

ONLY A FEW MORE YEARS.

Only a few more years, and we shall be gone. Like the first red clouds of breaking dawn; When our work of life seems but just begun. We shall watch the setting of life's great sun.

Only a few more years and we'll be at rest. In the beautiful home of the Pure and Blest; Our feet will have ceased Earth's sod to press. Our hands will no longer our dear ones caress.

Only a few more years to bear each cross. To weep, in bitterness, over each loss; To think, in sadness, of days that are past— Of joys that were blissful—too blissful to last!

Only a few more years to sing God's praise. To walk in His pure, but difficult ways; To faithfully wait till all pain is o'er. Then pass, alone, to the Golden Shore.

Only a few more years to bear our part. To laugh and jest with bleeding heart; To make sinners think us happy and gay. While, in secret, we bow our heads and pray—

"O, my father, is possible it be. Let this cup of bitterness pass from me!" Then, alone, at the Fount of Sorrow we sink. Struggle—rebel—then stoop and drink.

Only a few more years and we'll stand alone. At the entrance, fair, to the great, white Throne; Trembling, yet trusting, we'll stand and wait Till the pitying angels open the Gate.

HIS MISTAKE.

Arnold Winton, strolling up and down the upper deck of the steamship Bothnia, with a fragrant Havana held between his teeth, was (a most unworldly exercise for him) thinking deeply; nor, judging by the smile playing about his mouth and lighting up the dark handsome face, was the subject of thought at all disagreeable.

It was, in fact, no less a subject than represented some five feet five inches of blonde humanity, in the shape of Mrs. Ray's governess. Mrs. Ray herself had not, during the five days they had been out at sea, been seen above decks, but Miss Thornton braved both wind and weather, and with or without her little eight-year old charge, had sought every opportunity to escape from the stifling cabin into a pure atmosphere.

Life on shipboard had promised to be monotonous to Mr. Winton, until a kindly fate and a chance introduction threw him across Cecil Thornton's path. He had amused himself with women all his life, and, of course, a governess was fair sport. She should be very grateful to him, that he, one of the lions of New York society, vouchsafed his kindly attentions. Of course, it was merely pour passer le temps. She must understand that—though certainly nothing of his or his foregoing musings were apparent in his manner, as, just as they reached this stage, a slight figure, encased in water-proof, appeared at the other end of the deck; but out from the water-proof peeped a bewilderingly lovely face, and over it broke a ravishing smile, as she came eagerly forward to meet her.

"I am so glad you have come," he said; "and alone, too. Need I throw away my cigar? May I smoke?" "Certainly, I like, you know, the odor of tobacco. Oh, how good this air feels! Poor Mrs. Ray! She has been so very sick to-day!"

"And you have been so much with her, leaving me dependent upon my own resources. There are such stupid people, too, on board. But for the happy accident of meeting you, I feel I should cry this have grown desperate and buried my sorrows beneath the waves. Now I only dread the day when our vessel shall ride into port."

"She raised to him then, her great bewildered eyes. "You mean," she said, with unconscious pain in her voice, "that then will be the end—that I shall see you no more?"

"No, no!" he answered, quickly, striving hard to dissipate the impression. "I only meant that I should not have the daily, almost hourly opportunities of meeting you that we have here. Does the thought give you no pain?"

He bent his head a little lower as he spoke, and somehow his hand hid from view the little white fingers which nestled upon his arm. "Cecil will you remember these days—these nights!"

She started at sound of her name. "Mr. Winton, you must not!" she murmured. "How did you know it?"

"I think I should have known it by instinct," he replied. "In reality, I heard the child one day say 'Miss Cecil,' when she addressed you. It is so sweet a name; I was glad to find it yours."

The moonlight failed to hide the blush his quick glance noted, and the little hand on his arm trembled. What mattered it? Another week on shipboard remained to him. A week was an eternity without some love divinement; and once on shore, with his feet on solid ground, if she had made a mistake, she would not be long in discovering it.

Yet as the days wore on he began to realize that it would cost him, too, something of a wrench. If he were a fabulously rich man—if he could afford to follow the bent of his own free will—he would be almost tempted to link this girl's fortune irrevocably with his. Her beauty thrilled him. There was about her a charm no other woman had ever exercised over him. It was upon him in all its force, on the last night they were to spend together on board the vessel. They had been talking long and earnestly, and the night was growing late.

"I dread to-morrow," said the girl, shivering. "And why," he questioned. "Because it separates us?"

She uplifted to his sight the pale, beautiful face, with its answer written there. The temptation was stronger than his strength. He stooped and pressed a fervent kiss upon the ripe, red lips. The girl lay passive in his embrace.

At that instant Mrs. Ray, unhappily recovered from her recent illness, stopped in front of them. "Miss Thornton!" she said, in tones of incredulous amazement.

Then she waited for an explanation of the scene. Receiving none, she turned silently away, in evident displeasure. Cecil drew herself from Arnold Winton's side. "You said nothing?" she half asserted, half questioned. "Why did you not speak?"

"There was nothing to say," he replied shrugging his shoulders. "Nothing to say!" she repeated. "Could you not have told her what I was to you?"

"What is that?" he asked. "You ask me?" she answered. "What

have your words, your kisses meant? Did you not love me. Did you not mean me to be your wife?"

"I loved you—yes; but really I had not given consideration to the question of matrimony. Do not be foolish, Cecil, I am ready to do anything in reason, my dear, to atone for any trouble you may get into on my account."

"Hush!" she cried, stamping her foot upon the deck, her eyes flashing in his face. "Don't make me despise you more! Don't insult me further by a single word! An hour ago I loved you. Think of it! An hour ago I would have lived forever within the narrow limits of this ship alone with you, and considered myself blessed among women. Now, I wonder if the whole world is wide enough to hold us two and give my contempt breathing space!"

The scathing words left him no reply. They still burned in his soul long after her retreating footsteps had died away. For the first time in his life he felt contempt for himself, and the sensation was by no means agreeable.

Neither could he shake it off as the days merged into weeks. He wondered, too, if Miss Thornton had been discharged. No! he learned that she was still in Mrs. Ray's service. Doubtless she had made satisfactory explanations, and Mrs. Ray had pardoned the indiscretion.

This should have satisfied him, but it failed to do so. He grew more and more ill at ease—restless, almost unhappy. At last, like a lightning flash, it burst upon him. He had been playing with fire, and it had burnt him; he had been playing with love, and Cupid had revenged himself. He was in love—madly, desperately in love—with but one hope, one thought, one wish, to gain Cecil Thornton for his own—his wife.

He came forward with outstretched hands. "Thrice she had tried to check him, but in vain. Of course he would have to ask her forgiveness. For a time she might hesitate in granting it, but in the end he must win. After all, his means were ample to provide his wife with every comfort, and how her beauty would adorn his home! Why had he been so blind? Poor child! How terribly she must have suffered!"

The more he thought of it the nearer came the reality home to him, and the more impatient he grew for the fulfillment of his desire. Confident and rejoicing, he pulled Mrs. Ray's bell in the dusk of a winter's evening.

"Yes, sir; Miss Thornton is in the library," said the man who admitted him. She sprang up with a glad cry at the sound of his footsteps, then drew back, her face growing pale as she recognized him.

"Miss Thornton—Cecil!" he began. "I have come to acknowledge my wrong, and beg your forgiveness. Oh, my darling, these months have taught me my own heart, and how your image fills it! I cannot tear it out. I was mad that night—mad. Now I am sane, and I come to fall at your feet, if needs be, if but you would smile your forgiveness into my eyes, and say to me you will become my loved and honored wife."

"Hush," she said, now very gently. "I am sorry for this, yet glad that I can give you back a portion of my forfeited respect. More, Mr. Winton, you can never claim. My love for you was killed at one fell blow. I thought then that it could never live again for any man, but I have learned differently. I am engaged to be married to Mr. Clive, Mrs. Ray's brother. I thought it was when you came. We are to be married next month. It is but just that you should know."

Just? Aye, with the awful justice which made of Harold Winton's future life so barren and cheerless a thing—just with the justice which made men's praise of John Clive's beautiful wife a two-edged sword in his soul—just with the justice of his own outraged love, which, too late, showed him his life's mistake.

Some Strange Avocations. Said a witness under cross-examination: "I am an early-caller. I call different tradesmen at early hours. From 1 till 5:30 in the morning, and that is how I get my living. I get up between 12 and 1; I go to bed at 6 and sleep till the afternoon. I call bakers between 1 and 2—the bakers are the earliest of all." What sort of a living he made is not recorded. A pound a week, we should say, would be the outside figure, and to earn that he would need a couple of scores of customers. The early-caller's fee is well earned, since but for his intervention his clients would often lose a day's pay, if not be thrown out of work altogether, by failing to keep time.

There are men in Paris, birds of a feather with the chiffonier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the lined plasters that have served the turn of doctor and patient; afterward pressing the oil from the lined and disposing of the linen, after bleaching it, to the paper-maker. Others make a couple of francs a day by collecting old corks, which, being cleaned and pared, fetch, it is said, half a franc per hundred.

A lady resident of the Faubourg St. Germain is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in the boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third marchand d'asticoles boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmartre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from 4 to 10 pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby something over 300 pounds sterling a year.—Chamber's Journal.

In the 1st aeronautical ascent which was made at Rome on Monday, June 13, by M. Jovis, M. Desmaret, one of the aeronauts, tried with success to take photographs of the land below. About fifteen different views were taken by him. The car had a hole in the center, and the photographic apparatus was supplied with a patent obturator working in one-hundredth of a second. The photographs were taken by instantaneous process.

AMERICAN KINDNESS.

We Americans have been lectured so much by Europeans, notably by the English, and we have taken ourselves so freely to task about many real and imaginary defects, that we are in a fair way, if we believe all we hear, to arrive at the conclusion that we, as a people, are well-nigh destitute of virtues. Lecturing, we opine, whether from abroad or at home, does very little good as a corrective, partially because there is such an excess of it, and partially because we have small confidence in the source whence it emanates. As our national faults have of late been so liberally insisted on, it might be an agreeable change, to our vanity, at least, to direct attention to our good qualities, if we can allow ourselves to think that we have any left.

We seem to have one virtue, if no more, and that virtue is kindness, not confined to any class or State or section, but shared by the whole people. Intelligent travelers from the Old World—Frenchmen, Germans, Italians, Russians and Englishmen—have particularly observed this trait, and have made record of it in correspondence and published accounts of men and things in the big republic. Even those foreigners who have seen a great deal to blame and hardly anything to praise in the United States have generally admitted that the Americans are kind. Whether they should admit it or deny it would not alter the fact, for it is a fact that may be readily recognized anywhere under a limitless variety of circumstances. Kindness is unquestionably a national characteristic. It is seen in New England, in the middle States, in the West and South, in different degrees, under different forms of manifestation, no doubt, but it is still kindness, positive and unmistakable.

Whatever divergences of opinion and politics of manners and customs there may be in the North and South, in the East and West, the inhabitants of all those sections are individually and collectively kind, not only willing but glad to help any one who needs help, regardless even of previous prejudice or rancorous feeling. We are not kind on principle or from policy. Kindness is an instinct with us, and an instinct which we incessantly obey. We may hate certain men or communities of men, or think we do—personal contact is very apt to disabuse us of the notion—but if they get into trouble or suffer from any evil we are prompt to aid them by every means in our power—a little more prompt and liberal, perhaps, from the consciousness of a once hostile sentiment. The mere fact that they are unfortunate is enough to commend them to consideration and benevolence. We may still reserve our right or privilege to hate them, but we decline to exercise it until they shall be out of adversity.

This was shown during the yellow fever scourge in the Southwest. Extraordinary bitterness of feeling had existed in the North toward the people living in the infected district. Yet when the pestilence broke out among them, spreading anguish and death on every side, the North forgot its animosity, and remembered only that its ancient foes were suffering. It gave quickly and largely; it could not have been more compassionate and generous if the ravaged places had been filled with their nearest kin and dearest friends. The South has a perpetual grievance toward the North. It has been oppressed, robbed, dragooned, it declares, and many of the newspapers speak of Northern men as if they were a body of despots and ruffians. Nevertheless, if some great calamity should occur to the North, the South would, doubtless, labor zealously to alleviate our distresses as we have alleviated its afflictions in other days. Many Southerners appear to us wrong-headed, invincibly prejudiced, tyrannical, even barbarous; but we are prepared to believe that, if the North were in affliction, they would vindicate their nationality by active, unvarying kindness. They might detest us all the same, but they could not help acting like American citizens.

During the civil war, which was naturally and unavoidably one of the bitterest of such contests, the soldiers who fought against each other in the field were often generous, even self-sacrificing to one another, and displayed a true chivalry that would have shamed all assumptions. There were atrocities in prison and in action sometimes; but most Americans who met as open enemies, musket in hand, were mutually kind when kindness is needed, and an opportunity for exhibiting it was granted. Men are always better than the wars they wage. Professional slayers are, when the slaughter is over, humanized again.

Nobody who has traveled in the Republic and used his eyes can fail to have noticed the almost universal kindness of the people, whether in city or country, in the thinly settled West or the crowded East, on the frontier or in the bustling capital. Kindness is not confined to any class, either. Even in the metropolis, where persons are naturally more absorbed in their own affairs than they are in minor towns, nearly everybody is willing to lend a helping hand, or open his purse when help or money is wanted.

A horse falls in Broadway; a dozen men volunteer at once to get him up. A stranger asks the way; he is instantly directed. A case of charity is presented; dollars are promptly evoked. A woman is annoyed or insulted; there is always a willing arm and a stout heart to protect her. It is not so, to any such extent, at least, in the Old World. There are persons there whose business it is to lend assistance; establishments which are created to give succor. Therefore, the people, especially the prosperous and privileged, regard miscellaneous kindness as no affair of theirs. There are such officers and institutions here also; but we do not wait for functionary or routine when we see perplexity or trouble or suffering before us. We are a sympathetic race. A democracy makes sympathy, sympathy makes kindness, and kindness should cover a multitude of sins.

A young man with an extremely powerful voice was in doubt what branch of musical art to adopt. He went to the composer Cherubini for advice. "Suppose you sing me a few bars," said the master. The young fellow sang so loud that the walls fairly shook. "Now," said he, "what do you think I am best fitted for?" "Auctioneer," dryly replied Cherubini.

One Phase of the Civil War.

I went one day, just after Longstreet abandoned the siege, to see the Chief Surgeon, to secure his certificate to the papers of a brother officer who had tendered his resignation, on account of total disability, arising from wounds and injuries received in the line of duty. I failed to find the doctor in his office. It was about the dinner hour. I pushed my way past servants and flunkies to his private quarters in the second story of a handsome mansion. There, in a richly-furnished room stood a table loaded with more than the delicacies of any one season. A savory roast of beef smoked in the center. There were dishes and dishes of vegetables; great cut-glass stands were heaped with fruits, while dishes to match were filled with canned peaches and other tempting vands. It was a dinner fit for a king. The liquids had not been overlooked. There stood on a sideboard a bottle of the splendid whiskey furnished to the Medical Department, and a couple of bottles of wine. The doctor was not there, having halted in the lower room to wash and touch up his toilet. About the time I had completed the survey indicated here he entered. I was seated in an easy chair, and I retained my seat. He glared at me a moment. Then he growled at me in a voice meant to be very fierce:

"What do you want there?" "I came to see you, sir, about signing the certificate of disability of Captain ———. It has been signed by my Regimental, Brigadier and Division Surgeons, and you seem to delay it out of a spirit of pure cussedness. The Captain is poor. You have now detained him here two weeks for no other reason conceivable to me than to show how near and devilishly cruel you can be. If you don't sign the papers, I shall prepare a history of the case, and carry it to Gen. Burnside in person."

The old ruffian stared at me in silent and blank amazement as I arose and walked out of the room. He signed the certificate, and it was promptly sent to the Captain through the regular channels, and a worthy and brave officer got out of the battered, ruined, half-starved town and to his family barely in time to save his life. It was a common habit of this Chief Surgeon to abuse both officers and men, who would endure his abuse in the most scandalous language. I stood in his office one day for an hour waiting for a timid Lieutenant to get his turn to talk with the medical magnate. He had a railing around the portion of the room he occupied, and the most contemptible flunkie I ever beheld in charge of the entrance gate. Not a soul of all the poor fellows who came but was roundly cursed and abused, though some of them were on crutches, the result of recent wounds. They had been starving in hospital while this old brute, and the other heedless and cruel brutes about headquarters, had been devouring the delicacies sent for their relief by the ton, from friends at home, and by the grand relief associations which sprung up to meet the great emergency.

I often wondered that the officers of the line and the men under them endured these outrages with comparative indifference. Were it to do again I doubt if the gourmands, ruffians and thieves would fare as well or come off as little harmed as they did. The true story of the Quartermaster, Commissary and Medical Department has some deep and damning shades of rascality and cruelty in its lines.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Kiss and Make Up. What married life needs to give it new tone and sweetness is more of the manner as well as the spirit of the old court-ing days. The beautiful attentions which before marriage were so pleasant are too often forgotten afterward. The gifts, cease or come only with the asking; the music dies out of the voice; everything is taken as a matter of course. Then comes dull, heavy, hard days to the unhappy souls that have solemnly promised to "love honor and obey," etc., and the consequence is they begin by wishing themselves apart, and are not always content with the mere wishing.

Very much of the pleasure of courtship is derived from the constant attention of parties to each other. Their affection for each other's voices evinces itself in every possible way. Every sentence is gilt-edged with compliments spoken in tender tones; every look is a confession of love; every act is a new word in the exhaustless vocabulary of love. Gifts and personal sacrifices are the more emphatic expressions of the spirit no language can articulate, no evidence declare. It is a fact that devotion declares itself continually in words and acts. At the touch of cupid's wand the language grows more rapid, the figures gentler in their touch, and the voice more musical. Love is very like the silver jet of a fountain that leaps heavenward; if denied its natural outlet it ceases to flow altogether. The love of courtship can be kept bright and beautiful through married life by giving it utterance or expression in words; and the more it is allowed to flow out in delicate attentions and noble, helpful service, the stronger it will become and the more satisfying. The beautiful attentions of the husband refresh, brighten and make the wife strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything pertaining to her home and her husband's happiness. And the parting words of love from the wife give the husband new courage as he goes forth to meet the toils and difficulties of business. The home is home only when pervaded with this blessed influence of love, and the marriage vow should not be made once for all at the altar, but should be renewed by husband and wife "until death do them part."

Husbands, talk to your wives lovingly as in the early days of courtship, when you wished to win their affection. Wives, meet every show of tenderness from your husbands as you did in the beautiful days that linger so pure and sweet in your memory, and your home will be a type of that heavenly home that only is promised to those who love.

The Ontario correspondent of the Colonies and India states that the construction of the long-talked-of railway across the island of Newfoundland has at length been decided upon; it will be 350 miles long, and will be of great benefit to the island.

Speed of the Antelope and Greyhound.

Although rather late in the day, kindly allow me to make a few remarks regarding the relative speed of greyhounds and antelopes. In your article on this subject, at page 317 of your issue of April 10, you say you imagine a good English greyhound is a match in speed for any of the antelope tribe on fair coursing ground. The two speediest kinds of deer that we have in India, which are also, I believe, the only kinds in the country that frequent open ground are the spinal-horned antelope, that commonly goes by the name of the black buck (Antelope cervi capra), and the chikara, or ravine deer (Gazella benettii), a smaller animal than the black buck. When I was inexperienced in their ways, I frequently coursed deer of both sorts with fast and well-bred English greyhounds, some of them the stock of the old Waterloo cup winner, King Death; but where the ground has once been fairly hard, I have never found that the greyhound had the slightest chance. After hard rain, in heavy, sticky soil, greyhounds can sometimes pull down a full-grown deer; but under ordinary circumstances my experience, which is as extensive as that of most men, has shown that it is worse than useless to slip greyhounds after full-grown deer if unwounded, and in good health, as the deer do not go straight away from the dogs, but bound quietly along just in front of them, thus leading them on for a long distance, and appearing to enjoy the fun. When tired of amusing themselves in this way, they go off at full speed, and are almost out of sight of the dogs in no time. The greyhounds are frequently run to a stand-still, besides getting their paws worn out, and their fore legs badly cut by overreaching, and they sometimes have to be laid up several days before they are fit for use again. I have heard that at Sangor the black buck has occasionally been run down by greyhounds. The ground must have been very favorable for the latter, if such is the case, but I have never heard of any well-authenticated instance of their having been thus run down. The English greyhound is, as you say, undoubtedly the speediest member of the canine race, and for fast work is very superior to the Persian greyhound; nevertheless, a half-grown black buck, or chikara, will give a pair of fast English greyhounds an immense deal of work to catch him, and will not unfrequently make good his escape, owing to his superior lasting powers. This is not only my personal experience, but that of many of my friends, and probably of every sportsman who has attempted coursing deer in India. As regards riding down deer over here, I know of no experienced sportsman who would not ridicule the idea of such a thing. It is easy enough to ride down wounded deer and spear them, and I have frequently done so in open ground, but none but the variet "griff" would attempt such a feat with a healthy, unwounded deer. I can offer no opinion regarding the speed of antelopes in other countries, my experience being limited to India.—Land and Water.

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