

establishment was planted there. Industry and activity began. A few miles down on the opposite side is situated a Chinese town, and a good understanding exists between the two banks. The natives made no opposition whatever to the expedition nor the occupation.

The Russians do not interfere with them, nor does the Government limit their roving life, or exact any kind of service. The harbor is very deep and extensive, being nearly shut out from winds by the Island Kerafta or Saghalien, which was seized by Russian navigators years before the expedition.

The whole land is covered with meadows and forests full of the best kind of lumber, and excellent oak for naval constructions. The soil is capital and fit for all kinds of culture, but is as yet untouched by the creative hand. In all Siberia, Amour is spoken of as the land of promise; and so it will become when agriculture and industry shall wake it into genial life.

The River Amour teems with fishes of all kinds, the most delicate known, and some said to be strangers to other waters. The forests are full of game as well as of bears and wolves. Grain and bread were unknown to the natives, who now eagerly seek the latter in their barter with the Russians.

The acquisition of this part of the Manchoo country and of the mouth of the Amour, is the most valuable made by Russia during the reign of Nicholas. It gives completeness and vitality to Siberia.

When the new territory is developed, Kamtschatka and the East will be independent of supplies from St. Petersburg. Trade will be opened with China, Japan, California, as the empire comes to take full advantage of its new outlet on the Pacific.—[N. Y. Tribune]

[From the Flag of Our Union.]

HOW SHE FOUND THE TIME.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

'Ah!' said Mr. Nelson, as drawing his chair to the centre-table, his eyes rested on one of the popular novels of the day, 'so you have a new book to read, Sarah. Where did you get it?'

'I borrowed it of Mrs. Merton, or rather she lent it to me—insisted upon my taking it because she said, she knew it would interest me, fascinate me indeed. I told her it wasn't much use taking it, for I should never find time to read it.'

'But she had found time, hadn't she,' asked her husband, a little roguishly.

'Of course she had. She always finds time to do everything she wants to. I never saw such a woman in my life.'

'And yet she has four children, and keeps but one girl?'

'And I have only two children, and as many girls, I suppose you would like to add, wouldn't you?' responded the wife, just a little bit out of humor.

'I must confess you have guessed aright, my dear. But I would not have said it in a fault-finding way, but simply from a desire to find out if we can, why you have so little time to devote to reading—why you always have so much to do. Does Mrs. Merton do up everything as neatly as yourself? Her parlors, I know, always seem the perfection of order and comfort, her husband's and children's clothes are always tidy, and she herself, in appearance, the personification of neatness and good taste. But, after all, perhaps there may be some oversight that is kept out of sight.'

'You are mistaken,' said Mrs. Nelson, emphatically. 'She is one of the most thorough housekeepers I ever knew. I have been sent for there when she has been taken suddenly ill, and so violently too, as to be unable to give a single direction, and yet everything needed was always found without the least trouble, every drawer and closet was in order, and the whole house would have borne the rigid scrutiny of the most prim member of the Shaker sisterhood.—And yet she is never in a hurry, and though always doing something, never complains of being wearied. She does all her own and children's sewing, even to cutting dresses, and coats and pantaloons; embroiders all her collars and sleeves and little girls' ruffles; writes more letters every year than I have done since my marriage, and reads more than any other woman not purely literary that I ever knew. But how she does it, is a mystery.'

'Why don't you ask her to solve it?'

'I have thought of doing so; but—but—well, to own the truth, I am ashamed to. It would be a tacit confession that I am in the wrong somehow.'

'But do you think you are?'

'Sometimes I do, and then again I think my failures to do what I would so dearly love to, are the result of circumstances which I cannot control. For instance, yesterday afternoon I meant to have emptied my mending basket entirely. I could have done so easily, and then one worry of the week would have been over. But Mrs. Lawrence and her friend from Boston came in quite early, and as you know, passed the afternoon. I could not blame them for coming as, and when, they did, for I had told them to come any afternoon this week, and I was glad to see them and enjoyed their visit. Yet it upset my plans about mending entirely, for of course it would never have done to have littered the parlor with that. The afternoon was lost as far as work was concerned.'

'But was there nothing you could do?'

'Yes, if I had only had it. There were the handkerchiefs and cravats you want to take with you next week, which I might have hemmed if I had only had them. But you see I had designed them for this afternoon, and so did not

go out to buy them till to-day. And now I suppose the mending must lie over till next week and then there will be two baskets full. And so it goes. I wish sometimes the days were forty-eight, instead of twenty-four hours long.'

'Well I don't, I am sure,' said her husband, good-humoredly, 'for I get tired enough now, and I doubt, Sarah, if either you or I would find any more time than we do now.'

'Well, one thing is certain, I never shall find time, as the days are now, to do what I want to do.'

'But you say Mrs. Merton does.'

'Yes, but she is an exception to all the rest of my acquaintances.'

'An honorable one?'

'Yes, an honorable one. I wish there were more with her faculty.'

'Perhaps there would be, were her example followed.'

'I understand you, and perhaps some day will heed the hint,—but here her farther reply was prevented by a request from his head clerk to see her husband alone on urgent business.'

All this time while Mrs. Nelson had been bemoaning the want of time, she had sat with her hands lying idly in her lap. To be sure, she was waiting for Bridget to bring the baby to be undressed, but she might easily have finished hemming the last cravat in those precious moments, and there it lay on her workstand, and her thimble and thread both with it. But she never thought of taking it, not she. She never thought it worth while to attempt doing anything while waiting to do some other duty that must soon have to be performed. And thus in losing those moments, she lost the evening's chance to finish the hem; for when baby did come, he was cross and squally, and would not let her lay him in his crib until near nine o'clock, and then she was so tired and nervous, 'she couldn't,' she said, 'set a stitch to save her life.'

It happened one day, in the following week, after a morning of rather more flurry and worry than usual, that she went to the centre-table to hunt for a misplaced memorandum. In her search for it, her glance casually fell upon the borrowed novel, and with that glance the foregoing conversation rushed forcibly over her memory.

'I declare,' said she, 'I have half a mind to run over to Mrs. Merton's this afternoon, and cross question her till I learn her secret. Such a life as I am leading is unbearable. I can't stand it any longer. If she can find time I know I can, if I only know how.'

And true to her resolution, for though seemingly hasty, it had for some time been maturing in her mind, almost unwittingly she found herself at an early hour in her friend's parlor, her bonnet and shawl thrown aside, and herself, work-bag in hand, snugly ensconced in a low rocker beside her little workstand.

'You have not finished your collar, then?'—she observed to Mrs. Merton, after awhile, by way of leading the conversation in the desired channel.

'O yes, indeed,' answered her hostess, tossing her head to the one side gaily, with a pretty effusion of pride. 'Didn't you notice how becoming it was?'

'And commencing another so soon?'

'Only basting on the pattern so as to have it ready for some odd moment.'

'But how can you bear to spend so much time in embroidery. Why not purchase it at once? it is so much cheaper in the end.'

'For the wealthy, it is, I grant, and for those not very wealthy, if their eyesight is poor, or if lacking in taste and needle skill. But I find it cheaper to do it myself. My husband's salary does not allow us many luxuries, and the small sum we can spend for them, I prefer should go towards purchasing what my own fingers cannot make. I can embroider collars and sleeves not so perfectly, it is true, as they do in foreign climes, but handsomely enough to suit my own and husband's eye—but I cannot write books, magazines, reviews, newspapers, and they are luxuries more essential to my happiness than these articles of dress, so I do my own needle-work, and with the money thus saved, we purchase something that will never go out of fashion—an intellectual heritage for our little ones, as well as a perpetual feast for us.'

'But how do you find time to do such work? I cannot conceive how or where.'

'Well, I hardly know myself,' said Mrs. Merton, laughingly. 'My husband sometimes tells me he believes the fairies help me. I seldom sit down to it in earnest, but I catch it up at odd moments, and before I am aware of it myself, it is done.'

'O dear,' and Mrs. Nelson sighed. 'I wish I had your faculty. Do pray, Mrs. Merton, tell me the secret of your success in everything. How do you always find time for everything?'

'Do you question me seriously, or only mockingly, to remind me how much I leave undone?'

'Seriously? Yes, very seriously. To own the truth, it was to learn this I came over here to-day. There are a thousand things I long to do, because they would not only greatly increase my own joys, but those of my husband and household, but I cannot find the time. Yet you do them, and you have more cares and duties than I. If you will tell me your secret, believe me, I shall feel under the deepest obligations to you.'

Her friend hesitated a moment. She was not wont to speak very much of herself, believing that character should reveal itself by actions mostly, and conscious that it will too, whether it be a perfect or faulty one. Yet there was such an urgency in that voice that had asked it now,

that she at length conquered the scruples of modesty.

'I am afraid I shall remind you of 'great I,' if I undertake,' said she, with a blush, 'yet I can hardly give you my experience, without subjecting myself to the charge of egotism. Yet, as we are alone, and as you seem to think I have avoided some of the besetting evils of this life, why I will reveal to you what you call my secret.'

'My mother early instilled into my mind and heart, by precept and example, a few rules of action that I have sedulously endeavored to follow, and which, I believe, almost more than anything else, have contributed to my domestic peace and happiness.'

'One of them, is to always have a time for every ordinary duty, to have that time at such a day or such an hour of the day, as is best adapted to its perfect fulfillment, and always, extraordinary cases only excepted, to perform the duty at that time. For instance, my general sweeping-day is on Friday, because to my mind it is the most suitable one of the week.—And the best portion of the day to do it in is very early in the morning, for when I can throw open my doors and windows to the freshest, purest breezes we get at all, and I am not disturbed by the din of travel, nor annoyed by the dust, and then by postponing my bath and breakfast toilet, merely throwing on a wrapper and cap to sweep in, till the house is clean, why I am tidy for the rest of the day. Whereas, if I wait till after breakfast, I must spend time to take another bath, and make another change of dress. Now, I confess, it is hard sometimes to keep to this rule. When my sleep has been broken by the restlessness of my babe, or when something has kept me up later than usual the previous evening, I feel strongly inclined to lie in bed and let the sweeping hour go by. But the direful consequences always stare me in the face so ruefully, that sleepy and weary though I may be, I struggle out of the bed—for it is verily a struggle, and tying down my hair, and buttoning on my wrapper and drawing on my gloves, as my old aunt used to say, 'I make business fly.' And I assure you I always find myself enough happier to compensate me for my efforts, hard though they seemed.'

'And then, for a second rule, I always have a place for everything, and always put it in its place, and thus waste no time in looking after things. For example, perhaps you will laugh at it, but I always make it a rule to put my thimble in my sewing box when I leave my work, no matter how great the hurry, and you can have no idea until you have tried it, how much time is thus saved. Why I have one friend, who says she lost so much by looking up her thimble, that she has bought herself three, so that when one is mislaid, she needn't wait to hunt it up. Yet this rule, which soon would become a habit, would have saved her time and money.'

The third and last rule necessary to specify is this: to be always busy, or perhaps I ought to say, employed, for with housekeepers generally, to be busy, is to be in a worry over too much work.'

'But you don't mean to say you never rest, that you never get tired?'

'By no means. I both rest and get tired, and many times each day. But rest does not always imply cessation from labor. Sometimes it does, I grant, and when, after any unusual fatigue, I find myself inclined to lie down, and sleep, I always indulge the feeling. It is one of Nature's promptings, which, to insure health and joy, should be heeded. And I do not feel that I ever lose any time that way, for the half or even hour's sleep, so invigorates me, that I can work with twice the ability afterward, that I could, if I had striven on with weary limbs and fretted nerves. But many times, a change of employment or occupation will rest one as much, nay more, than idleness. You know yourself, after a busy forenoon on your feet, that it rests you to sit down in your rocker and busy yourself with your sewing. And sometimes, when I have been handling heavy clothes, such as coats and pantaloons for my boys, till my arms and fingers ache, I rest them by taking up some light garment for my babe or little girl. Or when my limbs ache, severely from some arduous duty, and yet I have no inclination to sleep, as is frequently the case after rocking a worrisome child to sleep, I lie down on my old fashioned lounge and rest myself in body by that course, while I soothe, and gladden and improve my mind by reading, always being careful, though, to put by the book just so soon as I feel that I am enough recruited.'

'But suppose you get behindhand with your work from sickness, or company, or some other cause, what do you do then?'

'I never allow myself to get behindhand from the latter cause—visitors. I behave after them to interrupt my domestic affairs. I never invite company except on those days of the week that have the lighter duties. And if casual visitors come along, they will not disturb or hinder you if the rules I have given you are implicitly followed. You are always ready for chance company. And with these rules, even sickness, unless long continued, will not vary the domestic economy. But if I do get behindhand, I make it up as quick as possible. I rise an hour earlier every morning, and deny myself the luxury of visiting, till the accumulated work is performed.'

'Excuse me, but I must ask one more question. What do you mean by odd times? You said you should work your collar at odd times.'

'I can answer you but by some examples.—Yesterday afternoon I was going to cut and baste a dress for myself. But unexpectedly, a

friend from the country came in to take tea with me. Now I did not want to litter the parlor with my pieces, so I went to my basket and took out a pretty little sack for Harry and spent the time in sewing on that. I always keep something in my basket suitable for such odd times, and when I have nothing really necessary, I take up my embroidery. And then you know we wives are frequently obliged to wait till a considerable time has elapsed, for the appearance of our husbands at the table, and those odd moments, usually to women so irksome, are very precious to me. I always mean to have the meals ready at the hour, but if Mr. Merton is not here then, and being head clerk, scarcely a day passes but some meal must wait, instead of watching the clock or thumping on the windows, I read the newspapers and magazines. I assure you I never take any other time to read them, and yet I am never behindhand with them. And when I have none of them at hand, I catch up some popular story that I want to read, and yet don't want to give that time to, which I usually devote to solid reading. The volume I lent you—Mrs. Nelson blushed; she had had it a week and read only the first chapter—I read in four days in this way. And when I have no reading that I am anxious to do, I spend the moment in writing. Most of my letters are penned while waiting for the tea bell to ring. And hark, there it is now. A pleasant sound for your ears, too, I guess, after the homily I have just given you. 'Please,' and she rose gracefully, 'let great I' usher 'dear you,' to the dining-room.'

'With pleasure—yet I wish the bell had not rung so early. I have not heard half enough.'

'Have you never observed, my dear friend, that many sermons lose half their effectiveness, by undue length? The benediction at such a time, is noted as a relief, not a blessing. Some other time I will preach the rest.'

'I pray Heaven I may have resolution enough to practise what you have already taught. Sure I am, if so I do—my life, what is left of it, will be like yours, a perpetual sermon, and my daily benediction be like yours also, the blessings of my children and the praises of my husband.'

Kamtschatdales and their Customs.

The inhabitants of Kamtschatka may be considered as consisting of three races, the native Kamtschatdales, the Russians, and Cossacks, and a mixture of these two by marriage. It is the opinion of some of the best authorities on the subject, that the origin of the Kamtschatdales date from a very remote antiquity. Some have believed them to be the descendants of the Japanese, others of the Tungusian Tartars; but as there is not a single tradition amongst them which speaks of their having ever migrated from any other country, the probable opinion is, that they were created in the land they occupy by their god Koutkou.

The Kamtschatdales believe themselves to be the most favored people on the earth. Their rivers and coasts abound with excellent fish, they possess a perfect knowledge of the properties and uses of all the plants that spring from their soil, and on the whole they declare that no country in the world offers so many and such various modes of gratification as theirs. The mode of living amongst the Kamtschatdales is such as results naturally from the climate and their circumstances. Their habitations are of two kinds, one for winter, the other for summer. The joints, or winter dwellings, are holes dug in the earth to the depth of about six feet. They are of sufficient area to contain several families. Strong posts are then stuck into the ground at certain distances within this space, and upon these are placed beams for the support of the roof, which is formed by joists, one end of which rests on the ground, the other is supported by the beams. The interstices between the joists are filled up with strong wicker-work, and the whole is covered over with turf. A hole which serves for chimney, window, and entrance, is left in the centre of the roof. The manner in which this entrance is used is rather singular.

As the house is sunk six feet below the surface of the soil, the roof can be easily reached from without; but once arrived at the entrance, the descent is not so easy. A long pole is made to serve as a kind of staircase. In this there are slight notches, barely sufficient to give holding to the toe. As an entrance or exit by such means requires some dexterity, it is only the men of the different families who inhabit a joint that enter by the roof.

An opening is left in the side, level with the ground, by which the women can go in and out. Should a man avail himself of the facilities that this portal affords, he becomes an object of universal scorn and derision.

The joint consists of one apartment, in form a parallelogram. About six inches from the ground are raised platforms of boards; these serve as seats by day, and at night, with the help of mats and skins, are converted into beds. All the provisions and kitchen utensils are stowed away on the side of the dwelling opposite the fire-place. The greatest compliment that a Kamtschatdale can pay a guest that he invites into his joint is to rise the temperature to the highest endurable point. The Kamtschatdales will, under such circumstances, bear an amount of heat that no European could endure. The inhabitants retire to their winter habitations about the middle of October, and do not leave them until the middle of May.

Misfortunes are troublesome at first, but when there is no remedy but patience, custom makes them easy to us, and necessity gives us courage.

Contentment is a key to happiness.