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To Myself.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful.
Be still.
What God hath ordered must be right—
Then find in it thine own delight.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that He will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast—never waver,
Nor seek Earth's favor,
But rest.
Thou knowest what God's will must be
For all His creatures, so for thee
The best.

—*Paul Fleming*, 1667.

A Trouting Idyl.

"I go a-fishing"—John xxi., 3.

A line,
A hook,
A rod,
A brook,
A man absorbed in fishing;
A cast,
A bite,
"A trout?"
"You're right;
For this I have been wishing."

In camp
To lie,
With trout
To fry,
Farewell to cares and sadness!
No care,
No strife
In such
A life,
What health and rest and gladness!

Then come
With me,
Away
We'll flee,
And spend a month together,
By stream
And lake
Sly trout
We'll take,
And sleep in stormy weather.

—*Cambridge Tribune.*

DESTINY.

On a stormy March day a fresh-faced young girl was (I am tempted to say "manfully") "womanfully" making her way along the main street of a New England factory village. A bright, daring face was hers—one that said as plainly as brown eyes, red lips and piquant features could say: "Here I am. Let Fate send her worst. I shall fight the good fight." The very curls on her temples, blowing this way and that, under her simple straw turban, looked fearless, almost saucy, yet without any suggestion of that hideous, straight-hanging, modern crank of fashion termed "bang." She wore a neat waterproof suit, sensible in length, and pepper-and-salt of hue, though a shrewd physiognomist might have been willing to wager that somewhere among her feminine adorning would be found a vivid dash of scarlet. She carried her cotton umbrella without endangering people's eyes, and appeared altogether business-like and self-sustained. A passing stranger, glancing at her eager face and quick gait, would think, "That girl is in dead earnest."

She looked occasionally at the pictures, vases and other pretty trifles in the shop windows but without a twinge of envy in her healthful soul. She was wont to say that she could enjoy them four times a day (except when she carried her dinner) without the trouble of taking care of them. In short, she seemed fully equipped for "possessing" in the very best sense. She did stop, however, before a confectioner's window where some tempting oranges were displayed, counted the contents of a shabby little purse, then snapped the steel clasp with a determined shake of the head. "Nettie Randall, you're a selfish coward." was her mental comment as she walked resolutely on.

Turning into a quieter street, yet not too far from the business part of the village, she entered a small frame house by the door of which was tacked a modest tin sign, lettered, "Ladies' Trimming Store. F. & A. Randall." In the front windows hung a few ribbons, cheap laces, Hamburg edgings, etc.—a most unpretending establishment. As Nellie closed the door upon her dripping umbrella and the general discomfort of storm and fast-thickening darkness outside, a cheery warmth and light greeted her, and another fresh-faced, brown-eyed girl, a year or two younger, looked up with a bright smile, from her seat behind the counter, where she was swiftly and dextrously drawing the bristles through those indispensable aids to civilization, tooth-brushes.

"How's 'Destiny?'" asked Nettie, in a matter of course way, as she hung up her waterproof and pushed her overshoes under the stove to dry.

(In explanation, let it be here stated that these two were once singing that beautiful poem which begins:

"Though the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined;"

a tiny, lisping cousin caught the melody, and piped out: "Though the day of my destiny's 'clined." "Destiny's 'clined" became thereafter, a most appropriate expression, when the "best-laid schemes" seemed obstinately bent on "ganging agley.")

The answer to Nettie's question came promptly:

"Awful! just fifteen cents in the cash drawer! I haven't sold anything to-day but a paper of needles and a yard of elastic."

"That means oatmeal for supper again, I suppose," said Nettie. "I hate it," she added, savagely, her good humor oozing away at the uninviting prospect. She had been working all day, for "cut-down" wages, in a woolen factory, and was wet, tired and most unsentimentally hungry.

"That's because you haven't got far enough in 'Epictetus,'" said her sister, serenely.

Nettie glanced around at the hanging shelf of carefully selected volumes, ancient and modern, gathered for these two, in years past, by a studious father's loving hand and judicious brain.

"We can't eat Greek philosophy. If we had the original manuscripts, we might make papyrus soup. I'll tell you what it is, Flo," she continued decidedly, as she put up her feet to warm, "Something must happen pretty soon. My pay won't amount to much this month, and the next installment to Mr. Stone falls due on the 17th, you know. Besides, the coal is nearly gone."

"Oh, dear! Those payments to Mr. Stone! What do you suppose ever became of that money, Nettie?"

"We have asked ourselves that question for the last two years, Flo, and we don't come any nearer to the solution of the riddle—whatever we accomplish toward the solution of the debt."

"Is it a debt, I wonder," said Flo,—"a legal one, I mean? I know it is a moral one, and I shall not give up trying to pay it, as long as I can fill a brush, or—mop a kitchen-floor, if it comes to that. Our literary ventures don't amount to anything. I should rather write stories and paint pictures than make brushes, I'm sure, and you would rather give dramatic readings than be tied down to a factory bell—but we are evidently not headed for the temple of fame, and may as well give up."

"Fame!" rejoined Nettie, "who cares for the empty bubble? It's the money we want. I wish we had back all we have spent in postage stamps on the miserable scribblings."

"I suppose it's true (as some editors tell us, in their polite little notes) that writers seldom accomplish anything of real literary merit till they are at least thirty. We don't belong to the fortunate group of phenomenal geniuses"—and Flo twitched away her finished brush from the vise, with a quick, practiced movement, and began to spread the table for their simple supper in the back part of the store. In cold weather they lived in this room as much as possible to save fuel.

Nettie toasted her feet luxuriously, and looked rather admiringly at her pretty hands lying idly in her lap. Her work at the factory was by no means detrimental to their shapeliness.

"If Mr. Stone had only been at home the night father brought the money for him from Ashfield, it would have been all right. Or if father hadn't had the 'stroke' before morning." Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled, at the memory.

"Nettie," said Flo, solemnly, as she cut the rye loaf, "we are sure that Mr. Sackett is an honest man, and he never would have said that he sent the money by father if it hadn't been true."

"Why do you emphasize Mr. Sackett so strongly? Don't you suppose Mr. Stone is honest too?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Flo. "People can't always help their suspicions. Perhaps he was at home that night."

Nettie laughed incredulously.

"Nonsense! Don't you suppose people would have found him out before this if he was a rascal? I don't think myself he's very amiable. Father very likely put the money in such a safe place till morning that nobody will ever find it unless the old homestead should be pulled down or struck by lightning, and then it will probably be discovered in some mysterious cranny of the floor or walls. Secrets come to light in strange ways, sometimes."

"I know one thing," said Flo, resolutely, "you and I are going to pay back that money, Nettie (or the remainder, seeing that Mr. Stone took the very house from over our heads), if we have to live on dry bread and oatmeal for twenty years."

(Ah, how easy is prospective heroism at sixteen!)

"We shall be almost old women by that time, and cross and ugly, like as not," said Nettie, taking a discontented bite from her butterless bread. Despite her buoyant demeanor on the street, she was more subject to ups and downs than Flo.

"We needn't be cross and ugly," answered Flo, carefully measuring out her share of milk from the tiny pitcher. "I hope the lamp won't smoke again to-night. How nice it would be to have a new burner!"

A short, bobbing figure, in an immense rubber cloak, with an umbrella in one hand and a yellow quart bowl in the other, pressed a beaming face against the glass upper half of the door.

"Miss Mellavine!" said Flo joyfully, and sprang up to admit her.

Their next-door neighbor, Miss Mary Lavinia Murray (who had given herself the name of "Mellavine" when a little child) was what Flo and Nettie called "a walking sunshine factory." Many a time had her kindly deeds helped to tide them over a threatened collapse in the commissary department, and her gifts were as delicately bestowed as they were timely. A simple, unlearned woman, with a heart of gold.

"You dear things! I do hope you haven't finished your tea, for I said to myself this boiled dinner is so savory this afternoon (you know, my habit of two meals a day in winter, my dears), those girls must have a taste. Don't get a chair—I mustn't sit down."

She did, however, and smiled on them, benevolently, while pretending not to see just how acceptable was her neighborly offering.

"Such a day, to be sure! It's a mercy my good spirits don't depend on the weather. How did you get home from the mill, Nettie, child?"

"Oh, I'm used to all sorts of days, you know, Miss Mellavine. That 5 o'clock whistle haunts me in my dreams, but I hope for something better some day. (I believe that is the current phrase these days.) And what have you done to pass away the time?"

"Oh, odds and ends, my dear—odds and ends. A little mending and my housework—a letter to my sister Celinda's son, because it's his birthday, off among strangers, dear boy—and a bit of flannel sewing for one of poor Bridget Maloney's ragged little tribe. I'm so glad you like the things. Some folks ain't any hand fo. boiled dinners but I must say I like them. You get so much in a small compass. You may cut me off two yards of that twelve cent ruching, Flo, my dear. Now I really must go, (Never mind about the bowl this time.) Caleb Stone is very sick again—taken worse suddenly, they say—and Mirandy wants me to come over to-night. He's dreadful fidgetty, and wants to see me about something particular, she says. Mirandy's no hand to do for sick folks, you know, though she's not to blame, never having been brought to it"—and the short auburn curls, slightly silvered, on each side of the round smiling face nodded good-will and good-night as she disappeared in the cavernous depths of the rubber cloak and stepped out into the rain.

"Caleb Stone very sick! If he should die we may have to hurry up the payments to the lawyers or somebody," said Flo, rather apprehensively, getting her dish-pan ready.

"I shan't worry over that," answered Nettie, blithely, as she tied on a large apron preparatory to dish wiping. She had recovered her elasticity since the advent of the parsnips, etc.

"If there's an out-and-out angel on the face of this selfish earth it's Miss Mellavine. What a difference a good meal makes in one's moral barometer. I was cross before supper, Flo dear," said she, penitently giving her sister a quick little dab of a kiss on the left ear, "if any one has a right to be cross it's you, shut up here all day—with no exercise except to do errands in the evenings when I'm at home to tend the store. You're twice as good and patient as your unsanctified sister Nettie."

Enough of Miss Mellavine's benefaction remained to give a flavor to the breakfast, and Nettie went to her work with a light heart in the dark of the wintry morning. Her duty in the factory was packing and labeling stockings. About the middle of the afternoon her quick eye detected something wrong in a pile of stockings that had just been brought to her for boxing.

"How's this, Richard?" said she, to the messenger. "there must be a mistake. Mr. Barker has given you the wrong kind. These stockings are part cotton and my labels say 'superfine all wool.'"

The boy gave a knowing wink. "I guess it's all right. Barker knowed what he was about. Mum's the word, Miss Nettie, if you and I want to keep our places."

With sparkling eyes and scarlet cheeks Nettie carried the box of stockings into an inner room where sat Mr. Barker, the overseer of her department, a heavy, flabby man, with pale eyes, pale hair and a hanging under lip, and with him one or two clerks.

"These are not the right stockings for my labels, Mr. Barker. They are half cotton."

Mr. Barker fumbled the stockings with his thick fingers, looked at the labels and then at her with a beery smile.

"My dear young lady, you surprise me. The stockings are all right. Your legitimate business is simply to put on the labels which we provide."

Higher mounted the color in Nettie's cheeks. Her voice trembled, but her courage did not falter.

"Then I must decline to do it, Mr. Barker."

"Ho, ho, indeed!" said the beery Barker, with sudden energy. "Here, Simpson," to one of the dapper clerks just passing through the room, "Be kind enough to step to Mr. Wiggins' desk and ask him to settle accounts with this ex-ceedingly conscientious young woman, and provide her with a ticket of leave," and Barker turned abruptly on his heel.

Nettie's nerve and indignation carried her through the next few moments, and soon she had closed the factory-door behind her.

"I know I've done right, and I shall find something to do. I hope Flo won't be very much overcome!"

Her sister looked up surprised at her early return. On hearing the story she gave a half-hysterical laugh.

"You match my experience, Nettie. That 'drummer' for the Worcester firm was here. Do you notice anything strange?"

Nnettie looked aroud the room, and beheld show-case and rope-lines nearly emptied.

"We hadn't the money ready, you know," said her sister, "so the goods had to go. He was 'vewy sahwy,'—'disagweeable dewty,'—and all that sort of thing of couree. Such 'genteel' kid gloves he wore, and such a 'genteel' case he brought to pack the things in! I sat in stony silence, working away, and never lifted a finger to help. Mean of me, wasn't it?"

Nettie slowly sank into the little rocker and stared helplessly.

"Now," said Flo, proceeding briskly with her brushes, "the question is what to do next. I shall get two quarts of New Orleans molasses, and start a candy trade to-morrow."

"I suppose I might take a flat basket and peddle the sticks, after you make them," said Nettie, half bitterly, "I might strike a gold mine, in the shape of a rich old lady or gentleman who is fond of taffy and would like to adopt a likely bairn about my age."

"I hope we won't be tempted to eat too much of it ourselves," said the provident Flo.

"Where's the tin pail?" said Nettie, jumping up with alacrity, "Oh, here it is. I'll go to Dickerman's for the molasses right off. You will need every spare minute for your brushes now—till you teach me how to make them too. After all, I don't see why it won't be just as respectable to sell candy as anything else, if we deal in pure goods and give honest measure, I'm sure authors sell their books, and artists their paintings. It's only a question of degree."

"And even monarchs and great statesmen receive compensation," laughed Flo.

The molasses was soon bubbling merrily in the porcelain-lined kettle, and until the time of constant stirring should arrive, Nettie sat down by her sister to take a lesson in brush-making.

"We can take a few dollars of your pay, Nettie, and lay in a small stock of candy to-morrow. The school children will soon find it out. I can take some comfort in having you at home, for a time, at least. Why can't we indulge in a good supper to-night, as long as you have your pay? I'm getting reckless. Let's have oysters."

"Agreed!" said Nettie, delighted to see Flo so ready (for once) for a comparative luxury.—"Scrimp-ation has its limits!"

"Oh, oh!" cried her sister, in mock horror. "Labors of Max Miller! How can you, Nettie? There! The candy nearly boiled over! Run and stir—quick!"

(In the midst of stirring and fun enter Miss Mellavine in a state of unwonted excitement.)

"Such a surprise, my dears! What do you think? But, first of all, I suppose you've heard that Caleb Stone is dead."

She dropped into the nearest chair and fanned herself with her brown-check apron, though it was wintry March outside.

"Why, no!" exclaimed the girls in a breath, while Nettie held her spoon suspended in midair, with ropes of taffy gracefully pendulous therefrom.

"I must begin at the very beginning," said Miss Mellavine, "or I shall be sure to forget something I ought to remember. (He died at 4 o'clock this morning, but Mirandy couldn't bear to have a mess of half-strange women around, she said, so she begged me to stay on—though I'm free to confess I ached to come and tell you as quick as I decently could.) I can't get over the turn it gave me. To think that all this time—(but I shall be sure to let it out before I get around to it, after all, if I'm not careful.) When I went up last night he was asleep and Mirandy was sitting by the fire and the little fellow had gone to bed. 'I'm so glad you've come, Mellavine,' says she, 'for Caleb is that set on seeing you that I was afraid he might try to dress himself to go to your house if you didn't come. He's been out of his head, more or less, all day, but the doctor gave him another small dose of morphine and he's resting easier now.' She hadn't more than got the words out of her mouth when he turned his head on the pillow and opened his eyes.

"Is that you, Mellavine?"

"'Yes, sir,' said I, going up to the bed.

"'Mirandy,' says he 'you go out and sit by the kitchen fire till I want you again'—and to humor him she went. Just as quick as she shut the door he clutched me by the arm and pointed to a heavy black box that stood on the bureau.

"'There! There it is!' says he. 'It's clutching at my throat now, as if it had fingers! Take it away! Take it away!' he almost shrieked.

"'Yes, yes, presently,' said I, to pacify him.

"'Why don't you take it? The key hangs around my neck. Here, unlock the box, and take away the—the package. It's clutching me, I tell you! Be quick! Be quick!'

"I did just as he told me (you've got to be with a ravin' man, you know), not expecting to find anything important. I unlocked the box, and the first thing I see—oh, I pretty near let it out that time, but you've guessed it, like as not I declare, I don't know when I shall get over the turn it gave me!'

(Flo and Nettie exchanged quick, startled looks, and drew nearer to Miss Mellavine, while the molasses bubbled unheeded in the porcelain kettle.)

"'Tell them,' he says, 'that I've not had an hour's peace since I locked it in there. Their father's sudden death put it in my head—the temptation came like a whirlwind—then—oh, the misery! You know the rest. Afterward I could not confess. They are good girls—good girls. John Randall's daughters could not be anything else. Tell them to keep it all—all. It is doubly theirs, I have so wronged them! I do not want them to pay another dollar on the old account. It is the only reparation I can make. Beg them to keep my secret. I don't deserve that they should have mercy on my good name—but, oh! for Mirandy's sake and little Joe's—beg them to keep it! They are good girls. Now call my wife,' he says, and drops his head back on the pillow without another word. There, I've tried to tell it, word for word, just as it happened—and, you dear things, nobody could be gladder to put it into your own hands than my very own self—but that miserable man's looks and motions will haunt me to my dying day, I verily believe."

She drew from the bosom of her calico dress a packet which she placed in Nettie's hands. The lost money! as the reader has doubtless guessed.

"From Loren Sackett, of Ashfield, to Caleb Stone, $1,800 payment for live stock. Sent by kindness of John Randall."

For two years hidden in Caleb Stone's strong box, while two heroic girls, turned out of their homestead to satisfy his guilty greed, were working their young lives out to make good its assumed loss!

Flo and Nettie wept silently at the side of their good friend. Mingled with the inexpressible relief at their good fortune, were pity (such as few in like case would have been able to feel) for the wretched, guilty man who had so used them—and sorrow for his innocent wife and child, that this gain must come from their grief and loss! Ah! John Randall's daughters were indeed good girls!

"After all," said Flo, finally, jumping up and running to the stove, "I don't believe it's good economy to let the candy burn!"

They kept the dead man's secret faithfully, compassionately. They made the remaining payments to the heirs as if nothing had occurred, then went to Boston, Nettie to take a thorough course in elocution, and Flo as an art student. They were not wanting numerous Paul Prys of both genders who "couldn't for the life of them see where John Randall's girls got money to fool away on such doings! To such Miss Mellavine discreetly replied that, as far as she could say, it was a present from a very kind friend named "Destiny!"

Crime in New York.

Inspector Byrnes, head of the New York detective force, said to a reporter: "I don't think we have here what would be called a very bad city as compared with the big cities of Europe, he said; "our professionals are doing their work in the other cities, having found it dangerous to engage in it here. They go to London and the other English cities and come back here with lots of swag. They are very seldom caught, despite the wonderful reputation of the men of Bow street and Scotland Yard. New York has none of these sections through which strangers may not pass with safety which we are told are to be found in the big cities over the sea. It has not even those resplendent and bold haunts of vicious pleasure that we hear of there. We have nearly 2,000,000 people here in the daytime every day except Sunday, and 1,500,000 every night; the criminals and scum of Europe are dropped in our streets, and yet the number of arrests has fallen to 1,200 a week from 1,900 not long ago. The desperadoes of the city to-day are the McGloins (referring to a lad who has been sentenced to be hanged for the murder of a French saloon keeper a few months ago); they are only loafers and petty thieves one day, and yet become felons of the most terrible record the next. We can do nothing to prevent their crimes, and we often have no basis to work on in pursuing them afterward.

"These young fellows," he continued, "are the sons of respectable parents, who are poor and have to bring their children up in swarming tenements. The boys go to school, read dime novels and flash papers, and learn to hang around barrooms and visit variety shows. Presently they are beyond the control of their parents, and being unable to get from home the money necessary to support their vices, they steal. McGloin and his companions had a wagon which they used to drive over to Brooklyn and Jersey, load up with barrels of flour, whisky, sugar, hams or anything they could steal from the sidewalk and sell here in New York. They went into the Frenchman's saloon to work a game of a few years' standing here, called the 'fainting act.' The plan is for one of the crowd to hand the proprietor a big bill to change, if possible, necessitating his bringing out his bills from his pocket. His doing so is the signal for one to faint and fall on the floor. The proprietor alarmed, naturally lays down his bills, and attempts to do something for the afflicted man. Then one grabs his money, and all run. In this case the Frenchman paid no attention to the fainting man, and the others were bluffed. Mad at him for his sagacity, all came to his place late at night, broke in the door and stole his cigars. The Frenchman heard them, and came downstairs. The door was open, and all could have escaped, but McGloin waited, cocked his pistol and when the man's form appeared on the last flight of stairs fired and killed him. He left nothing to work on but the bullet in his victim's body. I was four weeks getting him, and when I did so, I marked him by a necktie I had bought for him and had put on his neck. I could tell how that was, but I won't. When he was arrested and asked how he came to kill a man who had done him no harm, his reply was: 'A fellow is not considered a tough until he has downed his man.'

"The truth is," said Captain Williams, in whose precinct this and one or two other murders have been commited recently, "the truth is that these foreigners determine to bring their children up like gentlemen. They send them to school until they get too old and too wild to be manageable, and then the boys steal the copper bottoms out of their mothers' wash boilers, the rings and brooches their sisters and mothers wear, and finally make stealing pay their way in pool rooms, gin mills and vicious resorts, getting arrested and bringing their parents to plead for them at first, but finally going headlong into the extravagance of crime."

The Value of Politeness.

Some thirty years ago Mr. Green, an amiable Englishman, seeing a rather shabby old man looking for a seat in church, opened his pew door, beckoned to him, and placed him in a comfortable corner, with prayer and hymn-books. The old gentleman, who carefully noted the name in these latter, expressed his thanks warmly at the close of the services. Time had effaced the incident from Mr. Green's recollection, when he one day received an intimation that by the death of a gentleman named Wilkinson he had become entitled to $35,000 a year. Mr. Wilkinson was a solitary old man, without relatives. Green's act prepossessed him in his favor; he inquired about him, and found that he bore the highest character. There was a marvelously courteous hospitality in the matter of pews for some time after that bequest, but nobody else has yet got $35,000 a year for a seat.

A Novel Scheme of Co-operation.

The little village of Dolgeville, Herkimer county, N. Y., has the only manufactory of sounding boards in the world, and the only factory for making piano felts in this country. The work gives employment to 480 people. In 1875 9,089 pounds of piano felts were manufactured there. In 1881 the total was 25,600 pounds. Five years ago every piano firm manufactured its own sounding boards, and the attempt on the part of a single firm to suit the tastes of all piano men was regarded as an innovation that would never succeed. Now the boards are shipped in large quantities to European countries, and the domestic demand keeps ahead of the supply. In 1876 but 260 boards were turned out at the Dolgeville factory. Last year 52,000 sounding boards were made and sold. This is the work of one man. In 1866 a German lad of eighteen landed at New York, with the piano trade at his finger ends and twenty-five cents in his pocket. As soon as he got work that enabled him to live he turned his thoughts to doing something for himself, and, in a small way, began the manufacture of felting used by piano makers. His experiments were pursued with unflagging industry until he had succeeded in producing an article which proved more acceptable to the piano makers than anything they could import. When this point was reached the work of manufacture was fairly entered upon at Brooklyn, but was subsequently transferred to this hamlet. All the machinery had to be invented and adapted for the purpose, and this occasioned long and vexatious delays and endless experiments. But success came at last, and the great factories here are kept running night and day. One secret of the success of Mr. Alfred Dolge is that he has always employed the best workmen he could find. His relations to his employes have always been so intimate and pleasant that they have labored with an intelligent zeal that has borne good fruit. They have been encouraged to suggest improvements, for which they have been paid liberally, and they have been provided with a gymnasium, library and other means of entertainment for their leisure hours. Mr. Dolge spares no pains to command the zealous service of the most intelligent workmen. A pension system has been introduced as a part of this policy. At a meeting of his workmen Mr. Dolge explained his plan, and announced that it would go into immediate operation. By this system every employe of the farm will, after a continuous service of ten years, be entitled to a pension under the following conditions: Pensions will be due in case of partial or total inability to work caused by accident, sickness, or old age, as long as such inability may last, and they will be proportioned to wages as follows: 50 per cent. after ten years' service, 60 per cent. after thirteen years' service, 70 per cent. after sixteen, 88 per cent. after nineteen, 90 after twenty-two years, and 100 per cent. after twenty-five years' service. In case of accident while on duty, or of sickness contracted through the performance of duty, employes will have a pension of 50 per cent. at any time prior to the completion of the ten years' service. This is the groundwork of liberal provision made for faithful labor by this firm.

Wood Carving.

Wood carving is a feature of the interior decoration of modern New York houses, and is carried to the very highest style of art. The *Evening Post* says:

Ten years ago the number of accomplished wood carvers established in New York did not exceed 100, and their work was done wholly upon fine furniture. At present 1,000 competent men may be found to do the finest kind of wood carving, and a new industry may be said to have sprung up in this department of work. Two firms alone have had in their employ for the last two or three years nearly 600 carvers, whose work may be seen in many of the finest houses of the city. With a taste for stained glass has come a taste for carving the panels of the wainscoting, of the ceiling, doors and staircases. The chimney-pieces in the finest houses, such as those of the Vanderbilts, are monumental masses of carved wood; each post of the stair-rail is a work of art which has cost weeks of labor, while the newel or large post at the foot of the stairs, is worth thousands of dollars, and is probably inlaid with precious marbles. The furniture in such houses has to present still more cunning work of the carver's tools in order not to appear coarse, and in consequence it is not uncommon for the work upon one bedstead to cost thousands of dollars. A walk through the new streets uptown will show that wood-carving is popular not only with the millionaires, but with people of modest fortune; scarcely a new house of any pretensions at all but has a band of oak or alanthus leaves carved in the woodwork of the door, indicating the character of the decorations within. For the last four years carvers have been coming from Europe in such numbers that the wages have fallen considerably of late. The very finest workmen, especially those in the possession of some secret processes of doing difficult work, receive wages as high as $8 a day. The average pay of good wood carvers is from $4 to $5 a day. The process of ebonizing cherry wood, for instance, used by one of the firms visited, is a secret known only to the workman who does it.

Longfellow's Humor.

Mr. Longfellow had a very keen sense of the humorous, and many a witty impromptu was occasioned by some slight incident or accident. One summer twenty years ago, when the Appletons were living in Lynn, the poet's son Charles, who was very fond of sailing a boat, and who has since become a famous yachtman, came in his boat one day to make a call. The surf was high, and the boat was capsized and he was thrown into the water. He was wet through, of course, and was compelled to make an entire change of clothing. Captain Nathan Appleton, in place of shoes, loaned him a pair of slippers, which he wore home. Mr. Longfellow, the poet, returned the slippers a few days afterward, done up in a neat package, with this little stanza:

Slippers that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er the bay of Lynn,
A forlorn or shipwrecked nephew,
Seeing, may purloin again.

The mother of Captain Appleton was a Mrs. Sumner before she married Mr. Appleton and before Mr. Longfellow married his wife. One day when he came from Portland to call upon her he wore a pair of new boots which were very noisy. When he went away the next day he left a little poem written on a card, which Captain Appleton still holds. It is as follows:

I knew by the boots that so terribly creaked
Along the front entry a stranger was near.
I said: "If there's grease to be found in the world,
My friend from the East stands in need of it here."

In this world of change naught which comes stays, and naught which goes is lost.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Although the gastric juice has no effect on the walls of the stomach while the blood is circulating through them, they are affected by it after death.

The auroras observed by Baron Nordenskjold at the winter quarters of the Vega were mostly feeble and lacked the ray-like formation so often characteristic of these phenomena. A simple luminus arc, low in the sky, was most common, and this distinguished Arctic navigator's theory is that the arc forms a portion of a permanent luminous crown above the earth's pole.

The principle of water rising in artesian wells is that percolating through previous strata, such as sand, gravel or chalk, the water is finally arrested by an impervious stratum of rock or clay, thus causing it to accumulate in the pervious stratum above, as in a reservoir. When this source of supply is higher than the spot where the well is bored, or higher than the depth to which it is bored, the water will rise to the surface or even considerably above it.

The harbor commissioners of San Francisco have made the discovery that the piles of the sea wall at that port are rapidly being destroyed by the teredo, some of them being completely eaten off. This is found to be the case with piles that have been down but a little more than two years. As there are upward of 35,000 of these piles, the depredations of these insects are a matter of great magnitude. Efforts will be made to discover a remedy.

Modern improvements have increased the power of the microscope so greatly that it is now made to magnify about 100,000 diameters. The best unaided human vision can see no objects much smaller than the three-hundredth of an inch in diameter; but the most skillful microscopists with their best instruments, are able to examine nomads of a hundred-thousandth of an inch in diameter. Beyond this minuteness is obscurity. It has been estimated that the ultimate particles or atoms composing all matter can be no more than one twenty-millioneth of an inch in diameter, so that it seems hardly probable that they will ever be revealed to human eye.

How a Petticoat Placed in Peril a Nation's Peace.

A late Paris letter says: If it is generally the big mountain which gives birth to little mice, it may happen that a mouse is the progenitor of a mountain. Great and serious consequences sometimes can be produced by apparently trifling causes. The last bey of Algiers lost his possessions because, in an outbreak of ill-temper, he broke his fan across the face of a French consul, and not many weeks ago the mistake of a dressmaker very nearly embroiled the courts of Rome and Brussels. Everybody knew that there was a coolness, yet none, save those salt of the earth who are always admitted to the presence of royalty, by right of birth or accident of fortune, could imagine its reason.

This is what happened, and I trust that your readers will pardon my being retrospective and going as far back into the past as the 1st of January, 1882, as the incident is a curious instance of the rigor of etiquette. As I have said, it was on New Year's day, and the diplomatic corps was defiling in solemn procession before the throne, when the queen's first lady of honor, the Marchioness of Montereno, remarked that the gown worn by Mme. Leghalt, the wife of the first secretary of the Belgian legation, had a tail which was not of regulation length. The marchioness was horrified. She called her majesty's attention to the dreadful delinquency, and gracious Margarita agreed with her that such things could not and should not be permitted; it was a mark of disrespect to her august self which must be noticed.

"Request M. de Kendel to come here," she said to a page, and the German ambassador came, and was bidden as a senior member of the diplomatic corps to ask Mme. Leghalt if her robe was not a trifle too short. With all the gravity and coolness of his nation M. de Kendell acquitted himself of his mission; he was courteous, unctuous, but withal uncompromising and decided, as became the representative of a regime where everything is as strictly ruled as a sheet of music paper. He saw nothing absurd in the royal message, naught to get angry about assuredly; but Mme. Leghalt did, and being of a vivacious temperament, at once flared up, beckoned to her husband and left the room. This was bad enough, certainly, yet was it but a trifle compared with the sequel, for when she reached the ante-chamber she asked for a pair of scissors, and, aided and abetted in the operation by monsieur, cut off the train of the offending garment, which she sent into the marchioness with—my compliments, and be good enough to measure the length of it for yourself, driving home immediately from the quirinal.

"You must apologize," said the Belgian minister.

"The apology is due to, not from, me," replied the lady, and then a series of notes were exchanged, and King Humbert scowled, and a special messenger was sent to get instructions from King Leopold, and nobody could tell what might not happen, when M. Frere-Orban had a happy thought; he would send M. and Mme. Leghalt to some other capital, and appoint a celibatarian secretary in their stead. Considerable excitement prevailed in court circles, I am assured, until the difficulty was settled, as the Opposition is in an interpellating humor just at present, and there is quite as much in this as there is in most of the incidents which are made pretexts for an attack upon the foreign policy of the Italian government; fortunately, the tempest was blown over without a rupture, and the Eternal City will not be forced to appeal to General Garibaldi for advice and comfort.

Speed of Wings.

The speed at which some wings are driven is enormous. It is occasionally so great as to cause the pinions to emit a drumming sound. To this sort the buzz of the fly, the drone of the bee and the boom of the beetle are to be referred. When a grouse, partridge or pheasant suddenly springs into the air, the sound produced by the whirring of its wings greatly resembles that produced by the contact of steel with the rapidly revolving stone of the knife-grinder. It has been estimated that the common fly moves its wings 330 times per second—i. e., 19,800 times per minute, and that the butterfly moves its wings nine times per second, or 540 times per minute. The movements represent an incredibly high speed even at the roots of the wings; but the speed is enormously increased at the tips of the wings, from the fact that the tips rotate upon the roots as centers. In reality, the speed of the tips of the wings increases in proportion as the tips are removed from the axis of rotation and in proportion as the wings are long.

FARM AND HOME.

Removal of Grease Spots.

Fatty oils have a greater surface tension than oil of turpentine, benzole or ether. Hence, if a grease spot on a piece of cloth be moistened on the reverse side with one of these solvents the tension on the greasy side is larger, and therefore the mixture of benzole and fat or grease will tend to move toward the main grease spot. If we were to moisten the center of this spot with benzole we should not remove it, but drive the grease upon the clean portion of the cloth. It is therefore necessary to distribute the benzole first over a circle surrounding the grease spot, to approach the grease gradually, and at the same time having blotting paper in contact with the spot to absorb the fat immediately. Another method, namely, to apply a hot iron on one side, while blotting paper is applied to the other, depends upon the fact that the surface tension of a substance diminishes with a rise of temperature. If therefore the temperature of different portions or sides of the cloth is different, the fat acquires a tendency to move from the hotter parts toward the cooler.—*Pharmacist.*

Orchards.

Professor Beal, of Michigan, says: If you have money to fool away seed down your young orchard to clover or timothy or sow a crop of wheat or oats. If you want the trees to thrive cultivate well till they are seven to ten years old. Spread ashes, manure or salt broadcast. Stop cultivating in August, weeds or no weeds; this allows the trees to ripen for winter. The question whether to cultivate old orchards or not must be answered by manuring trees. If the color of the leaves is good and they grow well and bear fine fruit they are doing well enough even in grass. But if the leaves are pale, the annual growth less than a foot on twelve-year-old trees, and the fruit small and poor, something is the matter and they are suffering for a want of cultivation, or manure, or both. To judge of the condition of an apple tree is like judging of the condition of sheep in a pasture. Look at the sheep and not at the pasture, and if they are plump and fat they are all right.

Thorough Cultivation.

Chemistry teaches us that nearly all of the material which makes plants grow comes from the air, but it also teaches us that a small portion must come from the earth. Careful experiments prove that the phosphates, the potash and the nitrogen, which enter the roots of plants must be reduced to atoms, and united with both air and water before they can be available as plant food. When we understand this we at once realize the importance of applying fertilizers in a condition to be soluble in water, or so that decomposition shall be rapid and continuous, while the crops are growing; we shall also realize the importance of keeping the soil in a condition which will permit a free circulation of air, moisture and heat.

In keeping the soil loose and well pulverized we not only give the roots of the plants a better chance to push their way through the earth, but we give the descending rain a chance to settle down into all parts of the soil and to reach every particle of the manure applied; it also gives the air a chance to mingle with the soil and the heat to penetrate and warm the earth; these things are important, for plants cannot grow without large quantities of oxygen, and plenty of heat as well as moisture. The thorough preparation of the soil before planting and the frequent stirring after does more than secure these, for thorough preparation means not only pulverizing the soil, but it also means thoroughly incorporating the fertilizers with the pulverized earth, thus not only bringing it in contact with all portions of the soil but also with the descending rain and ascending moisture, and every time the earth is cultivated the particles of both the earth and the moisture are changed and a new chemical action takes place, thus hastening the decomposition of the material applied to furnish the plant food. The moment the earth becomes hard rapid decomposition ceases, the rising moisture stops, and the oxygen of the air is shut out, and the descending rain cannot readily find its way down, so it stands in ponds until it breaks through the hard crust of the soil, in some hollow, and descends in large streams; and as it cannot find its way back through the hard crust of the earth it settles down into underground streams and finally reaches the ocean by way of the rivers, without having in the least aided plant growth; when this takes place the plants must suffer.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

Fat is of no value as manure.

Excess of water in the soil prevents root development.

Hoof and horn shavings contain more than twenty-five times as much nitrogen as is contained in average stable manure.

Roots fed in a state of decay induce blood poisoning, disorder the milk of ewes and cows, and act prejudicially on the young of both.

Sheep fed on dry fuel are frequently troubled with sore lips. An application of sulphur and lard once or twice will generally effect a cure.

Small, yolkless eggs, sometimes observed in the care of fowls, denote overfeeding, most likely an exclusive diet of Indian corn, with little exercise and no green food.

Deeply-rooted crops, as wheat, red clover and mangel, are those best fitted to resist drought, while shallow-rooted crops, as grass and turnips, are those that suffer most from it.

Hen manure carries less water than stable manure, but more nitrogen and organic matter. As to potash and phosphoric acid, there is a great similarity in the constituents of both materials.

In the management of live stock it is safer and better to give water before feeding than after. In the latter case the food is liable to be washed out of the stomach prematurely, while in an imperfectly digested state, and thus occasion intestinal irritation and disease.

The common practice is to keep hogs in a growing and fattening state without forced exercise. An exception, by way of an experiment, was recently made with a boar on a Pennsylvania farm. He was well and liberally fed, but was forced to take a good run in front of a boy every day. His offspring were much more vigorous of constitution than were pigs from boars that were confined all the time.

Distemper in a colt takes about three weeks to run its course. All the medicine required is a light dose of Epsom salts—say four to six ounces—and good nursing. Give warm bran mashes, linseed or oatmeal gruel; keep the animal warm, and rub the legs with cloth dipped in hot water; a tablespoonful of mustard in the water would be beneficial, for the legs seem to be weak and numb.

A rough wind prevents the regular spreading of seeds, therefore choose a still day for sowing grass seeds. Instead of mixing clovers and grass seeds together, the practice is recommended of going twice over the land, sowing the light grass seeds first, passing up and down the furrows and subsequently crossing the lands at right angles with the mixture of clovers and other heavy seeds. The bush-harrow should be applied immediately before and after sowing, thereby covering the seeds before the birds or a change of weather can interfere with them. After harrowing, the whole should be carefully rolled.

Recipes.

Escalloped Parsnips.—Mash one pint of boiled parsnips; add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, two tablespoonfuls of cream or milk. Mix the ingredients, stir on the fire until the mixture bubbles; turn into a buttered dish, cover with crumbs, dot with butter and brown in the oven.

Chocolate Custard.—Take a quart of milk and the yolks of two eggs. Mix with the eggs one tablespoon of cornstarch, only a little heaped, and stir this gradually into the milk when scalded. Add two squares of chocolate (grated), sugar to taste. Pour into a dish, and spread over the whites of two eggs well beaten, and sweetened and flavored with a little vanilla. Set the whole in the oven to brown slightly.

Pickled Tomatoes.—One peck green tomatoes, three bell peppers (or flavor with cayenne if one has not the bell pepper), one cup sugar, one tablespoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful each of ground cloves and allspice, one tablespoonful ground mustard. Lay the tomatoes sliced in salt over night, scald in salt and water; drain well. Cover with vinegar and cook a very few minutes. Scald the vinegar over occasionally.

Using One's Eyes.

How many of us go through life without ever realizing that our eyes have to be educated to see as well as our tongues to speak, and that only the barest outlines of the complex and ever-changing images focused on the retina ordinarily impress themselves upon the brain? That the education of the eye may be brought to a high state of perfection is shown in numerous ways. There are many delicate processes of manufacture which depend for their practical success upon the nice visual perception of the skilled artisan, who almost unconsciously detects variations of temperature, color, density, etc., of his materials, which are inappreciable to the ordinary eye. The hunter, the mariner, the artist, the scientist, each needs to educate the eye to quick action in his special field of research before he can hope to become expert in it. The following story, which is quite apropos, is related of Agassiz, and it is sufficiently characteristic of this remarkably accurate observer to have the merit of probability. We are told that once upon a time the professor had occasion to select an assistant from one of his classes. There were a number of candidates for the post of honor, and finding himself in a quandary as to which one he should choose, the happy thought occurred to him of subjecting three of the more promising pupils in turn to the simple test of describing the view from his laboratory window, which overlooked the side yard of the college. One said that he saw merely a board fence and a brick pavement; another added a stream of soapy water; a third detected the color of the paint on the fence, noted a green mold or fungus on the bricks, and evidences of "bluing" in the water, besides other details. It is needless to tell to which candidate was awarded the coveted position. Houdin, the celebrated prestidigitateur, attributed his success in his profession mainly to his quickness of perception, which, he tells us in his entertaining autobiography, he acquired by educating his eyes to detect a large number of objects at a single glance. His simple plan was to select a shop window full of a miscellaneous assortment of articles, and walk rapidly past it a number of times every day, writing down each object which impressed itself on his mind. In this way he was able, after a time, to detect instantaneously all of the articles in the window, even though they might be numbered by scores.

An Otaheiten Dance.

A sojourner in Tahiti relates his experiences in a letter to the Detroit *Free Press*, as follows: Monday might be called Gunpowder day, as the cannon were firing salutes all day long The present fleet of vessels in the harbor is an exceptionally large one, the French rear admiral having some eight or nine vessels, three of them ironclads, and the Russian admiral in these waters having two vessels with him. There was also an English vessel in the harbor when we arrived, but she sailed away directly. On Monday night the natives gave a grand dance in honor of the two admirals. The scene was wild and weird. All the foreigners were arranged in a circle, and in the middle sat a crowd of native girls. The French band struck up, and the girls, rising with a wreath of flowers in each hand, advanced toward the strangers, singing in their native language. After crowning each of us they joined hands and circled around, then breaking, crowned each stranger again, and immediately commenced the savage whola-whola dance. After dancing till they were tired they passed green cocoanuts around among the visitors. After a very short interval the native men stepped in the circle and danced the Kanaka war dance. The wild contortions and movements of the natives, the dim light from the candles, the gay colored dresses and the strange fruits and flowers scattered around made up a very picturesque scene. The dance took place about two miles out of town, and lasted until 1 o'clock in the morning. All the next day was spent in seeing the town. Far removed as Tahiti is from the stir and bustle of the world, it yet shows signs of its close connection with the outer world. One of these signs struck us in rather a ridiculous light as we were passing a yard completely covered with shrubs and guava bushes, in the shape of a bare-legged Kanka boy riding an American bicycle. Horses and buggies are to be had anywhere, though at a pretty fair price. Cafes are numerous, and in every one billiard or bagatelle tables can be found. For the benefit of the aristocracy there are the three clubs, the Citizens, the Army, and the Navy. Taken all in all one can enjoy life in town very nicely, but the real beauties of the island are only to be seen inland.

An unusually brilliant specimen of "red snow" was recently presented at the meeting of the San Francisco Microscopical Society. It was gathered on the Wasatch mountain at an altitude of about 10,000 feet above sea level. It is now very well understood that the color of such snow is produced by a minute cellular plant which reproduces itself by rapid subdivision.

Set Free.

Entering by chance an upper unused room,
That looked upon a noisy city street,
Ere sight could penetrate its dusty gloom,
I hear a sound of insect wings that beat
And fluttered wildly on the window pane;
Then paused worn out, then beat and strove again.
Searching, I found a regal butterfly,
All golden-russet, barred with velvet black,
Prisoned in sight of freedom, trees and sky.
Its bruised wings now wide spread now folded back,
Caught 'twixt an outer and an inner frame,
It rose and fell and flickered like a flame.
With careful haste I drew the window down—
The half-bewildered captive fluttered free,
Hovered a moment o'er the sordid town,
Then circled sunward till I could not see.
Oh, Death, thus wilt thou lift Earth's prison bars
And free our souls for flight beyond the stars!

—*Laura D. Nichols, in Our Continent.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The best time to pass mutilated silver coin is to pass it when it is offered to you.

A fowl in the hencoop is worth two in the baseball field.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is hard to catch a man's meaning when he carries on a running conversation.—*Picayune.*

Victor Hugo wrote: "I could live forever on the invisible." Then he went over and ordered a dozen raw oysters and a whole mince pie.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A man who "traveled on his shape" insulted a young lady, and her father knocked him down and traveled on his shape, too—walked all over him.—*Saturday Night.*

There is an article going the rounds headed, "Who Kissed Away That Tear?" Well, we suppose it is as well to own up to it first as last. It is a mighty mean man that won't kiss away a tear.—*Peck's Sun.*

An exchange, in deploring the necessity of a certain bank officer's retiring, says "the bank sustains a heavy loss." This is certainly a very kind way of saying he stole about a million dollars.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

The *Farmer's Review*, an excellent agricultural journal published at Chicago, has an editorial headed, "Why does Timothy run out?" We shall require considerable information about Timothy's personal habits, before we can risk answering that question.—*Siftings.*

Conscientious newsvender, who has been dispatched with all speed to the refreshment room by a famishing passenger to fetch a penny roll, bribed with an additional penny to get one for himself (to famishing passenger): "Please, sir, here's your penny; there was only one left."

Spoopendyke Starts a Fire.

"Mr. Spoopendyke!" called Mrs. Spoopendyke from the head of the stairs the morning after the sardines had been disposed of. "Mr. Spoopendyke!" she called, in a shrill falsetto. The only answer from the bed was a loud snore.

"Mr. Spoop—"

"Well, holler again!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, springing up in bed. "What ails you? Think I'm deaf out of one ear and can't hear out of the other? Think I—"

"Why, no, my dear, but I thought you might be asleep. You know I called you twice before you answered. I don't think you heard me."

"Did you hear, too, but I thought it was a fishhorn. All it would take to make a steam whistle of you would be a locomotive to put you on. Do you want anything?"

"The fire in the furnace has gone out," said Mrs. S.

"Oh, has it?" yelled Mr. S., and he dropped over and laid his nose against the cold wall. "What has it gone out for, to take a walk? S'pose I'm going to get up and start it at this time of night?"

"But it's six o'clock, and I've been up an hour."

Mr. Spoopendyke bounced out of bed, caught up his coat, and tried to get his feet into the sleeves.

Mr. S. went down stairs to get the kindling. Presently Mr. S. came down and stalked to the woodshed. A few minutes after he called to his wife to know where she kept he saw.

"Why, where did you put it when you had it last."

"Oh, I dug a hole in the garden and buried it, then I planted a cabbage over its grave. Don't think I swallowed it, do you? Oh, you've got it, have you? Where did you find it? Here, give it to me," and he grabbed it and sawed his fingers across the teeth to see how sharp it was. Every tooth left its mark. He dropped it on his toes with a yell of despair, and howled and danced around the room as if he had a small dog at his heels.

"Did you hurt you, dear?" asked Mrs. S., sympathetically.

"No, of course it didn't hurt. I'm just dancing to keep warm, just trying to work off my spirits, you know."

And with a terrible grin he grabbed his saw and started to file it. Just as the family were setting down to breakfast Mr. S. walked in with a basket of charcoal and his saw.

"Come into breakfast," said his wife, "I have started the fire."

"Why, have you, my dear? Where did you get the kindling?"

"I split up a board I found in the barn."

"The deuce you did; you'll ruin me yet. Did you know that was black walnut, and I paid a dollar for it? Oh, you ought to have been a business man! All it would take to make a Jay Gould of you would be a hatful of United States bonds and a few railroads."

And Mr. S. helped himself to a plate of beefsteak, and let his food stop his mouth.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Hermit's Hoard.

A hermit named S. T. Hayden died recently in the vicinity of Mount Carmel, Mo., at the age of sixty-four years. After his death three neighbors were appointed to examine his cabin. They found hidden in a corner of the old house $300 in good notes, and in five old pocketbooks hidden in separate places was brought to light $362, $132, $101, $90 and $75. In various other places was discovered $90 in silver and $67 in gold coin, $14 in old fractional currency in 5, 10, 25 and 50-cent pieces, $5.75 in Mexican coin of ancient date, $5 in different kinds of foreign coins, $3.30 in nickels, $5 in mutilated $1 notes, $3 in St. Louis treasury warrants, 11 half cents in copper coin issued in 1842 by the Half-penny bank of Montreal, besides a big roll of Confederate money. Hayden was a bachelor, and his relatives, who are unknown, can now lay claim to his treasure.

A Quick-Witted Prisoner.

Of the late Colonel W. D. Wilkens, of Detroit, this story is told: May 2, 1862, after the battle of Chancellorsville, while performing an important staff duty, he was taken prisoner with a statement of Hooker's plan of battle, number of men, etc., on his person. The morning after his capture one of his guard experienced a difficulty in lighting the fire. Colonel Wilkins in a nonchalant manner drew out of his pocket a wad of paper on which were written the orders. Without suspecting the valuable information they contained the guard lighted the paper and Hooker's secrets were thereby preserved from the knowledge of the Confederates.

The Bald Man's Warning.

"If ever I marry I shan't seek for mind; mind's too cold. I'll choose an emotional woman."

"Don't do it," eagerly exclaimed his bald-headed friend. "Don't do it, I implore you. My wife's an emotional woman."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*