

THE OLD READING CLASS.

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

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires and flames— And uniformly pronounced, the most important names...

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word in the prize right business now, and his thin hand, I've heard...

So back these various voices, come, though long the years have grown— And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone...

Two Hearts So True.

"Little Blossom, you make it so hard for me to say good-bye to you." "When?" The innocent, surprised, inquiring face—reunited was indeed difficult for John Burrows...

"When, John?" He looked on her face a moment without a smile, pretty as she was. "Nelly, sit down here for a moment."

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

"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?"

uncessing 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 school girl when I saved you from drowning last summer, and your satchel 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 went on: "Nelly, I shall hunger for you day and night, more and more, as time goes on and I get older, lonelier, 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.

It was getting late—she was so cold—she 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 awoke her grief sprang upon 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 her brother reached for some more coffee, and observed that "John Burrows and his mother went to New York on the first train this morning," she tried to rise unconcernedly from the table, and fell in a dead faint on the carpet among them.

When Nelly came to she was undressed and in bed, and Aunt Mary was darning stockings at the foot. "Oh, let me get up, Aunt Mary! I don't want to lie here!" "Now, Nelly, be reasonable! You are sick."

"Oh, Aunt Mary, I'm not." "Nelly, if you will lie still to-day I'll let you have the old box of curiosities 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 its bitterness surge over her once, when Miss Golding came back, bringing a box of old mahogany, black and glossy 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 stuff?" "Well, it is a kind of leather, I believe. They used to write on it in olden times."

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 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 Croesus."

"How, Gregory?" "Ain't we the fourth generation? Father was the only child, we his only children; all the back folks are dead and it slides down to us on greased wires. Hurrah for Grandfather Golding!" "Is this true, father?" "Yes, my dear. The property is 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 JOHNS: 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 at peace. She knew that John Burrows loved her truly. Grandfather Golding's money built up a commodious Western town—paved streets, raised rows of shops, erected dwelling houses, founded banks, libraries and churches; and Nelly finally lived "out West." But she had opportunities of seeing pioneer life, and she said: "John was right; I should have died in a year had I lived in poverty."

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 always made it a rule to do my work so well that it left a good impression on 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 conform to all the requirements of the shop; he may also be in his place at the starting of the machinery; he may take short nooning, 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 succeed, but some how he can't. He came to me for council, and I found out that he was slighting his work. That is, in his anxiety to turn off a large amount, he neglected the finish which always tells on good work. The consequence will be that, unless he makes a change, when times are dull he will be one of the first to be dropped by his employer."

Superintendents and foremen notice these defects more closely than many are aware. The man who slides over his task, who lacks in thoroughness, who lets an unfinished piece of work leave his hands, is marked. In the unwritten law of the shop he is barred from promotion, while the conscientious workman is morally certain of advancement. Is the tendency of the day in the direction of a better finish to work? We think it is. As machinery is brought into competition the strife will be to secure superiority in cheapness, simplicity and finish. Here it is that the thorough workman brings into play all the resources of his skill and honesty—his "mechanical moral sense," which is aptly been called. Here it is, too, that the slovenly, or careless, or hasty workman utterly fails. There are some forms of bad work that can be deftly covered up, but the compensations of life bring the inevitable result—failure to him who does not put his heart in the work; success to him who not only does his task, but does it well.

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. Hitherto she has been the spoiled pet of her mother; now she is to be the little slave 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 to visit her mother.

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 ground and eat the remainder, having neither knives, forks nor spoons. While she is young she is never allowed 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 Brahmin woman, but on her becoming a widow, any, even the lowest servant, may order her to do what they do not like to do. No woman 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 young females is so great that it has been brought to the attention of the courts. This can be traced to the oppressive control exercised by the mother-in-law in household matters over the daughter-in-law, independently of and unchecked by the interference of the husband. The son is expected to take the part of the mother against the wife.

Modes and Materials. All rich, costly, fancy fabrics are imitated in more ordinary tissues, such as woolen brocade and glazed woolen, in linen and cotton goods. Skirts for suits of these figured materials are very narrow, and when of costly tissues they are invariably of alpaca, or of ordinary faille covered with fancy drapings. Sometimes the undershirts have two deep lace flounces, which fall over a silk plaiting, while the overdress is plaited. The "coquille" apron is every suitable for light fabrics. It is sewed to the belt in close plaits, which are folded down underneath. The plaits become wider toward the back, so as to form a kind of shell trimming, which is taken in with the draping. This same arrangement of draping is below the tournure disposed in two shell-shaped puffings, the lowest one fastened against the lower part of the skirt under ribbon loops in the colors of the tunic. For skirts of light fabrics puffings and full drapings are most used. Skirts for young women are covered with tiny flounces alternating in embroidery and lace. Satinets are striped or stamped with designs of birds' heads, flowers, etc. Painted satinets are of a very fine quality of goods, and are generally trimmed with imitation brownish lace. Stamped piques will also be employed. Scant mantillas are to be worn over dresses of this kind. They will be of Valenciennes, malines, guipure or old point lace, bordered with deep ruffles to match. Old point and Valenciennes laces are preferred to any other kind for this purpose. Very full

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 kept on the same amount necessary to keep one well.

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 keep the sheriff from the door to the end.

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 to.

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 novel 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 was hugely 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 out with "Hercules powder," as the "professor" styled it, which, however, is nothing less than dynamite. After blowing out a number of them singly with great success, Mr. Pressly conceived the idea of blowing up all the stumps in a forty acre clearing simultaneously, and this was the entertainment which the visitors witnessed yesterday afternoon.

The field selected contained at least forty acres, and not less than forty huge stumps dotted its surface. Holes were drilled in the roots of these, on a level with the ground, and cartridges were inserted and connected with a battery 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 stood. The experiment was entirely satisfactory, and will probably be repeated by other farmers in that vicinity. Indianapolis Journal.

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 laborer who attended him whenever he wanted a fresh supply of mortar, and as the scaffold on which he wrought was rather small, this occurred 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, without more ado, emptied the hod right over the whistler's head. The joiner yelled and spluttered while attempting to clear himself from the adhesive mass, and, in the midst of his confusion, heard Pat above shouting at the top of his voice, "Whistle when you want some more mortar."

What They Knew Four Thousand Years Ago.

From one of these books, compiled after the manner of our modern encyclopedias, 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 observed as rigorously as the Jew or the Puritan. The motion of the heavenly bodies and the phenomena of the weather were noted down, and a connection, as I have before stated, detected, as M. de Perville claims to have discovered, between the weather and the change of the moon. They invented the sun-dial to mark the movements of the heavenly bodies, the water clock to measure time, and they speak in this work of the spots on the sun, a fact they only could have known by the aid of the telescopes, which it is supposed they possessed, from observations that they have noted down of the rising of Venus and the fact that Layard found a crystal lens in the ruins of Ninevah. 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 plowing 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 to-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 man lives.

Since 1864 the warhorse of "Stonewall" Jackson has been on the Morrison farm near Charlotte, N. C. He has been, at the request of Mrs. Jackson, sent to the Virginia Military Institute, of which General Jackson was so long a professor. The horse is at least twenty-five years old, is a dark bay, but is in good condition, and shows few marks of age.