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Two Lovers.

Two lovers by a mossy green spring;
They leaned close cheeks to cheeks,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time!
O love's best prime!

Two wedded from the portal spring;
The bells made happy carolings,
The air was soft as falling wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure eyes! bride!
O tender bride!

Two faces o'er a cradle bent;
Two hands above the head were locked;
Those pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour!
O hidden power!

Two parents by the evening fire;
The red light fell about their knees,
On rights that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the life's tree.
O patient life!
O tender strife!

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees,
But all the hours that slow degrees
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Promoted.

One winter, says General Dan Macaulay, in his recent address before the Loyal Legion, we were for many days on a Mississippi River expedition down below Helena, Arkansas, with a fleet of steamers under General Willis A. Gorman. The weather was most inclement, and the men suffered very severely from cold and exposure. Under such conditions, a sudden bump of reverence for anything he can worry suffers great shrinkage. Sam Frick had taken a violent dislike to General Gorman, because, forsooth, that gallant gentleman had been forced to join in the famous retreat from the first Bull Run battle-field.

Why Sam should have considered that General Gorman had any special monopoly or responsibility in that great national failure, or that he had developed more speed than was absolutely necessary to keep up with the procession, is hard to understand, but so it was, and several times during this expedition, as I later learned, when our steamers were sufficiently near, Sam would electrify the General by howling at him most derisively.

"Hello, Old Bull Run!"

Once he made a mistake. Headquarters steamer had been obliged to stop at one and within a few feet, for consultation, and on the upper or hurricane deck stood the General himself.

Sam was on the lower forward deck of our vessel, out near the bow, and, bracing himself, he yelled up into Gorman's very teeth:

"Hello, Old Bull Run!"

The General was too quick for him, leaning over the side, he shouted down to the guard: "Throw that man on my boat here, quick!" And, sure enough, they did. Sam, sprawling through the air like a frog, was pitched headlong into Gorman's boat, and during the remainder of the day, at various distances, near and far, we could see him, long and lank, and lean, tied up like a flapping scarecrow, to the jibboom of the steamer. It was a cold and quiet day, for Sam and his special attention was paid to wailing and quail for him, and, when along toward night the boats were brought together again, and he was chucked back to his stall as a wooden Indian, it might reasonably be supposed that for once the great irrepressible was speechless.

No, not the least in the world.

He gathered himself together, and, chilled, blue, and starved as he was, came creaking and mounting up stairs to me in the cabin.

"Colonel," he growled, "I wish you please have my discharge made out right away."

"You discharge? Your funeral, you mean, if you're not more careful?"

"No, my discharge, Colonel, I've been put on Gorman's staff."

The Spiders' Appetite.

It is not everybody who knows how much a spider can eat. Most of us have derived amusement, and perhaps instruction, from watching the subtle arrangements and devices of the little technician, with a view to capturing some dainty little insect, and many of us would know exactly where to place this interesting creature in the classification of animal life, but probably very few of us have any idea what a voracious gourmand the spider is. A gentleman, scientifically inclined and luxuriating in the rare procession of leisure, has recently given to the world some very curious and startling statements in regard to the archdeacon's appetite. He captured a spider and kept it in confinement, supplying it liberally with food, and carefully recording his observations. He estimated that the creature ate four times its weight for breakfast, nine times its weight for dinner, thirteen times its weight for supper, finishing up with an ounce of food. In the same proportion, a man of average weight would demolish an ox for breakfast, two more for dinner, a couple of bullocks, eight sheep and four pigs for supper, and then a hundred weight of fish to prepare the way for an aldermanic banquet before retiring to bed. — *Christian Journal*.

Canine Pets in Gay Attire.

"Furnishing decorations and clothing for dogs is developing into a great trade," said a manufacturer to a reporter for the New York Mail and Express recently. "In Paris alone nearly 2,000 persons are engaged in this business, and the trade represents nearly \$1,000,000 capital. The rage for dressing canine pets has now reached New York from Paris. Every variety of dog has his peculiar dress and proper toilet and toilet case, with powder, sponge, comb and so forth. It would be a rank breach of dog manners for a bulldog to appear on the street in the dress of another, indeed, the dog would pine away from sheer mortification. Smooth terriers wear bracelets on some of their legs, and bear in mind always put the ring on the left leg. That is the fashion. As to collars, blankets for cool weather, netting for warm weather, the rule holds good—every one to his own and no other. We'll very soon have aristocratic dogs appearing on rainy days in long-legged boots made of doekskin and fastened on with rubber rings. At certain seasons of the year dogs must be muzzled, and this calls for fancy and decorated muzzles."

An Embarrassing Situation.

A little girl whose father had been reading to her a story of a child who was eaten up by a bear, could not seem to forget it, and at night she said:

"Oh papa, wasn't that a dreadful story! And then the poor child couldn't go up to heaven?"

"Why not?"

"Why, there she was inside the bear!"

— *Boston Record*.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

An Explanation.

When you see the baby walk step by step, and stumbles. Just remember, now he's here. Both his wings are gone—Oh, dear! Cat's him, or he'll tumble!

When you hear the baby talk but by far, all broken. Only think how he forgets All his angel words, and lets Wonders go unspoken!

— *Samuel W. Duffield, East, Nebraska*.

The Four Trials.

There was once an old monk walking through the forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion: "Pull up the first."

The youth easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength, and used both arms, before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth." But he found the trunk of the tall tree grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its base, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens without passion. When they are young and weak our sins, by a little watchful ness over self and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up; but if we let them exist, their roots deepen down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them; the Almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out."

"For this reason, my child, watch well over the first movements of your soul, and try by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."

The Unwound Melon.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and having arranged their stands, sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruit and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, with an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and, placing his hand upon it, said:

"What a fine melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir, and though it looks very fair, there is an unusual spot in it," said the boy turning it over.

"Is there?" said the man, "I think I will take it. But," he added, looking into the boy's open countenance, "is it very bad?"

"It is better than being diseased, sir," said the boy, modestly.

"You are right, my little fellow; all was reasonable that principle, and you will find favor with God, and me also. I shall remember your stand in future. Are those fish fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stall.

"Yes, sir, from this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about the fish I caught yesterday! Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away."

"Ben, I would not have been so foolish, either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end, for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved, for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables of Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbor.

Too Particular.

Nobody in the world is as particular about what he eats as an aristocratic New York coachman, as the following dialogue shows:

Coachman—"Look here, cook, if you give me any more such victuals I'll go to a hotel and get my meals. I am not going to put up with it."

Cook—"What's the matter?"

Coachman—"You needn't make out that you don't know what's the matter. You just own up that you have given me asparagus that is almost tough enough to put on the table upstairs." — *Stifings*.

The Difference.

"Papa," said an inquisitive youth, "what is the difference between a banker and a broker?"

Papa is puzzled, but brings experience to his aid. He finally tells the difference: "A broker is one who breaks you to pieces by degrees; a banker takes you in at a gulp."

STRUCK BY A WHALE.

A Little Schooner Gets in the Way of a Monster.

And is Overturned and Dragged Out of Sight by the Leviathan.

"What do I know about whales, sharks, squids, and other animals of the sea?" echoed Capt. Carter of the brig Mary Jane. "Wait till I light my pipe and I'll tell you off a yarn which I can bring witnesses to swear to."

"In 1879," he continued, after getting his pipe alight, "I owned a small schooner, the Fly, and I had her in the shell trade. I used to gather them on Santa Rosa Island, and from there along the coast clear around to Cape St. Bas. My crew was composed of a negro, who acted as mate, and two boys. Being a sea bit of a craft, and skidding among the islands most of the time, we did not need much of a crew, nor any great amount of seamanship. It was in August of the year I have named that one afternoon we were about midway between Santa Rosa and the cape, and about fifteen miles off the land. We were headed for the cape, and making about three knots an hour, the wind being light and the weather fine. One of the boys was at the wheel, the other I kept, and the mate was splicing a rope. I stood on the port bow looking at a broken spar floating a few hundred feet off. There was no sea on, and the Fly was on an even keel. Suddenly, and without a breath of warning, the schooner was lifted clear of the water with a great crash and flung on her beam ends. It so happened that minute was thrown overboard, but before he could do so, he had been struck by the bow of the craft, and he was killed. The first thing I knew of was on my bottom, with one of the boys along side of me. I had a small keg of powder in the cabin, and my first thought was that we were blown up. I didn't clear this idea more than a minute, however, for as I got the water out of my eyes, I caught sight of a great black mass above, and in a second more made out the great square head of a whale. The water just there was at least ninety feet deep, but it had been rolled up until it looked like a mud hole for an acre or two around us. I got it through my wool pretty soon that we had been struck by a whale, and that the old Leviathan of the deep was still alongside. In fact, I could have touched his nose with a twenty foot pole.

"Now, one of the singular things is that we hadn't seen the spout of a whale that afternoon. Indeed, it is rare for one to run in so near that coast. Of course, there might have been a whale sporting around and we not see him, but the chances are that that fellow had made a run of several miles under water. When he came up to blow, he found the Fly in his way, and he threw her off his nose as a bull would toss a gadfly. The blow must have dazed him, however, for it was a good three minutes before he moved a fin. I could look into his eyes, and by and by I noticed at take on a malicious twinkle, and he gave his flukes a dip and backed off about a hundred feet. He was mad, he thought he had been attacked by some enemy, and he wanted revenge.

"Well, sir, that concerned critter was coming for us. Being light, the Fly was high and dry out of water, and offered a pretty fair target. He uttered a snort, swung his flukes about, and came head on, striking the schooner fair amidships. He knocked the two of us twenty feet into the water, and he made a hole in her side through which you could have flung a water butt. The blow broke her all up, but as the water poured in she only settled down until her bottom was a wash. When the boy and I got our eyes clear we noticed that the yawl, eight feet of water, was floating a little way off, and we made for it. While I hung on to the bow he climbed in and bailed her out, and in about ten minutes we were about again. Meanwhile the whale had his nose again the upset schooner, as if sniffing her. She was between us and him, and it was a lucky thing for us. We didn't so much as a splinter to paddle with, and the breeze seemed to have died away about the time the Fly went over. "By and by old Leviathan backed off for another round. This time he went further, and he came faster, but as the schooner had settled down he did upon her bottom until his weight settled her down and let him pass over. As he floundered over she rolled heavily to starboard and his flukes were no sooner clear of her than she righted herself. In so doing both masts snapped off, and a tangled coil of cordage covered the water. The Fly hadn't ballast enough to sink her, but she was down until her rail was almost awash. The yawl was too small potatoes for the whale, or he reckoned on finishing the schooner first. He lay quiet for a short time and made another dash at her. He was kicking up such a sea that we couldn't exactly make out how he got fast in the wreckage, but fast he got. There was such a tangle of ropes that he probably drew some of them into his mouth. Then the fun came to a climax. We had drifted away until well clear of him, and apprehending no immediate danger, what a commotion

My Hero.

What stimulates the outward show? When a signifier's well it is place. When the heart has learned to know, What do we care for form or face? And what care we for name or creed? That buried ages may be freed? It could all be clearly said. The record of a noble deed!

It loyal to his sense of right. It prompt and sure at duty's call. He walks as walking in God's sight, He runs the manliest man of all. It faithful to the midnight day. It faithful to the midnight day. He follows in the master's way. And bears a blessing where he goes.

If, gaining much, he loses all. While summer friends go coldly by. He proves his courage by his fall. He holds to man the day or night. While winter winds are howling tight. He keeps a quiet hand and true. And ever bravely, from the dust. To fight his weary battle through.

If, working on through pain and loss, He earns a soul he will not cast down. He braves his courage by his