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TWO MOODS.

Defiantly the building and the falling leaf
Struck heavy blows
With stubborn and sweet voice
Of mating birds in spinnets and in glades
The world is full
Time on a sudden all the music dies,
The color fades.
How fugitive and brief
Is mortal life
Between the building and the falling leaf!

Oh, short beneath music, dying on the
Ere half its mystic castles be reared!
Oh, harp of life, so specific unstrung!
When, if youth's life be always, would know
aught
The bitter sweetness of the last refrain,
To regret and to pain?

Through I be shut in dark cave and become
Insensible and blows life down and there,
I hold existence a while prize to pay
For having once had bird notes for my life
Life's immortal song of hallowed and true—
For having once known a moment had been
And a short time, and for a short time
Been born conscious to the fair and bright,
Fed on the nectar of the rose and morn,
And bathed in the beauty of the earth.
Dear God, though I be condemned to sense-
less clay
And serve the potter as he turns his wheel,
I thank thee for the gracious gift of mind!
—Thomas Dailey Aldrich in Harper's.

HOW WE STRUCK IT.

"If I had only come here away back in the early fifties!" signed a dreamy man to me as we waited for the train at Fruitvale last week. And another man chipped in and signed also as he said, "Plenty times then, you bet, and big strikes! but I only got here in the seventies—got here without a cent and have held my own right along!"

First let me tell you how all Hoskins the popular talked about the flush times and big strikes of the early fifties. Yes, there were big strikes, but they were, like the big generals of one great war, not the rule. You hear of the big strikes and you hear of the big generals. The thousands and hundreds of thousands that perished in the ranks you never hear about.

For the benefit of the dreamy man who sits waiting and lamenting, let me say that the openings and opportunities are better to-day than they were in the seventies, and they were better in the seventies than they were in the fifties. The wear and tear of life was so terrible then too. Every dollar cost about two dollars and a half to get in those days.

It has been estimated, and I think about correctly, that if each miner had received twenty-five cents a day and board for his labor—and such labor! sixteen hours a day generally—we would have had more goldust than we get in those famous "early fifties."

So cease this deploring that you came so late to California, my dreamful friend. Of course we would all like to live over the impetuous old days again; but I doubt if you who don't get on to-day would have got on then. Better, far better for you, for all, to settle down content by some sweet village in this fair land, where you can have clean clothes, good food, books, papers, the presence of women and all the healthful refinements that attend her, than sit sighing for the days of old. You can at least get your board and twenty-five cents a day, and that, be assured, is more than we got on an average to the man, notwithstanding all our privations.

An old forty-niner from New Bedford, Mass., Mr. Hawkins, o'he has written a very readable book about his fellow argonauts—and a very important book it is, as it contains the names of more than 20,000 of them—told me that of the 5,000 who came from his town, first and last, it was hard to find more than a very few who were much ahead in the world. He told me that on returning home after forty years he and his old friends took 500 of their select young men, who came and compared their fortunes with 500 similar young men who remained at home, and they found that the proportion of those who had prospered at home was as low as fair against those who had come in forty-nine. On the other hand, they found that notwithstanding the perils and hardships, the proportion of argonauts still living was ten to three against those who remained in New Bedford.

Some day, my dreamful friends who lament your late coming and are continually taking the free load trains of Oakland in order to fly from toil as from a contagion, I will sit down and tell you how to make fortunes right here by the Bay of San Francisco for easier than they were made in the "early fifties." But for the present the contract is to tell you how we struck it in the middle fork of Hitching creek.

I had a "partner" for about a week, winter of 1853. He was not yet twenty, small for his age, and I was not yet thirteen. "A fool for luck," and so Pat Flanagan, the banker at Cow Bay, stated him—as he said—and Frank Campbell, of the Howlin' Wilderness saloon, started me. Neither of us, let it be frankly told, had enough practical sense to come in when it rained. Surely we would strike it, if there was a bit of truth in the old adage.

His name was Eli Williams Miller, so he said, and he claimed to be kin of mine, but I afterward learned that his name was Miller Williams. He was a forest flier, and had about as much science as a rubber band.

Rods and pick and pan and shovel, bacon, flour, frying pan, beans and blankets, and so, half hidden under our long locks, we crept out of camp at midnight up the narrow trail of the middle fork between high walls of snow. For he had a "pointer," he hoped, from old Abe Yates, killed two years later in the Pitt river massacre.

How in the world Eli Miller Williams managed to keep all this name I don't see. Names were rare luxuries in those days, especially long ones like this, and many a good old man may be found in those mountains to this day with name and date and nationality all worn away and gone as from an old quarter. But the true silver, trust God, is still there.

Three miles up the creek, a mile above the very last cabin, the last mile or two solid snow, and we were impossible for day because of its size, but here we stood by night, and here we laid down our loads at daylight and made shelter in a lonely shed built by other fools. We found our home and fire, and we slept like wolves.

On the third day, disconsolated and disgusted, for not a color as yet had we found, we took the tools and climbed up out of the canyon to a warm mountain side that lay in the sun. It was pleasant here. Some tall, wild flowers had shot through the brown carpet of pine needles by the edge of a tumbling, tumbling stream, made muddy from slide on the steep hill above. My "pard" did not like work, but he was always ready if anyone did that was moving mountains. After leaving in the sun a bit he took the pick and pushed it up, and soon had the boulders tumbling and rumbling down the angry stream, while I set there and pulled some of the prettiest flowers ever seen. It was like picking the patterns out of brown. Beneath carpet they were as soft and fine as spun silk. They had each cellular, fresh tinted little stems, and the new blue bloomers were as false as the eyes of a lady. But they went to sleep, closed their eyes forever, almost as soon as I pulled them up out of the warm brown carpet—they were to new cell tender.

I heard a yell shout, and springing up I saw two arms frantic in the air and a little here, black head thrown back till the face looked straight up to the centre of the blue tent of heaven. The big little man walled toward me tentatively down the mountain side, tumbling, on every. Ah, but he was tall!

We—he had struck it.

Going back with him we found the water clear here, flashing down over a curiously green and brown and white floor of bare bedrock, and here, right through this, where his pick had struck, gleamed and shot and flashed a glittering seam of solid metal.

If you could have seen those swinging, sweeping arms! That wheelmill that overthrew Don Quixote was nothing to its velocity and persistence. I was made to comprehend that the vein ran here and that it ran there, was broken here and was buried here; that the mountain was in fact one solid mass of virgin gold! Yet he said not a word—only those arms.

We got a piece of it out, more than a pound, and about one pure. I battered off a piece of rock, rolls up the hill, and that, too, was pure, almost solid!

We sat down by the fire that night after supper, and it was later still when he spoke for the first time, and then he spoke almost apologetically: "To lay California first, all California, including this mountain of solid gold. That's it, you see, before they find out that gold is so plenty; then lay Oregon, on time; then come and get the gold; buy Ireland, pour Ireland! By gosh! Then lay England go right to Queen Victoria and buy her crown and her throne on contract; good lawyer, so she can't back out; then come back and get the gold."

He was silent for a time and then with his face lifted far above me as I searching for the north star, he said half savagely:

"Say, straight over the mountains to Yreka tonight on the crust, Flannigan not to know a word, we Campbell straight to Yreka; get enough already to bind contracts; lay California and contract with the Oregonians before to-morrow night!" Another pause, then suddenly again, "Say, boy, been I might kill you and keep the whole thing. It is all my find anyhow."

And bless me! he didn't look as if he might. Anyhow the campfire was smoking on my side and I got up and leaned against a post. Then he got up, too, and said, "Come on, let's go."

I followed the desperate little rascal, keeping behind him all the way to Yreka, where we arrived just as Jones-house & Silver opened their bank. Breathless, and with face still lifted far above me, he boy who was going to buy Queen Victoria's throne and crown and lay her throw in Ireland, strode up to where Charley Silver, now in Oakland, was buying dust and laid the nuggets before his eyes. "Pure stuff!"

Young Silver turned it over and over, took up a glass, looked at it critically and then, handing it back as in turn to attend to some new claim, said, sotto voce, "Yes, pretty pure—copper."

I got a job as cook on Greenhorn road, day, and poor Eli, after getting himself into peck of trouble and mixing himself up with me and my affair died at Red Bluff, with his face still lifted to the stars, I am told.—Joaquin Miller in Elmira Telegram.

Mme. de Genlis' Childhood.

If Mme. de Genlis' own account of her bringing up before her marriage is true she is a remarkable example of a woman who has learned from experience, and has contrived even among the incessant claims of society to repair her parents' neglect in the matter of education. At six she set forth with her mother to Paris, where she spent a few dismal weeks. After she had two teeth taken out the history of children is always the same: "They put a pair of old wholesome stays on me and imprisoned my feet in tight shoes, which pressed my toes into a deformity. They rolled my hair in curl papers and I wore for the 67th time a pomice. To ease my provincial air an iron collar was fastened round my neck, and as I squinted a little the moment I wake a pair of spectacles was placed on my nose, and there I was not allowed to move for four hours. Finally, to my great surprise, I was given a master to teach me how to walk (which I thought I knew before, and I was forbidden to run, or to jump, or to ask questions."

The private tuition of her infancy was supplemented by a public ceremony, and then her sores were partly forgotten in the delight of fines and the glory of her first opera. This was "Ballad in Fortune," and she was fortunate enough to hear Chenet, the singer who five years later was consoled "on account of his voice and his beautiful style." Chenet has continued to be her some notion of modulation.—Mrs. Andrew Lang in National Review.

The distance between division points for changing engines has been increased in our country, and some roads are now running engines from 200 to 300 miles where they used to run 100 miles or less.

WOMAN AND HOME.

HOW PHYSICAL TRAINING AND FRESH AIR BENEFIT WOMEN.

The "Too Busy Mother"—Her Out Another Point—Women and Her Nerves, Above Women's Feet—Many Things of Interest to Wives and Mothers.

The physical training of women has received a very good impetus of late years, and we may see the results in a much improved outlook and beauty. That women are much fairer and better developed than they used to be is due, no doubt, to fresh air, and this is undoubtedly owing to the greater amount of exercise and open air life that are now the fashion for the sex to which we belong.

A girl of the period belongs to her gymnasium, which is fitted up with all the luxury of amphitheatre in the age of Vespasian, and she goes to it in a carriage in the atmosphere which to which her brothers belong. She has her locker, bath, her Delsartean exercises, her billiard table, her tennis and her golf. In the city, which she lives, she can all nevertheless dotted out to the dessert spoons of her plexiglas. Moreover, she spends a good part of the year in the country as a part of her course, and all the simples her late years and the environment of fashionable life, half produced in school.

It is a question, however, if such new lure of development has contributed to their world. How sad are large the girls are nowadays? And if it is true, as physicians assert, that health is the good development and the consequent building of good blood about mental developments, what may we not hope for in the future in the way of a healthy generation?

Unfortunately, however, while the physical training and such air life have bettered the health of the sex, the good beginning of American women are still thinner creatures, they only exercise, for work is and work only, being the daily routine of household tasks in the good up air of kitchen and bedroom. While many may thus be a greater or less degree of intellectual culture they almost invariably neglect their physical training, so result being that as a rule the American woman, impoverished by the majority, is still a delicate, fragile creature, trembling prematurely under and broken down by the time she is thirty, unable to bear the strain on nerves, and born that it is the lot of most women to endure.

Mrs. Alcott, in her time, the remedy lies in their hands more than those in those at the women. Let the farmers realize that the majority of the members of the house are the farmers, and that the farmer, in their use to if then their wives and daughters have time for more outdoor life and more fun and exercise, they will be better to pay the wages of a "third girl" that's long mother's bill, or to have a female there to relief for a while. In these days of cheap, good, ready-made clothing let the women give up their unremunerating and eternal stitchery, and learn to feel the physical pleasure and exhilaration of exercise in the delightful "walk before breakfast" or to the garden, and which is then is almost an unknown quantity.

"You Yankees seem mighty fond of the bench," said an Englishman who had merely a quarter of a mile from the ocean to one of her summer homes. "I don't know much for it myself; in fact I didn't care it for forty years. I guess—not since I was a girl, when I used down to see a big whale brought in. Father was one of the life saving men, and he generally was near drive if they caught it, and naturally I felt interested."—New York Tribune.

The "Too Busy" Mother.

The "too busy" mother may be in pursuit of culture. A conspicuous example of this sort was a woman noted for and wife for her brilliant intellectual attainments and her unceasing lifelong efforts. Her only child was a sensitive boy, who very early in life learned the sad lesson that mother was always too busy to participate in his joys and sorrows. He was trained by his nurse till big enough to run about and questions now her, when he took up the mother of his mother's stalwarts. He spent years and months and years imbibing the sentiments, the language, the tastes of his instructor. When the lazy mother decided that the time for studies to reflect that her son ought to get a school—which he had been at school for years! She was him to be taught, he ran away from home. Not to follow his career step by step, it is enough to say that he utterly refused education, because a specialist and a vagabond of the lowest tastes, and at last brought his mother in sorrow to her grave.

The mother who is "too busy" may be excused to society, and for the fleeting pleasures of social intercourse may throw away the deepest and purest happiness the can possibly give her, leaving the delight of her home in the hands of motherless and hired servant. Society is moderation is of great value to every member, not only as a social duty, but for their own sakes, to keep her bright and in touch with the active world about her, but as a school of manners for her children and a proper place to introduce them when grown.

To such a mother little others on her knees are no interruption, and little ones soon learn to look to others than mother for help, advice and force. Oh, the pity of it!—Olive Thorne Miller in Washington Star.

A Gentle Hint.

X. was not overscrupulous about his personal appearance. One day in the studio he was busily painted in an old bedclothes in his pockets.

"What are you looking for?" inquired the wifty artist.

"A pencil. I only wanted to jot down a word or two on my shirt cuff."

"Why, here is a bit of chalk," was the amiable rejoinder.—Supplement Illustrate.

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