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THE FARMER AND HIS WIFE.

The farmer came in from the field one day; His languid step and his weary way; His shined brow, his stony hand, All showed his work for the good of the land; For he sows, And he mows, And he mows, All for the good of the land. By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife— Light of his home, and joy of his life; With face all aglow, and busy hand, Preparing the meal for her husband's hand. She must toil, She must broil, She must toil, All for the good of the home. The bright sun shines as the farmer goes out; The birds sing sweet songs, lambs frisk about; The brook bubbles softly in the glen, While he works so bravely for the good of men; For he sows, And he mows, And he mows, All for the good of the land. How lightly the wife steps about from within, The dishes to wash, and the milk to skim; The fire goes out on the flies buzz about; For the dear ones at home her heart is stout. There are no more to make, And steps to take, All for the sake of home. When the day is o'er, and the evening is come, The creatures are fed, the milking done, He takes his rest 'neath the old shade tree, From the labor of the land his thoughts are free. Though he sows, And he mows, And he mows, He rests from the work of the land. But his faithful wife, from sun to sun, Takes her burden up that never is done; There is no rest, there is no play, For the good of the home she must work away; For to mend the sock, And to knit the sock, And the cradle to rock, All for the good of the home. When autumn is here with its chilling blast, The farmer gathers his crop at last; His barns are full, his fields are bare, For the good of the land he never hath care; While it blows, And it snows, And the winter goes, He rests from the work of the land. But the willing wife, till life's closing day, Is the children's guide, the husband's stay; From day to day she has done her best, Until death alone can give her rest. For after the rest Comes the rest, By the farmer's heavenly home.

room and office, across perilous planks and up dangerous ladders, till we gained the trap-door which opened on the roof; then down again to the lowest abysses of the coal cellar and strong room, looking in vain for some concealed Guy Fawkes, who, however, was conspicuous for his absence. Very minutely did I examine and try the drawer, which had already been tampered with, as I knew it contained, beside stamps, a large sum in gold and notes. No—it seemed firm and safe, and would take "a deal o' work," as Bennett remarked, holding his taper close to the lock. Lance too, had a good look at it and expressed the same sagacious opinion as his colleague. Our first visit ended—and I was expected to patrol at least three times in the day—the two porters went down to breakfast, and I adjourned to the manager's room, leaving the door partly open, so as to be able to see all round the bank. I lit a cigar, and ensconcing myself comfortably in the managerial arm chair, prepared to stay the two hours which intervened between the cessation of the church bells and luncheon time. Suddenly old Lance appeared again at the half-opened door, and spoke in this wise: "Scuse me, sir, but I've been a pleace-man, and I don't think that lock's all right."

"Which lock, Lance?" said I. "That there drawer with the stamps, sir."

"Well, let us look again." So saying, we both went to the counter which contained the drawer, and Lance pointed out some small scratches on the lock, and a slight indentation in the wood-work surrounding it. "That's a chisel if I die for it!" said the ex-policeman.

"By Jove! You don't mean it?" "Sure of it, sir."

"Well, let's have Bennett up stairs and hear what he thinks of it." Angry at being disturbed at his breakfast, the head porter came grumbling to the place where I stood, and bending down to the lock, impatiently inquired if it was not a deal more likely the cashier had scratched it in the course of business. After a few minutes' further inspection, he looked up with a knowing smile.

"I believe Lance is right now; it looks so fresh, I shouldn't wonder if the watchman knew something about this."

"Perhaps so," said I. "What do you think, Lance?" "That lock honest enough—but looks ain't always a guide," said the man quietly.

"Then I'll stop in the bank to-night, and see if I can trap my gentleman," exclaimed Bennett, "if you'll leave me the key."

"I can't do that," I replied, "but I shall report the fact to the manager the first thing in the morning."

"As you like, sir," he assented reluctantly, and they both returned to their long neglected meal. Again I retreated into my den, at times with the proud consciousness of having something important to relate when Monday morning should see the stream of busy workers once more settling with books and papers and filthy lude generally. One—nay, two cigars did I consume down to the last half inch, read *Byles on Bills*, and perused in detail some more cheerful literature, and I am afraid a tiny doze must have ensued, as I was awakened by Bennett's voice close to me asking what I would take for "mechance. Mechanically I fixed upon the lackey-eyed clock, and with it a pint of stout, to be ready for the only thing which I had deigned to be opened for a couple of hours on Sunday. While he was gone I took the opportunity of making my second round, and found nothing but peace everywhere, with the slight exception of being startled by the sudden appearance of the bank cat from the cavernous depths of the enormous coal cellar. Eventually I returned to my room and found a succulent chop smoking upon the table, flanked by a pewter pot of foaming stout, which, on tasting, I found "unusually soft and creamy"—indeed I fancied I could detect a peculiar aroma in the grateful beverage which seemed to make it more than ordinarily palatable; anyhow I thoroughly enjoyed the repast, and when an intensely slumberous sensation crept through all my veins, my strongest effort of will proved insufficient to keep me awake. While yet thus struggling against the impulse, Lance came to me and informed me that he was going out to dine at his home close by, while Bennett was left on guard below. As he closed the door behind him, my eyes shut, and I fell asleep, but only in a few moments to be awakened by his voice again addressing me.

"I don't think I'll go out to dinner, sir," said he, gazing at me with a strange expression. "Why not?" quoth I drowsily. "Well, sir, I don't feel very bright to-day, and as you know, sir, and if you'd be so kind as not to mention to Bennett as I've come back. But you don't look very well yourself, sir, just now?"

"Lance, that stout has made me most comfoudly sleepy!" "Well, have a bit of a nap, sir. I'll see the place is all right—only I don't want Bennett to know I'm here."

"All right, all right," I replied, rather shortly, for I wanted to be left to myself; I was somewhat surprised at his wish for concealment in so trivial a matter. Again I saw the man pass out and partly close the door, and once more I drifted into a heavy but pleasant slumber. Soon I was a denizen of dreamland, and a sharer in its grotesque and fantastic imaginings. I thought I was clinging to the telegraph wires that stretch like webs over London, and performing thereon athletic feats rather stoic in my own flesh. I flew through the air toward my home at Wood Green, spinning, as I went, a thread of wire by which to return—a useless precaution, as I was at once transported to the Desert of Sahara, where I found myself on a camel's back, careering across the burning plain. But in my dreams the face of the camel was the face of the ex-policeman Lance, and ever and anon strange grating noises seemed to be borne past us on the wind. The pace began to slacken; and as I spurred on my steed to fresh exertions, I seemed to feel the prick of the rowel in my own flesh. It became sharper and more painful; and gradually camel, desert, chase, faded from my vision, and the bank once again dawned on my awakening senses. But though my aerial steed and his surroundings had all disappeared, the spur unaccountably enough remained—as my nether limbs were painfully reminding me.

"It was no dream this time—I was wide awake. Quickly glancing around, I discovered Lance crouching down beside my chair, and vigorously applying a pin to the calf of my leg. To this proceeding I was about to enter an indignant protest, when a significant gesture warned me to remain mute. His face was white with unworldly excitement, as he rose to his feet, and beckoning me to a small aperture in the wall used for the transmission of books and papers between managers and clerks, made me look upon a spectacle that made each individual hair upon my head to stand erect. The drawer contained the stamps and gold was being tampered with before my very eyes in broad daylight. Stooping down with his back towards us was a man softly but swiftly forcing the lock with a chisel. But the man—the thief—who was he? I knew at a glance—a long, lean form. It was Bennett. We both shrank back. "Take off your boots, sir," he whispered in a low voice. I noticed that his own feet were shoeless. "Creep round outside the counter, and wait till I give the word—then over and help me."

I was not without last spring that the place was organized and named. From that time until now people have poured in from all the surrounding country, from the far East and from the Pacific States and Territories, until there is a bustling city of 8,000 inhabitants. It has a Mayor, Councils, police and fire departments, churches, schools, a telegraph line, daily mails, money-order "shops," two newspapers, three banks, and hundreds of stores, shops, saloons and other features of a fast new city. The streets have a sort of straggling regularity. The principal thoroughfares are named Chestnut, Pine, State and Harrison avenues. Almost everything is cheaply built, the stores which carry the largest stocks being mere cabins. There are few story-and-a-half and two-story buildings. Lumber is in great demand, and the three or four saw-mills in the vicinity are not adequate to supply the need. Lately business men have begun to plan larger and better structures, brick-yards have been started, and some fine blocks are under way. The prevailing spirit is that of rampant speculation. People stake out claims, tear up the rocks a little, sometimes "sell" them for some plausible do-nothing talk until the discovery, and it is but a few days before an avaricious "tenderfoot" catches the bait at a high figure. Lot-brokers, who have the refusal of most all the desirable property in town, lot-jumpers and city addition platters drive a big business. Everything partakes of the nature of a grand debauch. Men seem to be carried away with excitement, and no longer satisfied with the plodding and sure-footed business ways, seen lost in a mad, furious chase for fortunes. Of course, saloons, dance-houses, theatres and keno-dens flourish in such a place as this.

There here was a fierce attempt to free himself by the prostrate thief. "Perhaps I'd better stop with him," continued Lance, "you'll catch a constable in a minute at the station in Old Judy."

Seizing my hat, I was off in a twinkling, and returned in double-quick time to the bank, accompanied by a stalwart member of the city police. A few moments later the policeman, myself and our shopfallen prisoner were quietly taken to the station, where I made the charge and left him to the solitude of a cell till Monday morning. On my return to the bank, the night watchman had arrived, and I prepared to go home.

"Why, Lance, you must have suspected the beggar before this," I exclaimed. "I've thought it sometimes, sir," he laughed. "Knew I should chop him some day." Then, with a frown: "Mean, sneaking skunk!" I believe he meant to try to put it on to me or the other watchman here.

"Well, that's all well that ends well, Lance, and it was a clever catch of yours. We have a nice story for Mr. Spofforth tomorrow. Good night."

"Good night, sir!" When I walked into the bank next morning, I found the story was already known. A little knot of men were eagerly discussing the event, and I as well as Lance soon became the center of an animated crowd. At eleven o'clock I was summoned to the board room, to the committee of directors, who complimented me upon the capture, as if I, and not Lance, had done the deed.

The morning newspapers there was a graphic account of the "Great Bank Robbery," concocted by some ubiquitous penny-a-liner, which my wife read and re-read with mingled pleasure and alarm. Bennett was eventually sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment, which we all considered far too lenient a judgment. The ex-policeman came in for the head messenger's berth, with a house rent free and a present of fifty pounds. In addition to very much unmerited praise, I received a check of a hundred pounds, which was attributed in no small degree to the satisfaction of the household at Wood Green.

—A writer in the *Art Journal* believes that American woman are degenerating. The women who lives next door furnished a sad example of this fact yesterday. She got up at four o'clock, and built two fires, lugged four loads of coal from the cellar, did the week's washing for a family of six, before seven o'clock prepared the morning meal, impartially licked three small children and got them ready for school; potted several choice plants, set a black patch into the cupola of her husband's gray pants, read four chapters of a *New York Ledger* continued story, visited a neighbor and learned how to cut her new cloak in the latest style, cooked a boiled dinner, and chased a book-agent out of the yard with a broom, all before twelve o'clock. The American woman is indeed degenerating.—*Bookland Courier*.

—There lives in Franklin County, N. C., a man 49 years old, who never heard a sermon preached, never read a chapter in the Bible, never fired a gun and never saw a white man married.—*New York Herald*. There is a man in Hillsdale County, Mich., who never saw a horse, never heard a comic song, never read a newspaper paragraph, never saw a boat and never spoke to a woman. He is deaf, dumb and blind, poor man.—*Free Press*.

—I hope there are no cannibals around here," said a traveler to a frontier girl, as she was mixing a batch of dough. "There are plenty of 'em," returned she, pouring some corn-meal into the pan. "We always eat a little Indian with our bread."

—Last winter Dr. Sackett, of Chester, Connecticut, made a violin of two thousand and fifty pieces of wood. We always thought there should be about two thousand and fifty pieces in most of the fiddles we ever listened to.—*Hawkeye*.

A MINING CITY TWO MILES UP IN THE AIR

Leadville, Lake county, Col., is the highest, newest, and, for its size, the noisiest city on the continent. It is what the miners call a rattling camp. It is close up to the snowy range, overlooking California Gulch, the scene of the gold-hunting furor of 1859. At an altitude of 9,000 feet, or to put it more forcibly, nearly two miles higher than New York, it may be considered as well up in the world. There is no place like it in the whole Rocky Mountains. It is a larger city than Deadwood on the north or Silverton or Lake City on the south. The twenty-year-old towns of Black Hawk, Central, and Georgetown, are nothing to it in population, trade, fast money-making, fast everything. Where Leadville now stands was a year ago almost a howling wilderness. There were a few prospectors busying themselves with turning up rocks here and there, but there was hardly what could be called a camp. No town had been staked out. It was not until last spring that the place was organized and named. From that time until now people have poured in from all the surrounding country, from the far East and from the Pacific States and Territories, until there is a bustling city of 8,000 inhabitants. It has a Mayor, Councils, police and fire departments, churches, schools, a telegraph line, daily mails, money-order "shops," two newspapers, three banks, and hundreds of stores, shops, saloons and other features of a fast new city. The streets have a sort of straggling regularity. The principal thoroughfares are named Chestnut, Pine, State and Harrison avenues. Almost everything is cheaply built, the stores which carry the largest stocks being mere cabins. There are few story-and-a-half and two-story buildings. Lumber is in great demand, and the three or four saw-mills in the vicinity are not adequate to supply the need. Lately business men have begun to plan larger and better structures, brick-yards have been started, and some fine blocks are under way. The prevailing spirit is that of rampant speculation. People stake out claims, tear up the rocks a little, sometimes "sell" them for some plausible do-nothing talk until the discovery, and it is but a few days before an avaricious "tenderfoot" catches the bait at a high figure. Lot-brokers, who have the refusal of most all the desirable property in town, lot-jumpers and city addition platters drive a big business. Everything partakes of the nature of a grand debauch. Men seem to be carried away with excitement, and no longer satisfied with the plodding and sure-footed business ways, seen lost in a mad, furious chase for fortunes. Of course, saloons, dance-houses, theatres and keno-dens flourish in such a place as this.

Among the dark-brown leaves and green filaments which are borne upon the edge of the incoming tide, one frequently observes a substance hardly distinguishable from the surrounding plants, except for its light-brown color and porosity. This is sometimes dendritic (branching like a tree), with lank branches springing from broad, thick-spreading bases; but generally it is broken into fragments, and only the palm-like parts, with their finger-shaped ends, are left grasping among the froth-covered sea-weeds. A slight pressure will expel the water, and the aspect of the half-dried specimen will be at once arrested attention.

It is, in fact, a Sponge, differing only in the details of its structure and its general form from the sponges of commerce. The latter, whose irregular swelling outlines are so familiar to us, are of foreign origin, the better kinds coming from the more eastern shores of the Mediterranean, the coarser and larger kinds from the Bahamas. The commercial value of these is based upon the horny nature and closely interwoven texture of their internal skeleton.

A sponge is, typically, a gelatinous mass, in which is imbedded numerous little spikes and plates, of a horny, calcareous, or siliceous substance; or hair-like threads of various forms, which are so thickly disposed as to knit together by animal matter, that they form a sort of open-work frame supporting the looser tissues.

In the common sponge this framework is wholly composed of horny hairs, which are so densely packed and elastic that they immediately resume their original shape after being compressed. The gelatinous matter is in all cases cleaned out after the sponge is torn up from its rocky bed, and those which we utilize are only the horny skeletons of the living animals. So loosely constructed and fragile, however, are the large branching species of our own coast, that a dried specimen may be crushed to powder in the hand.

The exterior of our beach specimens have a furry look, due to the projecting points of the spicules, which protrude through the outer skin. Scattered holes of considerable size reveal portions of the interior, and between them are innumerable smaller pores. These larger apertures connect with distinct channels which ramify through the mass in all directions, and, when surrounded by their native element, expel continuous jets of water. In fact the whole is only an apparatus for absorbing and ejecting sea-water, well deserving its old name of sea-lungs.

The surrounding liquid is taken in through the smaller pores of the outer side, and, passing through the lung-like interstices of the structure, is finally collected in the main channels and thrown out again, together with quantities of feculent matter through the larger openings. The meshes of the sieve and the channels are thickly lined with myriads of microscopic animalcules, to which the perpetual current bears their minute food, sifted of all the coarse, unsuitable particles, and maintains an invigorating supply of fresh sea-water throughout the whole colony. The animalcules are, except continuous jets of water, in fact the whole is only an apparatus for absorbing and ejecting sea-water, well deserving its old name of sea-lungs.

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SPONGES.

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great Halkhondria, whose favorite resort is an old wharf-pile. It may not seem an attractive object, but Nature has clothed the whole coast with her living tapestries, and even here, her taste is as faultless, and her hand as lavish in decoration, as in more favored and sunnier spots.

Get into your boat, and when the tide is lowest float down under the wharves through which the current has a clear sweep. The waves lift the dank bladder-weeds and long green sea-hair which cover their stained sides, while below these, brown clusters of muscle-shells open their fringed mouths, and huge anemones, as thick as your arm, spread their laced crowns of white, brown, crimson, or variegated colors on the water-worn logs; and in the midst our great sea-lungs hang out its massy branches, and spreads its ward fingers up towards the observer. Even the sponge is beautiful in such places and with such associations.

—A loaded revolver was found in a cotton bale on the Charleston market.

—A Rochester (N. Y.) clergyman is in trouble because he married a boy of 18 and a girl of 11 years.

—Some new goods are made of shark skin. Porte-monnaies, cigarette cases, parasol and whip handles of it are handsomely lacquered.

—Within twenty-four hours after Passavanti's attempt on King Humbert's life, the King had received 4000 despatches of congratulation on his escape and Signor Cralchi 2500.

—Two street preachers were lately prosecuted in Edinburgh for behaving in a "riotous, outrageous and disorderly manner," shouting, howling and making a great noise.

—The total number of immigrants who arrived at Castle Garden, N. Y., during the eleven months of the present year was 76,546, an increase of 15,716 over the same period in 1877.

—J. C. McCabe, Commissary of the Citizens' Relief Committee, of Memphis, Tenn., in making a final statement, reports that 745,000 rations were