THE "LUCKY SIXPENCE."

The great steamer had just discharged her living freight at Castle Garden, and the throng of weary travellers homesick, alas! many of them already—pushed their way through the Battery Park toward the great city, the roar of whose streets sounded around them like the rumbling treatenings of the sea they had just left behind them.

One little group stood apart from the crowd, waiting until the hurry and loud-voiced excitement should be over. A woman, with a baby in her arms and two little boys clinging to her skirts, and a man pushing before him a small two-wheeled cart, in which sat a little pale-faced girl, whose thin hands gathered closely about her the faded red shawl in which she was wrapped.

"Well, Lisbeth?" the man presently said.

"Wait a bit, John," Lisbeth said, quietly, shifting the baby to the other arm.

Just then a dapper little man approached them, with note-book and pencil in hand.

"Ah! my fine fellow, good-morning! A fine morning this?"

"Ay, sur, varry, thank ye kindly, sur," and the man pulled his forelock in token of respect.

"I'm a reporter," went on the dapper little man, "and am going around to get statistics for my article on immigration."

"A wot?" ejaculated the man. Beg pardon, sur, I see. You are going around wi' a paper. It does your heart credit, sur; an' I'd give willingly so be in' I'd enything to give. They called 'em 'scriptions, sur, at home; an' when I've a shillin' for them as is poorer than me, why, yer welcome to it, but now—"

"No, no, my man! I don't want money; its information I want about yourself and family. What's your name?"

"My name's John Dixon, an' my family was allus respectable; my grand'ther was—"

"Oh, there, there," said the reporter, waving his pencil somewhat impatiently, "I didn't mean that. Is this your wife?"

"'Deed, she is, sur; our banns was cried three times this months twelve year ago an—"

"Yes, yes, my good fellow, and these are your children, all of em, eh?"

"Ah, sur, all on 'em mine; I ain't so rich I could start a h'orphan asylum, sur."

The reporter grinned.

"Why did you leave England? You are English?"

"Ay, sur, I'm English; well, I left cos I could not stay, times was that hard."

"And you are going—where?" and the reporter paused pencil in hand.

"That's what I like some 'un to tell me," and Dixon scratched his head dubiously. "If I could get a roof to put them little heads under to-night, I'd be a thankful man."

"Oh! I can find you a roof. Now, let's see, four children, and one of them a cripple."

"Ay, sur, one a cripple," and Dixon bent fondly over the little girl in the cart, smoothing the wavy hair away from her blue eyes; "an' our eldest, and we wouldn' part wi' her, no, not for all the gold sovereigns we could carry, would we?" and he looked around the little group, sure of his answer.

"No, no, my blessing." And the mother stroked the little head softly, while the boys flung them on her with eager embraces.

"Hum! yes, very proper," said the reporter.

He bit the top of his pencil meditatively; then he beckoned to a friendly looking policeman who was strolling toward them.

"Here, my friend, can you direct this man to some place near, where he can find lodgings?"

"Just a couple o' rooms where we can bide till I look around a bit," explained Dixon, ducking his head respectfully.

"All right, come along," and the friendly policeman smiled to little Janey, sitting pale and quiet in her cart.

"Little girl looks thin," he said, pressantly.

"She's never very strong, our Janey isn't," and the mother looked anxiously down to meet the tender, loving smile of her little daughter.

"Voyage pretty hard on her, too, daresay," said the policeman, stooping to ease the little cart over the crossing. "There, my friend," he continued, turning to Dixon, "third house to the left I think you'll be sure to get lodging there. I know the man; he'll do as well by you as any."

"Thank ye kindly, sur," said John, gratefully. "It's a bit strange comin' to a new land an' not knowin' where to turn."

"Whatever did you come for, then?" muttered the policeman to himself. Then aloud, "That's all right. Maybe I'll see you again; this is on my beat."

Then, with a friendly nod to Janey, he turned away.

Tired, almost discouraged, Mrs. Dixon set speedily to work to clean the two dusty, grimy little rooms they were to call home for the present, while John and one of the boys went out in search of the few articles of furniture they needed, and something to satisfy their hunger.

Little Janey, holding the baby on her lap, sat looking on wistfully.

"Poor mother! I wish I could help you," said she, sadly.

"You do help, my lass," the mother said heartily; "see just how quiet you've kept baby all this time, so I could clean up a bit."

Janey smiled brightly.

"Whenever he frets I show him my lucky sixpence, an' then he laughs," and Janey dangled the coin before the baby's eyes."

The "lucky sixpence"—that is, a sixpence with a hole in it—was hung round Janey's neck by a strong but much faded blue silk cord, and was the child's one great treasure. It was the only thing she possessed of her very own, except her little two-wheeled cart, and she could not very well hang that round her neck, or go to sleep holding it in her hand.

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mrs. Dixon, stopping her work a minute to wipe her heated face with her apron; "it's many a year since Master Fred o' the Home Farm gied you that lucky sixpence, Janey. It was just before he left for 'Meriky, I mind, and he stopped to wish us goodbye. You were a little thing, playin' around the floor, not so old by two year as Jimmie there," pointing to the four-year-old youngster who was making himself perfectly happy in a corner of the room with two old wooden clothes pins he had found. "I wonder what's come o' Master Fred," she continued, scrubbing away again; "he couldn't hit it off very well w' his uncle at the farm, so he come to 'Meriky, an' that put it into your father's head, worse luck!"

And she sighed a little as she glanced round the cheerless room, but she brightened up when she heard her husband's footstep on the stairs, and when the table and chairs were put in their places, and the kettle boiled on the little charcoal furnace John had bought, quite a cheerful little party sat down to supper.

"We've got a little money, Lisbeth," said John to his wife that night, when the children were asleep, "an' I've got a stout heart an' a stout arm, an' it'll be queer enow if in all this big town there isn't some job as wants to be done as I can get."

"But you'd like farm work best, John; you're used to that."

"Ay, ay, lass, but 'beggers musn't be choosers;' not that we're beggers yet, my lass;" and he gave her a sounding kiss.

John was strong and willing, but day after day passed, and still he searched in vain for work. Once in a while an odd job fell in his way, but no steady employment, and faster and faster his little hoard of savings melted away.

"Ay, lass, it's not far a shillin' goes here," he said one day, with a sigh, coming in from the grocer's where he had been to lay in their slender provision for the coming Sunday.

Mrs. Dixon shook her head, and a tear or two fell on the jacket she was mending. She had grown pale and thin, and the little faces of the children had a sharp, hungry look, which almost broke her heart to see.

That night little Janey awoke sobbing heavily.

"What is it, lass?" and her mother, roused by the sound, bent over her,

"I thought Jimmie had brought me a cowslip-ball," sobbed Janey. "Oh, mother, I wish we were home."

A "cowslip-ball!" Their thoughts flew back to the little green lane, a stone's throw from their humble cottage door, where between green hedge-rows primroses lurked and yellow cowslips nodded their golden heads. Mrs. Dixon dropped her face beside Janey's, and in her heart echoed the child's homesick cry.

Sunday passed, Monday, Tuesday, and still no work. Jimmy was crying over the last of his scanty breakfast being done, and Sam was choking down a sob over his crust.

Janey, pale and quiet, sat hushing the baby in her arms, while the poor mother looked at the little group dry-eyed and despairing. John threw himself into a chair, with a groan.

"It's no use, Lisbeth," he said huskily. "I can't get work. "I'm a stranger ye see. What good is these arms," and he thrust out his brawny fists, "if I can't use 'em? The young 'uns want bread, and there isn't a single sixpence in the horse."

Then his glance fell on the lucky sixpence Janey was swinging before the baby; but he quickly turned his eyes away again. She saw the look, however, and by-and-by she gently drew her mother down beside her.

"Mother," she whispered, softly, "would this buy bread?" touching the cherished coin.

"Yes, dear, it's as good as any," Mrs. Dixon said absently.

"Then take it, mother dear," Janey said hurriedly, the tears starting to her eyes. "Take it and get some bread; quick, before father comes back."

"Your lucky sixpence, child!" cried her mother. "No, no, Janey, not that. We'll do somehow. Why, I've allus thought mebbe we'd see Master Fred some day, and then you'd hold it up and say 'Here's the lucky sixpence you gave me long ago, Master Fred, and I've never forgot you, never!' Why, Janey, you've allus thought so very much of it, you surely couldn't part with it now?"

Janey's lips trembled.

"I could for you, mother."

Mrs. Dixon caught her in her arms.

"No, no, my little lass, I can't do that. Please God, your father will get work to-day."

But day after day began in hope, to end only in disappointment. The city seemed full of men wanting work, and if there was any hope in the future for poor John, he never seemed able to catch up to it, and the present with its poverty and sorrow seemed to shut him in like a black cloud.

The few articles that could be spared found their way to the pawnbroker's, and Mrs. Dixon, who had had some washing given her to do, had to give it up, for the baby was taken sick, and moaned and wailed dismally, whenever she put it out of her arms.

"No bread i' the house, and no money to buy any. We've come to that, my lass," groaned John Dixon one day, covering his face with his hands, while his wife tried to quiet little Jimmy, who was begging for something to eat.

Janey slipped out of her chair and crossed the room slowly to where her father was sitting, gazing gloomily at the floor.

"Father," she whispered, leaning on her crutch, and putting the other arm softly round his neck; "father, will you take me out awhile? See how brightly the sun shines."

"Out, Janey?" he said, gently. "Well, lass, get your bonnet; draggin' your little cart isn't hard work, but it's doing somethin'."

Mrs. Dixon gave Janey a grateful look. Janey, who could always win a smile from her father, no matter how vexed and gloomy he was. And he had been so unlike himself for days now, that his wife welcomed the thought of his going out with his little lame daughter, knowing he would come back more cheerful.

"Father," said Janey, as they left the door, "do you know why I wanted to come out?"

"No, lass, mebby 'cause you wanted to see the shops, eh?" and he smiled kindly at her?"

Janey shook her head.

"I want to go into a shop, though, for, father, listen," and the tears started to her eyes. "I'm going to buy somethin' wi' my 'lucky sixpence.'"

John Dixon stopped short.

"To buy somethin' wi' your 'lucky sixpence, Janey?"

"Ay, father," Janey answered, bravely. "I wanted mother to take it, and she wouldn't, so I am going to do it myself. I'll get a big loaf, an' mebbe a drop of milk for baby."

John Dixon drew his hand across his eyes.

"Janey, little lass," he began huskily, but Janey stopped him with a tremulous smile.

"An' you'll take me to the big shop, father, what we saw one day, wi' all the little cakes piled up in the winder? I've always been wanting se much to go into it, and now you see I can," with a dreary attempt at cheerfulness—"cos I've got something to buy. You'll take me, won't you, father?"

John Dixon nodded, and then went on silently, Janey holding her treasure clasped tightly in one little thin hand, and furtively wiping away the fast-falling tears with her little faded red shawl.

Happy children, who have everything they can desire, may think the loss of an old sixpence with a hole in it very little to cry over, but it was Janey's all. It had been her plaything from babyhood, and she was never tired of hearing about Master Fred, who had given it to her "jest afore he went to Meriky." And now she was going to part with her one treasure. She put her lips to it softly, and now the tears came so fast, there was really no use in wiping them away.

"Are you sure, Janey, about this?" he asked gravely.

Janey gave a decided nod.

"Then go in, lass, by yourself," he said, hoarsely; "I'll wait outside. I couldn't bear to see you givin' it for the victuals I ain't able to get myself for ye."

Then he set Janey softly inside and closed the door.

There was a crowd of people standing round the counter, and Janey grew very tired standing and leaning on her crutch awaiting her turn. A gentleman near noticed the pallor on the little thin face, and, quietly bringing a stool, lifted her upon it.

He smiled at her shy, half-frightened "Thank you, sur," as she gave him a grateful look.

"What are you waiting for, little woman?" he asked pleasantly.

"Some bread, sir," Janey half whispered, opening her hand and showing the tightly held sixpence.

"A 'lucky sixpence!'" exclaimed the stranger, looking curiously at her; "why, I wouldn't spend that if I were you."

Tears rushed to Janey's eyes.

"I wouldn't neither, sur, only father can't get any work. I've had it, oh, ever so long!' she went on, encouraged by the sympathy she saw in his face, "ever since Master Fred went to Meriky."

"Master Fred!" said the stranger starting;

"Yes, sur; do you know him?" asked Janey, simply;

"I've seen him, I think," he answered, smiling.

"Was his other name Thorndyke?"

Janey nodded; then, as he turned away a moment, she touched his sleeve timidly.

"Oh, please sur, if you ever see Master Fred, will you tell him, sur, it wasn's 'cos we'd forgot him, but 'cos father hadn't work—John Dixon, tell him, sur, and he'll know—and 'cos baby was sick and the children starving, so I had to take the 'lucky sixpence' he give me to buy something to eat."

"I'll tell him," said the stranger, quietly. "And look here, little woman, I'll give you this bright, new quarter dollar for your sixpence; and then you can get a loaf of bread, and a little tea and sugar for your mother, too."

Janey looked up wonderingly.

"Oh, sur, how'd you know? Mother hasn't had any tea for most two weeks."

Then she began with trembling fingers to untie the knot in the old faded silk cord.

The stranger watched her with a tremulous smile on his lips, taking the coin which she presently placed in his hand with an almost tender touch. Then he went and got Janey's loaf for her and lifted her off the stool.

"Thank you kindly, sur."

Two great tears splashed heavily down as Janey took her parcel, but she managed to smile at her father as he put her into her little cart.

She told him of the gentleman who had given her the silver quarter, but said nothing of her message to Master Fred. "Father might feel bad," the wise little woman said to herself.

Then there was her shopping to do. The tiny packets of tea and sugar to get, and the 'drop o' milk for baby," and altogether Janey was in quite a glow of excitement when they reached home again. The boys' cries of delight and her mother's wonder when she put the tea and sugar in her hand, filled the little, loving heart with happiness.

"But, dearie, you'll miss it sore," whispered Mrs. Dixon.

Janey's face flushed, then she touched the old silk cord.

"I have this yet, mother, and sometime I'll mebbe forget it's gone."

"Bless you, my lamb!" said the mother, fondly, as she stroked the little thin hands, busy untying the strings so that the could "see the bread ourselves," as the poor little chaps said.

They had each been provided with a slice, and Janey, with a sob of happiness in her throat, was feeding baby with some spoonfuls of warmed milk, when a quick knock came at the door.

"Preserve us! who's that?" cried Mrs. Dixon, with a frightened look.

"There's naught to be feared on, lass," said her husband sturdily. "Come in!"

The door opened and—

"It's the gentleman as was good to me!" said Janey, with a little astonished gasp.

The stranger came forward smiling and holding out his hand.

"It's"—said John Dixon, stumbling to his feet.

"It's Master Fred!" cried Mrs. Dixon, throwing her apron over her head, and beginning to sob.

"Well, my good woman, don't cry about it," said Master Fred, laughing and patting her shoulder.

Such exclamations and explanations followed! They had to tell about the people at home, and then "Master Fred" had to tell all about his big farm out West, and his horses and cows; and then bit by bit the story of John Dixon's unavailing search for work was told.

"How lucky!" cried Master Fred, while poor John Dixon looked up in surprise. "I've just been wanting a man like you to take charge of the young beasts I'm raising for market, and there's a small house on the place that will just do for you, so if you like it the job's yours."

Of course John Dixon "liked it," and said so, warmly.

"All right," Master Fred rattled on. "Can you start day after to-morrow, Mrs. Dixon? I leave for home then, and you can stay with us till your own house is ready. My wife will be as pleased to have you as I will. Yes," he went on laughing, "I have a wife, Mrs. Dixon, a dear little girl not much taller than Janey there."

At which they all laughed again. You see they were so happy it didn't take much to make them laugh.

"Oh, by the way," said Master Fred, "can you let me have supper with you to-night, Mrs. Dixon? I brought my picnic basket along, and we'll have a real old-fashioned supper of ham and eggs. Bless the woman, what is she crying about now?"

"Oh, Master Fred," sobbed Mrs. Dixon, catching his hand, "it's because I'm so happy, and because it seems like a bit o' home to see you again."

Master Fred gave her hand a hearty shake and then brought a big market basket from the hall.

"Now, Mrs. Dixon, please get supper, and I'm going over to talk to Janey, to try and forget how hungry I am."

Janey looked up with a happy smile.

"Now, little woman, can you guess what I've been doing since I saw you?"

Janet shook her head.

"You can't guess, eh? Well, then, I'll have to tell you. I've been getting a little present for the best and dearest little girl I know. Would you like to see it?"

"Please, sur," said Janey, shyly.

"Shut your eyes first, then."

Janey shut them up tight.

Master Fred then took a little package from his pocket and opened it.

"Now look!"

Janey opened her eyes quickly, and there lying in her lap was a pretty chain, with her own "lucky sixpence" hanging from it.

"For you, dear child," said Master Fred, kissing her thin cheek.

When Master Fred went back to his hotel he left happy hearts behind him in the little room.

"Master Fred said I could drive the cows," said Sam, delightedly.

"Me, too," chimed in little Jimmie.

"See, mother, baby's laughing!" said Janey, laying her cheek against the little head.

"Sure God's been good to us," said the mother reverently. "It's amazing strange Master Fred finding us to-day, just when things looked so bad."

"And to think," said John Dixon, drawing his little daughter close to him, "it's all come, with God's blessing, through Janey and her 'lucky sixpence.'"

The Wind as a Motive Power.

When we look at the register of British shipping and see 40,000 vessels, of which about 10,000 are steamers and 30,000 sailing ships, and when we think how vast an absolute amount of horse-power is developed by the engines of those steamers, and how considerable a proportion it forms of the whole horse-power taken from coal annually in the whole world at this time, and when we consider the sailing ships of other nations which must be reckoned in the account, and throw in the little item of windmills, we find that, even in the present day of steam ascendency, old-fashioned wind still supplies a large part of all the energy used by man. But however much we may regret the time, when Hood's young lady, visiting the fens of Lincolnshire at Christmas, and writing to her dearest friend in London (both 60 years old now if they are alive), describes the delight of sitting in a bower and looking over the wintry plain, not desolate, because "windmills lend revolving animation to the scene," we cannot shut our eyes to the fact of a lamentable decadence of wind power. Is this decadence permanent, or may we hope that it is only temporary? The subterranean coal stores of the word are becoming exhausted surely, and not slowly, and the price of coal is upward bound—upward bound on the whole, though no doubt it will have its ups and downs in the future as it has had in the past, and as must be the case in respect to every marketable commodity. When the coal is all burned, or long before it is all burned, when there is so little of it left, and the coal mines from which that little is to be excavated are so distant and deep and hot that its price to the consumer is greatly higher than at present, it is most probable that windmills or wind-motors in some form will again be in the ascendant, and that wind will do man's mechanical work, on land at least, in proportion comable to its present doing of work at sea.—[Popular Science Monthly.

How to Detect Classical Music.

I can give you a simple rule by which the most ignorant may know whether any given place of music should or should not be admired. If you know at once what it is all about; if it seems to be saying 1, 2, 3, hop, hop, hop, or 1-2 3, bang, bang, bang, you may conclude at once that you are listening to something of a very low order, which it is your duty to despise.

But when you hear something that sounds as if an assorted lot of notes had been put into a barrel, and were being stirred up, like a kind of harmonious gruel, you may know its a ingue, and may safely assume an expression of profound interest. If the notes appear to have been dropped by accident, and are being fished up at irregular intervals in a sort of placid, or drowned condition, it is likely to be a nocturne, and nocturnes, you know, are quite too utterly lovely for anything.

If the notes seem to come in car loads, each load of a different kind than the last, and if the train seems to be an unreasonably long time passing any given point, it will turn out most likely to be a symphony, and symphonies are just the grandest things that ever were. If the notes appear to be dumped out in masses and shoveled vigorously into heaps, and then blown wildly into the air by explosions of dynamite, that's a rhapsody, and rhapsodies are among the latest things in music.—[George Kyle in Quiz.

Erin—No. An Irishman with a glass eye can not become an American citizen. Can't natural eyes him.

The Book Agent's Welcome.

A young man with a large book under his arm and a seven-by-nine smile on his mug stuck his head into the ticket window at the Union depot and asked the clerk what the fare was to San Antonio.

"Ten dollars and fifteen cent's replied the ticket-slinger.

"I am pining to leave Galveston, but lack ten dollars of the ticket money. However, that shan't part us. I'll make a partial cash payment of fifteen cents and take the remainder out in trade."

"What do you mean by taking it out in trade?"

"I am a book agent, and if you will let me have the ticket I won't try to sell you a book—I won't say book to you once. This is the most liberal and advantageous offer ever made to the public and you ought to take advantage of it. I have been known to talk a sane man so completely out of his senses in fifteen minutes that he wasn't even fit to send to the Legislature afterward."

"What book have you got?" asked the ticket agent.

A beaming smile came over the book agent's face, and in a sing-song voice he began:

"I am offering seventeen volumes of Dr. Whimstree's Observations in Palestine—a book that should be in every family, a book that comprises the views of a very intelligent doctor on what he saw in the Holy Land, with numerous speculations and theories on what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology and chaste imaginary. I am now offering this invaluable encyclopedia for the unprecedented low price of $2 a volume, which is really giving it away for nothing—"

After the book agent had kept this up for about ten minutes he began to grow discouraged; for, instead of showing signs of weakening, the ticket agent, with an ecstatic smile on his face, begged the eloquent man to keep on.

The book agent stopped to rest his jaw, when the ticket-man reached out his hand, and said: "Shake ole fel! Come inside and take a chair, and sing that all over again. That cheers me up like a cocktail. I used to be a book agent myself before I reformed and went into the railroad business, and that is like music to me. It soothes me all over. It calls back hallowed memories of the past, and makes me want to go out on the road again. I would rather pay twenty dollars than have you leave Galveston. You must come around every day. I could listen to that all day and cry for more."

The book agent shut his book and said: "Some infernal hyena has given me away; but there is another railroad that I can get out of this one-horse town on. I'll not consent to travel on any road that don't employ gentlemen who can treat a cash customer with common politeness. You can't capture my book on any terms, and if you'll come out of your cage I'll punch your head in less time than you can punch a ticket." And he passed out like a beautiful dream.

Leopold and Helen.

Queen Victoria's youngest son, says the Baltimore American, Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, was married yesterday to Princess Helen of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the fourth daughter of a petty German prince, who has enjoyed nothing more than a nominal sovereignty since the results of the Prusso-Austrian war of 1866 handed him over to the tender mercies of Bismarck. The principality of Waldeck is about as large as Baltimore county, and does not contain more than seventy thousand inhabitants; but the family has a long ancestral line, and the marriage of one of its daughters with an English prince fulfills the conditions that no scion of the throne can wed with a subject or any one not of the Protestant faith. It is true that the traditions were violated when Princess Louise married the Marquis of Lorne; but the results of that experiment were not so satisfactory as to encourage any further ventures in the same direction. The marriage of Prince Leopold is not a particularly brilliant one, but Princess Helen is beautiful and amiable, and is at least fitted to do the best that any woman can do to console the life of such a confirmed invalid as he is known to be. His epileptic conflictions are as much a matter of common report as is his dreamy and reclusive temperament, but it would be foolish to predict what may become of him under the influence of a bright and aggressive women, such as the Princess may prove herself to be. His marriage leaves his sister, the Princess Beatrice, the last unwedded child of the Queen's family, and she remains unmarried for the sole reason that there is no bachelor Prince of Protestant Europe who is deemed fit to mate her.

After Many Years.

In the latter part of 1863, while Gen. Steele was commander of the post at Little Rock, a Missourian named Robt. H. Crowley, of Price's command, was captured somewhere below the city, and brought here a prisoner and confined temporarily in the State House. From here Crowley was taken to Camp Chase, where he remained until the close of the war. Mr. Crowley, now an old man, recently arrived in this city. Going to the State House, he searched for a time among the hallways, and finally took a hundred dollar bill from a hole in the wall.

"When I was a prisoner here," said the old man, "I secreted a $100 bill in a crevice in the wall. I knew it would be impossible for me to keep the money through my prison campaign, and I thought by hiding it I might, in after years, come and find find it. After I was liberated I went to my home in Missouri where I resumed my business of farming. At times I was hard pushed for money, but I did not once think of the $100 bill which I secreted in the Arkansas State House during the war. About a week ago, while sitting with my family after the day's work had been accomplished, and while I was wondering how I could raise $50 with which to pay a debt, I happened to think of the $100 bill. I don't know why I thought of it, and, in fact, I cannot tell for the life of me why I should have ever forgotten it; but I did both forget and remember it. The recollection of hiding the money seemed like a dream. At the time when I was a prisoner I was weak and worn out. A hundred-dollar bill was not a very large piece of money. I did not hide it carefully; but seeing an opportunity to secrete the bill, which I believed impossible to hide much longer about me, I seized the opportunity. To day, when I went to the State House and found the money, I was moved with an indescribable emotion. As I took the bill from its hiding place a flood of recollections poured over me. For a moment I could see the hungry faces around me; I could see ragged forms, and I could hear the half-plaintive, half-revengeful voices around me. I felt for a moment as I must have felt when I placed the money in its hiding place; and, upon my word, although I had eaten a hearty dinner, I felt for a time as though I could eat a roasted mule.—[Little Rock Gazette.

Pious Soaps.

The announcement that Elder Scraggs would speak in the Twentieth ward meeting house on "Home Industries and Divine Inspiration" drew a large audience. Scraggs having recently purchased an interest in a soap factory, it was predicted by his acquaintances that his discourse would lead a trifle toward his business. He spoke as follows, from the text, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness": "My brethren, nothing which God has put into the mouth of the inspired writers was ever said amiss. The idea comes with almost miraculous adaptability to the present stirring epoch when there are so many that doubt the inspiration of the word and don't use soap. Now, we should all take the truths of Scripture home to our hearts and use none but soap made here in Salt Lake. There are other soap factories here in Salt Lake, but none that do as mine can. I succeeded in the soap business because I have faith in the revelations of the divine word. My receipt was a revelation direct from heaven. We read in the good book of the angels clad in raiments of shining white, and I have no doubt in my mind that the same sort of soap is used in heaven as I am now retailing at ten cents a bar, although I have a cheaper grade for the country trade. The soul of every man is like an old dirty towel that has been used for two weeks. It needs the cleasing process to make it white. We must be cleansed in the work of repentance and faith, and put right through the ringer of affliction, which, by the way reminds me that Brother Boggs is now selling the Excelsior wringer, better a good deal than Smith's rickety old machines, who is now an apostate from the true faith, and the spirit of the Lord abideth not in him. Unless you patronize the men who are in the faith the doors of salvation open not unto you and your souls will roast in the everlasting damnation of hell. My soap is now being made plain and scented, and put up in convenient packages. We will now sing the 484th hymn, 'The Lord will wash my guilt away,' with choir standing."—[The Salt Lake Tribune.

Vaccination.

Smallpox? I have been thinking a good deal of it, seeing reports from all over the country, do you know I have often thought it would be a good thing if this city were scourged to the very heart with that disease, to teach the people their duty? Nothing else will ever do it. Nothing. A lot of these new fangled phantom physicians have been telling them some pretty stories, and the foolish people have taken them for truth. They will find too late that they are like the practitioners—phantoms. The man who stops to discuss vaccination with any other view than to insist on it emphatically is an idler.

From the most careful study of statistics and of the opinions and experience of the acknowledged authorities, physicians have come to the positive conclusion that smallpox is capable of being completely eradicated from any community by a proper and persistent system of universal and repeated vaccination. From the year 1798 (when the immortal Jenner announced to the world his great discovery) to the present time, facts have been constantly accumulating for the elucidation of the most universal truth ever demonstrated by the science of medicine, and that is that vaccination when properly performed, is a certain and perfect protection against smallpox. I repeat. That was my opinion 20 years ago, and all I have heard, read and seen since then strengthened that opinion. I urged compulsory vaccination then, I urged it to-day, and with the accumulated force of 20 years' additional experience.—[Dr. Lewis Sale in New York Herald.

A Lucky Georgia Girl.

Miss Nellie Reed is the name of young woman of Georgia who recently accompanied her uncle to Nag's Head, North Carolina's delightful resort. Last Wednesday afternoon she accepted an invitation from one of her admirers to go sailing on the sea. The day was pleasant and the young folks enjoyed themselves, starting just before sundown to return to the shore. In going about, the boom struck the young man a terrific blow on the head and hurled him into the water, Miss Reed instantly seized a boat hook, and by hanging over the rail and exercising her utmost strength, she was enabled to drag her companion's body on board. Her efforts to restore him to consciousness were not so successful, however, and it occurred to her that the best thing to do was to sail with all speed for the shore. She had never handled a boat, but she had watched sailors closely, and in a few minutes the craft was scuddling along at a lively speed. Many persons would have been appalled at such a task, especially as it grew dark and the wind freshened. A steady run of three-quarters of an hour brought the boat to its landing, and then the plucky Georgia miss delivered her wounded charge into the the hands of his friends. The young man recovered from the blow, and the young woman is the admired of the Nag's Head Company, and the question now is whether he will insist on marrying the girl who saved his life.—[Ohio State Journal.

Says an eminent divine: "There is a past which is gone forever; but there is a future which is still our own." The Democratic party cannot do better than to cut this out and paste it in its hat.