and as fresh looking as good health and a brave heart could make a man. He had beautiful teeth, a clear, robust complexion; rich blue eyes; a straight nose, with delicately cut nostrils, that expressed emotions as quickly as most persons' mouths; curly light brown hair, whiskers and moustache. In our company he looked like a grain of oats in a handful of gravel, for though we numbered a few farmer lads and mechanics, yet the most of us were pretty hard characters. He was dressed as roughly as became most of us, but there was a clean, clear, bright style about Cricket that was refreshing. His voice was ripe and hearty—had a ring to it full of cheer, and he was often singing or humming. He would help at any work, and had an off-hand way of befriending a hungry or a tired or an angry fellow. But the sunshine of Cricket was the way with which he met storm, accident, fatigue, danger, and assaults or mishaps of any kind. Forgetful of self, resolute, and the darker the time the brighter his words and actions. Before we reached Matagorda Bay, every man on board of that dirty, leaky, crowded pandemonium of a brig, felt an affection, confidential and even respectful, for Cricket. The first event that proved him to us was this: One man of the French party was an old Italian, a Jew, who had been a money-lender in New York, and was obliged to leave because of some swindling operation in aiding thieves to dispose of their booty. He was a man of about sixty-five: a hairy, hawk-nosed reprobate, with a stoop in his shoulders, and a way of traveling about as if he were smelling for something. He was an opium eater, and came on board in one of his fits—dull, dragging, and seemingly unconscious of where he was going—the glitter of California gold a light, I suppose, among the shades of his brain,—a lamp for the opium phantoms to dance about. For two days and two nights he lay dreaming on the deck, close under the forecastle bulwarks, curled up like a cold spaniel, and his head on a worn black bag. The captain kicked him, the sailors made him a target for tobacco quids, and the waves that that sometimes dashed over the bows parted their streams on the old man before running from the scuppers; but Cricket, when he discovered him, set a kind of guard to keep his head upon the black bag and cover him from the weather. When the men planned harm to the old Jew, he would playfully defend him.

"Come, boys, let your 'uncle' alone, you may want to raise on a ring or a breastpin when he wakes up."

Well, on the morning of the third day, our brig shoving along under fair sail and a curling sea on, the Italian rose suddenly from his lethargy, and, in delirium or for suicide, scrambled to the shrouds and pitched overboard. Cricket saw it from somewhere forward. There was of course the cry of "man overboard," but on went the brig, the captain looking aft at the struggling man, as unconcerned as if only a belaying pin was adrift.

"Captain!" called out Cricket, running aft, "put her about; it is a man overboard."

"About yourself," said the brute of a captain. "Stop our way for that ——black old hound? You are a fool."

By the time that the captain's words were finished, Cricket had thrown off coat and shoes, and mounted the taffrail. He turned, with a smile, to all hands on deck. "Men, just see that we are picked up, will you?" and off he leaped. And they did see to it, for the captain knew the kind he had to deal with. In twenty minutes, Cricket and his nearly lifeless burden, were picked up by a boat crew. After that Cricket nursed and befriended the miserable old fellow, until we were landed. The one man on that voyage who never growled nor cursed, who swallowed poor grub without a snort, took cold and wet as a duck, and freshened the bad atmosphere of our company with the sunshine and pure air of his magnetic influence, was Cricket.

The voyage was uncomfortable enough to keep the best grumblers busy, but the land journey that began at Indianola, was worse.

A tyrannous bravo of a commander, want of discipline, discords among men and stock, bad weather and sickness tried even our company of hardy adventurers; but Cricket was unmoved from his patient bright ways. You can hardly over-estimate the worth of such a fellow in hard times. You could thaw out the hardest humor in his warmth. He was a portable bright fire. Finn, a miner, and a bruiser, a case-hardened veteran, said to Cricket, one day, as he was chirruping to four balky mules, and slapping them kindly on the belly and shouldering the wheels while he laughed at their foolishness and joked them to "gee-long now": "Wall, I am durned if you ain't the patientest fool cuss that ever I see. To arger and coax with a mule. I'd jis as soon try to sugar a thunder cloud. Give 'em that 'ar black snake, and they'll git along. Chirfulness won't do 'ginst the pure cussedness of mules, no way." Before his words were done, the wheelers settled down in their collar with a lurch ahead, Cricket called to the leaders: "Now, in, babies, give it to them; hurrah!" and they were, the four, under way, together sweetly, and Cricket, laughing merrily, ran along to pat them on their necks.

"Wall, I'll be shivered, if you didn't do it; the only man I ever see as could start a mule without whack or cuss, an not bust his temper."

Cricket having got that team out of quandary, was hurrying on to the rest of the train, and Finn and I kept pace with him.

"Look 'er here, Cricket," said old Finn again, "don't things ever rile you? Don't you ever get black an kick or smash or grump?"

"Well, now, Finn, what's the use if one wants to win? One ugly mule may spoil a train, and a gay leader, with a sweet temper, will start the heaviest load ever balked at. When it is night you must light a lamp to see the way, musn't you, or you may be down on your nose? Milk is better than pepper for an empty stomach. Grumbling is more contagious than measles, but a laugh often will frighten a ghost. I am pretty healthy, and keep my spirits. It helps others who might knuckle under. But Finn, isn't that truth and philosophy?"

"Perhaps so, but it takes a mighty lot of practice on France's rations to make me think so."

A Story for Young Men.

I had grown reckless after I moved to M——, that is I fell in with a crowd of professed friends, who drank, swore and cared nothing for morality in general. At first I held back, I had not been used to it, but I could not withstand the sneering taunts of my companions which always greeted me when I refused to join in any of their wicked acts, and by degrees I became very reckless. It makes me shudder even now to think of it. I had never been blessed with a sister's love. I resided with my mother in this village of about four hundred inhabitants. Many a night when I would go reeling home from the shop at the north end of the town, I would find my dear mother watching for her son—listening if perchance she could catch the sound of his unsteady step. Many a time did I waken from my drunken slumbers and hear that fond mother sending up a petition to God in behalf of her intemperate son. Oh! what a wretch I was. I knew that I was bringing down her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. She began to look aged and careworn; but I kept on in my sinful ways until a circumstance occurred to stop me in my downward career.

I was starting out one evening to the grog shop, when I suddenly remembered that I spent all my money at that place the evening before. I remembered also that I had seen mother put a few pennies (her hard earnings) in a cup that day. I was tempted! I tried to resist but my appetite was too strong. I slipped cautiously to the cupboard, removed the money from the cup, deposited it in my pocket, and was starting from the house, when my mother entered. I did not turn my head for I felt guilty—guilty of what I never was before—a thief. My mother called me; there was something in her voice which I could not resist.

"What is it, mother?" said I.

"Oh, Willie! do stay at home with me to-night!" she sobbed, taking my hand in both of hers. "Don't drink to-night; take my advice just once."

Oh! how many times since have I wished that I had taken her advice that night. But I consoled her by telling her that I would not stay long. I wended my way to the grog shop; but my mother's words: "Oh, Willie! do stay at home with me to-night," kept ringing in my ears far louder than the drunken oaths, and for once I did not stay what I called late; but when I reached home the bells in the neighboring city was tolling the midnight hour.

A strange feeling seized me as I approached my home. The light was placed in the window as usual to guide the wanderer's steps. I went to the window and looked in. There sat my mother in her easy chair; her eyes were closed and I thought she slept. Her face was pale, but it was always that. I tried to chase my fears away as I went around to the door; my hand trembled when I laid it on the latch, and it thrilled my very heart when it arose with a sharp click. I had never such a feeling before. I entered; I beheld in my mother's hand the very cup from which I had removed the money. I laid my hand on my mother's shoulders, and spoke to her. She moved not; I spoke louder; still no answer. I listened, but could not hear her breathe. I laid her gently on the bed, brought water and bathed her white forehead.—Reader, imagine my joy when I saw that dear mother open her eyes.

"Oh, mother!" cried I, "forgive me. Oh, forgive your erring boy."

"I do," was the answer.

A heavenly smile lit up her face.

"Meet me in Heaven, Willie."

"By the grace of God, I will."

And my mother's spirit had fled to God who gave it. [illegible] It is not necessary for me to give the long the description of the mournful scene. Suffice it to say that from that moment I was a changed man—snatched as a brand from the burning. Since that time not one drop of whiskey, wine, or anything of the kind has passed my lips, and by help and strength given me from above, never will.

A Curious War Story.

The following curious story we find in the Rome (Ga.) *Courier*, the editor claiming that it has never before been published:

"While Pickett's division was before Newbern, N. C., Gen. Pickett received, by flag of truce, a letter from a gentleman in Boston, accompanied by a package of money containing $2,000, in which the writer stated that he had a brother, a Federal officer, in the Libby Prison; that his brother was a former comrade of Pickett in the Mexican war, and appealed to him, by the friendship of their old days, to forward the money to his brother. The appeal touched the generous heart of the brave soldier, and he at once dispatched an orderly, with the money, to the officer. The orderly, tempted by the unusual sight of so much greenbacks, basely deserted through the lines and escaped with the booty. As soon as Pickett heard of the desertion he immediately went to Richmond, and, by a mortgage on his Turkey Island property, succeeded in borrowing $2,000, which he carried to the prison and with an explanation of and apology for the delay. The officer, when he learned by what means the General had raised the money, declined to accept but one thousand dollars of it; but, with that nice sense of honor which distinguished the true Southern gentleman, Gen. Pickett compelled him to do so. The two soldiers then talked over the brave old days of the past, when together they fought under the same flag, and as the conversation ripened into friendly confidence, the prisoner frankly told the General that his object was to escape, if possible, and that he intended using some of the money he had given him in the effort. The General checked him at once by telling him that he could not receive his confidence in such a matter; that the money was his own, and that he had "a right to do with it as he pleased, but it would be improper for him to become a party to his plans. He then left. The prisoner did escape. The war ended disastrously to the South, and Gen. Pickett's estate was sold to satisfy the mortgage which he had executed to pay a Federal prisoner in his hands the money which had been stolen from him by the connivance of the enemy. Would it not be better for Blaine to hunt up such acts as these than to gloat so fiendishly over Andersonville?"

A Cure for Snakes.

Several cases of snake-bite, in which the value of Prof. Halford's remedy, subcutaneous injection of ammonia, has been demonstrated, have, says the Melbourne *Argus*, lately occurred in the colony. At Seymour, on the 14th of December, a young man, 26 years of age, named Dwyer, was bitten between the thumb and first finger of the right hand. The wound was received at 9 o'clock, and no treatment was applied to it until 11.20, when the patient was powerless and almost insensible. Ammonia was injected into his right arm, when he revived at once. He suffered a relapse, but the ammonia was again successfully applied; and he ultimately recovered. At Bungaree a young girl was bitten by a snake, and gradually sank into a state of stupor. Two hours and a half after she was bitten ammonia was injected. Relief was immediately obtained, and the girl rapidly recovered. A third case happened on the Ancheron, where a little girl, 2 years old, daughter of a farmer named Duka, was bitten by a snake just above the left ancle. Symptoms of complete coma were sitting in, when the ammonia injection was used with magical effect. The child sat upright and became quite lively. A relapse occuring, a second injection was made with as great effect as before, and the child from that time continued to improve until her recovery. Another case is mentioned of a native woman on the Wirrega station, South Australia, who was bitten by a snake on the ankle. She became unconscious, and the surface of the body was turning cold, when ammonia was injected. The woman at once revived and recovered.

On one occasion during the revolution "Old Put" had received a lot of new recruits, and as he had some fighting to do before long, and wanted none but willing men, he drew up his levies in rank before him. "Now, boys," said he, "I don't want to retain any of you who wish to leave; therefore, if any one of you is dissatisfied, and wishes to return home, he may signify the same by stepping six paces in front of the line; But," added the old war dog, "I'll shoot the first man that steps out."

It is not enough for a reader to be unprejudiced. He should remember that a book is to be studied, as a picture is hung. Not only must a bad light be avoided but a good one obtained. This, taste supplies. It puts a history, a tale or a poem in a just point of view, and examines the execution.

When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some gentle nature comes.

Courage, so far as it is a sign of race, is peculiarly the mark of a gentleman or lady; but it becomes vulgar if rude and insensitive; while timidity is not vulgar if it be a characteristic of the race or fineness of make. A fawn is not vulgar in being timid, nor a crocodile "gentle" because coura, geous.

Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest.