

ONLY A DREAM.

I had a dream. I thought that you and I
Walked side by side along a murmuring
stream.
It was in early spring; the sweet wild flowers
Nodded their heads above the water's bow;
The happy birds sang out for very joy
Of living. And we two wandered idly on
Or stopped to pluck a wayward flower which
chanced
To fringe our path; sang merry songs in
anchores,
Or grew as silent after. Till, suddenly,
We came to where the brook and river meet,
And, mingling, flow as one forevermore.
We stopped to rest ere we should homeward
turn;
And then, with sudden impulse, turning
round,
You looked with your dear eyes into mine own,
And said: "The brook and river flow as one,
And why should our two lives less perfect be?"
I answered not a word; my lips were dumb;
But, suddenly, not my life there came
A gladness that I had not known before.
And then you stopped, and kissed me on the
mouth;
I trembling sighed—and with the sigh I
And then I knew that I had only dreamed.

The Emperor's Choice.

Michael the Second lay in the sepulchral
chapel erected by Justinian, in the Church
of the Holy Apostles at Constantinople. It
was in the autumn of 829 that this Em-
peror died, leaving the throne of the East-
ern Empire to his son Theophilus.
Married at an early stage of his greatness
to Euphrosyne, daughter of Constantine
VI., Michael had suffered a degree of ob-
ligation which he could not avert, in conse-
quence of his marriage. Euphrosyne had
already become a nun, when he accident-
ally saw her, as she was returning from
matins, across the courtyard adjoining both
convent and chapel. From this time her
image haunted him, night and day; and
when at length he came to the throne, his
first act was to obtain a dispensation from
the Patriarch for the beautiful recluse to
share his bed.
There were those who dared murmur
against the desecration, and the emperor
and the sovereign's life was embittered,
and perhaps his death hastened, by the re-
ports that often reached him of the disap-
approval of his subjects. Euphrosyne, how-
ever, made an exemplary an Empress as
she had been irreproachable as a nun, and
mourned her husband's death with as true
a grief as if she had never abjured the
world. All her remaining affections cen-
tered in her son, Theophilus, who ascended
the throne when his father died, in Octo-
ber, 829.
To please the fastidious taste that char-
acterized the new Emperor, and, perhaps,
to guard him against the temptation of in-
vading the sacred precincts of the cloister
for a wife, the Empress assembled all the
most beautiful and graceful among the
maidens of Constantinople to a *feite* in her
own private apartments. Previous to their
coming she informed him of her object,
and desired him to select a new empress
from among the many fair and high-born
maidens who would grace it.
Perhaps it was only a whim that prompted
his quick answer; but he eventually
carried it out, in a way that accorded
with his quiet and quiet humor. Seizing
an apple of pure gold from among the cost-
ly ornaments of his mother's cabinet, he
said, "Look, mother! I will openly pre-
sent this apple to the maiden who most
shall meet my approbation in your circle,
this evening; and that maiden, whoever
she may be, shall share with me the throne."
The Empress approved, and they sepa-
rated, to meet again when she should be
surrounded by the flower of beauty and
grace in her own apartment.
The evening shades were deepening into
darkness, when a young and very beautiful
girl, dressed with fairy lightness and taste,
stood before the massive steel mirror which
gave back her flashing eyes and crimson
cheeks. She was robed in a long, trailing
sleeve of transparent silver tissue, looped
up at one side with a knot of white flowers.
The shoulders were partially bare, and the
short sleeves were gathered up by a single
spray of delicate lilies. Across the bosom
the robe was drawn into graceful folds
parting in the center, and decorated with
flowers. The hair was braided into a heavy
knot at the back of the head, and a wreath
of tiny green leaves encircled the knot.
Except the flowers, there was no decora-
tion. All was in the strictest simplicity,
but an air of indescribable elegance and
nobility pervaded her whole appearance.
As she stepped from before the large
mirror she met the eyes of a young man,
bearing a strong family resemblance to her,
fixing themselves earnestly and admiringly
upon her.
"You will go with me, Justus?" she
asked, as he approached her.
"It is your pleasure, Theodora," was
the reply, "I am only too happy to attend
you."
"If I could but know that, I might
hope for your presence in my circle."
"Hush, Justus!" said she; "I think you
must remember that the subject is forbid-
den as one likely to destroy the bonds of
friendship between us."
"And is friendship all that I must hope
for?" he asked.
"All!" she replied. "Believe me it is a
great boon, the true and pure friendship
which I have heard described. Besides, are
you not my own relative?—dearer than any
you have a brother? Sisters' children we
are, Justus." And she laid her white hand
upon his arm with a sisterly freedom that
disarmed him of all resentment toward her.
"You will go?" she asked again.
"Yes, Theodora—and as a brother only,
if that is all you can desire me to be to
you. But I shall make a sorry attend-
ant."
The two passed out together, and just as
they were about to enter the quantity-
dotted Greek chariot, another chariot,
with wild, prancing horses, nearly ran
against them.
"That is Ekkasia's carriage," said Theodora,
when her momentary fright was over.
"Did you observe what a beautiful thing it
is?"
"I saw that it was built in the form of a
sea-shell," he replied. "Ekkasia has taste
as well as beauty."
"Yes," said Theodora; "and oh, Jus-
tus! how grandly beautiful she is! How
full of glorious strength and majesty! Do
you know that I shrink away into nothing
beside Ekkasia? She seems to overshadow
me with her commanding presence."
"And yet," said Justus, passionately,

How the Winters in the Sierras Grow Longer.

Professor Legate has just returned from
a trip into the Sierras of eight days dura-
tion. He had with him two assistants and
his own vehicle for the transportation of
his instruments, and camped out most of
the time. The object of the professor's
trip was the study of recent interesting
meteorological changes in the elevated
regions of the Sierras. He was led to be-
lieve that during the present season the
warm belt had shifted south. Beginning
at a point just north of Lake Tahoe, the
snow has not melted away as in former
years. There are now banks of snow from
fifty to 100 feet in depth at points where
heretofore at this season no snow has lain.
Nearly the whole of this snow will remain
where it now lies until the snows of winter
again set in. Up toward the head waters
of the North Fork of the Yuba River, where
the snow is usually seen at this season, it
has melted more than a foot, and the snow
in that place is to be seen in banks of
snow, under which flow the waters of the
stream, forming arches or natural bridges
100 feet in height, and from 200 to 300
feet in width. As nearly the whole of this
snow will remain until snow again comes,
the accumulation next year will be still
greater, and the whole region around the
head of that and other rivers high in the
mountains will probably lie under the snow
the year round.
It was for the purpose of ascertaining
the cause of this remarkable change of cli-
mate to the northward that Professor Legate
went on his expedition into the moun-
tains. Through the results obtained by
observations made at many points with
various delicate instruments, but principal-
ly the professor has established the fact that
there has occurred in the range of the Sierra
Sierra Nevada this year a grand isother-
mal change. It finds that the general
current of air which ever since the settle-
ment of California by Americans—and prob-
ably ages before—has moved upward
from the Pacific seaboard to the Sierra
Nevada Mountains and thence turned and
flowed to the northward along the west
side of the main ridge of the range, thus
giving to all regions in that direction a
warm climate, no longer moves in that di-
rection. It now comes from the side of
the ocean and pours eastward directly
across the crest of the Sierra near Lake
Tahoe.
Professor Legate has satisfied himself
that this wonderful change, which is leav-
ing all the northern parts of the Sierra
buried in snow, summer and winter, is
caused by the denudation of timber which
the mountains have suffered through a belt
extending at Lake Tahoe and extending
some twenty miles southward. Through
the great gap thus left by the sweeping
away of the forests now flows the warm
current of air which formerly moved—
with something of the circling motion of water
in an eddy—far along the mountains to the
northward. Professor Legate says it must
not be supposed that the change has been
caused merely on account of the gap or
trough left by the clearing away of the
forests. The denudation of the ground is
the principal cause. The heat of the sun
pouring down upon the broad belt of bare
ground now reaching across the mountains
causes at that point an immense ascending
column of heated air which draws in from
the west the current which formerly moved
to the northward and now all crosses the
Sierras, passing in an upward and eastward
direction.
Professor Legate is of the opinion that
the only thing capable of changing the is-
othermal line which has been recently ac-
cidentally and transiently established is the
creation at some point well north, of an
other broad belt of denudation, the influ-
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rection a portion of the warm current of air
moving up to and along the western slope
of the Sierras, and thus partly pre-
vail. He thinks the railroad which is to
run in the direction of Oregon from Reno,
and which is to strike and tap the great
pine forests of the Sierras well to the north,
will after a few years effect the desired
change.

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Pitch Pine.

From Wilmington, N. C. southward and
nearly all the way to Florida, the pitch-
pine trees with their blazed sides, attract
the attention of the traveler. The lands for
long stretches are almost worthless and
the only industry, beyond small patches of
corn or cotton, is the "boxing" of the
pitch-pine trees for the gum, as it is called,
and the manufacture of turpentine and re-
sin. There are several kinds of pine trees,
including the white, spruce, yellow, Rou-
mney and pitch pine. The latter is the only
valuable one for boxing, and differs a little
from the yellow pine with which it is
sometimes confounded at the North. The
owners of these pine lands generally lease
the privilege for the business, and re-
ceive about \$125 for a crop, which con-
sists of 10,000 boxes. The boxes are cavities
cut into the tree near the ground in such
a way as to hold about a quart, and from one
tree to the next are cut in such a way as
to be dependent on the size. The man can
attend to and gather the crop of 10,000
boxes during the season, which lasts from
March to September. About three quarts
of pitch or gum is the average production
of each box, but to secure this amount the
bark of the tree above must be lugged
away a little every fortnight. Doing this
so often, and for successive seasons, re-
aches the bark as high as can be easily
reached, while the quantity of gum con-
stantly decreases, in that it yields less
spirit, as the turpentine is called, and the
trees are abandoned. The gum is
scraped out of the boxes with a sort of wood-
en spoon, and at the close of the season,
after the pitch on the exposed surface of
the tree has become hard, it is removed by
scraping, and is only fit for resin, produc-
ing no spirit. The gum sells for \$1.50 a
barrel to the distillers. From sixteen bar-
rels of the crude gum, which is about the
average quantity of the stills, eighty gal-
lons of turpentine and ten barrels of resin
are made. The resin sells for \$1.40
to \$1.50 per barrel, according to quality, and
just about pays for cost of gear and distil-
ling, leaving the spirit, which sells for forty-
two cents a gallon, as the profit of the busi-
ness. Immense quantities of resin await
shipment along the line, and the pleasant
odor enters the car windows if we are
whirled along. After the trees are cut
for further boxing, and are not suitable for
lumber; they are sometimes used to manu-
facture tar, but the business is not very
profitable, and is only done by large com-
panies, who can thus utilize their surplus
labor. The trees are cut up into wood,
which is piled into a hole in the ground
and covered with earth, and then burned,
the same as the wood used in New
York. The heat sweats out the gum,
which, uniting with the smoke, runs off
through a spout provided for that purpose.
A cord of wood will make two barrels of
tar, which sells for \$1.50 a barrel,
and costs thirty-seven and a half cents to
make. The charcoal is then sold for cook-
ing purposes.

The Complexion.

I asked a druggist what particular article
or line of goods he sold the most of. He
replied without hesitation, "Compounds
for improving the complexion. The num-
ber of these preparations is surprising; they
must be generally employed. I have
noticed that while nice girls out of ten
have a singularly smooth, perfect skin upon
their faces, the doctor is constantly con-
sulted with references to roughness, eruptions
on other parts of the body. Girls are
not generally as healthy as boys, but the
skin of their faces seems much smoother
than that of boys. This difference, it is
far to presume, comes of the bottles and
boxes found at the apothecary's. I have
read, and you have all read, of the analy-
sis which careful chemists have made of a
great number of these preparations, and in
this way we have learned that they are
poisonous. Arsenic is a very common in-
gredient. Not one of them, the analysis
of which I have examined, is fit to rub on
the human skin. We all rejoice that the
hair preparations so generally employed to
color the hair a few years since have gone
out of fashion. They poisoned us, doing
a great deal of harm to the brain and ner-
vous system. These preparations were gen-
erally poisonous to the complexion, and
fluids are, but were taken into the system
in the same way, by absorption through the
skin. The impression is gaining ground
among the medical men that a certain class
of nervous affections, too common among
our girls, they employ to improve their
complexions. What a gain it would be
every way if they would keep their faces
clean and bright by frequent bathing, exer-
cise, sunshine, and pure air! As things
now go, they are not what they seem, but
if they depend upon the natural methods,
they would not only secure a bright, beau-
tiful face, but they would be bright and
happy from top to toe, all the way through
and not simply on a small portion of the
surface.

How the Pyramids were Built.

From the far distance you see the giant
forms of the pyramids, as if they were regu-
larly crystallized mountains, which the
ever-creating nature has called forth from
the rock, to lift themselves up toward the
vault of heaven. And yet, they are but
masses, built by the hands of men, which
have been the admiration and astonishment
alike of the ancient and modern world.
Perfectly adjusted to the cardinal points
of the horizon, they differ in breadth and
height, as is shown by the measurements of
the three oldest, as follows: 1. The Pyra-
mid of Khufu—height, 450-75 feet; breadth,
745 feet. 2. Pyramid of Khafra—height,
447-75 feet; breadth, 690-75 feet. 3. Pyra-
mid of Menkara—height, 205 feet; breadth,
352-75 feet. The construction of these
enormous masses has long been an insolu-
ble mystery, but later generations have
succeeded in solving the problem. Accord-
ing to their ancient usages and customs,
the Egyptians were stilljourning in health
and spirits, were ever mindful to turn their
looks to the region where the departing Ra
took leave of life, where the door of the
grave opened, where the body, well con-
served, at length found rest to rise again to
a new existence, after an appointed time of
long, long years, while the soul, though
bound to the body, was at liberty to leave
the grave and return to it during the day-
time, in any form it chose. In such a be-
lief, it was the custom betimes to dig the
grave in the form of a deep shaft in the
rock and above this eternal dwelling to
raise a superstructure of artificial cham-
bers sometimes only a hall, sometimes sev-
eral apartments, and to adorn them richly
with colored writings and painted sculp-
tures, as was becoming to a house of plea-
sure and joy. The king began his work
from his accession. As soon as he mount-
ed the throne, the sovereign gave orders to
a nobleman, the master of all the buildings
of his land, to plan the work and cut the
stone. The corner of the future edifice
was raised on the limestone soil of the
desert, in the form of a small pyramid
built in steps, of which the well construct-
ed and finished interior formed the king's
eternal dwelling, with its stone sarcophagus
lying on the rocky floor. Let us suppose
that this first building was finished while
the Pharaohs still lived in the bright sun-
light. A second covering was added, stone
by stone on the outside of the kerai; a
third, to the second, and a fourth, and
fourth, and the mass of the giant building
grew greater the longer the king enjoyed
existence. And then at last, when it be-
came almost impossible to extend the area
of the pyramid further, a casing of hard
stone, polished like glass, and fitted ac-
curately into the angles of the steps, cover-
ed the vast mass of the sepulcher, present-
ing a gigantic triangle on each of its four
faces. About seventy such pyramids
once rose on the margin of the desert, each
telling of a king of whom it was at once
the tomb and monument. Had not the
greater number of these sepulchers of the
Pharaohs been destroyed almost to the
foundation, and had the names of the
builders of these which still stand been ac-
curately preserved, it would have been
easy for the inquirer to prove and make
out by calculation what was originally
and of necessity, the proportion between
the masses of the pyramids and the years
of the reign of their respective builders.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

He submits himself to be seen
through a microscope who suffers him-
self to be caught in a passion.
If you would be satisfied to do what
you can do, rather than what you want
to do, you would be happier.
Every man is a good pilot in a smooth
sea, but when the wind blows then we
find out who knows the most.
If you wish to be as happy as a king
look at those who have't as much as
you, not at those who have more.
When death, the great reconciler,
has come, it is never our tenderness
that we regret of, but our severity.
If you have talents, industry will
strengthen them; if moderate abilities,
industry will supply the deficiency.
The voice of conscience is so delicate
that it is easy to stifle it, but it is also
so clear that it is impossible to mistake
it.
The best kind of revenge is that
which is taken by him who is so gener-
ous that he refuses to take any revenge
at all.
To be born of the Spirit is the essen-
tial thing, and there must be the wit-
nessing of a holy walk and conver-
sation.
Every person has two educations—
one which he receives from others, and
one, more important which he gives
himself.
There is a gift that is almost a blow,
and there is a kind word that is munifi-
cence; so much is there in the way we
do things.
As sin proceed they ever multiply;
like figures in arithmetic, the last on
the left stands for more than all that
went before it.
Man is an animal that cannot long
be left in safety without occupation,
the growth of his fallow nature is apt
to run to weeds.
If there is any thing more poignant
than a body agonizing for want of
bread, it is a soul which is dying of
"hunger for light."
Enter upon life as you would wish
to retire from it, and spend time on
earth as you would wish to spend eter-
nity in Heaven.
The worst people are most injured
by slanders; as we usually find that to
be the best fruit which the birds have
been pecking at.
Though the life of a man falls short
of a future life, he gives himself
as much pain and anxiety as if he were
to live a thousand.
A man of intellect is lost unless he
unites energy of character to intellect.
When we have the lantern of Diogenes
we must have his staff.
A gentle person is like the river
flowing calmly along; while the pas-
ionate man is like the sea, casting up
muds and dirt continually.
The only gratification a covetous
man gives his neighbors is to let them
see that he himself is no better for
what he has than they are.
It is wonderful how silent a man can
be when he knows his cause is just,
and how boisterous he becomes when
he knows he is in the wrong.
Knowledge always desires increase;
it is like fire, which must first be kind-
led by some external agent, but which
will afterwards propagate itself.
Since the generality of persons act
from impulse, men are neither so good
or so bad as we are apt to think them.
Only they who carry sincerity to the
highest point, in whom there remains
not a single hair's breadth of hypocrisy,
can see the hidden spring of things.
Mortality is an event by which a
wise man can never be surprised; we
know that death is always near, and it
should therefore, always be expected.
A more glorious victory cannot be
gained over another man than this,
that which makes the injury done on his
part, for the kindness to begin on ours.
There are some people who think
that eternal vigilance is a terrible sum
to pay for liberty, when a sort of easy-
going slavery can be had for half that
price.
There are errors which no wise man
will treat with rudeness while there is
a probability that they may be the re-
fraction of some great truth below the
horizon.
Events are only the shells of ideas;
and often it is the fluent thought of
ages that is crystallized in a moment
by the stroke of a pen or the point of
a bayonet.
The poorest stander often has in it
some truth from which we may learn a
lesson that may make us wiser, and if
we will, better, when the first smart of
it is over.
The humble man, though surround-
ed with the scorn and reproach of the
world, is still in peace, for the stability
of his peace rests not upon the
world, but upon God.
Humor is a very important element
in every man's life. Neither man nor
plant thrives in the shade. It is good
however, to see that it is good
humor rather than bad.
Pride is seldom delicate; it will
please itself with very mean advan-
tages; and envy feels not its own hap-
piness, but when it may be compared
with the misery of others.
Profanity never did any man the
least good. No man is richer, happier
or freer for it. It commands no one to
society; it is disgusting to refined peo-
ple, and abominable to the good.
Blessed is he who gives to the poor,
albeit only a penny; doubly blessed he
who adds kind words to his gift.
Say not because thou canst not do
everything, "I will do nothing."
However early in the morning you
seek the gate of access, you find it al-
ready open; and however deep the mid-
night hour when you find yourself in
the sudden arms of death, the winged
prayer can bring an instant Saviour
near.
And no nation, whatever be its natu-
ral resources, shall survive the action
of those divinely appointed laws by
which righteousness is made to exalt
a nation, and sin to be a reproach to
a people.
It is at this point precisely that men
may expect help from Providence—at
the end of their own possible effort, at
a point where they have done all they
can to help themselves. To help them
sooner than this were not wise. To do
for man what he can do for himself,
were not wise. To do for man,
growth, either in knowledge or virtue,