



The Listening Woods.

IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.
I went to the leafy forest:
Not a leaf, not a flower was stirred;
Still, in its nook, was the dreaming brook;
Still was the nestling bird.
I looked at the shadowed mosses,
I looked at the nests overhead,
I looked at the small brook dreaming
Alone in its sandy bed.
I listened long in the stillness;
I listened and looked in vain;
It seemed that the silent forest
Never would wake again.
At last, like a gentle breathing,
A wind of the Southland blew,
And it whispered, "The folk of the forest
Are listening, child, like you!"

Her Resolve.

"In the Cheering-up Business" contains the brave conclusion reached by a young girl who so persistently tries to bring sunshine into the lives of others that she finally becomes known as the "joy-giver."
If there is only one thing in life which is bright and pleasant," she said, "that I mean to hold fast; and if there isn't such a thing, I'll make it. I'll be it myself!"
Perhaps she was helped in her hearty and healthy way of taking life by the remark of an old doctor, who had called to see another member of the family and asked:
"What's the matter with her, now?"
"Oh," said the young girl, "I suppose it's her nerves."

"Nerves! nerves!" cried the doctor, seemingly in an alarming rage. "My dear young lady, I adjure you by all your hopes of happiness, don't let that word get into your vocabulary. There's no such thing! Indigestion, dyspepsia, if you like, but not nerves!"
That he was fond of exaggeration, no one can doubt; still, the lesson he would have taught was a sensible one. When we allow ourselves moods of ill-temper or weakness because we are "nervous," then we need to remember that the soul is stronger than the body. We need to look about us, and see whether or not we can make some one else happy.

"For," says the little heroine who became a joy-giver, "if one is really disposed to bring people good cheer it is wonderful to see what frequent opportunities there are. One might make it a business!"

Had Done His Part.

Some years ago there lived in the Western part of Pennsylvania an old circuit preacher known as Father West. His good humor and great kind-heartedness had made him a special favorite with the young people of his district, and his services in "tying the knot" were in request.

On one occasion, so the story goes, upon his arrival at a certain town, after a long journey, he found several couples awaiting his blessing. The poor old man was tired, and wished to make the ceremony as short as possible; so he said, with the promptness for which he was noted, "Stand up and give hands."

This request having been complied with, he went through a marriage service which was the product of his own

introduced into a profitable business. Through this legacy the clerk was of clock, summer and winter, who took down the shutters at just 6 o'clock, summer and winter. He left his property to one so like-stances, and was satisfied that he could and fidelity, the old gentleman had in-Attracted by the youth's promptness will to him.

Month after month this mutual greeting was continued, until one morning the old gentleman was missed, and he never appeared again. He was dead. Not long afterward the enterprising and faithful clerk was waited upon by the administrator of the old man's estate, and informed that his store and stock of goods had been

both. "Good morning," became natural to young man that a hearty and familiar man smiled so benignly upon the his place of business. The old gentleman always passed by on his way to or shine, a certain old gentleman at-While he was taking them down, rain precisely 6 o'clock in the morning. down the shutters of the store at York city was wont to take a century ago a clerk in New of unimportant events. Half a little. Human life is a succession of great things are the aggregate of Character Indexes.

ingly," "now sort yourself out."

"I married ye all," said he, reassured wave of his hands. dispersed the company with a gracious ation. But he recollected himself, and with amusement as he took in the situation. The old preacher's eyes twinkled wrong persons and they had taken the hands of the and to do "fine," had confused them, mand to do that the sudden com-tered. "I'm a good fellow, and I'm a good fellow," he said, when he had finished the ceremony, "ye can go now; ye're man and wife, every one o' ye!"
"There," he said, "I had the advantage of beauty."
"Originality," and had at least the and-at once, and he afterward became one of the most wealthy, benevolent and respected merchants of the city.

Likeness.

Prof. Galton, illustrating the strong likeness which often exists between members of the same family, reports the following facts: One boy sometimes spoke to himself in a looking-glass, thinking that he was talking to his brother. A little girl, whose mother and aunt were twins, often called her aunt "mother" and her mother "auntie," so much alike were those ladies.

"On one occasion, when I returned from foreign service," says a British officer, "my father turned to me and said, 'I thought you were in London,' thinking I was my brother; yet he had not seen me for nearly four years."

But the following anecdote is still more interesting. It was sent to Prof. Galton by a young Englishman, who says, "I was coming home from India on leave of absence. The ship did not arrive for some days after it was due. My twin brother, Ben, had come up to receive me, and our aged mother was very nervous.

"One morning, after she had undergone several disappointments because of the ship's delay, I rushed into her room, saying, 'O mother, how are you?' Her answer was, 'No, Benjamin, it's a bad joke; you know how anxious I am for Alfred.' It was some time before I could convince my mother that I was her son Alfred, who had been away so long, and not my twin brother, Ben, playing a joke on her."

Twice Scared.

The author of "Sports and Adventures Among the North American Indians" says that he and a companion, whom he calls M—, had wounded a

buffalo, and were following him through a country intersected by small streams. They came at last to stream which had a very steep bank, about fifteen feet high. At the bottom they saw the buffalo waiting for them.

He came up the bank with a rush, and very nearly caught us, as we were not expecting such a demonstration. We both fired and bolted in opposite directions.

The buffalo took after M—, who, instead of going down the bank into the timber at the bottom, ran along the top. Things were getting dangerous, when I managed to get into a shot which struck the beast well forward. He turned and went slowly down the bank. Then he walked into the stream, laid down, and rolled over.

Thinking he was dead, we both went up to him, first leaning our rifles against a tree a few yards away. Before taking out his tongue we sat down on his body and began to discuss the affair. While we were thus peacefully employed the buffalo gave a violent heave, nearly throwing us off, and then attempted to rise.

We went up the bank faster than we had come down and I blush to say that we forgot our rifles in our hurry. However, it was only a last effort, and the buffalo was soon dead.

Cunning Hunter.

Deservedly has Master Fox served for ages as the representative of craft and guile. He evidently has a brain, and means to use it in preserving his life and stocking his larder. The author of "Forty-five Years of Sport" says that a fox was one day seen coming out of a pile of stones near the water side.

He hid in the hether for a while, and then pushed out something on the water, which proved to be a bunch of moss. The wind took it into the lake, and blew it past some ducks, sitting on the surface.

Having watched his venture for perhaps ten minutes, with apparent satisfaction, and observed that it neared the ducks without arousing their suspicions, our friend began to collect another and larger bunch of moss, which he allowed to float in the same direction, but this time he swam behind it, taking care to show only his eyes and nose above water.

Just as it was passing the group of ducks, he made a sudden dive, pulled down a bird, and swam back to shore under water. Arrived there, he carried the duck to the pile of stones, where his wife and daughter were no doubt waiting to enjoy the fruits of his labors.—Youth's Companion.

Its Origin.

Any one who thinks that the English language is musical and easy to be pronounced because it is the one to which his ear and tongue are most accustomed, and who hears, when German is pronounced, only its harshness and its gutturals, will appreciate the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's account of the origin of German.

"Do you know," asked he of a friend, one day, "how the German language originated?"

"No," was the reply.
"Well," said the preacher, "I do. There were two workmen at the Tower of Babel, one standing above the other. The uppermost one accidentally threw some mortar from his trowel into the mouth of the lower one, and he began to sputter with the mortar in his mouth. The sound is now known as German!"

Long Word.

Mr. Whympier, in a paper upon Greenland in an old number of the Alpine Journal, characterizes the Eskimo language as "sententious."

A single word, he says, is made to convey an idea which in English would require a full sentence. Of such words he offers one example—a word meaning, "You must try much to get a good

Savecenearetoresooafiaromaron-atetok.

Mr. Whympier does not indicate how this precious polysyllable is to be pronounced, and we must leave our readers to exercise their own discretion upon that point.

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