

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Gentle Word is Never Lost.
"A gentle word is never lost,
Oh, never then refuse one;
It sheers the heart when tempest-tossed
And lulls the cares that bruise one;
It seatters sunshine o'er our way,
And turns our thorns to roses;
It changes weary night to day,
And hope and love discloses.
"A gentle word is never lost—
Thy fallen brother needs it;
How easy and how small the cost—
With peace and comfort speed it;
Then drive the shadow from thy cheek,
A smile can well replace it;
Our voice is music when we speak,
With gentle words to grace it."

The Paper Dime.
It was collection day, and Will had forgotten his contribution. There was the good superintendent with the hat in his hand, coming straight to their class, and he hadn't a penny in his pocket.

"Here, take this," said Tom Rider, thrusting into his hand what seemed to be a silver dime.
Will was very grateful—so grateful that he did not see the knowing look in Tom Rider's eyes.

"It's real clever of Tom," he said to himself, as he dropped the supposed money into the hat. "I'll take a dime to school to-morrow and return it to him."
After school, however, Tom thinking it too good a joke to keep, told him that he was "sold," that what seemed to be a dime, was nothing but a round bit of paste-board, such as hunters use in loading guns. Will was indignant; but the echo of his teacher's voice was still in his heart, and putting his hands behind him, he hurried away without a word.

Not long after, the superintendent was surprised to see Will walk into the room and lay a silver dime upon the desk.

"I was afraid you'd think you had some mighty mean boy in school," he said, as he made the explanation, but he did not tell who the "mean boy" was.

"God bless you for your honesty," said the superintendent, when Will had finished. And the next Sunday, at the close of the usual exercises he told the school the story of the paper dime. It seemed a trifling thing, he said; but the boy who would cheat in such a way, would be very likely, by and by, to commit larger and more serious frauds, while he who was honest in such small matters would surely make an honest man.

There were no names mentioned, but Tom Rider's sheepish face told plainly enough who was the giver of the counterfeit, and so thorough was his repentance, that no one ever heard of his doing the like again.

How the Nest was Made.

George came running in one day in great excitement. "I say mother! some tramp or somebody's been and stole my jacket!"

"Where was it?"
"Right on the peg in the wash-room, where I always put it; and I guess the fellow took Ella's hat, too. She says she can't find it anywhere. I only wish I had a pistol. I'd give the fellow pepper, so I would!"

"Don't be in such a hurry, George. Perhaps it has fallen down behind the ice-chest. Let's go and look."

"It's no use, mother. I know some fellow's taken it, and I'm going to watch for him to-night. I guess he'll come back for the rest of the things. I only wish I had a sword, or a rifle, or something!"

"Look here, George! I've found the thief—a two-legged one, too!"

"Where, mother?"

"Why, right in the keg! Just look in." And there, sure enough, was the pretty little thief.

"Why, mother! Nell's been making her nest with my jacket. See the sleeve sticking out under her wing! And there's lots of things besides!"

"Now, George you've caught the thief. The next thing is to get your pistol and shoot her, as you promised to do, you know."

"Shoot Nell! I guess not—not if she was to take forty jackets! I shall just love Nell better than ever."

But still they wanted their things. So their mother gently took the little hen out and the eggs, and the children made a nice warm nest of hay, and put her back again.

The next morning, when they opened the wash-room door, they saw Nell perched on the keg and very busy. She's pulled George's jacket down, you see, and now she's getting Ella's hat. She looks pretty angry about it; and I shouldn't wonder if she'll take the parasol, and the bag, and everything else she can find.—Youth's Companion.

"Splitting Spite."

No blows are struck in the East. A quarrel in Bulgaria is accompanied by a series of highly exasperated expectations, reminding the observer of a nocturnal feline combat. One of the combatants spits upon the pavement, in what he conceives to be an intensely malignant and daring manner; his antagonist immediately follows suit, and spits upon his side of the street in what he imagines to be a more desperate and blood-curling style, and, if the controversy is a very deadly one, the participants keep up the bombardment of the unfortunate sidewalk until their lips are so dry that they rattle in a vain attempt to expend more ammunition. When this point is reached, the disputants generally walk off in different directions, turning back every two minutes for the first two miles to shake their fists in the direction they suppose their antagonists to have taken.

A Novel Position of Danger.

There are probably many persons living in the shadow of Jennings' Knob, in Wilson county, Tenn., who are unacquainted with the origin of the name. The story, as told by Captain Jennings himself, for whom the Knob was named, is as follows:

A party of scouts from the stations on Bledsoe creek, in Sumner county, was over in Wilson on a tour of observation for Indian signs. It was a habit of the settlers to keep out men all the time, who went in succession the entire circuit of the settlement, in order to give timely warning of any hostile approach.

As the party referred to were preparing to camp late one winter afternoon, Captain Jennings, who was one of the number, started out to kill a buffalo from a herd which was near by. There was a heavy sleet on the ground, and he found it difficult to get a good range on account of the noise of his feet on the cracking ice; but after following the game for several miles, he at last killed a very large bull at the top of a high knob. Fearing that the meat would be injured if left until next morning, he skinned the animal and took out the viscera. By the time he had finished his task night had come, and he decided to remain with his meat instead of seeking camp in the darkness. So, wrapping the huge hide around him, flesh side out, he lay down and slept very comfortably until morning. On awaking he found himself tightly imprisoned in the hide, which had frozen hard during the night, and now resisted all his efforts to escape. Hour after hour rolled by in agony to the captain. He yelled at the top of his voice for help, and strained and kicked with all his great strength at his rawhide inclosure, but it proved stubborn to the last degree. He expected his companions to search for him, and they did, but with a great deal of caution, fearing that he had been killed by Indians. His prolonged absence could be accounted for in no other way.

The captain, in relating the circumstance to Captain Rogers years after, says that he gave up all hope of extricating himself as the hours wore away and his companions failed to come to his rescue; he supposed that they had become alarmed at his absence and had left the vicinity with the idea that he was dead, and that it was unsafe to search for his body. Truly it was a trying situation which his great strength and will had failed to overcome. To a man who had escaped Indian bullets and had swam icy rivers like a beaver, such a death was mortifying in the extreme; but such was the prospect he had to face alone and unaided by human power in the depths of the wilderness. We will let him relate the issue in his own words, in answer to a question as to how he finally escaped: "Well, the sun come out in the afternoon, and this satened the hide on top so I could git one arm out, and when I got one arm out, I worked like pizen until I got my body through."

Words of Wisdom.

One is never conscientious during action; only the looker-on has a conscience.

Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Small service is true service while it lasts. Of friends, however humble, scorn not one.

The sickness of the heart is most easily got rid of by complaining and soothing confidence.

The heart is like a musical instrument of many strings, all the chords of which require putting in harmony.

If one strives to treat others as he would be treated by them, he will not fail to come near the perfect life.

If you would relish your food, labor for it; if you would enjoy the raiment, pay for it before you wear it; if you would sleep soundly, take a clear conscience to bed with you.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one.

Care is the lot of life, and he that aspires to greatness in hopes to get rid of it is like one who throws himself into a furnace to avoid the shivering of an ague.

Ancient Love Stories.

Most people think that the story paper, as many of the mawkish and sense-curling weeklies are named, is of modern invention. But it is very old, on the contrary, far older than the newspaper proper, which dates from the fifteenth century. The Acta Diurna, or the Acta Publica, of ancient Rome, the first approach to anything like a newspaper of which we have any record, contained, in addition to an enumeration of births, deaths and marriages, edicts of magistrates, reports of trials, and accounts of foreign wars, love tales of a very warm and gushing character. They were not quite so bad as those we have now-a-days (they contained more nature, though less morality, a thing unknown in our sense, until a century or so since), and they were read with avidity by all the Roman women who could read at all. The Acta were prepared under the direction of censors, who were chiefly concerned with the politics—not the ethics—of the sheet. They were not distributed as may be inferred but were posted in some public place and read by those sufficiently interested in current news to seek them. Women devoured the amatory chronicles and the marriage announcements, very much as they do now. Indeed the women of ancient Rome and modern America have not changed materially.—Boston Herald.

NO LUCK.

Prof. Proctor on the Doctrine of Chance.

Prof. Richard A. Proctor has a paper in a recent number of the London Echo on the doctrine of chances. Prof. Proctor takes up the incident referred to in Forster's life of Charles Dickens, which is related as follows: "On the St. Leger day, in 1857, Dickens bought a card of the races; facetiously wrote down three names for the winners of the three chief races (never in his life having heard or thought of any of the horses, except that the winner of the Derby, who proved to be nowhere, had been mentioned to him), and, 'if you can believe it,' he wrote to Forster, 'if you can believe it without your hair standing on end, those three races, were won, one after another, by those three horses!!'" Prof. Proctor says of this incident:

"Now, certainly it was a curious chance that any one at a first trial should have had this piece of good fortune—or what at least would have been good fortune had money depended on the result—just as it would have seemed a curious chance if a vase containing some four hundred tickets had been set before Dickens, and he had at a first trial drawn a particular prize ticket. But it must be remembered that if nothing remarkable had followed from Dickens' little experiment we should have heard nothing about it. We never do hear anything about the thousands, nay, we may fairly say millions, of cases in which men try their luck and nothing noteworthy comes of the trial. Dickens was one of the thousands who have tried some such experiment at their first race. The experiment, again, was doubtless one of the thousands of cases in which Dickens was, so to speak, in the way of meeting with some strange experience. We hear nothing of the cases in which such experiments fail; but in every single case in which they succeed, either wholly or partially, is reported, and, once reported, is repeated over and over again until each 'strange chance' has done duty for a thousand strange chances. But so soon as we recognize this we perceive the real interpretation of coincidences of the kind. They are no more wonderful in reality than would be the drawing of one marked ticket out of any number of tickets in a much greater number of trials, (the ticket drawn always being replaced after each trial). If there are a thousand tickets, one of which is marked, and a million drawings are made in this way, it is to all intents and purposes certain that the marked ticket will be drawn a great number of times; and it is exceedingly probable (the probability amounting almost to certainty) that the number of successful drawings will not greatly exceed or fall short of one thousand. It is very easy to show that, with a sufficient number of trials, the wonderful and paralyzing circumstance which happened to Dickens would be sure to happen several times."

Prof. Proctor then goes into simple arithmetical calculations to show what the chances in a given instance would be, and says:

"When we consider that probably not 10,000, but several hundred thousand, make precisely such experiments about every great race, that there are many great races in the year, and that gambling on races has been going on for very many years, it will be seen that 'coincidences' far more surprising than Dickens' experience must occur many times each year, and that yet more startling 'coincidences' must often have occurred since racing began. Add to these millions of experiments made in gambling transactions of other sorts, and also in more or less speculative business transactions, and we see that there must of necessity be an enormous mass of evidence apparently favoring the belief in luck, lucky persons, lucky seasons, and so forth. The marvelous stories, (true stories, too) of men who at Baden and Homburg, in the bad old times, had wonderful runs of luck are found, when thus considered, to be not marvelous at all. The wonder rather is that among the multiplied experiences at rouge et noir, roulette, and so forth, still more curious cases have not occurred, or have not been noted. At a first view, nothing seems more certainly to demonstrate the reality of luck than the success of those who have several times 'broken the bank,' and have amassed in a short time enormous sums at the gaming table. But so soon as we consider that among the millions who gamble, tens of thousands must be very successful for a while; that, among these hundreds must continue to be successful yet longer; and that, among these hundreds, several must have a further spell of success, we see how the stories of great good luck, of amazing luck, and lastly of 'paralyzing' luck, can not only be explained, but are necessary consequences of multiplied gambling experiences.

"But the lesson from all this is altogether against gambling, apart from its innate immorality. If there were such a thing as real luck, men might try their luck in the way Steinmetz' blackleg taught, and by playing only when 'in vein,' or abstaining altogether if they found themselves absolutely unlucky by nature, might experience no great loss. But when it is seen that there is no such thing as luck; that by the very nature of gambling transactions every great winner represents many losers; while in the long run all the great winners have invariably become great losers (the only lasting successful men being the black-legs, high class and low class), the utter folly of gambling is clearly seen—that is to say, it would be clearly seen if men were not, in such matters, willfully blind."

If a man works for a week and gets nothing for his labor, he takes it as bad luck and says nothing; but when he spends five minutes in sharpening a lead-pencil and the point breaks off, he jumps about like a madman.

Dexterity of a Goat.

Dr. Clarke relates that when he was traveling from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, his party fell in with an Arab who had a goat which he led about the country for exhibition. He had taught this animal, while he accompanied it with a song, to mount upon little blocks of wood, placed successively on one another, and in shape resembling the dice-boxes of a back-gammon table. In this manner the goat stood first upon the top of one cylinder, then upon the top of two, and afterwards of three, four, five and six, until it remained balanced upon the top of them all, elevated several feet from the ground, and with his four feet collected on a single point, without throwing down the disjointed fabric on which he stood. Dr. Clarke adds that this feat is very ancient. It is also noted by Sandys. Nothing can show more strikingly the tenacious footing possessed by this quadruped upon the jutting points and crags of rock, and the circumstance of its ability to remain thus poised may render this exhibition less surprising. It is seen frequently in mountainous countries standing securely, though with hardly any place for its feet, upon the sides and by the brink of the most tremendous precipices. The diameter of the upper cylinder, upon which its feet ultimately remained until the Arab had finished his ditty, was only two inches, and the length of each cylinder was six inches. The most curious part of the performance occurred afterwards, for the Arab, to convince Dr. Clarke's party of the goat's attention to his tune, interrupted da capo; as often as he did this the goat tottered, appeared uneasy, and upon his master becoming suddenly silent in the midst of the song, fell to the ground.

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