Orange County Observer.

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My Wants.

I want not wealth—the yellow gold
That chills the soul like Arctic cold.
That turns to ice the warmest heart,
And withers all the better part;
I want not wealth;
Only enough to soothe distress,
To cool the brow of wretchedness,
To bring glad smiles to eyes that weep,
And all my loved ones safely keep—
This wealth I want, and nothing more.

I want not power to sway my kind,
And blindly lead a world of blind,
To shift the scene on life's great stage,
And make my impress on the age;
I want not power;
It tears all strength to it, the soul
Round down in passion's base control;
To aid it in its upward flight
To yon high realm of love and light—
This power I want, and nothing more.

I want not fame—to have my name
Encircled by a garish flame
That, like the fire's deceitful ray,
A moment gleams, then dies away;
I want not fame,
I only want it may be said,
When I am gathered to the dead:
"He lived unknown, and died content,
His life should be his monument."
Such fame I want, and nothing more.

But this I want—a friend that's true,
Who will my virtues kindly view,
And all my faults as kindly scan,
Nor count me more or less than man;
And even more;
I want a hand my own to hold
When days are dark, and drear, and cold;
An arm my tottering feet to stay
While here I tread life's weary way,
Such friend I want, and even more.

I want true love—true woman's love,
As pure as that which rules above,
As deep as the unsounded sea,
And broad as is immensity;
And even more;
I want a smile to light my home,
A kiss to greet me when I come,
A heart whose sweet and holy chime
Shall with my own keep even time;
Such love I want, and nothing more.

I want a calm, secluded place
In the kind thoughts of all my race;
I want that men should speak of me
In gentle tones of charity;
And even more;
I want to feel, deep in my heart,
I've acted well my humble part,
And when my earthly course is run,
I want the Master's kind "well done!"
All this I want, and nothing more.

A Dark Day.

Hetty Lockwood sat at the open window—a big basket of undarned stockings by her side, a new copy of "The Latest Magazine" on the table close by, while within reach a bright butterfly hovered about a newly-opened honey-suckle growing against the window. The Spring breeze breathed balmily into the apartment, filling her senses with a delicious dreaminess; and her eyes wandered wistfully out beyond the shaded village street to the green fields and budding willows bordering the sparkling little river. On a morning such as this who could endure to stay within doors? Who could endure to sit quietly down and darn stockings?—boy's stockings, too, with great holes in the heels of them, which, merely to look at, caused her a despairing sigh. Then the new magazine; how she longed to unfold the crisp sheet, luxuiate in its contents, like the butterfly in the sweets of the honey suckle. But Hetty's life more resembled that of the bee than the butterfly. Though only eighteen, she was the eldest of seven children, mostly boys; and a goodly portion of the household work fell upon her shoulders. Her mother was a sharp, bustling woman, and though without an idea of being unkind, often made her daughter's life irksome with distasteful tasks and wearisome confinements.

A glad, girlish voice aroused Hetty. Looking from the window she saw Susie Lake, one of her few intimate friends, leaning on the little front garden gate.

"Oh, Hetty, do come and walk with me down to Aunt Ellen's. The morning is just lovely; and I have something so particular to tell you."

"I'm afraid I can't, Susie. It is Saturday, you know; and I am sewing and watching baby asleep, while mother is in the kitchen."

"Then I'll have to tell you now, I suppose."

She came close under the window, and said, in a lower voice and mischievous smile:

"*Who* do you think I saw just now?"

"I don't know. The new minister?"

"No, indeed; somebody very different from that fat red-faced old codger," returned Susie, irreverently.

"Oh, Susie! But who was it?"

"Now, it was just Mr. Walter Hayes. Now *ain't* you surprised?"

A vivid flush dyed Hetty's fair face. She made no reply, and Susie continued:

"His employer, Mr. Mitchell, sent him on business from Philadelphia to C——, and as this wasn't much out of the way of his home, they gave him leave to stop here for a day or two; so he told me when I met you just now. He arrived only an hour ago, in the stage from Cox's station; and that is how I came to see him before you did, Hetty," she added laughingly.

She passed on, leaving Hetty with flushed cheeks, brightened eyes, and a heart thrilling with glad excitement. No wonder. For more than a year past the thought of Walter Hayes has been the brightest spot of her life, around which all sweet, vague thoughts of happiness had clustered. One year ago he had stood at that same little green garden gate, in the moonlight, on their late return from the church concert, and bidding her good-bye before going away to the great city to seek his fortune. She remembered how the warm, lingering clasp of his hand had thrilled her, and how he had said at last, in a voice that almost trembled—

"You must not forget me, Hetty. I shall think of you always, and when I come back—"

And just then her mother had come on the porch, and called her in out of the damp air; and so he had left her reluctantly. But now he had come back, and she would see him to-day.

"I do declare, I [illegible] exclaimed her mother, bustling into the room, warm and flushed from [illegible] pie-baking, "you are the laziest girl I ever saw. Here you've been upwards of an hour darning one pair of stockings! What have you been about? Dreaming away your time as usual, no doubt, and with all the children's Sunday clothes to look over and lay out for to-morrow, besides the Saturday's 'chores.'"

Hetty penitently resumed her work. But she was very glad when, toward sunset, it was all done, and she had leisure to run up to her own little room; and never in her life had she taken such pains with her appearance as now, while she arrayed herself in what she considered her most becoming toilette, a soft, dove-colored dress, with a knot of a rose-colored ribbon at her throat, and another nestling like a freshly-bloomed rose in the ripples of her brown hair.

How anxiously she listened for the expected ring at the front door. How tumultuously her heart beat when at length it came, and how heavy it sank when old Deacon Brown stalked in, to discuss some church-matters with her father! Then she began to look at the clock; and her heart grew fainter and fainter as she saw it traveling slowly round to 8 o'clock. In Riverside they kept early hours, and when, at a quarter of nine Deacon Brown took leave, Hetty also arose, and lighting her bedroom candle went slowly and sadly upstairs.

When, next morning, she came down, her mother remarked, as she busied herself about the breakfast table—

"Hetty, Walter Hayes was here last night."

"Oh, mother!"

There was something almost pathetic in the look and tone; but Mrs. Lockwood was too busy with the steaming coffee-pot to perceive it."

"He came in just as you had gone upstairs," she continued. "He asked for you, but it was so late, I thought it hardly worth calling you down again. He had been seeing Miss Mitchell home to her aunt's—that Philadelphia girl, you know, and I didn't know until he mentioned it, that she was a niece of his employer, Mr. Mitchell. He is certainly improved. To my mind, there's nothing like city life for giving people what they call *style* now. Make Eddie's milk-tea, whilst I pour out the coffee."

"I think," observed Mr. Lockwood, as he took his place at the table and cut into the cold corned-beef, "I think I heard Harry Tunstall say yesterday that young Hayes was paying attention to Miss Mitchell. He said he had seen them together in Philadelphia. She's a handsome girl, and her father's got money. If Walter marries her he will do well—don't bolt your food like that; cut it properly, sir, before eating."

Hetty turned suddenly sick at heart. She said nothing, but she could not swallow her breakfast, and her mother presently remarked upon her pale looks.

"Don't you feel well, child?" I noticed that you were fidgetty and nervous last night. You're feverish, I doubt, with the spring weather."

It wasn't much like spring to-day. One of the sudden changes peculiar to the fickle mouth of April had taken place, and a cold breeze and leaden clouds replaced the balmy airs and sunny skies of yesterday. It began to drizzle, too, as the family arose from the breakfast table; and a bleak and cheerless prospect was presented without.

Hetty was glad that her mother permitted her to go to her room [illegible] down. There was never a fire in room; but she drew the bedclothes over her head, and wished that she could thus shut herself out from the whole world. She felt forlorn and miserable. All her sweet foolish dreams of love seemed to have been rudely stricken at a blow. Walter had ceased to care for her. He had not been proof against a year's absence. He had been won from her by that handsome, stylish girl from Philadelphia; and Hetty hid her face in her pillow, and almost wished that she could die.

It was the darkest day she had ever known. She tried to read her Bible, but could not fix her thoughts on it, and closed it in despair. She listened to the dismal beat of the slow-falling rain, and at times watched the swaying of the half-budding tree branches in the chill wind. The cherry tree before her window had been yesterday whitening into blossom. Surely the cold would kill the tender buds, and there would be no fruit. How like her own hopes and happiness!

Her mother sent for her to come down to dinner. There was, she said, no use in staying upstairs in the cold, and the child would be better by the fire, with some nice warm soup. In there all the afternoon Hetty sat, while her father and the boys went to church—for it had ceased raining now—and her mother read "Baxter's Rise and Progress" and sang dismal hymns to the baby.

"Het," said Bill, upon his return from church. "I saw your old beau, Mr. Walt. Hayes, at church with Miss Mitchell, and he shook hands with me and asked how the family was. *She's* a real swell, a regular roarer, I tell you, and if you don't shine up some, she'll cut you out."

"William, don't let me hear any more such slang talk from you, I beg," said his mother reprovingly.

"And Hetty," said her little sister Annie, as she carefully drew off and folded her gloves, "I heard Kate Hayes tell Mrs. Green that Walter and Miss Mitchell were going back to-morrow to Philadelphia, and Mrs. Green said she supposed that was one reason of his coming to Riverside that he might travel home with her."

Hetty lost all heart and hope at this. She longed for sympathy—to lay her head on her mother's knee and tell her all. But Mrs. Lockwood, though she really loved her children, was not one of those gentle and sympathetic mothers to whom their children thus turn; and poor Hetty went again to her lonely room, and wrapping herself in a shawl, seated herself at the window and look listlessly out.

A few people were passing. She hardly noticed them, until she suddenly met a pair of brown eyes, and a hat was lifted; and she drew back with burning cheeks and a beating heart, as Walter Hayes passed. How handsome he looked! and as her mother had observed, how improved in appearance—with so much of manliness and dignity. And she—what could he think of her, sitting there pale and forlorn-looking, with her hair all disordered about her face? He might come this evening, perhaps, and yet she hardly wished it now. It would only be painful to see him, and find him changed. Still, she dressed herself and went down stairs, though her head was throbbing and she felt really ill. And all the evening she waited and watched as she had done before; and Walter never came, and she knew knew now that he did not care to see her. And so ended the long, dreary day.

Next morning Hetty arose feverish and ill. But she busied herself about the household work; and when her mother, observing only that she was dull and languid, remarked that she needed a walk, and desired her to carry a little jar of butter to old Mrs. Simpson, she made no objection. The day was pleasant though cool, and wrapping herself in a warm shawl of her mother's and tying a pink-lined hood about her face, Hetty sat off alone on her walk.

It was rather a long distance that she had to go—out of the village and across a field, and then by a lonely pathway lying along the foot of a hill. Mrs. Simpson kept her some time talking; and it was late when the girl set out on her return.

Slowly retracing the little pathway under the drooping beeches, Hetty paused at the style which led into the open field. It was pleasant here. The sun shed a golden light over the beech boughs, and a breath of spring-time woodland fragrance floated on the air. Somehow Hetty felt soothed, as she stood resting on the stile, and looking dreamily at the white clouds overhead.

An approaching footstep startled her. Turning, she saw a man's figure coming along the pathway, and another glance showed her that it was Walter Hayes. Her heart gave a great throb and then seemed to stand still.

He came on straight toward her—his hand extended, his lips smiling, his eyes looking straight into her own.

"Hetty!"

She looked up at him, half in hope, half in doubt, and the color came and went on her face.

"Hetty—I have wanted so much to see you."

She could not mistake the sincerity of his tone, or the look of the brown eyes; and she answered simply and naively.

"I thought you had forgotten me."

"Forgotten you?"

She could not have told how it happened; but somehow she found herself seated on the step of the stile with Walter beside her, and her cheek close, ah! very close to his; whilst all the world around seemed transformed into a strange beauty and glory. Such miracles does a moment sometimes work in our lives.

As they walked slowly homeward together, he told her what one thing and another had prevented his seeing her; among the rest, Bill, having confidentially informed him at church, in answer to his inquiries, that she was "too sick to come down stairs that day"—a statement which he unfortunately credited, and when this morning he had called and learned from her mother where she had gone, he had lost no time in following.

"But, Walter," said Hetty, hesitatingly, "do you know I heard something about you and—Miss Mitchell?"

He laughed.

"Miss Mitchell is to be married shortly, Hettie, to our junior partner. She has been very kind to me, and so has her uncle, my employer. Indeed, Hetty, I wanted to tell you of my good fortune and good prospects; and to ask you, darling, if, when—"

And then the words which had been for a whole year delayed were spoken; and Hetty wandered as she came in sight of her home, whether this could be the same world that it had been on that dark, dark day, yesterday.

A QUEER TRADE.—France, always fertile in discovering professions for her children, has just invented a new occupation. A man goes about the streets of Paris bearing a small tray covered with a green cloth. On this tray are a pack of cards, a set of dominoes, and a dice-box. With this stock-in-trade, the man, who styles himself "L'Amateur," goes to the houses of invalids or idle persons, and for a small fee plays with them at any of the games that can be managed with such properties as cards, dice and dominoes. It is said that the "amateur" makes a very comfortable living by this discovery of a want in the social organization of Paris. Undoubtedly this amateur card-player is much more likely to be in demand than the semi-mythological Quatorzieme, who was supposed at one time to earn a livelihood in Paris by attending dinner parties, where, through some mistake, the number of guests was the fatal 13. This number 14 was expected to entertain the company with brilliant conversation, and was said to receive a large fee for his services. But the persons giving dinners who so far defy the laws laid down by Brillat-Savarin as to be in any danger of finding themselves at the eleventh hour with 13 at table are comparatively few, and there must have been seasons when Quatorzieme had but a dull time of it.

HOW THE ANCIENTS GROUND GRAIN.—Mrs. B. B. Reading has presented to the Academy of Sciences, on behalf of J. H. Sisson, of Siskiyou county, a metade of basalt rock, found nine feet below the surface of the earth near the Oregon boundary line. The metade was used by the ancient ativen races for the purpose of grinding grain, and this specimen has a flat top, slightly raised about the edge on the two sides and at the upper end, and is about twenty-two inches long and fifteen inches in breadth. It is supported by three legs, the upper one being an inch or so longer than the two lower, thus giving it the requisite incline so that the grain, crushed to flour by means of a heavy roller, can slide off into a vessel placed at the open end for that purpose.

The Pastor's Salary.

HOW A MILER COLLLECTED IT.

A worthy miller—as the story is told in Rev. Duncan Dunbar's memoir—was once pained by hearing that the minister was going away for want of support, the church having decided that they could no longer raise his salary. He called a meeting and addressed his brethren very modestly, for he was one of the poorest among the comfortable farmers. He asked if the want of money was the only reason for his change, and if all were united in desiring the services of the pastor could they still keep him. There was but one voice in reply. The pastor was useful and beloved; but the flock was so poor! "Well," replied the miller, "I have a plan by which I can raise his salary without asking one of you for one dollar, if you allow me to take my own way to do it. I will assume the responsibility for one year. Have I your consent?"

Of course they could not refuse this, although they expressed surprise, knowing the miller to be a poor man.

The year drew to a close. The minister had been blessed in his labors, and no one had been called on for money. When they came together the miller asked the pastor if his wants had been supplied and his salary met. He replied in the affirmative. When the brethren were asked if they were any poorer than at the beginning of the year, each one replied "No," and asked how they could be when they had paid nothing. He asked again, "Is any man here any poorer for keeping the minister?" and the reply was the same as before. "Then," he said, "brethren, I have only to tell you that you have paid the salary the same as you always did, only more of it and with greater promptness. You remember you told me to take my own way in this matter, and I have done so. As each of you brought his grist to the mill, I took out as much grain as I thought your portion and laid it away for the salary. When the harvest was over I sold it, and paid the minister regularly from the proceeds. You confess that you are no poorer, so you never missed it, and therefore I now propose that we stop talking about poverty, and about letting our minister go, and add enough to his salary to make us feel that we are doing something!" Mr. Dunbar used to say, "O for a miller in every church!"

Religion and Philosophy.

Nature takes a plain human face and sets sweet thoughts and kindly impulses at work upon it, and it grows into beauty.

"If our hearts condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God."

When a child picks flowers in a field and brings us the whole handful, one up and one down, we see more clearly the beauty, the harmony in color and form that is so good to our sight. We arrange them, and altogether they blend in a beautiful whole, so that we do not look at one, but at the whole bouquet. This perception of the harmony of beauty is an instinct in us, lying in our eyes and ears—these bridges between our souls and the created things, even in the beating of the waves of the air made manifest in sound.

A celebrated author says: "If I were to choose the people with whom I would spend my hours of conversation, they should be certainly such as labored no farther than to make themselves readily and clearly apprehended, and would have patience and curiosity to understand me. To have a good sense, and ability to express it, are the most essential and necessary qualities in companions. When thoughts rise in us fit to utter among familiar friends, there needs but very little care in clothing them."

Take care of your health. Keep this wonderful machine which we call the body—this mechanism which is at once the domicile and the servant, the transporter and the feeder, of the soul and of the mind—in the highest state of efficiency. Study the laws of health, and obey them conscientiously as the laws of morals or of civil and social duty. A mind diseased is often but the exponent of a body diseased. Restore the body to health and the mind will often be restored to its activity and its intellectual and even moral strength.

There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man as a good, moral character. It is his wealth—his influence—his life. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every condition, and glorifies him at every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. It makes a man free and independent. No servile tool, croaking sycophant, no treacherous honor seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of truth and righteousness never spring in such a person. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make their prospects, even in this life; never should we find them yielding to the groveling and base born purposes of human nature.

Solomon and the Blacksmith

Mulciber (or Vulcan) was the artificer of heaven—in the Greek mythology—and they are not far wrong who represented Tubal-Cain, the first mechanic, as the father of civilization. The blacksmith has sometime been called the king of mechanics, and this is the way he is said to have earned his distinction:

The story goes that, during the building of Solomon's Temple, that wise ruler decided to treat the artisans employed on his famous edifice to a banquet. While the men were enjoying the good things his bounty had provided, King Solomon moved about from table to table, endeavoring to become better acquainted with his workmen. To one he said:

"My friend what is your trade?"

"A carpenter."

"And who makes your tools,"

"The blacksmith," replied the carpenter.

To another Solomon said:

"What is your trade?" and the reply was;

"A mason."

"And who makes your tools?"

"The blacksmith," replied the mason.

A third stated that he was a stonecutter, and that the blacksmith also made his tools. The fourth man that King Solomon addressed was the blacksmith himself. He was a powerful man with bared arms, on which the muscles stood out in bold relief, and seemingly almost as hard as the metal he worked.

"And what is your trade, my good man?" said the King.

"Blacksmith," laconically replied the man of the anvil and sledge.

"And who makes your tools?"

"Make them myself," said the blacksmith.

Whereupon King Solomon immediately proclaimed him the King of Mechanics, because he could not only make his own tools, but all other artisans were forced to go to him to have their tools made

Some English Ladies.

Country ladies in English homes, says the London *News*, do not stop at carrying out the tradition of their great-grandmothers in ordering well their own households. They take a great and growing interest in the economic questions of modern times relating to sanitary reforms and improvements. They study the doctrine of political economy which may teach them how to raise the condition of their tenants, yet avoid any risk of pauperizing. They plan cottages which shall permit of decent living and yet bring in a fair, or approximately fair, return on outlay. They organize clubs, reading-rooms, and penny readings, and encourage the women to come along with their husbands and sons, on the principle that even they may have something they are pleased to call their minds. They get the lads and lasses to come of an evening to the "big house" and enjoy the benefit, if it be nothing more, of the society for an hour of an educated, well-mannered woman. They have been known to build music halls in the grounds, erect an organ and give the people periodical concerts. With all this there is no sacrifice of the more highly placed social pleasures and duties. Nothing of all the interest we have enumerated, or others more extended, interferes with the dinners to the neighbors on moonlight nights, or the entertaining of a house party o friends from town.

Experiments are being made in rice culture on high ground in Florida, without flooding the field, and very superior rice has been produced, 80 bushels to the acre. The land was prepared without using fertilizers.

A young man who went into the country, introduced himself to a spring hen roost and heard something go off very much like a shotgun, simultaneously explained his absence and lameness to his friends upon his return, by saying that he had just got back from Leadville.