

CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day. We mean to slacken this fevered rush. That is wearing our very souls away. And grant to our goaded hearts a hush. That is holy enough to let them hear. The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt. When the burden of daytime toil is o'er. We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out.

As the patriarch sat at the opened door. Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye. To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noon. When fiercely the world's hot flashings beat. Yet never have bidden them turn aside. And tarry awhile in converse sweet: Not prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread. To drink our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress of the life-work reaches the longed-for close. When the weight that we groan with hinders less.

We loosen our thoughts to such repose. As banishes care's disturbing din. And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length. When tired of every mocking guest. And broken in spirit and shorn of strength. We drop, indeed, at the door of rest. And wait and watch as the day wanes on.

But the angels we meant to call are gone.

Wait a Little.

A picturesque old house in a neglected garden, a vine-wreathed window, and a young girl lying on the low-cushioned seat of its embrasure, hidden from the room within by a rusty red curtain. She would have been pretty if she had not been so pale and listless. Certainly the faint, momentary smile which the shy confidence of a little gray bird in the woodbine brought out was most charming. The girl was idly watching the little creature. She had a sheet of music in her slim fingers. Her eyelids were red, as if she had been recently crying. So still was she that the bird continued to adjust the dried-grasses of its nest without fear. The balmy May wind lifted the tendrils of soft, brown hair, but did not otherwise disturb her utter inactivity.

For an hour she had sat there—ever since her uncle, M. Bozarth, had fallen asleep upon his sick bed in the adjacent chamber. The girl had not been crying for him—no, she did not love him. Even in sickness he was tyrannical, cruel, as he had ever been. He kept his fiddle bow upon the bed to rap her knuckles when she did not wait upon him quick enough. She was tired. For three nights she had sat up a greater part of the time. The doctor told her M. Bozarth was going to die, so she was full of dread and fear, but not grieved or fearing the bereavement, although when M. Bozarth was gone she would be all alone. She was an orphan, and for the last four years he had supported her, after a fashion, and taught her music. She had a beautiful voice—pure and delicious. She sang when she was bidden, and sometimes to please herself in pleasing their landlord, Alan Dunleith.

He was a handsome man. He had keen blue eyes and a smile that was very gentle. He seldom spoke to her, but he came across the garden sometimes of an evening to drink a bottle of wine with M. Bozarth, and listen to his adventures in France and Italy. They talked about music, the drama, and the old masters. M. Bozarth was selfish and harsh, but he was no fool. Two years before, he had hired Mulberry Cottage, and he and Alan Dunleith had always agreed very well. Only this girl Theresa, had been alone. M. Bozarth was away all day and most of the night, busy with his musical engagements in the city. They kept one maid, whom the girl would have turned to for society in her extremity but she, too, was cross.

The poor girl saw no kind face but Alan Dunleith's. She had come to worship that. She dreamed of it at night; waited from day to day until she saw it, though the owner seldom gave her more than a courteous "Good evening, Miss Tessie!"

But he always remembered to say "good evening" again, after she had played and sang for him, and the smile he turned on her seemed kinder. And then she would watch his fine, stalwart figure going down the garden, listen as he whistled an air she had been playing, and wait for the next visit. No one dreamed of all this; perhaps she did not realize it herself; and it was not at all strange. The little gray bird was very quiet building its nest, and Tessie was extremely tired.

Suddenly she realized that she had been dozing, for there were voices in the chamber, and she did not know when her uncle had awakened or when Alan Dunleith had come in.

"No, I do not know what will become of her when I am gone," M. Bozarth was saying. "I have little to leave. But she has her voice and her knowledge of music. She must make her own way."

"A very perilous position for a girl so lovely."

"Perhaps, Mr. Dunleith; but it is too late for me to make any provision for her now. She must take her chances, the same as I did."

"But she is a young girl, and a very delicate and sensitive one, Monsieur Bozarth. It is different."

M. Bozarth made a faint, inarticulate reply.

"Will you trust her to me? I would like to marry her," said Alan Dunleith, after a moment.

"Eh? Oh, yes. But she is very young."

"I consider her youth; but I think I understand her. I believe I could make her happy. Then you give your consent?"

"Yes, yes," wearily.

What more they said, Tessie did not know. There was no lack of life and energy in her air now. She sat erect, with wide eyes and flaming cheeks, for a moment; then, her heart beating in great shocks, she slipped out of the window, flung herself upon the turf of the terrace, and disappeared among the rank shrubbery of the garden—disappeared from the view of the house, but not from her own terrified consciousness.

Alan Dunleith marry her—her?

She was burning hot to the tips of her fingers with shame. Then, as she read her aching heart and knew the truth, she uttered a heartrending cry and sank down upon the grass, pale and faint. She buried her face in the moss and violets.

"I love him—I would give all the world to be fit to marry him! But he shall never marry me because he pities me. I would I rather kill myself first!" with violence.

Then, with pitiful cry—

"I will run away!" I cannot—I will not—see him again!"

And actually the impulsive, morbidly-sensitive, undisciplined girl sprang to her feet, ran into the back hallway, snatched a shawl and hat, and turned her back on the only home she knew.

It was not so hard; she had never loved it. She went rapidly down the green road until the stage overtook her, when she sprang aboard with satisfaction, seeing the chimneys of Mulberry Cottage disappear in the distance.

Tessie had passed about two years in the city. Beyond almost immediately sending a note to her uncle that she was well and at work copying music—that she hoped he would forgive her for leaving him, but she could not do so otherwise—she had had no communication with her old home.

She had fortunately been found useful in a music publisher's establishment. She earned her bread, and ate it moistened with tears, but she never ceased to feel joy that Alan Dunleith had not married her for pity. The energy of earning her livelihood improved her. She gained confidence, force, color. Mr. Thorne, her employer, fancied her looks, heard her voice at last and paid her unusual attention, in which there would have been no harm if he had been faultless. But his money covered a multitude of sins, and one day Tessie slipped from his employ and his knowledge, and, innocent and safe, went to reside with an old woman who had nursed her mother in her last sickness—an humble but honest old creature, to whom Tessie gave her confidence, while aunt Gale gave her a home.

"You're a good, brave girl, that your mother'd be proud of this day, if she were alive, Miss Tessie," she said; "and Heaven bless the day that you found me out, for I need your bright face sorely."

And now Tessie went out by the day, giving music lessons. She liked this better. She made acquaintances, found variety, yet kept herself intact from the world. She had a strange joy, which she hardly understood, when people complimented her on her beauty, her grace, her tact. In these directions she had advanced much. She was an elegant and intelligent girl, very different from what she had been, and she knew it. Musical people cultivated her. She went out, and aunt Gale constituted herself a sort of dragon, and was always on hand to see her safely home.

"Miss Tessie Verney's maid," people called her, though Tessie said—

"She is not a servant, but an old friend with whom I live."

Where Miss Verney lived no one knew for a long time, and Mr. Thorne, meeting her repeatedly in society, followed her home at a distance unsuspected, and learned the place of her abode.

It was a small, old-fashioned house, in a narrow street, but the neighborhood was quite respectable, and aunt Gale had paid for it out of her savings, and the means left her by her sailor-husband, and in it Tessie was secure.

He made business an excuse and called. But the girl in the low, old-fashioned parlor, would have none of him. Her time was fully occupied—she could undertake nothing in the way of his pretext; and, baffled, bewitched, and determined to overcome indifference, he came again and asked her hand in marriage.

"Do not be hasty. I have a fortune; you can adorn it," he said, looking into her cold, exquisite face.

"You are going to refuse, but wait, and let me come again. Give yourself time to consider."

Tessie consented to this, though her decision she knew to be unalterable, even when aunt Gale wavered.

"Marriage—he offers you marriage, child! Well, that is an honor; and he is a very rich man, you tell me. Perhaps it would be wisdom to accept. You say no? Tell me why?" "I knew a good man once. I am indifferent to all others," Tessie said quietly. And the proud Mr. Thorne received the politest of dismissals. The year passed, and another and another. It was five years since Tessie, a shy girl of sixteen, had run away from Alan Dunleith and his pity.

Three months later she heard of her uncle's death. He had left her none of his little property. He had never intended to. She was not disappointed. She had been glad to find the world was wide enough for both. She was far happier now. She and the strong old woman mutually benefitted each other. The latter was shrewd and faithful. The young girl, with her beauty, her music, her future, enriched her life. She was proud of her, loved her, and Tessie returned her affection. She filled the stiff, still old rooms with music, books and flowers. The small-paned windows were hung with vines. Dingy as the house looked without, it was a bower of living green within.

"I'd never have patience to tend 'n' fix the flowers myself, but I like to see them, Tessie," the old woman would say.

One day, from the cavity of a blue delf teapot, on an upper shelf of an unused closet, she produced a package.

"Look at these, dear. They're some seeds my old man brought from Japan years ago. I don't know what they'll make—posies of some kind."

"I'll plant them and see," replied Tessie, looking at the package of queer, three-cornered brown things.

She put them in a pot of earth and watered them.

"These seeds are old. They are like my hope, and will hardly bear fruition," she mused. She watched anxiously to see shoots appear. "If the seeds grow I will take courage," she said to herself. Tessie had begun to understand herself. She still loved Alan Dunleith, and hoped again to meet him. If she met him now, perhaps—perhaps there would not be so much dissimilarity.

On the fifteenth day, pale, pearly shoots broke the earth, and quickly took on a tinge of green. A color like the rose came into Tessie's cheeks at the sight. Day by day the frail things grew, overrunning the pot with waxy foliage and great buds.

"See what large rich buds, aunt Gale, and I think they are going to bloom into some bright color."

"You think more of that plant than of all the others," answered the old woman, looking at her curiously.

Tessie bent closer. Yes, the buds sheathed petals of red.

She came down late to breakfast the next morning, but had hardly seated herself at the nice repast, before she sprang up, nearly overturning her cup of chocolate.

A wonderful glow of scarlet irradiated the window. Five of the buds had opened. The flowers were of marvelous beauty, of pure, glowing color, velvety in texture, wide and perfect. Already people had gathered in the street before the window to gaze at them.

"Five," mused Tessie, "I wonder if the number has a significance?"

Every day the flowers multiplied, until they drooped in a cascade of fire towards the pane.

One day a gentleman, passing hastily, caught sight of them and stopped. Then he turned and rang the little doorbell. Aunt Gale answered it. The beautiful plant in the window—it was a very rare one, which he had tried for years to add to his collection. Could he purchase a slip of it?

Aunt Gale showed the gentleman into the breakfast-room, where Tessie, all grace and brightness, stood petting a canary bird.

She turned her head, the smile still in her eyes and saw Alan Dunleith.

"Tessie!"

Loving, approving, tender, he looked into the lovely face, grown so suddenly sober, and extended both hands.

And Tessie hesitated but a moment before she laid hers, melting and fair in them.

"You have found me," she said unconsciously.

"I have come for *superba*," he said.

"Shall I have it?"

"Wait a little," she answered.

But her shy eye did not tell him nay. Her blush was eloquent; and as they turned towards the bed of scarlet flowers, both were sure that all this time they had loved each other.

Science.

The Munich Academy of Art has among its 468 students thirty-four Americans.

Geology is said to be the most popular department of science in Spain. The mining exhibition at Madrid is a great success.

The smell of fresh paint in a room may be effectually gotten rid of by placing therein a pail of water in which a few onions have been sliced.

Water used in wool-washing yields 4.50 per cent. of a very dry potassium, which can be recovered, as M. Delattre has shown, at a considerable profit.

Dr. Siemens calculates that the present annual yield of all the coal mines of the earth would suffice to keep up the fire of the sun, at its present intensity of light and heat, for about the forty-millionth part of a second.

According to the *Scientific Californian* an instantaneous remedy in cases of poisoning consists of a heaping teaspoonful of salt and the same quantity of ground mustard stirred in a teaspoon of warm or cold water and swallowed instantly.

A writer in the *Scientific Californian* suggests a safe method of drinking out of cups at fountains erected for public use. It is to put the lower lip inside of the cup and sip the water, instead of placing the edge of the cup between the lips.

A substitute for India-rubber has been invented by M. M. Dankworth and Landers, of St. Petersburg. It is composed of a mixture of wood and coal-tar, linseed oil, ozokerit, spermaceti and sulphur, which are thoroughly mixed and heated for a long time in large vessels by means of superheated steam.

At a meeting of the Linnean Society, London, last month, Mr. G. Murray exhibited specimens of dace killed by the fungus disease (*Saprolegnia ferax*), the result of inoculation. He asserted that this was the first recorded experimental proof of the possibility that this disease could be communicated to fishes.

Messrs. Elster and Geitel state that the views of Hankel on the electricity of flames, published in 1858, but only recently come to their knowledge, have been confirmed by their own experiments, which show that galvanic elements may be formed of heated gases and metals without the introduction of a flame.

Within the last few years the development of the coal-fields of Asturias has greatly advanced. In 1882, 219,508 tons were raised, against 167,586 in 1878. But the near future, with the demands of railroads and industrial establishments, will soon make the product much greater than the former figures even give any idea of.

Mr. J. E. H. Gordon, not later than three years ago, was a strong advocate, as he acknowledges himself, of dynamo-electric machines occupying a very small space and driven at a high rate of speed. Now, after a costly series of experiments, he finds that a large machine driven at a comparatively slow rate gives incomparably the best result, and does not endanger life by flying to pieces.

Six Algerian engineers who have been consulted by M. de Lesseps on the inland sea scheme, report that the cutting could be made within five years at a cost of \$30,000,000. An average width of eighty or 100 feet would be sufficient, as the current would widen the canal; and since it would be nearly in a straight line the navigation would be devoid of difficulty. A vast tract of country lacking only moisture to become very productive would thus be brought under cultivation.

It has been observed by Swedish engineers that the quantity of phosphorus in the pig-iron manufactured with charcoal is larger than that in the ore and fluxes, even assuming that all of it had gone into the pig. Jansen found that when he melted ores in crucibles the metal obtained ran lower in phosphorus than the pig obtained from the same ore. Sarstrom, in 1881, made some analyses in charcoal, which seem to lead to the conclusion that the excess of phosphorus is due to that species of fuel.

Nickel crucibles, instead of silver ones, are recommended by M. Mernet for use in chemical manipulations. Nickel indeed is slightly attacked by melted potash, but so is silver itself. Nickel crucibles cost at first much less than those made of silver, and, moreover, they have the great advantage of melting at a higher temperature. It often happens that inexperienced chemists melt their silver crucibles in heating them over a gas-lamp; but such an accident is not to be feared in working with crucibles made of nickel.

Major Witte, says the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, has provided the steam fire-engines of the city of Berlin with pipes for the discharge of compressed carbonic acid into the steam chamber. When the engine starts from the station the boiler is heated; on arriving at the fire the carbonic acid is at first employed as a motor, then the gas

and steam work together and finally steam alone is used. By this arrangement the engine is brought into action four or five minutes sooner than would be otherwise possible.

Pious Sentiment.

The living Christian—pure of heart and unspotted by the world—is the best preacher of the gospel in these days.

The Divine Mystery.

The Rev. Dr. Platt, of Rochester, who delivered the baccalaureate sermon at Hobart commencement, closed with the following pretty bit of philosophical poetry:

I nothing am—can nothing be,
Unless a part. O God, of thee?
From God I come—to God I go,
How we are one I do not know.
As stars that shine by single sun,
So life in each is life from One.
Each is for all, and all for each.
When death unveils this segment soul—
Unsevered part of God the whole—
With God in Christ and Christ in man—
The circle ends where it began.

The warm days in spring bring forth passion flowers and forget-me-nots. It is only after midsummer, when the days grow shorter and hotter, that fruit begins to appear.—H. W. Longfellow.

It is not merely selfish, but wicked to live too exclusively and exclusively in our little worlds. It is a crime against self in its true sense to live a life of loneliness and isolation. The mind becomes disorganized and preys on itself, when it is, as it were, hide-bound by the neglect of social obligations.

SUSPICION.—The safest and shortest way to ruin a character is by creating a suspicion. "Suspicion," in Bacon's words, "are like bats among birds, they ever fly by twilight." If your neighbor in business or social life be the object of your dislike, let it be carefully whispered as safely as might be, or his habits a little questionable. If a woman hate her rival, a well aimed word will as surely as the touch of an affected hand, blacken her beauty and leave her helpless. Who does not know the power of such insinuation? Who does not meet every day the victims of these unseen wrongs? But it is not necessary for this style of slander to use articulate words; nay, the most inarticulate language is best for its ends. A whisper dropped carelessly in some corner among the combustible—a look, a shrug of the shoulder, a sneer, a laugh may serve the purpose. There is not a sadder feature of human nature than the readiness with which men accept such insinuations, and the rarity with which they have the manhood to repel them. Rumor with most minds is presumptive evidence, and they will say with a knowing air, "There must be some fire in so much smoke."

The Love of Home.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snowdrifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada.

Its remains still exist, I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections, and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I am ashamed of it, or if ever I fail in affectionate veneration of him who reared it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and, through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of me!—Webster.

There is but one solid pleasure in life, and that is our duty. How miserable, then, how unwise, how unpardonable are they who make that one a pain.

Lime-water, with a small quantity of acetic acid, is said to make a good ink-eraser.

Facts and Fancies.

—Women visitors to the Yosemite have to ride as men do.

—Victor Hugo is posted among the delinquent tax payers of Jersey for non-payment of taxes on two dogs.

—Hanlan, Lee, Hosmer, Ross and other noted oarsmen are expected to participate in a regatta at Pittsburg a month hence.

—The steamship *City of Rome* arrived in New York on the 9th, in six days, twenty hours and thirty minutes from Queenstown. The shortest time on record on a west bound trip by two hours and sixteen minutes. The *Alaska* made an eastbound trip, New York to Queenstown, in six days eighteen hours and thirty-seven minutes.

—Sir Henry Thompson, the London surgeon, recognizes in fish a combination of all the elements of food that the human body requires in almost every phase of life, more especially by those who follow sedentary employment. To women he considers fish to be an invaluable article of diet, but he scolds as a complete fallacy the notion that fish eating increases the brain power.

—The Missouri Bicycle Club are signing this agreement: "We, the undersigned, believing the ordinary attire of bicyclers, the knee breeches, is superior to long pants, have determined to adopt them as a costume for wear at all times during the next twelve months, from September 1, 1883, providing not less than twenty-five men above the age of twenty-one years shall sign this petition and maintain the dignity of the new departure." The agreement is being rapidly signed by young men, who declare themselves in earnest. The attempt to improve masculine costume should be encouraged.

Penn's Cottage Rejuvenated. The work of reconstructing William Penn's house in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, has been finished. With few exceptions it is the same quaint little house that was built about two hundred years ago, the wood having been brought from England. The rooms are square, having the old fashioned fireplace, and the old historic mantelpiece has been removed from one room to another, while Penn's wardrobe has been removed to its former position in the second story front room. In consequence of the bad condition of the roof and the cornices new material had to be used in their reproduction. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has expended several hundred dollars in the work.

Tit For Tat.

"One day," said a gentleman, "before harvest, I met a fashionably dressed person with a large handful of ears of wheat taken from my fields. I saluted him respectfully, and expressed my admiration of the beauty of the wheat. 'Yes,' said he, 'it is truly a fine sample, and does the farmer great credit who grew it.' I acknowledged the compliment, and asked him from which of my fields he took it. After he had pointed it out, he assured me that he always liked to take a good sample home, as it interested the ladies. Upon that, noticing with admiration the style of his coat, I asked him to allow me to look at the skirt. He readily did so, and I quietly took out my penknife and cut a large piece from the tail. The gentleman blushed and swore; but I told him I always took samples of cloth, and found that they greatly interested my wife. I added that he had no more right to take my wheat than I had to take his coat, and that I wished the public to bear this truth in mind." This was an experience bought with vengeance.

A Unique Summer Journey.

In unique fashion Mr. P. L. Ronalds, of New York, and his friend, M. J. Davie, are traveling through the country. They reached Nantasket Beach, July 24th, having left Mr. Davis' residence, on Long Island Sound, June 21, in a carriage drawn by a fine span. They have besides, two wagons, one of which in camp is transformed into a parlor and sleeping-room, the other into a kitchen, to which is annexed berths for the assistants, two drivers, one waiter and a French cook. Under the parlor wagon is hung a boat for use when the party reach a pond, lake, river or the shores of the ocean. The wagons were built in England, and with them Mr. Ronalds has traveled over a large part of Europe. He intends to visit all points of interest in New England this summer and fall.

Pupils at schools should be careful in the selection of their associates. The Waterbury (Conn.) *American* tells of five ladies who were school girls together and intimate friends, of whom four have died of cancer and the fifth is now attacked by the same disease.