

'TIS EVER THUS.

'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, when hope hath built a bower
Like that of Eden, wreathed around with every thornless flower,
To dwell therein securely—so the fond heart would trust,
A whirlwind from the desert comes, and all is in the dust.
'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, that when the poor heart clings
With all its finest tendrils, with all its flexible rings,
The lovely thing it cleaveth to so fondly and so fast
Is struck to earth by lightning or shattered by the blast.
'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with sounds too sweet for earth,
Seraphic tones that float away, borne heavenward in their birth;
The golden shell is broken, the silver chord is mute,
The sweet bells are all silent, and hushed the lonely lute.
'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus with all that's best below;
The dearest, noblest, loveliest are always first to go,
The bird that sang the sweetest, the vine that crowned the rock,
The glory of the garden, the flower of the flock.
'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus with beams of earthly bliss
That look too bright and beautiful for such a world as this;
One moment round about us their angel glories play,
Then down the veil of darkness droops, and all has passed away.

The Lost Bridegroom.

In a rugged and mountainous district of Wales is situated a mining village, noted for this little story which the miners tell to their children.
Years ago in the little village of—there was a humble but neatly kept cottage, where an old miner dwelt with his wife and only child—a son. And Alick was but a young boy when he descended into the mines with his father.
One evening, as the old miner was returning home from a neighboring village his attention was attracted by a little girl. She was weeping bitterly. A few broken, almost inarticulate words told that she had been deserted by her mother. The child, weary and hungry, had cried itself to sleep, and while she was sleeping, the unnatural parent had forsaken her.
The old man was touched by the incident. Raising her tenderly in his arms, he wended his way homeward. Entering the cottage he placed the light burden in his wife's lap, saying:
"God in His wisdom has seen fit to choose our home from all the other homes in the village to shelter this deserted child. Knowing your kind heart, wife, I did not fear to bring the little one to you."
The dame pressed the good man's hand affectionately in reply, and Amy—for so the child was called—was soon seated before a simple repast.
Alick, on his return from the parish school, welcomed the little girl with every expression of pleasure.
Years passed away, and Amy's childhood days were spent.
Without great claims to beauty, there was, nevertheless, a charm about her which all recognized.
The miner and his wife were not surprised when Alick one day asked them for their consent to make Amy his wife, and to this request they accorded their heartfelt blessing.
The day for the rustic nuptials was named, and was looked forward to as an occasion of general rejoicing. The happy day arrived, work was suspended that all might join in the merry-making.
Taking the hand of the trembling girl within his own, Alick, according to the long-established custom of the village, led the way to the little vine-covered church, where the parish priest blessed their love. Children strewed flowers by the way-side and sang gay songs. Each guest had made a modest offering, but to no one would Alick confide the nature of his gift, wishing, as he did, to excite an agreeable surprise.
When they had returned to the cottage Alick kissed his wife, telling her he would leave her but for a short season. He left the house, and, with one last, lingering look at the doorway where Amy stood waving a merry adieu, he hurried off in the direction of the old mines, and a curve in the road soon hid him from view. As his little figure disappeared Amy uttered a faint sigh, suggestive of a dull foreboding evil or the fullness of her nuptial joy.
Days passed, and search had been made everywhere. Weeks followed; then months. But the bridegroom did not return. Nor could his absence and strange disappearance be accounted for. No clue was gained by those who searched untiringly. At length hope was abandoned. The widowed bride clung tenaciously to one idea, which seemed almost like a folly, in life or death, she would see her husband again before she was called away from earth. This belief afforded her comfort, and the neighbors, while they did not share the conviction, humored her in the thought, and spoke regretfully of the sad changes that sorrow had wrought in her fresh young face.
Forty years were gone, and but for the sad wistful face of old Amy, and the whispered stories of the peasantry, the unaccountable disappearance of Alick would have been forgotten. But the tale told in an under breath by

many a hearth was, that, Alick had been carried off by an evil spirit, with whom he had held compact. Many even went so far as to say that his soul haunted the old cottage, and had been seen during stormy nights in the mountains. Amy indeed asserted that she often heard his voice calling her, and the light that burned always from nightfall until dawn in her casement told that her heart ever kept vigil over his fate.

The old cottage continued to be thought haunted by ghostly visitors, and because of this superstition none would occupy it. It gradually fell into decay. The women of the village rarely passed the dead miner's house without offering a prayer for the restless soul.
The old mines having been worked, it was at length determined that new excavations should be opened. Amid the operations a subterranean murmur was heard mingling with the sound of the pick. Suddenly a wailing cry rent the air, and the earth seemed to tremble. Those above rushed in terror to the mouth of the pit, and the most fearless were about to descend, when the call-bell was rung violently. Every rope was at once put in use, while the miners were white and trembling with intense fear.

To every inquiry they accorded the most disconnected replies, such as "a man," "a demon," "a miracle!" At length from one old man they garnered that they had worked steadily to open communications between the new and the old mine, but finding only a small obstruction at last a sturdy blow was made, and the dividing wall had given way; that when the cloud of dust had passed from before their astonished eyes they saw a young man; that he was lying upon a rocky bed; he seemed to be sleeping; that his cheeks looked fresh and fair, and that his lips were still red. Instead of approaching him they had fled in fright, filled with the belief that it was an evil spirit in human guise that they beheld.

The owner of the mine listened attentively. As the old man ceased he rushed forward exclaiming: "To the mine? To the mine!" Soon the truth was known. Ere many minutes three miners issued forth, bearing between them the body of the young man. With a feeling of irrepressible horror they laid him down upon the green sward. His clothes were old, and indicated a style worn years and years ago; all were, however, in a perfect state of preservation. He seemed dressed as though for a fete. In his hand he held a box. It contained a gold cross, chain and medalion. Time had blackened these little pledges which the stranger had doubtless intended for some village maiden.

They were about to raise the body and bear it away for burial, when old Amy was seen approaching.
They made way for her, and those near at hand were struck by the singular expression of her face. Her eyes sparkled with new life, and her steps usually so feeble, seemed almost to have gained the elasticity of youth. Waving them aside with an imposing dignity, she advanced directly toward the dead man. Kneeling, she parted the dark hair on his brow and murmured, in a tone of inexpressible love and tenderness, his name—"Alick!"

At once all was clear. In an instant the old people present recognized the companion of their youth. Again she spoke:
"Alick, friend of my childhood, my husband, I knew that we would meet again on earth."

As she ceased speaking, her head drooped lower and lower, until it sank upon his breast, as if in prayer.

At length the young men advanced to remove the body. Gently the women raised the figure of the forlorn woman. Seeing that she made no resistance, they bent over her, and found that she, too, was dead. Her long, loving vigil was at an end. The same grave holds them both, and many a sweet flower is laid upon it in remembrance of their fate, while the legend of their love is often recounted in the humble homes of the poor.

FLORIDA GRAPE FRUIT.—This fruit is refreshing and wholesome, especially for a bilious temperament. Its flavor is sub-acid, but its juicy pulp is enclosed in a tough white membrane of intensely bitter taste; when this membrane is removed the fruit is delicious. It has become the fashion to use it as salad. The fruit is placed on the table whole (one is enough for a party of four or six), cut in quarters and served *au naturel*. When not used as a salad, cut the skin in sections and peel it off; separate the sections as you would those of an orange, and, holding each one by the ends, break it open from the centre, disclosing the pulp; tear this out of the bitter white membrane which covers the sections, carefully removing every part of it; keep the pulp as unbroken as possible and put it into a deep dish with a plentiful sprinkling of fine white sugar. Let it stand three or four hours, or over night, and then use the fruit.

George's Love Test.

"How she must have loved him."
As Myrtle Redingote spoke these words softly to George W. Simpson a blush of maiden modesty flamed for an instant across her pure young face and disappeared silently behind the tiny pink ears that stood like pigmy sentinels on a battlement of rose tinted flesh, soft and warm, and with beautiful curves whose dimpled outlines would have made even an anchorite resign. George had been telling her that beautiful story of the princess of olden times, who when her lover was stricken down by a poisoned arrow, knelt by his side, and with her own ruby lips drew from the wound the fatal element. When he had finished the girl gave utterance to the words with which this opens. And then, for an instant, silence fell between them.

George was the first to speak. "If I were wounded by a poisoned arrow, darling, would you emulate the example of the princess?"

The girl's form shook with a sudden tremor, and her head fell upon his shirt front.
"I could not do it," she sobbed through her tears.

"Why not?" asked George.
"Do not press me for an answer," replied the girl.

"But I must know," he said in low, agonized tones.
"Then," she murmured, pressing him still more closely to her, "you are from Kentucky, and I do not care to catch the delirium tremens."

The Rattlesnake Saved His Life.

Game there was none. We could not break camp now with our weak men upon our hands, and it only remained for some one to attempt the desperate journey across the San Juan range, by way of the Devil's Pass, to Animas, and return with food or a rescuing party. Failing of that, spring-time would find our cabin inhabited by corpses.

We drew lots among ourselves, therefore, we well men to decide who should undertake this perilous trip, and the risk fell upon me. It was best, perhaps, that it should have been so, for of all the party I best knew the trail. Without waste of words or time, I prepared myself for the journey, and, thoroughly armed, early one morning, before the pale moon had fallen behind the western mountains, I bade good-by to my comrades and started. Turning my back upon the camp, I settled my course by a star, and at a brisk pace steered southward. All day I continued on the trail, ever with a watchful eye for Indian signs—for I believed our old enemies still in the vicinity—but all day unmolested, and at last, weary and worn, as the chill shadows began to creep across the great white plain behind me, I saw looming up in front the San Juan range, gashed with a narrow gorge—the Devil's Pass. Once through that horrible grave—for it was little else—and the road to Animas would be comparatively easy. My spirits rose hopefully.

As darkness came fairly down, I found myself just at the mouth of the canyon which led up to the pass, and deeming it a most sheltered place for a camping spot, I soon gathered a heap of dead limbs beneath an overhanging rock where the snow had not yet come, built a roaring fire, which warmed and cheered me, and prepared for the night. I felt little fear, for the narrow, frowning canyon walls would hide the light of my fire from all the plain country. The only disturbance which I might look for would be the howling of the wolves, who threatened, but dared not attack me; and I cared not for them.

With these comforting reflections, therefore, I ate a hearty supper, drank a little melted snow water, lit my pipe and rolling myself in my blanket, crowded close to the rock wall behind me, now well warmed by my fire. And so, in the flickering light, protected upon all sides, I gave myself unhesitatingly up to slumber.

How long I slept I cannot say. It was deep in the night when I woke with a sudden chill. It was as if some one had touched me with a cold and clammy hand, but even before I was well awake my frontiersman's caution returned, and I opened my eyes slowly, and didn't move.

The fire was all but out, and the ghastly light from its dying embers touched the snow and rocks and trees about with a strange color like thick blood. The air was growing chill and still, too, except for the cry of a coyote far up the canyon wall opposite, who whined and barked incessantly.

There was something almost oppressive about the silence to me, when suddenly, from just beyond my smouldering fire the sound of a step started me, and before I had time even to move there was bending over me a hideous, painted face—the face of a savage. And in his hand, already creeping toward my heart, was his heavy scalping-knife!

To describe my sensations is impossi-

ble. Some terrible spell seemed to bind me. Not only was I facing a danger which meant instant death, but I was unable to move, even in the attempt to save myself. It was as if I were fascinated.

I tried to reason with myself. This was but a single enemy—if I should spring upon him I might kill him and so be free; but although the reasoning was all right, the action I was unable to bring about, and all the time the terrible knife drew nearer. The redskin knew that I was awake, and that I saw him, but he gloated over my helplessness and delayed his fatal blow.

At last, however, I saw the gleam of his eye, the tightening of his muscles, and knew that in an instant more all would be over, when a sudden harsh, metallic rattle sounded, as if it were in my very bosom. I felt something glide from my side—a long, scaly, snakey body shot out to meet the dusky on-coming arm. There was a blow, then a cry of horror, and, as the knife fell ringing to the earth, a rattlesnake crawled slowly away, and the Uncompahgre, with his now nerveless hand outstretched and the blood dripping slowly from his parted fingers, with a long, wild death shriek turned and disappeared in the darkness. The rattler which my fire had drawn from his winter quarters had saved my life and the lives of my companions.

A week later, with a party of thirty good fellows I recrossed the San Juan range and rescued my party from starvation and the Indians; and it is because of what that snake did for me in Devil's Pass nigh on twenty years ago, that I let the critters live to-day.—*Toledo Bee.*

Early Marriage.

Early marriages are nowhere so common as in the prosperous manufacturing districts of Lancashire. Boys and girls not out of their teens, but earning big wages and having their feeling of independence prematurely developed by the absence of home life, get united in holy wedlock at a time of life when, in the higher ranks of society, they have not left school nor begun to think of the calling. Saturday is a favorite day for getting married because it is a short one and the ceremony can be got through with a minimum of loss—a thing certain to be considered by a thrifty operative. The town is paraded for a few hours in cheap towdry finery of glaring colors, which can never serve any useful purpose again; perhaps one of the watering-places is visited if it be fine, and on Monday morning by the stroke of 6 the newly-married couple may be found at their looms, in defiance of all poetry and romance and the wear and tear of life begin with them once more in real earnest. Marriage makes no alteration in the position of the wife so far as mill-work is concerned; she puts in her ten hours a day now as she did before. Indeed she has incomparably the worst of the bargain, for when the day's work is over it is her privilege to light the fire at home, get the supper ready and do the necessary household work, while it is the prerogative of the husband to use his leisure according to his own sweet will. When the time comes for the baby to be born the mother expectant withdraws from the mill for a few weeks, and when she is well enough to resume her place at the loom the baby is placed in the care of some old crone, who is past work herself and makes sufficient to live on by taking care of five or six of these luckless babies for the consideration of a shilling or two a week, according to the age.

The Real Profit Overlooked.

A Baltimore man who bought him a farm two or three years ago was recently approached by a friend who had some money to invest, and who asked: "Can I buy a pretty fair farm for \$15,000?"
"Yes, about that figure."
"And I'll want to lay out about \$10,000 in improvements, I presume?"
"Yes, fully that."
"And I can invest another \$10,000 in blooded stock?"
"I think you can."
"And \$5000 more in grading, filling up, creating fish ponds, and so forth?"
"Well, you may get through with that sum."
"That's \$40,000; and now let's figure the income."
"Oh, you don't need pencil or paper," said the victim, as a shade of sorrow darkened his face. "The income will be about \$3 for turnips, \$2 for potatoes, \$5 or \$6 for corn, and a bull calf or two at \$3 a head. To save time, call it \$25. I'll see you again in a day or two. Maybe I've forgotten something which will add a dollar more. Good morning to you."

"Do not put articles which have held milk into hot water," says a domestic receipt. Is this an admonition not to drop the baby into the wash boiler?

Tenure of Land in Syria.

During my residence in Damascus I tried one or two villages in the neighborhood as a summer retreat, and at length fixed upon a village called Maraba, as being at a convenient distance from the city to ride there in the morning and return at night. Finding, however, that the native houses were scarcely habitable I determined to have a small house built close to, yet not overlooking, the village. To carry out my plan I had first of all to apply to the Vali for permission to do so. His Highness, with an outburst of Oriental liberality, declared his readiness to give me not only a piece of ground but a garden as well. This I declined with thanks, knowing the value of such an offer, but showed him on paper the spot I had chosen, consisting of a barren rock, and asked him to send a competent person to the place to examine the site and value it and at the same time see from the plan that none of my windows would overlook my neighbors. In the course of a few days I received a notice that a commission of six officials would meet me on the spot and settle the matter at once. I provided a luncheon *al fresco*, to which the sheikh of the village was invited to negotiate on the part of the villagers. After a long preamble, setting forth the value of land in general and of this spot in particular, he offered at length to sell the site for 5000 piastres (a piastre is equal to 2.1). "Fifty piastres," wrote down the scribe. "By the life of your father it is too little; say 3000." "Seventy-five," said the scribe. "Say 1000—by Allah it is worth 5000—but Allah is great." One hundred piastres was the sum agreed upon, and I had permission to begin building at once. When the house was half finished an order came stop, on the ground that it was built over the tomb of a Moslem saint, and that the departed spirit might not relish the vicinity of Christians and avenge himself by doing us some bodily harm, for which the Vali would not be responsible. After a great deal of trouble and investigation his Highness was convinced that the existence of such a tomb was a myth. The next charge brought against me was that while I pretended to build a house I was in reality building a convent in the midst of a Mohammedan population. I had a hard struggle to convince him that Protestants had no such institutions.

Now all these charges had been trumped up by the officials in the hope of receiving the usual bribe, which I was determined not to give, having made up my mind to carry the business through honestly and legally. One more effort was made to annoy me, or rather to force me to give the customary "backsheesh," viz.: That the house was built over a road leading from the village to the stream, to the great inconvenience of the villagers. The Consul had at length to interfere; the Government Engineer was sent to investigate the matter and report upon it; which was to the effect that there was no vestige of road or foot-path in the vicinity of the house. After this I was left in peaceful possession so far that no one could turn me out of the house, but, not having the title-deeds, I could scarcely expect to find a purchaser in case I wished to sell it. My next effort was to secure the necessary papers. Month after month I applied in vain for them. The Governor pretended to be shocked to hear that his orders had not been carried out. He sent for the scribe and threatened him with his fiercest displeasure if such an act of negligence should ever again be reported against him. The scribe pleaded a sprained wrist as an excuse for the delay, but by the life of the Prophet he would write the document at once. I took a hasty leave of the Vali and rushed off after the scribe, determined not to lose sight of him again. He had, however, disappeared, as if the earth had swallowed him up. These scenes were repeated over and over again, till at the end of twelve months, having to leave Damascus, I had to sell the house at a great loss, not having the title-deeds. The purchaser, the American Vice Consul, trusting to his official position, hoped to be able to succeed where I had failed. I have no doubt but that by following the usual Oriental custom of backsheesh, and dividing £10 or £20 among the officials, every obstacle would have been removed to my obtaining the title-deeds of a property for which I paid the sum of 16s. 8d.—*Rev. W. Wright in Contemporary Review.*

Home Economies.

FRUIT PUDDING.—Three pints of milk, eight Boston crackers split and buttered, six eggs beaten light, two cups of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one pound of stoned raisins, quarter of a pound of currants. Boil the milk, and then add sugar, eggs and flavoring. Butter a deep pudding dish, put in a layer of crackers and moisten with a little of the custard. Then add a layer of fruit, and do this till all is in the dish.

Pour over the rest of the custard and bake in a slow oven. Brown at the last, and eat hot with or without sauce.

TRIPE CURRY.—Boil two pounds of tripe and cut it into strips; peel two large onions and cut them into square pieces, and put the onions into a stew pan with three tablespoonful of butter. Let it stew till brown, stirring well and mixing a tablespoonful of curry powder. Now add one pint of milk and the cut-up tripe. Let all stew for an hour, skimming it well. Serve in a deep dish with boiled rice also to eat with it. An East India curry powder is made thus: Pound very fine in a mortar six ounces of coriander seed, three-fourths of an ounce of cayenne, one and one-half ounces of foenugreek seed, one ounce cummin seed and three ounces of tumeric. These articles can be brought at a druggist's. Pound fine; sift through fine muslin; spread on a dish and dry before the fire for three hours, stirring frequently. Keep this in a bottle with a glass stopper.

OUR RECIPE FOR MAKING SAUER-KRAUT.—The best we ever ate we made ourselves for many years, and for a considerable time with our own hands, and always from Savoy cabbage. It was manufactured in this wise; in the first place let your "stand," holding from a half barrel to a barrel, be thoroughly scalded out; the cutter, the tub and the stamper also well scalded. Take off all the outer leaves of the cabbage, halve them, remove the heart and proceed with the cutting. Lay some clean leaves at the bottom of the stand, sprinkle with a handful of salt, fill in half a bushel of cut cabbage, stamp gently until the juice just makes its appearance, then add another handful of salt, and so on until the stand is full. Cover over with cabbage leaves, place on top a clean board fitting the space pretty well, and on top of that a stone weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. Stand away in a cool place, and when hard freezing comes on remove to the cellar. It will be ready for use in from four to six weeks. The cabbage should be cut tolerably coarse. The Savoy variety makes the best article, but it is only half as productive as the drum-head and flat Dutch.

One Sort of Michigander.

A certain Michigander, who had long succeeded in dodging a certain creditor was a few weeks ago cornered in the office of a mutual friend, and the creditor began:
"Sir, you have owed me \$25 for a year past and now I want to know what you are going to do about it?"
"Well, I'll think it over."
"There will be no thinking it over, my friend. If you don't pay me I'll sue you."
"You will?"
"I will, sir."
"Then you'll be certain to get a judgment. The party which brings the suit always get verdict before a Justice. Knowing this, you will take advantage of me?"
"I will."
"Very well. Now, then, I deny that I owe you a dollar."
"You do?"
"I do, sir; but in case you want to borrow \$25 of me for a week here it is."
"I don't care whether you call it paying or lending so long as I get my money," replied the creditor, and he made out a receipt in full and took the money.

At the end of the week he was asked to return the loan, but laughed at the absurdity of the request. Suit was begun to recover it, the mutual friend used as a witness, and the plaintiff received judgment in his favor and had a clean receipt to show for the debt.

Marriage.

Marriage is, of all earthly unions, almost the only one permitting of no change but that of death. It is that engagement in which man exerts his most awful and solemn power—the power of responsibility which belongs to him as one that shall give account—the power of alienating the right to change, the power of parting with his freedom, the power of doing that which in this world can never be reversed. And yet it is perhaps that relationship which is spoken of most frivolously and entered into most carelessly and wantonly. It is not a union merely between two creatures, it is a union between two spirits, and the intention of that bond is to perfect the nature of both, by supplementing their character with the force of contrast, giving to each sex those excellencies in which it is naturally deficient; to the one strength of character and firmness of moral will, to the other, sympathy, meekness, tenderness. And just so solemn, and just so glorious as these ends are for which the union was contemplated and intended, just so terrible are the consequences if it be perverted and abused; for there is no earthly relationship which has so much power to ennoble and to exalt.—*D. Robertson.*