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THE GOLD OF HOPE.

Bright shines the sun, but brighter after rain;
The clouds that darken make the sky more clear;
So rest is sweeter when it follows pain,
And the sad parting makes our friends more dear.

'Tis well it should be thus; our Father knows
The things that work together for our good;
We draw a sweetness from our bitter woes—
We would not have all sunshine if we could.

The days, with all their beauty and their light,
Come from the dark, and into dark return;
Day speaks of earth, but heaven shines through the night,
Where in the blue a thousand star-fires burn.

So runs the law, the law of recompense,
That binds our life on earth and heaven in one;
Faith cannot live when all is sight and sense,
But Faith can live and sing when these are gone.

We grieve and murmur for we can but see
The single thread that flies in silence by;
When if we only saw the things to be,
Our lips would breath a song, not sigh.

Wait, then, my soul, and edge the darkening cloud
With the bright gold that hope can always lend;
And if to-day thou art with sorrow bowed,
Wait till to-morrow, and thy grief shall end.

And when we reach the limit of our days,
Beyond the reach of shadows and of night,
Then shall our every look and voice be praise
To Him who shines, our everlasting light.

NEARLY A MISTAKE.

Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave."

This had been Jessie Vernon's constant laughing answer to the many questions heaped upon her as to her strange choice—strange only because James Usilton had been a man of twenty-five when Jessie's violet eyes first had opened upon the world.

She was nineteen now, and he a man of forty-four.

An old man's darling indeed,
His darling, yes; but in the light of an old man, a hundred times no!

The wonder lay that he should have stooped from his grand height to her.

But he smiled sadly when he listened to her repetition of these things.

"I don't think you quite realize the gulf of years between us," he would answer her. "Think, Jessie—in six more years I shall be fifty, and you will scarce be twenty-five. Are you sure, darling—sure you will never regret?"

Once, when he had said to her something like this she burst into tears.

"Hush, hush!" she entreated. "You speak as though the heart might grow old. As long, James, as I do not seem too frivolous a child to be honored by your love, never again wound me by a doubt."

The words sank deep into his heart.

In future years he had sore need to find comfort in their memory.

The wedding-day at last dawned clear and bright.

He vowed, as he uttered the solemn pledges at the altar, that at any sacrifice he would make her happiness.

It was a silent vow, but none the less sacred.

Two years passed on.

He would have held time back in the new joy of his experience.

Their boy was not a fortnight old when he entered his wife's room with an open letter in his hand.

She was resting in a large arm-chair, the violet eyes bent downward with new beauty in their depth to scan the little face pillowed on her breast.

"See, little mother," he cried, "I have just heard from Carl. He is coming home. He will be with us almost any day."

"Oh, I shall be glad to know him," she replied; "but jealous, James—a little jealous, I fear—you love him so well."

"As well as though he were my son," he answered fondly. "No—no! I used to say that, but I know now differently. It will be for him to feel jealous, my darling, not for you. He will find two usurpers in the place he used to fill."

And he stooped to kiss the two faces, between which he liked to trace the strange likeness.

Carl Howard had grown to Jessie almost to be a household word.

He was her husband's ward—the son of a friend who had been to him dearer than a brother, and who, dying, had constituted him sole guardian of his only child.

The young man had just commenced his college career when his father died.

After finishing it he had gone abroad, and it had now been six years since his leaving his native land.

To Jessie he seemed still a boy, for as such James spoke of him.

Unconsciously, now that he was coming home, she found herself devising schemes for his amusement

He might find their country home dull, beautiful as it was in its June dress, she mused.

Perhaps, now that she had grown strong and well again, she might invite a gay party of young people to fill it.

But before she had time to put any of her plans into execution, Carl arrived.

She and James were sitting together on the piazza, when a carriage drove hastily up, and out from it sprang a young man, tall, broad-shouldered, and even in the dim twilight, unmistakably handsome.

James started up to meet him, taking both outstretched hands in his in a way which showed how genuine was his welcome.

Then he led him proudly to his wife.

"Jessie, this is Carl."

"Why, uncle."—this was the title he had always given him since his childhood—"I thought this was some little girl visiting you!"

And truly, in her white wrapper, buried in a great arm chair, Jessie looked but a child.

All three laughed merrily.

The ice was broken—Carl was one of them.

Looking back at that hour, as the weeks sped on, how strange it seemed to look beyond.

Before Carl came seemed almost a blank, so did his young life fill the place.

Jessie never had had a brother; but she felt this gap in her life was filled now.

She and Carl were sworn friends.

It was he who rode with her when James cared not to go—who walked with her when James was busy—who stood ready at all times to be her humble and devoted cavalier.

She had expected a mere boy; she found a travelled man of the world, full ten years her senior.

When she told him her plan to fill the house, he would not listen to it.

"Let us be alone," he pleaded; and she was but too willing to give assent.

It was a joyous summer.

They allowed no sovereignty save baby.

Over all three, he held undisputed sway.

"You have made my uncle young again," Carl said to her, one day.

"Hush!" she replied. That is treason. We cannot make him what he already is, or return to him what he has never lost."

"You are happy?" James would sometimes say to her, yearningly—"quite happy?" as though he dared not believe in the sunny brightness of his life.

"Jessie," Carl began once, as they sat alone together, "I am going to confide to you a secret no one knows as yet, not even my uncle. I am in love. I have been fighting against it myself for long. In my wandering life I have grown sceptical as to married happiness. What I have seen here has renewed my confidence, and I intend to put my fate to the test, and if I am fortunate, next summer I shall bring my bride here. Will you open your heart to her too?"

"Indeed—indeed I will," she answered earnestly.

And from that hour a new tie bound them.

"Why do you not tell Jame!" she would often ask him.

But he always answered;

"Wait.'

Once he came to her with a letter in his hand, his handsome face alight with joy.

"It is all right, Jessie," he cried out. "Oh, can I tell you how proud and glad I am? And it is to you I owe it. It is you who taught me the power of love—what it is, what it may do; you who have given me this happiness I might never else have tasted. Jessie—Jessie! why did I not meet you earlier?"

"Oh, Carl, you can never love as I do!" she answered, when something sounded through the room as she uttered the last word.

Both glanced up.

The master of the house stood in the doorway, white and stern, but with an awful sorrow in his kind eyes.

Jessie sprang to his side.

"What is it, darling? What has happened?"

Could it be that she did not know he hae overheard Carl's last words to her? he wondered.

Could it be that she had grown so accustomed to their meaning that she could not comprehend the awful vista they opened before his hitherto blinded eyes?

Could it be that she was so versed in deception that she could so readily call up the old love-light in the sweet face, where he had thought to read the content he had given her?"

"It is nothing he said hoarsely and turned away.

Something in his manner hurt and chilled her, but when they had next met it had gone.

He was more watchful, more tender—that was all.

Of the long dark hours he had passed she could dream nothing.

"I strove to make her happiness," he would repeat softly to himself, "at any cost—at any cost. And it is still all my fault; I threw them together. How well they are suited to each other. With each of them life is just beginning; with me—oh Heaven—I would that it had ended 'ere I lived to see this hour. But how can I make her happiness—my darling's happiness? I will find a way, and Heaven will forgive the sin."

Three days passed.

What had happened to her husband?

Once Jessie found his eyes fixed on her face as though they would pierce their way into her soul

"I believe James suspects we have a secret" she said to Carl one day. "Will you not let me tell him of your happiness?"

"Yes, you may tell him now," he answered. "He will understand why I give you my confidence, even before him."

In the twilight she knocked at the library door.

There was no answer, and she opened it softly and went in.

A letter lay on the table, addressed to herself.

She tore it open, and with blanched face and wide staring eyes, read the written page.

He wrote—

"Good-by, my darling. I have found out (how matters not) that you and Carl love each other. I do not blame you. No momentary doubt of your womanly truth and purity has crossed my mind, but I swore to give you happiness at any cost, and I go to keep my oath. If ere long news of my sudden accidental death comes to you, you will know that I did not count the cost lightly, and remember that I died blessing you, and that it is my wish you and Carl should find with each other the happiness you missed with me. I could not hope, darling, to blend your young life with mine, yet the dream while it lasted was full of sweetness. Perhaps Heaven will give it back to me in eternity."

Like a spectre she hastened back to the room she had left, and thrust the letter, on which the ink was hardly dry into Carl Howard's hands.

"Find him," she moaned, "find him. Bring him back to me, or never let me look again upon your face."

Then with a shrill scream from the young lips, as the full extent of her misery burst upon her, she fell fainting to the floor.

For hours she was unconscious; but when at last the violet eyes opened they looked into her husband's face.

Carl had found and brought him back to her.

With a few hasty words all had been explained.

Through an accident of time the dread verdict "Too late" had not been pronounced.

The handsome face bending over her pillow was aged with misery, but to her it had the light of eternal youth.

She heeded not his passionate prayer for forgiveness.

She forgot that he had wronged her; only, with her clinging arms about his neck she drew him down—down to the sacred shelter of her breast.

The World's End.

The belief that the world would come to an end in the year 1000 was associated with, if not absolutely derived from, a much older belief entertained by the earliest astronomers of whom any records remain to us. They considered that certain cyclic periods of the planetary motions begin and end with terrestial calamities, these calamities being of different characters according to the zodiacal relations of the planetary conjunctions. Thus the ancient Chaldeans taught (according to Diodorus Siculus) that when all the planets are conjoined in Capricornus the earth is destroyed by flood; when they are all conjoined in Cancer the earth is destroyed by fire. But after each such end comes the beginning of a new cycle, at which time all things are created afresh. A favorite doctrine respecting these cyclic destructions was that the period intervening between each was the Annus Magnus, or great year required for the return of the then known planets to the position (of conjunction) which they were understood to have had at the beginning of the great year. According to some this period lasted 360,000 years; other assigned to it 300,000 years, while according to Orpheus it lasted 120,000 years. But it was in every case a multiple of a thousand years, and the subordinate catastrophes were supposed to divide the great year into sets of so many thousand years.

An Indian Home.

The house is situated in a natural locust grove, on the Cherokee nation, such as sprinkle the beautiful prairie to which their presence gives a name. It stands on a slight elevation in the midst of yard, garden, farm-steading and field. It is not of logs, as is most common, but is what in the west is called a "frame house," and is built of sawed lumber from a neighboring mill. Like all houses in a mild climate that invites to spend so much life out of doors, it has an ample piazza, furnished with split or hide-bottomed chairs, and containing a fixture for a hand basin and towel.

The yard is decorated with native and cultivated flowers, rose trees in large growth and of luxuriant bloom, and honeysuckle wearing an odoriferous mantle of blossoms. Within the house is comfortably furnished with antique bedsteads and cases of drawers that are evidently heirlooms, and perhaps came to the country with the emigration of the Cherokee people Two ancient oil painting ornamented the walls—the father and mother of our hostess—taken in old age by some artist who visited the country, and representing in both instances striking countenances, having been the captain of a Cherokee company that fought the hostile Creeks at the battle of the Horse Shoe under Andrew Jackson. Tin-types portraits of our host and hostess, and the heir of the family, a bright boy now at school at the male seminary at Tahlequah, complete the picture gallery. A few books and a number of newspapers furnish the reading matter. Everything is neat and clean, showing the presence of a notable housewife.

POVERTY is hard, but debt is horrible; a man might as well have a smoky house and scolding wife which are said to be the two worst evils of our life.

ROUMANIA excels all other countries in Europe in the production of Indian corn. The average yield is thirty-four bushels per acre, the total crop aggregating about 108,000,000 bushels.

The World's Champion Oarsman.

Ever since Edward Hanlan first appeared in his shell, winning races over all comers, his style has been the subject of criticism and attempted description by watermen and newspaper writers. To the writer who has watched the champion in practice and races, no writer seems to have as fully mastered the reason for his success like a recent critic in the London Sportsman. In the first place he states that Hanlan has improved greatly in the past two years. He appears to have "filled out" slightly; his muscles, as in common with men of his age, have hardened and acquired more power and his style of propelling a racing craft has, if anything become more beautifully perfect. The reasons assigned for Hanlan's progress are that he has tried every improvement in boats, fittings and sculls, has brought intelligence to bear upon the subject of sculling, and has taken wonderful care of himself. He is discreet in the selection of his food, but has stepped outside of cherished traditions. He is no advocate for the consumption of half raw chops or badly underdone cutlets, which was once supposed to be so strengthening, nor does he entirely refrain from light puddings or other little delicacies to vary the daily menu. He recognizes the theory that the absorption of fluids rather than the consumption of solids prevents the frame from being relieved of superfluous flesh. While he does not wholly abstain from intoxicants, he has always been a temperate man. Before Hanlan will consent to start in a race he must know by actual trial that his boat is in harmony with himself. He adjusts the boat to his action not his action to the boat. But the best part of the criticism relates to his stroke. As it displays a thorough understanding of the art of rowing and describes a stroke which has been phenomenally successful, we give it at length for the benefit of our aquatic friends The sportsman says, "Hanlan is careful to drop his sculls in a cleanly and neat style into the water, not dipping too deep, but merely exercising caution that the blades shall be well covered. His chief strength is exerted when the sculls are at perfect right angles with the boat; he pulls his stroke through with an even exertion of strength and invariably finishes with a powerful "wrench," if that word is appropriate It should be noticed that he never concludes his slide until he has completed his stroke. Thus the muscles of the arms, shoulders, back and legs work in perfect harmony. When he has finished with a vigorous effort he whips his sculls out of the water like lightning, and under the influence of his final "thrust" the boat is naturally progressing until he gets to work again. We have seen scores of oarsmen who put their full power into the initial effort and closed very languidly. The mere fact of their allowing the sculls the drag in the water even for an instant must necessarily deprive the light shell of some of its "way," and thus we have that jerky style of progressing but too commonly noticeable. We shall not be wrong if we say Hanlan finishes up quite as strongly as he begins his stroke, and we really believe if some of our representatives will perl severingly endeavor to adopt thimethod they may be gratified with ths result."

Domestic Comforts.

Among the recently granted patents is one for the cooling of dwelling houses offices, hotels, etc., by means of compressed gas, which is conducted from a street main into the premises in pipes like ordinary gas. The compreseed gas on being allowed to expand within a suitable receptacle, produces a very low temperature. Thus the housekeeper, simply by turning the gas faucet, will be able to make ice, supply the dwelling in hot weather with cold air, and produce all forms and degrees of refrigerations with the utmost facility. fOur houses being now supplied from street mains with cold water, hot water, compressed gas, and electricity, we now only need, to complete the comforts of living, a milk main and tea and coffee mains; after which perhaps the public will call for soup pipes.

Washington's Log Cabin.

The log cabin which Washington made his headquarters when a surveyor in the valley of Virginia still stands intact over the spring at Soldier's Rest, Clarke County. Soldier's Rest was built by General Daniel Morgan, of Revolutionary fame. When bruised and, bloody from the numerous fights with which he was wont to celebrate Court day in the neighboring town of Berryville, he would retire to the old spring house, where his wife would bathe his head and bind up his wounds. The cabin is now used as a dairy.

The Journey of the Bell.

The journey into London of Great Paul, the new and monster bell designed for St. Paul's Cathedral, was attended with many difficulties, some of them great. Several times the road gave way beneath the weight, until the truck became half buried in the earth. Wherever the road was soft the wheels, though very broad, would sink into the soil, so that on a certain day only about fifty yards of the journey was traversed.

Fuller Particulars.

The reporter saw two horses dashing down a street in Salt Lake City with a few pieces of the harness left and also a portion of the running gear of the carriage. He made directly for the spot where the horses had left the carriage, and by following the track of spokes, hubs, and fragments of the carriage soon reached the wreck. There was a man standing by looking at it with some interest.

"How'd this happen?" asked the scribe.

"Dam fino," rejoined the man. "Horse kind of runaway, I guess."

"Can you give me any particulars?"

"Well, no, I did not see the first of it. Guess didn't amount to anything anyhow. Got scared at somethin, I s'pose."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Well now, stranger, I couldn't say. 'Pears to me somebody did mention it, but I forgot now who 'twas. Ain't much acquainted in the ward anyhow."

"Do you know anybody that does know?"

"Guess the horses got skeered somehow."

The reporter calls on eight or ten eyewitnesses of the scene and none have sufficient intelligence to give any account of the accident, which happened right under their noses. All seem to labor under the impression that they will be arrested and sentenced to ten years' hard labor in the Penitentiary if they impart a single scrap of information. Inside of ten minutes the man first interviewed reaches home and his memory begins to liven up. He tells his wife all about it.

—"I tell you, Sal, I never saw auch an all fired runaway as I saw just a while ago. Billy Brown's two-horse team ran away, threw Mrs. Brown and two children out and knocked old Brown senseless. I was right there and helped to carry him over to Thompson's The buggy struck a tree and smashed the daylights out of it. Guess Brown will die. They say his leg was broke, left leg, just below the knee, and Mrs. Brown's jaw was smashed. The children, Betsy and Clara, wasn't hurt so much."

"I suppose it'll be in a paper in the morning."

"Bet you don't see a line there; reporters are too cussed lazy to hunt an item anyhow, and then they never get it right."

In the morning the man looks in his paper and cusses it for not giving fuller particulars.

I'm Her Husband.

Once, when Mme. Rentz and her famale minstrels were performing in San Francisco, a well-known Front-street merchant—one of the front orchestra-seat brigade, whose head was more clear than level—waited around the stage entrance to the Standard Theater after the performance trying to conceal a handsome bouquet under his ulster.

For a long time he kept peering at the different specimens of Mme. Rentz's sirens, as they put up their umbrellas and trotted away in the rain. After waiting patiently for about an hour, he approached an individual with a red scarf and a slouched hat who stood smoking a cigar at the entrance, and said:

"Can you tell me, sir, if Miss Chlorine has gone home yet?"

"Oh, yes, been gone half an hour," replied the slouch hat party cheerfully. Those flowers for her?"

"Well—er—um—yes."

"I'll give 'em to her—see her later," said the obliging man.

"Will you? That's very kind surely."

"Oh, not at all," said the man, smelling the bouquet with the air of a connoisseur. "Anything else?"

"Well—ahem!—yes. Just give her this pair of ear-rings."

"Certainly. What name shall I say?"

"Just say that 'Baby Mine'—she'll understand—sends love, and says 2.30 at the same place to-morrow."

"I'll just make a mem. of that," said the red-tie man, writing on his shirt-cuff, "2.30, same place to-morrow. All right. Anything else?"

"No, that's all Sure you'll see her this evening."

"Oh, certain."

"And you'll get a chance to speak to her when there is no one around?"

"Oh, dead sure. You see, I'm her husband!"

"Baby Mine" fainted, and was sent to his home in a hack.

A Masher.

Just before a Western-bound train left the Union depot, a masher with his little grip-sack slid around to a woman standing near the ticket office and remarked;

"Excuse me, but can I be of any assistance in purchasing your ticket?"

"No, sir!" was the short reply.

"Beg pardon, but I shall be glad to see that your trunk is properly checked," he continued.

"It has been checked, sir."

"Yes—ahem—you go West, I presume?"

"I do."

"Going as far as Chicago?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah—yes—to Chicogo. I also take the train for Chicago. Beg your pardon, but did't I meet you in Buffalo last fall?"

"No, sir!"

"Ah! Then it was in Syracuse?"

"No, sir!"

"No? I wonder where I have seen you before!"

"You saw me enter the depot about five minutes ago with my husband, I presume!"

"Your husband?"

"Yes, sir, and if you'll only stay around here three minutes longer you'll make the fifth fellow of your kind that he has turned over to the coroner this month!"

Some masher would have made a run for it, but this one didn't. He went off on the gallop, and as he wanted to go light he left his grip-sack and a ton of brass behind him.

Mad Doctors.

A few days ago an elegantly dressed lady called on one of the best known mad doctors in Paris, and in a voice broken with sobs exclaimed; "Doctor, you are my only hope now. My poor son is a monomaniac; he is quite harmless: his *idee fixe* is that he is a cashier in bank, and to everybody he meets he presents a bill or account and demands payment. He has already got himself and me into serious difficulties, and I don't know what to do." And here the tears began to course each other down the fair pleader's cheeks. The doctor did his best to cheer the unhappy mother, asked her various questions, and finally gave some hope of curing the boy. She dried her tears, and said she would leave her son in his hands. "I will bring him to you to-morrow; but oh! doctor, the separation will be cruel," Next morning she appeared with the boy. "Tell your master," she said to the servant who opened the door, "that the person he expects is here," and, taking a parcel from her son's hands, told him to wait a few minutes. She then retired by a side entrance which the doctor had shown her, and had advised her to pass in order to avoid a mournful, and, perhaps, exciting farewell with her son. Quarter of an hour passed, the Doctor entered the waiting room, and the young man presented his account. "Quite right, my lad, I will settle it with you directly," and he felt the young man's pulse. "Normal pulse" says the man of science. "My account," says the young man, "my master will be uneasy; please give me the money at once." But the doctor gazed fixedly at him, and tried to feel his pulse. "Let go!" exclaimed the monomaniac, getting into a passion. "Pay me at once, and don't make a fool of yourself."

"Violent attack," says the doctor calmly, and he pulled the bell rope rather violently. "The shower bath," he explained to his two attendants; and in a twinkle the young man was stripped, and a stream of ice-cold water pouring over him.

He howled, he kicked, but uselessly. When the doctor came to see the effect of the operation, he was much surprised to find his patient madder than ever; vowing vengeance at one moment, and the next imploring his torturers to send to a jeweler in the Rue de la Paix and ask him to come and release him. When the doctor heard the word "jeweler" a light broke upon him. He dispatched an attendant to the Rue de la Paix, and in a few minutes the jeweler appeared upon the scene. He turned somewhat pale when matters were explained to him, for he saw himself robbed of 25,000 francs by a most ingenious chevallier d'industrie. She had chosen jewelry to that amount, but not having the money with her she had said; Let your clerk come with me; I live in the Avenue d'Evlau, and my husband will pay the account."

The Size of It.

A citizen had had occasion to consult a lawyer regarding a suit which he contemplated instituting, but of the definite outcome of which he was in doubt. He did not wish to pay a retaining fee, because he was uncertain of winning. The attorney said he would accept a contingent fee. The party met Mr. Burleigh some time afterward and asked him the definition of a contingent fee.

"A contingent fee," jocosely said Mr Burleigh, is this: "If a lawyer loses the case he gets nothing. If he wins you get nothing."

"But," said the perplexed party, scratching his head, "I can't say that I exactly comprehend you."

"I thought I was quite clear," said Mr. Burleigh, who repeated what he had said.

"But it seems that I don't get anything in either event," said the man, when his intellect had fully grasped the situation.

"Well, that is about the size of a contingent fee." replied Mr. Burleigh, terminating the conversation.

A Sponge Bath.

It was not in McFadden's drug store that a young and sprightly school teacher last week addressed the clerk:

"I would like a sponge bath."

"Ah, oh, a—will you please repeat, I did not quite understand you?" stammered the clerk.

"I would like a good sponge bath," again demanded the customer, while a pair of sharp gray eyes, beaming with wonder and impatience, made him tremble.

More dead than alive he managed to tell his fair visitor his inability to catch her meaning.

"Well, I never! If this isn't queer! I think I speak intelligently enough. I—want—you—to—give—me—a—good—sponge—bath."

At this moment the proprietor whispered:

"She wants a bath sponge."

At the same moment she comprehended the trouble and fled from the store before she could be recognized by any one, but too late! A gentleman raised his hat to her, passed in and all was discovered.

He who frets is never the one who mends, heals, who repairs evils; more he discourages, enfeebles, and too often disables those around him, who, but for the gloom and the depression of his company, would do good work and keep up brave cheer. And when the fretter is one who is beloved, whose nearness of relation to us makes his fretting even at the weather seem almost like a personal reproach to us, then the misery of it becomes indeed insupportable.