...AROL.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer!
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the lord of the earth,
Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And the song from afar
Has swept over the world,
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the home of the nations that Jesus is king!

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely Evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King!

PARSON SOULBRIDGE'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

BY MRS. H. G. ROWE.

"Yes, and what use is it, after all?" grumbled Miss Mehitable, as she pinned her best bonnet strings, before the looking-glass, in the back-parlor of the parsonage. "Wearing his eyes and health out writing sermons that nobody will take the trouble to listen to. For my part," pulling out the bows with a discontented air, "I don't see the least use in his toiling and moiling over a *new* sermon every Christmas, when he might just as well preach the same one every year, and nobody be any the wiser. Yes; in a minute!" as she heard her brother's voice in the hall; and when, answering his summons, she looked into his peaceful, thought-illuminated face, a flush of momentary shame overspread her own at the remembrance of those angry questionings a moment before.

"His own soul is watered by these hours of patient, prayerful toil," she thought, humbly; and if nobody listens to his sermons but himself and his foolish old sister, it has not been written in vain."

And yet, when she was snugly seated and at liberty to take a quiet survey of the sparsely-filled pews, a lingering spice of the "old Adam" sent a thrill of indignant surprise to her sisterly heart, as she noted how many of the seats usually occupied by the richer and more influential portion of the congregation were empty *contemptuously* empty — she mentally styled it, with not a solitary representative to soften the neglectful look of their unpressed cushions and staidly-arranged hymn-books.

There would be a crowd around the Christmas tree in the vestry that evening —no danger of anybody staying away from that—and the gift of a gipsy-hooded cologne-bottle or a doll pen-wiper would be received with more expressions of pleasure and gratification than the remembrance of that divine gift of a Redeemer had ever had power to awaken in their benumbed and stupefied souls. But the church was not entirely empty, after all, in spite of the dissatisfied spinster's first survey.

There were three pews filled with "orphans," Christmas was kept as a *holiday*, of course, at the asylum; then there was old Father Griffin, with his ear-trumpet attentively elevated; and a pale-faced seamstress, who leaned back in the comfortably-cushioned pew of which she was the sole occupant, with such a look of restful satisfaction upon her worn, tired face, that Miss Mehitable inwardly congratulated herself upon having been the first to suggest the re-upholstering of the church, that had been so successfully accomplished during the past year. Two of the deacons, the third had just married a wife and *couldn't* come, and a miscellaneous sprinkling of dull-looking old ladies, green boys and pert-faced girls made up the congregation. But no, the door opens once more, and Miss Mehitable drew herself up with a little sigh of intense satisfaction as, heralded and attended by the soft rustle of her silken garments, as she passed with stately step up the broad aisle, came the most wealthy and admired lady in the parish, the orphan-heiress of its most liberal friend and patron.

It was an admiration almost bordering on reverence that the gratified spinster watched the proud, fair face, shaded by nodding plumes and costly laces, the small, red mouth that, in spite of its accompanying dimples and curves, had about it a certain inherited hardness that contrasted strangely with the clear, blue, sunny eyes—proud eyes they were, as beseemed her beauty and station, and yet, looking into them, the humblest forgot his own significance in admiring wonder as, in gazing up into the marvellous blue of a summer sky, we forget sometimes to marvel at its immensity in the perfect delight and satisfaction that its beauty alone yields us. But as Miss Mehitable looked, she wondered—checked herself, and then—wondered again, if Miss Thornleigh ever *did* think of that poor girl whose name for six long years had never been spoken by any member of her family; whose claim upon his parental love and care was not even acknowledged by the stern old squire on his death-bed, as the will, drawn up and signed at that time, proved, wherein all his vast possessions were left unreservedly to his youngest daughter, Miss Helen Thornleigh.

"Everybody that knew them says they were as devoted a pair of sisters as ever lived, before that wretch came between them," mused the good woman, with an involuntary glance at the object of her meditations, who, having moved slightly in her seat, brought within range of the spinster's eye the white, sharply-outlined profile of the stranger seamstress, and catching her breath suddenly behind her hymn-book, she cast another, this time half-frightened look toward the two. But the passing resemblance, real or fancied, was gone, and the faded, weary face bore no closer resemblance to the proudly serene countenance of the beautiful heiress than a withered, frost-nipped leaf does to the stately lily to whose feet some careless breeze has whirled it.

The choir sang that grand old anthem, "Peace on earth, good will to men," and ...the organ solemnly pealed forth its ...ly accompaniment, and the well-...ned voices of the singers sent forth the glorious words of that God-given promise until the arched roof above their heads seemed to echo back the wondrous melody, Miss Mehitable felt a sudden thrill of triumphant joy, a personal reguition of the promise that would keep her heart warm for many a day, she thought; and then, somehow, without part of her own, the bitter disapproba... with which she had regarded the ...ty absences of the day was changed ... wondering pity that they could heedlessly miss such a delightful refreshment.

"Faithful thought it was scarcely worth his while to stop at the 'Interpreter's house,' but, oh, how much he missed!" she thought, with a pleasant adaptation of the wonderful old allegory to her own case, but a moment after, noting the look of pleased appreciation upon the heiress's expressive face, a little worldly leaven naturally crept in among the higher thoughts, and she wondered if Miss Thornleigh wouldn't pay the extra fifty that the soprano had insisted upon in addition to her present salary from her own purse rather than lose so desirable a singer? it was more than probable, and she would remember to introduce the subject at the very earliest opportunity.

But worldly thoughts and calculations, however innocent, took flight like a brood of startled ground sparrows, as, in his calm, sweetly-reverent tones, the minister announced his text for the day: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy," and with a warning nod at one of the "orphans," whose Christmas spirits were threatening to get the upper hand of church decorum, and run over in a laugh at sight of Miss Thornleigh's spaniel perched upright upon the cushioned seat at his mistress's side, Miss Meredith settled herself comfortably in the warmest corner of her own pew, close to the register, and prepared to listen with loving appreciation to her brother's exposition of the sacred text.

And as she listened she forgot the scantily-filled pews, the mischievous, restless children in the seats opposite, even the proud, beautiful woman who had occupied her thoughts so short a time before, and something that was almost a sob rose from her warm sensitive heart as, with a tender solemnity that might have touched a far less impressible nature than hers, the preacher made his closing appeal:

"Let us bury to-day, beneath the manger at Bethlehem, every hardness that has made our own lives unlovely and the life of our neighbor miserable, and may this blessed Christmas be to our hearts the burial stone of all past wrongs and grudges, the resting-place of those white robbed angels of peace and good will, who shall proclaim to our enlightened souls the joyful tidings that the Merciful yet lives to bless and aid his merciful children."

"Perhaps," mused the conscientious little woman, "I haven't been quite as cordial to Miss Peabody since she accused me of meddling too much in parish matters, but I'll call there to-morrow and carry her a jar of my raspberry jam, she'll like it, I know," and having fortified herself with this laudable resolution, she found time to glance at the face of Miss Thornleigh, while with a little natural pride she measured the effect of her brother's eloquence upon that lady's mind.

And as she looked, she wondered, involuntarily, how some people could call the beautiful heiress cold and haughty-looking.

The proud eyes were meekly downcast, now, and a tremulous color had crept into the usually unruffled cheek, while all the hardness seemed to have slipped away from the disturbed and quivering mouth, leaving only a smile, at once so tender and thoughtful, that the most timid supplicant would have taken courage from its very graciousness.

It was not the first time that Helen Thornleigh's soul had been forced to acknowledge the claims of a nobler, broader charity than the old narrow "eye for an eye" creed, but to-day the words of the preacher, commonplace and simple as they might seem to others, had for her a strange and almost irresistible power, and as she bowed her forehead in mute reverence during the closing benediction, a wave from the unforgotten past swept broadly over her soul, bringing with it a flood of bitter-sweet memories of those other days, when with unchildish devotion she had invariably yielded her own way and wishes, in great as in little things, to the elder sister, who was, in her girlish imagination, a paragon of beauty, grace and virtue, until, as the years slipped by, to her a simple daised chain, and with girlhood's opening roses came that wonderful awakening of heart and brain that only love's touch can compass, it was that sister's hand that stole the cup of joy from her very lips, wounded to the death both her love and her pride, and with the selfish arrogance of an indulged and pampered nature, set herself, in a fit of jealous pique, to win to her own side the promised husband of another, and that other her own sister.

It was no secret; the very loafers at the street corners could tell the story of that bridal night, with its missing bridegroom and bridesmaid; the cruelly insulting message that the morning telegraph brought to those at home; the sternly, silently-borne suffering of the deserted and deceived one; and later still, as the years went by, the rumors of suffering, poverty and widowhood, that made a fit sequel to the shameful tale, came to them through various channels, unheeded and unquestioned heretofore, but *now*—

The proud head bent still lower, and tears of tender pity glistened between the dainty meshes of the lace that fell like a shadow across her agitated face.

"Father, help me to forgive!" she prayed, and as in a moment the rime of years melted from about her heart, and something of the old, glad trustfulness of other days stole in with each throb of that forgiving love that, once harbored, soon makes a heaven of the heart that yields itself to its blessed influence. Even the faces of the "orphans," plain and commonplace as they had appeared to her unsympathetic vision, seemed suddenly transfigured by their partnership of a common childishness with the Babe of Bethlehem, and her heart turned tenderly toward them in spite of their unattractive exterior, as, the services ended, she watched them file hurriedly down the aisle, their eager little faces scarcely veiled under the proscribed look of humble decorum that could not completely hide all their glad anticipation of the coming Christmas feast.

"Those shawls are thin and scanty; they shall have some new ones before next Sabbath," wrote Love's finger on the secret tablet of her heart; and with an answering nod and smile to the modest saluation of the minister's sister, she was about to pass through the door into the crisp outer air, when a cloud of faded black drapery barred the way, and a hand, small, pinched and bare, caught tremblingly at the fringe of her mantle, while a voice, broken and weak, yet with an only too well remembered thrill in its tones, whispered the timid inquiry, "Helen, sister, don't you know me?"

An hour before, Helen Thornleigh would have torn her garments from that woman's grasp, and with coldly unrecognizing eyes have passed silently on her way, but now a gentler mood swayed her, and trembling from head to foot, with a thrill of womanly tenderness, she looked down into the wan, sunken face, from which all the old fatal beauty had long since faded out, the once lithe and graceful form now bowed and angular with suffering and want, and the mean, scant garments that scarce kept out the winter's cold; and never was music sweeter or more in harmony with the blessed spirit of the day than her words: "Come home with me." And as she saw the look of painful uncertainty upon the wanderer's face, she added, with a closer clasp of the trembling fingers within her own softly-gloved palm: "The past—our past—is dead, sepulchred beyond resurrection, and now let this day of universal love and good-will be the sealed stone at its tomb's mouth, that neither of us shall ever seek to roll aside."

A rush of grateful tears was her only answer; but it was enough, and the reunited pair, for the first time, perhaps, in their lives, thoroughly comprehended and understood each other.

There were no wordy protestations of repentance, no well-rounded sentences expressive of forgiveness and magnanimous overlooking of past sins and treacheries. The past, with its bitter, bitter harvest, was literally and truly dead and buried, and never, by word or look, did the reconciled sisters, now happy and content in their chastened, wise-directed lives, ever refer to that darkened blank whose heart pangs God alone may know.

And Parson Soulbridge still prepares his annual Christmas sermon with the same prayerful care, the same scholarly research, the same earnest faith in its possible usefulness, that even the thinly-filled pews that still meet his now failing vision cannot dim; for who knoweth which shall prosper—the late or early sown? And even one appreciative hearer may bring forth a wain-load of golden sheaves to bless and crown his harvest hour.

Many things that men look upon as small and trivial, God looks upon as important; and in their issues they often prove to be so. Unspeakable blessings or untold curses sometimes follow little things, according to their character. A little sin, yielding to temptation in some matter regarded as trifling, will defile your conscience and mar your peace. The action of a watch, however well finished, is easily stopped by a little dirt; the transparency of the clearest glass is obscured by a little smoke; the snowy whiteness of the finest linen is soiled by a little mud; and the beating of the heart toward God becomes feeble and irregular, and may be stopped by a little sin. And he who commits little sins often, soon deadens his sense of sin; and he whose sense of sin is deadened not only sins often, but sins without shame. Alas, the conscience of some sinners are palsied.

CARL SPRINGEL.

[From Golden Days.]

Carl Springel is the name of a boy who is held in remembrance over half of Germany, for a deed of self-sacrificing heroism which is unparallelled in the legends of Greece and Rome, or the annals of more modern chivalry.

It is not so very hard for the soldier to face bullets and cannon balls upon the the battle field, for he knows that while there are many chances of death there is still some chance of life.

Carl Springel, a poor, lame German boy, to save many human beings from an awful death, walked straight into the face of certain death himself, and met it like a hero.

On the 19th of November, 1867, a terrible rain storm swept over Southern Germany. For twenty hours the rain poured down in such torrents as had never before been known in that region, and it seemed as if the day were to be the beginning of a second deluge. Rivers overflowed their banks, and petty streams were swallen into rivers.

At nine o'clock at night the storm raged on with unabated violence, when Carl Springel set out on his crutches from the hut in which he lived alone, to carry an evening repast to his parent, who was on watch-duty at the bridge over the Devil's Gulch, on the Great South German Railway.

The Devil's Gulch is a fanciful name given to an immense cleft in the rocks, two hundred feet wide and a hundred and fifty deep, which had been spanned by a strong bridge of wood and iron, believed by the engineers who constructed it to be capable of withstanding all possible assaults of wind and water.

It was the duty of Wilhelm Springel—Carl's father—to keep guard at this bridge on stormy nights, and warn the oncoming trains of any lurking danger which might exist.

Beneath the bridge a mountain stream boiled and bubbled in ordinary times; on that night the heavy rains had swollen it to a furious torrent.

Carl Springel hobbled slowly along upon his crutches through the almost Egyptian darkness of the night, half-blinded by the rain, but buoyed up by the thought that he was bringing cheer and comfort to his beloved father.

When within a hundred yards of the bridge, an awful crash sounded out upon the night air loud above the din of the storm, and a shudder of horror ran through his brave young soul.

It was the bridge—the bridge which had been deemed impregnable. The bridge had succumbed to the fury of the water, which rushed down upon its foundations in irresistible torrents from the mountain side.

Hurrying on as fast as he could, Carl reached the railroad track, and his worst fears were realized. Upon the track, some ten feet away from where the entrance of the bridge had been, was his father's hand-car, with his red lantern burning dimly in it, and by the lantern's light Carl could see the full extent of the disaster. Every section, every timber of the bridge had been swept away, and the yawning gulf and the roaring flood were all that were left.

"Father, father!" cried Carl, in his loudest tones. "Father, father," he called again, "where are you?"

But no answering voice responded, and there rushed across his brain the terrible certainty that his father had gone down with the bridge.

For a moment his breast was filled with unutterable anguish. But it was only for a moment. Quick as thought it flashed upon his mind, that it was almost time for the last-night train from the great city above to come rushing along with its living freight.

No danger-signal gleamed from the watch-tower upon the bridge, and on they would come, unsuspicious of their peril until it would be too late, and they would be dashed in a moment into the seething flood more than a hundred feet below.

What was to be done? Forgetting for the instant the great woe that had befallen him, Carl decided at once that it was his duty to supply his father's place, and warn the train of its peril in time to save it, if possible. But what could he do?

The tempest increased in its fury, and the rain poured down as though it could never stop. Hark, the train is coming! Already he hears it rumbling on toward destruction, and it must be near, or he could not hear it above the storm.

He cannot run with his poor, crippled legs, so he throws himself upon the hand-car, and nerves himself for a mighty effort.

As though his own life were at stake, he begins to turn. Slowly at first, then faster and faster, he drives the car in the direction of the approaching train.

On, on, dashes the mighty iron-horse; nearer and nearer it comes. Oh, if he can only warn them while there is yet time to stop the train! If only he can get far enough off to save the train from rushing headlong into that horrible grave!

Around the mountain-side, on the curving track, the train speeds along. The gleam of its lights is now shed upon the valley, and the boy knows that the supreme moment is at hand.

On thunders the engine, and the track trembles beneath the heavy burden. Suddenly, around a sharp bend a hundred feet away, full on his sight bursts the blazing headlight of the engine.

Ceasing from his labor, Carl Springel braces himself with one hand, and grasping the red lantern in the other, swings it wildly above his head.

"The bridge is down! The bridge is down!" he cries with all his power. "The bridge is down! The bridge is do—"

The engineer has seen him, but cannot save him. With a dull thud, the engine clears the obstruction from the track and dashes along—but slower and slower now.

The hand-car and the boy are hurled fifty feet through the air, and when the boy is found his body is crushed, mangled and lifeless. But the train is saved. Trembling, gasping, staggering, the engine halts—not a dozen yards from the mouth of the yawning chasm—and all on board are saved. Saved by the unparalleled heroism of this crippled boy who has given up his life that they may live.

Two years ago, in a quiet village cemetery in the South of Germany, I saw the grave in which he sleeps. Upon a modest tombstone at its head, erected by the gratitude of those whose lives he had preserved, is this inscription:

"CARL SPRINGEL,
AGED 14.

"He died the death of a hero and martyr, and saved two hundred lives."

A hero and martyr he was indeed, and some time yet, bards and poets will sing the story of this brave young peasant boy of Germany.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.—Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm tells this interesting story in the Chicago *Tribune:* "One of the early rectors of Trinity church, Pittsburg, used to omit from the form of prayer the petition to be delivered from sudden death, and was in the habit of praying that he might die suddenly. When quite old he visited the grave of his wife at sunset, and while talking with a friend of the beauty of the western sky as an emblem of the death of a Christian, his prayer was answered, and he dropped dead. We are apt to forget, when friends are taken away by some calamity, that the All Father was with them, and that other help there can be none, and human love is as powerless in the best appointed sick room as in the wildest midnight storm in mid ocean."

THE United States Patent Office is self supporting. The financial exhibit for the past year shows a total of receipts amounting to $730,517 12, of which $642,335 were on behalf of applications for patents, caveats disclaimers, appeals and trade-marks, and an expenditure of $538,926 43, showing a net balance of receipts over expenditures of $191,620 69. During the year there were 20,990 applications for patents, and 12,584 were granted. These figures express a great deal of brain activity.

Old Men.

Prof. Huxley, who has rendered so many valuable services to the cause of science, has just added a new claim to the recognition of the world by lending the weight of his authority to the opinion that 99 men out of 100 become simply obstructives after they reach the age of 69, and speaking for his own domain of science he is reported to have expressed the wish that any man who had taken any part in science might be strangled as soon as he had reached that age.

At first this sounds like an extreme opinion, and its nature wholly at variance with that dispassionate moderation which marks the true philosopher. Persons who have not been excited by the search for molecules and protoplasm will suggest that old scientists and all other obstructives might be retired on pensions, with strict orders to prevent them from publishing any of their researches. Superficial readers will object that even if the majority of sexagenarians are obstructions, and consequently, detrimental to the cause of progress, yet these are exceptional cases of senescent advancement, and that it would be unwise to obliterate their contributions by a new Herydian slaughter of the first-born.

But there is a logical fallacy in asking that the few and unimportant contributions of the exceptions should be made an excuse for enduring and perpetuating the obstructions of the great majority. We do not insist upon strangulation as the only means of properly ridding the world of those who lag superfluous on its stage, but we do insist that whenever a man in any department of work or culture or progress begins to be an obstructive, he should be made away with. The greater his services in the past, and the higher his reputation, the more urgent is the necessity for his annihilation as soon as he has begun to turn backward like Hezekiah's shadow; the mischief of a great name perverted or of a great reputation misused and misapplied is merely an aggravation of the mischief wrought by lesser men, and there could be no greater mistake in benevolence than to allow the world to be darkened by the shadow of old age merely because in youth the world was enlightened by its light.

In every department of life the men who are unable to learn anything new think there is nothing new to learn, and the men who have ceased to grow think that the world has reached its limit of growth. Of nothing is this instructive obstructiveness more clearly discernible than in matters of business. If the old fogy in science deserves to be strangled, the old fogy in business should be kicked to death by a mule. He is a terrible infliction on the community. He has long since been left behind by younger men of more active habits and newer ways, but he still holds on to his capital, his custom, his good will, and he divides his energies pretty evenly between keeping in the old ruts himself and preventing everybody else from getting out of them. We should not like to strangle all the business men of St. Louis who have passed the age of sixty, but if some Athenian ostracism could banish them all at one fell swoop, it would produce a change which we can safely leave to the imagination of our readers.

In journalism it is not so essential to strangle the antique obstructives, for the calling is a merciful one, and usually brings the happy release of death or a public office by the time that the age of usefulness is passed. But if there are any who survive they should be knocked on the head forthwith, to the great improvement of their newspapers and the delight of the public. The superannuated journalist may be recognized by his horror of sensations, by his objection to publishing criminal news if he has to pay for collecting it, by his preference for long-winded letter in August or early in September; but if they have their first letter the last of April or first of May, they can not be expected to have another brood before cold weather sets in. A sow will have pigs in four months lacking six days from the time she is bred, and the farmer should make preparations for the occasion accordingly. She should be put in a separate apartment at least a week before farrowing, so as to accustom her to her new quarters, supplying her in the meantime with cut straw for bedding. After farrowing she should not be disturbed for a day or two, even to give her food and drink, for when she wants either she will soon let you know. After beginning to feed her increase her allowance gradually for the first five or six days, and then give her as much rich food as she will eat. The pigs will soon learn to eat with her, and should also have all they will eat. In this way the pigs can be made to weigh from 150 to 200 pounds by the time they are eight months old. This is the most profitable way to make pork. No time for cholera; no time for idle capital; no time for "bad luck" of any kind.

SHORT BITS.

A lady wants to know why the railroad companies do not provide special cars for tobacco-chewers, as well as for smokers. Bless your innocent hearts! tobacco chewers are not so particular as that. An ordinary passenger car is good enough for them.

That was a very pointed and possibly a very wholesome bit of sarcasm when a gentleman turned upon a coxcomb, who had been making himself offensive, and said: "Sir, you ought to be the happiest man in the world. You are in love with yourself and have no rival."

Boston is trying to compel gentlemen to appear in full dress at opera. That is right. It doesn't look well to see a man at an opera pull of his coat and vest and throw them over the back of a chair, and then remove his necktie and unbutton his shirt-collar, just because the temperature of the room goes up to 89 degrees.

"What kind of a wrapper do you consider nicest?" he said, as they were toiling slowly up the hill the other evening in the calm and peaceful moonlight. "Why, a circular," she replied in tender accents. And as his arm stole softly round her waist and rested there, the scribe saw another instance of that beautiful and time-honored sentiment, "Two souls with but a single thought," etc.

SATAN.—If the personality of Satan be not a vital principal of our religion, I do not know what it is. There is only one dogma higher. You think it is safe, and I dare say it is fashionable, to fall into this lax and really thoughtless discrimination between what is and what is not to be believed. It is not good taste to believe in the devil. Give me a single argument against his personality which is not applicable to the personality of the Deity. Will you give that up; and if so, where are you? Now mark me; you and I are young men—you are a very young man. This is the year of grace 1839. If these loose thoughts, which you have heedlessly taken up, prevail in this country for a generation or so—five and twenty or thirty years—we may meet together again, and I shall have to convince you that there is a God.—[Endymion Earl of Beaconsfield.

GRAFTING IN WINTER.—Some horticultural wiseacres have discovered that fruit grafting can be done in the winter season nearly as successfully as in the spring, and regard it as a discovery of vast importance. We should suppose that, as this work is by no means agreeable when the mercury stands below the freezing point, the three spring months, when grafting is sure to be successful when done with any degree of care, would be ample time for the labor to be performed, even in the most extensive nurseries. Those who may like it and are willing to run the risk of winter grafting, will of course exercise their own wish about it; but we would suggest to those who have valuable apples or pears that they are anxious to propagate, to adhere to the more favorable seasons for doing the work.

The church was warm, the minister was dull, and everybody fell asleep except the half-witted man, James Fleming. "My brethren," shouted the indignant pastor, "you should take the example of that fool there. He keeps awake." "Ay, ay, minister," shouted Jamie; "but if I hadn't been a fool, I would have been asleep like the ithers."

Popular Sayings from Pope.

Although the poems of Alexander Pope are seldom read at the present day, people, without knowing it, quote him more frequently than any other author or book with the exception, perhaps, of the bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Isaac Watts, Benjamin Franklin, Æsop. The following list of quotations will give some idea of his popularity in this regard:

Shoot folly as it flies.
Man never is, but always to be, blest.
Lo, the poor Indian!
Die of a rose in aromatic pain.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole.
Whatever is, is right.
The proper study of mankind is man.
Grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength
Vice is a monster of so frightful mien, etc.
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw.
He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
Order is heaven's first law.
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well thy part—there all the honor lies.
Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow.
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Looks through nature up to nature's God.
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
Guide, philosopher and friend.
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
Mistress of herself, though China fall.
Who shall decide when doctors disagree?
A little learning is a dangerous thing.
To err is human, to forgive divine.
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Damn with faint praise.
Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike.
Breaking a butterfly upon a wheel.
The feast of reason and a flow of soul.
Welcome the coming, speed the coming guest.
Do good by stealth and blush to find it flame.
And damnation around the land.
That mercy I to other show
That mercy show to me.
That mockery of woe.
This is the Jew,
That Shakespeare drew.
Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

Pigs for Next Year.

As this is the time of year when farmers are determining what hogs to fatten, it is also the time for deciding upon what they will do for pigs the coming year. As is often the case, a farmer will fatten and kill off all the sows that have had pigs that season, and depend upon gilts for breeders the following year. But it is never good policy to kill a sow that has proved herself a good breeder and suckler, and rely upon one whose qualities in these respects are yet to be developed. Besides, the pigs of a sow which has already proved herself a good breeder and milker are always, as a general thing, stronger, start off much better, and are sure to keep the lead in the race of fattening. The worth of a good sow in bacon is a small matter in comparison with the two litters of pigs she will have the following year.

The farmer should always endeavor to raise his own stock, whether they be horses, cows, sheep or hogs; and if he has good comfortable quarters for his sows they should be bred early in November, so as to farrow in March. But if his sows are allowed to run out in the fields or wood lot, and take chances, it is better not to breed them until January. If they farrow in March they can have access to long-winded litter in August or early in September; but if they have their first litter the last of April or first of May, they can not be expected to have another brood before cold weather sets in. A sow will have pigs in four months lacking six days from the time she is bred, and the farmer should make preparations for the occasion accordingly. She should be put in a separate apartment at least a week before farrowing, so as to accustom her to her new quarters, supplying her in the meantime with cut straw for bedding. After farrowing she should not be disturbed for a day or two, even to give her food and drink, for when she wants either she will soon let you know. After beginning to feed her increase her allowance gradually for the first five or six days, and then give her as much rich food as she will eat. The pigs will soon learn to eat with her, and should also have all they will eat. In this way the pigs can be made to weigh from 150 to 200 pounds by the time they are eight months old. This is the most profitable way to make pork. No time for cholera; no time for idle capital; no time for "bad luck" of any kind.

SELECTED MIS...

Lies go by telegraph; truth comes by mail, three hours late.

The heart has reasons that reason does not understand.

Means are always in our power; ends very seldom so.

The greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

Who never walks save where he sees men's tracks, makes no discoveries.

That virtue which requires ever to be guarded is scarcely worth the sentinel.

Calumny would soon starve and die of itself, if nobody took it in and gave it lodging.

The great thinker is seldom a disputant. He answers other men's arguments by stating the truth as he sees it.

Good qualities are the substantial riches of the mind; but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—[Franklin.

It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the losses.—[L'Estrange.

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius. —[Addison.

There is not so poor a book in the world that would not be a prodigious effort were it wrought out entirely by a single mind, without the aid of prior investigators.

There is a Gaelic proverb: "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained.—[James A. Garfield.

The Man Who Boasts.

The man who boasts is twin born to a liar, for neither of them can tell the truth except by accident, and yet it must be very comfortable to feel that what you do is always the very best thing that can be done by any one, and that you know just a little more than any living man. We are acquainted with a tender-hearted gentleman whose experiences are always exceptional, and who has seen a thousand things which no mortal eye save his own ever looked upon. When he went up the Rigi it was the clearest day that had been known for a full century, and when he traveled over the St. Gothard he went through a storm of hailstones the least of which was bigger than a hen's egg, and the guide, who was three-score years and ten, and had been over the pass more than two thousand times, declared that he had never in his life witnessed such a spectacle before. The old gentleman crossed the ocean in the greatest hurricane on record, and saw more icebergs than the oldest sea captain in the service. His children were all geniuses, and he had found a governess for them who proved the most learned and accomplished woman in the world.

One day the poor man was stricken with paralysis, and we feared that his happy boastfulness was over; but after six weeks we met him on the street and he told us that he had been visited by eighteen doctors, who all declared that that particular kind of paralysis had never before made its appearance. So he lives on in the cheerful belief that he has the best of everything, and every time we see him we envy him. Our toothache is always of the grinding sort, while his makes him feel as though he had a music box in his mouth. When our leg gets broken it is only an ugly fracture, but his is a compound fracture of a compound fracture. We send for a doctor to cure our ills, and he proves to be only an ordinary M. D., but when he seeks a physician he finds a man who has taken every known degree in every known science, and who cures the worst cases ever heard of in the easiest way ever heard of. When our friend dies he will probably come back through some medium just to tell us that his death was the most wonderful death in the world, and that he found when he got up yonder that they had saved a choice little corner for him, where he expects to be more comfortable than anybody who ever entered the celestial regions. If all this is mere boasting and lying then boasting and lying are no longer gross faults, but very comforting virtues.

The Wicked Mariner.

A Buffalo lake captain, when interviewed regarding his experience of the great gale of two weeks ago, answered that he spent more than an hour in prayer. A Chicago captain said he was made to feel what an awful sinner he was. A Clevelander said he made a solemn vow to quit swearing in case he was saved. An interview was held with a Detroit captain yesterday to see how he felt. It started off as follows:

"You were in the great gale, were you?"

"As the gale increased, the seas grew higher and your foretopmast was broken off, did you realize what a miserable old sinner you were?"

"No, sir. My time was occupied in clearing away the wreck, and thinking how the owners would blast my eyes."

"By and by, when the seas swept your decks and carried off your yawl at the davits, did you make any vows?"

"I did not. I told the mate that we'd got to square off and run before it or we'd all be in —— in less than twenty minutes."

"You meant Texas, did you not?"

"I did. I knew we were headed directly for Texas, with the seas piling right over us."

"Did your mate suggest holding a prayer meeting or singing any Gospel hymns?"

"Not by a gone sight. He suggested that we'd better be mighty lively about paying, or the infernal old tub would be at the bottom of Lake Michigan."

"When the awful voice of the gale roared in your ears, and the mountainous combers rushed down, as if to bury you from sight, did you have the least thought of making a vow to quit swearing if you were spared?"

"No, sir. On the contrary, I believe I swore faster than usual. I was in a hurry to get her around."

"As the wheel was put over, and she fell into the trough of the sea for a moment, what were your solemn reflections?"

"Well, sir, I solemnly reflected that if the blasted old sticks ever wanted to play dirt on me, then was the time to do it."

"When you got squared away before the wind, did you tell your crew that they ought to return thanks to Providence for having escaped certain destruction?"

"No, sir. I told 'em to ask the steward for about three fingers of good whisky apiece and then turn in all standing."

"Do you feel that you have any particular cause to be thankful?"

"I do. The elevator men in Buffalo didn't steal but forty bushels of wheat out of this last trip, while on the other they took ninety-one. I am very thankful for that fifty-one bushels, and will strive to be a better man hereafter. Take sunthin', sir?"—[Detroit Free Press.

A TRUE SCOTSMAN.—Professor Blackie once said that the "eight points of a true Scotsman" were as follows:— 1. The Scot was essentially a working animal; 2. An enterprising an adventurous animal; 3. A thinking and philosophical animal; 4. A practical and utilitarian animal; 5. A sure and cautious animal; 6. An earnest, serious, devout, and religious animal; 7. A fervid, impassioned animal;—*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*; and 8. A humorous, amusable and amusing animal. "He was," concluded the Professor, "a jolly, happy animal, and not at all the grim kind of creature made of iron, that Mr. Buckle seemed to think."

Combined ...
Largest Whe...
House on the P...
With Portland ...
its Centre.

The success attendant upon the enterprise of some of our leading merchants, men who in the past have made a name for themselves and spread to the world their untiring energy as representative men in building up our city and State, and giving to the other cities a knowledge of the vastness of the Northwestern metropolis; men whose aims are not confined to the mere narrow ambition of gaining wealth for their own selfish use, but to gain it for the prosperity of the State and coast, and build for themselves names as

LASTING AND DURABLE

As the hills around, have caused them to open the way for a larger trade and more commercial industry than the people of this coast ever dreamed of before. The dissolution of a co-partnership, announced by this paper to-day in another column, means more than a simple retirement from business of one member of a large, growing and reliable wholesale house, it means but the initial step towards planting in our midst a firm which, in extensive dealings and unlimited facilities, will stand

UNRIVALLED ON THIS CONTINENT,

West of the Rocky Mountains. At the beginning of the new year will the advent of this firm begin and the house now known as L. Goldsmith & Co., be remembered thereafter only as a landmark in the members of rising generations, and, though it will then cease to exist as the firm it now is, will have grown to be the mightiest in our State, and have taken the place of all competitors. A grand combination has been effected between L. & M. Sachs, of San Francisco, the firm of L. Goldsmith & Co., of this city, and L. & I. White, the

WEALTHY AND POPULAR GENTLEMEN

Who did so large and extensive a business here a few years ago. Their combined capital will aggregate over $6,000,000, and with their influence here and abroad will control the commercial interests of this coast to a degree that no other firm, however great, may aspire to. L. & M. Sachs, of San Francisco, have a reputation that is second to none other on the coast, while no encomiums of ours could place before the public the names of Goldsmith and White in a more favorable light than they now stand.

THE NEW FIRM

Will enlarge their business, and carry large stocks in all the lines of goods in which they deal. They will have a house in New York, one in San Francisco, and one in Portland. The house at Portland will be the central point of their trade, as on the Northwest coast is their largest field of operations.—*Exchange.*

A Kit of Mackerel in Politics.

The following actual occurrence took place in a town close by Hartford. A Democrat was approached by a zealous Republican storekeeper, who offered to pay him for staying away from the polls. This merchant was not only a buyer and seller of produce, but at every election he was a purchaser of votes. He made no secret of the unholy work, and the Democrat alluded to above was made a liberal offer if he would stay at home and not vote. He was to have a barrel of flour and half a barrel of mackerel, besides some ready money. The flour and mackerel were to be delivered before election and the money was to be paid after election. "Now," says the Democrat, "I will agree to get two more to stay at home and not vote if you will give me twice as much more." This was agreed to, and the merchant was chuckling in anticipation of a handsome reduction in the Democratic vote. The Democrat then went to a Republican friend and told him that he wasn't going to vote, and asked him to "pair off" with him. The Republican agreed to it. The Democrat then went to another Republican and agreed to give him a half barrel of mackerel if he would not vote. This was also agreed to, and these contracts all around were carried out to the letter.

When the merchant found out his mackerel had been buying off Republican votes, he gave vent to language that ought to impair his standing in the Congregational church. The Democrat has never asked him for the money.—*Hartford Times.*

A CHEAP WELL.—A correspondent writes: "Dig down to a depth of five or six feet a hole four feet in diameter; brick it up—using water lime mortar. Below this dig your well in diameter a little less than the bricked top, and as you go down plaster the dirt or sand on the sides with water lime mortar. A well dug and plastered in this way costs one-half the price of an ordinary well of the same depth and diameter, and is proof against all kinds of vermin, nor can any dirt wash down from the sides. I have a well made in this way that has done excellent service for eleven years, and in that time it has been cleaned out only once. There is no need of cleaning such a well, as there is no accumulation of filth in it. The bricking at the top is done to avoid injury from frost, as the plaster peels off where the ground behind it has frozen."

The ballad singer sighs because "there are no birds in last year's nests." It is a great pity. The poet will next cry because there are no clam's in last year's shells, no woodchucks in the old-time holes.

A Physician's Testimony.

I hereby certify that I have been a practicing physician for twenty-seven years, and for many years my chronic cases in my practice do recommend Warners Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. It was upon my advice that G. W. Stamm, editor of the *Industrial Era*, obtained this valuable remedy.

A. A. RAMSAY, M. D.

Albia, Iowa, May 26.

MUSIC, MUSIC...

Warren's Music House, 92 Morrison street near the Postoffice, Portland, Or., has everything in the musical line at reasonable prices. A large stock of sheet music, books, pianos, musical merchandise, band and orchestra music always on hand. Mr. Warren buys everything direct from Eastern houses, and can af