

A SONG OF SPRING.

God's Love has broken winter's chain,
The Earth is Paradise again.
A smile of sun, a kiss of show'rs
Stars nature's firmament with flowers.
After this waiting, what relief
To scent the spring; the robin thief
Chirps champion on the holly bough,
Let's sing! the winter's over now,
And lovers lead beloved ones home,
The snowdrop's come!

Have you forgotten? Love, last year
Our springtime smiled without a tear!
That night when we went out and kissed
The roses folded up in mist!
That day you pulled the branches down
And made for me a leafy crown!
To you sweet heart, when sun had set
I gave closed daisies, Margaret!
'Tis spring again! Love's hour has come.
The snowdrop's home.

Have you not felt as yet? You will,
That wild reaction, and the thrill
Of nature's resurrection-day,
That comes as prelude to our May!
The May we've sworn to love, whose birth
Sends carols round the weary earth.
I have forgiven all, can you?
Who sent me winter, thyme and rue,
Forget love's birthday? Spring is home,
The snowdrop's come.

Let's turn the year's sad leaf; forget
Its tear-stained pages, Margaret,
The chequered chronicle of time
That died in sorrow, born in rhyme.
Love's epitaph! 'twas I alone
Carved on a monument of stone:
"Look round! Eternity means love,
There's no decay! In eaves above
The swallows gather winging home.
The snowdrop's come!"
—CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE MANAGING WIFE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

ZRA NEWTON had just finished looking over his yearly accounts. "Well," asked his wife, looking up, "how do you come up?" "I find," said her husband, "that my expenses during the last year have been 37 cents over a thousand dollars." "And your income has been a thousand dollars?" "Yes, I managed pretty well, didn't I?" "Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?" said his wife. "What's thirty-seven cents?" said Mr. Newton, lightly. "Not much to be sure, but still something. It seems to me that we ought to have saved instead of falling behind." "But how can I save on this salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived extravagantly. Still it seems to have taken all." "Perhaps there is something in which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of the items." "The most important are house rent, one hundred and fifty dollars, and articles of food, five hundred dollars." "Just half." "Yes, and you'll admit that we can't retrench there, Elizabeth? I like to live well. I had enough poor board before I married. Now I mean to live well." "Still we ought to be saving up something against a rainy day, Ezra." "That would be something like carrying an umbrella when the sun shines." "Still it is well to have an umbrella in the house." "I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth; but I am afraid we shan't be able to save up anything this year. When I get my salary raised, it will be time enough to think of that." "Let me make a proposition to you," said Mrs. Newton. "You say that one half of your income has been expended on articles of food. Are you willing to allow me that sum for the purpose?" "You guarantee to pay all bills out of it?" "Yes." "And relieve me of all cares on that point?" "Yes." "Then I will shift the responsibility upon you with pleasure. But I can tell you beforehand that you won't be able to save much out of it." "Perhaps not. At any rate I will engage not to exceed it." "That's well. I shouldn't relish having any additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month I will at each payment hand you half the money." The differing characters of the husband and wife may be judged from the conversation which has been recorded. Mr. Newton had but little prudence or foresight. He lived chiefly for the present, and seemed to fancy that whatever contingencies might arise in the future he would somehow be provided for. Now trust in Providence is a very proper feeling, but there is a good deal of truth in the old adage that God helps those who help themselves, and in proportion as they are disposed to help themselves. Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, had been brought up in a family which was compelled to be economical, and although she was not disposed to deny herself comforts, yet she felt that it was desirable to procure them at a fair price. The time at which this conversation took place was at the commencement of the second year of their married life. The first step which Mrs. Newton took on accepting the charge of the household expenses, was to institute the practice of paying cash for all articles that came under her department. She accordingly called on the butcher and inquired: "How often have you been in the habit of presenting your bills, Mr. Williams?" "Once in six months," was the reply. "And I suppose you sometimes have bad bills." "Yes; one-third of my profits on an average are swept off by them." "And you could afford, I suppose, to sell somewhat cheaper for ready money?"

"Yes; and I would be glad if all my customers would give me a chance to do so." "I will set them an example, then," said Mrs. Newton. "Hereafter whatever articles are purchased of you will be paid for on the spot, and we shall expect you to sell as reasonably as you can." This arrangement was also made with others, who, it is scarcely needful to say, were very glad to enter into the arrangement. Ready money is the great support of trade, and a cash customer is worth two who purchase on credit. Fortunately Mrs. Newton had a small supply of money by her, which lasted till the first monthly instalment from her husband became due. Thus she was enabled to carry out her cash plan from the beginning. There were other ways in which a careful housekeeper is able to limit expense which Mrs. Newton did not overlook. With an object in view she was always on the lookout to prevent waste, and to get the full value of whatever was expended. The result was beyond her anticipations. At the close of the year on examining her bank book, for she had regularly deposited whatever money she had not had occasion to use in one of these institutions, she found that she had \$150 besides reimbursing herself for the money expended during the first month, and having enough left to last another. "Well, Elizabeth, have you kept within your allowance?" asked her husband at this time. "I guess you have not found it so easy to save as you thought for." "I have saved something, however," said his wife. "But how is it with you?" "That's more than I can say. However, I have not exceeded my income. That's one good thing. I find I have exactly spent all. But I can't see how you have saved anything. We have lived full as well, and I don't know but better than last year, when we spent \$500." "It's knack, Ezra," said his wife, smiling. She was not inclined to mention how much she had saved. She wanted some time or other to surprise him with it when it would be of some service. "She may possibly have saved up \$25," thought Mr. Newton, "or some such trifle," and so dismissed the matter from his mind. At the end of the second year Mrs. Newton's savings, including interest, amounted to \$350, and she began to feel quite rich. Her husband did not think to inquire how she had succeeded, supposing as before that it could be but a very small sum. However, he had a piece of good news to communicate. His salary had been raised from \$1,000 to \$1,200. He added, "As I before allowed you one-half my income for household expenses, it is no more than fair that I should do so now. That will give you a better chance to save up a part of it than before. Indeed, I don't know how you have succeeded in saving anything thus far." As before, Mrs. Newton simply said that she had saved something, without specifying the amount. Her allowance was increased to \$600, but her expenses were not proportionately increased. Indeed they were scarcely increased at all, so that her savings for the third year swelled the aggregate sum in the savings bank to \$600. Mr. Newton, on the contrary, in spite of his increased salary, was no better off at the end of the third year than before. His expenses had increased by a hundred dollars, though he would have found it difficult to tell in what way his comfort or happiness had been increased thereby. In spite of his carelessness in regard to his own affairs, Mr. Newton was an excellent man of business, and his services were valuable to his employers. They accordingly increased his salary from time to time, till it reached \$1,600. He had steadily preserved the custom of assigning one half to his wife for the same purposes as heretofore, and this had become such a habit that he never thought to inquire whether she found it necessary to employ the whole or not. Thus ten years rolled away. During all this time Mr. Newton lived in the same hired house, for which he had paid an annual rental of \$160. Latterly, however, he had become dissatisfied with it. It had passed into the hands of a new landlord, who was not disposed to keep it in the repair which he considered desirable. About this time a block of excellent houses was erected by a capitalist, who designed to sell or let him, as he might have an opportunity. They were more modern and much better arranged than the one in which Mr. Newton now lived and he felt a strong desire to move to one of them. He mentioned this to his wife one morning. "What is the rent, Ezra?" inquired his wife. "Two hundred and twenty-five dollars for the corner houses; \$200 for either of the others." "The corner ones would be preferable on account of the side windows." "Yes; and they have a larger yard, besides. I think we must hire one of them. I guess I'll engage one to-day; you know our year is out here next week." "Please wait, Ezra, till to-morrow, before engaging one." "For what reason?" "I should like to examine the house." "Very well; I suppose to-morrow will be sufficiently early." Soon after breakfast Mrs. Newton called on Squire Bent, the corner of the new block, and intimated her desire to be shown the corner house. This request he cheerfully complied with. Mrs. Newton was quite delighted with all the

arrangements, and expressed her satisfaction. "Are these houses for sale or to let?" she inquired. "Either," said the owner. "The rent is, I understand, \$225." "Yes. I consider the corner house to be worth \$25 more rent than the rest." "And what do you charge for the house, to a cash purchaser?" asked Mrs. Newton, with subdued eagerness. "Four thousand dollars," was the reply; "and that is but a small advance upon cost." "Very well; I will buy it of you," said Mrs. Newton, quietly. "What did I understand you to say?" asked the Squire, scarcely believing his ears. "I repeat that I will buy the house at your price and pay you the money within a week." "Then the house is yours. But your husband said nothing of his intention, and, in fact, I did not know—" "That he had the money to invest, I suppose you were going to say. Neither does he know it and I must ask you not to tell him for the present." The next morning Mrs. Newton invited her husband to take a walk but without specifying the direction. They soon stood in front of the house which he desired to live in. "Wouldn't you like to go in?" she asked. "Yes, it's a pity we haven't got the key." "I have the key," said his wife, and forthwith walked up the steps and proceeded to open the door. "When did you get the key of Squire Bent?" asked her husband. "Yesterday, when I bought the house," said his wife, quietly. Mr. Newton gazed at his wife in profound astonishment. "What on earth do you mean, Elizabeth?" he inquired. "Just what I say. The house is mine and what is mine is thine. So the house is yours, Ezra." "Where in the name of goodness did you raise the money?" asked her husband, his amazement still as great as ever. "I haven't been a managing wife for ten years for nothing," said Mrs. Newton, smiling. With some difficulty Mrs. Newton persuaded her husband that the price of the house was really the result of her savings. He felt, when he surveyed the commodious arrangements of the new house that he had reason to be grateful for the prudence of his managing wife.

An Incident of a Murderer's Banquet.

I heard related the other day a very striking incident, which was said never to have been in print, although so much has been written about the sad affair with which it was connected, the Webster-Parkman murder. It will be remembered that even after suspicion had been turned toward Dr. Webster his friends most vehemently asserted his innocence, and stood firmly by him until the evidence brought out at the trial became so overwhelmingly conclusive. During the interval between the murder and his arrest, Dr. Webster gave a dinner to a number of his gentlemen friends, who attended quite as much for the purpose of showing their confidence in him as from ordinary social reasons. All the evening Dr. Webster was distraught, but during the dinner he did an extraordinary and painfully singular thing. Just as the roast appeared he directed the servant to turn down the gas. The company sat silent in the half light wondering what was to come, when the host deliberately took up the carving knife, and, throwing back his head, made the motion of drawing its blade slowly across his throat. The effect was, of course, startling in the extreme. It seemed as if Dr. Webster's mind was completely unhinged by dwelling on the horrible crime, which from that moment most of those present were forced to believe he had committed, that he could not resist the impulse to do this strange thing. He recovered himself as if with a mighty effort, bade the servant turn up the gas, and the dinner proceeded. It is safe to assume, however, that it could not have been very hilarious.—*Providence Journal.*

A Wonderful Rocking-Stone.

Imagine a stone, in size containing about 500 cubic feet, in shape nearly as round as an orange, in weight not less than 80,000 pounds, or forty tons, and so nicely balanced upon a table of rock that a child ten years of age, by pushing either against the north or south side, can rock it back or forth; yet the strength of a hundred men, without levers or other appliances, would be insufficient to dislodge it from its position. Such is the celebrated rocking-stone on the farm of Mr. J. McLaurie, two miles west of Monticello. This is one of the greatest natural curiosities in our whole country. What sculptor could chisel out a piece of marble of its size, and then pose it so nicely that it would vibrate under so light a touch? But its shape, size and position are not the most wonderful things about it. Its body is composed of a somewhat loose and soft sandstone in which are imbedded numberless round and flinty pebbles, of a diamond-like hardness. In all the valley where it is situated it is the solitary specimen of its class. Around and under, the rocks are of a totally different structure. The table on which it rests is a hard stone nearly as firm and close-grained as the blue stone of our quarries. From whence came this wanderer and how?—*Monticello (N. Y.) Watchman.*

WON'T SAUCE THE WIDOW AGAIN Singular and Efficient Punishment of a Boy in a Cherry Tree.

SCRANTON, PA.—Just before the cherry crop had commenced to ripen a lot of unruly boys daily annoyed a handsome young widow, on Jefferson avenue, by climbing into her cherry trees, breaking down the limbs, and stealing the unripe fruit. She mildly chided several gangs of them for their repeated acts of wilful meanness, but her gentle treatment was sneered at by the urchins, who, because there was no man in the house, continued to make frequent raids on the cherry trees. The largest and sauciest lad in the last crowd that trespassed on the lady's premises came to grief in a way that made him yell. As he was creeping among the branches and throwing down green cherries to the other lads, the lady begged him to go away, promising him a good lot of the fruit if he would let the trees alone until the cherries were ripe; but the saucy boy up the tree told her that he would take his share then, because he preferred green cherries to ripe ones, and the other boys cheered him for his prowess and hooted at the lady. Then she went into the house. A brother of the widow was in a room on the second floor of a house just across the alley, and he heard the conversation and saw the impertinent boy in the tree. He had a small Florent rifle in his room and he knew that a bullet from its muzzle would not enter the boy's flesh or even go through his trousers. So he seized the rifle, waited until the garrulous cherry thief's back was toward him, aimed at that part of the lad's person where the trousers were tight and pulled the trigger. The gun made no noise, but the boy began to bawl, and scream, and hustle out of the tree, trying at every yell to rub the spot where the bullet had stung him, and finally losing his hold and tumbling to the ground. The other boys imagined that a swarm of yellow-jackets had tackled him, for he rolled in the dirt, pressed both hands on the injured place, and took on frightfully. He kept up this noise until his companions removed enough of his clothing to find a red and purple spot as big as a Bland dollar, but how it came there mystified them so much that they carried him out of the garden. The widow heard the rumpus, but when she went out to see what the trouble was, the saucy boys were gone, and she was as much in the dark as they were regarding the source of the lad's sore spot. Ten minutes later a very angry man appeared at the widow's house. He was the injured boy's father, and he stormed about in a state of intense wrath, and wanted to know what she had done to his son. She politely told him that she didn't know that the lad had been hurt, assured him over and over again that she had not touched the boy or seen any one else lay a hand on him, and said she was sorry if anything had happened to the youth. "I know better!" the man roared. "He's got a black-and-blue spot on him as big as my hand, and you put it there, and I'm going to make you smart for it before the week is out!" Then he rushed away, and the lady was greatly worried over the affair until her brother came in and solved the mystery to her. The angry man brought no action against her, and the gang of boys did not molest her cherry trees after that. Dogs have been pawing and kicking in the flower bed of a Wyoming gentleman this summer, and a while ago he got a noiseless Florent rifle to protect his garden against their capers. Whenever he saw a dog thrashing around among his flowers he pointed the gun out of the window and sent a silent bullet that way, and the dog would run, yelping, down the avenue as though a red-poker was being thrust into his side at every jump. The other day a dog that he had fired at a short time before made his appearance in the flower bed. As the gentleman was about to get out of his chair the dog seemed to recall what had happened at his former visit, for he gave one yelp and leaped from the yard as though he had been shot, although nothing had touched him.

BUFFALO BILL ON THE INDIAN.

Col. Cody Tells How to Solve the Indian Question. [From the N. Y. World.] There are two occupations which the North American Indian has abilities for, and which he will follow willingly and with energy—war and the hunt. It has always been a mystery to me why our Government does not enlist the Indian in our regular army. It would give them congenial employment, teach them discipline and make them self-sustaining. They make the best soldiers in the world, and we must not forget that we owe the Indian something. Again, if the Indian is enlisted as a soldier and employed in guarding our frontier, he cannot at the same time be stealing horses or carrying on a depredatory war. In place of teaching them all to be farmers it would be better to make stock men of them. Raising cattle, horses and sheep is more to their tastes and develops their instincts naturally in a useful channel. Ranching is but the civilization of the chase. Teach them to raise cattle to sell. Their schools of instruction should be upon their reservations and not 500 miles away. Adjoining each school should be a large farm, where they could be practically taught farming and stock-raising and such trades as are useful in their own country. If you bring an Indian boy East, keep him in school for five years, teach him the tailor's trade or to be a printer, bookkeeper, musician, mechanical dentist, of what possible use is his knowledge and occupation when he returns to his home in the wild West. He can make no practical use of it. Again, during the five

years he has been away from home his parents have had no chance to see the improvement he has been making, and he goes back to them a stranger. He feels discontented, is not satisfied with the manner in which his parents live, and cannot live in the way in which he has been taught to in his school. Whereas, had he been taught all this near his home, where his parents could see him growing in civilization and take pride in his advancement, it would make them proud of their child, stimulate them to improve, and they would grow at least partly civilized in sympathy with their fully civilized child.

As the game is gone the Indian has no further use for so much land to hunt over. Each Indian should have a certain amount of land; should be given a deed for it. Then would he know which was his land and would take pride in ownership and would take the Indian was nomadic from the necessity of following the game upon which he was dependent for life, not from natural taste for change of landscape. As it is now he does not know which is his land, and takes no interest in improving it, as he does not know what day it will be taken from him. Give each Indian 160 acres. Arrange that families and relatives shall have their land adjoining or in a body. The remainder of the reservation, after the allotment of the 160 acres, sell. Give them part of the money to build homes and buy farming implements, seeds, horses, oxen, cows and sheep. Take the remainder of the money derived from the sale of their excess of land, and let the Government pay them interest on it. Of course the Government must continue to help them a little as it does now. They are very like children, they need looking after. If this were done it would save the Government probably half of the present outlay, and in a very few years the Indian would be self-sustaining and a good citizen.

TOWED BY A WHALE.

[From the Cape Ann Advertiser.] A letter has been received from the steward of the schooner H. B. Griffin, Capt. George Nelson, now absent on the Banks, in which it is stated that they have met with an unusual experience, viz., that of being towed by a whale. The affair occurred on a fine day when all the dories were out attending the trawls. The captain and steward were on board as usual, looking after the vessel and keeping an eye on the dories, when all at once they felt a sudden jerk, and soon the vessel was going through the water at a rapid rate and no motive power visible. It takes considerable to startle a fisherman, but this was something so uncommon, a vessel dashing through water at rapid rate with her sails furled and anchor down that they began to look alarmed. Suddenly the cause made itself manifest when a monstrous whale arose to the surface, with the anchor fast either in his jaw or blow-hole. He tore through the water at a high-pressure rate, and was fast taking the craft out of sight of the dories, thus leaving the crews exposed; and besides this there was danger of the vessel being towed under. The only remedy was to cut the cable. This was done, and his whaleship went off with the anchor in tow. The jib and foresail were hoisted and the vessel was soon engaged in picking up her dories, and on the way to Newfoundland, where a new anchor and cable were secured.

There are but two similar cases of which we have any record, viz.: Schooner C. H. Price was towed a day and a half by a whale in 1873, when the fluke of the anchor broke and she was released. Then again, on the 15th of December, 1874, while the schooner Sultana, Capt. Peterson, was at anchor on the Grand Bank, a sudden motion was felt, and soon the vessel was speeding through the water at a twelve-knot speed. The captain, not wishing to lose sight of his dorymen cut the cable, otherwise he had been towed some distance, otherwise he thought he might have captured the monster. There was a companion whale which swam with the one which had the anchor, and he was evidently astonished at the predicament of his mate.

A Few Maxims.

There is no system of maxims or professional rules that I know of that is laid down for the guidance of the journalist, said Charles A. Dana to the Wisconsin editors. The physician has a system of ethics and that sublime code of Hippocrates, which human wisdom has never transcended. The lawyer also has his code of ethics, and the rules of the courts and the rules of practice which he is instructed in; but I have never met with a system of maxims adapted to the general direction of a newspaper man; and I have written down a few principles which occurred to me, which, with your permission, gentlemen, I will read for the benefit of the young newspaper men here to-night: I. Get the news, get all the news, and get it but the news. II. Copy nothing from another publication without proper credit. III. Never print an interview without the knowledge and consent of the party interviewed. IV. Never print a paid advertisement as such. Let every advertisement appear as an advertisement; no sailing under false colors. V. Never attack the weak or defend the wicked by argument, by invective or by ridicule. There is some absolute public necessity for so doing. VI. Fight for your opinions, but do not believe that they contain the whole truth or the only truth. VII. Support your party, if you have one. But do not think all the good men are in it, and all the bad ones outside of it. VIII. Above all, know and believe that humanity is advancing, that there is a progress in human life and human affairs; and that as sure as God lives the future will be greater and better than the present or the past. That is a pretty general code, but it seems to me it covers the case very well.