Mr. Monroe's Son-in-Law.

"And so you want to marry my daughter," said farmer Monroe, taking a pipe from his mouth, and looking sharply at the young man standing before him.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Roscoe Haynes was a fine-looking fellow, and usually self-possessed, but he blushed and grew confused beneath that earnest scrutiny.

"Yes, sir, I spoke to Casteva last evening, and she referred me to you."

"Casteva is a good girl," he said, stroking his chin with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked still more confused at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know you have money enough, but what guarantee can you give me, in case it should all be lost, as many a fortune has been, that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands; what can you do with them?"

These were questions for which Roscoe was wholly unprepared; he knew not how to reply.

"I believe you have been through college; have you studied any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No; my father thought that I should not need any."

"Umph! he had much better have given you some honest trade, even though you were never obliged to work at it. As it is, here you are, a strong, able-bodied man, five-and-twenty years old, and never earned a dollar in your life, and you want to marry my daughter. Now, I've given Casteva a good education, not omitting the accomplishments, but she knows how to work, too. If I chose, I could keep more than one servant, but it don't hurt the girl to work some, and gives her bright eyes and rosy cheeks. And—well—I'll tell you what I'll do; you go to work, perfect yourself in some honest calling, then come to me, and I'll give you my consent, if the girl still wishes it."

As Mr. Monroe said this, he knocked the ashes from the pipe, and deliberately walked off to the fields, while Roscoe entered the house to tell the pretty Casteva how he had succeeded. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, unhappy face.

"Father does it for our good," she said, as he told her of the conversation.

"And I'm not sure but he is about right," he replied. "I believe it would be best for every man, rich or poor, to have some occupation." And when he left the house a short time after, the grave look had left his face, and her last words to him before they parted were, "I'll wait for you, Roscoe."

Roscoe Haynes suddenly disappeared from Weekstown, much to the surprise of his associates, and none knew where he had gone. Weeks and months passed, and still nothing was seen or heard of him, till his absence had ceased to be commented on.

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in autumn, as Mr. Monroe was picking the luscious fruit from a heavy laden apple tree near the house, a neat cart drove up, from which Roscoe Haynes alighted with a quick, elastic spring, and quickly made his way to where the farmer was at work.

"Good morning, Mr. Monroe; would you like to buy some apple and cider barrels? If so, I think I have some here that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" he inquired, as, opening the gate, he paused by the wagon.

"Mine," replied Roscoe. "You see I have a trade now."

Mr. Monroe examined them carefully, one by one, as he took them from the wagon. "They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot; "what do you ask for them?"

"What I asked you for the last time I was here—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the farmer's eyes changed to a smile, as he said, "Well, come in—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade."

"Cassie!" called Mr. Monroe, thrusting his head in at the kitchen door. Cassie tripped out into the entry; the round, white arms were bare above the elbows, and bore traces of the flour she was using. Her dress was a neat print, over which she wore an apron both broad and long, but she looked as winning and lovely as ever.

She blushed and smiled when she saw Roscoe, and then, turning to her father, waited demurely to hear what he had to say.

"Casteva, this young man has brought me a lot of barrels, all of his own make; a nice lot they are, too. He asks rather a steep price for them, but if you are willing to give it, I will ratify the bargain." As Mr. Monroe said this, he considerately left the room, but that the young people made a bargain, we are sure, as there was a wedding very soon, and every year on the anniversary of his marriage Roscoe delights his father-in-law by some specimens of the trade by which he won what he declares to be "the best wife in the world."

Stick to Your Business.

There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing some one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and much of the discontent and disappointment which render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business, and to desire to change it for some other which, it seems to him, will prove a more lucrative employment; but in nine cases out of ten it is a mistake. Look round you and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verification of our assertion. There is an honest farmer who has toiled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much from lack of contentment mingled with industry as anything, though he is not aware of it. He hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes may be had for the trouble of picking them up; mortgages his farm to raise money; goes away to the land of gold, and after many months of hard toil comes home to commence again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again. Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will find them to be those who never stick to one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.—*Scientific American.*

THE total area of cranberry lands in cultivation in the eastern States is 15,000 acres.

Spitzbergen Floe-ice.

I am glad to say that a floe-ice is not a native of our country, being the frozen Spitzbergen sea breaking up in spring storms, and then carried down by the north wind along the east side of Greenland, and afterwards rounding Cape Farewell. It flows rapidly or slowly, according to the strength of winds and current, along our inhabited west coast side, being either a benefit to us or an immense nuisance, which of these qualities depends upon the following circumstances: If the ice masses keep at a respectable distance they are hailed as friends by the Greenlanders, as they bring along with them sea animals of different kinds in large abundance, especially seals and walruses, but sometimes even bears, and they also protect the bold seal-hunter on his dangerous chase, by forming an impenetrable barrier against the heavy surf of the ocean. So much for the ice masses—our friends! Foes, we call them, when too intruding in private localities; when, for instance, they enter the inlets and channels and fill up our boat and ship passages, so much as to prevent even the small kayaks from getting through with messages to neighboring places. In such cases we call them hard times with the ice. In the otherwise beautiful summer of 185—our enemy for a long while was barricading all parts between Julianchaab and Godhaab. But I have not yet done with the description. The heavy masses continually coming in violent mutual contact, as well as being constantly subject to the influence of the surf, are incessantly changing into all manner of shapes and sizes, which is very interesting to observe. For instance, there may be a floating castle, really picturesque, but, contrary to custom, you may detect a streamlet or fall pouring down from a tower or windowsill of the castle. This past, we row along-side a mile wide track, smooth as a house floor, and our oarsmen in such cases are sure to remark, "*Illa kittigfisak angimat.*" (What a nice place for dancing!) Then, again, are colossal sphinxes and pyramids, slender vases of all sizes, chairs and tables of antique, as well as modern shape, armchairs with or without old men leaning back in them, swans gracefully diving on the surface, colossal witches, blue grottoes, and so forth. If, now, we were only sure that this curious museum would keep quiet, as is often the case, it would afford immense enjoyment to investigate its various contents, but as the objects generally are in a state of great agitation—a witch, for instance, every now and then sailing down upon a sphinx after having *en passant* upset several Etruscan vases—we in the frail boats may as well be prepared for the attack of some giant; in truth, seriously speaking, where winds and waves drive about these huge masses at their will, one runs the risk of being crushed, although the danger is generally avoided by the experiness of the natives. I have often heard a thanksgiving—*Kussanak!*—for a happy hair-breadth escape from the ice mountains or ice pieces clasping together just behind us; yet I have no disagreeable recollection of such scenes—when traveling in Greenland, quite unavoidable; the critical moment being over, the feeling of safety was such a delightful feeling.—*Geographical Magazine.*

Who are the Blessed?

Blessed is the man who minds his own business.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

Blessed is the man who can sew on his buttons when the baby is crying.

Blessed is the woman who won't marry a widower—providing he's your father.

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

Blessed is the rich relation who never looks down on you—when you are in the gutter.

Blessed is the poor relation who never looks up to you—for money.

Blessed is the old maid that don't hate old people and children.

Blessed is the old bachelor that don't hate cats and pincushions.

Blessed are the married people that don't wish they were single.

Blessed are the single people that are content to remain so.

Blessed is the husband who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

Blessed is the wife (formerly a widow) who never calls up the virtues of the "dear departed" for No. 2 to emulate.

Blessed is the man who gives his wife ten cents without asking what she is going to do with it.

Blessed is the woman that don't scold when the stove-pipe falls down on the dinner-table—and blessed is the man who can fix it up without swearing.

Blessed is the friend who never requires the loan of your umbrella.

Blessed is the neighbor who is so busy about his own affairs that he has no time to pry into yours.

Where are the blessed?

Echo answers, "Where?"

Touched Her Heart.

Yesterday morning a woman living on Napoleon street was seen on the walk in front of the gate heaving the snow right and left, and she had only got fairly settled to work when a boy lounged up and remarked:

"I'll clear off the walk for ten cents."

"I guess I'm able to do it," she replied.

"But see how it looks," he continued. "Here you are, a perfect lady in look and action, highly-educated, and yet you grovel in the dust, as it were, to save the pitiful sum of ten cents."

"You grovel along and mind your own business," she curtly replied, still digging away.

"It's worth ten cents," he said as he leaned against the fence, "but I'm a feller with some sentiment in my bosom. Now, we'll say five cents, or just enough to cover wear and tear o' my bones. Give me the shovel and you go in, get on your seal-skin sacque and best jewelry, and while I work you stand out here and boss around, and talk as if you owned the biggest half of North America, while I had nothing and was in debt for that."

She looked at him sharply, saw that he was in earnest, and when she passed over the snow-shovel she put two nickels into his hand. He looked after her as she went in, and then sadly mused:

"Oh! Flattery, thy surest victim is a woman homely enough for a scarecrow!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

RUSSIA and Turkey are buying arms and ammunition here because we can supply these articles cheaply, quickly, and of a superior quality. Our success in that direction ought to open the way to the sale of many other American manufactures in the European markets.

The Peterkins at the Centennial.

They proposed to take the tour of the grounds in one of the railroad cars. In this way they could get an idea of the whole. They joined a crowd of people rushing to one of the platforms to secure seats as a train came along. Mrs. Peterkin was near being left behind, it was so hard for her to decide which seat to take; and the hurry was so great, the rest of the family, thinking she was going to be left, all got out again and were obliged to hustle in the minute the train was starting.

The little boys were anxious to get out at the first-stopping place, but Mr. and Mrs. Peterkin preferred to make the whole tour and see everything first. In and out they went among the various buildings. Mrs. Peterkin said she would ask nothing better than to spend the day in this way. Agamemnon had a map, and tried to point out the several buildings as they came to them, but it was difficult to discover the numbers attached to them in the map. Meanwhile Solomon John studied the different colors of the flags. After some time Elizabeth Eliza said:

"I did not know they had so many of these 'Woman's Pavilions.'"

"I think they must have one for each State," said Mr. Peterkin.

"It is astonishing how much they are alike," said Mrs. Peterkin.

"With so many buildings," said Mr. Peterkin, "you could not expect to have them all different."

"Still," said Agamemnon, "I should not think they would have so many of these statues of horses with wings."

"They are very fine," said Mr. Peterkin. "No wonder they repeat them so often."

"They come in pairs," said Solomon John.

"We have seen them five times. I counted," said one of the little boys.

Elizabeth Eliza started: "We must have made the tour at least five times! I have seen five Woman's Pavilions!"

"This is the very place where we got in," said Solomon John.

The whole family made a rush to get out, for they had just reached a platform, and the time for stopping was very short. Mrs. Peterkin stooped to extricate her camp-stool, which she had put under the seat, and getting it out with trouble, she looked up to find that the car was taking her on, and all the family behind on the platform! She wished to get out, but was held back by the other passengers, who declared she would break her neck if she jumped from the car in motion.

But at the next stopping-place she felt so flustered she hardly knew what to do, so she kept on and on till she felt she must somehow make up her mind to leave that car, and with a desperate resolution she stepped out on the platform. She found herself in a deserted part of the grounds, a few gentlemen only getting out to go to the Brewers' Hall. Though there was a crowd everywhere else, it seemed very solitary here. Mrs. Peterkins went round and round the Brewers' Hall, uncertain where to go. At last a gentleman noticed her, and asked if he could help her. When she told her case, he asked if her family had appointed any place of meeting in case of accident. Mrs. Peterkin thought she remembered their talking of the Main Building as a rendezvous. The gentleman advised her taking the train directly for the Main Building. She shook her head; she had already spent the morning in the cars. The gentleman smiled, but asked her to go on with him and he would show her where to get out.

Mrs. Peterkin joined him gratefully, and they took a train at a neighboring platform. But they had not gone very far, and were making another stop, when Mrs. Peterkin gave a scream! There was her family standing in a row ready to receive her! She was so agitated she could hardly get out, and almost fainted with delight at the meeting.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Bank of England.

Few who read of the Bank of England have any idea of the vastness of the operations of this greatest of the financial institutions of the world. London is a sort of clearing house for all civilized nations, and around the Bank of England the commercial world may be said to revolve. The greatest amount of deposits in the whole of the New York banks has rarely if ever exceeded $250,000,000; those in this one London bank have reached more than half that sum, or $150,000,000. The New York Banks' loans have varied sometimes $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 a week; in one week last May during a panic the loans by the Bank of England rose over $30,000,000, and reached $155,000,000, or more than half the highest sum ever reached by the fifty-nine associated banks of New York. The greatness of the deposits is remarkable, especially as the bank pays no interest on them and is surrounded by institutions that do. Not another less remarkable fact is that nearly forty per cent. of these deposits—at one time nearly $50,000,000—was placed in the bank by private bankers, despite the lack of interest. All these things show what is the function of this vast establishment—security. So desirable is safety that the owners of $150,000,000 prefer to keep it in the bank's vaults without interest, rather than trust it elsewhere. The other function the bank has undertaken, to control the money-market, it has failed to achieve; but the safety it gives to funds has doubtless contributed much to lower the rate of interest in London. Great care and pains are taken to secure this safety. Every night twenty-five soldiers of the regular army are detailed to guard the bank; and for directors and managers men of the highest character are selected. The movement of its deposits is watched with eagerness, and it has even been said that whenever they fall below $120,000,000 money is pretty sure to be scarce.

"GOT 'EM!"—The proprietor of a Front street saloon had a fine live turtle which he was going to have made into soup for his guests. It was under the ice box, waiting for his time to come. On Wednesday night Mr. Turtle meandered out into the bar-room, and waddled along up to where two soakers were sitting by a table taking in sustenance of a liquid nature. The turtle quietly passed under the table, and found an obstruction in the shape of a schooner, made of leather, with a man's foot in the "hold." The turtle hadn't time to go around the foot, so he started to climb over it. The man who owned the foot felt something and looked down. The turtle saw him and looked up with an appealing look. The man turned pale and said, "Boys, take me home and send for a doctor. I've got 'em!"—*La Crosse Sun.*

THE Michigan salt wells have produced 1,462,729 barrels, or 7,313,645 bushels, being an increase of 1,904,320 bushels, or 380,375 barrels, over last year's production.

A Complete Music House.

Messrs. Blackmar & Davis, Nos. 950 and 952 Market street, San Francisco, have lately bought out the large stock of foreign music of the long established house of Schuberth & Co., Clay street, which, being added to their own extensive collection of American music, enables them to present to the public the most complete depot of European and American sheet music west of New York. Mr. Blackmar has been for nearly twenty years a leading music publisher, and many compositions now familiar in every household were first issued from his presses. We will only name the favorite songs, "Near the banks of that lone river," by La Hache; "The Gray Hairs of my Mother," by Bishop; "Mollie dear, come then with me; or, Barney's Courtship," by Macarthy; Eaton's charming fantasia, "Rain-drops;" La Hache's "Picnic Polka," and Bares' "La Capricieuse Valse." Among the many good things lately published by Blackmar & Davis we particularly commend the beautiful and touching ballads, "Little Joe," and "The Dying Message," both by Addison; the lively melody, "Don't Call in the Morning," by Young, and the popular Southern song, "I would like to see old massa's face again," by Rutledge. The lovers of good dance music will find nothing prettier or more "taking" than Auguste Davis' "L'Elite Mazurka," "Birds in Summer Waltz," and "Youth, Joy and Friendship Waltz;" Eaton's "Merry Christmas Waltz," Young's "Mardi Gras Polka," and S. Low Coach's galop of all galops, the "Velocipede."

In addition to the popular songs and pieces of the day, Messrs. Blackmar & Davis have all the works of the great classic masters—Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn—all the brilliant fantasies and operatic transcriptions of Ascher, Ketterer, Leybach, Richards, Sidney Smith, &c.; all the standard studies for piano and other instruments, besides solos, duos, trios, quartettes and quintettes for violin, viola, violoncello, flute, clarionette, guitar, harp, and orchestral and brass band music. Any music will be sent, post paid, on receipt of the price.

We have on former occasions alluded to the famous invention, the "Rogers" Piaco, of which this firm holds the agency for the Pacific Slope. They have also an assortment of elegant low-priced square and upright pianos, which they offer on easy installments or very low for cash. We would advise any of our readers who contemplate purchasing to write to Messrs. Blackmar & Davis for prices and terms, instead of dealing with traveling agents, who "peddle" pianos about the country. By this course they will save the large commission paid the agent, which must be no small item, considering the time and labor spent and the expenses of traveling.

Trouble and Vexation.

Many people who have sewing machines are constantly annoyed by finding them out of order and when they exhaust their patience they sometimes feel as though they would like to throw the machine out of doors. Such people would do well to buy the New American Sewing Machine, as its simplicity of construction makes it one of the most desirable machines for family use. Those who once examine it can see at a glance that there is very little machinery, and the parts are so constructed as to do their work with ease and accuracy. Of course every machine needs to be seen at work to be fully appreciated, but parties who send for circulars can get something of an idea of the merits of the New American. Parties at a distance from San Francisco can safely order the machine and be sure of obtaining what will prove a blessing and comfort to every woman who uses it. Those who visit the city should not fail to call at the office, 134 Fifth street, and see for themselves.

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Are often soothed by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, because that searching corrective completely removes the causes of brain and nerve excitement, which are to be found in derangement of the stomach, and of its associate organs, the liver and bowels. It is a truth which cannot be too earnestly insisted upon, that the effect of mere sedatives and narcotics, like bromide of potassium, valerian, chloral hydrate and opium, is less appreciable the longer they are used, and that they can never permanently relieve nervous excitability, because they cannot remedy the weakness and organic derangement which lies at its roots. Hostetter's Bitters, however, can and does cure nervous maladies, for the reason already stated. Sick headache, restlessness at night, vertigo, mental heaviness, and depression of spirits, as well as the dyspeptic condition of the stomach, and torpidity of the liver and bowels, which give rise to them, are entirely obviated by this benign alterative tonic.

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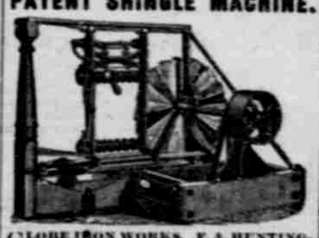

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Dividend Notice, No. 6. COLLATERAL LOAN AND SAVINGS Bank, corner Post and Kearny sts., San Francisco—The regular monthly dividend of 1 per cent. for January, 1877, is declared, payable February 5th, to stockholders of record January 31st, 1877. F. S. CARTER, Sec'y.

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6 Peaches,	1 "	3 Roses,	
2 Almonds,	1 "	6 Geraniums, "	
2 Figs,	1 "	2 Fuchsias,	
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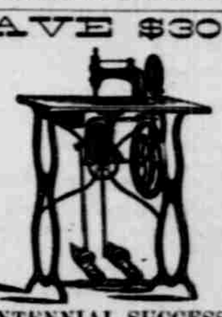

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The prospectus for the new volume gives the titles of more than fifty papers (mostly illustrated), by writers of the highest merit. Under the head of

"FOREIGN TRAVEL,"

we have "A Winter on the Nile," by Gen. McCLELLAN; "Sauntérings About Constantinople," by CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER; "Out of My Window at Moscow," by EUGENE SCHUYLER; "An American in Turkistan," etc. Three serial stories are announced:

"NICHOLAS MINTURN,"

By Dr. HOLLAND, the Editor,

whose story of "Sevenoaks" gave the highest satisfaction to the readers of the Monthly.

The scene of this latest novel is laid on the banks of the Hudson. The hero is a young man who has been always "tied to a woman's apron strings," but who, by the death of his mother, is left alone in the world—to drift on the current of life—with a fortune, but without a purpose.

Another serial, "His Inheritance," by Miss TRAFTON, will begin on the completion of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," by Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT. Mrs. Burnett's story, begun in August, has a pathos and dramatic power which have been a surprise to the public.

There is to be a series of original and exquisitely illustrated papers of "Popular Science," by Mrs. HAMMOCK, each paper complete in itself.

There are to be, from various pens, papers on

"HOME LIFE AND TRAVEL."

Also, practical suggestions as to town and country life, village improvements, etc., by well known specialists.

Mr. BARNARD'S articles on various industries in Great Britain, include the history of "Some Experiments in Co-operation," "A Scottish Leaf Factory," in the November number, and "Toad Lane Rochdale," in December. Other papers are, "The British Workingman's Home," "A Nation of Shopkeepers," "Hodgeny a Week for the Child" etc.

A richly illustrated series will be given on "American Sports by Flood and Field," by various writers, and each on a different theme. The subject of

"Household and Home Decoration"

will have a prominent place, whilst the latest productions of American humorists will appear from month to month. The list of shorter stories, biographical and other sketches, etc., is a long one.

The editorial department will continue to employ the ablest pens both at home and abroad. There will be a series of letters on literary matters, from London, by Mr. WELFORD.

The pages of the magazine will be open, as heretofore, so far as limited space will permit, to the discussion of all themes affecting the social and religious life of the world, and specially to the freshest thought of the Christian thinkers and scholars of this country.

We mean to make the magazine sweeter and purer, higher and nobler, more genial and generous in all its utterances and influences, and a more welcome visitor than ever before in homes of refinement and culture.

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