

I CLIMB TO REST.

Still must I climb, if I would rest:
The bird soars upward to his nest;
The young leaf on the tree-top high
Cradles itself within the sky.

The streams, that seem to hasten down,
Return in clouds, the hills to crown;
The plant arises from her root,
To rock aloft her flower and fruit.

I cannot in the valley stay;
The great horizons stretch away,
The very cliffs that wall me round
Are ladders unto higher ground.

To work—to rest—for each a time
I toil, but I must also climb.
What soul was ever quite at ease
Shut in by earthly boundaries?

I am not glad till I have known
Life that can lift me from my own;
A loftier level must be won,
A mightier strength to lean upon.

And heaven draws near as I ascend;
The breeze invites, the stars befriend,
All things are beckoning to the Best;
I climb to Thee, my God, for rest!

MELISSA'S COOKING.

Mrs. Orena Fales had lost her housekeeper—by death. It was a great calamity—to Aunt Re. For twenty years old Nabby had taken charge of her house, having full control of everything but the garden. The garden was Aunt Re's realm; here only she cared to hold sway. She had a passion for flowers. She had neither husband nor child, and the roses and lilies, the pinks and pansies, were her delight, her darlings, her babies. She tended them, caressed them, held her breath over them lest they be disturbed.

And richly they repaid her care. From May to November the flower-garden at the Chestnuts was a blaze of beauty. Rather close otherwise, Aunt Re never spared expense to gratify her passion. A root or bulb, if rare and beautiful, was never to expensive for her purse. It was said that she had once given ten dollars for a tulip bulb which could not be obtained for less.

For keeping her house she had not the least taste. Old Nabby had kept the house—swept, garnished, bought the provisions, and cooked them.

But old Nabby was dead. Immediately upon this event Aunt Re shut up the house and went to Florida for the winter. But in April the neighbors looked for her return, and wondered where she would look for a housekeeper.

"Mebbe she will bring home a cullud woman," said Melissa Ruggles.

"A colored woman, who couldn't keep the accounts straight—she'll never do that!" said Mrs. Brown. "But it's a nice chance for some one. Pleasant place up there at The Chestnuts—good beds, good food; though Aunt Re's a little near. An' it's worth one dollar a week to have her posies to look at all summer."

"Posies!—th' last thing I'd set by," said Melissa.

"It's money you're after—eh? Well, Aunt Re gives five dollars to them that'll take all the care an' work to suit her. There's not much to do for them that has faculty, an' it's a life-berth, to say nothing of what might come in the will. I say, Melissa, you're second cousin or something to Aunt Re—why don't you try for it?"

"Mebbe I shall," said Melissa, modestly.

Melissa Ruggles was an "old girl" of forty, who had habit of bridling her head, and believing that "she know a thing or two."

She had gone out nursing, and had the reputation of being a good cook. She was alone in the world, but was known to be "beforehand," having quite an account at the bank.

Still there were those who did not like Melissa's cold gray eyes, eminently respectable though she was. Mrs. Brown had heard Aunt Re remark something of this kind.

"I shouldn't wonder, after all, if she took Sylvia."

Sylvia Fales was Aunt Re's niece—her deceased brother's only child. She was poor, worked at sewing and supported her mother, and was just seventeen.

She was pretty and good, and when Aunt Re returned she came to the cottage to see them. She had not been there before for two years.

"You're quite a young woman now, ain't you, Sylvia? And you look like your father. Daniel had the same dark blue eyes, with black lashes; only you're a little too pale. Are you well and strong?"

"It's the confinement and sewing makes Sylvia pale, Aunt Re," said Mrs. Daniel Fales, an invalid.

Aunt Re looked thoughtfully at Sylvia; still she did not ask her to come to The Chestnuts.

Melissa had already offered her services.

"I am thinking of asking my niece and her mother to come and live with me," Aunt Re said to her. "Sylvia's young, but with her mother's help—"

"Lawd! Sylvia don't know a thing about cooking, and her mother can't make anything but gruel."

"That settles it. Will you come, Melissa?"

"I'll try to," said Miss Ruggles.

Yet Aunt Re gave up the thought of Sylvia with a secret sigh. She was young, fresh, pretty as one of her favorite white roses, and she knew she might have been kinder to her poor relations than she had been.

But Aunt Re, who had good health,

and spent nearly all her time in the fresh air among her flowers, had a good appetite, and must have an experienced cook. So she took Melissa.

"Here are the keys," she said. "Now, don't bother me about anything. My garden is dreadfully behindhand this year."

She bustled away to her flower-beds. In twenty-four hours Melissa learned that nothing annoyed Aunt Re like referring any household matter to her. She made Melissa understand that she paid her to take care of the house.

Larder and cellar were fairly stocked. The kitchen was large and pleasant, the adjoining sitting-room overlooked the beautiful garden, and a nice bedroom for the "help" at The Chestnuts opened from the kitchen hall.

Melissa found her domain pleasant, and resolved to make her situation a permanent one.

"Do you like sweet potatoes?" she asked rather timidly.

"Yes," responded Aunt Re, briefly. She did not like to be consulted regarding the dishes cooked.

Now, Melissa had discovered among the apple barrels and potato bins of the dry airy cellar a few gray colored tubers. It was not the time of year for sweet potatoes, and these might consequently be considered choice.

She thought she would not cook any for herself, but she boiled four for Aunt Re—the tubers being rather small—and thought they would go nicely with the chicken she had stuffed and roasted.

But in her anxiety to boil the sweet potatoes to a turn she forgot to taste the chicken, and it was dry and unsavory. As for the sweet potatoes, Aunt Re cut one open after the other, and left them uneaten upon her plate.

"I'll bake some for breakfast," thought Melissa. "Baked sweet potatoes are always good."

So the next morning, she baked four more. But Aunt Re seemed to relish these still less, and they did look pale and watery, Melissa thought, as she surveyed the broken fragments which Aunt Re had failed to partake of. But if the latter liked a good dinner she had the idiosyncrasy of never remarking upon what she ate; and Melissa secretly troubled by these two failures, yet valiantly resolving never to give up, so, decided to make a pie of the remaining four sweet potatoes.

So she consulted her cook book, and carefully read the receipt: "Boil four medium-sized sweet potatoes and sift. Beat the yolks of three eggs light. Stir, with a pint of sweet milk, into the potato. Add a small teaspoon of sugar and a pinch of salt. Flavor with lemon and bake them as you do pumpkin pies."

Melissa got the directions well into her head, and proceeded to make the pie. It was baked in a large, deep, tin plate, and looked very nice when baked a delicate brown.

"There, she'll like that—can't help it," said Melissa when the pie had cooled, and she placed it upon the dinner-table.

The lamb stew was very nice, and Aunt Re who had been sorting out pansy roots and tying up tulips all the morning ate with an appetite. Then Melissa helped her to a generous slice of pie. Aunt Re tasted, and a shudder stole over her countenance. She tasted again, and pushed aside her plate.

"The pie—stammered Melissa.

"Is execrable!" pronounced Aunt Re with emphasis. "Such a very peculiar flavor! But I am through with dinner. Perhaps I shall want your help a little while this afternoon, Melissa; I have so much to do! I am going now to plant my dahlias bulbs. Will you go down the cellar and get them? They are on the swing shelf—twelve of them—in a wooden bowl. I hope they have kept well, for they are very rare and expensive. Loaly got them as a favor. No one in town has any like them. Be quick as you can, Melissa; I am in a hurry."

Melissa stumbled down the cellar stairs and looking at the empty wooden bowl upon the swing shelf like one in a dream. Then she went slowly upstairs again.

"Aunt Re, I may as well tell you first as last, I—I—boiled them things. I thought they were sweet potatoes."

"Boiled my bulbs—my magnificent Queen Anne dahlias bulbs, that I paid twelve dollars a dozen for?"

Melissa bowed dismayfully.

"What a fool!" ejaculated Aunt Re, and then was speechless for some minutes.

"I don't think your style of cooking suits me, Melissa," she said, at last. "Sylvia Fales would never have done such a thing as that. If you will let me know what you think I owe you for your services, we will part at once, and I will send for Sylvia this evening."

"Oh, you don't owe me nothin'. Only don't let folks hear—'twould make me such a laughin' stock."

"Teach you more sense," responded Aunt Re, as she left the kitchen.

In the shades of evening, a wiser and, let us hope, a better woman, crept down the avenue of The Chestnuts, followed by a man bearing her goods and chattels upon a wheelbarrow, and, positively, from that date, forbore to budge her head.

Meanwhile Sylvia—pretty Sylvia—

had been bitterly disappointed that her Aunt had not asked her to live at The Chestnuts.

"I don't care for myself, mother, though the sewing gives me a stitch in the side; but it would be such a good home for you—so many comforts that I can't get for you! Oh, I am so sorry! And, mother, I heard to-day that Melissa Ruggles told Aunt Re, that I couldn't cook. It's a right-down falsehood—ain't it?"

"Yes, You have prepared the daintiest dishes to tempt my capricious appetite for years, and are naturally the neatest of housekeepers."

So Aunt Re, to her delight and surprise had discovered, and in her satisfaction took pains to make Sylvia and her mother feel entirely at home at The Chestnuts.

Housekeeping agreed with the former. Her cheeks grew rosy and her spirits merry; while her mother, relieved from care and surrounded by comfort, became much improved in health. And by-and-by, Sylvia, having added the good fortune of marrying to suit Aunt Re, became her heiress. The wedding took place at The Chestnuts, and it became her permanent home.

A Long Sleep.

A certain famous historical desert-snail was brought from Egypt to England as a conchological specimen in the year 1846. This particular mollusk (the only one of his race, probably who ever attained to individual distinction) at the time of his arrival in London was really alive and vigorous, but as the authorities of the British museum to whose tender care he was consigned, were ignorant of this important fact in his economy, he was gummed, mouth downward, on a piece of cardboard, and duly labeled and dated with scientific accuracy. "Helix desertorum, March 25, 1846." Being a snail of a retiring and contented disposition, however, accustomed to long droughts and corresponding naps in his native sand wastes, our mollusk thereupon simply curled himself up into the topmost recesses in his own whorls, and went placidly to sleep in perfect contentment for an unlimited period. Every conchologist takes it for granted, of course, that the shells which he receives from foreign parts have had their inhabitants properly boiled and extracted before being exported; for it is only the mere outer shell or skeleton of the animal that we preserve in our cabinets, leaving the actual flesh and muscles of the creature himself to wither unobserved upon its native shores. At the British Museum the desert-snail might have snoozed away his inglorious existence unsuspected but for a happy accident which attracted public attention to his remarkable case in a most extraordinary manner. On March 7, 1850, nearly four years later, it was casually observed that the card on which he reposed was slightly discolored; and this discovery led to the suspicion that perhaps a living animal might be temporarily immersed within that papery tomb. The museum authorities accordingly ordered our friend a warm bath (who shall say here after that science is unfeeling?) upon which the grateful snail, waking up at the touch of the familiar moisture, put his head cautiously out of his shell, walked up to the top of the basin, and began to take a cursory survey of the British institution with his four eye-bearing tentacles. So strange a recovery from a long torpid condition, only equaled by the seven sleepers of Ephesus, deserved an exceptional amount of scientific recognition. The desert-snail at once awoke and found himself famous. Nay, he actually sat for his portrait to an eminent zoological artist, Mr. Waterhouse, and a wood-cut from the sketch thus produced, with a history of his life and adventures may be found even unto this day in Dr. Woodward's "Manual of the Mollusca," to witness if I lie.

The Restaurant Keeper's Flag.

"Jimmy, get the flag!"

This command was given by the landlord of a down-town restaurant, just after an able-bodied colored man had asked for a meal and been told that he could have one if he would earn it. Jimmy brought forth a banner whereon was painted the restaurant's advertisement. The colored man was told to walk with it—slowly, so slowly that everybody on the sidewalk might read it—around two or three blocks, for an hour and a half, the promise being that then he should have a good dinner.

Later in the day the reporter called, and was told that the colored man had earned his dinner and eaten it. "These applications have been constant for years past," the restaurateur said, "and I have had that advertisement carried in the streets for years."

"Did you ever lose your flag?"

"Yes, a man in a dress that wasn't yet shabby nerved himself up to taking it out, one afternoon two years ago, and I didn't see it until, three or four days later, I was passing the store of one of my neighbors, and he called me in, saying that a man dodged into his store and asked permission to leave it there while he stepped round the corner to see a friend. The man had carried the flag three blocks, and then his resolution had failed him."

Boast not of your health and strength too much; but whilst you enjoy them, praise God and use them.

Murders and Outrages.

Londoners are just now in a state of scare on account of the numerous murders and outrages that have lately taken place, the perpetrators of which have, so far, escaped detection. Although the year is still young, three dreadful murders and half a dozen serious assaults have been made known. Formerly it was very rare to find a professional burglar armed with a pistol; now the revolver and "Jimmy" seem generally to go together. Taken as a body, the London police are a fine, courageous set of men, but it is a cruel thing to send them out on lonely suburban beats armed with nothing but a short truncheon, not much larger or more effective than an office ruler, perhaps to cope with desperadoes armed to the teeth. An English policeman's truncheon is not half so effective a weapon as his American confrere's club, and hitherto there has been a strange disinclination on the part of the authorities to arm the police with revolvers even when on night duty. The worst of this is that if their legal guardians be not sufficiently well armed to protect them people will begin to arm themselves—a consummation most devoutly not to be wished for. At present it is a very rare thing indeed to find an English man who owns a pistol, and a still rarer thing to find one who habitually carries firearms about his person. Now, however, the pistol trade is becoming brisk, and we are threatened with the growth of the objectionable custom of carrying concealed weapons. Public opinion is gradually growing sensible on the subject of arming the police when on night duty, for it is clearly far preferable that arms should be put into the hands of a responsible and disciplined body than that every schoolboy should turn himself into a walking arsenal.

James Greenwood, of "Casual Ward" and "Man-and-dog-fight" fame, has lately been allowed to fill a couple of columns in the London Daily Telegraph with an account of the invention of an eccentric Burghlophobist. The narrative may be as apocryphal as the story of the man and dog fight was said to be, but it is amusing reading, and *si non e vero e ben trovato*.

The Stranglers' Bane and Burglars' Bugbear, etc, which Mr. Greenwood describes, are certainly curious inventions. The first is a collar, wound round the neck, which, when a garrotter seizes the wearer, puts forth a number of sharp spikes. The garrotter is supposed to say a big D and leave go, when a pistol comes out from the nape of the neck and shoots the strangler in any portion his anatomy which happens to be in the line of fire. Meanwhile the attacked man sends up a rocket out of his patent walking-stick, which is the signal for the police to come on the scene and carry off the dead. Should the garrotter and festive burglar hit Mr. James Greenwood's friend on the head, he is still ready for the contest, immediately upon the hat feeling the blow a battery of rocket goes off. The genial inventor of all this war like paraphernalia did not condescend to enlighten James as to what was probably considered a trifling matter of detail which a man of James' brains could see for himself.

Mimicking Monkeys.

Affection and sympathy are quite as strongly marked among all the monkey tribes as in other animals. An American monkey has been observed carefully to drive away the flies which plagued her infant. Another was seen washing the faces of her young ones very gently in a stream. And so intense is the grief of female monkeys for the loss of their young that it frequently causes the death of the mother in some of the species when kept in confinement. If one of them happens to be wounded in their native forests, the rest assemble round and thrust a finger into the wound, as if to sound its depth. Some of them have been seen, when the blood flowed, to keep it shut up, while others got leaves, which they chewed and thrust into the opening. The young orphan monkeys were carefully tended by the other monkeys, both male and female.

Their solicitude and care for a dead companion were remarkably shown in an instance related by J. Forbes, F. R. S., in his "Oriental Memoirs." One of a shooting party having killed a female monkey, carried it to his tent, which was immediately surrounded by forty or fifty of her companions, who made a great noise and seemed about to attack their enemy. Till his gun, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed, was presented, however, the head of the party stood his ground, chattering furiously. The sportsman, feeling some little compunction for having killed one of them, did not like to fire at the creature, and yet nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gestures seemed to beg for the dead body, which was at last given to him: sorrowfully he took it in his arms and bore it away to his companions. It must not, however, be supposed that all monkeys display this care for their dead. Of their sympathy for injured companions, a naturalist—who kept in his garden a number of gibbons, who lived in the trees quite free from restraint, merely coming when called to be fed—tells how one of them,

a young male, one day fell from a tree and dislocated his wrist; it received the greatest attention from the others, especially from an old female, who, however, was no relative: she used every day before eating her own plantains to take up the first that were offered to her and give them to the cripple, who was living in the eaves of a wooden house. It was also frequently noticed that a cry of pain or distress from one of them would quickly bring all the others to the sufferer, who would then console with him and fold him in their arms.

At the Zoological Gardens, two or three years ago, an Arabian baboon and an Anubis baboon were confined in a cage adjoining one that contained a dog-headed baboon. The Anubis baboon one day passed its hand through the wires of the partition to take a nut, which the dog-headed baboon had left within its reach, probably to act as a bait. The Anubis baboon knew well the danger he ran, for he waited until his big neighbor had turned his back upon the nut, as if he had forgotten all about it, though all the time he was slyly looking round with the corner of his eye, and no sooner was the arm of the unfortunate victim safely within his cage than he sprang forward and caught the retreating hand in his mouth.

His cries quickly brought the keeper to the rescue, who, with difficulty, forced the dog-headed baboon to let go his hold. Moaning piteously, the wounded animal retired to the other end of his cage, holding the injured hand against his chest while he rubbed it gently with the other one. The Arabian baboon then came forward, and, with a soothing sound expressive of sympathy, folded his companion in his arms—just as a mother would her child under similar circumstances. This expression of sympathy had such a decidedly soothing effect upon the sufferer, that his moans became less piteous as soon as he found himself in the arms of his comforter; and the way in which he laid his cheek upon the bosom of his friend showed plainly that the sympathy was fully appreciated.

No monkey has any sense of gratitude, but takes his victuals with a snatch and then grins in the face of the person that gives it him, lest he should take it away again; for he supposes that all men will snatch away what they can lay hold of, as monkeys do. Through an invincible selfishness no monkey considers any individual but himself, as the poor cat found to her cost when the monkey burned her paws with raking his chestnuts out of the fire. They can can never eat together without quarreling and plundering one another. Every monkey delights in mischief, and cannot help doing it when it is in his power. If anything he takes hold of can be broken or spoiled, he is sure to find the way of doing it; and he chatters with pleasure when he hears the noise of a china vessel smashed to pieces upon the pavement. If he takes up a bottle of ink he empties it upon the floor. He unfolds all your papers and scatters them about the room, and what he cannot undo he tears to pieces; and it is wonderful to see how much of this he will do in a few minutes when he happens to get loose.

When the wild monkeys have escaped to the top of trees the people below who want to catch them show them the use of gloves by putting them on and pulling them off repeatedly; and, when the monkeys are supposed to have taken the hint they leave plenty of gloves upon the ground, having first lined them with pitch. The monkeys come down, put on the gloves, but cannot pull them off again, and, when they are surprised, betakin themselves to the tree as usual they slide backward and are taken.

Death of Cetewayo.

Cetewayo was the son of Panda and nephew of Chaka, the Zulu Napoleon, who on the death in 1812 of Uzenzangona, ousted his half-brother Uzingujana from the throne, and with the assistance of some men of the Mntetwa among whom he had been brought up, set about reorganizing the Zulu nation. Chaka's revolution in Africa warfare was as great as was wrought in Europe by the introduction of gunpowder or the needle-gun. Tribe after tribe was overthrown and incorporated with the Zulu nation till sixty peoples owned his sway, and he had an Old Guard 12,000 or 15,000 strong always prepared on a moment's notice to "eat up" any contumacious enemy. In 1828 he was murdered at the instigation of his brothers, Dingaan and Umhlangane. At his burial the brothers fought a duel to decide the succession, and Umhlangane was killed. Dingaan, though not warlike, was fond of bloodshed. After his butchery of the Boers he was engaged in a furious war with the whites, who subsidized his brother Panda to revolt against him in 1840, with 4,000 soldiers. Panda's rebellion was successful, and on the 10th of February in that year he dethroned and killed his brother, in whose stead he reigned until his death, October 18, 1872. Cetewayo had been recognized as heir-apparent after he had defeated and killed his brother, Umhlangane, the favorite of Panda, at the battle of Tugela in 1856, and acted as regent during the last years of his father's life. At Panda's death Cetewayo was formally crowned.

Chicago has three "lady dentists."

Workingwomen of Other Climes.

It is estimated that in England more than 3,500,000 women over 15 years of age are in remunerative employment and able to support themselves comfortably. The city and guilds of London Institute have established a school of wooden graving for women. None are admitted for less than a year; so that they leave the school with an understanding of the work. Four free studentships are annually awarded after the first year's practice. At Albert Hall, South Kensington, a school of wood-carving is established, where it is required that three years at least must be devoted to learning the art. Doulton & Co., whose charming wares are well known, and so closely resemble Royal Worcester, employ at their pottery works at Lambeth 120 women permanently in china painting, the work being done by the piece. Last year, at the annual exhibition of Howell & James, \$10,000 worth of painting on china by ladies was sold. Painting on glass is also becoming an important branch of industry for women in England, as is also plan-fracing, and many are employed in printing offices. Julia Margaret Cameron, an Englishwoman, who died recently at handsome home on the Isle of Wight, made a fortune in photography. Her heads of Tennysons, Browning, Carlyle, Danvers, Herschel and others are celebrated for their excellence.

In France, in the field of art and letters, women have received a warm welcome. There are upwards of 2,150 lady artists in that country, of whom 602 are oil painters, 107 sculptors, 193 miniature painters, and 754 painters on porcelain. The great *Salon* in Paris is under the management of the widow of its founder, who understands every detail of the enormous business, and has a corps of 2,000 employees. In Pientence, France, there is an extensive typographical training institute for women, while at the railways and signal offices nearly all of the clerks are women, and this not for economy's sake, for they pay them the same as men, sometimes even better, but because they are more temperate, and are consequently clear-headed. Five thousand women in Paris make artificial flowers, and making lace, braiding straw bonnets, engraving glass and working in stone cutters' shops are lucrative trades. In Rouen the re is an agricultural colony for girls.

In Norway and Sweden over 150,000 women are employed in agriculture; over 10,000 in mines and manufactures; over 15,000 in medicine, and two or three scores in law. Over 20,000 women are engaged in watchmaking in Switzerland—The finest work is deputed to them. Two sisters carry on a goldsmith and watchmakers' establishment. Here a married woman has exactly the same privileges to work as if she were single; if she is ill she engages a substitute. By the census of 1871 it was shown that in England and Wales there were 23,000 women farmers, and a Mrs. Millington took the first prize at the Royal Agricultural Society—a \$500 cup—over twenty-one male competitors. Her farm has 890 acres, with 820 of arable land. The Derbyshire Agricultural Society gave in 1873 the second prize for the best farm to Mrs. Mary Adcock. In England the project of organizing a woman's horticultural college is being considered, to enable women more generally to become florists. They have an especial knack in the arrangement of flowers. A German lady has a small store at Lubeck for the sale of candied fruits and preserved meats and vegetables; she has a branch house in London, and her goods are imported to this country and find a ready sale in New York and Philadelphia.

Flotsingen, Wurtemberg, has a brigade of forty-two water carriers belonging to the fire department, each of the four squads being commanded by a "female corporal." In Sweden there is an agricultural school for girls. In Berlin there is a large society for the general employment of women. Vienna has a noted ladies' orchestra, the leader of which is a woman. Brussels has a school into which 300 pupils (girls) are admitted and taught to design wall paper, jewelry, lace or lithography or engraving, to model or carve furniture or paint on glass or porcelain. Stockholm has a school of nearly 800 girls who are engraving, modeling in clay or wax, wood and copper engraving, lithography, bookbinding, etc., at a cost of 14 cents a month.

There is a large government school in Naples, Italy, for flower and glove making, and at Florence a school of design for women; another at Milan which has 200 pupils. Telegraphy is a favorite employment for women in that city. At Turin there is a large professional school for women. Vienna has a Women's Industrial Union, the object of which is to endeavor to remove the prejudice against employing women, and to instruct them in new trades. And this is but a brief summary of the hundreds of industries in which the women of other climes are employed.

If you count the sunny and cloudy days of the whole year, you will find that the sunshine predominates.

Foolishness rushes into publicity to draw attention, while intelligence keeps in the background to observe.

To despond at difficulties discovers want of stability; to despair at danger shows want of courage.