

The Paradox of Time.

Time goes, you say? Ah no!
Alas, time stays, we go;
Or else, were this not so,
What need to chain the hours,
For youth we always ours?
Time goes, you say?—ah no!
Ours is the eyes' deceit
Of men whose flying feet
Lead through some landscape low;
We pass, and think we see
The earth's fixed surface so:
Alas, time stays—we go!
Once in the days of old,
Your locks were curling gold,
And mine had shamed the crow;
Now, in the selfsame stage,
We've reached the silver age;
Time goes, you say?—ah no!
Once, when my voice was strong,
I filled the woods with song,
To praise your "rose" and "snow,"
My bird, that sang, is dead;
Where are your roses fled?
Alas, time stays—we go!
So, in what traversed ways,
What backward fate delays,
The hopes we used to know;
Where are our old desires—
Ah, where those vanished fires?
Time goes, you say?—ah no!
How far, how far, O sweet,
The past behind our feet
Lies in the even-glow!
Now, on the forward way,
Let us fold hands and pray:
Alas, time stays—we go!

A STRUGGLE WITH A MANIAC.

Up in a great warehouse, six high stories above the ground, and everywhere about me wool—bales upon bales of wool, which we had been craning up all day, and in at the open door. Floors and floors beneath stowed with jute and dyewoods, teas, coffees, spices, tobaccos; and, lowest of all, tallows in huge hog-heads. Riches from all parts of the world lying on hand, and waiting the finish of the commercial enterprise which should consign them to traders, and then to the people of a busy country.

"What's the matter with Jack Wood?" said one of the men in the afternoon.

But, excepting that he looked a little wild about the eyes, I didn't see anything more about him than might often be seen in men who drink heavily at times; and so I said. But at last, towards evening, when I was longing to get away home to spend my evening comfortably, I was left alone upon that floor with him, and felt a bit startled to see him go all at once to the open door where the crane landed the bales, and cut some strange capers, like a man going to dive off a board into the sea.

Putting down my work, which was getting ready two or three burst bales for the hydraulic press, so that they might be tied up again, I slipped quietly up behind him, and laid my hand upon his shoulder, when, with a yell, he shrieked out:

"Devil! devil! devil!"

And the next moment, by the light of the gas of that foggy winter's afternoon, we two were wrestling and fighting together, within a few feet of the door, out of which we should have fallen clear a hundred feet upon the stones of the wharf below.

I should have shouted, but all power of speech seemed taken away, as locked together we wrestled here and there, while his hot breath hissed against my cheek, and I could look close into his wild, glowering eyes as, flushing with rage, he bore me nearer and nearer to the doorway.

Used as I was at all times to standing close to the edge and receiving bales and packages, I could lean over usually without a shudder; but now, with this madman slowly forcing me back towards the certain death, I could feel the cold sweat standing upon my face, and trembled so with dread that my resistance became feeble and feeble; and as a last resource I managed to get my leg between my opponent's, and tripped him, when we fell heavily.

Fortunately for me my enemy was undermost, and the force with which his head came against the warehouse floor partly stunned him, so that I shook myself free, and turned and fled toward the stairs. But the next moment I thought of the open doorway, and the state the poor fellow was in, so I turned back to lock it, and so insure that he did not come by his death by falling out before I could get assistance.

My hand was on the door, but I could not close it, for Wood lay in the way; and shuddering at how near he lay to the gas, I stooped to draw him on one side, when he started up and seized me again.

To beat up his hands, and turn and flee down between the piled-up bales was the work of an instant, while roaring with rage I could hear him tearing after me.

The stairs were pretty close, but as I ran round the end of the bales I found the door closed, and had to dart past to avoid being caught; when I turned down another opening between the packages, and ran panting on.

Vast as the floor was, there was passage after passage between the wool, which was piled up eight or nine feet high, and I tore on in the hope of so far distancing my pursuer that I could dart through the stair-door, fasten it after me, and so escape or summon assistance. On and on I ran, now getting ahead, and now with the panting breath close to my shoulder, so that I expected every mo-

ment to feel a savage hand laid upon me to drag me down. At last he got so near that his hand brushed me; but, with a yell of horror, I leaped forward again, dodged round a corner, ran down a short passage, and again on, past pillars and piles, when turning round I found that I was alone; and hurrying to about the center of the narrow passage, between the high walls, I leaned against the side panting and breathless.

"Now, if I could but reach the door while he was at the other end," I thought, "I should be safe;" and I kept on nervously watching the two ends of the passage lest I should be taken by surprise; when, to my horror, I saw by the gas shining upon it a savage head peer round from the end nearest the way of escape, watch me for a moment, and then disappear. It was now quite dim and twilight in all the passages, and my first impulse was to dart off in the opposite direction; but a little thought told me that perhaps the wretch did not see me, and therefore I had better stay where I was; and so I stood minute after minute, expecting to see him come round one end or the other and dash down upon me.

I knew that about half-past five the watchman would come round, and then I would give the alarm; but it wanted nearly an hour of that time, and how I was to hold out until then I could not tell, for the very thought unnerved me; and overcome with fear, I could feel my knees tremble and seem ready to give way beneath my weight.

Five minutes passed—ten minutes—and still no sign. My spirits rose a little, and I began to hope that escape was yet possible, but abated nothing of my watchfulness. Another five minutes, and I had almost determined trying to steal down towards the door, where the reflection from the gaslight made the end of the passage quite bright, while where I stood was in a fast-deepening shadow. I took two steps forward noiselessly, and then stopped; stole on again and stopped with a deal silence all around, through which I could hear the singing of the gas and the loud "throb, throb" of my heart. I had somewhat recovered my breath, and kept slinking silently on, every now and then looking back to see that there was no pursuit. What I should have liked, and which would have been in accordance with my feelings at the moment, would have been to dash forward; but I kept down the desire, and crept slowly on between the huge walls of wool bales piled some eight or nine feet high.

Only another three yards and here I stopped, trembling in dread lest Wood might be watching for me; but calling myself cowardly, I stepped on again, and at last, with the light shining full upon me, I leaned forward to peer cautiously round the edge of the bales. Slowly and quietly, nearer and nearer, till I looked round; and then, with a horrible fascination upon me, I stopped still—for, in precisely the same position, Wood was craning his neck forward to peep round at me; and with eyes looking into eyes, and only three or four inches apart, we stood what seemed minutes immovable. Move I could not, speak I could not, for my throat felt dry and hot; while my eyes, fixed and staring, looked into those glaring, wild-bent-like orbs, which seemed to hold me fixed to the earth as if some horrible nightmare was upon me. I felt that if I closed my eyes but for a moment he would spring at me; and at last, catching the wool firmly with one hand, I drew myself slowly back, fixing his eyes the whole while, and then, as my strength seemed to come back, I leaped round and fled down the passage once more, as I heard a hideous yell, and saw Wood dash into the entrance.

But there was silence again directly, and looking back as I reached the middle, I could see that I was not pursued; when, fearing that with all a madman's cunning he had gone round to try and trap me at the other end, I stopped once more where I was, mentally praying for aid, as I strained eyes and ears to catch sight of or hear my enemy.

A quarter of an hour must have passed without a sound meeting my ears, and I was hopefully calculating upon aid soon coming, when a slight rustling noise seemed to have been made close by me, and I started and looked eagerly towards the dark and then towards the light end of the narrow passage I was in.

Nothing to be seen; and the minutes again passed slowly on, when all at once came the most horribly unearthly yell I ever heard from just above my head, and then, overcome with terror as I shrunk to the floor, I looked up and knew that Wood had crawled over the top of the wool; and as the thought flashed through my mind, he bounded down upon me and had me by the throat.

I struggled for a few moments, and then lights seemed dancing before my eyes, blood rushing to my head; and then, in a half-insensible state, I have some recollection of being dragged along the floor into the gaslight, and then pulled and thrust about for a few moments, when there came the regular thud-thud of the little pump close by, and I could feel myself moving upwards. But all seemed so calm, and such a desire for sleep was upon me, that it was not till a fearful sense of oppression and tightness was upon me that I awoke to the consciousness that the wretch had forced me on to the traveler of the hydraulic press, and was now forcing in the water beneath the ram.

Thud-thud, thud-thud went the pump, and the pressure was awful; while at the same time, as I vainly writhed and tried to press down the heavy plate that was crushing me, I was conscious of a great light which shone around me, and

which I thought was caused by the flushing sensation in my eyes; but no, for directly there came the noise of shouting, louder every moment; and then I made out, ringing up from the yard, these horrid words, "Fire! fire!" and then I knew that Wood must have fired the warehouse.

Shouts, cries, and the noise of hurrying feet; and Wood stood in the glare of light, looking first one way and then another, as if confused, for he had quitted the pump on the first noise of shouting. All at once he darted away; and half-fainting and suffocated with the pressure, I could do nothing but groan feebly, after struggling a little, to find every effort vain; and then with sharpened senses gaze at the flames licking the roof of the floor I was on, and eschewing the sides of wool bales, and the more inflammable goods that were in the warehouse. The smoke soon became blinding and the heat stifling; and for me there seemed no hope, since I was sure no one would be able to penetrate to where I was; when again I gave a struggle, and stretched down my hand backwards to try and reach the tap, which would let off the water and let me at liberty, or at least place me in a position to try and escape the horrible death that seemed to await me.

But no, the handle was far out of my reach; and I groaned and wept meekly at my helpless condition. The press held me by the chest with awful power, but my hands and arms were at liberty; while my head hanging down backwards enabled me to see the flames creeping along faster and faster, as I saw them reversed, and began to calculate how long it would be before they would reach me and end my misery.

All at once, when nearly fainting, my hand came in contact with the iron bar used to lengthen the handle of the pump, to force in the water with more ease when greater power was required; and then my heart gave a leap as I thought I thought I might be able to strike the handle of the tap and let out the water.

To grasp the bar was the work of a moment, and then I began swinging it about slowly, to try and strike the tap; but in vain, for I could do nothing with it from only being able to swing it at random, for I could not see. Nearer came the flames, louder rose the shouts; and as I looked along the warehouse I could see that all escape was cut off by the stairs, even if I had been at liberty; and now, completely overcome with the pressure and the horror of my position, I groaned heavily, and the bar fell from my grasp.

The last hope gone, I thought; when at the same moment a familiar sound struck my ear, for in falling the bar had fallen upon the tap, when there came the fierce gush of the compressed water, and the ram began slowly to descend till I could crawl out, to fall fainting on the floor.

But I was up again directly, for there was a fierce glow in the place; and now I could see Wood busily at work tearing out wool to feed the flames, and dashing everything else he could lay his hands upon into the fire, which seemed at times to singe him.

I looked round, for he took no notice of me; and as I had before seen there was no escape by the door, so, running to the open door by the crane, I caught hold of the rope, and began lowering it down as fast as possible, with the light shining full upon me, and the people below either groaning with horror, or cheering me on as I tore at the stout rope, and sent the crane handle spinning round and round.

Could I but get enough rope out before Wood's attention was taken, I felt safe, for I knew that I could slide down easily enough; but, as I dreaded, he caught sight of me, and leaving his fiery task, he rushed towards the door; when, with a yell of terror, I leaped from the flooring, clinging tightly to the rope, which began to run swiftly out as I swung to and fro till it was all out, when the jerk nearly dashed me off. But, after sliding down some little way, I recovered myself, and letting the rope glide slowly through my hands, I went lower and lower, with my eyes fixed on the blazing floor above me.

All at once I felt the rope jerked and swung about, and I could see the figure of Wood at it; and then again I was being drawn up; and I knew he must be busy at the crane handle; but the next minute he must have loosened his hold, when the handle flew round and struck him from his feet, and I went swiftly down. There was a yell from the crowd, something dark dashed by me with a rushing noise, and as I clung trembling to the rope I heard a horrible dull thud, and slipping swiftly down the rope for the remainder of the distance, I suppose I fell fainting by the side of Wood's mutilated body.

The fire was got under when our floor burned out, though much damage was done by water; but with the exception of a strange, nervous timidity that I fancy I shall never get the better of, I was not much the worse for my terrible encounter with the poor fellow who came to his end so fearfully.

ANOTHER LITTLE ONE.—The Boston Journal knows of a bright, intelligent little miss, now residing in that city, who is eleven years old and who weighs about sixty pounds, who, when she opened her eyes upon this world, weighed less than one pound and a half. She was the tiniest piece of humanity which we ever heard of. The nurse, in washing and dressing her, used to lay her in the palm of her hand, and the first few days of her life were mostly spent wrapped up in cotton-wool and placed in a basket beside the stove to keep her warm. Her head would go into a small sized teacup.

Training Our Children.

Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, in a recent lecture on "Household Training," presented this picture of American life: "The truth is that we are naturally becoming very impatient of details of every kind. We want to do up business, religion and education in a lump. Such is the growing tendency of the times, the perilous times, that are bringing in the dangers of despotism. Generous sentiments are substituted for careful habits of discipline, which are abandoned in favor of certain fine and general resolutions. It is the peril of our business that men substitute show, and pay enormous rents, and expect to make rapid fortunes, and intrust its management to strangers, instead of having a personal supervision over it, and moderate expectations and patient industry and life-long labor. It is the peril of our domestic life, and the cause of domestic happiness being sacrificed, that people are so ambitious for splendid suites of rooms and costly furniture. And it is the peril of our education that it is intrusted to costly teachers to perform the duties which none but devoted parents can so properly perform. It is obvious that in this state of things, while parental and domestic teaching is imperatively necessary it is also peculiarly difficult. So deeply are many parents impressed with the difficulty of teaching their children satisfactorily under the moral and political influences by which they are surrounded, that at all sacrifices they flee, like Joseph, into the interior of the country, where there is some hope of seclusion, or they go away to Europe. It is wise to run away from dangers of the kind referred to. But young people should be brought up where they are to live. We cannot avoid our national circumstances or our social and domestic atmosphere. We must recognize it. Do parents expect to set bad examples, to hurry and worry through their business and exhibit a want of temper to their children, to bring anxious and gloomy feelings home, and hope to have their sons and daughters love their society? Do they think to indulge in wholesale denunciations of their neighbors, to talk at home of political excitements and of murders, of great insurrections, of theatrical performances, and have their young children sitting round their table, and expect that they will cultivate a taste for history, for painting or sculpture, or other elevating influences? It cannot be so. If our natural circumstances have brought our men and women up impatient of details, superficial in their knowledge, fond of excitement, and in temperate of speech, if husbands and wives are not what they ought to be at home, let them not wonder at what they see in their children. To train them up properly first requires that we should train ourselves. When we do this we may hope to possess wisdom and power to train our children to good and in the ways of virtue, peace, and piety."

Lark Edge, the Driver.

There is much of romantic adventure still connected with stage-coach travel, says the Sanford (Ky.) Journal, in regions as yet untrod by the "iron horse," and many narrow escapes from death, many toils and hardships, exposures to summer sun and wintry blast, are crowded into the life of the hardy Jehu, who, four-in-hand, conducts the lumbering coach through narrow gorges, over the high passes, and steep defiles of Southeastern Kentucky. To travel over the route from Sandford to Somerset, the name of Lark Edge is familiar. Lark is a character that Bret Harte would be proud to immortalize. His last adventure showed him possessed of an heroic courage that many who have gained glory at the cannon's mouth cannot boast. A few days since the Somerset coach was descending the pass known as Hill's Gap, in charge of the noted driver, Lark, one of the leading horses got his tail over the lines, and became vicious and unruly. Lark thought of the three passengers—one a lady—and took prompt measures to stop that nonsense. In the effort to stop the team, the lines broke, and left the driver apparently a lost mariner. The leaders headed for the bluff, and after then lumbered the coach with its precious freight. Those who have traveled the road know the danger of a plunge over the bluff at this point. The gentlemen passengers jumped out, and one of them seized a wheel and succeeded in checking the coach a moment, while the other assisted the lady to alight. In another second, the frightened team were on the verge of the precipice, and before them a perpendicular plunge—of thirty feet. The passengers called to the driver to jump and save himself. This he refused to do, saying: "Good-bye, friends, I guess I'll go with 'em, and see how they looks down there!" And down he went. The passengers went to the scene of the wreck as soon as the descent could be effected, expecting to find the mangled remains of poor Lark, intermingled with horse ears, legs and tails; but Lark wasn't that kind of a fellow. He had hastily selected the softest place on a big flat rock, and there he sat, crying as if with a broken heart. He actually shed tears of commiseration for his poor horses, proving that his heart was far softer than other parts of his organization. Upon investigation it was found that the horses, though considerably bruised, were not mortally wounded. The coach had suffered injuries, but, with the aid of the passengers, was placed upon its wheels, and repaired sufficiently to finish the trip, and the whole party took up its arduous march toward town. Among the articles of freight were 1,000 dozen eggs, which Lark fears are injured from their rapid transit through the air.

Items of Interest.

During the last year the Boston banks paid \$1,024,819 taxes to the city.

Atlanta, Ga., has two widows, sisters, aged respectively thirteen and fifteen years.

Many horses have died in Missouri from having been fed on chinch-bug fodder.

The Kindergarten system is to be introduced into the public schools of Milwaukee.

At Medina, Pa., a seventy-five-pound "devil fish," caught in the Delaware, has been on exhibition.

The grand jurors of Lucas county, Ohio, have presented church raffles as an illegality and a nuisance.

There were two hundred and nine marriages in Nodaway county, Mo., last year, notwithstanding that staley name.

Don't feed your birds on sleepy canary seed; more than half the birds that die are lost on account of musty, unhealthy seed.

Mrs. Pepin, aged one hundred and four years, and the mother of twenty-three children, died at Essex, Vt., recently.

The agitation of the question of restoring the duties on teas has already had an effect on prices, which have materially advanced.

So we go. A young man in Otterville, Ill., has actually married his mother-in-law, and they are living happily in the old homestead.

Miss Jennie Britton, of Lewisburg, Pa., has won great glory by skating thirty-two miles in three hours and thirty-five minutes.

A New Orleans paper offers the following sentiment: "George Washington—first in war, first in peace, and last in getting a monument."

Among the curiosities of advertisements is the following: "Saloon for sale at half the cost of fitting Central location. Mean business!"

Miss Ada Sweet, of Chicago, is the only female pension agent in the country, and receives the highest salary paid to a woman by the government.

A generous Terre Haute butcher, in a friendly scuffle, cut a gash in the hand of a companion. To show his regret, he immediately turned, and slashed his own thumb off.

The natives of Africa are so fond of music that Sir Samuel Baker declares that a London organ grinder could march through Central Africa followed by an admiring crowd.

The plantation of Mrs. Mayblum, Fort Bend county, Texas, has this year produced \$3,000 worth of syrup from land which, if planted in cotton, would have yielded only about \$400.

A gentleman whose house was repairing went one day to see how the job was getting on, and observing a quantity of nails lying about, said to the carpenter: "Why don't you take care of these nails?—they'll certainly be lost." "No," replied the carpenter, "you'll find them in the bill."

The editor of the Country Gentleman, after practical tests of the utility of the plan of picking the blossoms off from growing potato plants to increase the growth of the tubers, decides that the increase, if any, is too slight to be perceptible, and that the process costs more than it comes to.

Only a woman's hair! Who has not some time in his life, picked such a golden thread from his best coat collar, and felt his heart beat the quicker for it? Or gazed upon a tress laid away in some nook, and not felt the influence of tender memories? Only a woman's hair! and yet we don't like it in a biscuit.

The exactness with which the man of the house shovels off his sidewalk is remarked as amusing. He will go at it fiercely until he comes to the line that separates his territory from that of the next door neighbor, and there he stops and squints his eye, and treats the snow that lies just over the boundary as though it were so much poison.

An old man lay on his death-bed in Indianapolis surrounded by five or six children and his second wife. He was on the point of signing his will, when a dispute arose between the prospective widow and orphans concerning the distribution of the property, culminating in an actual hand-to-hand fight. Quiet was not restored till the police interfered.

A hospitable lady, of St. Louis, recently gave a party for her friends among the young misses and masters the other evening. Round dances were proposed, when the lady said: "I cannot allow you to have any round dances. If any of the boys wish to hug the girls, let them sit down upon the sofas, and go right at it in earnest, but—no round dances, mind you!"

At Lima, Ohio, they adopted a very pleasant way for raising funds for the grasshopper sufferers. A "spelling school" was held, the admission fee being placed at twenty-five cents, and the successful contestant was presented with a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. The profits of these entertainments—often amounting to a large sum—are then sent to the charitable societies of the desolated districts in the West.

As a policeman passed upon his beat in Detroit he observed two broken windows. He looked through one of them, and saw a man on the floor with a broken and bound-up head, while furniture and fragments were heaped about him. Inquiring as to the origin of the ruin, he was answered by a woman with a baby in her lap: "You see the man there? Well, he's my husband. Baby's sick. He said, 'Give her castor oil.' I said, 'Give her goose grease.' There he lays."

Getting Acquainted with the Bees.

A writer in the British Bee Journal opens up the interesting question as to whether immunity from the pain and other injurious effects of the sting of the bee can be obtained by inoculation. Visiting the Hanwell Apiary, he was struck with the mode in which the owner managed his bees, and asked him the length of time required to render a person sting-proof. The reply was, that his son had only been a short time working with bees, and that he was free from any of the usual effects of bee-stings. Mr. Walker made the experiment upon himself, his *modus operandi* being to catch a bee, place it upon his wrist, and allow it to sting him, taking care that he received the largest amount of poison, by preventing it from going away at once; then he let the poison-bag work, which it does for some time after being separated from the bee. The first day he stung himself twice. The effect was rather severe cutaneous erysipelas, disorder of the motor nerve, with the usual signs of inflammation. A few days having elapsed, and the symptoms having subsided, he caused himself to be stung again three times in quick succession. The attack of erysipelas was on this occasion not nearly so severe, still a stinging sensation ran up to the shoulder, and a lymphatic gland behind his ear increased considerably in size, the poison being taken up by the lymphatic system. A few days subsequently he was stung three, and the pain was considerably less, though the swelling was still extensive. At the end of the next week he had thirteen stings, and by the close of the third week thirty-two stings. After the twentieth sting there was very little swelling or pain, only a slight itching sensation with a small amount of inflammation in the immediate neighborhood of the part stung, which did not spread further.

The Antiquity of Iron.

According to the Iron Age, a wedge or plate of iron has been found imbedded in the masonry of the great pyramid, the indication being that it must have been wrought in the age of Cheops, placed by some authorities as far back as 5,400 years ago. This makes the use of iron about 2,500 years more ancient than it is supposed to be, and affords opportunity for explaining the cutting of the sharp and well defined hieroglyphics on porphyry, granite, and other hard stones employed in the construction of Egyptian pyramids, temples, and tombs. How these could have been cut before the age of iron, has been a puzzling question to many. Further investigation may show iron to have been in use 6,000 years ago.

The women of Ceylon were greatly shocked a short time back at seeing an English lady traveler wearing a tortoise shell back comb. In that quarter of the globe the article is only worn by men.

A Healthy Association.

There is quite a successful co-operative association at work among the Fall River mill hands. The purchase and sale of family supplies began in 1867, its members numbering sixty-five, its capital being \$3,600; investments, \$5,750.69; sales, \$21,281.45; total of members' dividend, \$804.03, and non-members' dividend, \$280.79, for the year. The membership now numbers 265; their capital is about \$20,000; the sinking fund, \$1,100; sales for the year, nearly \$8,000; and for the nine months ending September 24 the aggregate of members' dividend was \$6,318.02, non-members receiving in the same time dividends amounting to \$574.24. A co-operative mill association has been organized, and one gentleman has tendered to it a gift of twenty-six acres of land for building purposes.