HT PULLA COURTAIN. Lore is no session in the year That little man's boart to Heaven so wear As en avenuer; When dewore about our pathway grow, And roose on the bedgerous blow;

abec spaceer! And as its perfected breath doth rise, In offert homoge to the chies Un etcaling.

A theusand memories forth start. I any hidder pictures in the beart W been bise chains with accuted links. Or treatment test of resticiove plake,

Or beather Mengat which we played, fond stories tell Marked once, who once doft dwell train, the feathery seeds away

Arm posted to tell the time of day; limed cowelips into balls we twine, be part the borns in columbine

Whilet through the woods the whole day long The card we sings an idle song. Amakana

The cohe of a dulcet real. That rangiore bearts began to feet Heart breaking: And so it comes to pass that we " With houlf a sigh the flowers see, linif gladness; And round our hearts they twine and twine. Until timer beauty makes divina

-The Quiect.

A NEW PLEASURE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Farmer Brill had been a hard-working, industrious man, and now, in his later years, he was enjoying the fruit of with thee," said the woman, pausing at his well directed toil; but not in the large; the gate. measure that might have been his if he had known bowto get the most from his took it on his arm. pos ersions. The farmer had worked nacrowly all his life, and now he was weary-looking woman in whose poor trying to enjoy himself narrowly, still little home he sat down the basket. hoping to find pleasure in receiving in And her grateful looks and tones sent stead of giving. He did feel less kindly to his heart a feeling of warmth and toward his neighbors than he should pleasure, purer and deeper than he had have felt, for he had never been so known for a long, long time. kind and helpful toward them as he trine of self-help; he asked no favors, live for thyself alone." and cave none, except with a bad grace. The words of the speaker died on And yet hidden away down in his heart Farmer Brill's ears; and at the same and covered over by selfishness and the instant another voice roused him to anlove of gain, was an element of kindness other presence. It was that of his wife. that often stirred his nature, and tried . How sound asleep you were, Anto assert itself in action.

lovely autumn day, trying to enjoy him- good." self. His fields had been reaped, and his barns held the treasures of golden air. grain which the generous earth had laden branches, and the air was musical with been gathering honey for his hives. But, somehow, he was not happy. A neighbor rode past, and bowed in his chair, and dropped his chin upon to him coldly.

in his heart. "I can't bear the sight of der on what he had heard from the lips

Another went by, and the farmer in a vision. turned his head so that no sign of recognition might pass between them. He knew this man to be in trouble, and he never cared to have any thing to do with men in difficulties, they were apt to want help or favors, and to be offended when denied them.

apples, Mr. Drill?"

gars. Poli

he had hetrayed.

Farmer Brill did not feel any more voice: "Good morning, Mr. Holden." comfortable after this. The frightened look of the child, as he added a threatening gesture to his hard speech, reit from his eyes, turn them which way farmer's offered hand. be would. Nor did he see them less distinctly when he shut his eyes and hung his chin upon his breast. Just how long he had remalated in this attitude the farmer could not eay, when a slick from the latch on the gate caused him to look up, and he saw a little woman in plain attire advancing up the walk. She was a stranger, and yet The freedom and plainness of speech with which she at once addressed him did not so spuch surprise as shame the

" to wall not well of thee, triend Brill, to deny with harsh words, the request of a child. Thy trees are laden with Brill dropped his eyes to the ground fruit, and the ground is covered with and stood thinking. And then the thy unused abundance. These might words he had heard in his dream be-

have given the child one little apple." The woman stood with her calm, se. | thoughts, cooling eyes fixed on the farmer's face; they seemed to penetrate his soul, and fields and fruitful orchards, that they to read his very thoughts.

Refft," she repeated.

falls to plant them, and now his children thyself shows." to beganing of his neighboots."

thee not give thy own children ap-

thing. I have taken care of my own him. children."

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and all we are His children," answered the little woman. "He gives in charge to some His broad house. grain fields and fruitful erchards, that they may fill barns and storehouses, and ray up food for the hungry and seed for the sower, so that His people die not for lack of bread. Does thee think that thy trees bear fruit and thy fields give their harvests for thee alone? If thee does, thee has not understood the ways of God with men."

The farmer did not reply. He was damb in the presence of the stranger; dumb because of sudden convictions, and a new light breaking into his soul that blinded and bewildered him.

"Thee has thought and cared only for thyself and for thy own until now, said his visitor, "but there is a truer and a better life before thee. Thee must grow broader and more generous. Thee must become a giver instead of only a receiver of good things. Thee must learn the meaning of that wise saying, 'To give is to live.' Will thee not go with me?"

And the little woman turned from the porch, Farmer Brill rising and following her.

"Thee must bring a basket of apples

The farmer filled a great basket, and

"It is so kind of you, sir!" said the

"Thee understands, now," said his should have been, and the consequence companion, as they left the cottage, was that a great deal of coldness and "what a true, sweet life thee may live, ill-will bay between him and some of if thee will. God has given thee of His these neighbors. The origin of this bounties more than a hundred fold beill-will could be traced, in most in- youd thy own needs, and leisure to care stances, to some denial of a service or for thy neighbors, and health in thy defavor asked in bygone time. Farmer clining years. And yet, thee is not Brill was a staunch believer in the doc- happy. Why? Thee is still trying to

drew! I don't like to have you sleep The fagmer sat in his shady porch one so heavily in the daytime. It isn't The farmer started with a bewildered

"Why, Andrew! What ails you? given bits. All around him bent fruit- What have you been dreaming about?" "Oh! it was a dream! Yes, I see.

Dreams are strange things." And the farmer settled himself back his bosom, not to sleep again, for he "Miserable fellow!" said the farmer was very wide-awake now, but to ponof the monitor, who had come to him

As his wife went back into the house. Farmer Brill heard the sound of a horse's feet in the road, and looking up saw one of his neighbors a little way off. It was now over five years since he had denied some trifling favor to this man, and there had been coldness be-Then the voice of a child cried to him tween them ever since. At sight of from the road: "Can't I have some him the farmer had an uncomfortable feeling, and dropped his eyes, intend-"No, you can't!" growled the farmer. ing not to see him. But this only made "Of with you! I don't believe in beg- him feel the more uncomfortable. So, with a self-compelling effort, he rose The last sentence was spoken to him- from his seat, and, walking out through self, half in excuse and half in repent the gate that opened upon the road, ance for the selfishness and ill-nature met his neighbor, saying in as cordial a tone as he could introduce into his

at this unusual friendliness. He drew got old grudges and coldnesses, and mained with him, and he could not shut up his horse, and leaning down took the

"How is Mrs. Holden?"

"Well, thank you. And how is Mrs.

"Hearty for one of her years."

"And your own health?" "Can't complain. A little stiff with rheumatism, sometimes; but I suppose I ought to be thankful that my limbs are not all twisted out of shape like poor there was comething familiar about her. John Gardner's. By the way, how is

Gardner ?" "Very badly off," replied the neighbor, with pity in his voice. "Has not been able to do a day's work these two

"Is that so? Poor fellow!" Farmer gan repeating themselves in his

"He gives to some his broad grain may all harns and storehouses, and lay "No, it was not well of thee, trieset up food for the hangry and send for the them?" sower, that his people die not for lack "I hasp absented." Enverored the of bread. God has given thee of His former, safetike bread? earthly bounties more than a hundred, man, ten minutes afterward. "That was not common begging, fold beyond thy own need, and leteure "The child's faction should have had thy declining years. And yet thee is not any to her that if she never get either of them in his grasp not being agriculturally patriotic, went up and darken their houses is the erest fruit on his own trees. But he was too happy, for thee is still trying to live for winter again. The denties wants to more rule as a million's Mr. James too happy, for thee is still trying to live for winter again.

"How does he live?" saked the farm-

is of their own desh and blood? Would looked after him."

"I had no idea it was so bad," said "My own children? That is another can't stand that. I must go and see seconded his thoughtful kindness to-

of charity."

"I'll go right off," said the farmer. turning away and going back into the

"I wonder what's come over the old man?" So the neighbor mused as he rode away. "Hope he is not going to I always thought he had a tender place somewhere in his heart if one only knew how to find it. He was a right generous sort of a fellow when a young man, but he was thrifty, and thrift seemed to harden him."

Half an hour afterward Farmer Brill drove off in his light wagon. There was a marvelous change in the expression of his old face. His eyes had a new luster in them, and the kindlier temper of his blood was softening and warming all the hard lines that had compressed themselves about his mouth, and cut ful in you, sir. It's such a pity to have down rigidly between his brows, giving them a nobler and deeper human sentiment. In his wagon was a bag of flour, a bushel of potatoes, a side of bacon, and twenty pounds of salt pork, beside corn meal and apples.

When Farmer Brill returned, his heart was so light that it gave a new buoyancy to his body, and, instead of moping about or sitting half-stupidly in his arm-chair, he went bustling in and out in a cheery way, and talked to his wife of this neighbor and that with a kindly interest altogether nev.

"It is more blessed to give, sometimes, than to receive," said Mrs. Brill to her husband, as he told her, with a new quality of pleasure in his voice, about his visit to Mr. Gardner and his

"It may be always," he inswered, to her surprise. "it must be," he added, after a hesitating pause, " if our Savior's words be true, for he put in no qualifying 'sometimes.'"

The old man sat very still, with a sober, in-looking expression on his face. "He knew best, Andrew; but very few of us live as if we thought He did.'

The farmer's sleep was not so sound that night as usual; thought was too busy. Not that he was troubled, for the pleasure that came with ministering to his stricken neighbor had gone too deep, and filled his heart too largely to leave room for trouble. He was thinking out of himself-a rare experience for Farmer Brill; thinking of some of his neighbors, and how he might serve them at little cost to, his hoarded substance. It was too early in the new state, upon which he had really enter-

ed, to count much cost against himself. The farmer rose on the next morning feeling like a new man. The rest and comfort of mind which had come as the reward of kindness to John Gardner still remained. Good-will to others is rarely satisfied with a single service. It was so in this case. The family of his sick and helpless neighbor had other needs than that of food. He had seen the half-clad children, and the wife's worn and scanty clothing, and the pirture remained with him.

"Can't you send Mrs. Gardner an old dress or two?" said Mr. Brill to his wife, as they sat at the breakfast-table. "She needs them badly. If you'll make up a bundle of things for her and the children, I'll hitch up and take them over. You'll know what they

Mrs. Brill was not the woman to my "No" to a suggestion like this. She soon had a bundle of clothing ready for drew up his horse more than once to an indifferent nod.

He sat for an hour with John Gardner, talking about old times-both had ly about the life of the poor man, and that aroused his sympathies.

parting words, at the close of his visit. "We'll see that you're taken care of un. il the doctor drives out your old mal-

The grateful looks and tones in which the man expressed his thankfulness lived with the farmer as pleasant memories long afterward.

"Thomas," said Mr. Brill to his hired el basket out into the orchard and fill it with the largest and soundest apples that have fallen from the trees."

"Yea, sir. And what shall I do with

" Bring them here, and I'll tell you." " Here they are, sir," said the hired

she can have se many as she wante " Thomas opened his eyes a little wider

" That is not his children's fault. If er, rateing his eyes from the ground than usual and with a "Thank'es, sir," the greet Mills ones are lengty for ap- and looking up into his neighbor's face, as if he were the one who had received hibition is an Egyptian priesters of meetil implements. Referre beging they grant process and being up into his neighbor's face, as if he were the one who had received hibition is an Egyptian priesters of meetil implements. often, and there has chose than there ean "His family would have suffered in a favor, swang the backet to princess of the age of the princess of the princess of the age of the princess of t notify whalf there and the a better frame, and his children gone often his shoulder, and went off with a She never leaves ber boxe, but her common thing to do that, although would take up the ministers, and his children gone often his shoulder, and went off with a She never leaves better than he who bringry to bad, if some of us had not apringy stop, in marked contrast with plexion is wenterful for her time of the capturer, and his children gone often his shoulder, and her contrast with plexion is wenterful for her time of the capturer, and his children gone often his shoulder, and her contrast with plexion is wenterful for her time of the capturer, and his children gone of the capturer. bis ordinary slow, heavy movement. His

the farmer. "Hungry children! I cheerfulness with which his hired man ward the widow was another element "I wish you would. It's a real case of satisfaction. Thomas was apt to be a little cross at times, and especially when called upon for some unusual service; and Mr. Brill had looked for a cloudy face and a sullen manner when he gave his order. He gazed after the nan as he went hurrying away, wondering at his changed demeanor. He was still sitting in the porch when agricultural aspect. Thomas returned.

"Well, Thomas, and what did Mrs. Soan say?"

"Oh, sir, I can't tell you how starprised and happy she was; and she told ne to thank you a thousand times."

winter?"

"Indeed and she will, sir. She sat rght down and went to work while I vas there, and says she'll have 'em all norning. It was real kind and thoughthings go to waste, when so many would be glad to get them." Master and man were busier than

asual in the summer and autumn days that followed, not alone in gathering and storing of their abundance, but in gathering and dispensing well. Nothing was permitted, as in other years, to go to waste. The bushels and bushels of apples which had once rotted under the trees; the over-supply of turnips and other root crops, which had lain unused in cellar or store-house, were all distributed to the poor; and there it?" was plenty through the winter in seasons pinching need had been felt.

There was a heartiness about him never seen before. His old grudgea see there; but I'm a-going too!" against some of his neighbors died cut. He would stop men in the road for a pleasant chat, whom for years he had passed with a distant nod. The farmer had found a new pleasure, the joy of which was pervading his whole being, and its sunshine warming and softening the cold, hard exterior of his life, and making it attractive and beautiful.

And he never lost the glow of this pleasure in all the years that were added to his life; and when at last his work was done, and he lay in that deep sleep which has no waking in time, there were hundreds to bless his name, and to look their last look on his peaceful face with eyes that ran over with tears .- The Metropolitan.

A Tenacious Tooth.

A few days ago, says the Dayton (O.) Journal, a buggy containing a young man and woman, apparently from the country, drove up before a dentist's office in the city. They alighted, and a few minutes later, with evident trepidation in their manner, appeared before the dentist. The young man, . time." whose countenance was a picture of doleful solemnity, stood in the back ground, while his companion inquired the dangers incurred, the pain, and the price of extracting a tooth. The dentist July;' and that was the truth. assured them that all danger was imaginary, the pain transient, so brief indeed as to be really pleasant, and he illustrated the case by an incident, in which a person, after having one tooth extracted, was so pleased with the sensation that it was with difficulty he could be persuaded from the desire to have every tooth in his head pulled, town; for he had experienced the fact though all were perfectly sound; and as for price, it was a mere song. couraged by these prospects, the feaher husband, and off he went again on tures of the patient relaxed a little, and drew from the family bank money sufan errand of mercy, with a glee and he stepped lightly to the chair. The ficient for their patriotism. He had in warmth in his bosom that sent a lady entered the waiting-room to remain his wallet two bills, one of the denomifeeling of delight along every nerve. while the operation was being perform- nation of twenty dollars, for his own How cordial were all the greetings he ed. The dentist fastened his instru- use; the other a one dollar note for his turned the neighbor, a little surprised gave to passing neighbors! He for- ment to the offending member with the wife. It was not a fair distribution of grip of a vise. The patient groaned, the family funds, whether for patriotic and his fingers clung like the claws of or any other use; but Mr. Jones studied have a chat with the individuals whom a cat to the chair. The operator shook domestic economy. In this case, howhe had passed the day before with only the forceps, but the tooth did not jar a ever, there was one lesson wasted. hair's space in its socket, but the Before they reached town Mrs. Jones man's feet struck out spasmodically, asked for money, as was expected. Mr. and a louder groan came from the Jones intended to show the contents of grown up in the neighborhood-and depths of his throat. Bracing himself his wallet, and, of course, give her the learned many things he might have for another effort, the dentist took a one dollar note; since no woman in or learned before that interested him deep- fresh clinch, and, throwing his strength out of Missouri has occasion to be pain the vise anew, gave it a determined triotic on the Fourth of July to the twist. The nerves of the man seemed amount of twenty dollars. The matter "Don't get down-hearted," were his to swell and palpitate, and the hair to has never been satisfactory and clear to carl close to the roots, the sweat broke Mr. Jones yet; although he speaks in out from the pores of his brow, and foreible terms of the "cussed meanwith howl of agony his jaws shut down ness" of his mules. The mules might on the hand that was in his mouth. have been to blame, for Missouri mules The lady heard the cry, and with a are peculiar. But when fire-crackers shrick of sympathy flong herself be- began to pop suddenly in the rear of tween the two, entwining her arms their wagon, even superannated old about the operator. His position, to Confederate mules would have done say the least, was unpleasant. The what Mr. Jones's mules did kick out man, on returning home, "take a bush- touth remained as firm as though mold- their contempt for all such patter paed in the law, and the remaining teeth trictism, and then run away. In the were imbedded in his hand; the man activity of that ronaway. Mr. Jones ing and preventing any action on his course, took the money intended for protestations, be succeeded in reliu- were quiet, they entered the town in gestions as to the heat way of keeping quishing his hand. The patient left the triumph. chair swearing the tnoth should not be "Very well. Now carry them down pulled, and the two entered their impry numbed Mr. Jones went at once in pur and then known it," replied the stranger to ears for thy asighbers, and health in to Widow Slown, and give her my com- and drove away, vowing a dentist about desired and of new corn plows. Mrs. Jones,

tomers of this variety.

not approve of it if he presented the sub- his wagon and waited for his wife.

except he watches powerful close, and found him nodding. the thing that needs the most watching .. Well, Mr. Jones, are you ready to just at this time is corn-plows," was the go home?" breliminary remark to his wife.

"And I 'spectyou want to spend all would come." "Will she pare and dry them for the money on the place a buying some | The lady laughed and stepped into new patent or other. That's the way, the wagon, much to Mr. Jones's terror. Simon Jones. Then you're always a- "If Martha Jones comes now she'll meeting them Cane Creekers when you bounce you, and me, to soon as gor to town to buy any thing; and not," said he. on the shed drying to-morrow then, about the only thing you buy is -Let her bounce," said the lady;

"Ain't I a sober man, Martha Jones?"

he demanded in a very solemn tone. Solemnity is made to do duty for hon- the way home. esty all over the world. Mr. Jones Jones was not to be captured by it this at her.

"Nobody said you were not sober, and if you just stay at home and plow of July?" corn you're a-going to keep sober."

"That's the way with wimen, Martha Jones; they can't vote nor hold office, dollar bill. so they ain't got no patriotism. I'd like to know what sort of a country this chance and she's agoing to look sweet would be if wimen had the runnin' of

"There's corn-plows a-plenty on this many a humble home, where in former place; the only trouble, they don't get in Missouri from one attempt. Mr. used enough. Now, Simon Jones, you Jones is not a better, though a wiser can go to town and buy every thing you man. He don't intend to give his wife

"Well, go, Martha; go and kill them even if she looks sour. mules pullin' that heavy wagon-go, if you want to."

"I am a-going, if I live. You can't make me swallow down all this cornpiow business on the Fourth of July. I your poor wife at home."

fied eye.

Fourth of July?"

out for town and the Fourth of July.

want some money when they got to that women are habitually unhappy if En- they haven't money at hand, be it ever so little. So, like a prudent man, be

was groaning and the woman seream- gave his wife the wallet, and she, of part. Finally, by means of threats and her. So when things that is, the mules

visa is liquid. But they all took the mast degrees "

The unexpected prompiness and The Woman Who Had a Chance. captain's advice, and Mr. Jones, pa. d for it. It is needless to attempt any (Correspondence of the New York Mercury.) description of Mr. Jones's feelingagethen In view of the great Centennial he saw the true condition of his wallet. Fourth of July, Mr. Simon Jones, of In this life mennow and then experience Callaway County, Missouri, thought he pangs that ought not to be described. would take a holiday from farm work Such was the case with Mr. Jones. and celebrate it is a mild and suitable But he still asked for advice and took though selfish manner without his wife's it recklessly as long as he could, which assistance. He knew Mrs. Jones would was not long. Then he went sadly to

ject in a plain light; so he gave it an | It was late in the afternoon when a lady with a shewy hat and new parasol "No farmer gets rich in these parts stepped up to Mr. Jones's wagon and

"Yes, ma'am, and I wish my wife

'you give me them reins."

And before he could recover from his astonishment, they were out of town on "Why, it's you, Martha!" said he fin-

knew the effect of solemnity, but Mrs. ally, after a somewhat bewildered look "Of course, it's me. Don't I look

> fixed good enough now for the Fourth "O, yes, you look sweet," said

Jones, sadly, thinking of his twenty-

"I knew I should. Give a woman a every time. You try me again, Simon Jones, and see if I don't do it."

You can't expect a full regeneration another chance like that one described,

Making Young Horses Out of Old Ones.

The St. Louis Journal says: A very know all about it; you've planned to go interesting case, illustrating to what exgallivanting off to some picnic and leave tent the dumb animals are tortured to gratify the avarice of unfeeling specula-Here Mrs. Jones buried her face in tors and showing a new system of her apron and the matter was settled swindling the Government, was tried in instantly. Simon surrendered. Mrs., the Court of Criminal Correction yes-Jones was clated with her triumph, and terday. Some time ago Mr. Jos. Wolwickedly determined that she would fort, a horse trader, was arrested on the enjoy to the full the results of her first charge of cruelty to animals. He was domestic victory. When Mr. Jones charged with "Bishoping" horses, came to the door with his mule team on which was described by Mr. R. S. Macthe morning of the Fourth, Mrs. Jones | Donald, who was prosecuting the case, came out in a calico dress and a pink as being a process of filing the teeth of sun-bonnet. Mr. Jones saw her evi- old horses down to make them look dent want of patriotism with a dissatis- young and the animal marketable. The modus operandi of this cruel process is "Couldn't you fix a little for the that the horse is tied securely in his stall in such a way that it can not move "O, ain't I fixed nice enough? I its head, a gag of wood or iron is then knew it. You're ashamed of me, Simon placed in its mouth and a "twitch" Jones! I am not agoing now at all, placed on its nose. A man with a large and that's just what you wanted all the rasp or file then files the teeth to the necessary size, and then bores cavities "No, no, I want you to go and enjoy in them which are colored black with it;" which was not a word of it the nitrate of silver or caustic, so that the truth. "But I think you ought to be teeth look natural. The name "Bishbetter fixed than that for the Fourth of oping" is derived from Bishop, the man who is said to have invented the cruel It took a good deal of judicious per- practice. The pain to the horse in sussion on the part of Mr. Jones to many cases is said to be exeruciating, keep his wife's face out of her apron and cases are cited where they have died again; a thing he particularly disliked. under the treatment. Mr. MacDonald But, after some skirmishing, they set said all the evidence he had to produce was taken from the enemy's camp, or Mr. Jones knew that his wife would in other words, men directly connected with the business, and hence was somewhat imperfect, but would be very clear if the witnesses would tell the

Mr. N. C. Howard testified that he saw the horse in question before it came into the possession of the defendant; that he examined its teeth, and took it to be about 15 years old or thereabout; saw the horse afterward when it had been purchased by the United States Government for the army-it was numbered 85 and branded. Heexamined its mouth and saw it had been operated upon—the teeth had been cut down about the eighth of an inch, holes had been bored in them, and they looked natural. He was confident that it was the same horse. The witness testified very reluctantly, and was not disposed to connect the defendant with the act, although he described miantely how horses' teeth were cut down to make them look younger. Mr. Stevens and another horse trader testified to seeing the horse in defendant's stable and admitted that they had operated on its teeth, but declined to identify the

defendant with the not. Mr. McDonald said it was evident he could not prove the ownership of the herse by the witnesses he had and ack. ed that the case be nothe proceed. He said, however, that he would have the defendant re arrested and the rest time he went to trial be would be ready.

A TRAVELUR of experience in the torrid eliments of India offers these our root. He recommends the pith her. When the mules had been securely which has a ring testde to fit the bead, lessing an open space for ventilation He also says . "If people were to she francis living on Cane Creek, and as apartures enough for vortilation, and corn plows were what they meeted, uso, to those asserteres apply, as follow Asserts the latest serious at the Ex. (the whole party went in pursuit of those India do, locally works make of fra-