

THE OREGON SCOUT.

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Dirty Old Pipes.

Yes, it is true, as you remark, that Mr. Carlyle has been a diligent smoker of clay pipes for sixty years, and has done, notwithstanding a vast amount of excellent work. It would ill become me to speak of him or his writings, except with profound respect. But, my dear editor, is he a cheerful man? Has he been generally a happy man? Do his later works show a better hope, a more buoyant spirit, greater faith in man and in his destiny, than those of his early manhood? His friends tell us that he has been a prey to indigestion all his days, and that he is the farthest possible from being gay or jocular. His last notable utterance, entitled "Niagara and After," sounded to me like the cry of despair, and as to his comments upon the late war of secession, was there anything ever written by a great man more perverse?

I am glad you approve of good dinners. I have the honor myself of eating 365 of them per annum, and leap years 366. I believe in a generously nourished and totally unstimulated life. At the same time I have never been quite a teetotaler, not being able to live up to my best conception. It is the coming man who will not drink wine. I am not he, as you know.

Goethe drank freely of the light wines of his country, as all the Germans do, but he was free from the taint of tobacco. He had a particular dislike of it. Voltaire, temperate in all else (except work), was a snuff taker, and had one of the prettiest snuff boxes in Europe. Both of them, I think, would have been better and happier if they had managed their bodily affairs a little better. Allow me, then, still to advise students, journalists, and all who labor with the brain, to throw away their dirty old pipes, put their cigars into the stove, never buy any more, become absolute teetotalers (or as near as they can), take a good dinner in the middle of the day, and rest as many days in seven as they can afford, but always one.—James Parton's letter to the Boston Herald.

Education in Russia.

Educated men and women in Russia do not always find it easy to gain a livelihood. Trade is looked upon as altogether distinct from education. An educated man is obliged to be a teacher, clerk or government officer, and if he cannot be one of these he is disappointed and his mind is ripe to receive nihilistic ideas, if he has not character enough to fight the battle of life. The position of woman is still worse. A girl whose parents are able to give her a good education is in many cases left without any means of support, unless she makes a good marriage. It is within a short time that women have been admitted as clerks of railway and telegraph companies. But in consequence of the common prejudice a girl of respectable parentage, who is without means, is thrown on the charity of relations, who in no case would acknowledge a girl who worked for a living, and would rather see her dependent on alms. The only means of livelihood considered by society as honest and respectable for a girl, is teaching in private families. The teachers in schools are mostly male. In any Russian newspaper there are numberless advertisements for situations wanted by well educated young ladies, teaching four languages and music, for their board simply. The only trades existing for women are millinery and dressmaking. Positions as saleswomen in stores are mostly occupied by French or German girls, who are independent in their ideas, or by uneducated Russian girls, who do not care for the opinions of society. Educated women are thus placed in a really pitiable position.

According to the Jewish and Mohammedan tradition, King Solomon, who was wise beyond all other men, knew the language of animals, and could talk with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. A Rabbinical story is told of him which runs in this wise: One day the King rode out of Jerusalem with a great retinue. An ant-hill lay directly in his path, and Solomon heard its little people talking.

"Here comes the great King!" he heard one of them say. "His flatterers call him wise and just and merciful; but he is about to ride over us, and crush us without heeding our sufferings."

And Solomon told the Queen of Sheba, who rode with him, what the ant said. And the Queen made answer:

"He is an insolent creature, O King! It is a better fate than he deserves to be trodden under our feet."

But Solomon said:

"It is the part of wisdom to learn of the lowest and weakest."

And he commanded his train to turn aside and spare the ant-hill. Then all the courtiers marvelled greatly, and the Queen of Sheba bowed her head and made obeisance to Solomon, saying:

"Now know I the secret of thy wisdom. Thou listenest as patiently to the reproaches of the humble as to the flatteries of the great."

Cripples in Germany.

The number of deformed, lame, hump-backed people is very great. An English doctor told us he had never seen so many rickety, ill-kept children as in Germany. How can it be otherwise? The mothers are in the fields, and cannot be looking after their babies, mending and making at home, where surely there is always enough to do for one pair of hands. As we drove along, the cripples sat by the roadside tending cows and goats, which must never be allowed to go alone, lest they should stray beyond their owners' narrow frontiers. Carts, with small wheels very far apart, most rudely put together, pass us driven by women.—Contemporary Review.

Take her up tenderly,
Fashioned so sensitively,
Young and so fair;
Handle her carefully,
Talk to her prayerfully—
Her's voice is a lark.

Famous Amazons of Dahomey.

The Germans, to whom Africa as a field of colonization is a mine of inexhaustible novelty, have just rediscovered the amazons of Dahomey. These famous warriors, of whom so little has been heard for so many years, have been inspected by Dr. Zoller, who gives an account of his reception at the court of the Portuguese half breed, Juliano de Souza, who, in his semi-royal state at Whydah, rejoices in the possession of a fully equipped battalion of women who fight. Alas! however, for our preconceived notions, the amazons of De Souza have more resemblance to a corps de ballet than to a corps d'armee, and the deepest impression which they left on the mind of their visitors was that they would make the fortune of any enterprising impresario who would introduce them to European audiences.

Of Juliano de Souza himself, who has had his son educated in an English boarding school, and married by a French priest, Dr. Zoller speaks in high terms:

The tall, broad-chested man, with a dark yellow, almost brown, complexion, received us with the amiable politeness of a pompous aristocrat. He wore a long, shirt-like garment reaching down to his feet, high European boots, an embroidered smoking cap, and—although he is a Fetish worshipper—a big black metal cross on his chest. After apologizing for the remarkable costume which he had been obliged to don because of indisposition, Juliano gave the sign for the beginning of the festivities. The stage for these was the open space in front of Juliano's house, a rather rickety building of two stories in the middle of the village, which was filled with the upper ten of Whydah, a multitude of black spectators all of whom pretend to be of European descent. But woe to him who, without being a 'white man,' dares to wear European boots, or allow himself to be carried in a hammock, the European means of conveyance. Not even the King would ever dream of committing so unpardonable a breach of African etiquette.

"When it was dusk the army of amazons made their entrance into the yard fantastically attired, and looking more fantastical still by the glare of the torches which were borne before them. Shortly before their dance commenced the Chacha distributed German beer and Bania rum among the audience, which consisted of some 5000 spectators, many of whom were accompanied by their tame sheep, which follow their masters like dogs. Rum is the ordinary beverage offered to visitors in Dahomey. The Amazons of Abomey, of whom there are at the most some 6,000, are nominally the wives of the King, and as such form a body guard, which is said to be superior to the male soldiers in courage, discipline, and loyalty. But although these amazons accompany the King on all his wars, I think they are more for show than for service. Among all the savage and semi-savage tribes singing and dancing are considered as essential as drilling and drumming among ourselves. It is natural that the amazons, having from their earliest childhood been educated as warriors, dancers, and singers, should be as superior to male soldiers in these accomplishments as our Guards are to the reserves.

"The amazons of the Chacha, all of whom have served in the army of Abomey, are women between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five; and as the Chacha does not go to war, they are naturally only kept for show. They have separate barracks, but live, like the thirty male soldiers, in different quarters of the town, whence they are called together whenever they are wanted. At their first entrance, when, marching up in a long procession, they saluted their lord and master, I was astonished at the military exactitude of their movements. Imagine sixty young women strong and slender, who, without losing anything of their womanliness, present a decidedly warlike appearance. Among Europeans this combination of the woman and the warrior could not be imagined; here it is explained by the peculiar formation of the negro skeleton. The skeletons of negro women (in striking contrast to those of the mulattoes) are strikingly like the skeletons of male negroes.

"The assertion is untrue that the female warriors of Dahomey have their breasts cut off, like the mythological amazons of the ancient Greeks. Their picturesque uniform might furnish our masters of the ballet with fresh ideas. The fresh young faces look roguishly from under the white, brimless yoke cap, ornamented with black pictures of animals, such as lizards, birds, and others. The feet are bare; short knickerbockers of green, red, or yellow material come down nearly to the knees, and a bright-colored tunic of striped silk or velvet, which leaves only the neck and the arms free, covers the upper part of the body, which is supported by corsets of native manufacture. A broad belt of many colors heightens the slim appearance of the female warrior. At the left side of the belt a sword is fastened, and a small cartridge pocket in front. A scarf of white or light green silk is worn like a Scotch plaid. The armament consists of swords, battle axes, and guns, which latter are put aside during the dance. Quite apart from the effect of combined dancing and singing, the performances, which went for several hours uninterrupted before our eyes, were quite in the style of our corps de ballet, with the only difference that perhaps no other corps de ballet would dance with equal exactitude.

First came a tall and somewhat elderly woman. She was the captain, and as she entered the son of the Chacha whispered to me, "Just look how well my mother dances. Then followed, with battle axes uplifted, the younger officers, and in their rear the still younger troops, now dashing toward us in their sham fight, now wheeling round, dispersing, and again uniting. And all this with rhythmical movements, half warlike, half coquetish, but never clumsy, the

elegant play of the bare round arms recalling to the mind the limbs of ancient classical statues. All dances which I have seen performed among savage and semi-savage peoples have been grotesque, and to a certain degree voluptuous. Here for the first time a performance was given which would have held its own before a serious aesthete."

Contemplating this remarkable feat, and listening to the strange, rhythm of the songs of the amazons, who, even after a performance of several hours, showed no sign of fatigue, the delighted Germans spent the evening, and next morning were invited to a similar dance performed by twelve young ladies of the age of 16 and 17, all of whom the Chacha introduced as his wives. Their performance, however, was inferior to that witnessed the night before. The three days' festivities, all more or less of the same kind, were concluded by Chacha presenting a bull to Dr. Zoller.

The Increase of Celibacy.

Mr. Dana has indulged in some reflections on the increase of celibacy in New England and the Middle States. His reflections are not without interest: Formerly in New England a bachelor of thirty or more was a marked individual, and especially in the smaller towns was subjected to both ridicule and censure. Public opinion was offended when a man went much beyond the marriageable age without taking a wife, and he was pretty sure to become a butt or an object of suspicion among his neighbors. But now all that is changed wherever there are not many foreigners in a community. There is an actual and a proportionate decrease in the number of marriages, and the falling off was greater last year than ever before. The Connecticut town clerks say that at least one-half of the young men between twenty-one and thirty are unmarried, whereas formerly nine in ten married before they were twenty-six. Of course, the reason for this disposition to put off marriage is the conviction of the young men that they can accumulate more money, or get more personal comfort, by so delaying. They do not want to be hampered by a wife and family while they are laying the foundations of a fortune, but are waiting until they get an income large enough to enable them to live nicely. The longer they wait, the less are they disposed to assume matrimonial responsibilities, for few of them get the amount of money they think they need to support a family, and their personal wants are likely to go on increasing with their incomes. This state of things is not at all peculiar to Connecticut. Throughout New England the age at which men marry is growing greater, if the foreign population be excepted, and the number of those who remain single through life is large, and continually increasing. The towns are full not only of old maids, but of bachelors too; and instead of being the butt of ridicule, a young man who refrains from marriage until he is well settled in life is looked upon as a sensible and prudent fellow. The same disposition to delay marriage, or to keep out of it altogether, is strikingly displayed in New York, where the number of clubs and of club members has greatly increased of late years because of it. These young men are able to get luxuries and elegances at their clubs which they could not expect to provide at their own homes if they were married, and they will rather forego marriage than give them up. It would be all very well if they could get wives with portions which permitted the continuance of such self-indulgence, but few of them are able to do that. As bachelors they can live off the fat of the land, dress with elegance, and enjoy social gaieties, to which they know that they are welcomed with the more eagerness because they are single. As married men their income would force them to live with the closest economy, or what they would regard as such.

What Produces Old Age.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter of April 11 contains a curious article on the "Suspension of Old Age," the leading idea of which is "that the real change which produces old age is more or less than a slow but steady accumulation of calcareous matter throughout the system; and it is owing to these deposits that the structure of every organ is altered, elasticity thus giving way to senile rigidity. Blockage of various organs thus commenced, and sooner or later a vital part becomes involved, and death of necessity follows." To delay this process the writer advises the avoidance of food containing this calcareous matter, among which bread is prominent. Moderation in eating is enjoined; and among the articles recommended are "fruit, fish, poultry, flesh of young mutton and beef, because, as before stated, of their being less nitrogenous. All well and spring water contains considerable of the earthy salts, and should therefore be avoided, and cistern water used in its stead, because water is the most universal solvent known. Therefore, if taken into the system clear of foreign matter, it is to that extent the better prepared to dissolve and take up those earthy salts and convey them out of the system. The addition of fifteen or twenty drops of dilute phosphoric acid to the glass of water, and drank three times a day, will add to the solubility of these earthy salts.

Relics of War.

The wounds of forty years of war will leave their scars on fifty years of peace. Not only the maimed bodies of the last survivors of the old conflict, the burden of its military debt, and the lingering sorrow of its victim widow and orphans, continue to bear witness to the calamity of war; but the dumb objects of nature on the hard-fought battle-fields preserve its history, and testify to the violence of its strife.

A striking illustration of the hard legacy which a war bequeaths is here presented in the wrestling of the peaceful lumber-mill with the old trees that stood where hostile men fired iron and lead at each other. Cornelius Smith has the contract for sawing into lumber a large number of logs cut from trees standing on the field of Antietam at the time of the battle.

He says that all sorts of missiles, from cannon balls to buckshot, are almost daily met with in the timber, and that it is really dangerous to stand near the saws having been snapped into fragments, by striking iron shot imbedded in the logs.

A large, angular fragment of a shed was struck by a saw a few days ago, and a perfect shower of sparks rained about the mill from the contact of the metals, the saw being finally snapped in several pieces.

In another instance a grape shot was cut through by a saw, leaving a bright, polished surface on each hemisphere of the missile.

How Lord Wolsley Lost the Victoria Medal.

A building called the Khoorsheyd Muzil, at Lucknow, (Happy Palace,) but better known as the "Mess House," had to be taken. After a heavy fire of three hours from Peel's guns Sir Colin determined to carry it by storm. It was a formidable place; massive in its structure, surrounded by a ditch 12 feet broad and scarp'd with masonry, and beyond that a loop-holed mud wall. There were draw-bridges, but it was not known whether they were down or not. Sir Colin gave the command of the storming column to Capt. Garnet Wolsley, of the Nuclei, with instructions that in the event of the draw-bridges being up, and his not being able to effect an entrance, he was to leave his men under cover and return and report to him. It was not the first storming column which Wolsley had led. Years before he had had that honor in carrying the stronghold of the Burmese Chief, Myat-toon, and had been severely wounded. He was more fortunate in his attack on the Mess House. The stormers had to run the gantlet of a very heavy fire from the neighboring buildings, but they entered the place with little opposition, as the enemy had retired, leaving the draw-bridge down. Calling upon his bugler to sound the "Advance," to intimate to Sir Colin his success, he ran up the steps of the building and planted the British flag upon the roof. But no sooner was the ensign displayed than the enemy opened fire from every gun which they could bring to bear, and twice was the flag struck down, but only to be replaced by Wolsley, assisted—strange coincidence!—by a young officer of the Bengal Artillery, Lieut. Frederick Roberts, now Sir F. Roberts, Bart., V. C., G. C. B. But there was another building in the hands of the enemy, the Motee-Mahal, (Pearl of Palaces,) the last post which separated the besieged from their deliverers. Wolsley's task, as entrusted to him by Sir Colin Campbell, was accomplished by the taking of the Mess House. He had no instructions to do more. But there are moments in battle when opportunities are to be seized in spite of "instructions" and when what seems rashness in a commander is really the genius which justifies daring. Garnet Wolsley was not a man to bid his stormers retire under cover and "stand at ease" while he saw before him a prize which might be won by bold hearts with a dash. He made a rush at the Motee-Mahal, followed with joyful alacrity by his gallant fellows. The way from the garden of the Mess House to the gateway of the Motee-Mahal was swept by the enemy's fire, but the gateway was reached. It was, however, built up and loop-holed, and through these loop-holes a murderous fire was poured upon the attacking party. Ready in resource and cool, Wolsley sent back an officer with some men to bring up crowbars and pickaxes to smash through the brickwork. This was done, but it was a hard fight to get the enemy's fire under, and the stormers lost many brave fellows. At length, however, an aperture was made in the wall, and through this Wolsley and his men scrambled into the courtyard of the palace. Fighting hand to hand they drove the enemy from room to room and from yard to yard toward the river, on the banks of which the Motee-Mahal was built. Here the fugitives threw themselves into the water and sought escape in swimming across. It was when the men were returning with the tools which he had sent for to batter down the gateway that Wolsley fairly earned the cross by a gallant act of daring. Private Andrews, who had been his servant in the Crimea, ran from under shelter to show his comrades the way across. He was immediately shot through the body from one of the loop-holes and fell. Wolsley saw this and rushed to his assistance. Raising him up he bore him back in his arms to a place of safety, under a shower of bullets, by one of which Andrews was again wounded. Now Wolsley had gained the Motee-Mahal, but he had not gained Sir Colin's good-will. The old chief was furious at an officer exceeding his instructions, and Wolsley was advised to keep out of his way until his ire cooled. But the erst leader of the stormers of Ciudad-Rodrigo was not likely to be long angry with a kindred spirit whose disobedient daring must have recalled to him the memory of his own fiery courage, when youth and hope were his only fortune. He gave Capt. Garnet Wolsley a "wiggling" for presuming to take the Motee-Mahal without orders, and mentioned him in his dispatches for the courage and ability he had displayed, but he was not named for the V. C.—The United Service Magazine.

Bermuda's Peculiarities.

Neither Soil nor Water, Animals nor Birds, Only Coral.
Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

In no other part of the world, I think, did nature show such supreme niggardliness as here. She gave the Bermudas neither soil nor water, neither animal nor bird, neither fruit, vegetables nor flower. She simply conferred the most delightful weather under the canopy, and then stood off and said: "Such weather as that is a bountiful outfit, if you don't get another thing." So it has proved. To the prize weather all other things have been added by visitors. The only wild animals known here are the rat and the mouse, brought by vessels; the casual and oleaginous whale, and the bat, that has blown across the Atlantic by accident. There is no game whatever, and never has been. Of birds, the splendid cardinal of the tropics is here. The blue robin of New England is here, piping as bravely as ever. The catbird has put in an appearance, and so has that even greater nuisance, the English sparrow, the pirate of the winged world. Two Spanish birds, the "chick of the village" and the pretty ground dove, move quietly about. And that is all. Not a native bird among them.

I have said that nature gave Bermuda no soil. Ignatius Donnelly thinks that these islands and the Azors are the remains of Plato's fabled continent—the last lot remaining above the sea after the great cataclysm of one hundred thousand years ago buried the rest of the continent with its splendid civilizations forever. In that case, I should suppose there would be some real soil, some rocks, some drift, some sand, some clay, some alluvium, some vegetable mold. There is very little of the last and not a bit of any of the others on these islands. There is not clay enough for a pipe, or sand enough for a sand glass, or a stone big or little nearer than the coast of Georgia. There is nothing here but ground coral reefs, carbonate of lime, digested and deposited by that melleuginous and shapeless creature called the coral "insect." This island is as white as so much chalk, and about as barren. Water soaks into it like a sponge, and five minutes after a sharp shower one can go out walking and find neither mud nor moisture anywhere. On some lowlands this comminuted coral, with the mixture of elements it has taken up, is not as hard as elsewhere; and here it is occasionally cultivated by the admixture with the soil of a large quantity of fertilizers from America. It can absorb unlimited cargoes of these stimulants without having its life much stirred by them. Tickle this coral reef with a hoe ever so vigorously, it never laughs with a haughty, and after you have poured into it oceans of pondrotte, and dosed it with loam and bound poultices of warm ground upon its stomach, it only smiles a faint and gastly smile. But under these circumstances, potatoes, onions, tomatoes and lily bulbs are planted, and if they can clasp rootlets around anything softer than a cast iron stove lid, they grow. Some things grow in a warm climate without much encouragement. I saw this week a tamarind tree as large as a good sized New England elm, that had been torn up by a hurricane long ago, and stood on its very top, its roots pointing toward the sky. The branches that stuck into the ground put forth roots and gave the wreck a new anchorage, while the upthrown roots reverted and set forth new limbs, and the dense mass of foliage now shades the ground and invites the still fruitful giant to forget its disaster.

There is no fresh water on the island except what comes direct from the clouds. The sky is the cistern of Bermuda. The houses are all built of the coral that is quarried in beautiful white cubes from the ground anywhere, seeming fit for the sculptor's chisel; the every house is roofed with slant roof of the same and furnished with abundant tanks. In these the rain is gathered, and the tanks are so very clean, and the roof is so very white and the air is so very free from dust that the water is the purest in the world—cold and pellucid as if drawn from the choicest mountain spring. I never saw such delicious water anywhere. Natives knew what she was about when she omitted the Bermudian springs.

Marriage and Genius.

The author of "John Halifax" has positive opinions on marriage as connected with genius. "Two people," she says, "man and wife, of whom one was supposed to be, and both really were, wonderfully gifted, succeeded in making one another thoroughly miserable. Why? Because the woman married out of wounded feminine pride or (she owned for 'ambition') a self-absorbed, egotistical, bad-tempered man, who had ruined his constitution by his persistent breaking of every law of health. Disappointed, neglected, she does her wifely duty in a literal sense, but she seasons it with incessant complaints and the cruel use of that weapon which is a gentlewoman's instinctive defence against a boor—sarcasm. He, too, lives a life unimpeachable externally, but within full of rancor, malice and a selfishness which approaches absolute cruelty; his peasant nature perpetually binding him to the sufferings of his wife, more gently born and gently bred; while her morbid sensitiveness exaggerates trivial vexations into great misfortunes, and mere follies into actual crimes. All this wretchedness sprung, not from the man's genius, but his other bad qualities, which, had he been a brainless ass, would have made his wife's life and his own just as miserable. Yet society means out the moral, 'Never marry a genius' or the worse one, 'if you do marry a genius you must condone all his short comings, lay yourself down as a mat for him to rub his shoes on, give him every thing, and expect from him nothing, not even the commonest rules of domestic courtesy; and social equality.'"

Connecticut imports \$75,000 worth of honey every year.

Pleasing Not Himself.

BY MARY A. P. STANSBURY.
"I don't think you ought to talk as if I was doing wrong, Helen! You know father has consented."
Ned Litton spoke in an injured tone, looking down upon his sister from his perch on the old stile.

The sunlight flickered through the leaves and the cool, salt breeze from the sea played with Helen's long, golden hair, but her sweet face bore a very sober and thoughtful look.

"I didn't say just that, Ned."
"No; but you might as well have said it. What you did say means the same thing. Now, just look at it. Here I have longed to go to sea ever since I can remember. And I hate school—I couldn't tell anybody how much! And now, when there is such a chance for me—a chance in a thousand, Helen—with this Captain Letcher, who is an old friend of father's, and father himself has at last given me leave, you must all the time be trying to make me feel that I ought not to go. I think it unkind of you, Helen—I really do. One would almost think you begrudged me the pleasure."

"Oh, Ned!" said Helen, and her blue eyes filled with tears.

"Don't Ned mean that! Ned, patiently. 'I did not mean that! But I don't believe you ever guess what this thing is to me. Why, I can't even look at that schooner out yonder without feeling as if I could fly. It's the freedom of it, Ned, and the seeing strange countries and people! Oh! it must be glorious!"

"Dear Ned," said Helen gently, "do not think it hard of me. But I can't help thinking of father. He has consented, but I am sure you can't know what it has cost him. You remember he has had such different plans for you—his only son, Ned! And I can't help feeling, either, that he needs you more than ever before. Father don't complain of anything, but he isn't so strong as usual. Haven't you noticed how pale and tired he comes home almost every evening? Oh, Ned! if anything should happen to father! I don't think it would be a small thing for you to give up going."—her voice sank low— "even Christ pleased not himself."

She turned away, walking slowly up the path. Ned did not follow her. Her last words rumbled like an arrow in his unwilling heart. He felt that a battle was before him which he could best fight out alone. How hard was the struggle, only God and his own heart knew, but when it was ended such a peace descended upon the boy as he had never known before.

"Father," he said very quietly next morning, "I have written to Capt. Letcher that I have changed my mind about going away. Please take me into the office, and let me help you this winter, and next year, I will go to school, or do anything you wish."

"My own boy!" said Mr. Litton, when he could speak.

That was all, but when Ned saw the look upon his father's face he felt half-repaid already for his bitter self-sacrifice.

The winter proved that Helen had judged rightly her anxiety for her father's health, for he was attacked by a lingering sickness, in which, more than once, his life was despaired of.

Ned seemed all at once to have become a man under the new cares and responsibilities which fell upon him. One could hardly have believed that the often headstrong and impetuous boy could have grown so industrious and painstaking. His young vigor and hopefulness were like a tower of strength to the watching mother and sister in those dark days when death seemed waiting at the very door. Over and over they asked each other— "Oh? what would we do if Ned were away?"

And when at last, the father, still very pale and weak, but steadily and surely recovering, called him to his side one day, saying: "My dear boy, if you had not relieved me of so much care and anxiety, I am sure I could not have lived!" Ned could only answer with a burst of thankful tears.

Only a few mornings later, as Ned entered the breakfast-room, he saw Helen with a newspaper in her hand. She looked up, but he missed her smiling "Good morning."

"What is the matter, Nell?" he asked, frightened at her grave face.

For answer she reached to him the newspaper, with her finger on a paragraph in the column of "Shipping News."

The color faded on his cheeks as he read. Capt. Letcher's ship had gone down, and all on board had perished.

The brother and sister looked into each other's eyes.

"Helen," said Ned, in a low and solemn voice, "it was God who gave you the words to speak to me that day on the stile. He has not only saved my life, but He has taught me that a selfish life is not worth saving.—Sabbath School Paper.

A Loving Daughter.

The following incident, from the Philadelphia Call, may be of the "made up" kind, but we doubt not that there are many fond and foolish Mrs. Bluchers in the world; and are there not among our readers girls who recognize in Mary counterparts of themselves?

"Hard at it, I see, Mrs. Blucher?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brown; this is my wash-day, and looking after a family of ten don't leave much time on my hands."

"Is that Mary's voice I hear at the piano in the parlor?"

"Yes, that's her. I don't see how I'd get along without that gal, now."

"Days on these days, when I hev the trimmest work, she picks out her nicest pieces, like 'Sweet Rest By-and-by,' 'Mother's Growing Old,' 'Love will Roll the Clouds Away,' and sings 'em for me while I'm runnin' the duds through the flat water. 'Taint every gal as 'd be so thoughtful, I can tell you."