

AT TWILIGHT.

Upon a sea so calm no ripple breaks
Nor frets itself to seething mass of spray,
The moonbeams fall—long, unchecked
ray:
The arching sky a paler coloring takes,
And, lingering yet, the sunset glow
Enfolds, with crimson, the far peaks of snow.
O'er yon the wavering line of sea meets sky,
And both are merged in faintest bar of
gold:
The white clouds all their fleecy grace un-
fold,
Or massed in shadowy grandeur lie:
The sea gulls flock and spread their broad,
white wings;
The beacon light its radiant warning flings.
With pennants flying in the fitful breeze
The stately ships at peaceful anchor ride,
Or, dipping low, beyond our vision glide:
Nearer come strains of sweet, wild melo-
dies.
Rising and falling with each measured car,
As eager boatmen pull for home and shore,
Boston Journal.

Postage Not Stated

I was tall, overgrown, awkward and sixteen, with a prevailing consciousness that my hands and feet were very large, and the added misery, in the case of the former members, that they were always red, and I never knew what to do with them when in company. I was making a visit at grandmother's delightful old-fashioned country home, when one morning the dear old lady called me to her.

"Here is something for you, Jim," she said, "an invitation to a children's party at Mrs. Edwards'."

"Children's party," I repeated, probably with a shade of scorn in my voice, as indicating that I was no longer to be placed in that juvenile category.

"Not children exactly," corrected grandma, with a smile at my masculine dignity. "Young people, I should have said. Mrs. Edwards' daughter Florence is 14, and Tom Byrne and all the boys—young men, I should say," with a twinkle of amusement, "will be there."

I had sundry misgivings that I should not enjoy the party at all, being as yet very much afraid of girls, though beginning to admire them as mysterious and fascinating beings. However, I accepted the invitation, as I found that all the boys I knew were going, and the party was to be quite a "swell" affair for the village.

When the evening came it found me with the rest, seated in a large parlor, very unhappy because my arms and hands, which would by no means arrange themselves in any graceful or becoming manner, and extremely bashful, but full of admiration for a lovely black-eyed girl about a year younger than myself, whom I knew to be Tom Byrne's sister.

She sat some distance from me, but she had given me a sweet smile when I first came in, and now from time to time cast glances at me which increased at once my bliss and my confusion.

Various games were suggested and played, but they were of a quiet character, such as "Twenty Questions," "Proverbs," etc., so that I had no opportunity of approaching any nearer to Mabel, who showed herself very brilliant in her questions and answers during the progress of these intellectual amusements.

Then somebody suggested that we should play postoffice.

"Postoffice! what is that? how do you play it?" I whispered to Tom Byrne, my next neighbor.

"Don't you know how to play post-office?" he asked, with scorn of my ignorance. "Oh, well, I suppose you city fellows don't know anything."

"I never heard of this," I assented meekly.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is; a girl asks for a letter for some boy, and then you have to ask her how much postage, and if she says one cent you have to kiss her once."

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," replied Tom, "and you kiss her twice for two cents, and three times for three cents. It's quite fun if it is a pretty girl," he added judicially.

"I suppose so," I replied vaguely.

"But I forgot to tell you," he added, "if she says 'postage not stated,' then you kiss her as often as you like. Hush they are going to begin."

To be sure, one of the oldest boys was appointed postmaster, and one girl after another went into the entry, each presently knocking at the door and asking for a letter, whereon the boy called for sheepishly followed her into the hall and to judge from the sounds of screaming and scuffling which generally followed, paid his postage under considerable difficulties.

I watched the game in a state of bewildered alarm. What if a girl should call for me! But no one did, and I was half disappointed, half relieved, that I was exempt, when at last it was Mabel Byrne's turn to go out.

She left the room with a lovely blush on her beautiful face. The door was solemnly closed upon her, and then after a brief pause, there was a faint knock. The post-master opened the door a few inches.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"There is a letter here," she replied.

"For whom?"

"For Mr. James Hill."

"How much to pay?"

"Postage not stated," was the faint reply.

They all laughed loudly and looked at me, for that was my name. The blood rushed in crimson floods to my face. I got on my feet somehow, and with my heart torn between a wild desire to go into that hall and a wish to sink utterly away from human kind, I stumbled out of the room.

The door was closed behind me and I found myself almost in darkness, as the hall was dimly lighted. I paused a moment and then heard the faint sound of quick breathing; another heart was beating as violently as my own. For once in my life I knew what to do with my arms. I caught hold of her. I scarcely know how. The darkness gave me courage and I held her in a close clasp, and pressed my lips to her cheek in three or four rapid, half-frightened kisses before she could free herself from my embrace.

"There, there! Mr. Hill," she said, with a faint merry laugh, "don't be so bashful again. I'm sure you are bold enough now!"

"Have I paid my postage?" I stammered.

"Indeed, yes; enough and to spare. Come, let us go back to the parlor."

She led me in a willing prisoner, and the rest of the evening I was her bond slave; her partner in all games, her companion in the dance (wherein I excelled the country boys, and gloried in my accomplishment), and at last, crowning delight of the evening, her escort home.

This was all. The next day I returned to my home in the city, and Mabel Byrne became only a memory; strong at first, fainter as time went on, but sweet always. When I saw other girls I compared them mentally with the picture my imagination painted of Mabel and they never seemed half so fair and sweet as she.

But then, I did not see many other girls. My bashfulness, instead of diminishing, seemed rather to increase upon me as the years went by. I avoided society and was so much of a recluse from ladies that my mother was quite worried lest I should become a confirmed old bachelor. Perhaps one reason why I retained my diffidence was that my pursuits were among books, and not among people. I had made the science of geology my study, and at 27 found myself in a comfortable position as assistant professor in one of our best colleges, the salary of which with my own income added, making me so far as ease that I resolved to devote my summer vacation to a tour in Europe.

Equipped with bag and hammer, August found me making a pedestrian tour of Switzerland, with a special view to the study of its glacial system and lithology. I avoided the well-traveled ways, thus escaping the society of all other tourists, and I was therefore utterly amazed when one evening, as I drew near the little house which was my temporary abiding place, a tall form strode toward me out of the darkness and a hearty voice cried out:

"Jim! Jim Hill!"

"Who is it?" I replied, with a half nervous start.

"Ah! I thought it was my old friend. Have you forgotten Tom Byrne?"

Of course not, for I had met him occasionally since we were boys, and I was heartily glad to see my former comrade, always one of the best of companions.

"I saw your name on the book at the inn," he explained; "was sure it must be you. At any rate I thought I would start out to meet you."

"But how came you here?" I inquired, "in this out of the way corner of the world?"

"Because it is out of the way. Mabel and I are making a trip in search of the picturesque. You know she is quite an artist?"

So Mabel was with him. My heart gave a curious thump, and for a moment I could hardly make a sensible reply.

"Yes," he went on, "she is so devoted to her art that it seems to quite absorb her life. She has not thought of marriage, and does not care in the least for the ordinary run of society. She will be glad to see you, though," he added consolingly, "as you are a man of science."

We walked back together to the little inn, and presently I was shaking hands with a beautiful and stately woman, whose bright, dark eyes flashed with the strange intensity and fire that I had never seen in any other eyes but those of Mabel Byrne.

She greeted me very cordially, and after we three had taken an evening meal together, there followed a delightful evening in the little parlor that Tom and his sister had secured.

For once in my life I felt myself quite at ease in a lady's society. In the first place there was Tom to keep me in countenance by a predominance of my own sex in the company, then Mabel did not expect me to talk of airy

nothings, but light foam of the social whirlpool which I never yet had been able to skim. She showed so much knowledge of the subject that I really found myself talking with earnestness and enthusiasm of the formation of the glacial country, and especially of the glacial action borne by the specimens I had collected.

She in her turn contributed to the evening's interest by telling me of her work, and showing me her sketches, which were really of a very high order of artistic merit. There was no school-girl weakness in her handling of the brush, but a force and poetic thought that had won her already honorable recognition in the world of art.

"And you have never heard of Mabel's paintings until now?" asked Tom.

"No," I confessed. "You know I have been quite absorbed in my special studies."

"Yes, and you have not seen Mabel for ever so long, have you?"

"No," I replied, "not since that summer ten years ago, when I was at my grandmother's."

"Jolly times we had to," said Tom, reflectively. "Remember that party at Mrs. Edwards'?"

A sudden rush of blood to my face utterly confused me. I stammered a reply, and Tom, to my relief, went on with some rambling reminiscences. It was some seconds before I dared to look at Mabel. Surely she was blushing, too.

The next morning we all went on a trip up the slopes of the mountain. Mabel in short gray suit, alpine hat, and stout boots; Tom carrying her drawing materials. Thus we made this, and many another delightful expedition.

Life took on new colors for me. There was a radiance and glory about it that I had never dreamed of before. Every day I found fresh reason for admiring my beautiful companion, and our walks through the deep valleys and up the rough mountain sides were to me like enchanted journeys through a realm of fairies. In this loveliest country of the world, with this most glorious woman by my side, I was, indeed, as one transfigured by the light of the grand passion that took possession of my soul.

At first I knew not what had befallen me. I thought only that my pleasure in Mabel's society sprang from a similarity of tastes and pursuits, and the charm of her conversation; but gradually I woke to the overwhelming fact that I loved her with the one great love of my life, that seemed to me now to date back from the days of long ago, to have been always with me, and to stretch out into the future to make it transcendently glorious, or a long despair.

And yet as soon as I had learned my own secret, my former bashfulness came back upon me with tenfold intensity, and I found myself often embarrassed in her presence, while at the thought of telling her my heart's story, though my brain was smitten through with dazzling delight at the dream of successful wooing, yet I was so overwhelmed that utterance would, as I was sure, be an impossibility.

And Mabel? Her eyes were very kind to me. They turned to me with a softened luster that thrilled me with hope; and yet, if I attempted even a compliment, I blushed, floundered, and was lost.

One evening we were talking of all manner of subjects, grave and gay, and so strayed to marriage in general, and especially to the matrimonial lot of some of our old friends.

"You remember Boyd, don't you, Hill?" asked Tom.

"Tall, bashful fellow, like me, I added."

"Yes," replied Tom, laughing. "He married Miss Cutting, our former school teacher. I always thought she proposed to him."

"Sensible girl!" I exclaimed, "I think it is positively a woman's duty sometimes to help a man out. You remember that book of the late Dr. Horace Bushnell, published some years ago called 'A Reform Against Nature?' In it he denounces the whole woman's rights movement, but maintained that every woman ought to have the right to propose marriage to the man she liked. I think he was scientifically correct."

I spoke with great eagerness, looking always at Tom; but at the last words my glance turned to Mabel, her eyes were fixed on mine, and the look I met there sent the blood to my heart with such a swift, tumultuous rush that I grew faint with confusion, and presently rushed out of the room and to bed—though not to sleep.

The next day I went out in the afternoon by myself for a scramble through a damp and very rough gorge, where Tom and Mabel did not care to accompany me. I was half glad to be alone, for I was nervous over my audacity of the night before; yet at the thought of Mabel's kindly eyes, so overwhelmed

with blinding happiness, that I had to look many times at a bit of rock before I could see the striae that denoted glacial action.

It was late sunset when I reached the inn. The last rosy light was flushing the distant mountain peaks with that marvelous beauty, which is one of the wondrous charms of Swiss scenery. I made my way without pause to Mabel's parlor, led there by a force that seemed to draw me by a power beyond my control. The room was quite dusk and she was alone. As I entered she came toward me with a quantity of letters and papers in her hands.

"These came while you were away," she said.

Mechanically I took the papers. Among them there was a large package on which I dimly discerned the word "Due," followed by an illegible stamp.

"You have paid something on this," I said; "how much was it?" and looked up.

"Postage not stated," replied Mabel.

Promptly, smilingly, she uttered the words. Then her dark eyes softened and faltered. The papers and letters were scattered over the floor. I had caught her in my arms with all the audacity that had been once before mine in my boyish days.

Only now, as I pressed passionate kisses on her brow and lips, I found voice at last to utter the yearning that was consuming my heart.

Both of One Mind.

In front of a Denver butcher shop a butcher sat cleaning a revolver. It was a rusty old "Colt," which had not been in use for years, and was to be put in order and traded off. A shoemaker came along directly and observed: "Of course there'll be an accident." "Y-e-s, I presume so," "It isn't loaded, is it?" "Oh, no." "But it will go off?" "It will." "I never see a revolver without wanting to handle it. Let me look at that weapon. Ah! I'm satisfied now that it doesn't contain any stray bullets. Do you suppose you could hit my foot at that distance?" "Certainly I could. Now, if she was loaded I'd take a dead sight like that and pull the trigger, and—"

The shoemaker jumped two feet high and yelled like an Indian, and when he came down he danced and kicked and galloped around until people thought him crazy. It was only after a crowd had collected and cornered him up in the shop that any one found out the trouble. The butcher had put a bullet along the sole of his foot close enough to draw blood. "I told you she'd go off," howled the shoemaker, as he sat with his boot in his hand. "And didn't I agree with you?" Innocently responded the butcher.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Facts and Fancies.

THE *Scientific American* says, galvanized iron pails should not be used. The zinc coating is readily acted on by water forming a poisonous compound.

THE Philadelphia Mint has bought 20,000 pounds of nickel at 91 cents per pound.

THE Pennsylvania railroad company is building ten locomotives weighing each 100,650 pounds. They are heavier than any heretofore built.

—Nixes is a term used in the railway mail service to denote matter of domestic origin, chiefly of the first and second class, which is unmailable because addressed to places which are not post-offices, or states, etc., in which there is no such post-office as that indicated in the address. Nixes cannot be registered.

—Tar may be readily removed from the hands by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel and wiping dry immediately. The volatile oil in the skins dissolve the tar so that it can be wiped off.—*Scientific American.*

THE reduction of the public debt up to June 30th, (end of the fiscal year) amounted to \$1,217,649,746, equal to a reduction in yearly interest charge per capital of \$3.34. The interest per head being now only 95 cents per year.

THE silver certificate may yet play a more important part in commercial transactions than heretofore. Many banks are reducing, and not a few others are altogether giving up their circulation, mainly on account of the tax levied on it, as is alleged. At present there is nothing to prevent this being done to an embarrassing extent, and damaging contraction result. Just here the silver certificate may come in and restore the loss. Indeed this has already been done, large amounts of these certificates having gone last week to "move the grain." Silver itself from its difficult portability cannot be conveniently used, but an acceptable substitute may, to a large extent, be found in the hitherto little esteemed certificates. Every situation seems opportunely gifted with the power of compensation, when it is required by circumstances.

Agricultural.

About Stables.

If more attention was paid to the care of the horse, the farmer's most useful servant, fewer blind, lame and diseased animals would be seen. The following good points are from *Whip and Spur*:—"Let your stable be well drained and sufficiently lighted. The vapors from a dram, putrid floor, and the sudden change from darkness to light, will almost to a certainty cause blindness. Let the floor of the stall be quite flat and level. Standing on a sloping place is very painful, and causes lameness by straining the ligaments and membranes. It also produces grease and sore heels. Every stall should be at least six feet wide and nine feet long. This will enable the horse to turn round without bruising himself, and to lie down and stretch himself with comfort. Let the stalls be separated by partitions, not by bars. They prevent the horses from fighting and kicking each other. Let proper openings be made just under the ceiling, to permit the hot, foul air to escape, and proper openings at the bottom of the wall to admit fresh air. Impure and confined air will cause broken wind. The fresh air should enter through a number of small, rather than a large hole, such as an open window. That prevents draughts, which cause chills and coughs. The temperature of a stable should be that of a sitting-room or parlor; not over seventy degrees in summer nor under forty-five in winter. Hot, close or foul stables will bring on glanders or inflammation, while a very cold or damp one may cause an incurable cough or disease of the lungs. To not keep the hay over the manger. The steam and breath of the animal make it both unpleasant and unwholesome. If the hay must be kept over the horse, the ceiling between should be of plaster. This will in a measure prevent vapors from passing up to the food. Have no opening into the manger from the hay-loft. Dust is very often thrown into the horse's eyes when fed in this way, and thus blindness is begun. The breath ascends directly to the food through the opening, which at the same time pours a continual draught down on the horse's head, thus causing chills as well as bad food.

How to Transplant.

The plants should be drawn from the bed; one at a time, and carefully placed in baskets or in the body of a wagon for removal to the field as soon after a rain as the soil will admit of stirring. New ground may be planted immediately after a rain, but old should not, lest it cake around the plant when dry and injure it. An expert man can transplant from 3000 to 4000 per day, if he has the endurance to stoop and plant a whole day. The leaves of the plant should be drawn together over the bud and the plant set so that the bed will just reach the surface of the ground. The soil should be well pressed against the roots of the plant, using care to leave no hollow space below it. Plants are often lost by the carelessness of the laborer in pressing the earth to the upper part of the root, leaving the lower extremity dangling in the hole made by the dipple. If the plant bed is not well moistened by the rain to the depth of the roots of the plants it should be thoroughly wet by artificial means before drawing the plants.—*Farmer's Home Journal.*

Slugs and Snails.

The experience of a gardener given in a late issue of *Revue Horticole*, in regard to the destruction of these creatures, which are so harmful where they are abundant, is particularly worthy of attention, and it is hoped that at last we have a quick and easy method of despatching them when they make their appearance. Some pulverized sulphate of copper (blue vitriol) is mixed with coarse wheat bran, and the mixture placed about the garden where the slugs can have access to it; they scent the bran and greedily eat it, but almost immediately die from the effects of the coppers. In using this mixture in the open air where there is danger that birds might eat it and thus be poisoned, it must be protected so as to prevent access of the birds while allowing slugs to reach it. This can easily be done by enclosing a little space with small sticks fet upright, and covering it so that the slugs can crawl through, while the birds are fenced out.—*Vick's Magazine.*

SHE DIDN'T SMOKE.—The very gallant Senator Grady and the silver-tongued Ecclesine were getting off a train at a New York Elevated station when the former noticed a blooming and rosy-cheeked girl behind him on the platform. "Shall I not help you to alight?" he asked, extending his plump hand and lifting the straw hat that covered his ambrosial curls. "Thank you very much," replied the pretty damsel, with a ravishing smile, "but I don't smoke." Sensation among the passengers and the Senator aghast.

—The Virginians are making flour from peanuts.

A German Housemaid.

She was one of the servant-girls one sees going about in German cities bare-headed, no matter what the state of the weather, wearing a dark-blue calico dress and a clean apron, and generally carrying a basket.

As American hired girls had long been a study with us, and an interesting one, we set ourselves to study Elise, and soon discovered to which class she belonged—the happy-go-lucky class, who are good natured and mean well, but are careless, and break, spill, tear and burn. She was seventeen, the oldest of a large family of children; her mother, a poor widow, lived in the country. She received thirty thalers—or about twenty-two dollars—a year, a new dress at Christmas and another present on her birthday. She slept in a little bare chamber under the roof, among the cooling doves, and every morning early was wakened from her slumbers by the voice of Fräulein calling up the stairs. Her first duty was to kindle the fire in the kitchen stove, which she did by means of small bundles of straw, using a little wood. Then she must mop up the stone floor and sprinkle sand on it, and scrub the tile-paved hall. When this was done she could pause a few moments to drink a cup of black coffee and eat a couple of slices of brown bread—the pumper-nickel of Westphalia—with butter. Then she must polish the brass mountings and utensils of the stove, and from that time go on constantly, doing the chamberwork upstairs, sweeping and dusting the sitting and dining-rooms down stairs, running out with her basket and a few groschen to buy something at one of the neighboring shops, peeling potatoes and preparing other vegetables, all the time driven by the voice and presence of Fräulein.

In short, all the drudgery fell to her lot. Her hands were hard and red, her good-natured, ruddy face often smirched her hair powdered; with ashes or feathers, and her apron marked with signs of her work. In fact she had a genius for getting dirty, and Fräulein made her wear two aprons, the top one to be laid off when she ran out on errands. But her marked characteristic was her destructiveness. It might be said that her pathway was strewn with broken dishes. The bed-room piteers were noseless and handleless through her agency; the lamp chimneys slipped through her hands and shivered to pieces on the floor; rarely a dish-washing passed that some cup, saucer, gravy-dish, tumbler or other article did not come to grief at her hands.

As the price of everything broken was charged against her, this unlucky habit reduced her wages considerably, but it did not seem to depress her spirits. Occasionally, on the breaking of some more expensive article, such as a large soup tureen, she broke forth into loud sob, but it soon passed away and she was as cheerful and smiling as ever. Four students who lodged upstairs took their dinners and suppers in the sitting-room of one of their number, and it was Elise's duty to carry up these meals on a large tray. This afforded her a fine opportunity to display her individuality. Now one article, now another, would slip off the tray and break, and on more than one occasion she fell with the tray and spilled the entire contents on the stairs. This was followed by loud and unrestrained weeping on her part, and a severe scolding from Fräulein; but the next time she ran up the steps singing, and as careless as ever. Once in drawing a cup of coffee from the brass urn which always stood on the stove, she did not turn it off entirely, and the coffee all ran out on the floor; and another time she threw all the soup out of the window by mistake. She was continually making blunders in laying the table for meals, forgetting now the spoons, now the napkins, now the *einsatz*, which held the salt, pepper and mustard. When called to account for her neglect, she came blushing and with confusion of face, but never learned by experience to be more careful another time. She was never intrusted with any responsible part in the cooking.

Fräulein attended to all that herself, so that her carelessness could not show itself in burned or ill-cooked food, but in her province she remained true to her character. She shut up Fräulein's kid slippers in the oven one day and burnt them to a crisp; and one day she came running in from the wash-kitchen in the back yard screaming with fright, her dress and apron ablaze. Fräulein threw the contents of the water-bucket on her and extinguished the flames, then sent her to her little room up in the roof to change her clothes and finish her crying fit.

Elise seemed never to think of leaving her place, no matter how many hard scoldings she received, and never displayed any sullenness or resentment.—*Lippincot's.*

They are the safest who marry from the standpoint of sentiment rather than feeling passion or mere love.