

THE QUIET HOUR.

A little rest in the twilight After my work is done, A little time with my Master At the setting of the sun.

What might be done if men were wiser, What glorious deeds my suffering brother, Would they unite In love and right, And cease their scorn of one another.

PRISONER 411.

The State prison at C—was a gloomy place at the best, but this fine morning the sun streamed over its high, bleak walls, flooded the cheerless yard and even lit the dismal corridor with an unwonted glow.

"Loafin' eh?" said the official. "You'll be with us a day longer for that. Get to work, d— you, and finish your job!"

The convict glanced at the official half defiantly, but made no reply, and picking up the long handled mop that had fallen at his feet proceeded with the washing of the corridor floor.

"What is the matter with 411?" asked the warden. "Loafin', as usual. He's a lezz cur, and ought to be put at hard labor."

"He shammed to get there. He may fool the doctor but he can't me. Sick? Not much! he's as well as I am," and the turkey cast a malignant look at the prisoner, who was now pursuing his task with the measured, monotonous effort characteristic of prison labor.

"Bring him here," said the warden, not displeased at an opportunity to show his authority before the ladies by reprimanding a prisoner. The convict came down the corridor with his gaze upon the stone floor. When he reached the rotunda he removed his cap and looked up squarely in the warden's eye.

"McDonald caught you idling, didn't he?" asked the warden, harshly, irritated by the indefinite resistance implied rather than expressed in the prisoner's manner.

"You will need friends when you leave, no doubt. Come and see me then, perhaps I can assist you," and she extended a card and the rose as she spoke. When he passed the turnkey on his way back to work that keeper saw him wipe a tear from his cheek.

"Yes," replied 411, "for the first time in my life." "Moore is one of the most refractory men in the prison," explained the warden to the ladies. "He doesn't often break the rules and never offers open resistance. But there is something ominous in his manner irritating to a degree, and marking him, according to my experience, as a dangerous man."

"But he doesn't look like an evil person," interposed the young lady. "Looks are not always a correct criterion," replied the warden so testily that the ladies took the hint and 411 escaped further comment.

That night when McDonald peered into cell 411 he saw the occupant stretched at full length on the floor and the cot over turned. Repeated commands elicited no response, and unlocking the door he entered.

"Come now, that bluff won't go," and the exasperated turnkey brutally kicked the prostrate form. "Rouse up and get into your bunk or I'll have you put in solitary."

But the prisoner gave no sign. Looking closer the turnkey saw that his tongue protruded and that his open eyes were as vacant in expression as the staring orbs of a corpse. He dropped upon his knee and bent forward for a closer view. As he did so the convict clutched his throat with one hand by a movement as stealthy and sudden as the uncoiling of a snake, and drawing the other from beneath the bed, struck him with some blunt instrument such a vicious blow upon the head that the unfortunate keeper sank senseless without a moan.

In an instant Moore was on his feet, and rapidly replacing his cot in position and laying the turnkey upon it, fairly tore the clothing from the lifeless figure in his haste. Scarcely two minutes had elapsed from the time McDonald entered the cell before another man, similarly garbed, stepped forth, and locking the door proceeded on the usual rounds in the habitual manner.

Five years later Miss Mable Wessling was visiting friends in a fashionable suburb of Philadelphia. She had been suffering from neuralgia, and, being somewhat restless in consequence, left the gas burning at the lowest glimmer when she retired. Shortly after three o'clock in the morning she was awakened from slumber, so light that it might be termed the twilight of sleep, by a seeming noise in her room.

She listened until certain that her quickened senses had verified the impression, and then, arising as noiseless as possible, stepped to the faint spark against the wall locating the gas fixture and in a second turning the light on full force. A heavy hand was instantly pressed over her lips and she was pinioned against the mantel. Her arms were free and, obeying an erratic impulse, she tore the mask from the face of the intruder. The countenance revealed was rather prepossessing and would have been certainly so but for the shading of certain lines traced by his eyes, reflective rather than fierce in expression, and felt that she had seen the face before. She was not frightened, strange though it may seem, and remained much calmer in the grasp of this man than some hours later when the reaction came.

"If you attempt to move or utter a word above a whisper I shall kill you," he breathed in her ear. A pencil lying on the mantle chanced to meet her eye. She reached it with difficulty and wrote upon the smooth white surface: "You are Terrance Moore and were confined in the penitentiary at C—in 1881." As he read the words his grasp tightened involuntarily, but almost instantly relaxed under the impulse of a recognition now mutual. He withdrew his hand from her lips and stepping back a pace rested his elbow on the mantel.

"Don't speak loud," he whispered. "You are perfectly safe with me. If I had known you were in the house I should never have entered it. I would die ten times over before I would harm a hair of your head."

"Alarm the house!" he shouted, seeing that she was already affected by the pungent fumes of the chloroform. With a shriek she threw herself against the window, breaking the pane she knew not how.

"Curse you!" howled Moore's pal, thinking how only of safety in flight. "Let me go, blank your soul!" Rendered desperate by the sounds of the awakened household he broke away by a mighty effort and sprang for the stairs. Moore followed, but whether to effect his own escape or detain the other burglar cannot be told. His confederate must have regarded his intentions in the latter light, for he turned and fired two shots in rapid succession, at point blank range, both bullets finding their way into Moore's breast, and rained the open air through the door, which in burglar fashion had been left open to facilitate a sudden departure. They dragged Moore back into Miss Wessling's room and it required no physician to inform the startled group that gathered around the dying criminal that his moments were few. He motioned to Miss Wessling and she knelt beside him.

"You—speak—the—only—kind—words—I've—hear—for years. I love—yes, I love—look here," and he touched his breast, gasped and went before the Eternal bar for his last sentence. In a chamois skin they found the withered remnants of a rose and a card inscribed: "Mable Wessling, 1741 L—avenue, C—."

The slightest kindness may leave an indelible impression on the human heart, and those who sow in charity have sown a single seed on the stoniest ground to bear rich fruit."

The value of petty savings can not be too highly estimated. The conscientious habit of saving everything that can be turned to any account, fitting the object, is a habit in itself enough to insure thrift. There are so many things in the household which are thrown aside which by careful thought may be turned to use. Value providers buy only goods of genuine value which may be used to the last shred. This is true of market buying of everything that may be purchased. There is a good brand of flour and a make-shift brand; a cloth firm and well made of wool, and a cloth to take its place, cheap and flimsy, of cotton wool. In all these cases the genuine cloth is the cheapest in the end; the good brand of flour will give the best and most nourishing food. The well-made cloth may be washed or cleaned again, and be made over until nothing is left of it. A great deal may be saved even in buttons, thread and needles, little minutiae of which we seldom think. It is in the sedulous care that every little article shall be used, that every piece of cloth shall be turned and made over until it is past usefulness, that consists the chance of the average family for an orderly well-fed, well-clothed home. Lavishness is the worst of providers. It is the systematic, steady hand, careful of minutiae, that provides a home and table where good comfort and good cheer prevail. Simple spending of money cannot accomplish the same result care can. The children of the poor men, brought up to the habit of thrift, usually enjoy more actual luxury than the children of a spendthrift, who varies from feast to famine, from rags to velvet with the regularity of a clock pendulum. Extravagance shows its lack of taste in a sin, a trust to use honestly the goods God has given us, not considered in the light, trivial way it is, as something the individual alone would suffer from.—New York Tribune.

Where Colors Come From. The cochineal insects furnish a great many of the very fine colors. Among them are the crimson, scarlet, carmine and purple lakes.

Indian yellow comes from the camel. Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black. The exquisite Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with potassium carbonate. This color was discovered accidentally.

Various lakes are derived from roots, barks and gums. Blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lampblack is the soot from certain resinous substances. Turkey red is made from the madder plant, which came from Hindostan.

The yellow sap of a tree in Siam produces gamboge. The natives catch the sap in cocoon shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth near Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is also earth found near Umbria and burned. Indian ink is made from burned camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this ink and they will not reveal the secret of its manufacture.

Mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian archipelago. Vire is the root of wood ashes. Bistre is the same as found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapisulz and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury and native vermilion is from the quicksilver ore and called cinnabar.

First Monument to McClellan. A dispatch from Trenton, N. J., says: The erection in Riverview Cemetery of the noble granite monument to Gen. McClellan, was completed today. This is the first monument to McClellan that has been erected. Secretary of State Kelsey who is at the head of the committee which had the matter in charge, says that no date has been fixed for the dedication. It may be postponed till Spring, owing to the uncertainty of the weather.

Grains of Gold. Most great works are accomplished slowly. The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine. The best instruction is to practice what you teach.

More is accomplished by doing each day's work faithfully than by crowding two days' work into one. The lessons of life are deeper impressions than the lessons of books, because they touch the heart before they reach the head. Beware of prejudices; they are rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out. No one was ever corrected by a sarcasm, but often driven further in the wrong way. In teaching always be kind and patient. There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.

Under the Crust. "You'd better ask the doctor for his bill next time he comes," said a poor sick minister to his wife. "I don't know when we can pay it, I'm sure. He's made a good many visits, but I hope he won't have to come many more times."

The old doctor was a grim-looking person who said as little as possible, and spoke in the gruffest of tones; but he had kept his eyes open, and was not half as unfeeling as he appeared. At his next visit the minister's wife followed him out of the sick room, and timidly preferred her request. "Your bill," said the doctor, glancing around the kitchen and then down at his boots.

"Yes, sir," said the woman; "Mr. Ames wanted me to ask you for it, though we can't pay it just now. We'll pay it as soon as—"

"Well, here it is," said the doctor. And he took out his pocket-book and handed the astonished woman a ten-dollar greenback, and was out of doors before she could say thank you.

A Bandit in a Coat-of-Mail. BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Nov. 17.—A suspicious-looking stranger heavily armed was seen lurking in the woods near Albertville, Marshall county, for several days and on Thursday the sheriff sent a squad of men to arrest him. They slipped up on him in the woods and demanded that he give himself up. He replied by firing upon them. The sheriff's men returned the fire from ambush, but their bullets glanced from the stranger as though he were invulnerable. Presently a ball struck him on the head and he fell mortally wounded.

The man's body was found to be protected by a strong coat of iron mail. His dying words were: "You think I'm Rub' Burrows, but Rub's in the west." It is thought that he was Smith, Rub's companion in crime. Dr. Scott, who killed the man, and others in the neighborhood, think the man was really Rub Burrows, but they cannot establish his identity.

—Miss Beckie Johnson, a very pleasing and attractive school teacher, living near St. Thomas, Pa., went to Carlisle a few days ago, and at the railroad station met a man whom she had never seen before. In an hour they were husband and wife. The groom is John Demaree, of Rushville, Ill., who came all the way to wed his unknown bride, and the wedding involves an interesting story of courtship long range. Some time ago Miss Johnson made the acquaintance of Miss Maggie Jenkins, who was visiting near the home of the school marm. A strong friendship sprang up, and when Miss Jenkins left for her Western home she carried with her Miss Johnson's sincere affections and one of her photographs, but it was to the latter that Miss Johnson is indebted for her present husband. Mr. Demaree chanced to see the picture, and was then and there smitten. A correspondence was arranged by Miss Jenkins, and the marriage was finally brought about. The meeting and ceremony took place at Carlisle, away from the prying eyes of curious neighbors who had heard of the remarkable affair.

—Twenty years ago there roamed over the plains and mountains of the far West nearly 8,000,000 buffaloes. Today there are less than 600 head of the animals in existence. There are but 85 head of wild buffaloes, 305 alive in captivity, and about 200 under the protection of the Government in Yellowstone Park. There is also said to be about 500 head in Montana, but this is rumor. Of the 85 head of buffaloes which are known to exist 25 are in Texas, 20 in Colorado, 26 in Wyoming, 10 in Montana, and 4 in Dakota. The statistics have been carefully gathered by the officials of the Smithsonian Institution, and it is absolutely known that the number stated comprises all the wild buffaloes of the world. The skeletons of the numerous herds of a score of years ago are bleaching on the Western plains, a tribute to the prowess of the American Nimrod.

—PLAIN BUNS.—To three pounds of flour add a quarter of a pound of butter, one ounce of sifted sugar, a pinch of salt, one ounce of yeast and two eggs; mix with enough new milk to make a light dough; set the mixture to rise for some hours, and when light, divide into small buns. Let them stand on a hot plate to warm for a few minutes before baking in a quick oven. To be eaten buttered, either hot or cold. The rolls, a day old, are delicious for making sandwiches.

Fashion Fancies. Embroidered appliques of black cloth or velvet, in deep-pointed designs, are favorite trimmings for colored cashmeres and ladies' cloths. "Four-cape pelerines," which give an appearance of breadth to slender figures, are made of two capes of seal and two of Persian lamb. Cloth has been brought out for millinery purpose, pinked at the edge and embroidered, and this is intended to be used on the loques, made to match cloth dresses.

For mantles, silk ruches are worn made of braid of different widths, intermixed with oblong drops and alligettes. These drops of several shapes are the new mantle adornments. Feather trimming is once more in fashion—uncurled ostrich, three inches broad, in all colors; shorn ostrich, which is close and looks like fur; and marabout—all are applied to dresses and cloaks.

Leather-work trimmings, in white and delicate shades of kid, cut out in applique designs, and wrought with silk to match, and tinted pearl and cut silver and gilt beads, are among the most exquisite of the season's garnitures. Mantles are to be uniformly long this winter, tight-fitting at the back and loose in front, with long sleeves falling straight from the elbow. The first model's for early winter are of fine smooth cloth, richly braided or embroidered in spike patterns.

Square-toed boots are once more coming into fashion, and with low heels make most ugly-looking feet. Shoes are of black kid or patent leather, low on the instep with a small flat bow. Black silk stockings are fashionable worn with dresses of any color. A combination of two kinds of fur in one shoulder cape is a fashionable feature of the season. Sometimes alternate stripes of two furs, lengthwise, or carried around the shoulders, form the entire cape, while others have different side pieces, collars or V fronts, or, perhaps, a binding of different fur.

Bonnets and muffs are made to correspond, and a dainty example is white or rather cream cloth pinked at the edges and trimmed with beaver. The muffs have two corners of cloth falling from beneath the fur, and the bonnet over the face has a puff of cloth and beaver. Another set displays sable tails. In bonnets we notice the Ascario capote, which is pretty and becoming. Low hollow crown and border of fluted silk; a flat bow of black velvet on the top continued into short strings in front. The model we were shown was of cardinal red silk, trimmed with black lace insertion, and with a tiny red and black humming-bird on one side.

A novelty in fringed trimmings is the passementerie sash, which may be had in various widths and colors, and has deep sewing-silk fringes. These sashes may be put on about the lower edge of a pointed basque, in the style so popular in the use of ribbon, or may be arranged in a bow at the back.

TWO RECIPES FOR COCONUT CAKE. —One-half pound flour, one-half pound of sugar, one teaspoonful sour cream or milk, small teaspoon of soda; flavor with rind of lemon; four eggs; bake in pans one and a half inches thick; one grated coconut. 2. Two cups of butter, three of sugar, one of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda; four eggs, four cups of flour, one coconut grated and put in lightly at last; bake in two loaves.

—Last July a well-dressed stranger entered the first National Bank in Chattanooga and purchased one draft for \$4 and two \$2 each, paying for the same. The bank is notified that the \$4 draft has turned up in New York a \$4,000 draft. It seems that the swindler went to Philadelphia and purchased a soda fountain for \$1,100, paying for the same with the raised draft and receiving \$2,900, in exchange. The draft was thrown out by the New York correspondent of the Chattanooga bank as a forgery. The work was so well done that it can hardly be detected by an expert.

CAROLINA QUEEN CAKE.—Work a quarter of a pound of butter to a cream, dredge in it half a pound of flour, add a quarter of a pound sifted sugar and a quarter of a pound of currants; whisk two eggs and mix with half a teaspoonful of lemon cream and a few drops of lemon essence; stir this into the flour and then add a teaspoonful of baking powder; beat the paste well for ten minutes, then bake in small buttered tins for a quarter to half an hour. The mixture should be stiff and doughy. This amount is enough to make a dozen cakes.

—The breath of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked and frequently entirely destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which in its turn has been the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results which have attended its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as by far the best and only cure.

TOO FRESH PORK.—A few days ago a large hog belonging to Le Roy Hardy, of Stark, Ga., while the family were all out of the house, went into the house, and after climbing upon a feather bed proceeded to tear the bed and clothing into doll rags. His hoiship thought he had found a beautiful playhouse and in his delight and playfulness tore things up generally. When the inmates of the house came in the floor was literally covered with feathers, and the festive brute ran from the house looking more like one of the feathered tribe than a fat porker.

All Sorts of Paragraphs. —It is said that there are 48 languages and dialects spoken in Mexico. —New York's elevated roads carried 179,000,000 passengers during the past 12 months.

—Richard Burton, of Denver, Col., has sued for a divorce from his wife because she squints. —A Baltimore man has been convicted of stealing a lot of gold filled teeth from the museum of the University.

—An oak tree on the Potter farm six miles from Visalia, Cal., measures 40 feet 6 inches around two feet from the ground. —English syndicates have invaded the Austrian Empire, and are buying up breweries in Bohemia, and printing offices in Vienna.

—A company interested in the propagation of the buffalo has secured a large tract of land in Utah, where a herd of bison will soon be domiciled. —Redheadville is the name of a flourishing settlement in Otsego county, Mich. A family of Redheads gave the place its aburn appellation.

—At the Baptist fair in Flint, Mich., which is now over, the spoils which which ground was broken for the new Baptist church was sold for \$210. —Some hunters near Bowen, Ill., wounded a big bald eagle Saturday and captured it. The bird is very vicious, and measures 7 feet from tip to tip. —One of the chief industries of Sicily is the mining of sulphur. There are 567 mines in the country, and brimstone is one of the most important exports.

—Four wolf scalps were taken to the County Clerk at Carthage, Ill., Monday, each scalp bringing \$8. Wolves have been very numerous in that vicinity this season. —One of the smallest traveling men in Michigan is C. Sparling, of Kingsley. He is 26 years old, 40 inches tall, weighs 60 pounds, and represents a Chicago house. —A Democrat in Monaca county, Ia., was elected to the Legislature by a majority of 1 vote. If he had remained at home on the day of election the result would have been a tie.

—A mistake of one word recently cost S. O. Fisher, of West Bay City, the price of 50 bushels of potatoes. He told his clerk to write to a Grayling man for 25 or 30 bushels and the clerk wrote for barrels. —Jesse O'Cooly, of Jeffersonville, Ind., was arrested for desecrating the Sabbath at Seatonburg. His crime consisted in repairing a broken rail last Sunday to prevent a wreck on the J. M. & L., he being a section hand.

—A cork tree at Vista, Cal., was transplanted to the Court House yard last Friday. It was planted from an acorn in 1857 in a vacant lot, and has grown to be 30 feet high and 20 inches through the butt. The bark is 1 inch thick. —R. B. Duncan, of Salem, Ore., was feasting last week on strawberries that grew and ripened, unprotected, in the open air. His vines are still in bloom and he has a few berries in all the stages, some green and others about matured.

—A few days ago workmen at Morrisville, opposite Trenton, N. J., unearthed a fine palcolith of argillite, ten feet below the surface, which is pronounced a relic of preglacial man. It had jagged edges, evidently having been fashioned for a weapon. —Abbotsford is still so popular a resort that the fees paid by tourists usually exceed \$400 a year, so that it is twice as profitable to show the place as to let it, for the rent paid by Mr. Thornburn, who has taken it for five years, is only \$200 a year.

—Last summer a hen belonging to Robert Mosely, colored, of Crawfordsville, Ind., hatched a brood of 12 chickens out in the woods. When she brought them to the house a luby quail followed. It has grown up with the chickens, is no wilder than they are; and goes to roost with them at night. —A queer decision by a New Jersey justice of the peace is reported. John Wolf put a stuffed wolf at the door to represent his name. A dog destroyed the sign, and the justice holds that, as the stuffed wolf represented John Wolf, the dog is guilty of biting the man, and his owner must pay \$25 damages.

—While remodeling a chimney in an old homestead in Cherryfield, Me., for the purpose of attaching a hot air furnace, an interesting relic in the form of a little brown jug of unusual shape was found in an arch of the chimney, which certainly had not seen the light for 100 years. It was empty, but smelled of other days. —A duck recently killed near Jamestown, N. Y., has caused great excitement in that region. In its crop was found a piece of gold quartz. The bird had been feeding on the borders of Chautauque Lake nearby, and it is claimed that an examination of the locality revealed many more specimens of rich goldbearing quartz. —Dr. Mead, of Cincinnati, left his horse unattended and it ran away. The doctor sent messages all over town and had about given up all hope of ever seeing his rig again, when he was called to the telephone. He recognized the voice of his affianced, and was rejoiced to learn that the animal was standing patiently in front of her residence. —John Baskett, of Dayton, Tenn., and Nettie King, both prominent young people, eloped and were married. Baskett carried a ladder for two miles and stole his bride from an upstairs window at two o'clock in the morning. They left the town at once to escape the wrath of the bride's father, who opposed the match. —A magnificent royal stag, which has been well known in North Uist, Scotland, for more than 20 years, and which has so often been stalked and shot at without success that it had come to be regarded as a charmed beast, was recently killed, after a very long and difficult stalk. The clean weight was 18 stone, and the head was superb.