

WHERE THE WILD THINGS GROW.

O for the boggy gardens,
 Deep in the green old woods,
 Where the calms have woven curtains
 To shelter their sylvan broods;
 Where the pine-trees murmur and whisper
 Secrets we long to know—
 O to rest in the shadow
 Where the wild things grow!

There by the brook's clear mirror,
 All on a summer's day,
 The bees, the birds and the blossoms
 Have it their own sweet way;
 There, in the tender twilight,
 Barred by a golden gleam,
 Hushed in the dearest silence,
 The wood-ferns dream.

There many a grassy pathway
 Leads to a fairy scene,
 Where the partridge-berry's coral
 Lights the dusk of the wintergreen;
 Where the bells of the precious twin-flower
 In the fragrant spaces blow—
 O to rest in the shadow
 Where the wild things grow!

—Mrs. M. F. Butts, in Outlook.

THE NEW YORK GIRL.

Jenny Did Her an Injustice, and Was Sorry for It.

"I almost wish I hadn't been invited," said Jenny, as she stood before the dressing-glass pinning around her neck the old piece of white lace Aunt Barbara had given her.

"O Jenny! I only wish I could get it wouldn't care what I had to wear," cried Madge, who, with red flannel bandage about her throat and a bottle of cough mixture in one hand, sat by the fire watching her sister. "It's just my luck to be laid up with this horrid cold."

"And it's just my luck to have to wear this old blue cashmere," said Jenny.

"I do wonder what the girl from New York will have on!" and Madge looked reflectively.

"Madge! You've said that at least twenty times! Of course she will be dressed to death. She won't lose such a chance as this to show off."

"The street dress she had on yesterday was perfectly lovely!" said Madge. "She went by here twice, and I had a good look at her. I only wish I could see all her clothes. I might get some ideas for my own. Find out how long she is going to stay with Ella Eastman, Jenny, and do get well acquainted with her, so you'll have a lot to tell me when you get back."

"Indeed I shan't! I'm not going to tuck up to her for anybody. She is stuck up enough as it is. If you'd just seen the way she looked at me when Ella Eastman introduced us yesterday in Bill's store! Evidently so surprised that Ella should know anyone who would wear an old water-proof cloak and carry a cotton umbrella. I never will forgive her that look."

"Now, Jenny! you're so sensitive, you know. Perhaps you only imagined she looked surprised."

"No imagination about it. I guess I can see. I only wish she weren't going to be at the party. It will just spoil it for me. Now, how does this arrangement strike you?" turning for her sister's inspection.

"Well, you look very nice, considering. I don't like that breastpin exactly; but of course you're obliged to have something to hold the lace. I wish you had some flowers; they always add go much to a dress."

"Flowers! at this time of the year! and in Westbridge! You might as well wish I had diamonds."

"Jenny, isn't it time you were going, my dear?" called Aunt Barbara's mild voice from the foot of the back stairway; and Jenny caught up her water-proof cloak, threw a "fascinator" over her curly head, and, with a parting glance in the glass, hurried down into the sitting-room, Madge following with the lamp.

"You look very well—very well, indeed," said Aunt Barbara.

"Oh! Aunt Barbara! I know I'll be the worst dressed girl there."

"Try not to think of your clothes, my dear, and be so pleasant that other people won't think of them either. You won't enjoy the party if you let envy and discontent into your heart."

"I know—but it isn't always easy to be pleasant, particularly when one has to wear a thick, dark dress to a party. But it's no use to talk about it. We can't help being poor, and it's no disgrace. Is Huldah ready? I might as well go out to the kitchen way."

Old Huldah, who had lived with Aunt Barbara for ten years, was waiting by the kitchen stove, muffled in a big plaid shawl and a thick black worsted hood. Jenny didn't like to take the old woman out at night, but her aunt wouldn't let her go through the streets alone.

"You'd oughter to let me see how you looked," said Huldah, as they went along the path leading to the front gate. "I ain't never seen you dressed out for a real party."

"Oh, I'm not worth looking at, Huldah. I haven't any finery, you know, and you've seen me in this old blue cashmere fifty times."

"I hear down to the store this mornin' that that girl that's visitin' to Squire Eastman's had flowers sent all the way from New York," said Huldah, slowly. "Come by express. I guess she'll be as fine as a fiddle."

"Oh, of course," replied Jenny, a little sharply. And then they tramped on in silence, the hard snow crunching under their feet. The people in Westbridge never cleaned off their sidewalks in winter; the snow always lay on them until thawed by the sun.

Dr. Wright's house, where the party was given, was lighted up from the ground floor to the attic, and Jennie felt quite excited when she saw that the steps were covered with carpet, and that the doctor's boy, with white cotton gloves on his hands, stood in the vestibule waiting to open the door. She bade Huldah "good night," and ran lightly up the steps, wondering if, under the circumstances, she ought to speak to Tim. She thought it would hardly do not to recognize him in some way, as he was Huldah's nephew; so she compromised on a little nod, and then hurried up the broad flight of stairs to the second story, in the wake

of three girls who had gone in just before her.

The doors of the front parlor were open, and Jennie saw Mrs. Wright and Berta standing just within, the latter wearing a pale blue muslin-trimmed with white lace.

"I do hope I won't be the only one in a thick dress," thought Jenny, sighing involuntarily.

One of the girls in front of her turned suddenly and looked back, and Jennie recognized her as Edith Alden, the girl from New York, in whose honor the party was given. She nodded as indifferently as she could, and the next moment they were in the dressing-room.

The room was half-full of girls, all chattering like magpies; and Jennie's heart sank like lead as she saw that nearly all wore light dresses, and the few whose dresses were dark had turned them in at the neck and filled in the space with illusion or silk, so as to give them a pretty effect, while all wore little ornaments in the shape of chains, fancy pins, or bracelets. Oh! if only she could slip out and go home! But it was too late for that. Half a dozen girls had already spoken to her.

She made her way to a far corner, and began slowly to unbutton her long cloak, dreading the moment when she should stand revealed in her plain, dark dress, with the ancient hair breastpin as her only ornament, and just then she heard some one say:

"Lend me your glove-hook, Fannie. I never can button these gloves with my fingers."

Gloves! Jennie had never thought of gloves! The only pair she owned were dark brown, and were reserved exclusively to wear to church. Oh! what could she do! It was bad enough to have on a dark, heavy dress—but no gloves! Tears of wounded pride rose so thickly to her eyes that she could not see to unfasten the "fascinator," which had caught in the breastpin.

She heard the girls troop out, eager to see what was going on below; but she stood there fumbling with the breastpin, and wishing—oh, how earnestly!—that she hadn't come, and wondering if she would ever have the courage to go downstairs.

"Want to use my glove-hook, Jenny?" asked Ella Eastman, on her way to the door.

"I—no—I—I didn't bring my gloves," faltered Jenny, without looking around, and dragging desperately at the "fascinator."

"Well, I came very near forgetting mine," said Ella, in an indifferent tone. "Come on, Edith. Are you ready?"

"Almost. Go on, don't wait for me. I'll follow you in a minute."

"I'll wait at the stairs for you. I want to look down into the hall," said Ella, as she left the room.

An instant of hesitation, then swiftly the girl from New York crossed the room to Jenny's side. How sweet she looked in her white crepe with pearls on her neck, and a great bunch of tea roses on her breast! And how carefully she tossed on a chair her plummy fan and lace handkerchief. Then, as in a dream, Jenny saw her plunge her hand into a blue plush "party-bag" and heard her say:

"It is too bad you forgot your gloves. Can't you use these? They look as if they'd fit you. I always bring two pair, so that if I tear one pair I have another ready. And I want you to have these roses, too. See how pretty they look against your dark dress. They scarcely show at all on mine."

Then—so quickly that Jenny scarcely knew how it was done—the roses were pinned on her breast, and with a little smile and nod, as if well pleased with the effect, the girl from New York was gone.

Jenny stood there a moment, dazed, bewildered, with a lump in her throat, tears in her eyes, and the pretty gloves in her hand. Only the arrival of a fresh bevy of gay young guests aroused her.

"Why, Jenny Cole, that you?" said one. "How nice you look, Jenny," from another; and, "Where did you get those exquisite roses?" cried a third.

"They were a present," answered Jenny, slowly, as, drawing on the gloves, she moved so as to see herself in a long mirror.

She hardly recognized herself, so much did the beautiful flowers add to her appearance. And, oh! how happy and gay and well satisfied with everything she felt as she descended the stairway a few minutes later and joined the merry crowd in the parlors. And to think that she owed it all to the girl from New York!

Madge was sitting up in bed with an old shawl around her shoulders when Jenny came in at midnight.

"I've just taken my medicine," she said. "Did you have a good time, Jenny? And, oh! where did you get all those roses?"

"The sweetest, dearest girl in the world gave them to me," answered Jenny; "and she's coming to call on you to-morrow, Madge. I told her about your cold, and—"

"Who is coming to call? Who is the sweetest, dearest girl in the world?" interrupted Madge. "Do explain who you mean, Jenny."

"I mean the girl from New York," answered Jenny.

"What? That hateful, stuck-up girl who looked so surprised when Ella introduced you? The one you wished wouldn't be at the—"

"Don't say another word," interrupted Jenny. "O, Madge! I am so ashamed of myself."

And then she told her all about it.— Florence B. Hallowell, in *Demorest's Magazine*.

Fire Engines in the Field.

One of the many expedients resorted to by British farmers in the effort to save their crops which have suffered so badly from the phenomenal fire weather, is to water them by the aid of fire engines. In the fen districts several powerful engines have been at work pumping water from the fens and discharging it in the air through special nozzles so that it falls on the fields like fine rain. The results have been excellent.

CREATURES OF OCEAN DEPTHS.

They Fall to Pieces When the Pressure of Water No Longer Holds Them Together.

The new submarine world now explored and mapped out presents a very different picture from that painted for us by the poets. But a short time has elapsed since the bottom of the ocean was supposed to be the counterpart of the face of the earth above water—with hills and valleys, with precipitous mountains lifting toward the surface and profound gorges sinking to unfathomable depths. The ocean floor is far less diversified than the land.

Here and there, to be sure, islands in mid-ocean are the summits of enormous mountains, rising more or less abruptly, from a generally level surface, and the sea lying over a narrow, depressed region in the northwestern Pacific reaches its greatest depth. But this is exceptional; in its general character the ocean bottom consists of vast flat or slightly undulating plains. An extraordinary circumstance that has been noticed with interest, and that always creates surprise when first learned, is the entire absence of foreign matter in the deeper part of the ocean's floor.

Of all the vessels lost in mid-ocean; of all the human beings that have been drowned; of all the marine animals that have perished, of all the clay, sand and gravel let fall by dissolving icebergs; of all the various substances drifted from every shore by shifting currents, not a trace remains; but in their place water from one thousand to twenty-five hundred fathoms in depth covers the uniform bottom of thick, bluish, tenacious slime, called globigerina ooze. A bit of this under a powerful lens is a revelation of beauty not readily forgotten. The ooze is composed almost entirely of the minutest, most delicately beautiful shells imaginable.

At depths greater than two thousand five hundred fathoms the bottom of the sea consists mainly of products arising from exposure, for almost incalculable periods, to the chemical action of sea water, of pumice and other volcanic matters. This finally results in the formation of the red clay deposits that are considered characteristic of the profoundest depths of the ocean. Carbonate of lime, which in the form of the shells of foraminifera, makes up so large a part of the globigerina ooze, is here almost entirely absent.

Sea water is very nearly a universal solvent, and before any shell, large or small, reaches the bottom of these tremendous abysses it is chemically eaten up, literally dissolved—a result which the enormous pressure of the water must materially hasten. At one thousand fathoms the weight of the water pressing on all sides of an object immersed to that depth is very nearly one ton to the square inch, or more than one hundred times that sustained at the sea level, and at the greatest depths the pressure is so increased that it would seem nothing could withstand it—in fact, heavy metal cylinders let down with the sounding apparatus are sometimes, on being drawn up again to the surface, found bent and collapsed; strongly-made glass vessels which the metal inclosed are shattered into fragments.

In the profoundest abysses of the sea are strange forms of life, that never, save when brought up by the trawl, see the upper light. The work carried on by means of the United States fish commission vessel, the Albatross, has established the fact that forms of sea life inhabiting upper waters may descend to about twelve hundred feet from the surface, but that below this, to a depth of three hundred or three hundred and sixty fathoms, a barren zone intervenes where marine life seems absent. But still deeper, strange to say, has been discovered an abundant and varied fauna, new to science, living under conditions of tremendous pressure, and paucity of the life-sustaining element of oxygen, that induced an eminent zoologist to say quite recently: "What we know of the greatest ocean depths forbids us to expect to find them inhabited by living organisms." Here, indeed, survive forms of life the like of which no inhabitant of the upper world, not even the sun himself, has looked upon before the dredges of the Challenger, the Albatross, the Blake, and similarly equipped vessels dragged up marine creatures from congenial cold and dark.

It might reasonably be supposed that the denizens of great sea depths would be built more firmly and strongly than surface animals to resist the pressure of the element in which they live, but it is just the contrary. The most universal characteristic of these creatures is the looseness and flabbiness of texture they exhibit. Indeed, they seem to need the excessive pressure of the water about them to keep their parts together, for when they are brought to the surface they are ready to fall to pieces. It is a problem, so strangely are some of them formed, how they can move from place to place; were they not entirely below the disturbing element of wave action they would, to all appearance, be helpless.

Inhabiting these abyssal spaces, as completely cut off from communication with the upper waters as we are from the inhabitants of other planets, we can only vaguely speculate on their habits and judge their manners of life from their somewhat remote analogies to the surface species nearest akin to them. Plant life is entirely absent from their place of abode, and although they doubtless prey upon each other, some original sources of food supply must, of course, be conjectured to exist.—Cosmopolitan.

Discord.

Pilkington—De Gush's nose is getting frightfully red all a sudden.

Mrs. Pilkington—I'm sorry for Mrs. De Gush.

Pilkington—Yes, it's too bad.

Mrs. Pilkington—After she's gone and had all her spring dresses in pale blue and green.—Truth.

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