

DECEITFUL CALM.

The winds are still! The sea lies all untroubled
Beneath a cloudless sky! The morn is bright,
Yet, Lord, I feel my need of Thee redoubled.
Come nearer to me in this blaze of light!
The night must fall—the storm will break at length—
Oh, give me strength!

So well, so well I know the treacherous seeming
Of days like this! They are too heavenly fair.
Those waves that laugh like happy children dreaming,
Are mighty forces, brewing some despair
For thoughtless hearts! And ere the hour of need
Let mine take heed.

Joy cannot last. It must give place to sorrow
As certainly as solar systems roll;
I would not wait till that time comes, to borrow
The strength prayer offers to the suffering soul—
Here in the sunlight, yet undimmed by shade,
I cry for aid.

I dare not lightly drain the cup of pleasure,
Though Thine the hand that proffers me the draught;
Such bitter lees lie lower in the measure
I shall need courage ere the potion's quaffed;
Then strengthen me, before that time befall,
To drink the gall.

I need Thee in my joys and my successes,
To make me humbly grateful and not vain;
I need Thee when the weight of sorrow presses
The tortured heart that cries aloud in pain;
So close great pleasure and great anguish lie—
Oh, God, come nigh!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Good Cheer.

GIVING LESSONS.

Miss Pandora Piper, teacher of music, who had hard work to keep soul and body together, but was not unhappy, because, as she said, she was never left without a new spring bonnet, and one black silk, somehow, always lasted until she managed to get a new one, received a very singular note one morning—a note which had been handed in at the door, the landlady's "girl" said, by an "elderly gentleman."

The epistle was enveloped in the costliest and most richly decorated envelope to be procured for love or money anywhere. The paper, nearly as thick as cardboard, was to match. A coat of arms was in the corner and the words below were as follows:

MISS PIPER: A Person of neglected education is wishful to be undertook. Will call at 3.

"My gracious!" ejaculated Miss Pandora: "he must have been neglected, that's certain, I never saw anything like that before in all my life! Fatally forgotten, I should say. Well, I wonder what he can be like. He must be rich, I suppose. Poor people can't afford such stationery as this. And a coat of arms, too! Shoddy, I suppose; but so that he's respectful, why should I care for that? He will probably pay well, and I've lost Anne Eliza Griggs by marriage, just as she was beginning to take variations."

"Nora, I shall be in if a new pupil—a gentleman—calls at 3 o'clock."

Nora, who liked Miss Piper, who often gave her little presents and who kept on an upper shelf of her closet some soothing balm which she was always ready to apply to the poor girl's awkward fingers, which were always being cut or burnt or pinched in something, gave an amiable grin and offered to polish up the grate when she had a minute, "seeing a stranger was coming."

The morning wore away. Two little girls had gone through their exercises and a heavy lady who took lessons in vocal music had nearly burst a blood vessel in endeavoring to gain a certain high note, which was the object of her ambition.

Miss Piper had been around the corner to give a lesson there and over the way to see to another pupil's practicing. She came home in a hurry, arranging her hair, saw that the little parlor was neat and awaited her guest with feverish anxiety.

At last he came.

Nora showed some one upstairs and there entered at the door an elderly gentleman of benign appearance, dressed in the latest fashion, but not without regard to his age, who, bowing low, remarked: "I hope I am not late, mum. I know your time must be very valuable."

"I am sure I only wish everybody was as punctual," said Miss Piper. "It is exactly 3 o'clock."

"You're very kind, mum," said the gentleman, seating himself, as Miss Piper motioned him to a chair. "I'm an oldish pupil, I suppose you think; but I'll explain. I think I've explained in my note, but I'll explain again. I've been neglected, not from any unkindness—for my poor mother did the best she could for me—but we were very poor. I don't wish to mention the humble position I've always occupied until a year ago, when somebody came from England and hunted me up. Mother was dead, poor dear! but this is how it was: Father was very rich and up in the world, mother was a housemaid. He married her and his mother was furious, and mother couldn't stand it. She ran away; she came here, and lived an honest, hard-working life. It was only when she died that she told me my name was not Noggings, but Sliger, and that she had written to my father, or got some lawyer to write, and he was dead, too, and I came into the property and left the humble position I won't allude to.

and—well, I'm rich, but I don't know anything, and before I go to England, I want to be educated. You understand?"

"It's a very laudable ambition, I'm sure," said Miss Piper. "I usually teach music, but, of course, I can undertake the English branches."

"Yes, mum," replied the gentleman, hastily. "I want to begin with music—the pyanner. I have never known any one in high life who could not play upon the pyanner. Begin with that and go on to spelling, which I am conscious that I sadly need."

It was not the usual course, but there was a serious and dignified manner about this "neglected" person that made it impossible for Miss Piper to say so. She mentioned her terms and set the hours for the lessons, and so skillfully emphasized the name of the instrument that Mr. Sliger before his departure had begun to call it "the peacano" instead of the "pyanner."

At the door, however, he gave her a dreadful shock.

"I wish, mum," he remarked, "to begin with tunes."

Miss Piper was a conscientious little teacher, but she felt that there were people in this world who must have their own way, and Mrs. Sliger's first lesson consisted of the "White Cockade."

He had a very good ear; he was anxious to learn. From the "White Cockade" he went on to "Life Let Us Cherish," and poor guilty Miss Piper, who felt that the notes had very little to do with his performance, beat time and counted.

Meanwhile she found that, leaving education out of the question, the man was very sensible—that he was very kindly and amiable. Once corrected in the pronunciation of a word, he never became a backslider on that question. However, it was he who arranged everything, not his teacher.

As other lessons were added the neglected person set the hours for them; finally he had six hours a day. All the pupils were dismissed but one. The spelling lesson, the lesson on geography, the lesson in history, followed each other. All the week days were his.

Poor Miss Piper had no power to say him nay. He paid well, he treated her with actual reverence; but the last pupil went when he elected to copy some very flat "flower pieces" which Miss Piper had executed in early youth and call this a lesson in painting. He had all her weekdays at last. He certainly had improved in pronunciation, but Miss Piper felt really to be a humbug. What they really did to spend the day together exactly as he chose. Playing with educational books, thumping the piano, daubing bristle-board with impossible flowers, scrambling through the lessons in French, of which Miss Piper had had a quarter from a Swiss gentleman. For a long time she was alone on Sunday and usually went to the Methodist church, to which she belonged; but Mr. Sliger soon altered that. He began by asking her whether they had "these vespers of theirs at the cathedral, on Sunday morning? And when she instructed him that the "vespers" were in the later part of the day, said he would call for her.

Accordingly she went to vespers at the cathedral in the afternoon and after that regularly three times a day to different churches.

It was then that the landlady thought it her duty to call.

She appeared in Miss Pandora Piper's apartment at the awful hour of 10, majestic in her crimping pins, and with a very serious countenance, and was welcomed in with a smile by the little music-teacher.

"Good evening, Miss Grimm," said she. "I haven't had a call from you for a very long while."

"No, Miss Piper, you haven't," said Mrs. Grimm with emphasis. "You couldn't expect me to call after such carrying on."

"Why, what do you mean, Mrs. Grimm?" ejaculated Miss Piper.

"Can you ask, Pandora P. Piper?" answered the landlady, in her deepest chest-note. "The whole neighborhood is talking about you."

"About me!" screamed Miss Piper.

"You and that man," said the landlady.

"My pupil, Mr. Sliger!" sobbed Miss Piper, now fairly in tears.

"Your pupil? Don't tell me," said Mrs. Grimm. "Miss Pandora Piper, I shall be obliged to put up a bill for my second floor. You've got to go."

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Pandora. "Can you think any harm of me? Why, you could come in at any moment. Nora is in and out every now and then. Such a respectable elderly gentleman, and such a correct person as I am!"

"It isn't me, Pandora," said Mrs. Grimm, quite melted. "It's the neighborhood. The church-going (if it is church) finished 'em. You're of age this long while, my dear; you ought to know how to behave; but I can't countenance this. I shall put up the bill. Oh, oh, oh, Pandora! that it should come to this!"

Poor Miss Pandora!

As her friend and landlady walked out of the door with her handkerchief to her eyes, she stood motionless as though turned to a pillar of salt.

She saw just how this repair of neglected education must appear to her small circle of discarded pupils, and felt a strong desire to drown herself or jump out of the window, or turn on the gas or take a box of matches in her tea, and she might actually, it seemed to her afterward, have died of mortification, but that the gong at the front door, pulled violently at this moment, startled her, and Nora, running up, wrapped in a waterproof cloak, for she had been making preparations to go to bed, announced:—

"Mr. Sliger!"

"He can't come up," said Pandora, "at this hour of the night."

"No, miss; he asks for you to come down," said Nora.

Pandora went down.

Mr. Sliger was at the door.

"There's a telescope at the corner," he said: "something going on in some star or other, I believe. Get a bonnet and shawl, and come and have a peep. It will be a lesson in astronomy for me. You can explain it, you know—same terms as the other lessons."

Pandora without a word obeyed.

The door closed after the two, leaving Mrs. Grimm staring at Nora.

"That's the capsheaf," said the lady. "Shall I sit up for them?" asked Nora.

"No," said Mrs. Grimm. "I will."

Meanwhile Miss Pandora and Mr. Sliger peeped through the telescope and saw the rings of Saturn, which Mr. Sliger supposed to be phenomenal and temporary, and which were explained by Miss Pandora to be fixtures, and then adjourned to an ice cream saloon of much elegance.

This, indeed, was deperate dissipation, Miss Pandora said to herself, as she sat before the cut-glass goblets on the damask cloth, and saw the water splash from the little fountain in the center into the aquarium and over the glossy plants, all reflected in the long mirrors. However, what did it matter? She was already "talked about," turned out of her lodgings as a person who had gone wrong. She would keep this merry moment to remember when she had put an end to all by saying to the neglected pupil that she could no longer impart instruction to him.

He was ordering every indigestible luxury on the bill of fare, the diamond on his little finger flashing like a small sun, obsequious waiters bobbing about behind them. He looked kindly at her, and asked her if she liked this or that. He was as simple as an old baby; as kind as an old lady; and he was a nice, pleasant looking man.

"All over! All over!" she said to herself. "I might have known what a wicked world this is, and how ill it thinks of innocent things. Why might not I go on teaching him for ever without harm?"

People were coming in from concerts, from the theatres; tables were filling; but theirs between two columns beyond the fountain, was very quiet.

The waiters were gone to execute Mr. Sliger's behests. Suddenly he turned to her, and took a letter from his pocket. "Miss Piper," he said, "read that."

Pandora opened the missive and perused it.

It was from a firm of lawyers speaking in plain terms of Mr. St. Leger as a gentleman, and a man of honor and fortune. "I got 'em to give it to me," he said, "to show you."

"I did not need it, indeed," said Pandora, sadly. "And this is the way your name is really spelt? St. Leger! It's a beautiful name."

"It sounds a little curious to me," he said. "Mother wrote it Sliger. I never knew, but, you see, I'm all right. They never took me without a character when I went for a place in the poor times and I couldn't expect you to take me without a character, either. I—I don't know whether you despise me for my ignorance or not, but if you don't, why I want you to take me for your pupil for life—to marry me, you know, Pandora. Will you?"

It was a dreadful thing to do in such a public place, but Pandora Piper felt that she was going to faint—the room grew black.

She held out her hand for the glass of water. Most of it was spilt upon the front breadth of her new black silk, but that which passed her lips revived her. Then a sweet, soft sense that there was no more trouble for her in this world, crept into her heart and she smiled up at him.

"It was in my mind the first day I came," he said. "I had seen you often through the window when you gave lessons to that little girl at Bell's. I used to watch you with my opera-glass. I felt sure you were just the woman for me and every lesson you gave me proved it. I shall learn everything from you—goodness as well as spelling. Oh, say 'Yes!' I want you! I want you!"

She said, "Yes."

Mrs. Grimm was sitting up for her, pale with wrath, when she returned; but Pandora took her by both hands, and said:

"You won't turn me out until after my wedding day, will you, dear? You'll let me be married here. It's next week. Mr. St. Leger won't wait. You see, we will have to go to England and live on the estate. And, after all, a poor little teacher needs no great preparation."

"Servants and diamonds, and a country house and a city house, and everything heart can wish," Mrs. Grimm says, in telling the story. "A real, great lady now. It's like a romance."

And Pandora, happy with her good, simple husband in her new surroundings, often thinks so herself.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Saved Just in Time.

"Sukey," gently asked Mrs. Fitzgoober, of her daughter, "did Mr. Girlmasher propose last night?"

"No, ma; but he got mighty close to it, and then you ruined it just as he was about to drop on his knees."

"How did I ruin it?"

"He began speaking how much I resembled pa."

"Well."

"And I told him I might look like pa, but that I got my disposition from you."

"What did he say then?"

"He didn't say anything; just as I said that we both heard you down pa with a poker, and poor Mr. Girlmasher fled. He couldn't stand the racket."

Housewife and the Foolish Rooster.

A Housewife walking in the Barnyard one day, said:

"I wonder which is the Fattest and nicest of these Fowls."

Hearing which, several young Roosters, desiring to "show off" their charms and exalt themselves before the Pullets, came forward, each making vainful boasts to a better condition than his Fellows, and one of them, more Foolish than the others, crowded to the Front and said:

"Fortunately I am able to Prove what I say," and he lifted a wing and swelled himself out to his greatest extent, exclaiming: "I am by far the finest fowl of the lot!"

"That's a fact," remarked the Housewife, and she straightway wrung his neck and made a nice stew of him for dinner.

Moral—Pride goeth before a fall.—Puck.

A Humorist's Advice to Young Writers.

In response to a letter from Mr. K. C. Tapley (no relation of Mark Tapley), of Indiantown, N. B., Mr. Bill Nye gives the following warning and chunk of advice to young writers:

BILL NYE'S WINTER RESORT,
P. O. Box 406, HUDSON, WIS.

DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 19th inst., with inclosure, was received, and the "bald hay" mailed herewith.

I do not generally advise young men to monkey with literature, but you seem to have been moderately successful so far, and it might be well to give it a thorough trial.

You should use great care, however, in selecting the field of literature which you intend to persevere in.

Do not be a humorist! If you are a humorist everybody else will have more fun out of it than you will. You will make some money out of it if you get the genuine afflatus, but you won't have any fun. Humorists do not have fun. It is all a mistake. I am acquainted with one, and he says he has not smiled since he lost his twins. Once I heard of a humorist who had laughed twice in one summer, and I hunted him out.

He was not a humorist, but had some other trouble, the name of which has escaped my mind. Yours truly, BILL NYE.

Eating a Girl.

Few people who have never been on the verge of starvation can realize what the pangs of hunger will bring a man to. There are people who board at cheap boarding-houses who have some faint realization of hunger, as is shown when they take a meal at a hotel. Then they reach for everything that is in their sight, and their eyes roll in frenzy, and you can watch them and imagine what they would do if hard pressed and no food for ten days. Right here at home there have been narrow escapes from cannibalism when trains have been snowed in for a week. Only a couple of years ago a train was snowed in the west of St. Paul, and for four days there was no food except the cotton waste that is used to oil the engines and a barrel of shell oysters. After all the food was gone, and the traveling men had eaten the leathern fire buckets and chewed the sustenance out of the plush cushions, they held a consultation in the baggage-car, and decided to kill and eat a girl in the rear coach. She was about twenty years old, a school teacher by profession, rosy-cheeked, and just about the right age to eat. The boys appointed a young fellow who was traveling for a Milwaukee house to go to the girl and tell her that they had decided to eat her, and to get her consent. It is a delicate thing for a young man to do to go and tell a girl he has been flirting with three days in a snow storm that the boys have decided to eat her, but the law among traveling men is severe, and the young man had to obey. He went in the coach with a sinking heart and a smile, sat down beside her and told her he had a proposal to make, and, with a smile that was worth two in the bush, she told him she had mistrusted something of the kind ever since he squeezed her hand the evening before, when they were playing casino. He said the proposition he was about to make was the harder for the fact that he had learned in the past few days to love her as he had never loved another woman, but in times like these we must stifle our feelings and do our duty, and a tear came to his eye as he looked at the rich red cheek and the clear blue eye. He said the proposal he was about to make was one that might strike her as peculiar. She said that was all right. There was no use beating about the bush, and if he wanted her to marry him she did not see any objection, and when they got back to St. Paul she would throw up her position, and they would be married at once. The young man was slightly taken back, but he said that was all right, and he would be the happiest man on earth, and he threw his arms around her neck and began kissing her. The traveling men in the baggage car were looking through the door at the young fellow and the girl and wondering if he was going to be all winter about it, and when they saw him kissing her, they thought his hunger had overcome him and he was taking a meal out of the best place, and it made them mad, and they went in the car to remonstrate with him. When they got to the rear of the car he had quit kissing her, and she had opened a

big basket filled with cold chicken and everything good, and had spread a lunch, and as they came along she said: "Gentlemen, assist us at our wedding-breakfast. Your friend and myself are to be married when we get to St. Paul." The boys took hold and helped eat the lunch, congratulated the young fellow, though they reprimanded him for turning traitor at a serious moment, but he pulled out a box of cigars and they smoked a little time, when a relief engine was heard to whistle, and in an hour the stalled train hauled out of the snow drift and on the way to St. Paul, and that evening the cannibal and his victim were married and the assistant cannibals were witnesses. The young people are keeping house now, and no doubt the stories of Greeley and his men will cause them to remember the great snow-storm when they came so near eating each other.—Puck's Sun.

Appearances are Deceitful.

The Signor de Rabata could not have been called a handsome man, even by his dearest friends. He was small and misformed; he had a flat face, and a nose much like that of a terrier dog. In a word, this gentleman was so hideous that, search as one might, it would have been impossible to find one worse favored, except, perhaps, in the person of the famous painter, Giotto, who, at all events was scarcely less ugly.

Despite this unattractive appearance the Signor de Rabata was a very learned person, and was respected by the scholars of the day as the greatest judge on every point of civil law.

These two men, the ugly judge and the ugly artist, lived in the same village not far from Florence at the time of my story.

One day, as they were riding in company thence to the city, each being badly mounted and shabbily attired, they were surprised by a heavy rain which forced them to seek shelter in a peasant's hut. The downpour continuing, the friends grew impatient. Therefore, as they knew the man beneath whose roof they were sheltering, they borrowed some clothes of him. He could only offer an old rough cloak of gray felt and a very bad and ragged hat, which, however, the gentlemen accepted. Thus equipped they continued their way. After a while the storm abated, and they fell into conversation. Giotto talked extremely well, no matter what might be the subject, and, as Signor de Rabata listened, he reflected that this was indeed a gifted man. Nevertheless, as he surveyed the painter from head to foot, his ugliness in the borrowed clothing was so striking that he could not refrain from bursting into a laugh. Feeling obliged to explain, he said: "Master Giotto, imagine if any one met us who had never seen or heard of you. Think you that such a one would take you for the greatest painter in the world?"

"Yes, sir," replied Giotto, promptly. "I think this might be possible, if the same person, in examining you from top to toe, was able to credit you with knowing more than the letters of the alphabet."

The judge was confounded, for, in ridiculing his companion he had not realized that his own aspect was equally absurd.

"I was impudent," said he, humbly. "You have taught me now that one must never ridicule others when one can one's self furnish abundant matter for ridicule also."—All the Year Round.

A Pen-and-Ink Counterfeit.

"Look at that," said the man in charge of room 35, the office of the treasury secret service at Washington, to a Chicago Times correspondent, as he took from a drawer and handed to the correspondent what appeared to be a \$20 greenback. "If a man owed you \$20 and offered you that bill in payment you would take it and perhaps be glad to get it, wouldn't you? That bill is a counterfeit and a good one, too, and what makes it the greatest curiosity we have here is the fact that it was made entirely with a pen."

"It is, indeed, a piece of master workmanship. Every line and dot, with all the varying shades of green, black and red, are reproduced with a skill that appears little short of marvelous. It bears that familiar signature, seemingly genuine, of John C. New."

"That bill," said he, "was doubtless in circulation for years, defying the scrutiny of bank tellers and cashiers. It was sent to the treasury two or three years ago for redemption, and there it was detected. Whoever made that was a smart fellow and deserves a credit mark. There are several similar bills in circulation, all, so far as we have discovered, \$20 greenbacks, and made in precisely the same way. Two others have come into the treasury and been detected within the past year, but I can't see where the fellow's profit comes in. It seems impossible for him to make one of these without many days, perhaps weeks, of patient labor, and then it's only \$20; but I admire his skill and perseverance."

"Why didn't he make it \$100 or \$500 instead of \$20?"

"I suppose because he would be a great deal less likely to pass it. It's pretty hard to work off a counterfeit of one of those large denominations. A bill like this one will pass anywhere. He appears to be making a business of it, as our experts have concluded that they are all the work of the same hand. We have tried to trace them up, but have never been able to get the slightest clue. In my opinion he earns all he gets out of it. I assume the treasury people are ashamed of it, but it is a fact the first one of those counterfeits that came in was passed as genuine and actually redeemed in gold. It was afterward discovered to be a counterfeit, and since that time the others I mentioned have made their appearance and been detected. I say again, that's a smart chap; I wish we could catch him."

There were in round numbers one hundred thousand men in the army that conquered Mexico, and the entire losses did not exceed twenty per cent., leaving eighty thousand men of the average age of twenty-eight years discharged in 1847.

The new State department at Washington has one hundred and fifty rooms, and cost \$5,000,000.

The value of the butter made in the State of New York annually is estimated at over \$58,000,000.

If the past has been reasonable, the last ten years are likely to be the happiest of our lives.

A four-in-hand—The piano duet.—Boston Courier.