

Poor Miss Margaret.

I know something of her story, but I longed to hear it all—the story of the lovely old face, with its sweet dark eyes and snowy hair.

She was laid away for her long rest, with the heavy earth upon her heart.

The last sad words had died away over her lowly grave, and we slowly and sadly retraced our steps to the places which should know our dear old friend no more for ever.

On the evening following the funeral, as we sat together around the glowing winter's fire, I asked the dear grandmother to tell us the story of Miss Margaret's life. She took off her spectacles, and polished them slowly with her handkerchief, looking meanwhile thoughtfully and sadly into the fire.

Then, turning round to us, she said—
"You all loved Miss Margaret, but you could not appreciate her loveliness as one who knew her in her youth, and through all the years of her beautiful, pathetic life. We were nearly the same age, she a few weeks younger than I. From our babyhood we have been constantly together. I cannot remember the time Margaret was not my other self. Our homes stood always where they do to-day—mine here, hers just over the way. Our mothers were dear friends, and the friendship ended to-day in the grave began with our first prattle and tottering footsteps.

"When we were six years of age we commenced our childish school life together. Years went on till we were grown up ready for the ladies' college in the adjoining town of Aldenbury. How wonderfully pretty Margaret was growing! She was always very slender, and peculiarly graceful. You know how handsome she was even in her old age. She had beautiful, dark brown, wavy hair; her grey eyes were very lovely; her small, pale face, with its delicate nose, fresh, dewy lips and firm little chin, was delightful to look upon. Sweet-tempered, modest, dignified, she was the idol of her parents and admired by all who knew her. In our seventeenth year we left the college. Margaret was to return at the autumn term as teacher. How we enjoyed that bright summer! All beautiful things are soon over; the autumn came, and with it our first separation. She went to Aldenbury on Monday morning, and Friday evening always saw her return to us again. It was about this time that I first noticed a change in my Margaret. I could not define it. In her sweet eyes there shone a solemn, holy light. A tremulous sort of beauty seemed to rest on her brow and lip. She grew more beautiful each day. Her sweet reserve was never broken, even to me. It was a beautiful day in the latter part of the winter when Margaret came to me with a new look upon her pure face—a look which a woman never wears but once in life, when she loves as Margaret did.

"Kate, I have something to tell you," said she; and when she was seated with me in my own room, she told me the story of her betrothal. Mr. Edmonds was principal of the college at Aldenbury. He had taken charge of the institution when Margaret went there in the autumn. He was the son of a widow, who was poor, and who lived in a distant town, where her son was a student. Mr. Edmonds was her sole support. His brother was in college at his expense, and, with this double responsibility, he had hesitated about speaking of his love to Margaret. He finally decided to tell her of it, and explain to her his situation. He said that he had not the presumption, even if she could return his love, to ask her to wait for him through the years which must necessarily intervene before he could have a wife and a home of his own.

"I told him, said Margaret, that I would wait for him for ever—for I love him."

"The spring came, and with the first song of the bird, and the perfume of the flowers I was married. It needed but the fruition of my Margaret's love to complete my happiness. She came and went from her school in the spring-time full of deep, quiet happiness. When the summer came she went home with Mr. Edmonds to visit his mother, who had written constantly to her since the engagement. She returned to us in season for reopening of the college, where she was still to remain a teacher. She and Mr. Edmonds taught and studied together. He was a fine scholar, and she was fast following in his footsteps. I never saw a man so entirely devoted to any woman as Mr. Edmonds was to her. He seemed to look upon her as a treasure too precious and beautiful for him. Margaret's years of waiting were finally at an end, and in a few weeks she would enter upon her new life. A house was ready for them at Aldenbury, where, after a few weeks' trip, they intended to reside. How I should miss her! But there was a thought I tried to keep in the background, and enjoy the present to the utmost. It was a lovely day in Octo-

ber, a week before the wedding-day, that Mr. Edmonds came into Margaret's parlor, looking fearfully ill. He stoutly insisted that it was nothing but a stout cold, and laughingly refused to be doctored, as he expressed it. The next morning he was unable to rise, and the doctor pronounced his malady diphtheria of the most malignant type. As the long day wore away he continued to grow worse, and at nightfall was delirious and suffering terribly. Margaret followed the physicians into the hall, and told them if there was any danger she wished to send for his mother and brother. Kind old Doctor Seaton, who had known Margaret from her birth, laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, and only said: "Send at once, my child."

"For two days he suffered terribly, Margaret never left him. Pale, tearless, strong and tender, she was by his side day and night. His mother, too, was with him on the day, when the end came. The sunset light stole into the room as he opened his eyes upon Margaret, and smiled. A sunbeam fell aslant upon the pillow and lit up the dying face with angelic beauty. Margaret knelt down and laid her head beside his, and when, a few moments after, we raised her, he was dead. The beautiful young life had ended. Margaret stood looking down upon the dead face of her love without a tear, without a sound. She knelt down and kissed him, then turned and left the room, waving aside any assistance, and no one saw her that day. When night came a pale-faced woman issued from the room, and spent the long dark hours alone with her dead. This was the end of her dream, my sweet Margaret! The next morning she came to breakfast, looking as if years had passed over her head. Her eyes had great, dark shadows beneath them, her lips were drawn with suffering. But from this first morning of her sorrowful life no one ever heard a moan over her bereavement. To her loving father and mother she was the spirit of devotion. Well as I knew Margaret, I did not dream of the strength which lay behind that frail exterior. To Mrs. Edmonds that was the dutiful, loving daughter, and together they took their dead to his childhood's home and laid him beside his father. I never, in all the years that followed heard her gay, bright laugh again. Patient, sweet, strong of soul, unselfish, her life henceforth was spent for others.

"And thus the seasons came and went, and found her ever at her post of duty, among the sorrowful, the sick, afflicted. A more beautiful life I never knew. And now the long waiting is over, and she has joined the love of her youth."

Scraps.

An evergreen: A man who does not learn by experience.

When luck knocks at the door, it often finds the man inside too lazy to lift the latch.

An editor advertises for a wife who knows less than he does. Some men are mighty hard to suit.

"That's him!" cried Mrs. Wheezebotham at Sandown; "that's the Dook, a driving off in a tandrum!"

"I'll feed my boarders on the fat of the land," observed Mrs. Stuffens, as she paid for a tub of oleomargarine.

A little three-year-old girl rebuked her mother for alluding to a black cat. She said it was a colored cat.

When a Boston young lady wishes to express that she has the "blues" she simply remarks, "I have azure distemper."

When a polite man tells you he alone is at fault, he always expects you to contradict him, and is disappointed if you do not.

A debating society will tackle the question, "Which is the most fun—to see a man trying to thread a needle, or to see a woman try to drive a nail?"

"Ah, yes," soliloquized the toothless old man. "Ah, yes. In our infancy we cut our teeth, and in old age our teeth cut us. Such is life!"

A contemporary says: "A woman who does a man's work ought to receive a man's pay." A lazy husband says he has no objection if she only pays a man's bills.

If distance lends enchantment to the view and the view refuses to return it, what remedy has distance? The court takes the papers and reserves the decision.

A bride of this city found seventeen full sets of dishes when her wedding presents. Her far-seeing friends evidently knew she was going to keep a girl.

A sleeping-car porter who traveled 650 miles with ten passengers worth over three million dollars each says that his perquisites were only fifty cents.

Steam Thrashers.

The farmer is getting the advantage of the inventive faculty of the present age. Steam thrashing machines are slowly but surely displacing the old method of thrashing by horse power. It takes more help to keep the machine running up to its full capacity than it did by horse power, but then a much steadier motion is given, and the much dreaded "thrashing days" are shortened by one-half, which is a great boon to the farmer and his wife. There is only one team needed, and that the thrashing men furnish themselves, and use it for hauling water for the steam engine. Where the thrashed grain has to be taken any distance, of course teams have to be used for hauling it away. The steam thrashing machines are made extra large, with a big cylinder at which two men stand to feed it. This necessitates two hand cutters and an extra two men to pitch to them. These steam thrashers, combined with the improved machinery for putting the grain into the ground in the spring (we refer to the screw pulverizer) and the self-binding reaper, make the farmer practically independent of hired help, for a crop of 100 acres of small grain can be sown, reaped, and thrashed as easy as 20 acres could by the old and slower methods.

This is a very important item in the farmer's economy, for in some sections fire cannot be obtained during the rush of harvest at any price, and where it can be got it is generally of an inferior character and has to be paid exorbitant prices of from \$2.00 to \$5.00 per day. The steam thrasher is of immense benefit to the farmer, and the day will soon be here that every neighborhood will be supplied with a machine. Farmers can use the steam power that it takes to run the thrashing machine for all the necessary purpose of grinding grain, shelling corn, and cutting hay with a chaff-cutter, when the machine is not in use for thrashing.

Suitable arrangements must be, however, provided for guarding against fire. Where possible the engine should be placed far enough away from the farm buildings so there will not be the remotest chance of fire. The best way to carry this power from the engine to buildings is by a wire rope, as a belt cannot be used to carry power as far as a wire rope; and then, too, the belt, when used in wet weather will get wet and slip.—Breeder's Live Stock Journal.

American Manners.

While American manners are doubtless susceptible of much improvement, they are not nearly so black as they are frequently painted by foreign fools and native snobs. If by good manners are meant "the small sweet courtesies of life," then ours will bear comparison with the foreign article. An American may not bow as gracefully as a Frenchman, but he will sacrifice quite as much personal convenience and comfort for a stranger as the Frenchman—perhaps more. An American may not be as elegant at a dinner party as an Englishman, but he will not ride half a day in a railway car without speaking to the fellow-passenger at his elbow, as the Englishman will. A lady—whether young or old, pretty or plain—may travel from Boston to San Francisco without an escort, and receive all the needed attentions from men whom she never saw before and will never see again. Would the same lady be equally fortunate in a trip from London to Paris, or Paris to Rome? In our street cars a laboring man wearied out with the day's toil, will give his seat to any woman who enters. How many European gentlemen would do as much? There is more chivalric respect shown to women in America than anywhere else on earth, and such respect is inconsistent with intense "vulgarity of manners."

In drawing-room accomplishments and the graces of the dancing-master, and in those indecipherable products of high breeding found in the circles of hereditary aristocracy, America must now—and always, perhaps—yield the palm to Europe; but in genuine courtesy, unaffected and unselfish politeness, disposition to accommodate, readiness to go out of one's way to help others—Europe has much to learn from America. Our manners are "in the rough" and need polishing; but the material of which they are made is gold, not pinchbeck. Vulgar manners are bad, but artificial worse. Let us hope and believe that by diligent minding of our own business and making the best of ourselves without servile copying of European models, we shall some day reach a point in education, manners and morals which will meet the demands of the most fastidious taste, foreign or domestic.

WANTED.—A modern young lady's forehead. Not having seen one for several years, we are willing to pay a fair price for a glimpse at the genuine article. No banged or otherwise mutilated specimens wanted.

Sanitary.

To cure a felon, as the parts begin to swell wrap the part affected with a cloth thoroughly saturated with tincture of lobelia, and the felon is dead.

INFLUENCE OF ELECTRIC LIGHT ON HEALTH.—The influence of the electric light on health was lately discussed at a meeting of the Hygienic Society of Hamburg, and Dr. Kruss gave his views on the subject at some length. He referred to the influence of the electric light on the human eyesight, and expressed his opinion that it produces no evil effects, the light having a violent tinge under most circumstances. The electric light being free from the disadvantages incidental to the combustion of gas, in the consumption of oxygen and the production of carbonic acid, he considered its developments as being a hygienic measure of importance.

DEATH FROM ALCOHOL.—In an important paper read before the late British Medical Association at Worcester, Dr. Norman Kerr presented statistics showing all the deaths in his own practice due, either directly or indirectly, to alcoholic causes; and after carefully sifting the cases, he applied the result to the whole number of medical practitioners in Great Britain. He thus calculated that 40,500 persons died annually in that country from personal intemperance. Compared with this statement, the returns of twenty colleagues engaged principally among the middle classes, and not including hospital or workhouse cases, show a grand total of deaths wholly due to alcohol of 54,453 for 1880.

BEANS AS FOOD.—The nutritive value of beans is very great—greater than almost any other article of food in common use. Considering their richness they are probably the cheapest food we have, but somewhat difficult of digestion, probably owing to the fact that we rarely cook them enough and masticate them insufficiently. In preparing beans for the table they should first be well soaked in and then thrown into boiling water and cooked until of a medium consistency—between a fluid and a solid—neither too thick nor too thin. They require some acid on them when eaten, and a sufficient amount of salt to render them palatable. They may be eaten with potatoes or other vegetables which contain more starch and less albumen rather than with too much bread or meat. In Germany there is a process patented, by which beans and all leguminous seeds are reduced to a very fine flour and rendered capable of being used as food by the most delicate persons. We have samples of this flour, and it is used extensively for making soup for invalids. These soups are worth a hundred times as much as beef tea. There is a fortune awaiting any one who will prepare a flour from beans as perfect as this flour from Germany. Bean soup, richly made, is exceedingly delicious and wholesome, and ought to be used more extensively than it is.—Scot-tarian.

Frictional Electricity.

We looked into the press-room of one of Boston's large printing establishments this week. The foreman was furious and the proprietor sorrowful. Frictional electricity in the printed sheets of paper as they left the press was the immediate cause of their trouble. It is an interesting and not uncommon phenomenon, and is not easily controlled. It has puzzled Profs. Bell and Wadman and the best electricians we have about here. The packing upon the press cylinder seems to act as an inductor, and the paper leaves the press thoroughly electrified. We watched a press running off 1700 per hour. Suddenly the printed sheet clung about the cylinder as though pasted upon it, and had to be torn off in strips. Again, we lifted a few freshly-printed leaves, and they ripped and crackled like the stitches in an old coat. Then we saw a lot of cardboard being printed. The sheets were stuck together as solid as a brick, and could not be separated until the electricity had partly passed off. A piece of printer's brass rule placed in this pile of card-board, with an end projecting, threw off sparks when approached within an inch by another piece of rule. Two sheets sucked together when held fourteen inches apart. Wet rags placed around the delivery table and led into a bucket of water charged the water with electricity in forty minutes so that a positive shock was felt upon a hand being immersed in the pail. Electrical currents were felt in the hands and arms upon handling a pile of paper eight minutes after being printed. The bother to the printer is a considerable one. It entails inconvenience and a serious loss. Valuable work is frequently spoiled by the electricity packing the leaves so closely as to offset the fresh ink. Then the presses have to be slow-speeded, with frequent stoppage. Nothing so demoralizes the press-room as the mystery of frictional electricity when under full headway.

Monopolies and the People.

We do not need to look to England for illustrations of the evil of land monopoly. What has been done there to take away the ground from under the feet of the people by grants to court favorites, to monasteries, and by the stealing of common lands by those who had been given so much that they thought themselves entitled to take anything they wanted, is being repeated among us on a much greater scale by grants to States, to railroad corporations, and by the thieving inclosure by the railroads of millions of acres that were not included in their grants.

The public domain of the United States, which footed up a grand total of 1,823,180,387 acres, including all the acquisitions beginning with the cessions from the original thirteen States and ending with the purchase of Alaska, is now reduced by sales to settlers, grants to States and for Indian and military reservations, gifts to railroads, private land claims, etc., to about 1,000,000,000 acres. Deducting from this Alaska, the mountainous portions of the West and the swamps of the South, it is estimated that there remain to-day of the legacy of a continent but 250,000,000 acres of arable land in the possession of the United States. One-half exactly of this residue is claimed by railroad corporations, who demand 125,000,000 acres to make good the grants of Congress.

Almost all the land is claimed under grants which have lapsed, and which a declaratory act by Congress could restore to settlement. Every attempt to obtain such action from the Congress which has just adjourned failed. All the railroads wanted was non-action, and they got it. During the recess railroad building will be pushed across the continent with feverish haste, grants will be claimed and will be allowed by the Department of the Interior in the absence of any positive action by Congress, certificates will be issued to the roads, and when Congress reassembles it will find that tens of millions of acres of land that by all considerations of justice and fair play should have been left to the use of the farmers and settlers, have passed into the grip of railroad corporations.

The public are profoundly ignorant of what is being done with their land. They do not know, for instance, that land granted sixteen years ago to a road that has never been built is still reserved by the Land Department, and settlers are refused permission to enter on it. This is true not only in one case, but in almost all cases of grants. It is the uniform practice of the Land Department.

Two hundred millions of acres are thus lost to the people—an area equal to that of the original thirteen States. Hundreds of millions of dollars are taken out of their pockets by the higher prices charged for the lands sold by corporations that never earned them, and should never have been given possession of them. The policy that was adopted to facilitate the settlement of the country thus results in the inclosure of land, the exclusion of the settlers, and the sterilization of an empire that should smile with farms. The Great American Desert of our early geographies is disappearing, but a new and greater American Desert is being created in its place by the action of the land department and the corporations.

The Sayings of Great People

George III.'s sayings are, like his own image stamped on copper, poor in expression, but very strongly stamped. It was the same with Madame de Pompadour's celebrated expressions of recklessness: "Après nous, le deluge," a saying which has become part of history, partly from its truth, partly from its vivid expression of the selfishness and recklessness which made it historical. And it is this quality of personal expressiveness which, when the character so stamped is not poor, but has anything magnificent or noble in it, that makes a great saying take rank with a great deed. Louis XIV.'s declaration on his death-bed to Madame de Maintenon: "I imagined it more difficult to die," as though his departure at least must have involved a convulsion of nature; and Pitt's grand farewell to power, when he returned, dying, from Bath, "Fold up the map of Europe," are excellent specimens of the sort of sayings which, though containing no thought at all, nothing but a great consciousness of power, yet impress us more than the most vivid wisdom or the most poignant wit. This is why dignity tells for so much in a saying of this kind,—for so much more, indeed, than even truth. Burke's grand sentence on the hustings, when referring to the death of another candidate: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" makes an even greater impression on the imagination than the other sentence: "I do not know how to draw up an indictment against a whole people," not because it embodies half the political wisdom of the second sentence, but because it recalls Burke and his soaring imagination more impressively to the mind. Even Lord Chesterfield, with

all his thinness and superficiality, makes his mark upon us directly he begins to delineate himself. "There is a certain dignity to be kept up in pleasures, as well as in business," and "Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments give lustre, and many more people see than weigh," paint so exactly a man thoughtfully and consistently anxious about appearances, that they impress us almost as much as one of Dr. Johnson's vivid self-portraits of a much nobler kind. Indeed they impress us not only almost as much, but for nearly the same reason, that by imaging the man who lived in appearances, they throw us in strong relief on our minds the recollection of men to whom mere appearances were naught.

Sayings, however excellent, which do not convey in them any self-portraiture are seldom vividly associated with their authors. How many of our readers will remember who it was that said, "Nothing is certain but death and taxes;" or, "We must all hang together, else we shall all hang separately," or even, "It is better to wear out than rust out," which last does represent the energy of a certain kind of temperament, but energy so common that it marks rather a class than an individual. Benjamin Franklin said the two first sayings, and Bishop Cumberland the last, but we should be surprised to find anyone in a company of literary men who could have pronounced on the spot to whom any one of the three was to be attributed. On the other hand, we seldom misappropriate sayings containing much less that it is worth while to remember if only they vividly portray a memorable figure,—like Frederick the Great's indignant, "Wollt ihr immer leben?" ("Do you fellows want to live forever?") when his soldiers showed some disinclination to being shot down, or Gambetta's peremptory, "Il faudra ou se soumettre, ou se démettre," of Marshal MacMahon's "Government of Combat." Thus, the most impressive of all sayings are probably those of great rulers who contrived to embody the profound confidence they felt that a life of command was before them, in a few weighty words. Julius Caesar's "Veni, vidi, vici," and his question to the skipper who feared for the loss of his boat, "What dost thou fear, when Caesar is on board?" or, his disdainful apology for an unjust divorce, "Caesar's wife ought to be free even from suspicion," are likely to be in everyone's mouth as long as the world lasts. And so, perhaps is Napoleon's, "I succeeded not Louis XIV.," but Charlemagne, and the same great man's remark, "Imagination rules the world," and, "I ought to have died at Waterloo."

But the most influential of all great sayings are those which combine great force and weight of character with a precept, expressed or implied. Thus, Cavour's remarkable prophecy, written seven-and-twenty years before its fulfillment, "In my dreams, I see myself already Minister of the Kingdom of Italy,"—the most impressive of all precepts to have faith in great national cravings,—or, again, his expressive saying, "In politics, nothing is so absurd as rancor;" or, "I will have no estate of siege; anyone can govern with a state of siege," will do more to keep Italy united, to keep her governments statesmanlike, and to keep her people free, than remains of argument from men less memorable and less potent.

Inspect Your Cellars.

"You think your cellar is in good sanitary condition; do you know that it is? Have you looked over your potatoes, turnips, squashes and other vegetables, to ascertain their condition?"

Diphtheria, typhoid and scarlet fever, and many other more serious illnesses, have their origin in cellars in city and country; and we can do our readers no greater service than to see at all times that they are in a dry, wholesome condition. Why should farmers' families living in the country, away from the pestilential vapors of cities, be so subjected to attacks of malignant diseases? There is a reason for it. They arise from the indifference manifested to observance of hygienic rules and the violation of sanitary laws.

"Cleanliness is essential to health, and it is just as necessary in the country as in the city. A family living over a foul cellar is more liable to be poisoned and affected with illness than a city family living in its polluted atmosphere but without cellar or basement, filled with fermenting roots and fruits. There is far more sickness in the country among husbandmen than there ought to be. With plenty of pure air, water and exercise, the evil imp, disease, ought to be kept at bay; and we would be better if an observance of certain hygienic conditions were maintained. Bad conditional cellars, small, close sleeping rooms, stoves—these are all agents of evil, and are fast making the homes of farmers almost as unhealthy as those of the dwellers of the cities."—Boston Journal of Chemistry.