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Never Suspected It.

A letter on the table lies:
I do not recognize the hand,
And yet my heart is throbbing and
There's joy light in my yearning eyes.

Is it from mother, old and gray,
Or from the little trusting maid
Whose heart I won before I strayed
Out to the mountains, leagues away?

Before I break the seal I press
My lips upon the envelope,
And oh! a boundless wealth of hope
Is lavished in that soft caress.

Peace, fluttering heart! Oh, soul, sit still
Why should my trembling frame recoil?
My letter comes from Bridget Doyle;
It is—it is my laundry bill.

—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Fate.

Two shall be born the whole wide world apart,
And speak in different tongues, and have no thought
Each of the other's being, and no heed.
And these o'er unknown seas to unknown lands
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death;
And, all unconsciously, shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one end—
That one day out of darkness they shall meet
And read life's meaning in each other's eyes.

And two shall walk some narrow way of life,
So nearly side by side that should one turn
Ever so little space to left or right
They needs must stand acknowledged face to face,
And yet, with wistful eyes that never meet,
With groping hands that never clasp, and lips
Calling in vain to ears that never hear,
They seek each other all their weary days,
And die unsatisfied: and this is fate.

A Romantic Marriage.

She was certainly a lovely girl, such as any man might well be proud of knowing; at least so seemed to think her companion, Cecil Courtney, for he gazed and loved—and loving, gazed again.

"Cecil," she murmured, "Cecil, it seems strange, nay, almost impossible, that you should love me, poor Grace Gardner, a lonely orphan, without friends or fortune, and more than all, your sister's governess."

The manly face beside her flushed with a loving look as he replied:

"Strange, my darling, it may be, but not one whit the less true, that I love you with an intensity that shall outlive every evil or ill that a cold and unsympathetic world can possibly pour upon us. For you, my dearest, I can glory in relinquishing every wish and ambition of my life—home, friends and fortune—and willing commence to labor for the daily bread that your love and presence shall turn into veritable manna."

"Oh, Cecil," she exclaimed, "it seems so terribly selfish to allow you to give up so much for me! And who knows, you may some day regret so great a sacrifice? Nay, rather let me go away, and try to find peace away from you; happiness were impossible."

"Darling Gracie," he exclaimed, in alarm, "for my sake never mention such an idea again! What pleasure do you suppose all the riches of earth could afford me unless I had you to share them?"

"Then, dear Cecil, I will say no more, only to beseech you to press me no more to—to—"

"To marry me?" he asked, laughingly.

"Yes," she replied, blushing, "until you have avowed to Colonel and Mrs. Courtney your preference for my humble self. Who can tell what might follow? Mrs. Courtney has been kind and considerate to me during the short time I have been here; perhaps they may not despise my dependent position, and consenting to our union all may be bright and joyous."

"I will do as you wish, love," he replied, fondly, "though I have little hope of success, for you do not know her as well as I do. But if I fail, darling, will you promise to face poverty at once with me and become my bride? I have a hundred a year—left me by an aunt—which my parents cannot touch or interfere with. This will keep us from want until I can meet with employment. Say, Gracie darling, shall it be so? You do not fear poverty with me?"

"Fear!" she exclaimed. "I fear nothing with you."

He would have been less than a lover had he not fervently pressed those rosy lips to his own in true lover fashion.

It was the afternoon of the next day, while Grace Gardner was giving a music lesson to her affectionate and pretty little pupil (Cecil Courtney's only sister), that the school-room door was thrown open in an ominous manner, and Mrs. Courtney—tall and stately, with robes fashionable and flowing—walked into the room. One glance at her haughty and angry countenance told Grace her errand. She sent little Mabel away to her nurse, and then, turning to the governess, said:

"And now, Miss Gardner, I have to request that you will find it convenient to leave this house this afternoon."

"Scarcely this afternoon," replied Grace, quickly. "It is now too late to reach my friends to-day. To-morrow morning I shall have no objection to comply with your request."

"Intolerable—your insolence is intolerable!" exclaimed the lady, walking angrily up and down the room. "I tell you you shall go at once! You do not sleep another night under this roof!"

"May I be allowed to inquire the cause of so sudden and urgent a dismissal?" asked Grace, in the same quiet tone.

"Ask!" said Mrs. Courtney, scornfully. "Your conscience must tell you well enough! Here, you have not been in the house two months, and you have laid your snares so cleverly that you have succeeded in entrapping my only son; and so skillfully and slyly have you played your part that I had not a suspicion of what was going on until that bewitched youth, fascinated with your doll's face, has dared to ask our consent to his marriage with you—you, who may be the daughter of a costermonger for all we know! This comes of taking girls on a lady's recommendation, instead of applying to those who had previously engaged them! I shall take care to let Lady Powis know what kind of a protege she has recommended!"

Grace's face flushed as she replied, with dignity:

"Truly, madame, you might have stated your cause of complaint in gentler terms. Since you confess yourself ignorant of my parentage, does it not occur to you that I am as likely to prove the daughter of a duke as of a costermonger, in which case, I presume, you would consider your son honored by an alliance with me?"

"The daughter of a duke, indeed! You are nothing but a hardy adventuress; and let me tell you, miss, never presume to see my son again! Should he dare to continue to address you in defiance of his lawful guardians, he will be disinherited; and as it is the money and not the man you want, I have no fear as to what course you will pursue with regard to him!"

So saying she swept from the room. Grace then wrote a short note, as follows:

"DEAR CECIL: Your suspicions were correct. I am turned from your mother's house because I have dared to love and be loved by you.

"It were better for us to part now, though I can scarcely bring myself to write such dreadful words. Let me at least see you once more to say farewell. I shall stay until to-morrow at Mrs. Jones' cottage in the village. Yours,

"GRACIE."

She then left the same address with Mrs. Courtney's maid, in order that her boxes might be sent to her, and wrapping a dark cloak around her and donning a lace hat, she set out for Mrs. Jones', who was an old woman to whom she had given money and kind words during her short residence in Lindon, not, however, before she had stolen silently and unobserved to a sequestered part of the grounds, and carefully laid her note to Cecil Courtney in a hole beneath a large stone, which hole—to judge by the careful manner in which it was made and arranged—had already been the receptacle of similar messages.

* * * * * *

It was a glorious evening toward the close of July when, in a handsome room in a fashionable hotel of the Lake district, Cecil Courtney sat alone with his beauteous bride. The evening sunset was lighting up lakes, mountains and woods with silent beauty. Grace had been busy writing, but her letter was finished, and as she raised her lovely head she exclaimed:

"Oh, Cecil, how perfectly enchanting this sunset is! My darling, your love is to me what the setting sun is to nature; it fills me with a bright, rosy happiness, which changes my whole being, and makes it as bright as the setting sun makes yon lovely landscape!"

"Heaven bless you for saying so, darling wife! Nothing on earth could add to the beauty of my beloved's face, that is already perfect!"

She blushed in silent happiness, and for awhile they watched the glowing scene with a joy too deep for words.

Presently he said, playfully:

"And whom has my dear wife been writing to?"

"To Lady Powis," she replied, promptly, "though I must ask you in this one instance to excuse me from showing you the letter. Lady Powis is an old friend of my dear dead mother, and to her I owe more than words can express. She is immensely rich and very influential, and it was entirely my own fault that I took an engagement as governess instead of remaining with her. I have now written to inform her of my marriage, and it is just possible that she may be able and willing to find you some suitable appointment."

"You dear, kind, thoughtful wife! I cannot say, but I hope she may for your sake; for I fear, love, that unless something turns up, I shall have to forego the pleasure of seeing my darling attired in such costly raiment as this, and this," he replied, touching almost reverentially her rich black silk dress and the beautiful lace she wore around wrists and neck.

"That would never grieve me," said she, lightly. "I shall be as happy in serge as in satin, if dear Cecil only loves me. However, before we make up our minds to poverty, let us wait and see what Lady Powis has to say."

The return post brought a letter from Lady Powis, congratulating her dear Gracie upon the happy marriage she had formed; and then went on to invite the young couple to come to her on a visit as soon as their honeymoon was ended; wishing, however, that they would come on the morning of the first of August, as on the evening of that day she was to give a grand ball—the last of the season—in honor of the return of her niece, Lady Gertrude Gordon, from a three months' visit to a cousin in Germany.

"There now!" said Gracie, clapping her pretty hands.

"But you must order a ball dress, my love," said Cecil; "my pearl must be set in as fine gold as any other at this ball."

"Oh, leave that to me, dear," said she. "Only you must promise me not to fall in love with Lady Gertrude."

"Is she very pretty, then?"

"You shall tell me if you think her so when you see her," said Grace, laughing.

The morning of the 1st arrived, and found Cecil and his bride with Lady Powis by noon. Grace was received with a loving welcome by her friend, who said that Lady Gertrude was resting for the evening, until when she would not appear. There was to be a plain dinner before the ball, at which two old friends were to dine en famille. And then, after awhile, with an apology, the lady left the young couple to their own resources until evening.

The ladies were to dine in their ball dresses to escape the fatigue and hurry of a second dressing. When Grace appeared attired for the evening Cecil could not but marvel both at her wondrous beauty and the graceful splendor of her apparel. She wore a dress of white satin, trimmed with real Honiton lace and bunches of clematis and lilies-of-the-valley; but more than that, there glittered on her neck and arms diamonds and pearls of great value.

"See," she said, approaching him, "these are Lady Powis' bridal gifts—are they not lovely?"

"Lovely indeed," said Cecil, intoxicated with her beauty; "but not half so beautiful as my darling wife, who is, I feel sure, to be the belle of the ball tonight," and he pressed her fair form warmly to his manly breast. Proudly he gave her his arm and descended to the drawing-room.

Who can picture his bewilderment when, in the two friends who were to dine with them, he saw his own father and mother!

Mrs. Courtney's heart had beaten with proud triumph when she received the invitation to the ball, and above all to dine en famille with Lady Powis previously, for her social position scarcely entitled her to such an honor. She was aghast with amazement when she saw her son entering the room bearing on his arm the "hardy adventuress." But her humiliation was truly pitiful when Lady Powis, taking the hand of the lovely and smiling bride, led her to them, saying:

"Mrs. and Colonel Courtney, allow me to present to you one who, until lately, was my dearly loved niece, Lady Gertrude Gordon, but who is now the wife of your son, and consequently your daughter-in-law."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Cecil, "what mystery is this?"

Grace, or rather Lady Gertrude, broke into a merry peal of silvery laughter.

"Now," said she, gleefully, "this denouement is simply charming; have I not played my part well? and has not dear auntie kept my secret and carried out my plans excellently? This is, I am sure, a most romantic marriage, and I believe will be as happy as romantic," said she, turning fondly to her husband.

"But, my darling," said he, with painful embarassment, "I cannot understand this at all. Have pity and explain."

"I think I had better do that," said Lady Powis, gracefully. "My niece, like myself, is of a romantic disposition. She was the belle of the season, and her beauty and wealth brought her many admirers; but she refused them all. She told me often that she wished to be loved for herself alone, and not for her wealth and title. You," said she, turning to Colonel and Mrs. Courtney, "had but just returned with your son here from a long residence abroad when we saw you at a concert. Gertrude saw you then for the first time," continued she, addressing Cecil, "and on returning home she remarked, 'Auntie, if I ever marry it must be such a man as that.' The next day came Mrs. Courtney's letter, asking me, as an old acquaintance, if I could recommend her a governess. Suddenly Gertrude declared her intention of playing the part and accepting the engagement. 'Now, auntie,' said she, 'I will see if there is a man in the world who can love Gertrude Gordon for herself alone.' It was stipulated that she should never be invited into the drawing-room, to prevent her recognition by any who had seen her in her own character. How far her plan has succeeded is seen by the fact that she is now Mrs. Cecil Courtney."

"Yes," said Gertrude, turning to her mother-in-law. "It happened that Cecil and I met the first day of my residence with you, while I was walking out with Mabel; after that we met every evening under the old elm trees. The pleasure of those happy hours made joyous the duties and restraints of my new position, which would otherwise have proved irksome." Then approaching Mrs. Courtney—who was weeping tears of shame and mortification—said, sweetly: "Pardon, dear madame, the deception I practiced upon you, and in a mother's anxiety for the welfare of her son I can cheerfully excuse your apparent harshness to me. I have no mother; let me find one now."

The haughty lady bowed her head, murmuring:

"You overpower me with your goodness; I am not worthy of it."

Gertrude kissed her affectionately, and then passing to the colonel, said:

"I see I need not plead here for a father's kiss."

"Good heavens! no. I'd no idea there was such a beauty in my house, or I should have taken the young gentleman's part and let him marry you, governess or no governess;" and he took her in his arms and salute her heartily.

She then approached her husband with a timidity new to her, saying:

"And Cecil—can he, too, forgive my deception?"

He bent forward, and raised her jeweled hand to his lips, saying:

"Forgive! My darling, what have I to forgive? Rather, what have I done to deserve such love, such goodness? With the devotion of my life will I repay your love, my darling, my wife!"

The ball was a splendid affair, and the lovely bride far outshone all the beautiful girls present. Great was the surprise that the belle of the season should have suddenly gone abroad to return with a young and handsome husband. But though gossip was busy for awhile, the affair remained a mystery and was soon forgotten.

To a very few indeed was it ever known that the lovely wife of Cecil Courtney was ever his sister's governess.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The function of yeast is to change starch into sugar and that into alcohol.

Muller asserts that certain butterflies will only visit blossoms of primitive tints.

There are several thousand volcanoes known, and the number of active ones may be set down as 323.

Cast iron is said to be permeable to certain gases at high temperatures, and to hydrogen gas even when cold.

It has been estimated that one square foot of soil will evaporate six times as much moisture as the same amount of leaf surface.

Cords stretched in a network near the ceiling have been satisfactorily tried for destroying echoes in churches and public halls.

Verifying the discovery that water containing infectious matter and organic poisons is purified by being run through beds of sand, it has been found, at Leipsic, ground under the bottom of badly built sewers is much cleaner than that over their tops.

It is stated that in the salt mines of Poland and Hungary the galleries are supported by wooden pillars, which are found to last many years, in consequence of being impregnated with the salt, while pillars of brick and stone crumble away in a short time by the decay of the mortar.

Contagion of diphtheria can be obtained from a dead body, if a recent case is accurately reported. Two persons were engaged to be married; but before the ceremony took place the man died of diphtheria. The young lady kissed her lover as he lay dead in his coffin. Three days afterward she followed him to the grave, dying of the same disease, although there was not another case of it then nor for nineteen years before in the neighborhood.

Several interesting archæological "finds" in Europe are reported. Near Caltarisetta, Sicily, several caverns have been found, which are evidently burial places dating from the period when the ancient Sicilians had already been ousted by the Italian tribes, but before the Greek colonization had begun. At Nordup, Denmark, the remains of seven human bodies have been found under a few feet of pumice stone, numerous bronze objects, gold rings, Roman glasses, mosaics, glass beads, etc., being also discovered among the remains.

Bowing in Holland.

Everybody bows—nobody nods, and touching of the hat is unknown. You bow to every one you may have met when calling on a friend, for callers meeting are introduced. You give an order to a gardner or a workman, and he takes off his hat with a bow which would not bring discredit on a duke. Every one bows on passing a house where they visit. I often used to amuse myself by watching behind a curtain to see every second man take off his hat to the window, it being quite immaterial whether any of the family are visible or not; and every second lady make a polite bend of the whole body, not a mere inclination of the head as our ladies do. Everbody bows. Men take off their hats to each other; trades men do the same to all their customers. A well known lady is bowed to by all her father's, husband's or brother's friends, and any gentleman knowing a lady is staying at a house where he visits will bow to her.

I even had a bowing acquaintance with a student whom I never met, and did not know from Adam. I could not imagine what made the boy bow so profoundly, until I got some one to ask if he knew me. I found I had once met his father somewhere, and that was the—shall I say excuse? I should if he had been English. Well, after an absence of three years, I returned to the town where he lived, and there he was, grown into a man, bowing still. For some months we had quite a lively bowing acquaintance, and there it ended, as aforetime. I must, however, include "compliments" with bowing in the Dutch idea of politeness. Every parcel is sent home with the sender's compliments, and I once heard this message delivered at the door of a house where I was calling: "My compliments to the *mevrouw*, and has she any dust?" It was the dustman!—*Leisure Hour.*

Out of 100 samples of wines and whiskies sold over the high-toned bars in New York, only two were found free from poison and gross adulteration.

SUNDAY READING.

A Well-Built Christian.

A well-built Christian is harmonious in all his parts. No one trait shames another. He is not a jumble of inconsistencies, to-day liberal to one cause, to-morrow niggardly toward another; to-day fluent in prayer, and to-morrow fluent in polite falsehoods. He does not keep the fourth commandment on Sunday and break the eighth on Monday. He does not shirk an honest debt to make a huge donation. He is not in favor of temperance for other folks and a glass of toddy for himself. He does not exhort or pray at each of the few meetings he attends, to make up arrearages for the more which he neglects. He does not so consume his spirtual fuel during revival seasons that he is as cold as Nova Zembla during all the rest of the time; nor do his spiritual fervors ever outrun his well-ordered conversation.—*Cuyler.*

Religious News and Notes.

Meetings in favor of the disestablishment of the Church of Scotland have been held recently in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow and other cities of Scotland.

The population of Toronto, Canada, numbers 86,445. The churches can accommodate 49,860, and the attendance on a recent Sunday showed 38,796, or a percentage of worshipers of 44 92.

The Philadelphia Baptist association was organized 175 years ago. It has eighty-two churches with a membership of 23,444; 104 Sunday-schools, with 2,016 teachers and 20,431 scholars.

In the first decade of the Methodist Episcopal church there was one minister to every 194 members; in the fifth decade the proportion was one to 284; the present proportion is one minister to 147 members, against 142 in the ninth and tenth decade.

Of the 12,142 ministers of the Methodist Episcopal church, 2,808 are not in pastoral work. Upward of 2,000 are superannuates and supernumeraries, 204 are connected with colleges, eighty-eight are editors, agents, secretaries, etc., and 445 are presiding elders.

The total strength of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, in the Louisiana conference is 14,991; in New Orleans, 1,826 members. Value of church property in New Orleans, $366,710. Number of Sunday-school scholars and teachers, 1,050; total number in conference, 7,130.

The South India Methodist mission conference, embracing 2,040 members, raised last year 107,836 rupees, or about $53,918, which is upward of an average of twenty-six dollars per member. The gain in members was nineteen. The work is chiefly among Europeans and Eurasians, though increased attention is being given to the heathen.

An emperor of Germany coming by chance, on a Sunday, into a church, found there a most misshapen priest, insomuch as the emperor scorned and condemned him. But when he heard him read these words: "For it is he that made us, and not we ourselves," the emperor checked his own proud thought, and made inquiry into the condition and quality of the man; and finding him, on examination, most earnest and devout, he made him Archbishop of Lolon, which place he did excellently discharge.—*Fuller's Holy State.*

Onorata Rodiana.

There is a very interesting story told of an artist of Cremona—Onorata Rodiana—who, while still a young maiden, acquired such fame as a painter that she was summoned by the Marquis Gabrino Fondolo, called the "Tyrant of Cremona," to decorate some rooms in his palace.

One day as Onorata was mounted on a ladder working at a wall-painting, a young courtier passing through the room began to tease her; but his banter degenerating into rudeness she came down the ladder and tried to run away from him. He pursued her, however, and caught her, when in her fright she drew a dagger from her belt and stabbed him fatally. Seeing what she had done, and fearing the wrath of the Marquis Fondolo, she hastened to put on the disguise of a boy's dress, and fled to the mountains. She there fell in with a band of condottieri; the life of these men, half-soldier and half-brigand in its character, so fascinated Onorata that she at once consented to become one of their number, glad of the chance afforded her to make herself acquainted with the grand mountain scenery and the careless jollity of life in its wilds. She soon showed so much daring and skill that she was made an officer in the band and held a post of command.

When the "Tyrant of Cremona" heard of the affray between the courtier and the maiden, and of her crime and flight, he was furious, and threatened to hunt her to the very death; but so skillfully had she concealed her indentity as to baffle all his efforts to track her. After a time, as he could find no other suitable artist to complete the paintings which Onorata Rodiana had begun, he declared a full pardon for her if she would return to the palace and finish her works. The news of this pardon was spread throughout the surrounding country, and when Onorata heard of it she gladly laid aside her sword to resume her palette and brushes. She completed her task, but the exciting life she had led among the mountains had taken such a hold upon her fancy that she returned to it and to the outlawed companions who had learned to respect and love her.

Again and again she left them, only to return each time, for her heart and life were divided between her beloved art and her romantic soldiering. At last, when her native village of Castelleone, near Cremona, was laid siege to, Onorata led her band to its relief and drove away the enemy. But she rescued her birthplace at the cost of her life; for she was mortally wounded in the conflict, and died soon after within sight of the home of her childhood. I believe that she is the only woman who has ever been successful as both an artist and a soldier; and I am sorry that I can find no work of hers of which a picture may be given here. Her story is well authenticated in history, and she died about the year 1472.—*St. Nicholas.*

Shaving in Old Times.

Shaving, in the olden days, was a lengthy operation, and English barbers devised various methods of amusing their customers while awaiting their turn. They generally provided some musical instrument, such as a guitar or a zither. In old pictures the shaving basin fitted into the chin; until a recent period barbers were wont to bleed a patient, and even extract teeth. In London the familiar barber's pole, with its red spiral coil of color, is a reminiscence of the staff the surgeon gave his customers to grasp while he was being bled. The tape or bandage was twisted round the pole, which, when not in use, was placed outside the door. This staff was, by order, left outside a surgeon's door as a sign, and the right to use it was extended to barbers about the year 1790.

WISE WORDS.

Character is the diamond that scratches every other stone.

Pride is the consciousness of what one is without contempt for others.

Cunning pays no regard to virtue, and is but the low mimic of wisdom.

Every absurdity has a champion to defend it—for error is always talkative.

When respiration ceases our education is finished, and not a moment sooner.

More than half of all the thanks that have been thought of and planned for since the world began have been lost forever by being left over night.

Goodness, on whatever way we look at it, never sleeps. It is holy life, beating march with the heavenly tunes; singing always the divine psalm of love.

As a man's life, so are his studies. I think it is the most beautiful and humane thing in the world so to mingle gravity with pleasure that the one may not sink into melancholy nor the other rise up into wantonness.

To make the cunning artless, tame the rude, subdue the haughty, shake the undaunted soul; yea, put a bridle in the lion's mouth and lead him forth as a domestic cur; these are the triumphs of all-powerful beauty.

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration and its hands a regular motion, and when they cease to hang upon the wheels the pendulum no longer swings, the hands no longer move, the clock stands still.

If your character indicates a flaw that is, if you find what at first seemed innocent desire, under indulgence is fast developing into a habit which may seriously affect your character and life, eradicate it at once; for nothing is so hard to uproot as a bad habit, and nothing is so essential to advancement or serves us so faithfully as a good character.

Keep a firm grip on good temper, and don't lose your hold unless it pays. Many a man has lost his place and friend, many a lover his sweetheart, many a house is broken up, hearts that loved divided, children scattered and lives wrecked, crimes committed even to the extent of murder, just by losing the grip discretion bids us keep on this best of all good companions—good temper.

Mexican Hospitality.

In her *Century* paper, illustrating Mexican life with pen and pencil, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote describes a six days' ride of 250 miles "From Morelia to Mexico City on Horseback." The following is an interesting account of her reception at an extensive Mexican farm or hacienda:

Tepitongo, with its mansion and castillo, or fortress, for refuge and defense in unsettled times, its corrals, outbuildings and dependencies, great and small, forms in itself a village in the solitude of the pastoral plain which surrounds it.

The administrador took us the rounds of the outbuildings before supper, which is served very late in the Mexican household. We were shown the threshing-floor, a stone-paved amphitheater over one hundred feet in diameter, very slightly concave, sinking toward a large circular flat stone in the center. It was surrounded by a circle of low stone buildings, tile-roofed and supported on stone pillars.

At supper we sat down to a medieval board like that of Quierendero, "with vassals and serfs" around us. We were invited to consider the house and everything in it as our own. Our mozos had the freedom of the kitchens and the stables, our host gave up his place at the head of the table, and in effect the entire establishment was placed at our disposal, with a courtesy as graceful as it was irresistible.

After supper we talked in the cloistered court—a lovely, secluded precinct, with formal trees planted in open spaces left in the pavement. We were very grateful for this our last moon of Mexico. We left it, when we returned to our winter evenings and fire, and lamp light, hanging large and low over the gulf.

From the patio we entered the sala—a long, tile-paved room, with a sofa at one end, the place of honor for the lady guest, the members of the family occupying the arm-chairs which are ranged on either side, at right angles with the sofa. It is considered a discourtesy for a guest to sit down in any of the chairs, instead of walking through the room to the sofa. As there were no ladies at Tepitongo I was obliged to sit alone on the long sofa. The engineers, the colonel, our host, and another unbidden guest like ourselves, who had found shelter for the night, occupied the arm-chairs.

After awhile I ventured to ask the administrador to take the seat beside me. It may have been an enormity on my part, but at all events our host was too well-bred to exhibit any horror at the situation. The little four year-old boy whom we had seen on his pony came shyly into the room and stood by his father's knee. He was a charming little man, dressed in a suit of leather, with a tiny pair of spurs strapped to his baby shoes; but in spite of his spurs and his horsemanship he was not unwilling to sit in my lap and be coaxed into friendliness. The lisping Spanish vowels of this little motherless child were exquisite. But there was other "music of the country" in store for us. At the lower end of the room a company of musicians gathered by the light of candles clustered on a table; a striking group, with violins, a violoncello, guitars, a harp—I cannot recall all the instruments, but the music and the scene it would not be easy to forget.

Married Folks Would be Happier

If home trials were never told to neighbors.

If they kissed and made up after every quarrel.

If household expenses were proportioned to receipts.

If they tried to be agreeable as in courtship days.

If each would try and be a support and comfort to the other.

If each remembered the other was a human being, not an angel.

If women were so kind to their husbands as they are to their lovers.

If fuel and provisions were laid in during the high tide of summer.

If both parties remembered that they were married for worse as well as for better.

If men were as thoughtful for their wives as they were for their sweethearts.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes and more plain, tidy house dresses.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more common manners in private.

If wives and husbands would take some pleasure as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to get along without it is a big mistake.

FOR THE FARM AND HOME.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Hens seldom pay expenses after they are three years old.

Separate all breeding ewes from the other sheep in the flock now until after lambing.

Orchard grass, though suitable for orchards, can endure more sun and drought than blue grass.

The first eggs laid by a pullet or hen after molting may be slightly blood-stained, but it need not give any cause for alarm.

The special advantage of green manuring, or the plowing in of green crops, is in the large amount of humus which the soil acquires.

It is a mistake to allow sows to breed before they are at least a year old, as they are not then sufficiently matured and pigs from such are sometimes to weak to live.

Nearly all kinds of trees do well on a mixture of superphosphate and wood ashes. Lime is not suitable for strawberries but excellent around apple, peach and pear trees.

Like the blackberry, the raspberry bears the fruit upon the cane of the previous year's growth, which, after fruitage, dies, the next cane coming forward for the next year's crop.

Grapevines should be pruned as early as the season will permit. If deferred too late they will allow an escape of sap (bleed), even if trimmed a little while before it begins to ascend.

An old orchard can never be made young again, but by good care, pruning and cultivating, it can be made to bear a fair crop until a young orchard can be set out and brought into bearing.

By training a pet lamb to come at the call, and afterward putting it with the flock, the owner can call his sheep wherever they hear him, as the pet will come followed by the other sheep.

One of the many cures for roup is to wash the head of the fowl with warm water and afterward bathe it with a solution consisting of four grains of sulphate of zinc dissolved in an ounce of water.

Fine flowers require thoroughly rotted manure and wood mold mixed, and tomato or other early plants can be grown in boxes, and afterward transplanted with better results with such a mixture.

The general effect of lime is to render available the plant food already in the soil, without itself supplying any significant amount. Liming cannot, therefore, be successfully repeated except at considerable intervals.

If it is desired to change bees from one locality to another the hives and boxes should be gotten ready for use now. Bees should be changed before they are ready to fly out and become accustomed to the new locality.

There is little if any absolute fertilizing value in coal ashes, but when mixed with clay soil in large quantities they render the soil lighter and more porous, and allow the air and sunshine to penetrate it. For this purpose they are highly esteemed by gardeners.

For ordinary work a horse of average size should be fed twelve pounds of oats or other grain food, and fifteen to eighteen pounds of good hay; but, if driven on the road, two or three pounds of hay, morning and noon, and eight or ten at night, with the same quantity of grain.

Potash for grape vines is being tested in France. A variety of the black muscat has been found defective in color where potash is defective in the soil, and a writer recommends that one vine of this grape be placed in every grapehouse to show by its full or by its deficient color whether or not the border for the roots has a sufficient supply of potash.

Chickens should not be allowed to roost till from four to five months old, and then on broad perches, two to three feet only from the ground. Exhibition birds are better roosted on shelves, covered with sand and littered with straw; but then they must be kept very clean, and the straw must be frequently changed. On no account place perches one above the other, so that the droppings fall on birds lodged lower down. Cleanliness is the great key to success, and the roosting-places should be scraped out daily and resanded. The greater the number of fowls the greater must be the care.

Recipes.

KENTUCKY POTATOES.—Slice the potato thin as for frying, and allow them to remain in cold water for half an hour, then put the slices into a pudding dish, with salt, pepper and some milk—about half a pint to an ordinary pudding dish. Put in an oven, bake an hour. Take out and cut a lump of butter the size of an egg into small bits and scatter over the top.

SPICE CAKE.—Two cups of flour, one-half cup of butter, one and a half of sugar, half cup of molasses, half a cup of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of saleratus, yolks of four eggs and one whole one, cinnamon, allspice, cloves and nutmeg to taste. Then place a layer of the white cake and a layer of the spice cake alternately, until the batter is used up, and bake slowly.

BUN LOAF.—Half pound of butter, two pounds of flour, one pound of brown sugar, one pound of sultana raisins, one pound of currants, one pint of milk, one ounce of carraway seeds, one lemon, one teaspoonful carbonate of soda, one ounce of tartaric acid. Rub the flour and butter together and the soda. Warm the milk and add to the other ingredients. The tartaric acid must be added the last thing, and the cakes must be instantly put in the oven.

TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak one cup of tapioca all night in water; in the morning mash with a spoon every undissolved particle; put in a quart of milk, with a little salt added; let it boil until the tapioca is soft, then stir in the yolk of five or six eggs, and a cup of sugar; flavor with lemon; when cold spread over the top a thin layer of jelly or raspberry jam, and on this put a meringue of the whites of three eggs. Let it brown in the oven for two or three minutes.

BEEF PIE.—Cold roast beef, one onion, one tomato, pepper and salt, one dozen boiled potatoes. Cut the cold beef in thin slices, and put a layer on the bottom of your dish. Shake in a little flour, pepper and salt, cut up and add a tomato (if in season), or onion finely chopped, then add another layer of beef and seasoning till your dish is full; if you have any gravy put it in; have ready a dozen potatoes, boiled and mashed, with butter and salt, spread over the pie an inch thick; bake twenty-five minutes or a little more.

The total number of blast furnace and rolling mill establishments and steel works in the United States was 808 in 1870, and 1,005 in 1880. The value of materials used was $135,526,132 in 1870 and $191,271,150 in 1880—an increase of 41 per cent.

AN ANIMAL TRAINER'S METHODS.

The Fiercer the Animal Is the Easier It Is to Train It—An Exciting Encounter.

A Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal* reporter has had an interview with Mr. Willis Cobb, who was exhibiting his troupe of animals in that city. Mr. Cobb, although yet a young man, has probably had more experience with animals than any man in the profession, having handled nearly every specie with success, and trained them in a very short period.

"How did you happen to go into the business?" asked the reporter, as he took a seat on a box surrounded by the troupe of dogs.

"I have been in the business about twenty-eight years," answered Mr. Cobb, "and first commenced with a black-and-tan dog in my father's store in Cincinnati. I tried to teach the animal several tricks, and by exercising considerable patience succeeded in teaching the dog a number of tricks. I then took up several other dogs and taught them also. I now determined to go into the business more extensively, and launched on goats. I never fully recognized what trouble there was training animals until I tried to train a goat, which is, without doubt, the hardest of all animals to train. They are perfectly stupid, and the first thing you have to do with them is to teach them some of the sense which is natural with other animals. I worked on them about eight months before I could venture to put them before the footlights. And then only with 'fear and trembling.' After considerable practice they got so they would roll a globe or barrel perfectly and see-saw very well. I never had much experience with wild animals until I joined Sell Brothers' circus in 1878, and my first experience was not the pleasantest one in the world. One of the first things I undertook to train was the drove of six wild Colorado steers. I took them out into the practicing barn, and after fastening the doors went in among them by myself. Things went along rather smoothly until one of the steers became infuriated, and the whole gang rushed at me with horns down and tails up. I thought my time had come in earnest, as there was no means of escape except by fighting them off. On the other hand, I knew that if I succeeded in whipping them then that they would be effectually tamed. I backed up against the door, and having a policeman's club in my hand I fought them back. Three times they returned to the charge, and I managed to fight them back each time. After that they were perfectly tame, and I soon got them to working finely, and learned them a number of tricks that astonished every one who knew them. The closest call I ever had in my life, however, was with a royal Bengal tiger, which the showmen purchased and gave over to me to tame. At first I was nonplussed, as the animal was terribly fierce; but experience has since taught me that the fiercer the tiger is when captured the easier it is to train him. I managed to get the animal so tame that I could put my hand on him and rub him over; he was, however, still very treacherous, and it was dangerous to approach him suddenly, as you can see by the scar. [Showing a deep mark on the palm of his hand.] When we were in Topeka, Kan., a newspaper man came to the tent one day, and I started to show him around. I was standing by the tiger's cage, the animal being asleep on the inside, and stooped to pick some thing up. In doing so my foot slipped and I fell against the cage, my right arm going inside. Quick as a flash the animal was upon its feet, and, reaching out its fore feet, caught me on the shoulder with its claws. Giving the claw a sudden pull, the animal tore all the sleeve off my coat, and with it some flesh, the claws stopping in the palm of the hand. The young man who was with me jumped forward, and, catching me by the shoulder, pulled me back. The movement nearly cost me the arm, as the animal's claws were firmly fastened in the palm of my hand, and as I was pulled back the whole inside was torn out, leaving the knuckles bare. The accident laid me up for some time, and I had to train the animal over. Some months afterward the same tiger killed a man in Bellaire, Ohio. One of the men with the circus had seen me put my hands on the animal, and thought he could do the same. One day he went to the cage where the animal was, and putting his arm through the bars, caught the animal by the collar. The tiger socked its claws into his shoulder and commenced chewing on the arm, eating it off up to the shoulder. He managed to get away, but died two days afterward. The tiger is now so tame that any one can pat him. The two baby elephants that created so much talk I raised by hand, feeding them out of a bottle. Each of the animals drank about a gallon of milk a day, and cry for it like a child. It is remarkable to see with what accuracy animals can distinguish their keeper at a distance. As soon as I would enter the canvas every animal in the circus knew it, and would rear around in their cage at a terrible rage. Trainers can say what they will about the secrets of training animals, but there is no secret about it but kindness. Any one can train an animal who has the patience and gentleness. The art of training pigeons has created much comment, and I will tell you how the thing first started. In the year 1874 I was in the little town of Rushville, Ind., and in the hotel where I stopped were a great many pigeons. They used to sit on the roof and look down on my window while I was eating. I soon got on to this, and sprinkled crumbs of bread on the sill. They used to fly down every day and eat as soon as I was gone. I then began to stand and watch them eat, and finally got so I could touch them. After that it was easy, and I could get them to come to me whenever I wanted them. This was the origin of pigeon-training, and a number of persons have now taken it up and made money out of it. The whole secret of training pigeons is in feeding them, and if you do not feed them for some time they will gladly eat out of your mouth. There are numbers of other tricks in animal-training which I could tell if I had the time and you the space."

His Manners.

"Say, old man!" said a street arab to a passing citizen of rather more than the average respectability and a glistening plug hat; "what's the matter with your hat?"

No answer.

"I say! What's the matter with your hat?"

Still no answer.

"Well, if you're so particular about it, what's the matter with your head?"

The citizen turned abruptly about, and with a look which was intended to overawe the youngster, sternly remarked: "Young man! where did you learn your manners?"

"Same place that you did, I guess. We was both to the same party last night—but you came away while the hat-rack was full, and I stayed behind till there'd been enough samples of politeness showed up for me to take my pick from."—*Rome (N. Y.) Sentinel.*

FOR THE LADIES.

Love and Light Heart.

I once inquired of a maiden of thirty who was large, healthy and fair to look upon, what kept her so young-looking, for she seemed scarce twenty. She replied: "Love. I have, besides my mother, brother and sisters, and their families, to love a host of friends and admirers, so that I have no time to mope and regret I'm not beautiful." And I've often wished married women loved more, for I verily believe if they did they would keep healthy, young and handsome longer than they now do. But the cares and trials of life are deep and wearing, and we women are so crowded with them that few of us have time for ennobling our lives in any direction. In fact, we are too tired to even love, unless it is our babies, whose little lives clung so close to our own that they are a part of it; and the songs and kisses they call out of us tend to lighten the daily task, so that the back bends under its burden, instead of breaking.

The loving and happy wife and mother is the handsome and healthy one, usually. As old age overtakes her she still keeps the lovelight in her eye, for it has become habitual to her, and the world is her family. The husband would find his daily cares lightened if he kept the thrill of affection as of old, and if husband did not forget to be the lover still it would be a better and a happier world. Just imagine the charmed life of the new-married cou