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E. L. C. WARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light—
Fold the white vestures, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets grow.
But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies
In space beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb,
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
To make the scorching sunlight dim,
That drinks the greenness from the ground
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And ripening in the Autumn sun
The acorn and the chestnut fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.
To her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high,
And every minstrel-voice of Spring
That trills beneath the April-sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners clad in black,
The crickets sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.
At last the rootlets of the trees,
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies,
So may the soul that warmed it rise.

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask what maiden lies below,
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies where the violets grow.

The Engineers Story.

Yes, sir, I do believe in ghosts. Why? Well, sir, because I saw one once. Tell you about it? Well, sir, I will, if you'll set down an' listen. 'Taint very much to tell, but it was a good deal to see, you can just bet your life, an' I never go by the place where I see it without feelin' kind o' scary.

Lem' me see. 'Twas in '60. I was just beginnin' my work on this road that year. I'd been on a road out West, but a friend got me the position here that I've kep' ever since.

It was a rainy, disagreeable day when the affair I'm goin' to tell you about happened. Jest one o' them days that makes a feller feel blue in spite of himself, an' he can't tell why, neither, 'less he lays it all to the weather.

I dont know what made me feel so, but it seemed as if there was danger ahead ever after we left Wood's Station. An' what made it seem so curious was that the feelin' of danger come on me all to once. It was jest about 4 o'clock, as near as I can tell. Anyway jest about the time when the down express must have got safely by the place where what I'm goin' to tell you about happened, I was a-standin' with one hand on a lever, a-lookin' ahead through the drizzlin' rain, feelin' chilly an' kinder downhearted, as I've said, though I didn't know why, when, all of a sudden, the idea come to me that somethin' was wrong somewhere. It took 'hold o' me an' I couldn't git red of it, nohow. I knew that all was right about the engine. But that feelin' that there was danger ahead never let up once after it got into my head. Queer, wasn't it? But 'twas so. I couldn't account for it after I'd found out there was danger, jest as I'd felt, an' I haint never been able to account for it since.

It got dark quite early, on account o' the fog an' the rain; it was dark as pitch afore we left Holbrook, which was the last station we passed afore we come to the place where I see the ghost. "I never felt so queer in my life afore," said Jimmy, the fireman, to me all of a sudden.

As I was feelin' queer myself, he kinder startled me, a sayin' what he did. "Why! What d'ye mean?" said I without lettin' on that I felt uneasy myself. "Do' know," answered Jimmy; "can't tell how I do feel, on'y as if suthin' was goin' to happen."

I see was a man a-standin' right in the middle o' the track, a-wavin' his hands; an' I grabbed hold o' the lever an' whistled down brakes, an' stopped the train as fast as ever I could, fer I see I thought 'twas a live man. An' Jimmy he see it too, an' turned 'round to me with an awful scart face, fer he thought sure he'd be run over.

But I began to see 'twan't any flesh-and-blood man afore the train come to a stop, fer it seemed to glide right along over the track, kep'in' just about so fer ahead of us all the time.

"My God! it's a ghost," cried Jimmy a grabbin' me by the arm. "You can see right through him."

An' we could! Yes, sir, we could. When I come to notice it, the figger ahead of us was a kind o' foggy-lookin' thing, and only half hid anythin' that was behind it. But it was just as much like a man as you be, an' you'd a said the same thing if you'd a seen it.

The train stopped. An' then, sir, what d'ye think happened? Well, sir, that thing just grew thinner an' thinner, till it seemed to blend right in with the fog that was all around it, and the fust we knew 'twas gone!

"It was a ghost!" said Jimmy, in a whisper. "I knew somethin was a goin' to happen, 'cause I felt so queer like."

"They come a crowdin' up to find why I'd stopped the train, an' I swear I never felt so kind o' queer an' foolish as I did when I told 'em what I'd seen 'cause I knew they didn't b'lieve in ghosts, most likely, an' they'd think I was drunk or crazy."

"He see it, too," sez I, a pointin' to Jimmy. "Yes, 'fore God, I did," sez Jimmy, as solemn as if he was a witness on the stand.

"This is a pretty how-d'ye-do," sez the conductor, who didn't b'lieve we'd seen anythin'. "I'm surprised at you, Connell; I thought you was a man o' sense."

The Saw-Mill Man.

He was a person of deep thought, and his knees shook as he stood before the desk and explained:

"You see, I came down for some machinery, and I had a little time to look around, and I drank a little beer and I suppose I was a little drunk."

"Yes, you were. When the officer found you were standing before a tannery and crying out: Shendporter down ere t' car'y up my trunk! I suppose you thought you were in Chicago."

"I suppose so, and I'm very sorry. I own seven saw-mills up the shore."

"The shore of time?" "No, sir—the lake shore. I hope you can overlook this affair."

"Are your seven saw-mills painted red?" "They are not painted at all, sir."

"Then I shall have to fine you five dollars, Mr. Slab. I once made a trip through the Saginaw Valley, and I hadn't put in one day when I took a solemn vow to bear down on the first saw-mill man whom the boys ran in."

There wasn't a window curtain to be seen around any mill; not a pair of inside blinds greeted the weary eye; the front steps were dirty, the stairs had no railings, and just where a climbing rose ought to have been seen there was a pile of two-inch plank to knock sentiment endways. If I ever own a saw mill, sir, I'll show you the cosiest, tidiest mill in the world, I'll have a parlor on the south side, a library in the west end, a studio up stairs, and while the saws are chewing up the logs I'll be imbibing knowledge and making myself familiar with the beautiful.

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The saw-mill man started out to smile contemptuously, but one glance from the court made him change it to a smile of approbation, and he carefully handed over five dollars and went out.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The unknown is an ocean, and consciousness is the compass of the unknown; thought, meditation and prayer are the great mysterious pointings of the needle.

Few men know the force of habit. A cobweb—a thread—a twine—a rope—a cable. Venture not upon the first; the last is nearly past human effort to sunder.

Whatever you would not wish your neighbor to do to you, do not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is a mere exposition of it.

The mere lapse of years is not life. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness and faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness. Anoint the face morning, noon and night.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools.

Man is only weak by the disproportion there is between what he can and what he is willing to do; the only way he has to increase his strength is to retrench many of his desires.

A Chinese proverb says, "Great souls have strong will; others only feeble wishes." The proverb might have added that good health makes the will strong, while feeble bodies weaken it.

The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrifices for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, and the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will, and seeking to please himself.

Religion, like all other wholesome growths, loves the sunlight and the air, if we keep it in our cellars it will wither and die, or else send up a sickly and colorless shoot, that will bear no healthy fruit.

The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves. The eternal, universal, unchangeable law of all beings is to seek the good of one another, like children of the same Father.

As folly on the one side, though it should enjoy all it can desire, would, notwithstanding, never be content; so, on the other, wisdom ever acquiesces with the present, and is never dissatisfied with its immediate conditions.

The friend who pardons a wrong, acquires a superiority that wounds the self-love of the pardoned man, and however much the latter may admire the generosity of the giver, he can love as he had previously done—no more.

If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show yourself too much at a time, and let what you do show be calm, cool and polished. But look at every side of the world.

Kind words and smiles, and genial greetings and good wishes, are seeds that thrive and bear fruit, each after its own kind. Cheerfulness is like the widow's measure of meal—the more sowed the more remains, and both the receiver and giver are enriched.

It is astonishing how much one without money may give. A kind word, a helping hand—the warm sympathy that rejoices with those who weep. No man or woman is so poor as not to be able to contribute largely to the happiness of those about them.

We have nothing of our own but our will; all the rest is no ours. Sickness deprives us of health and life; riches are taken away from us by violence; the talents of the mind depend upon the disposition of the body; the only thing that is truly our own is our will.

The goodness which struggles and battles, and goes down deep and soars high, is the staff of which heroism is made, by which the world is salted and kept pure. It is the seed which bears fruit in martyrs, and makes men nobler than their nature—the demi-gods and the prophets of a better time.

We have but the trials that are incident to humanity; there is nothing peculiar in our case, and we must take up our burdens in faith of heart that, if we are earnest and true not with temptation, God will support us, as in the vast fidelity of his providence, he has supported others as heavily laden as ourselves.

Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commissions, and like the ghost of the murdered, forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

Individuals are not overlooked or forgotten in the multitude. Individual faithfulness is noticed. Individual piety is rewarded. Jeremiah was not lost in the midst of a corrupt age. Daniel and his friends were remembered in their captivity and raised to great honor. In a world of transgressors one faithful friend of God will not be forgotten, though he be the humblest of all.

Give us the country for true happiness, true men and true women. No affectation, no false pride, no hypocrisy, pure air, pure vegetables, pure water, pure milk and, in short, everything that is calculated to make one happy and contented can be found there. Contrast it with the city, and what a difference. Here we see haughty pride; men and women affecting to be much more than they really are; everything different, nothing real; vegetables stale, water impure, milk watered and chalked. We are constantly imposed upon, and each one is suspicious of his neighbor.