

ARE ALL THE CHILDREN IN?

The darkness falls, the wind in high. Dense, black clouds fill the western sky; The storm will soon begin; The thunders roar, the lightning flash, I hear the great, round rain-drops dash— Are all the children in?

An Awakened Love.

Abiel Grimes was an old bachelor. Some people called him an old curmudgeon, and some people called him an old hunk, and these titles were really more truthful than flattering. The fact is, as the world goes—and the world goes hard enough with some—Abiel Grimes was a pretty hard man—hard and cold, selfish to the core, cruel when his interests were at stake; apparently had no more feeling than a lamp-post, no more charity than a tobacco sign; seemed ever grasping for everything, never yielding up anything; living only for Abiel Grimes, and caring for nothing beyond himself. When he was twenty Abiel Grimes went to see a young lady—a very sweet young lady, everybody called her—and it was at last rumored that they were going to be married. But one day, being caught out in the rain, she allowed another young man to hold an umbrella over her while she walked home by his side. Abiel Grimes chanced to witness the transaction, and became furious—storming, raving and tearing passions to tatters. He did more. He left Mary Albright with a curse, and never visited her again. She wept and sobbed, and was very disconsolate for a time, and then she married the kind young man who had held the umbrella over her. From that time forward nobody ever heard Abiel Grimes laugh. In fact, it is doubtful if he could laugh. He drew into himself like a turtle into his shell, and to the world he presented an exterior as hard as that shell. He bent his whole energies to making money. And he made it. He owned houses and lands which he rented to the rich and to the poor. But woe to the luckless wight who came up short on pay day. He loaned money on mortgages, but he never missed an opportunity to fore-close. He seemed devoid of pity, and never showed mercy. Into the street went a sick father or mother or starving children if he failed to get his lawful due. He was no hypocrite, however; he was consistent with himself. He gave nothing to churches, because, as he averred, religion was a sham. He gave nothing to hospitals, because people had no business to be sick. He gave nothing to charitable societies, because the poor ought to work for their bread. In short, he gave nothing to anybody, except Abiel Grimes. And Abiel Grimes he pampered. There was nothing too good for Abiel Grimes. He bought a splendid mansion, surrounded himself with luxuries, and kept servants who were no better than so many slaves in his regard. His sister kept house for him, being a poor, quiet, timid, childlike widow, with no other home, nor any means to live without labor. Of all days in the year, Abiel Grimes hated Sundays and holidays. Why? Because he could not vex people in his business transactions on those days, and because poor people were idle, and seemingly happy, and he hated to see people happy. If he could have shut them all up in black pits and kept them to work there all their lives for his gain and comfort, he would have done so. And of all the holidays, Abiel Grimes hated Christmas, and its rejoicing and festivities. And in this state of mind, without ever having a day's illness—going on prosperously in worldly gain and amassing riches—Abiel Grimes reached the

age of forty-five, hale and hearty, with a sharp face, iron frame, cold grey eyes, thin hair and a bald head. Now it so happened that one hated Christmas night Abiel Grimes returned to his elegant mansion at the hour of eleven. It was snowing fast and the streets were mostly deserted. The mansion looked grim, and dark, and cold, for there had been no rejoicing there that day, and the servants had all gone to bed. Only the poor housekeeper was sitting up for her brother, to keep the fire bright and his slippers warm, and his water hot for his punch, and to act as his slave and minister to his every whim. Abiel Grimes ascended the high marble steps in no pleasant frame of mind. It had been a long, disagreeable day to him, because everybody had been too happy to feel the venom of hate with which he regarded them. On the upper step he paused in astonishment, which soon merged into rage. Somebody had left a basket on that step—a basket with a handle to it; a basket filled with something which the fast-falling snow had already covered with a thin, pure mantle of white. "The infernal carelessness or impudence of some servant or beggar," muttered Abiel Grimes through his shut teeth, as he raised his foot and gave that basket a vigorous kick. He intended to kick it clear from his cold, hard marble step—no colder and harder than his own marble heart—into the middle of the street. But his design miscarried. The basket struck against the iron rail, bounded back, fell over, and a small bundle rolled out. Then from the small bundle came a feeble wail, a human wail, a cry of innocence appealing to Heaven against the cruel neglect and abuse of mankind. "A living child!" exclaimed the astounded and somewhat horrified Abiel Grimes. "And if I've killed it there'll be the duce to pay." Yes, Abiel Grimes, and the Lord to settle with besides. For a few moments an almost paralyzing terror had possession of this man of iron, while another pitiful wail came up to him from that living bundle at his feet. What should he do? Leave the little thing to perish, and have a murder on his conscience, and the coroner at his door? Call a policeman and have it removed and a report reach the press in such a garbled way as to mix him up in a ridiculous scandal? And then—startling thought—what if it had already been fearfully injured by his brutal kick? Might it not even at that awful moment be dying! It was a cold night, but great beads of perspiration came and stood out on the thin, hard face of Abiel Grimes. At that moment a rollicking party of young men turned the corner of the street, and came singing, laughing and shouting forward. In another minute they would pass his door. Heavens! they have already seen him, and what if they should hear and see the child, and find it dying from his brutality. There were courts where men were tried for murder, and Abiel Grimes did not like even to fancy himself standing in the felon's dock. Never did the trembling fingers of that man work faster than in applying the key, turning the bolt and forcing open the door of that palatial mansion. Then he seized the child and the basket, sprang into the marble vestibule, and shut the world out, just as those merry young bloods went singing, laughing, shouting, reeling and rollicking past the dark frowning windows of his bachelor abode. Hastening to his own elegant sitting-room, where his sister sat waiting for him, Abiel Grimes fairly burst into the apartment, white and trembling, with the living and wailing bundle in one hand and the basket in the other. "Here, Griselda," cried he, as the surprised sister started up in alarm, "here's some beggar's child that I've just stumbled over on my step, and I want you to see if I killed it." He did not dare to say he had kicked it over even to her. The poor sister had a kind heart—she had been a wife and mother, and had lost both mother and child—and she tenderly took the poor little wail, unrolled it, examined it, and then soothed, and kissed, and hugged, and fondled it, till it opened its sweet little blue eyes, and fairly laughed in her face. "Oh, you dear little darling!" she cried, completely oblivious in her absorbed delight to the presence of her ogreish brother. "Well," he snapped out at length, "is the child hurt?" "Oh, no; she does not appear to be, Abiel." "Then throw the she into the fire!"

he cried, with a savage stamp of his foot. Of course he did not mean to have his sister literally obey his murderous order, but only to understand that the child must be put out of his way, and that he would have nothing more to do with it. "Oh, Abiel, brother, let me keep it, and rear it, and call it mine," pleaded the lone-hearted sister. "I want something to love in my declining years. Let me have this. See, dear Abiel, how sweet the darling looks, and how it smiles even now upon you." And the little baby did at that moment chance to throw out its little hands toward the iron man, and did seem to smile at him, just as babies have before now been known to smile upon their murderers. "Bah!" grunted Abiel Grimes, as he turned away. But he did not escape scathless. A beam from that baby's eyes had darted into his, and that beam had carried a ray of God's sunshine from that pure innocent soul right down into his, warming one tiny little spot, and exciting one of the strongest sensations of his life. Abiel hurried off to bed, without putting on his slippers or making his punch, leaving his sister Griselda alone with the child. She found and prepared some milk for it, and secretly avowed it should never leave her. That night Abiel Grimes dreamed that little blue baby eyes were looking at him; and he got up and hurried off the next morning, as if to escape from the little one and himself. As he made no further protest his sister kept the child in the mansion, but out of his sight, and told the servants it was an unexpected Christmas present, which she prized more highly than gold. One day, seven or eight months later, Abiel came unexpectedly into his own sitting-room, and found the bright and playful little one tied in a chair, hammering its little chubby fists on the cushion before it, and talking to itself in the unknown language of babydom. "Hello!" said Abiel Grimes, halting in front of it; "you here yet, madame?" "Ja! ja! go! go!" answered baby, both hands and feet fly up and down as if attached to springs. Again something shot from that pure little soul into the dark hard soul of Abiel Grimes. "Confound it," he muttered, "I believe you're a witch!" "Ja! ja! go! go! ja-goo!" laughed baby, all full of springs. The next moment she was up in those strong arms, and her little velvet cheek was softly pressed against his lips. "I am glad I didn't kill you!" he said. At that moment his sister came hurrying into the room, but paused with fright and astonishment on seeing her brother present and baby in his arms. "The only child I ever saw that I could bear to handle," he observed with a kind of a sheepish look, as he placed the little one in her arms. "Oh, Abiel, she is in an angel sent from heaven for the comfort of us both!" cried Griselda with a warming enthusiasm. The brother did not answer, and the sister felt happy that he did not storm and rave. The secret work of heaven had begun. From that time forward there was a change in Abiel Grimes. The iron began to melt, the stone began to soften, the soul began to humanize, and people who had known Abiel Grimes for years began to wonder. One day a poor man came to plead for a little more time in which to pay his rent. "My little girl's very sick," he said in a voice of distress, with tearful eyes, "and I've been obliged to lose time, and take the money which I'd saved for you to buy medicine with for her." "You owe me a month's rent!" said Abiel, taking up his pen and beginning to write. "And if you give me time—" "You will never pay me!" interrupted Abiel, at the same time handing the poor fellow a receipt in full for the amount, and a five pound note. "Take that, and go home and nurse your darling; and, if not enough for your distress, come back again!" "God bless you!" cried the poor man, bursting into tears. "He has already!" murmured Abiel to himself. "He did it one Christmas night, when He sent me a little angel." "I come to tell you that my husband is dead, and that I cannot, at present, satisfy the mortgage you hold," said a weeping widow to him at another time. "Take the mortgage itself down to the recorder of deeds, madam, and let him write 'satisfied' on it," was the

reply of the once hard-hearted man, as he handed the document, together with an order for satisfaction, to his astonished visitor. Like to the pent-up waters of a stream when the obstructions give way, so flowed forth the charities of Abiel Grimes, and all who knew him marveled and said. "Behold a miracle!" Years rolled on, and a thousand places felt the secret influence of that baby darling who had come so mysteriously on that cold Christmas night to the thea hard, cheerless home of Abiel Grimes. As his heart softened under her genial smiles, the now humanized bachelor had her named Mary Albright, in memory of his first and only love, whom he fancied she resembled. And as she grew in years, the once gloomy mansion was made cheerful for her sake, and every Christmas there became a happy day of rejoicing. Ten years had passed, and the thin hair of Abiel Grimes was becoming flecked with silver; but his face looked fresher, and his heart felt younger, and his soul was far happier. Into his presence one day came a lady in black, deeply veiled, and, to his utter amazement, related the incident of finding a baby on his steps. "I put that baby there," she went on. "It was not my child, but my daughter's child. I married, and my husband died, leaving me a daughter. She married, and her husband died leaving her a daughter. Then she died, and the child fell to me. I was poor and you were rich, and I hoped to interest you in the little link. I did not desert the child, nor put it there by chance, for I knew you were coming home, and I watched from my hiding place till you took the little blessing in." "Unknown to you I have had an eye on it ever since. You have cared for it tenderly, Abiel Grimes, and I feel that in turn it has cared for your soul. You have called it Mary Albright. Why? Well, the name is answer enough. You have seen a resemblance to one you once knew, and once loved, but to whom you did a grievous wrong!" "I did!" burst from the white lips of Abiel Grimes. "She forgave you then—forgives you still—and has come to say that you can have her grandchild for your own." "Oh, give me herself also," cried Abiel Grimes with powerful emotion, as he seized the lady's hand and drew aside the veil from the calm sweet face of his old love, Mary Albright. Need we go on with the sequel? They were married on the next Christmas, and have ever since been counted among the happiest of mortals. And now, instead of curses, Abiel Grimes heaps blessings on every Christmas, and all the poor around heap blessings on Abiel Grimes, and on his sweet wife, and his good sister, and his darling pet, and on all that belongs to him and them. WORDS COMMONLY MISPRONOUNCED. Facet (A little face, as of a diamond, etc.)—fás-set, not fá-set. Falcon—faw'-shun, not fá'-chi-on. Falcon—faw'-kn, not fá'-kón. Far, as spelled, not fur. Febrile—fé'-bril, or fév'-ril, not fé'-brile. February, as spelled, not February. Fetid—Fét'-id, not fé'-tid. Feteor—fé'-tor, not fév'-or. Finale—fé-ná'-le, not fi-nále, nor fi-nál'-le. Finance—fi-náns, not fi-náns. Financier—fin-an-seer', not fi-nan-scer. Financially—the first syllable should be short, the second accented. Fins—fi-nis, not fin'-is. Flannel—not flannen. Florid—flór-id, not fló'-rid. Florist—fló-ris-t, not flór'-ist. Forage—fór-age, not fó'-rage. Forehead—fór-ed, not fór'-héd. Foreign—fór-in, not fur'-in. Fortnight—fórt'-nite, not fórt'-nite. Fortress—fór-tress, not fórt'-tress. Fragile—fráj-il, not frá'-jile. Frontier—frónt'-eer, not frun'-eer, nor frun'-teer. Fuchsia—fóók-sí-a, not fu'-shí-a. RUBBER CAPS.—One objection to the ingrain carpet is that the high heels which servants delight in wearing on thick shoes seem to catch at the threads and drag them out of place, producing a rough surface; another is that the legs of heavy chairs have the same effect. One way of saving these carpets is to cover the ends of the chair legs with rubber caps at a cost of about seventeen cents. The servants' heels are, of course, amenable to no such remedy. Mackinaw straw sailor hats, with low crowns and stiff brims, will be much worn by gentlemen in midsummer.

About Women. A bachelor editor, referring to the unhappy man who has had a bad wife, says that she is shackless on his feet, a palsy to his hands, a burden on his shoulders, smoke to his eyes, vinegar to his teeth, a thorn to his side, a dagger to his heart. It is said of Benjamin P. Cheney, a Boston millionaire, that he waited many years for a beautiful widow to marry him, which she had agreed to do when she had raised her daughter. The waiting becoming too deliberate he married the daughter, who loved him without conditions, and she made him a noble wife. WOMEN'S WORK.—Of late years the employment of women as clerks has greatly increased, not only in England, but in France as well, and in both countries it is generally agreed that the system upon the whole works very satisfactorily. At the bank of France there are now no fewer than 160 female clerks, who receive three francs to commence with, and whose annual salary, after a year or two's service, rises to 1800 francs; and at the Paris offices of the Credit Foncier, where there is a large staff of women, the remuneration, beginning on a small scale, rises in some cases to as much as 4000f., or \$800 a year. In both establishments the hours of attendance are from 9 to 4 on six days of the week; and the male and female clerks in different rooms—the women being superintended by officers of their own sex, and thus enjoying the greatest possible privacy. A Turkish gentleman who has just arrived in New York, and who is the son of N. de Castro Bey, private counsel to the sultan, tells a reporter of the Journal some interesting things about the harem of the son of the sun. The first question asked by the reporter was suggested by a habit which is by no means confined to American ladies, but is universal throughout the feminine world. He wanted to know if the ladies of the harem flirted, to which Mr. de Castro replied: "No, they can't. Like all other women, however, they would like to." "Why can't they?" "Their religion compels them to hide their faces whenever they meet a man. If they happen to be met without a veil they will gather up one of their skirts and throw it over their heads." "Where does the Sultan obtain his wives?" From Circassia and a certain part of Asia. The countries are noted for the beauty of their women, and the Sultan has emissaries stationed there to make selections and importations. The governments of these countries often send pretty young women to the Sultan to obtain his good will and favor. "Are the women blondes or brunettes?" "Brunettes." "Do they ever bleach their hair?" "Oh, yes. Blondes are so scarce that they are in great demand, and the women use a paint for turning their hair yellow." "What is the color of their eyes?" "Black as jet and as bright as diamonds." "Are they petite or large?" "Small of stature, but very plump. When they are young they are really the handsomest women in the world, but they don't last a great while." "They fade, do they?" "Yes. Their lives are so luxurious that they decline for want of healthful exercise." "What do they do?" "Sit on low divans under bright canopies and smoke cigarettes and drink strong coffee." How do they dress? "Very temptingly in loose, bright garments, in Turkish style, but are adopting European fashions as much as possible. The Sultan has often issued decrees against the adoption of European tastes, but the women don't care about the dress nowadays, and when on the street many of them wear high French heels and bustles. They always wear white muslin veils, however, which add much to the seductiveness of their general appearance." "How do the ladies wear their finger-nails?" "They bleach them red, and have them cut short. The nails are short, I suppose, because they are afraid their tempers might get the better of them," and Mr. de Castro stroked his mustache and laughed heartily. Worth's Costumes and His Customers. Mrs. Emma King, an English dress reformer, in a recent speech waxed indignant at Mr. Worth and uttered the wild wish that he might be drowned in the Seine, and she summed up the greater part of her sex as a pack of incurable dress-maniacs. Whoa, Emma! You do not know Mr. Worth. During a most charming conversation with him on the subject of feminine dress, he gave the information that he approves most decidedly of dress reform. He advocates the Persian costume for women, and would like to invent a sensible dress for them if they would wear it after it was made. But they will not. He tried the plan once and it dismally failed. The convenient, pretty and really graceful dress hangs "a lone ungathered rose" on Mr. Worth's Parisian walls. Do not blame him. He is not responsible for the follies and tastes of the women whose demands he undertakes to supply. He does the best

he can with his customers, and he would not have any if he attempted to wholly carry out his ideas on dress, which are more sensible than any we have heard from the lips of any man or woman. He is only too delighted when he finds a woman who wishes her dress adapted to her style of face, form and occupation, and he can tell at a glance what its make and color should be. He takes more interest in adapting one dress to a woman who understands this secret of good dressing than he does in dozens of the showy kind that are ordered for inappropriate places. Although where a costly and gorgeous dress is not out of place, no one can rival Worth in producing either bizarre, outre or tasteful effects. He is the Shakespeare of dress. He can do everything with it, as Shakespeare could with language. And he knows a wealthy titled lady of Paris whose taste and inspiration would be his only rivals if she were obliged to use them as her own pecuniary benefit. He obtains many of his effects from nature—more especially in the matter of blending the shades, as seen in the plumage of a bird, the petal of a flower or the tints of sunset clouds. Nature never brings striking contrasts closely together, although she may appear to do so at the first sight of her varied hues. Each one leads up to or recedes from the other in gradually deepening tints until the climax of color is reached; and Worth, who is a keen observer, invariably uses the hints he catches in this way. It is a pity that women as a rule will not support him to a still greater extent than they do, and allow him to use his inventive genius in creating a healthful, sensible, but pretty dress for them to wear. He would answer for its being a graceful one. If Mrs. King and other radical dress reformers did but know it, Worth could and would benefit women more than any man on the face of the earth. A Dude in the Wild, Wild West. The car was full, and I pre-empted a seat on the rear platform. Inside were miners bound for Carbonate, a drummer, one lady and a something that we all decided was a dude. Once in a while the trap would be lost amid coney pines, and then through a gap in the trees would be caught an Eden-like glimpse of the disappearing park. There were innumerable shades of green beside the track; the brilliancy of grass, and the almost black of the forest. Even the dude showed an interest. "No paintah, aw, could do this thing, ye know, aw." The language of the dude was not particularly sop, but his head was level. However, he got knocked completely out of time further on. The train stopped at a neat cotage painted brown. In the door was a rosy-cheeked maiden, leaning in unconscious grace upon her broom. "Aw, me gurhl, don't ye get lonesome, ye know, aw, way up heah?" he ventured, with a smile that trespassed on the back of his neck. The girl seemed astonished for a moment, and then, looking over her shoulder, called: "Pap! pap! the dime museum menkey is loose! Kill it, and get its clothes." The dude seemed to shrink, and nothing could induce him to open his mouth from that point to the journey's end. The Raising of Snails. Snail raising might be practiced in this country, but it would scarcely be profitable in a land in which frog's legs are only just coming into use, while other things regarded as tidbits in France are left un eaten. In Burgundy, where the business is carried on to perfection, the following system is in use: The snails are collected from vines toward the end of summer, and are then placed in inclosures dignified by the name of "parks," to fatten on thyme, peppermint and other herbs which experience has proved to be most suitable. A damp and shady nook is selected for the "park," and the prisoners are kept within bounds by the simple contrivance of sawdust and brambles. This does very well in fine weather; but when it rains the farmer's wife and children must be constantly on the alert to turn back the runaways. The fattening process goes on until the approach of winter when tufts of moss and bundles of dry leaves are thrown into the park. Into these the snails creep, and then, to increase their comfort, proceed to seal themselves up in their shells. In the case of Burgundy snails, the sealing substance exuded forms a thick calcareous crust. When the creatures have completed their arrangements for hibernating is just the time when they are considered in prime condition for the table. The full grown ones are then used as they are wanted for the market, the young ones being left to swell the next year's crop. The Civil Service Commissioners are preparing regulations for the government of promotions in the Executive Departments.