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Pride.

A rose peeped over a garden wall,
And a miry pool lay just before;
So the rose withdrew her queenly head,
And, with a proud disdain, she said:
"I can gaze on that no more!"

But the sunshine, with its hands of gold,
Drew the muddy drops up, one by one,
And, from the crystal arch of blue,
They fell to earth in grateful dew,
When the heat of day was done.

How sighed that rose for the balmy touch
Of a single dewdrop on her cheek!
When the water of that slighted pool
Descended soft, and bright, and cool,
Oh, her pride grew very meek!

—*George Cooper, in Golden Days.*

Over and Over Again.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the golden grain;
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the head
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows;
All over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain,
And a blessing failing us once or twice
May come, if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough for the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears must fall.
And the heart to its depths be riven
With storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

SAIDEE.

"Saidee."

"At your service, Sir Wilfred." From the gay worsteds she was sorting, she looked up with a mischievous expression befitting her words, yet underlying it a goodly measure of the rare tenderness that only a woman's face can wear.

Hers seemed a strange face for a lover to frown upon; but frown he did—ugilly, emphatically.

"I am in no mood for jesting, Saidee," he continued, glumly, "nor probably will you be when I tell you that what we have so long debated must be decided between us now."

The sunny smile died from her countenance; the rare tenderness seemed but the rarer for its gravity.

"I am sorry, Wilfred," she answered softly; "I so hoped you would see its impossibility and agree with me."

He could but read how she loved him, but he read something else now in look and tone—something that momentarily banished the frown and paled his handsome face. With a passionate impulse he arose, and, crossing over to where she sat, took her hands in his, and gazed down into her brown eyes long and steadily.

"Saidee, do you care at all for me?" he asked, finally.

"Do I care for you, Wilfred?" she murmured, reproachfully, yet with the rapture of his touch reflected in her face—"do I care for you? Oh, how can you ask me that, when you know that there is only you—only you in the whole wide world for me!"

His hands fell; he turned away from her impatiently, with a bitter smile.

"If I am all the world to you, Saidee, you certainly have a strange way of showing it. Your words are pretty, but they do not weigh at all with me. If you would have me believe you, come and promise to obey me as a woman should the man she loves."

He extended his arms toward her as he spoke; there was a look on his face she could not mistake. She knew it would be the last, last time, but still she took no step forward; she simply stood terrified, appealingly gazing up at him.

"Wilfred—"

He was frowning again, now deeper than before.

"I know what you would say, Saidee," he interrupted, "and it is only a waste of words. As I said before, your words have no weight with me; it is enough for me that you are ready to have me go away alone. And, as now I shall go to-morrow, we may as well say good-bye."

She had not taken her eyes from his face, and he still looked back at her steadily, relentlessly. At his last word she shivered, a death-like pallor spread over her countenance, and she answered, brokenly:

"Wilfred—"

He did not interrupt her now; he bent forward with conscious eagerness for her words. His were honest, but he felt certain of their effect; he did not doubt that, in this decisive moment, he would gain her to his will. She would surely not let him go; she was about to yield to him, to say that there could be no good-bye between them; that, sooner than this, she would abjure all and follow him. And so he bent forward for the answer, eagerly, with a certain hope.

"Wilfred, if you so will, you must go, but I can never say good-bye to you."

That was what she said, brokenly, tenderly, yet with the gentle firmness that had so startled him just now.

"If you so will, you must go."

They were little words, but he did not mistake them; the fullest judicial sentence never weighed more heavily. A moment he stood regarding her, shaking with pain and disappointment; a moment passion swayed him, a fleeting, wavering impulse, but he quickly crushed them down.

"I do so will, Saidee," he replied, with scornful emphasis; "and since you object to good-bye, let us make it good-afternoon."

This was their parting; so he left her, striding out and past the window by which she sat. She did not turn; she sat, fixed and rigid, listening to his retreating footsteps, each of which was a knife stabbing deep down in her heart. As they died away she started up as if to follow him, her lips parted with a passonate cry; but as suddenly his cutting words floated back to her it sank into a moan.

"And this is the end of it all," she murmured; "when he knows how I love him, when he knows I would die for him. Oh, Wilfred, my love, my dearest, how could you leave me so!"

It was not strange that that other time should rise vividly before her; that day, six months ago, when, in this very room, in the first blissful realization of their mutual passion, he had fallen on his knees before her, and solemnly affirmed that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her.

"If ever a woman was sure of a man, Saidee, you are sure of me!"

What music the words were, though neither of them could foresee the future and the sore test that awaited them. All seemed bright ahead; they were to be married in six months' time, and she was to go away with him to Brazil, where he had secured a government appointment.

There seemed no end of the passionate protestations, the solemn oath of this fond lover: their truth was to be tried. In the fifth month of their engagement, Aunt Ruth—of whom Saidee was the especial pet and protege—was thrown from her carriage and received injuries which, though it was not believed they would prove fatal, left her in a very critical and apprehensive state.

True, the wedding-day was named and Wilfred must go; true, there were loving hearts beside Saidee to care for poor Aunt Ruth, but it seemed to her tender nature most a crime to leave her, at least, until danger was positively past. And when, one morning, the old lady drew down the fair face to hers, and whispered, imploringly, "You will not leave me, pet, while there is a doubt of my getting well?" she promised unhesitatingly that she would not.

Perhaps if she had known Wilfred Hare better, she could not have promised so readily. But she knew him only as the tender lover, the man who had sworn that, come what would, no power on earth should ever separate him from her. It could be easily settled, she thought; he, as she, would feel very sad and disappointed, but he, as she, must see the impossibility of her going now. They could be married, and, as soon as Aunt Ruth was decided out of danger, she would go to him.

All this in full trust and faith she confided to Wilfred Hare. She was ill prepared for the reception her words met, the imperious workings of this man's will. What right had she, without consulting him even, to make a promise to any one that conflicted with her own to him? His love gave him the right to command her; if she loved him she would obey. She must marry him and go away with him, else their present relations must cease.

In vain she pleaded her promise, her tender affection for Ruth; he would yield nothing to an old woman's whim. So he remained imperious, persistent; she troubled, yet hopeful, thinking that finally he must yield, neither believing that separation was possible when the testing time should come.

Saidee strove to smile; she took up her worsteds and continued sorting them, as if thus to begin disciplining herself for the burdens of her new life. It could not be otherwise, she thought—she could not break her promise to Aunt Ruth, she could not leave her now. And as Wilfred willed she must submit.

Amid her pain arose a sudden, keen feeling of disappointment; it vanished almost immediately in a realization that was born from it.

"I am so glad," she said, softly, "that I am not one of those who think a perfect object is necessary for loving; I do not think a perfect object is a test of love. I am not blind; Wilfred is very tyrannical, selfish, very, very unkind, but, as never till to-day have I fully realized it, so never has he been so dear to me."

This realization awoke a tender resolve.

"I can never let him go away so; I must prove to him how dear he is and must ever be to me."

From this came the tender note that found its way next morning to Wilfred Hare:

"I cannot let you go away, dear, without one little word. I know you are angry with me, and I am very, very unhappy, for never, since our engagement, have I loved you as to-day. My little word is that I must always, always love you, and that I will never marry any man but Wilfred Hare. Perhaps some day you will understand and forgive me, and then you will be glad to think of this."

Very sadly she dropped the tender little note in the mail-box, very drearily she went back the familiar road to her home.

It seemed but yesterday that she had walked here with Wilfred, so happy and confident. How sad and dark the road seemed now! So absorbed was Saidee, that she did not see the man walking ahead, who suddenly turned and paused, as if awaiting her. She started as she drew closer and perceived him, her first impulse was to flee; she shrank from the sad face that she felt now was so like hers.

But it was too late. He had retraced his steps to meet her, and was now walking at her side.

"Saidee," he said, softly, "there are not many days now. Do not send me away from you."

He made no effort to cloak his tenderness, either in word or look. He had loved her from the happy time when, as children, they had walked this road together; she knew it, and it had once been the great sorrow of her life that she could not return this love.

Despite the sting of his words, there awoke in her heart a pity for him, such as she had never known before; a wild, regretful longing that she could not have loved him; a sudden, strange realization that she had wasted her affection, that this man's stanch, loyal heart was worth an hundred such as Wilfred Hare's.

This last she battled quickly down, not so the pity or the longing. Strangely moved, scarcely knowing what she did, she placed her hand on his arm, and answered, gently:

"There will be many, many days for us to walk together, Mark!"

He could but have a presentiment of her meaning, so sadly earnest was her tone.

"What do you say, Saidee?" he asked, with pity for her, and a joy he could not repress mingling oddly in his look and tone.

"That I am not going to be married, Mark—that is, not yet awhile. Wilfred is angry with me; but I must not tell you—I do not know why I so forget myself. It is only that I am to stay with Aunt Ruth for the present—that is all, Mark.

She truly said she did not know why; she felt a very traitress thus openly to blame Wilfred Hare. She did not realize, poor Saidee! how pleasant Mark Vale's devotion had suddenly become to her—how plain she was making this.

But he could not see. He walked on beside her silently, little dreaming he was aught to her to-day beyond what he had been before. Never had life seemed so dreary to Mark Vale—not even that black morning when he learned she was to marry Wilfred Hare. Then his unselfish soul found solace in the thought that she was happy; now he stood in presence of her misery—he, who, had he the power, would not have permitted the winds to blow roughly on her—and could not save her its least pang.

He understood Wilfred Hare better than she; it would have been easier, perhaps, to resign her to any other man. It was not strange, that in this hour, realizing how true was loyalty and tenderness, he should rail at justice and the veriest of myths.

The days passed slowly, drearily, to Saidee; with each, her love for Wilfred Hare growing deeper, her grief sharper—more unendurable.

"Come what will, no power on earth shall separate me from you!"

Morn, noon and night these words came back to her, and with them a hope to feed upon. Surely all would be right, she thought. He cou d not give her up; he was only angry with her; he would come to understand and forgive her, and then all would be well again.

These were uneventful days, till, one morning, the news was brought to Saidee that Aunt Ruth could not live; that, contrary to expectation, the peculiar troubles that had resulted from her injuries were developing fatally. Her gentle heart smote her, for often, often, this later time, she had regretted her promise; in her anguish, wished she had broken it. A while remorse banished all else from her thoughts; but love is a mighty king, and poor Aunt Ruth had not been long under the sod ere it regained the mastery.

He would surely write, now that Aunt Ruth was dead; he would surely understand.

So she was musing one twilight, when there came a knock at the door, and a letter was handed into her. At the sight of the familiar writing she could not repress a rapturous cry, despite the presence of the new servant, who knew nothing of Wilfred Hare; her trembling fingers could scarcely break the seal. And when she did—

Only a wedding-card, the little note she had written him, and the line:

"It is but right I should restore to you your pledge."

Wilfred Hare had proven himself.

She read it, she broke into a fit of hysterical laughter, and then, not knowing what she did, she dropped it, and went down and out over the lawn, far into the maple-grove. Looking ahead dreamily, she saw Mark Vale coming toward her. He had heard of this; he was coming vaguely, with only the thought that he must comfort her. She waited for him; she stretched out the hand which still held the card, with a dreary smile.

"Mark," she said, "did you know Wilfred was married? Did you know—"

She could say no more, the full reality had broke.

He had endured much, he could not endure the look now on her face. With a sudden, uncontrollable impulse, he threw his arms around her and drew her to his breast.

"Oh, Saidee! forgive me, forgive me, but I cannot see you so!"

So cried Mark Vane quite terrified at his act, striving vainly to loose his arms. To his surprise she did not resist him. He even fancied she clung to him.

"Do not send me away!" a voice floated up to him. "I have only got you to love me, and I know you love me very much."

Was this a delusion, or was she mocking him in her despair?

"Saidee," he murmured, bewilderedly, "do you mean that—that you could marry me?"

He was all she had. Hers was a nature to crave a prop; it seemed to her that moment, that never a love was so sweet to woman as Mark Vane's was to her.

"I loved Wilfred," she answered, brokenly. "But I have lost love, and I must have love or my heart will break. Dear Mark, if you can marry me so, I will be a good wife to you."

"Saidee!"

With the one word wherein lay his soul, he drew her gently, almost reverentially, closer to his madly-beating heart.

And so he married her, and he is content. For she never repulses him, his love seems always sweet to her, and sometimes, of her own will, she comes and, twining her arms about his neck, kisses him tenderly.

Why Young Children Read Trash.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner discussing the question of children's reading, in the *Christian Union*, calls attention to the comparatively small number of persons, even in this country, who read. We boast, he says, about the circulation of our newspapers. The best of them are daily marvels of news, information, or miscellaneous reading, of entertainment of all sorts. They are the cheapest things manufactured in modern days. Considering the capital in brains, industry and money put into every number, they are at their price the wonder of our civilization. And yet the most wonderful thing about them to me is their smallness of their circulation compared to the population. Take such a center as New York, with a compact population of nearly two millions, and radiating lines of quick distribution that enable the newspapers within a few hours to reach millions more, and set against this the actual circulation of the three or four commanding journals. It is a mere bagatelle.

Still there are many newspapers, and a large proportion of the population sees one every day—that is, of the city population; but the number of people who master the contents of a daily newspaper is not large. Readers pick out of them the items of business or amusements or politics that interests them. And it is hardly fair to credit competent with the habit of reading because they glance at the daily newspapers, or because in the country they are in the habit of spreading the excellent weeklies over their faces to keep the flies from disturbing their Sunday nap. I believe that the majority of business men read a book very rarely; the majority of young men in business offices, but they hardly read little—they do not give their evenings to reading, and are not ant to take up a book unless it becomes the talk of society. People who spend a great deal of money on dress, on dinner, on amusements, would think it extravagant to buy a book, and if one is commended to them they will wait till they can borrow it or get it from the library. They do not hesitate two minutes about an ordinary twenty-dollar dinner, but they will wait months to borrow a fifty-cent book.

He concludes that "one of the reasons why the young who read at all read nothing but trash, as they are said to do, is because their parents, or older persons about them, either have not the habit of reading or they also read trash. In such households as I have described, where the elders go about declaring that there is nothing to read, the children catch the tone and think there is nothing to read—that is, nothing except the latest story-book or the picture-paper. In a lower strata of society, where the mother has neither time nor inclination to read anything, and the father pores over the *Police Gazette*, it is quite natural that his son should take the *Boy's Own* story-paper about ruffians and burglars. The short of it is that the children in this country follow their elders. And I suspect that the vast majority of people care little for reading, except as it furnishes them a smattering of news or gives them a temporary excitement."

Life Among the Central Park Animals.

Mr. William A. Conklin, director of the Central Park menagerie, in his annual report gives much interesting information. There were 1,206 animals in the park during the year. Of these 402 were birds, 242 mammals and twenty-four reptiles. The births were as follows: Eight lions (two litters of four each), one puma, five prairie wolves (at one birth), one Nubian goat, one zebu, one Cape buffalo, one Wapiti deer, one Virginia deer, one Mexican deer, one Toulouse goose, five wild geese, four white swans, four black swans, eight pea fowls, five white turkeys, twenty Guinea fowls.

The mortuary record is as follows: One leopard, one prairie wolf, one sea-lion, one tapir, one vicuna, one camel, one yak, one Samboo deer, one tiger bittern and one European crane.

The animals consumed 193,830 pounds of hay, 8,926 pounds of straw, 541 bushels of oats, 466 bushels of corn, 136 bags of bran, thirteen bushels of seed, 77,380 pounds of meat, 25,782 pounds of bread, 7,493 pounds of fish, 3,116 quarts of milk and ten barrels of crackers. A large proportion of the above provision was furnished by the owners of the animals. The maintenance of the animals cost the city nearly $11,000. Repairs, etc., made the total expenditure $14,992.99.

The most valuable animals on exhibition, according to the report, were two black leopards, four polar bears, one two-horned rhinoceros, a sea-lion and cub. The mother sea-lion was the one that died. The cub was disconsolate, and refused food, but after tom-cod and smelts had been forced down its throat for a time it took to a regular diet and survived.

Among the fish in the Central Park lakes are catfish, white perch, yellow perch, goldfish, sunfish, black bass, suckers and eels.

Thirty gray squirrels and fifty quail set free in the park have increased and multiplied wonderfully, and their presence has drawn great numbers of hawks, of which many have been shot.

The extermination of cats and dogs does not come in Director Conklin's province. Superintendent Dawson, who has charge of this work, reports the killing of nearly 800 cats and 30 dogs in the past year, besides many moles and a few muskrats.—*New York Sun.*

A new steam street car, which has met with success in New York, has been tested on grades of 345 feet to the mile and on curves of thirty-three feet radius. It has readily drawn up all grades and around all curves one, two and even three cars, itself being full of passengers, and under ordinary conditions it can be made to do the work of two, three or even four teams of horses. It makes twenty miles an hour.

A South American Curiosity.

A note was received at the New York *World* office recently, reading: "Come and see a remarkable curiosity at the Aquarium." The reporter who answered this call walked along through straw and was just about to put his feet down into what appeared to be a bundle of old hay when the proprietor observed: "That's the curiosity—don't step on it." The hay began to move with much deliberation, and there was slowly elevated along, wide fan, which went to the rear to serve as a tail. "That animal," said its proprietor, Charles Reiche, "is an ant-bear." The bear rose on its legs, showing a wonderfully elongated and narrow head. It is thickly covered with long coarse hair, which on the tail is half-way between the filaments of a heavy plume and the sticks of a fan. The tail is used by the bear with commendable ingenuity as a blanket, being for that purpose brought around a half-circle and spread just sufficiently to entirely cover the body. Besides serving as a cover for warmth it hides the animal. Hunters not accustomed to the forests of Brazil which the ant-bear inhabits step on it without knowing that it is a curiosity. The color is brown washed with gray on the head and face, and interspersed with pure white hairs on the head and hinder limbs. The throat is very black, and a long, triangular, black mark crosses the animal from the throat, passing obliquely over the shoulders. Measuring from the tip of the snout to the end of the tail, the bear is just a trifle more than six feet in length. The head alone is one and one-half and the tail two feet long. The bear has four toes on the fore-feet and five on the hinder feet. The claws on the fore-feet are extremely long and curved and of no use in walking. They are used as a means of defense against stronger animals. If they once are implanted in the flesh of a human being, the wound is apt to prove fatal. They are apt also not to come out, so that the dying man can kill the bear if he desires to. The bear has found that the safest way is to wind its make-up head around the body of its foe. Its hug is particularly powerful. The bear turned its claws inward upon a thick, rough palm, and walked on the outer edge of the fore-feet in a lazy, awkward manner to a box two feet away. The only indication of intelligence it displayed was in scraping away the straw for a bed. It cannot walk long. The bear came from Para by the schooner Thomas Williams. Its owner, Mr. Reiche, has had a standing offer for the last ten years to all the captains sailing from New York to Brazil to pay a good sum for a live ant-bear, and this animal is the only one ever brought to the United States. Captain Edwards secured it while it was sleeping, which it is very capable of, but he let it go, negotiating to sell it to the German Zoological garden company in Berlin for $2,500. He says that no zoological garden in the world possesses a live ant-bear. The London garden could keep one for only a week. It died in the garden.

Mr. Reiche feeds the bear with extremely finely-scraped beef mixed with eggs and sugar. Every schoolboy, parents or politics that interests them. And it is hardly fair to credit competent with the habit of reading because they glance at the daily newspapers, or because in the country they are in the habit of spreading the excellent weeklies over their faces to keep the flies from disturbing their Sunday nap. I believe that the majority of business men read a book very rarely; the majority of young men in business offices, but they hardly read little—they do not give their evenings to reading, and are not ant to take up a book unless it becomes the talk of society. People who spend a great deal of money on dress, on dinner, on amusements, would think it extravagant to buy a book, and if one is commended to them they will wait till they can borrow it or get it from the library. They do not hesitate two minutes about an ordinary twenty-dollar dinner, but they will wait months to borrow a fifty-cent book.

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Mennonites in Manitoba.

Some miles west of Pembina, on the British side of the boundary line, there is a large settlement of Russian Mennonites. About 7,000 have come to Manitoba, where the government has reserved 500,000 acres for their settlements. It was a beautiful morning when we set out on a "prairie yacht," behind a pair of quick-stepping horses, to visit the Mennonite reserve. Our road lay along the north bank of the Pembina river, skirting the edge of the timber, and occasionally cutting across a point of woods which ran out into the open prairie. We passed many thrifty looking farms, where the men were still working at the remnant of the harvest. At Smuggler's point there was a log tavern, and we stopped for a little dinner. The landlord was a frontiersman who had tried life in many territories. We asked him whether the Mennonites were good settlers, and how he liked them.

"Well," he said, "they're quiet enough; and some on 'em lives pretty white; but they ain't no good to the country. They live on black bread and melons, and raise their own tobacker; and when a crowd on 'em comes in here to drink, each man steps up and drinks, and pays for his own liquor."

Such conduct as this, of course, is subversive of the very first principle of American society, which recognizes "treating" as the true medium of friendly intercourse.

A few miles further on we found the farm village of Blumenort. It is not the largest of the villages on this reserve, but it will serve as a type of the rest. The high-road was simply a well-worn wagon track over the bare plain. An irregular line of a dozen low thatched houses on each side of the road and a steam sawmill made up the village. The farms radiate from this center. Every man cultivates his own land, and the four-and-twenty families have the advantage of living close together, and making common front against the hardship and loneliness of frontier life. Each village has its head-man, or schulz—its schoolmaster—who teaches in German; and if the village is too small for a church, the pfarrer comes over from some larger town to preach at stated times.

We sat on the steps of the mill, talking with some of the villagers, and eating a watermelon, which was passed around from man to man for each to cut off a slice with his pocket-knife. The Mennonite German is a barbarous dialect; it has not been improved by ninety years' sojourn in Russia. But it served as a medium of communication. They told us that their village had been unfortunate; that they had been forced to move twice on account of the wetness of the land. The present situation seemed to be better. They like the country better than Russia. But one of the men, who had not yet taken up his allotment of land, complained greatly that under the new law, made this summer, he could get only eighty acres of homestead. He thought of going to America (*i. e.*, the United States), where he could get one hundred and sixty acres. "But how about the oath of allegiance?" we asked. He shrugged his shoulders and grinned, from which we concluded that he must be a Buttoner of the looser stamp.

The men expressed some anxiety to know if Sitting Bull were coming to make war in Manitoba. They had heard that he was marching with four thousand braves to attack Emerson. They seemed much relieved to hear that he was many hundred miles to the west of them.

On the other side of the road I saw a clay threshing-floor between some wheat stacks, and an old man driving a team of horses over it to tread out the grain. The method was old-fashioned enough to be quite a novelty. I went over to watch it, and thus chanced to make the acquaintance of the proprietor of the stacks and the horses. He was a pleasant, talkative old man, who had come from Russia within a year, and was just beginning to make a home for himself. This was his first crop, and he thought it would average over twenty bushels to the acre. Three or four barefooted girls, ruddy and strong, were brushing up the grain as the horses trod it out, and winnowing it. The scene was picturesque, and I called Gad over to make a sketch of it. But something in his dark and rolling eye, or some natural timidity, sent the maidens scampering off to hide behind the stacks, from which they made rapid sallies to gather up a little wheat in their aprons. Meanwhile the old farmer was asking many questions. He was particularly anxious to know the value of Russian money in New York, for he still had a little stock of rubles which he had brought with him from his old home. The Mennonites are, almost without exception, well-to-do people. What is the mysterious connection between the doctrine of non-resistance and worldly prosperity? Why do they always go together?

After a while Brother Peters asked us to go home with him and see his house, which was but a few yards away from the threshing-floor. It was built of logs, plastered with clay and thatched with straw. The chimney was a square hole in the roof. The inside of the house was rough, but comfortable, or at least it might be made so. The floor was made of clay. Peters was particular to impress upon us that the house was not finished; he had bought the shell, as it stood, from another man, and he pointed out with admirable pride how he proposed to wall off a gastzimmer here and a speisezimmer there. The central point of the establishment was the great oven, which answered at once for purposes of cooking the food and warming the rooms. All improvements in the place the old man intended to make with his own hands on his work-bench, which occupied one side of the living-room.

As we sat there in that rude room talking with the old Russian, puffing away quietly at a pipe of the peace-making Indian weed, we seemed to have entered quite into the circle of his domestic life. In one corner of the room sat the old Hanaham combing his beauty locks. The eldest daughter was very busy with some household work, while the little grandchild played on the floor beside the work-bench. In the middle of the room was the dinner-table; presently three or four girls came in from their work, and we were cordially asked to sit down with them to their *Vesperbrod* of black bread, melons and coffee.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Bad Day for Alligators.

The Orlando (Fla.) *Reporter* says: Monday proved a held day with the alligators. They came out in large numbers to bask in the warm sunlight after the rain. Fatal recreation! everybody on board went to shooting them. Even the scullion would leave his dishpan to take a shot. And it seemed hard to miss them. The champion slayer was an old hunter from the Granite State. Whenever he raised his rifle death was in the air, and its sharp report was the crack of doom for some cousin of the crocodile. The 'gator-slayer expended his last cartridge in the evening; but not until he had scored his sixty-fifth alligator. Their vitality is remarkable. I chopped off the head of one a few minutes after he had been shot. Several minutes after the head was entirely severed from the body, I thrust an oar at it. The jaws opened and snapped to again, like a huge steel-trap, driving the teeth three-fourths of an inch into the hard oak and splitting the oar handle. Even twenty minutes later that 'gator-head would not have been a safe toy for children.

Taken altogether the beautics of art and nature do not begin to interest the inquisitive female so much as the view she gets through a keyhole.—*Fulton Times.*

How Postal Cards are Made.

Passing the long, one-story, brick building known as the Postal Card factory, on Race street, Holyoke, Mass., one would not be apt to think an article was there exclusively manufactured for the entire country, but such is the case. The myriad little postal cards that long age became almost a necessity, are all made there, and thence shipped over Uncle Sam's domain.

The card board from which the cards are made is manufactured by the Parsons Paper company, of Holyoke, and from their mill transferred to the postal factory. The transfer is made upon trucks whose box-shaped sides, though locked, are removable, saving in this way the great expense it would be to transfer the sheets in nailed boxes. A truck load will hold about 3,000 sheets of the card board. The sheets are exactly large enough to cut into four strips, each strip making ten cards. Thus a sheet will make forty postal cards, and the account of manufacture is easily kept with precision.

At the postal factory the sheets, received plain from the mill, are first passed through the printing presses. As each sheet comes off the press it bears forty cards stamped upon it, and after drying the sheet is ready for the cutters, one of which cuts the sheet into four strips, and the other cuts each of the four strips into ten cards. About eight truck loads of the card sheets are used daily on two printing presses, running ten hours, and making 950,000 cards as a day's work. The sheets turned off the printing presses require only one stripping machine, and that requires three cross-cutters, cutting out the cards. Each cross-cutter is tended by one girl to feed it, and three girls who take the cards from the pans in which they are deposited and make them up into packages of twenty-five cards each. When twenty-five strips have been passed through the cross-cutter, of course each of the ten receiving pans contains twenty-five cards, and the cylinder about which they are arranged is turned a notch, always leaving a new set of pans to be filled, while the packers continue to bind up the packages. The stripping machines sometimes get a little ahead of the printing presses, and about two evenings a week the latter are run, increasing the production as desired.

After being made up into packages of twenty-five cards each, they are put into boxes of twenty packages, or 500 cards each, and these are again made up into still larger boxes as wanted. The factory generally has on hand at the beginning of a quarter about eighteen million cards, ready to meet the demands. Of course New York is the largest consumer of all the postoffices in the country, and that city takes about a million cards every ten days. The two-cent international postal card has not yet met with the large demand anticipated for it, but the demand is steadily increasing. It is widely understood by the masses of people in this country who have friends and relatives in Ireland, England, France, Germany and other lands, that for two cents they can write to the friend or relative, it would seem that then the two-cent international card will be appreciated and commonly used.

The boxes into which less than 2,000 cards are packed are of pasteboard, and are made by the Chicopee Folding Box company, of Springfield. The boxes for larger amounts of cards are of wood, and the pieces of which they are made are sawed out at Burlington, Vt., and put together at Holyoke. The cards while kept on hand are stored in a large fireproof room, from which they are taken, when orders are to be filled, to the room wherence they are shipped either in pouches or boxes. By a perfected system of registry a receipt is given and taken for every package taken and disbursed by a government employee.—*Holyoke (Mass.) Herald.*

Food for Children.

It is probably true that in this country more children are killed or made weakly for life by improper food, or over or under feeding, than by any other cause, and this is the more unpardonable because the kinds of food which, for children, are the most wholesome and nourishing, are usually cheap and easily to be had and prepared. There are very few people in the United States so poor that they cannot get for their children, not only the right kind of food, but also plenty of it, so that here again we can only fall back upon the excuse, if we dare to call it such, of our own ignorance and thoughtlessness.

In almost every household the children habitually get sweet cakes and pies, hot breads, preserves, pickles, etc., which cost twice as much, both in money and in the labor of preparation, as would the plain, digestible food which alone is suitable for growing children; and yet it seems almost impossible for mothers to realize that in giving these things to their children they are not only wasting time and money, but are also directly injuring their helpless little ones. It is certainly a very fortunate thing that nature provides for a baby at its entrance into life food which is all sufficient for its needs, for otherwise it seems as if the ingenuity of ignorant parents would by this time have extinguished the human race. Even as it is, some mothers insist on giving babies all sorts of food, sometimes going so far as to believe, or say they believe, that a little of anything that they themselves can eat will not hurt the baby. A woman might as well say that the baby's little hands can do the work of her hands, as that its little stomach can do the work of her stomach; and the result of such treatment is that the baby pines, falls sick, is drugged with medicine, and in nine cases out of ten, dies, the victim of its mother's ignorance.

A child which is completely weaned at twelve months should, from that time until it is eighteen months old, be fed four times a day upon milk, simple preparations of the different grains, boiled or baked potatoes mashed fine, beef tea, crackers and bread. From eighteen months, when children are healthy, a greater variety of food may be given, but the same care should be taken in regard to the regularity of their meals (for a habit of eating at odd times is harmful at any age) and that they get nothing which is not plain and wholesome. Sweet cakes, pastry, hot breads, greasy or highly seasoned food of any kind should be strictly forbidden, while almost any meat (except pork), fish, eggs, oatmeal, cornmeal, almost all kinds of fruit, and all easily digested vegetables, such as potatoes, tomatoes, spinach, etc., may be given, well cooked and in proper quantities, the heaviest meal being taken in the middle of the day, and the condition of the bowels being always carefully watched.

Now any woman with common sense and fairly good health can do all this without much trouble, and in the end will find that it is the easiest way to bring up her children, for this sort of care will keep them well and strong, saving all the expense and anxiety of the frequent illnesses which are usually the lot of children who are permitted to eat all sorts of things at all sorts of times. As, for example, in teething, when babies which are properly fed and cared for suffer very little, while badly managed children are almost always in pain and frequently have fits, convulsions, those choleric attacks which are so common a cause of death, especially in cities. You cannot make good bread out of bad flour, you cannot grow a strong plant from an unripe seed, you cannot build a sea-worthy boat out of decayed timber; how then can you expect your children to be healthy unless you give them in their food the material from which to make healthy bone and muscle, nerve and flesh?—*Hampton Tract.*

The key to every man is his thought; but there are a great many keyless men in the world.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A Chicago engineer proposes to get rid of the sewerage and the river there by damming up the river, pumping it out and using the bottom for the railroads which come into the city. A large sewer should be laid under the bed of the river, extending out into the lake, a current being kept up by pumps at the mouth of the river. Then it is proposed to fill in a large space of the lake in front and build a sea wall further out which would give all the water front needed. The project is a large one and appeals to the imagination.

New England capital is to build a railroad further "Down East" than Boston is. The road starts from Cairo, in Egypt, crossing the Suez canal at Port Said, its northern terminus, and running north through Palestine, a little back from the Mediterranean coast, until Megiddo is reached, beyond the Carmel range. Crossing the famous plain of Esdraelon, the line debouches to the western shore of Lake Gennesaret, north of which the Jordan is crossed and the mountains separating the Jordan valley from Damascus, after which it continues on across the Euphrates to Mosul, on the Tigris, where it is to terminate on a proposed railroad from Diabekir and the Black sea. Several branches are contemplated, including one easterly from Ramleh to Jerusalem, where a depot has been located near the Damascus gates and another from the same point westerly to Joppa.

Judge Daly, of New York, in his recent annual address before the American Geographical society, said that fresh discoveries of the cuneiform inscriptions at Nineveh have revealed the fact that the ancient Assyrians were acquainted with the existence of spots on the sun, which they could only have known by the aid of telescopes. These, it is supposed, they possessed. Mr. Layard found a crystalline lens in the runs of Nineveh. The Assyrian cyclopedia, imprinted on bricks, was an exhaustive work. The inscriptions on these bricks, on being deciphered, disclosed that houses and lands were sold, leased and mortgaged, that money was loaned at interest, and that the market gardeners, to use an American phrase, "worked on shares;" that the farmer, when plowing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found—thus connecting this very remote civilization of 2000 B. C. with the usages of to-day.

The latest sect in England is that of the Danielites. It had its rise in 1876, and its founder was T. W. Richardson, a student of medicine and a vegetarian. The organization has a form of initiation, degrees, badges, scarfs, and all the symbols of a secret society. The person who desires to become a member takes a solemn vow to abstain entirely from fish, flesh, and fowl, from spirituous and malt liquors, from snuff and tobacco. When this promise has been taken and a solemn pledge of secrecy given, the candidate is ushered into the "garden," which is the Danielite name for lodge. The head of each garden is called the chief gardener. The sect has no theological system. A member may believe what he chooses so long as he affirms the existence of a Supreme Being and maintains a vegetable diet. The initiation fee is two shillings. It is said that the order has many adherents, and is spreading in England.

A man who passed through many stirring and dangerous scenes was recently asked in a most prosaic manner on the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad. This was Professor Louis Binel, a French teacher of languages and a lecturer on French literature. He was about fifty-eight years of age and was a native of Normandy, where his brothers yet reside. During the Crimean war he was the correspondent of the *Journal des Debats*, of Paris. He was selected as one of the commission which accompanied the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian to Mexico, and acted as his direct legal adviser upon the provision of the code Napoleon, in which he was deeply versed. After the execution of Maximilian, Miramon and Mejia, Professor Binel came to the United States. He sacrificed a large estate by his devotion to the imperial cause, and he was almost penniless when he reached this country. But his knowledge of languages and acquaintances who assisted him in forming classes, and he became the owner of a valuable property in Germantown.

Electricity in Flour Making.

In olden times it was "nothing like leather." Now it seems to be nothing like electricity. Electricity is rapidly—it does everything rapidly—becoming a most useful servant. The latest thing it has been asked to do is to prepare our bread for us. In most colleges there is an experiment done before the students to show one of the manifestations of electricity. A couple of books are laid on the table a foot or so apart. They