THE OLD READING CLASS.

I cannot tell you, Genevieve, how oft comes to me-That rather young old reading class in District Number Three.

That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line

And charged at standard literature with amiable design.

We did not spare the energy in which our We gave the meaning of the text by all the ight we had: But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free

Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three, every sudden gust; Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travelers would pass; The maple trees along the road stood shiv-

ering in their class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nestling cold and dumb, And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come wondrous world, of which we conned what has been and might be, In that old-fashioned reading class of Dis-trict Number Three.

We took a hand at History-its altars, spires and flamesuniformly mispronounced the most important names, We wandered through Biography, and and gave our fancy play,

And with some subjects fell in love—
"good only for one day;" In Remance and Philosophy we settled many a point, And made what peems we assailed to creak at every joint;

me will agree, Were first time introduced to us in Dis trict Number Three. You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress. Who never stopped at any pause -a sort of

And many authors that we love, you with

And timid young Sylvester Jones, of in-consistent sight, stumbled on the easy words and And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?

And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering all to crack?

And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see? read the hard ones right?

Alas! we cannot find them now in District Number Three ... Jaso 190

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word (He's in the prize fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard). And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear (His tongue is not so timid now; he is

And Lanty Wood whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change, And leaped from hourse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of

prudish glee.

Alas! they're both in higher schools than
District Number Three. So back these various voices come, though

long the years have grown Memory's telephone: And some are full of melody, and bring a summon forth a tear; comes back to me, when ever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours. O peerless Geneviove.
It brightens up the olden times, and throws

a smile at me—
A silver star smid the clouds of District undressed and in bed,
Number Three.

— Will Carleton, in Harper's Magazine. foot.

ave new lots in Two Hearts So True.

"Little Blossom, you make it so hard for me to say good-bye to you." ornitate for \$25" "When ?"

face-renunciating was indeed difficult for John Burrows. He touched a dimple in her cheek, and then a curl of her on a grave, perhaps. Il gilifilo

She shook back the silly wrinkles im-

"When, John ?"
He looked on her face a moment "Nelly, sit down here for a moment."

They sat down on the pretty crimson couch before the fire. Seeing trouble in his face she put her hand in his and he smoothed out the little roseleaf member upon his broad palm, more than ever confident, as he looked at it that he was right.

"Nelly, you know I love you." "Yes," with a blush, for he had never said it before.

"And Lam very sorry." "Why ?" after a pause of bewilder-

"Because you are a delicate little flower, needing care and nursing to keep your bloom bright and I am going to a hard, rough life, among privation, fever and malaria, which will try even

my powerful constitution, and where you must not go." "You are going to the far West?" "Yes. My mother must have a home in her old age. She is strong now, but time is telling on her. You know all

that she has been to me ? stay If of the "Yes, she has been a good mother. But you shall take me too, John."

She won her way into his arms against this will. DRETESTINE, Illiw side "You will take me, too?"

"No. Did I not tell you that you made it so hard for me to say good-bye to you?" "John, what could I do without

He took the little caressing hand down from his face.

"Don't make me weak, Nelly. Do

unceasing toil? I cannot marry for ten years yet, Nelly."

"And then I shall be thirty years old."

"Yes, married and with little children, seeing at last that your old lover, John Burrows, was right."

"He rose to his feet. "John!" in terror.

"Yes, I am going, Nelly. Little one you look so much like a woman now, with your steadfast eyes-hear me: I did not foresee that you love me-that I should love you. You were a little Outside the snow was smooth and clean— school girl when I saved you from the winter's thick-laid dust:

The storm it made the windows speak at drowning last summer, and your satch I of books floated away down the river and was lost. I came here to see Gregory, not you. I could not help loving you; but did not think until to-night that you cared so much for me, Nelly. But, child, you will forget me."

"Never!" He want on "Nelly, I shall hunger for you day and night, more and more, as time goes

on and I get older, loneller, more weary. But I shall never hope to see you again. Now give me your hand." She gave him both. He raised them to his lips, but before she could speak

again he was gone.

Shivering violently, she went to the fire and stood there trying to warm herself. She understood it all nowhis strangely elaborate arrangements for a trip to New York. He had known that he was not coming back when she had begged him to bring her his photograph from the great metropolis, but was going on-on-into the dim distance. This is why he had not prom-

It was getting late-she was so coldshe had better go to bed. She would not go into the parlor to bid her father and aunt and Gregory good night; so she crept silently up to her own room. There the very weight of grief upon her lulled her to sleep.

But when she a woke her grief sprang apon her like some hidden monster who had lain in wait for her all night. Her misery terrified her. Why should she not die? Why should she ever rise from that bed?

But when they called her she sprang up hastily, dressed and went down stairs, and they were too busy talking to notice that she did not know what she was doing. But, by and by, when And sound uncommonly distinct through her brother reached for some more coffee, and observed that "John Burrows and his mother went to New-And some can smite the rock of time, and York on the first train this morning," she tried to rise unconcernedly from th table, and fell in a dead faint on the carpet among them.

When Nelly came to she was

"Oh, let me get up, Aunt Mary! I in poverty." don't want to lie here !!"

sick." "Oh, Aunt Mary, I'm not." "Nelly, if you will lie still to-lay I'll let you have the old box of curiosities The innocent, surprised, inquiring in my room to look over. Will you?"

"I don't know." Aunt Mary went for them. Nelly shut her eyes, and let the wave in all hair, as he might have touched flowers | its bitterness surge over her once, when Miss Golding came back, bringing a with time.

"There"-setting it on the bed With a wintry little smile of thanks she lifted the cover. The old mahogany box contained strange things. Pictures on wood and ivory, illuminated manuscripts, webs of strong lace, antique ornaments, ancient embroideries, great packages of old letters, sealed flasks of unfamiliar perfume, ancient brooches of red gold, finger-rings of clumsy-set gems tied together with faded ribbons, a knot of hair fastened together with a golden heart, the silver hilt of a sword, and lastly, a tiny octagon portrait of an old man, done in chalk upon a kind of vellum and enclosed in a frame of tarnished brass.

"Who is this that is so ugly, Aunt Mary ? "That, they say, is my great grandfather, Nelly."

"What is it painted on-this queer "Well, it is a kind of leather, I be-

lieve. They used to write on it in olden times." "He is uncommonly ugly, isn't he ?"

said Nelly, wearily. As she spoke the little case fell apart in her hands. A yellow, folded paper was revealed. She opened it and saw

that it was written upon. "Why, bless my soul, what have you there?" exclaimed Miss Golding, rising

up in a strange alarm. She snatched it from Nelly's hand.

"It can't be the will!" she cried. Nelly looked on in dumb surprise, Aunt Mary read a few words, and then rushed away in wild agitation to the library where her father was sitting. you think that it is nothing to me to Nelly could hear them talking, the two; his heart in the work; success to him deep ruffles to match. Old point and twenty-five years old, is a dark bay, Pat above shouting at the top of his leave my little violet—the only woman then her brother came, and the old who not only does his task, but does it Valenciennes laces are pieferred to any but is in good condition, and shows voice, "Whistle when you want some I ever loved—for a hard, cold life, and housekeeper was called from the dining well.

room; and so much confused talking she never heard before. By and by they all waited upon her in a body.

"Nelly," said her father, sitting down upon the foot of the bed, "you are an heiress."

"This is old Grandfather Golding's will!" exclaimed Aunt Mary, flourishing the bit of paper.

"It seems to me he was very eccentric," Gregory condescended to explain. 'He was very rich and had some hard sons and some grandsons who promised to be harder, and he fell out with the whole set, who were waiting for him to die. He declared that no money of his should encourage the young people's to visit her mother. excesses; a little poverty would help the family, and the fourth generation would appreciate his money and probably make good use of it.

"When he died no will could be found, and though there was a famous struggle for the property, it went into the hands of trustees, through the oath of the lawyer who drew up the will, and there it has been, descending from one person to another and accumulating in value, until you and I, Nelly, are as rich as Crosus,"

"How, Gregory ?" "Ain't we the fourth generation" Father was the only child, we his only children; all the back folks are dead wires. Hurrah for Grandfather Golding!"

"Is this true, father ?"

"Yes, my dear. The property chiefly in Leeds, England. The housekeeper who came over last summer, you know, happens to know all about it. It is in safe hands and our claim is indisputable,"

What did Nelly do? The little goose Instead of flying off in thoughts of carriages, and dresses of cloth, of gold and a trip to Europe, she buried her face in the pillows and murmured under her breath: "Oh, John! Oh, dear, dear John !"

And it was no castle in the air. Three months proved that Nelly Golding was the mistress of gold untold almost. And then a little note went to Kansas, saying :

DEAR JOHN: I am waiting for you with a fortune. Will you come for me now?

NELLY.

And he came instantly; and though some might have sneered at his readiness, the heart of the wife was always

She knew that John Burrows loved her truly. Grandfather Golding's money built up a commodious Western townpayed streets, raised rows of shops, erected dwelling houses, founded banks, libraries and churches; and Nelly finally lived "out West." But she had undressed and in bed, and Aunt opportunities of seeing pioneer life, any, even the lowest servant, may order Mary was darning stockings at the and she said: "John was right; I

"Now, Nelly, be reasonable! You're Why Mechanics Don't Get On.

We were much interested the other day in drawing from one of the old practical mechanics of Cleveland the secret of his success. Said he: "I have young females is so great that it has always made it a rule to do my work so well that it left a good impression on courts. This can be traced to the my employer." There is more in this than at first appears. Hard work is one thing, conscientious work is another. A hard worker may outwardly of and unchecked by the interference bex of old mahogany, black and glossy | conform to all the requirements of the of the husband. The son is expected to shep; he may also be in his place at the take the part of the mother against the starting of the machinery; he may wife. take short noonings, and he may be among the last to drop his tools at night, but after all he may utterly fail to get on in the world, and why? Let our experienced informant answer: I know of a young man of just that kind. He works hard enough and wants to as woolen brocade and glazed woolen. that he was slighting his work. That als are very narrow, and when ef costis, in his anxiety to turn off a large ly tissues they are invariably of alpaca, amount, he neglected the finish which or of ordinary faille covered with fancy always tells on good work. The con- drapings. Sometimes the undershirts sequence will be that, unless he makes | have two deep lace flounces, which fall a change, when times are dull he will over a silk plaiting, while the overdress be one of the first to be dropped by his is plaited. The "coquille" apron is every employer." Superintendents and fore suitable for light fabrics. It is sewed than many are aware. The man who folded down underneath. The plaits slides over his task, who lacks in become wider toward the back, so as thoroughness, who lets an unfinished to form a kind of shell trimming, which ed. In the unwritten law of the shop same arrangement of draping is below he is barred from promotion, while the the tournure disposed in two shell-shapconscientious workman is morally cer- ed puffings, the lowest one fastened tain of advancement. Is the ten- against the lower part of the skirt undency of the day in the direction of a der ribbon loops in the colors of the better finish to work? We think it is. | tunic. For skirts of light fabrics puff-As machinery is brought into competi- ings and full drapings are most used. tion the strife will be to secure superi- Skirts for young women are covered ority in cheapness, simplicity and finish. | with tiny flounces alternating in em-Here it is that the thorough workman | broidery and lace. Satinets are striped brings into play all the resources of his or stamped with designs of birds' heads, skill and honesty-his "mechanical flowers, etc. Painted satinets are of result-failure to him who does not put guipure or old point face, bordered with a professor. The horse is at least in the midst of his confusion, heard

Women in India.

The Degradation Put Upon the

Wife and Widow. On the day of her wedding she is put into a palanquin, shut up tight and carried to her husband's house. Hit! erto she has been the spoiled pet of her mother; now she is to be the little slave | an ace of clubs turned upward, which of her mother-in-law, on whom she is to wait, whose command she is implicitly to obey, and who teaches her what she is to do to please her husband; what dishes he likes best and how to cook them. If this mother-in-law is kind she will let the girl go home occasionally

Of her husband she sees little or nothing. She is of no more account to him than a little cat or dog would be. There is seldom or never any love between them, and no matter how cruelly she may be treated she can never complain to her husband of anything his mother may do, for he would never take his wife's part. Her husband sends to her daily the portion of food that is to be cooked for her, himself and the children. When it is prepared she places it on a brass platter and sends it to her husband's room. He eats what he wishes, and then the platter is sent back with what is left for her and her children. They sit together on the and it slides down to us on greased ground and eat the remainder, having ly cover the toilet. Children from 5 keep the sheriff from the door to the neither knives, ferks nor spoons.

to go anywhere. The little girls are married as young as

three years of age, and should the boy to whom she is married die the next day she is called a widow, and is from henceforth doomed to perpetual widowhood-she can never marry again. As a widow she must never wear any jewelry, never dress her hair, never sleep on a bed-nothing but a piece of matting spread on the hard brick floor. and sometimes, in fact, not even that between her and the cold brick; and no matter how cold the night may be, she must have no other covering than the thin garment she has worn in the day. She must eat but one meal of food a day. and that of the coarsest kind; and once in two weeks she must fast twenty-four hours. Then not a bit of food, not a drop of water or medicine must pass her lips-not even if she was dying. She must never sit down nor speak in the presence of her mother-in-law, unless she commands her to do so. Her food must be cooked and eaten apart from other women's. She is a disgraced, degraded woman. She may never even look on at any of the marriage ceremonies or festivals. It would be an evil omen for her to do so. She may have been a high-caste Brahminic woman, but on her becoming a widow. her to do what they do not like to do. should have died in a year had I lived No weman in the house must ever speak one word of love or pity to her, for it is supposed that if a woman shows the slightest commiseration to a widow she

will immediately become one herself. It is estimated that there are 80,000 widows in India under sixteen years of age. The prevalence of suicide among been brought to the attention of the oppressive control excercised by the mother-in-law in household matters over the daughter-in-law, independently

Modes and Materials.

All rich, costly, fancy fabrics are imitated in more ordinary tissues, such succeed, but some how he can't. He in linen and cotton goods. Skirts came to me for council, and I found out for suits of these figured materimen notice these defects more closely to the belt in close plaits, which are piece of work leave his hands, is mark- is taken in with the draping. This moral sense," it has aptly been called. a very fine quality of goods, and are Here it is, too, that the slovenly, or generally trimmed with imitation wall" Jackson has been on the Morrison careless, or hasty workman utterly fails. brownish lace. Stamped piques will farm near Charlotte, N. C. He has out more ado, emptied the hod right over There are some forms of bad work that also be employed. Scant mantillas are been, at the request of Mrs. Jackson, the whistler's head. The joiner yelled can be deftly covered up, but the com- to be worn over dresses of this kind sent to the Virginia Military Institute, and sputtered while attempting to clear pensations of life bring the inevitable They will be of Valenciennes, malines, o' which General Jackson was so long himself from the adhesive mass, and, other kind for this purpose. Very full few marks of age,

neck ruchings are the styles, as well as large "pierrot" collars. Many fichus are in one piece. The most suitable style for a rather stout figure is the Marie Stuart shape. It forms a very narrow vest, which terminates in a point on the waist. A becoming style for a slight person is in the shape of makes the bust appear larger.

Cloaks of fancy woolen goods are to be much worn. A very good quality of tartan is employed for this purpose. The cloaks serve for carriage wear, dusters and waterproofs. The favorite color for these is "pain beni," The shape is a shirred Prussian blouse, with the sleeves broad at the hand and raised on the shoulders, where they are often gathered. These garments are lined with heavy faille in the same color, which is sewed plainly against the goods, so as to form a kind of body for the shirrs to sit against. These blouses may also be lined with silk or satin in the new shades, in striped or plaid designs. Many of these are of "corah des Indes," lined with satin merveilleux in bright hues. Some of these garments will be of ecru tulle lace, lined with corah. They will also be the rage for children, and are beautiful when of red foulard or of "Adrianople," made so as to completeto 6 years of age wear these blouses While she is young she is never allowed with large Aureole hats and red socks.

What They Knew Four Thousand Years Ago.

From one of these books, compiled after the manner of our modern encyclopædias, and the compilation of which is shown to have been made more than 5000 years B. C., it has been ascertained, which has long been supposed, that Chaldea was the parent land of astronomy; for it is found from this compilation and from other bricks, that the Babylonians catalogued the stars, and named the constellations; that they arranged the twelve constellations that form our present zodiac to show the course of the sun's path in the heavens; divided time into weeks, months into years; that they divided the week, as we now have it, into seven days, six being days of labor, and the seventh a day of rest, to which they gave a name from which we derived our word "Sabbath," and which day, as a day of rest from all labor of every kind, they obmeasure time, and they speak in this noon. they possessed, from observations that The "bricks" contain an account of the deluge, substantially the same as the narrative in the Bible, except that the names are different. They disclose that houses and lands were then sold, leased and mortgaged; that money was loaned at interest, and that the market-gardeners, to use the American phrase, "worked on shares;" that the farmer when plewing with his oxen, beguiled his labor with short and homely songs, two of which have been found, and, to connect this very remote civilization with the usages of te-day, I may, in conclusion, refer to one of the bricks of this library, in the form of a note, which is to the effect that visitors are requested to give the librarian the number of the book they wish to consult and that it will be brought to them; at the perusal of which one is disposed to fall back upon the exclamation of Solomon, "That there is nothing new under the sun."-Chief Justice Daly, in Popular Science Monthly.

How He Helped Them Oyer.

Two of our belles while walking out the other day came to a ditch near the railroad grade at Montclair which they did not know how to get over. Seeing a young man coming along the road they appealed to him for help, whereupon he pointed behind them with a startled air and yelled out "Snakes !" The way those girls crossed that ditch was a sight to behold, and the young

Since 1864 the warhorse of "Stone-

Agricultural.

The raising of sheep is of the greatest benefit to the land, because wherever they feed new and sweet grasses grow and flourish, and the weeds are destroyed. Farmers should raise turnips and feed them to sheep.

WHAT AN OLD FARMER SAYS. -This is the advice of an old man who has tilled the soil for forty years.

I am an old man upward of three score years, during two score of which I have been rich and have all I need: do not owe a dollar; have given my children a good education, and when I am called away shall leave them enough to keep the wolf from the door. My experience has taught me that-

1. One acre of land well prepared and well tilled produced more than two which received only the same amount of labor used on one.

2. One cow, horse, mule, sheep or hog well fed is more profitable than two ker to on the same amount necessary to keep

3. One acre of clover or grass is worth more than two of cotton where no grass or clover is raised.

4. No farmer who buys oats, corn or wheat, fodder and hay, can

5. The farmer who never reads the papers, sneers at book farming and improvements, always has a leaky roof, poor stock, broken down fences, and complains of bad "season."

6. The farmer who is above is business and entrusts it to another to manage soon has no business to attend

7. The farmer whose habitual beverage is cold water is healthier, wealthier and wiser than he who does not refuse to drink.

GETTING RID OF STUMPS. Ex-Sheriff John T. Pressly gave a noval entertainment at his farm northwest of the city, yesterday afternoon, which was witnessed by at least a hundred of his friends from the city and washugely enjoyed. Mr. Pressly has one of the finest farms in Marion county, most of it under cultivation. In several, however, which had been lately cleared, were a number of large stumps, and after working at them for several weeks the rotund ex-official secured the services of "Prof." Jenny, of Lafayette, whom he employed to blast the remaining ones served as rigorously as the Jew or the out with "Hercules powder," as the Puritan. The motion of the heavenly "professor" styled it, which, howbodies and the phenomena of the ever, is nothing less than dynamite. weather were noted down, and a con- After blowing out a number of nection, as I have before stated, de- them singly with great success, Mr. tected, as M. de Perville claims to have | Pressly conceived the idea of blowdiscovered, between the weather and ing up all the stumps in a forty the change of the moon. They invented acre clearing simultaneously, and the sun-dial to mark the movements of this was the entertainment which the heavenly bodies, the water clock to the visitors witnessed yesterday after-

work of the spots on the sun, a fact | The field selected contained at least they only could have known by the aid forty acres, and not less than forty of the telescopes, which it is supposed huge stumps dotted its surface. Holes were drilled in the roots of these, on a they have noted down of the rising of level with the ground, and cartridges Tenus and the fact that Layard found a | were inserted and connected with a batcrystal lens in the ruins of Ninevah. tery by means of wires. All the preliminary arrangements were perfected about noon yesterday, and the blast touched off about half past two o'clock. The work of the explosion was entirely satisfactory, and every stump was blown to atoms. Pieces flew upward two or three hundred feet and were picked up several hundred feet away from where they originally steed. The experiment was entirely satisfactory, and will probably be repeated by other farmers in that vicinity. Indianapolis

Paying For His Whistle.

Not many years ago, when a lofty building was on the point of completion, the mason was in the habit of whistling to the laberer who attended him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of mortar, and as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occured very often during a day's job. A joiner, who was fitting in a window immediately underneath, noticed Pat answer dutifully to every call from the mason, and thought of playing a trick on him by imitating the whistle, and thus he brought him a hodful of mortar when there was no room for it. The mason told Pat that he had not whistled, so he had no other alternative than to trudge back with the load. This having occurred the third time during the day, Pat thought he would watch to hear where the whistle came from. He had not watched long with hod on his shoulder when he heard the identical whistle underneath where he stood, and leaning over, he saw the head of the joiner protruding out of the window immediately below. Pat, withmore mortar."