A WITCH'S SPELL.

Tell me, witches, tell me true,
How to win a angel from you
That will charm a wanton fair,
Who is like a spirit of air.
Ariel and Caliban,
Aid me, aid me, if you can.
Witch, witch, witch, witch,
As elusive as herself.

Bewitched my eyes, enchanted
Whatever wile smiles—bedewed with tears—
Luring me from day to day
In an idle fatuous way.
Ariel and Caliban!
Was there ever mortal man
So perplexed as I, who fain
Would this errant one detain?

Even through my dreams she breaks,
And most dire confusion makes,
And when I wake, anon,
Mischief take it! She is gone:
Caliban and Ariel,
Weave, I pray, some magic spell
That will fix the form and face
I would clasp in love's embrace.

When I smile she's sure to pout;
When I frown her laugh rings out;
When I'm near her off she flies,
With a challenge in her eyes.
Yet these very tricksy ways
Win for her unstinted praise,
And were she less coy, 'tis true,
I should not the maid pursue.

Though the victim of her spell,
I'll not struggle or rebel,
For this joy my heart retains
Missing her I hug my claims.
Ariel and Caliban,
Vain for ye to plot and plan
To entrap this saucy elf.
For she is a witch herself.

—New York Ledger.

A ROMANCE OF LABOR.

The unwritten romance of real life far exceeds in beauty and instruction anything that simple fancy ever imagined, and I have had only to keep my eyes and ears open, as I went up and down in the world, to fill the store house of memory with many a strange drama. The following true incident was brought to my memory this morning, while listening to the rebellious words of a young man who could not see his father's wisdom in desiring him to learn a trade.

"It will make a common man of me, father," he said querulously; "I shall be as dirty as a blacksmith, and have hands like a coalheaver."

"And if you think, Fred, that wearing fine clothes and having white hands make you a gentleman, let me tell you, sir, you are now a very common man indeed, to begin with. A good trade might help you to truer notions of gentlemanhood."

Then I looked at the handsome fellow—for he was handsome—and I thought involuntarily of young Steve Gaskill. Steve has made his mark now, but many a year ago I had heard just such a talk between him and old Josiah Gaskill relative to the young man learning his father's trade of a wool-stapler.

"It is a dirty business, father," said the splendid Steve, in a full evening dress, "and I hate the smell of oil and the sight of those men in blue linen blouses. I hope I shall do something better for myself than that."

"Very well, lad; whaten is thou fain to be?"

"A lawyer, father."

"They're naught but a lazy, quarrelsome set, but thou sha' not say I iver stood i' thy gate. Be a lawyer, lad. I'll speak to Denham to-morrow about thee."

So young Steve was articled to Denham & Downes to study law, and especially "conveyancing." He was an only son, but he had three sisters, and over them and his mother he exercised supreme influence. Whatever Steve did was right; whatever he said was beyond dispute. Even old Josiah, with all his sound sense, was, in spite of himself, swayed by this undisputed acknowledgment of Steve's superiority. He would not have advised his son to be a lawyer, but seeing that Steve was not afraid of being one he was rather proud of the lad's pluck and ambition.

It cost him a good deal. Steve's tastes were expensive, and he fell naturally among a class of men who led him into many extravagances. There were occasional awkward scenes, but Steve, supported by his mother and sisters, always cleared every scrape, and finally satisfied the family pride in being regularly admitted upon the roll of her majesty's attorneys.

In the meantime his father had been daily failing in health, and soon after this event he died. Most of his savings had been secured for the benefit of the helpless women of the Gaskill family, and Steve now found himself with a profession, and a thousand pounds to give him a fair start in it. People said old Gaskill had acted very wisely, and Steve had sense enough to acquiesce in public opinion. He knew, too, that just as long as his mother or sisters had a shilling they would share it with him.

So he hopefully opened his office in his native town of Leeds, and waited for clients. But Yorkshire men are proverbially cautious; a young, fashionably dressed lawyer was not their ideal. Steve could not look crafty and wise under any circumstances, and the first year he did not make enough to pay his rent.

Nevertheless he did not in any way curtail expenses; and when the summer days arrived he went as usual to a fashionable watering place. It happened that year saw the debut of Miss Eliza-beth Braithwaite, a great heiress, and a very handsome girl. Steve was attracted by her beauty, and her great wealth was certainly no drawback in his eyes. In a short time he perceived Miss Braithwaite favored him above all other pretenders to her hand, and he began seriously to consider the advantages of a rich wife.

His profession hitherto had been a failure; his one thousand pounds were nearly spent; his three sisters were all on the point of marriage, a condition which might seriously mount their sisterly instincts; and his mother's whole annual income would not support him a month. Would it not be the best plan to accept the good fortune so evidently within his reach?

Elizabeth was handsome and inclined to favor him, and though she had the reputation of being both authoritative in temper and economical in money matters, he did not doubt but that she would finally acknowledge his power as completely as his own mother and sisters. So he set himself to win Miss Braithwaite, and before Christmas they were married.

True he had been compelled to give up a great deal more than he liked, but he promised himself plenty of marital compensations. Elizabeth insisted on retaining her own house, and as Steve had really no house to offer her he must needs go to Braithwaite Hall as the husband of the proprietress. She insisted upon his removing his office to Braithwaite, a small village, offering none of the advantages for killing time which a large city like Leeds did, and she had all her money scrupulously settled upon herself for her own use and under her absolute control.

Steve felt very much as if his wife had bought him, but for a little time the eclat of having married a great heiress, the bridal festivities and foreign travel compensated for the loss of his freedom. But when they returned to Braithwaite life soon showed him a far more prosaic side. Mrs. Gaskill's economical disposition soon became particularly offensive to Steve. She inquired closely into his business, and did not scruple to make unpleasantly witty remarks about his income. She rapidly developed, too, an authoritative disposition, against which Steve daily more and more rebelled. The young couple were soon very unhappy.

The truth was that a great transition was taking place in Steve's mind, and times of transition are always times of unrest and misery. The better part of his nature was beginning to claim a hearing. He had seen now all that good society could show him; he had tasted of all pleasures money can buy, and he was not happy.

His wife had no ennui and no dissatisfaction with herself. There was her large house to oversee, her gardens and conservatories, her servants and charity schools, her toilet, and a whole colony of pet animals. Her days were too short for all the small interests that filled them; and these interests she would willingly have shared with Steve, but to him they soon became intolerable bores.

Under some circumstances he might have found his work in the ordering and investing of his wife's large estate, but Elizabeth was far too cautious a woman to trust it in untried hands. Her father's agent was her agent; her banker managed all her investments; her park and farms and gardens were all under the care of old and experienced servants, who looked upon Steve merely as "Missis' husband."

In the second year of his marriage he began to have some thoughts which would have astonished his wife could she have thought it worth her while to inquire what occupied his mind in the long, moody hours when he paced the shrubbery or sat silently looking out of the window. But Steve was now ready for any honest thing that would take him out of the purposeless, dependent life which he had so foolishly chosen for himself.

One day, greatly to his surprise, Elizabeth said to him:

"Steve, I have a letter from a cousin of my mother's who lives in Glasgow. She is going to Australia and wants me to buy her house. She says it is a great bargain, and I wrote to Barrett to go and see about it. I have a letter this morning saying he is too ill to leave his bed. I wonder if you could go and attend to it?"

Anything for a change. Steve showed a very proper business-like interest and said:

"Yes, I would be very glad to go."

"Very well. I should think you knew enough of titles and deeds and conveyancing, and all that kind of thing. I will trust the affair to you, Steve."

So the next morning Steve found himself on the Caledonian line, with £100 in his pocket and a verifable piece of business on hand. The first twenty miles out of Leeds he enjoyed with the abandon of a bird set free. Then he began to think again. At Crewe he missed a train, and wandering about the station fell into talk with the engineer of the next one, who was cleaning and examining his engine with all the love and pride a mother might give to a favorite child.

The two men fraternized at once, and Steve made the trip over the Caledonian line in the cuddy of the engineer, who was a fine young fellow, "one of seven," he said, "all mechanists and engineers." The young mechanic was only serving his time, learning every branch of his business practically. He had brothers who made engines, and he hoped to do so some day.

In spite of his soiled face and oily clothes Steve recognized that refinement that comes with education, and when his new friend called upon him at the Queen's hotel he would not have been ashamed of his appearance, even in his most fastidious days.

"Mr. Dalrymple, I am glad to see you," said Steve, holding out both hands to him.

"I thought you would be, sir; it is not often I am mistaken in my liking. I will go with you now to see my father's works, if it suits you."

Never had such a place entered Stephen Gaskill's conception; the immense furnaces, the hundreds of giants working around them, the clang of machinery, the mighty struggle of mind with matter, of intellect over the elements, was a revelation. He envied those Cyclops in their leathern masks and aprons; he longed to lift their mighty hammers. He looked upon the craftsmen with their bare, brawny arms and blackened hands, and felt his heart glow with admiration when he saw the mighty work those hands had fashioned. The tears were in his eyes when Andrew Dalrymple and he parted at the gate of the great walled in yard.

"Thank you," he said; "you have done me the greatest possible service. I shall remember it."

That night Steve formed a strange but noble resolution. First of all, he devoted himself to his wife's business, and accomplished it in a manner which elicted Mr. Barrett's warm praise and made Elizabeth wonder whether she might not spare her agent's fees for the future. Then he had a long, confidential talk with the owner of the Dalrymple Iron and Machine works, the result of which was the following letter to Mrs. Gaskill:

MY DEAR WIFE: I shall not be home again for at least two years, for I have begun an apprenticeship to Thomas Dalrymple here as an iron master. I propose to learn the whole process practically. I have lived too long upon your bounty, for I have lost your esteem, as well as my own, and I do not say but what I have deserved the loss. Please God, I will redeem my wasted past, and with his help make a man of myself. When I am worthy to be your husband you will respect me, and until then think as kindly as possible of

STEPHEN GASKILL.

This letter struck the first noble chord in Elizabeth's heart. From that hour not even her favorite maid durst make her usual little compassionate sneer at "poor master."

Steve in leather apron and coarse working clothes began laboriously happy days, which brought him nights of sweetest sleep, and Elizabeth began a series of letters to her husband which gradually grew more and more imbued with the tenderest interest and respect. In a few weeks she visited him of her own free will, and purposely going to the works saw her self banished lord wielding a ponderous hammer upon a bar of white hot iron. Swarthy, bare armed, clothed in leather, he had never looked so handsome in Elizabeth's eyes; and her eyes revealed this fact to Steve, for in them was the tender light of a love founded upon a genuine respect.

Steve deserved it. He wrought faithfully out his two years' service, cheered by his wife's letters and visits, and when he came out of the Dalrymple works there was no more finished iron master than he. He held his head frankly up now, and looked fortune boldly in the face; he could earn his own living anywhere, and, better than all, he had conquered his wife—won her esteem and compelled her to acknowledge a physical strength and a moral purpose greater than her own.

Between Leeds and Braithwaite Hall there have been for many years gigantic iron works. The mills and railways of the West Riding know them well; their work is famous for its excellence, for the master is a practical machinist and oversees every detail. Their profits are enormous, and Stephen Gaskill, their proprietor, is also the well beloved and thoroughly respected master of Braithwaite Hall and of Braithwaite Hall's mistress.—Amelia E. Barr in New York Ledger.

Black Walnut.

Black walnut is a tree well known to all. It delights in a cool, rather loamy soil, well drained and with a good subsoil. It makes a good growth in even poor soil, and when once fully established is unusually hardy. It is planted from twenty to thirty feet apart each way to allow plenty of room for large growth, although the average distance is twenty-five feet, which will be found sufficient. It would be an excellent idea to plant some quick growing variety and valuable timber tree between the spaces, like the white ash, and in twelve or fifteen years these ash trees can be cut down, giving the entire space to the walnut trees.

From such a plantation of the white ash $6,000 has been realized from ten acres, making an annual average profit of nearly $35 per acre. This same thing can be readily done with the plantations of other varieties of nuts, giving the nut bearing trees all the space they need, and at the same time making profitable use of what would otherwise be waste and open space until the nut trees were old enough to occupy it all. These timber trees can be bought of any prominent nurseryman, or ordered through him, of the proper size for setting out in the permanent plantation.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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