

DISCONTENT.

Two boats rocked on the river,  
In the shadow of leaf and tree;  
One was in love with the harbor,  
One was in love with the sea.

The one that loved the harbor  
The winds of fate outbore,  
But held the other, longing,  
Forever against the shore.

The one that rests on the river,  
In the shadow of leaf and tree,  
With wistful eyes looks ever  
To the one far out at sea.

To one that rides the billow,  
Through sailing fair and fleet,  
Looks back to the peaceful river,  
To the harbor safe and sweet.

One frets against the quiet  
Of the moss-grown shaded shore,  
One sighs that it may enter  
That harbor nevermore.

One wearies of the dangers  
Of the tempest's rage and wall;  
One dreams, amid the lilies,  
Of a far-off snowy sail.

Of all that life can teach us  
There's naught so true as this:  
The winds of fate blow ever,  
But ever blow amiss.

A MOTHER'S REMORSE.

A girl sat just outside the kitchen door of the old Stonybrook farm upon a lovely spring day. The air was soft and wooing, and it lifted the yellow curls that clustered around her white brow caressingly. The songs of birds could be heard in the fields that stretched far away clothed in their new dress of emerald, started thickly here and there with the golden-eyed daisies and buttercups. But Phyllis Trevor never heeded these beauties that surrounded her. Her head was drooped low over the potatoes she was paring, and from time to time the golden heat was lifted, when one could see that her mournful-looking brown eyes were swimming in tears. Then she would raise her hand quickly to brush them away, with a suppressed sigh glancing into the kitchen, where a tall, hard-featured woman was going to and fro between the wash-tub and the boiler on the stove.

As Mrs. Trevor went backward and forward she cast dark glances at the figure sitting, clad in an old print dress, so silent and yet so busily working at the potatoes. It was evident that the mother was in a spiteful humor and wanted some one to vent it upon; so at last she stopped in her progress across to the stove, and placing her arms "akimbo," she delivered the following in a complaining, high-strung voice:

"Phyllis Trevor! I would be ashamed, if I were you, to sit there like the lazy hulk you are growing to be, and me a-washing here like a Trojan, I never have to sit down when I peel potatoes; I have never time; but you, forsooth! You are too much a lady of leisure to go about your work as your mother has to. You must take care of your own case! And there, Phyllis Trevor, you've spilled that dirty water all over you! I would be ashamed to be such a baby as you show yourself when a body happens to speak a crooked word to you—crying—a great baby like you, 18 years old!"

All the morning since she had risen at 3 o'clock with a violent headache, in order to milk the cows, she had heard nothing but a running stream of complaints and upbraiding. Phyllis was the eldest of a family of eight children, and all of them, except herself, boys. It seemed as if Mrs. Trevor never could get over the disappointment she felt at her eldest child's advent into the world because she was not a boy. "Girls isn't worth their keep," she complained to the neighbors, when they admired the delicate, white bit of humanity that lay, almost neglected, all day long in the rocker beside the kitchen window, never crying nor making the usual "coo-coo" of babies in general, but lying quiet, gazing at the objects around it, and pulling at the bottle of milk which lay beside it. It seemed as if the child knew it was not wanted by its mother, for it never stretched out its puny arms to her to be taken, but would smile and jump whenever its father came near, for the patient, good-natured farmer loved the child more than all the boys in the world put together.

But he could not shield her from her mother's fault-finding during the day, for she was absent in the fields. As she grew up in her delicate beauty, and other babies came, she was made a slave to their every whim, and made to carry them about in her thin arms until her back ached painfully, and her head and heart ached.

Phyllis arose, now still trembling nervously under the undeserved reprimand, and, without returning a word, continued peeling the potatoes in a standing position; her silence only inflamed her mother's wrath.

"You think to aggravate me by your fine lady airs, do you? I'll teach you to answer me when I speak to you! You shall not stir one step to the Sunday-school picnic to-morrow; but you will stay to home and keep house while your brothers and I go, you hateful stubborn thing!" Now, this picnic was a pleasure upon which the girl had set her heart. She had few pleasures in her young life, and her father had bought her a new dress and promised her that she would have one pleasant day at least. And now it was all spoiled. She shed some tears silently, but did not answer. Phyllis never rebelled openly; hers was one of those gentle, sensitive natures which are easily hurt, but never complain. While her mother's

angry voice was still raised high, the doorway was suddenly shadowed. Both the women looked up; it was Mr. Trevor, who had returned from the fields, and he stood there gazing upon the dark face of his scolding wife. There was an expression about his gray eyes and his usually kindly mouth which was new to them; an angry, determined look. He had been in time to hear her declaration Phyllis should not go to the picnic, and the rest of her reproaches. He remained silent for a moment; at last he exclaimed:

"What! Scolding Phyllis again? You never give that girl a pleasant word, mother! She works hard for any little pleasuring she gets, and you never give her any credit for it. I say she shall go to the picnic to-morrow!" and a still more determined look wreathed itself around his lips, giving to his pleasant features a harsh expression. Hitherto his wife's word had been law in the house; never had he, weak man that he was, dared to interfere with her decisions, and now she was taken by surprise. She stared, open-mouthed, at the impudence of her spouse; it took away her breath for a minute. At last, however, she found her tongue and broke forth, her black eyes snapping with anger:

"And I say she shan't! Do you hear, Bill Trevor? I say she shan't!" she cried, shaking her bony fist at her husband's nose. He stood there calmly. "She shall!" he said composedly, growing more cool and determined as his wife waxed more excited. "Phyllis is 18 years of age, and old enough to have some voice in such matters herself. She is not a baby now, to be ordered about and made to dance attendance upon the pleasure of the boys, whose slave you have made her."

He delivered this with folded arms, looking right into the exasperated woman's blazing eyes. She almost went into a fit, she was so angry. Her face grew livid as she shrieked out:

"If she goes, she'll never dare to call me mother again! I'll never speak one word to her till the day of my death! How dare you come home interfering? Your place is in the fields!"

"My place is beside my daughter, since she is to be put upon in this manner. And as to your not speaking to her, I guess it won't be a great loss, for when you do speak it is to scold her," and with this she turned away, leaving the woman foaming with rage, which she poured out in torrents upon the defenseless Phyllis, who, trembling and with streaming eyes, went about preparing dinner.

The morning of the picnic rose bright and glorious; and when Phyllis looked forth upon it from her chamber window she almost forgot the unpleasantness of yesterday in the anticipated pleasure before her. The broad, sloping fields that surrounded her father's farm lay cool and green in the early morning, with dark, pleasant shadows underneath the grand old hemlocks. The sun was just gilding the tops of these trees, the birds among their boughs were twittering, and far away in "the purple distance the woods showed dark against the cloudless sky."

All that afternoon poor Phyllis had to suffer and her eyes were red and swollen when her father came in to supper. He stroked her hair with a loving smile when Mrs. Trevor was out of the room, saying, with tenderness in his voice and eyes:

"Has she been tormenting you again, Phyl? But don't cry, dearie, and spoil your pretty eyes for to-morrow, for you are going to wear your pink dress, which matches the faint roses in these cheeks so well, and go to the picnic as gay as any of them!" and the kindly man sat down to his evening meal with a face as tranquil as though nothing had occurred during the day to disturb its serenity.

She went about her task of milking with a happy heart, and when, her work finished, she entered the kitchen, breakfast was in progress. Her mother went about scolding as usual, but for a wonder she let Phyllis alone. When she had finished her breakfast her father bade her go and get ready with a reassuring smile, but Mrs. Trevor still maintained a sullen silence.

"You had better hurry, mother, and get dressed, too, you and the boys. I'll have old Timur hitched to the wagon and at the door in half an hour," said her husband, in his usual friendly tone of voice.

"I ain't goin'!" snapped Mrs. Trevor. Her husband paused and looked back, with his hand on the latch of the door. "Not going?" he echoed. "Why not, mother?"

Mrs. Trevor looked up with an angry toss of her head. "If you are a goin' to encourage Phyllis to go when I said she should'n't, then I won't!" she said, emphasizing her words by a decided nod.

"Very well. As you please, Helen. I presume you will not prevent the boys from going?"

"They can go or not for all I care!" she returned, angry that he did not seem put out at her refusal to go.

"Very well. Go and get ready, boys; I will have the wagon at the door soon. Pack a pretty big basket for them, mother," and he was off. His wife set about packing lunch for her children,

still grumbling, and glancing spitefully after her husband through the window.

Directly Phyllis came from her room; and she did make a lovely picture in her rose-pink lawn and ribbons; the color contrasted well with her brown eyes, yellow hair and fair white skin. Even the cold mother felt something like pride in her daughter, when she looked at her, standing there with the sunshine making an aureole about her head; but she would not show it. She smothered down the transient feeling, this unnatural parent, and said, in a cold, cutting voice which froze the happiness in her daughter's heart:

"Now let me tell you one thing before you start, Phyl Trevor! Never you speak to me again, after disobeyin' me; you hear? And I want you to heed, too!"

I do not think the woman knew, or, rather, thought of what she was saying, for she spoke in anger. Surely no mother could have so little affection in her heart for the child she bore! Surely she did not think of what she said, or mean it! But the words smote Phyllis like a knife, she turned a white face, with great startled eyes, upon her, gasped, and then, with a shuddering cry, she ran forward to her mother, who was leaving the room, crying, with clasped hands:

"Oh, surely you don't mean what you say, mother? I love you so; and you wouldn't be so cruel to me? I will stay at home willingly, if only you won't be so angry!"

Mrs. Trevor turned a livid face upon her daughter.

"I do mean it! I almost hate you, you white-faced, puny nothing! Your father was led by you to go against what I said, and if you had never been born I would have been happy! I never cared for you; settin' yourself up to curry favor with your father, so he won't hardly notice any of the rest of his children!"

At this juncture the gentleman in question suddenly made his appearance, and Mrs. Trevor hastily departed, thinking that perhaps she had gone a little too far, even for the patience of her easily-led husband.

He had heard her cruel words, and he came forward, putting his arm tenderly around the weeping Phyllis, and murmuring endearing words which made her tears flow only the faster.

"Father, I have only you to love me in the wide world. Please don't scold me, for when you do speak it is to scold me. Oh, father, please don't ask me to go on that miserable picnic, if it is to take all the pleasure of my life away," she cried, trembling, clinging close to him.

"Darling, it will not do to give way to such selfishness as your mother has shown, she shall not go on treating you as she has been doing. Dry your eyes now, Phyl, and go to please me. I will see that you are treated in a manner befitting my child when you return."

And he led her out hastily and placed her in the wagon with the boys, still soothing her. She could scarcely restrain her sobs, for the words uttered so cruelly sunk deep into her heart.

"Oh, God, I wish I never had been born!" she moaned, as with dry eyes and whirling brain, she drove old Timur along the road past sweet-smelling hedges and shady nooks; but her eyes were blind to the beauties of nature now; she heard only that cruel voice saying:

"I never cared for you!" All the youth and beauty in her life seemed blotted out. The boys did not notice the strange white look of their sister's face. They were clamorously talking of what fun they were to have.

When they arrived at the spot which was designated as the "picnicking grounds" by the country people, many of the pleasure seekers were already assembled, and kind hands assisted Phyllis to alight, and disposed of her horse and wagon for her. Every one noticed how white and troubled she looked, and how quiet she was.

"What ails Phyl Trevor?" the young people whispered to each other.

The poor child wandered off from them all, away through the quiet green woods until she came to an old log which lay felled across her path, and here she sat down, resting her aching head against the trunk of a tree.

"Oh, can it be true, can it be true, that she wishes I never had been born? That she does not love me? Mother, mother, you were always stern to me, but I never dreamed this!" she moaned, hiding her face in her hand and sobbing convulsively. The violence of her grief at length exhausted itself, and her hands fell from her tear-stained face, her head dropped—she was fast asleep. How long she lay there she never knew. When she awoke it was with a violent start of terror. The woods reverbated with peals of thunder. She started up; at that instant a flash of lightning almost blinded her, and was succeeded by another peal of thunder. The rain came down in torrents and drenched her to the skin.

Another flash, another peal, and a great tree, the very one against which she had been leaning, cracked, groaned, and then, before the terrified girl could make an effort to escape, it fell forward, bearing her frail young figure before it. She had not time to cry out, even. There she lay in all her innocent

beauty, crushed like a bud before its time.

When, after the storm had spent itself, some of the pleasure seekers came to search for the missing girl, they almost stumbled across her body, which lay crushed beneath the giant tree. Her sweet face was turned upward, and her great dark eyes, now glazed and fixed in death, were wide open, with a look of despair and horror frozen in them. The men raised the trunk of the tree with logs for levers, and lifted the body from its place among the fallen leaves and branches and carried it, with its wet golden hair and waxen face, to a wagon, where the young Trevors waited with awed, frightened faces and they drove gently home with their silent burden.

Three days afterward a funeral took its solemn way from Stonybrook farm to the little church which stood in the midst of the weeping-willows. Mr. Trevor came very near being killed by the shock of his favorite child's death, and his wife—? For a while she was also insane with remorse and grief; she found when too late that her child was dear to her; she has never been the same woman since, and in her bent form and snow-white hair it is hard to recognize the Mrs. Trevor of other days. The country people for miles around know the story and pity the anguished woman, but they know not what a terrible thing is that mother's remorse.

The Clothes-pin as a Cruiser.

A reporter called recently on a wholesale dealer in clothes-pins. The storehouse where the merchant kept his stock was filled with bales and sacks. Hundreds of thousands of clothes-pins were there. The proprietor patted a huge bale with a gentleness suggestive of affection and discoursed after this manner:

"Clothes-pins are one of the staple exports of this country. In the spring millions are shipped to Europe, the majority being sent to England and France. A family in England without clothes-pins would be like plum-pudding without the pudding. There are five factories in this country which manufacture over 50,000,000,000 of clothes-pins annually. They are situated in New Haven, Jersey City, Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston. The lumber which is taken from the Adirondack forests, the spruce especially, is nearly all used in making clothes-pins, but they are of inferior quality and sell at wholesale for 25 cents a gross. They are soft and apt to split upon the line. The yellow pine, maple and hickory are the best woods for pins, as they season easily and do not spring them. The greater portion of the wood comes from Maine, and to tell you how many thousands of feet of the good pine woods of that State find their way into clothes-pins would astonish you. It takes only a foot of wood six inches in thickness to produce nearly three hundred pins. The block of the dimensions I have given you is divided into 238 pieces which are thrown into an automatic turning machine capable of turning out 500 pins every ten minutes, and the square pieces of wood throw into the machine by the bushel, come out of it with the neatly turned head and the smooth slot which fits so snugly over the clothesline. The domestic trade in clothes-pins is calculated roughly at 30,500,000,000 yearly. They sell at wholesale for 20 cents a gross for spruce, 20 cents for pine, 21 cents for maple, and 22 cents for hickory.

"It is a singular fact that clothes-pins are seldom used in the extreme South. There the clothing is doubled over the line and allowed to hang until dry, which, owing to the warmth of the climate, is a matter of short time. We first began exporting clothes-pins to Europe in large quantities in 1848, and as the duty on them in foreign ports is only nominal we can sell them cheaper than they can be made there. The American clothes-pin is a civilization in no slight degree, for where a pin is needed a washing of clothes is essential; a clean person after clean clothing is demanded, and if cleanliness is next to godliness, then the modest clothes-pin is a missionary to be bought by the gross."

Midnight Combat of Dogs.

At midnight about fifty dogs of all sizes and description met on Warren street, Norwich, Conn., an aristocratic and retired quarter, and joined in a free fight. The contest is described by persons who were awakened as terrific. The street was blocked with the mass of writhing forms. No order of battle was observed, all pitching in where there was a chance to bite. Up and down the sidewalks and roadbed the battle raged for about an hour. Many ladies who looked from their chamber windows believed at first that the combat was between wolves and were prostrated with fright several being still indisposed on account of the shock to their nerves. After the battle, when the horde had withdrawn, many limping from the field, several neighbors ventured out of their houses. They found one dog dead on the sidewalk. It was a handsome shepherd belonging to B. F. Mead. It was a favorite with the ladies on account of its beauty and gentleness.

A Winter Resort for Health or Pleasure.

The rapid pace at which our business affairs are driven at the present time necessitates more frequent pauses for rest than in the days of old when business was conducted more slowly and with greater deliberation. Not only in the exhausting heat of summer, but there should be pauses for rest also in the equally trying days of mid-winter. It is most fortunate, therefore, that for the people of the United States, especially from New York and Philadelphia, there is easily accessible in Atlantic City a place where not only a season of repose for the weary worker may be found but likewise a sanitarium, generously endowed by nature with balmy breezes, warm suns and a uniform temperature, accompanied by all the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life. Four hours ride over the Pennsylvania railroad from New York, and two hours from Philadelphia will bring the invalid or the visitor for pleasure to the delightful city by the sea.

Atlantic City is situated on an island bounded on the south and east by the ocean, and on the other sides by an arm of the sea. Its main exposure is southern, and the welcome rays of the wintery sun bathe it in a flood of soft and mellow light. The surrounding waters are open during the year, and only in the coldest snaps does ice form on the inlet. The winds as well as the wave favor this fortunate spot. From the north, northwest and southwest the winds travel for miles over arid and porous sands on which snow never lies, and become dried and warmed in their passage. The southern and eastern winds come in from the sea laden with the heated vapor of the Gulf Stream to tone down the temperature to a delightful degree. We are told by meteorologists that the Gulf Stream, in consequence of its proximity to the coast, affects the temperature more powerfully here than at any other part of the Atlantic coast. Just opposite Atlantic City the stream sweeps in landward to within forty-five miles of the shore, and the heated waters of the Tropics serve as a natural radiator, tempering the harshness of this northern latitude.

With all these advantages of site it is not surprising that the thermometer conducts itself with charming propriety at Atlantic City. As winters go it rarely drops below thirty-two degrees, and trustworthy observations show that a fair average for its noon-day reading in mid-winter is forty-five or fifty degrees.

Atlantic City is a city not only in name but in fact having a resident population of seven thousand people. It is laid out in straight, wide avenues bordered with trees and adorned with handsome hotels and artistic villas. Electric lights, a street railway, and a uniformed police attest its municipal importance. There are fine drives along the avenues or on the beach, and all the facilities are at call.

Of hotels there is an unlimited supply. There are rich apartments for the wealthy, comfortable quarters for the independent, humble lodgings for the poor. Many of the first-class hotels remain open throughout the year. With this view they are adapted to use as winter homes, and are as comfortable in mid-winter as they are agreeable in the heat of the dog-days. They are heated by steam and made costly attractive by open grates. Several of them, have been thoroughly refitted since the close of the summer season. Many of them have bath-houses where one can indulge the luxury of a salt-water bath; and well-arranged sun-parlors, where invalids or others may bask in the bright sunlight without encountering the outdoor air. These parlors are glass-enclosed jorticases, affording excellent indoor promenades.

The health record of Atlantic City is unsurpassed. No epidemic has ever raged there. The drainage is good, the streets are well cleaned and the drinking water is brought fresh and pure from the mainland. Thousands of patients have been sent here by their physicians and returned well and hearty.

Why should we go to Europe in search of health and at great expense when we have here, at our own doors, all the appliances for comfort, invigorating breezes, warm suns, entertainments and sports of all kinds, all of these at prices within the reach of all?

The Formal Call.

Whatever may betide, men have good cause to rejoice that they bear no part in that crowning bore of all bores known as the "formal call." That is a feminine institution. It is an invention of the sex, and the sex groans under its yoke. Man smokes his Durham in beatific peace, whilst the wife and daughters pay tribute to the formal call. He hears the *sotto voce* prayer that parties will be out and that the matter can be dispatched with a card. He quietly notes the sigh of relief when the exhausted women return after hours of social distress. He observes the tax of dress incidental to the affair, the bad temper it invokes and the hypocrisy and total absence of any equivalent in the way of pleasure for all this slavish adherence to custom, and them dimly realize the miraculous felicity of his own escape from such thralldom, and it may be takes comfort in the thought that the whole business falls totally on those who have made him pay the piper for countless other freaks and whims of fashion and caprice. The elasticity of conscience with which the gentle creatures endeavor to mitigate the infliction of the formal call by convenient fibs, furnishes the masculine monster some amusing food for study, and it may be doubted whether he would budge an inch to abolish the formal call. It is diamond cut diamond; women annoying women. In such a transaction the wise hold aloof and lets the dainty belle masquerading as friends manage the hollow and artificial show as suits themselves. It is not often that he has an opportunity of keeping out of a game in which women array their wits against the common tyrant, man. He is at liberty to be judiciously silent and hear the fair prattlers discuss each other in a style utterly unlike the fancy pictures of novelists and poets, and if he doesn't get some wholesome enlightenment he is hopelessly stupid. The formal call is an eye-opener. In its inception, progress and sequel it illuminates the dull brain of man as to the infinite variety, versatility and grim elasticity of that delightful compound of puffs, powder and passion known as woman.

A Night in a Montana Dance House.

Let us enter one of those establishments, where men stake their souls as well as their money in the exciting game in progress. Night had fallen upon the town, and those who labored so assiduously during the day are now out "on pleasure bent." Passing the saloons, with their doors thrown wide open, we see numbers of men playing and drinking in wild hilarity or anxious preoccupation. But we pause not here, although the crowds before these places are often engaged in some fierce altercation which momentarily distracts our attention. Our destination is the "dance-house," or "hurdy-gurdy," which stands out alone upon the river bank, its doors flung wide open, and a pushing, jostling crowd in front. Edging our way through the rough groups, we perceived that a singularly felicitous occasion has been chosen for this visit. The cow-boys are in town, fresh from the great spring "round up" of cattle. A number of them are standing just inside the door, pic-