

SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

There never was a golden sunbeam
That fell on a desolate place,
But left some trace of its presence
That time could never efface.
Not a song of ineffable sweetness
That ravished the listening ear,
Then slumbered in silence forgotten
For many and many a year—

But a word or a tone might awaken
Its magical power anew,
Long after the sweet-voiced singer
Had faded from earthly view,
Nor a heart that was ever so weary,
Or tainted with sin and despair,
But a word of tender compassion
Might find an abiding place there.

Yet countless thousands are yearning
For sympathy, kindness and love,
And souls are groping in darkness
Without one gleam from above.
There was never a sunbeam wasted,
Nor a song that was sung in vain,
And souls that seem lost in the shadows
A Saviour's love may reclaim.

Then scatter the sunbeams of kindness;
Though your deeds may never be known,
The harvest will ripen in glory,
If the seed be faithfully sown;
And life will close with a blessing,
And fade into endless day;
Like the golden hues of the sunbeam
That fade into twilight gray.

A Young Widow.

A Story of Real Life.

"All's well that ends well."—OLD SAYING.
He was dead they told me, and I did
not believe it—my noble, handsome
husband! It could not be true, and I
laughed in the face of the physician
when he repeated the assertion.

Not twelve hours before I had kissed
Harold good-bye, and watched him ride
away over the prairie. It was a lovely
day, but to an experienced eye, the
clear-cut white clouds, showing so vi-
vidly against the dark blue sky, were
the banners of the vanguard of a storm.

But no one could have told that a
terrible cyclone two hours later would
burst upon us, leaving ruin and death
behind it.

Yet so it was. Two hours after my
husband had said: "Good-bye, Madge;
don't sit up for me," and passed from
my sight, a black, funnel-shaped
cloud appeared in the south-west, and
half an hour later it broke over the
little village of Pearl.

Strangely enough, it swept only the
western edge of the place, leveling the
few houses in its path, passing on to
the town of Albion, where the destruc-
tion was fearful.

But Harold, my husband, was caught
on the plain right in the path of the
cyclone—no shelter on either side
which he could reach in time. A party
of home-coming hunters found him
a few hours after the storm had passed,
lying face downward on the prairie,
where the cyclone had dropped him after
carrying him no one knows how far.
The horse he rode was found dead a
mile further back.

I had been glad that he was away
from home out of reach of the storm,
never dreaming that he was right in its
way on the prairie; and so when they
brought him in white and still, I would
allow myself to think of nothing only
that he had fainted. When the doctor
and others came to me saying: "Try
and bear it, Mrs. Howard; your hus-
band has been dead hours," I said,
"It is not so!" And then I grew an-
gry that they should tell me so dread-
ful a thing, and breaking away from
them I threw myself down beside him,
calling him all the old loving names,
and pressing passionate kisses on his
face.

But he was silent and cold—so cold
that the chill from his lips struck in
my heart. I could not see. I thought
I was dying too, and was glad.

But I lived. If grief killed women
few of us would be living.

The gray clouds of November hung
over the earth when I was strong enough
to face life again. The necessity of
earning a living was brought sharply
to my remembrance when I found myself
nearly penniless.

My girlhood's home had been in Al-
bany. I had married Harold against
my proud old father's express command.
I loved him, therefore it mattered little
to me that he was poor.

But father was exceedingly angry
that his only daughter should throw
herself away on a penniless fortune-
hunter, as he chose to call my husband.
I knew that Harold was not a fortune-
hunter, so I married him, and we came
to Kansas and settled in the little town
of Pearl. Our short year of married
life had known no cloud. Now all was
changed. I was a widow at twenty,
the daughter of a rich man, therefore,
unused to the methods of earning my
living. I could not appeal to my father.
He had disowned me, and I had inher-
ited something of his own indomitable
will.

What should I do? I could not sew.
There was music teaching, that infalli-
ble resort of all broken down gentle-
women, but that I could not do; I was
out of practice, and I hated teaching.

An idea came to me like an inspira-
tion. I had a natural genius for cook-
ing. After my marriage I did all my
own work, and my husband had often
said that, being the daughter of a man
of wealth, it was marvelous that I could
cook like a Frenchwoman. I formed

my plans at once. What cared I for
social position—I, whose life was dark-
ened forever?

I sold all the furniture, all the jew-
elry I possessed except my wedding
ring, secured testimonials of character
from the leading citizens of Pearl, and
telling no one where I was going, went
to San Francisco. When I arrived, I
had one trunk containing my clothes,
and money enough to board me cheaply
for a month.

The next day after my arrival, I
looked over the wants in a daily paper.
One struck my fancy in particular, and
I at once determined to answer it:

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, A FIRST-
class cook. Good wages and a pleasant
home to competent person.

I put on a plain gray dress—I did not
wear the mourning; Harold would not
have wished it—and called at the ad-
dress given. There was an appalling
array of women in the vestibule of the
large house which I entered. The ser-
vant seemed puzzled when she answered
my ring, as to what I was until I said:
"I came to answer your advertise-
ment."

She understood, and seated me beside
a fat Irish woman, who looked upon my
diminutive figure with unmistakable
scorn.

One by one they went up stairs and
one by one they came down again.
Judging by their faces, the interviews
were not satisfactory. Feeling my
courage take flight, at length I ascended
the stairway and was ushered into the
presence of the lady of the house. She
was a handsome woman of 40, with a
look of weariness and vexation on her
face. Near the window in an easy
chair, sat a man of perhaps 30, whose
face indicated that he was recovering
from a severe illness.

An expression of surprise crossed
Mrs. Davidson's face as she asked:
"Did you answer my advertisement
for a first-class cook?"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied. "I think
I could please you."

"But—I beg your pardon—you do
not look like a cook."

I felt my face flush as I answered:
"One need not be less of a lady be-
cause one is a cook."

"No," doubtfully. "Have you ever
been in service?"

"No, madam," I answered; "but
I can give you testimonials as to charac-
ter, and I should be glad to prove to
you that I can cook. Please do not
think," I added eagerly, interpreting
the perplexed look on her face, "that
because I was not born in that station
of life that I shall expect to be treated
differently from any other servant.
Being compelled to earn my living, I
have chosen this in preference to any
other method. Will you look at my
letters?" offering two or three.

She took them and crossing the room
gave one or two to the gentleman by
the window, who had not seemingly
been listening to the conversation.
Evidently the letters were satisfactory,
for after a few low-toned remarks,
Mrs. Davidson returned to me, saying:
"I will try you. My nephew is just
recovering from a fever, and I shall
want you to exert your utmost skill in
his behalf."

Ring the bell she ordered the ser-
vant who answered, to take me to the
kitchen, adding:

"You may tell whoever calls hereaf-
ter that I have engaged a cook."

"I followed the girl to the kitchen,
and shortly after Mrs. Davidson ap-
peared and gave orders for dinner, in
forming me that I should have to as-
sist in waiting upon the table when
there was company; that my wages
would be \$12 a month, and that she
would send the coachman to my board-
ing-house that night for my trunk.

Then began a strange life for me,
yet I was not unhappy. I mourned
my husband, I grieved over my aliena-
tion from my father; but I gave satisfac-
tion to my employer, because I
could cook to perfection.

Of course I had no friends. The
other servants looked upon me as a
rara avis, but I managed to secure
their good will. By feeding my em-
ployers well I gained their esteem al-
so, and having been there six months,
Mrs. Davidson one day told me that
she had never known what it was to
live until I came to her. I did not
presume on my education, or the fact
that I was a lady; so if Mrs. Davidson
had felt doubtful, as I know she did,
regarding the expediency of employing
"lady help," she had found her doubts
groundless. I attended strictly to my
work.

So the time passed until I had been
cook for a year. I had been required,
perhaps a dozen times, to serve the
dinner I had cooked, and those were
the only times I had seen the grey eyes
of Mr. Temple—Mrs. Davidson's
nephew—who had entirely recovered
from the regimen of good food I had pre-
pared for him.

One day Mrs. Davidson came down
stairs and said:

"Mrs. Howard, I am going to give
a dinner next Wednesday, and you
must do your best, for I expect a val-

ued friend from the east, whom I espe-
cially wish to honor."

I did my best, and the dinner served
at 8 o'clock would have tempted a king.

When it was time I went in with
the cream, but I nearly dropped the
tray I carried, for at the right of the
hostess sat my father, Judge Delaire.
Strong man that he was, he grew white
to the lips as he sprang to his feet, cry-
ing:

"Madge, Madge! My daughter."

Chauncey Temple, grasping the situ-
ation more readily than the others, took
the tray from my hands, thereby sav-
ing some lovely Dresden china from
destruction, and a moment later I was
crying in my father's arms.

Mrs. Davidson behaved with the
utmost presence of mind. Turning to
the astonished guests she said, "You
will excuse us for a few minutes," and
leading the way to the library left me
alone with my father, saying as she
kissed me, "I am rejoiced."

Dear old father! He was delighted
to get his little girl back. Shortly after
Harold's death, he had concluded
he wanted his daughter had enough to
put up with her husband. Receiving
no answer to the letter he addressed to
the place where he had last heard of
us, he began a vigorous search. He
traced us to Pearl, and there learned
of my husband's death, losing of course,
further clew, because I had told no
one where I was going. Mr. and
Mrs. Davidson were friends of his
younger days of whom I had never
heard him speak. Being in San Fran-
cisco on business, he naturally stopped
at their house.

"Mrs. Davidson will have to ad-
vertise for another cook at once," he
said. "I could see that he was shocked at
my plebeian calling, but joy at seeing
me outweighed all other emotions."

That was four years ago. Father
took me back home, and tried by every-
thing that money could buy or love sug-
gest to make me forget my sorrow.
Sometimes Chauncey Temple visited us,
and a year after my return home he
asked me to be his wife; but I said
"No." Another man would have given
up; not so Mr. Temple; he waited
patiently.

"I don't ask you to forget the past,"
he said, "but I love you so dearly
that I know I can help to make you
happier."

Six months ago father said to me:
"Madge, my daughter, I should like
to see you the wife of Chauncey Tem-
ple. Not that I expect you to forget,
but you are young and would be hap-
pier with new interests in life."

Mr. Temple had been several weeks
in Albany, attending an interminable
aw suit. That night he said to me:

"Madge, I will wait forever if I need
be. I don't want to take Harold's
place in your heart; but can you not
love me a little too? As for me I
shall love you always, and none other.
Can you not trust yourself to me?"

I thought about it a week longer,
and the day he left for home I gave him
the final answer. To-morrow—no, to-
day; it is past midnight now—I shall
be the wife of Chauncey Temple.

Words of Wisdom.

Folly is like matter, and cannot be
annihilated.

In all superstitions, wise men follow
fools.—Bacon.

What I most value, next to eternity,
is time.—Mme. Swetchine.

The conqueror is regarded with awe,
the wise man commands our esteem,
but it is the benevolent man who wins
our affection.

A work prospers through endeavors,
not through vows. The fawn runs not
into the mouth of a sleeping lion.—
Hindu; *Hilopadesa*.

There is no time in a man's life when
he is so great as when he cheerfully
bows to the necessity of his position
and makes the best of it.

He who understands how to inform
others gracefully and interestingly of
what they know of beforehand, soonest
acquires a reputation for cleverness.—
Maria Eschenbach.

What unthankfulness it is to forget
our consolations, and to look only upon
matters of grievances; to think so much
upon two or three crosses as to forget a
hundred blessings.—Sibbes.

Look not mournfully into the past,
it cannot come back again; wisely im-
prove the present, it is thine; go forth
to meet the shadowy future without fear
and with a manly heart.—Longfellow.

—George W. Bromley, soldier of the
Mexican War, and who, it is claimed,
killed the Seminole Chief Osceola in
the Florida Indian war, was buried at
Darby, Pa., Saturday, 19th inst. He was
born in Norwich, Conn., on August
3, 1817, and died last Thursday. A
few years ago he declined a commis-
sion and retirement with pay. He
has been a soldier in the regular army
for forty-eight years.

—Queen Victoria continues to visit
and decorate the grave of John Brown.

The Tower of London.

Its Exceptional Place Among the
Great Edifices of the World.

London is slowly awakening to see
that it is not only the biggest and the
richest city in the world but in many
ways the grandest and the most histo-
ric. Rome has her ruins; Paris has
her boulevards, palaces and quays;
Moscow has her Kremlin, and Constanti-
nople her minarets and domes. Each
of these, and perhaps, some famous
cities in Italy or Spain, are superior to
London in the single element of beauty,
of magnificence or age. But the great-
ness of London lies in its historic con-
tinuity, in the survival of its true or-
ganic centres in all their essential
character. It possesses in the Abbey,
in Westminster Hall, and in the Tower
three of the noblest buildings in the
world; all of them have an unbroken
history of eight centuries; all are still
devoted to the uses for which they were
designed, and for 800 years they have
all been the local seats of our national
existence. These three great monu-
ments are bound up with each other as
well as bound up with the history of
England. As cathedral, hall and castle
no one of them has any superior in Eu-
rope. But, in the way that they are
involved with the greatness, the genius,
the poetry, the destinies of the country,
as also in length and continuity of ser-
vice, no one has its equal in Europe.
The city which possesses all three has
at once a dignity of her own; nor need
we think of St. Paul's and the Temple,
the Guildhall and the Palace of West-
minster, the Parks, the bridges and
the docks, to believe that we are truly
citizens of no mean city. Neither mud,
nor smoke, nor stucco—neither vestry
nor railways can make London mean.
For in the mass, in the antiquity,
in the historic splendor of her
national monument, in the halo which
the heroism, the crimes and the imagi-
nation of eight centuries have shed over
them London remains to the thought-
ful spirit the most venerable city of the
modern world.

And now, it seems, London has an
Edile. We have now a Minister of
the Crown who conceives it to be part
of his duty to preserve, cherish and
open to the public our great public
monuments. It belongs to our national
habits that an English Minister of
Public Works should regard his office
as a sort of society for the preservation
of ancient buildings rather than as a
syndicate for the destruction and trans-
formation of ancient cities, which is
the fixed idea of the Continental Haus-
mann. These Attilas and Genghis
Khans of modern society, with the aid
of the railway and building companies
who form their natural allies, are
rapidly achieving the Haussmanniza-
tion, and not only of Paris, but of Rome,
Vienna, Milan, Florence and every
medieval city of Europe. It is a com-
fort to think that, where Prefects,
Mayors and Town Councils everywhere
on the Continent are seeking to make
their cities a fair imitation of New
York, our First Commissioner of Works
is occupied in preserving to us our an-
cient monuments in the form in which
they were built. And it is not a little
curious that at the present moment he
is busy about the preservation of all
three of our great monuments. He
has just revealed to us what West-
minster Hall was in the days of the
Normans. He has still before him the
crucial problem of refacing the Abbey.
And now he is showing us the Tower—
not alas! as it was when it still served
the Tudor Kings as a palace, but freed
from the eyesore with which the stupid
vandalism of the last hundred years had
loaded it.

The Tower is the oldest of the three
great monuments of London, and
assuredly it stands at the head of all
buildings of its order in the world. It
is the most perfect extant example of a
feudal castle of the first class, contin-
uously used as a fortress by the same
dynasty, and as a seat of the same
Government since the times of the
Crusades. It is, in fact, the civil build-
ing in the world which can show the
longest and most splendid history. The
Pantheon at Rome, a few of the great
Basilicas, the Byzantine Church of the
Holy Wisdom, and a few religious
buildings on the Continent, can show a
longer life; but there is no civic build-
ing, being neither a ruin nor a restored
ruin, but still a great seat of govern-
ment, which can show so vast a re-
cord.

The Tower of London has entered
upon the ninth century of its contin-
uous life in the service of the English
Crown. When the White Tower first
rose beside the Thames, as the buttress
and symbol of the Conquest, the nations
we call France, Germany and Spain did
not exist. It had already seen cen-
turies of great and memorable things be-
fore the oldest of the palaces and halls
of Europe had their foundations laid.
Men talk of the traditions of the Krem-
lin, the Vatican and the Escorial; but
the first half of the wild history of the
Tower was over before a stone was
laid of these vast piles. The races who

raised the fantastic domes of Moscow
or the minarets of Constantinople were
wandering herdsmen and robber tribes
in Asia, when the Tower was the home
of the most powerful kings in Europe.
The old palaces of state of Venice,
Florence, Ghent and Bruges have tradi-
tions of great antiquity, and are
memorable sources of art, romance and
poetry. But their real life has closed
for ages; they are little now but monu-
ments or museums. The Tower, which
began so long before them, has outlived
them all in permanent vitality. The
descendant of the Conqueror is still
mistress of the White Tower, which
for 800 years has guarded the symbols
of our national power. It is true that
in point of picturesque beauty, the
Tower must yield to some of its younger
rivals. It is not the mountain-like
grandeur of the Palace of the Popes at
Avignon, nor the fairy beauty of the
Doge's Palace at Venice, nor the sky-
line of the Old Palace at Florence, or
of the Castle at Prague; much less has
it the weird impressiveness of that
skeleton of castles, the upper city of
Carcassonne, or the piles of Loches,
Cenon and Angers. The glory of the
Tower of London lies in its matchless
historical record. Carcassonne has been
a ruin now for six centuries; the civic
palaces of Italy, Germany and the
Netherlands had a history at most for a
few hundred years; and Avignon re-
cords but an episode in the career of the
Papacy, seventy years of servility,
ferocity and vice.

The building of all others which in
historic dignity approaches most nearly
the Tower is that fragment of the great
palace of the Capetian Kings beside the
Seine, which now survives under the
name of the Conciergerie, of which the
Palais de Justice is the transformed
Court of Justice, and of which the
Sainte Chapelle of St. Louis was the
proper Chapel. Behind that screen of
brand-new Gothic restorations with
which the Viollet-le-Duc have eve-
where enveloped the ancient monuments
of France, Parisians, if they only knew
it, might still find the fortress of their
ancient monarchy worthy to compete
in historical importance with the Tower
of London itself.

We are far too apt to think of the
Tower as a mere prison, and to dwell
too long upon its bloody memories.
Prison it is, far the most memorable in
the world, or at least second only to the
Mamertine Prison by the Capitol. But
it is not a whit more prison than it is
fortress, or palace, or seat of govern-
ment, or court of judgment and court
of record. It is a prison by accident,
or by consequence; not that it was built
as a prison, or ever destined to be a
prison; but because all governments
seek to have prisoners of state in the
most central and secure seat of their
power. The Tower is not more bloody
than the Crown of England or the his-
tory of England. It has been the home
of some of our greatest rulers, the scene
of some of the wisest councils, the treas-
ure-house of the most precious things,
and the subject of some of the noblest
poetry in our language. The
Tower has really a fourfold character
and a fourfold history. It is palace,
fortress, treasure-house and seat of gov-
ernment; it is only prison as part of the
functions of a fortress. Perhaps the
reason why we Londoners usually re-
gard the Tower as a prison is that too
many of us visit it as children, or in com-
pany with children, and then the tales
about racks, martyrs, the young princes
and the Traitor's Gate form the natural
staple of the talk.—*London Times*.

"Smoke."

The cigar is driving out the pipe in
Germany. During the past year there
were consumed in the German Customs
Union 5,958,140,000 cigars of the
weight of 37,865 tons, and the value of
249,279,000 marks, against 36,570 tons of
tobacco, of the value of 42,249,000
marks.

A week or two ago the French cus-
tom-house officers made a big seizure
of cigars and cigarettes at the Gare du
Nord, Paris, which had been smuggled
across the Belgian frontier. It consisted
of 45,000 cigars, and 26,000
cigarettes (pure tobacco without
paper). They were hidden in bales of
paper.

The Japanese are said to be inveterate
smokers, men and women. Their pipes,
however, are very small, the bowls
holding tobacco sufficient for a single
whiff. The cigar and cigarette have
not yet come into general fashion with
them.

The consumption of tobacco in France
is rapidly increasing, and last year show-
ed no exception to the rate of progres-
sion, the quantity consumed amounting
to 941 grammes (about 21 lb.) per inhabit-
ant, and representing a value of 9 fr.
76c. (6s. 9½d.)

At one of the schools in Cornwall,
England, the teacher asked the children
if they could quote any text of Scrip-
ture which forbade a man having two
wives. One of the children sagely
quoted in reply the text, "No man can
serve two masters."

Domestic Animals.

In a dwelling house that was burned
near North Adams, Mass., three chil-
dren were sleeping, their parents being
away from home. The house dog suc-
ceeded in getting into the children's
room and rescued them with the great-
est difficulty, as two of them had
fainted.

A boy of Luther, Mich., on his way
to school met a bear, and hastily climb-
ed a tree. He clung to his dinner pail,
but as bruin sat at the foot of the tree
patiently waiting for him to come down,
he finally tossed the pail to him. The
bear gulped down the contents of the
dinner pail, and then leisurely walked
off.

A dog at New Castle, Pa., was for
twelve years the inseparable companion
of Sidney Davis. Davis died recently,
and after searching in vain for his mas-
ter, the dog finally settled down in his
arm-chair and awaited his coming. It
required great stratagem to get him to
take the smallest quantity of food, and
he gradually pined away and died.

A Boston lady has a dog which, when
it or its friend, the cat, wish to go into
the kitchen, stands by the door and al-
lows the cat to jump upon its back.
The cat can then reach one paw over
the latch, and by pressing the other
paw on the thumbpiece is able to open
the door. The cat then drops on the
dog's back, and rides into the kitchen in
triumph.

A Rochester robin has built its nest
on the main frame of engine 340 of the
New York Central railroad, between the
left forward driving spring hanger and
a cross brace. The engine runs
daily between Rochester and DeWitt.
The bird kept faithfully at work as cir-
cumstances permitted, and having com-
pleted the nest, she now occupies it
even when the engine is running.

The origin of domestic cats is ob-
scure. All the histories of ancient na-
tions go back to a time when there were
no cats. Wild cats were hunted and
eaten by the Swiss lake dwellers. Afri-
ca, south of Egypt, appears to have
been the cradle of the cat as a domesti-
cated animal. The cat was revered by
the Egyptians to a ridiculous extent.
If any of them voluntarily slew one of
the sacred animals he was punished by
death. Dead cats were embalmed.
When a pussy died in a house, the occu-
pants shaved off their eyebrows. Af-
ter considerable discussion, it seems to
be settled that the Greeks did not have
cats.

An elephant belonging to an engi-
neer officer had a disease in his eyes,
and had for three days been complet-
ely blind. Webb decided to try on one
of the eyes the effect of nitrate of sil-
ver, which was a remedy commonly
used for similar diseases of the human
eye. The animal was accordingly made
to lie down, and when the nitrate of
silver was applied uttered a terrific
roar at the acute pain it occasioned.
But the effect was wonderful, for the
eye was in a great degree restored and
elephant could see. The doctor was
in consequence ready to operate simi-
larly on the other eye on the follow-
ing day, and the animal, when he heard
the doctor's voice, lay down by his
own accord, placed his head quietly
on one side, curled up his trunk,
drew in his breath like a human being
about to endure a painful operation,
and then by motions of his trunk and
other gestures, gave signs of wishing to
express his gratitude.

Lord Alvanley's Duel.

On the way home after his duel with
O'Connell, in a hackney coach, Lord
Alvanley said: "What a clumsy fel-
low O'Connell must be to miss such a
fat fellow as I am! He ought to prac-
tice at a haystack to get his hand in."
When the carriage drove up to Alvan-
ley's door, he gave the coachman a
sovereign. Jarvie was profuse in his
thanks, and said, "It's a great deal
for only having taken your lordship to
Wimbledon." "No, my good man,"
said Alvanley, "I give it to you not
for taking me, but for bringing me back."
Everybody knows the story of Gunter,
the pastry cook. He was mounted on
a runaway horse, with the King's
hounds, and excused himself for riding
against Lord Alvanley by saying, "Oh,
my Lord, I can't hold him; he's so
hot!" "Ice him, Gunter—ice him!"
was the consoling rejoinder.

Was Into Oil.

"Now, then, what is it?" quired a
New York broker, as his daughter came
tripping into the library. "Father,
Charles Henry has asked me to marry
him." "He has, eh? Wants to marry
you, eh? Well, what are his pros-
pects?" "He has \$40,000 up on a deal
in oil. What answer shall I give him?"
"None at all, my love—not just now.
Wait and see how oil goes. If it goes
booming, answer him yes. If it drops,
tell him you have made up your mind
that you can never be happy except
with a husband who deals in railroad
stocks. Never put yourself in a posi-
tion to be close dout."