

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

A friendly voice was that old clock, As it stood in the corner smiling, And blessed the time with a merry chime, The wint'ry wind blowing...

SAWIN FARM.

Miss Elizabeth Sawin, spinster. She stood in the doorway opening upon a neat expanse of farm yard. Her glance covered the scene with irritable uncertainty.

Each shed was weather-stripped and painted dark brown, to match the large buildings; each contained an agricultural treasure, machines for sowing and reaping, labor saving, time saving, large and small vehicles to advance the farmer's interest...

But this picturesque view, so beautiful, so refreshing to the unfamiliar eyes, possessed no familiar attraction for Miss Elizabeth Sawin, better known as "Aunt Liz," who at this moment merely realized that by sound at least she had located the whereabouts of her niece and namesake, designated "Betzy" with an emphatic "ee" added as a forcible hortling adjunct...

"Oh, you're there, are you?" Aunt Liz gave her head a toss, then drawing a deep, inflammatory inspiration to enable her to poise properly for the bubbling sarcasm on her tongue, she raised her voice to its bluest treble and screamed: "Well, why don't you show yourself? Do you think I'm a divining-rod, or do you think my eyes are gimlets that can bore holes through two-inch boards? Show up, Miss Idleness, to the call of your betters."

"Yours to command, Queen Bess!" laughed the culprit, appearing a central figure in the charming country scene, a flash more of beauty and picturesque life, that scattered the poultry adjuncts to the right and left across the yard to join her aunt.

A breath of new existence, a sparkle of intense vitality, magnetic and responsive, she was in her womanhood of twenty years—a child just awakened to the needs of the creature—a soul but lately answering an emotion not yet analyzed by her; but it permeated her being with an intoxicating influence, sweet, strong, reverential.

Betzy, like other girls, had been fond of dreaming. Her girlish, romantic if you will, imagination had often wandered broadcast over this vast world in search of the hero who would become her other self—the "one" who some day would take her by the hand and lead her to that home nest of his own building—built for her alone to be his mistress.

"Such 'fool ideas were all bosh," Aunt Liz declared. "Men were not 'calculated' to understand such 'highfalutin' nonsense" as Betzy had imbibed away off in that New England school. Yet the young girl had often noticed Aunt Liz covertly wipe away a tear when sitting around the table evenings Betzy would read some pathetic story, while her father smoked his pipe and Aunt Liz attended to the family mending.

Betzy had no mother. She recollected, as in a dream, being lifted for a moment in her father's arms and bade to kiss a pale, waxen face, mute and cold in the narrow compass of a dark long box. She remembered also how the sob shook his frame, as kneeling there, with her standing awe-stricken at his side, trying to lift her hand above the edge of the coffin to look again upon that hushed face, while her father moaned in whispers: "Mary, wife, oh, my God, you will never, never speak to me again!" Then some instinct of uncomprehended sorrow caused her to weep with him, until Aunt Liz came softly into the room and carried her away.

Aunt Liz was not the crabbed creature then that later years had developed, but she never had much patience with

"romantic nonsense." In fact, she seemed to have a hatred for men and a contempt for the tender emotions. These peculiarities did not, however, prevent her from doing a generous duty by the motherless little daughter of her brother, whose house she superintended and whose domestic affairs she directed with conscientious intelligence.

Her abrupt manners and apparently unsympathetic nature was not calculated to inspire confidence, and Betzy, whose spirits overflooded and whose heart was throbbing with its new treasure of love, found her own little pretty gable room entirely too small to contain the shy delight she was ashamed to display before Aunt Liz, the scornful, or father, the quiet, self-centered man. So Betzy had gone off to whisper rapturous nonsense to the tenants of the barn, to Nellie, her own little brown mare, who put her satiny nose up to be caressed as if she deserved thus to be rewarded for not telling what she knew.

How many times had she not carried her mistress away beyond the turnpike road to the point where two roads met, and there came cantering along another knowing horse with a white star on his forehead?

As how Betzy's little heart did flutter when she saw that handsome creature, the one in the saddle who could lift his hat as gallantly as the finest city cavalier, and who was just as good, and honest, and "well fixed" in life as any father could have wished a prospective son-in-law to be! But he found only the scantiest welcome at the Sawin farm, as Betzy's home was called, and Aunt Liz would not tolerate the sight of him. So what could the lovers do but sometimes meet "by accident" of course, both bound on their way to the town for the mail and the papers that made their appearance only once a week?

And so it chanced that Betzy realized in its completeness the romance of having a hero of her own.

Alas, no treachery and broken vows or hearts could mar the exquisite glory of their love tale; but like the lovers of a childish fable, who lived in Greece and died in Peace, and were buried together in bag of sand would their lives be unto the end.

How far away that end appeared to the young and happy. Oblivious to all but such ideal thoughts was Betzy when the shrill voice of Aunt Liz startled her as she sat on the edge of Nellie's corn crib, leaning absently against the patient little mare's head. Giving the animal a wanton pat and twitching her mane in parting, she ran to answer that call.

"Well, Aunt Liz, here is your humble but lazy subject. What can I do?" "Lazy! I should say so. I wonder you ain't ashamed to own it. Girls have no sense of decency these days."

"Things were different when you were young," demurely remarked Betzy, anticipating an oft quoted reproach.

"I'm not as old, thank you, as I might be," retorted the half-amused, half-angry old maid.

"That's so, yofe dear, good, cross auntie. I wonder if you scolded as much when you were my age and scared all your admirers."

"Dra admires! Go and finish your beans. I'm tired of the job. Shiftless critters, to hull such a lot of dirt into 'em and be done with. It's a nuisance to have to pick a mess of beans over first every time a body wants to cook a few."

In silence this labor of sorting beans was continued by the two women, the aunt seemingly absorbed in the work, Betzy covertly watching the expression of her face until the lines of vexation gave place to the usual not over contented calm.

"Aunt Liz?" the girl's voice had a ring of pleading in that caused the elder woman to look up quickly in some surprise.

"Well?" "Fred Carter is coming over this evening."

An ominous quiver of Aunt Liz's nostrils heralded an ungracious reply. "Fred Carter'd better mind his business and stay where he belongs."

"He is coming to speak to father on business."

Aunt Liz straightened up in her chair, dropped the beans she held as if her hands had become suddenly paralyzed with eyes that had in them an emotion beside wrath and astonishment.

acerbity, the momentary softness leaving face and voice, as she rudely pushed the girl from her and hastily left the room.

With a brave front, but tremulous heart, the handsome young farmer approached the father of his "Betzy" that evening. Calm and comfortable the parent sat smoking his after-supper pipe, in the old-fashioned, wooden-bottomed rocking chair on the front porch. The white Swiss curtains at one of the windows just behind the unsuspecting son were set in motion by some agitation stronger than the gentle zephyrs that kissed the tip of a little nose peering like an advance guard between the drapery below, first one then another anxiously quivering bright brown eye.

"Good evening, Mr. Sawin." "Good evening—good evening," the farmer answered, with quiet cordiality, eminently encouraging to the young man, who seated himself on the bench running along the porch enclosure.

"Mr. Sawin," began Fred, heroically, "I have come—"

"So I see," remarked the farmer dryly. A flush mounted to the very tips of Fred's ears and crimsoned the line of white brows, usually protected from the toasting effects of the sun by his wide-brimmed hat.

The cynical interpolation, instead of utterly crushing the wooing youth, put him to his metal. A man coming with honorable intentions had, at least, a right to be heard, was the thought which flashed through his brain.

"I have come to ask you—that is, sir, I love Betzy. I would like you to regard me more favorably than you have heretofore. Why you and Miss Sawin have always treated me as if I were a tramp or beggar I cannot understand. My character, I hope, will bear inspection. I have a good home and a strong arm and heart to offer the girl. I should be—be so happy to call her my wife."

The poor fellow's tones faltered here, and behind the white curtains a pair of brown eyes overflowed, and a pair of little hands were pressed over a tumultuously beating heart, and a pair of sweet lips murmured: "Dear, dear Fred."

Farmer Sawin took the pipe from between his teeth, fumbled in his trouser's pocket and brought forth a two cent piece, with which he pressed into the pipe bowl the rising tobacco ashes. At this instant the white face of Aunt Liz appeared at a window at the other end of the house overlooking the porch.

"Young man," queried she in hoarse, shrill tones, "does your father know what your business is here to night?" "He does. I have his hearty consent."

"Then go home and tell him from Liz Sawin that a son of his shan't have the chance to fool a second idiot of that name!"

"Aunt Liz! Aunt Liz!" wailed Betzy, hurrying after Fred, who, with stern set lips, was about leaving the place, indignantly silent. "If they drive you away with insults, Fred, I will go with you. If wrong has been done, you are innocent! Whatever injustice rests between Aunt Liz, and your father, she shall not make you suffer. I believe in you. I love you."

Farmer Sawin looked at his spirited daughter with admiration, not unmingled with pain, for she resembled, in her present attitude, the sweet, "high-strung" Mary—wife—who had passed out of his life after three short, happy wedded years. No other woman had, or could, take her place in his heart or home.

"Betzy is right, sister Liz," he quietly said, as that lady appeared in the doorway. "It is hardly fair to condemn the son for a wrong done by the father."

"In what way has my father, who is the kindest and most honorable man, done you wrong? Surely you mistake him. From the few words he said when I told him that I loved your niece, I fancied somehow that he had suffered wrong."

"Indeed," sneered Aunt Liz. "Indeed, yes. His manner, rather than his words, implied an admiration for you, mingled with sadness. He said if the girl I hoped to make my wife resembled you, as he had known you, he would welcome her as a treasure to his home and mine."

"What condescension!" ironically murmured implacable Aunt Liz. "I thought probably he had some time been your unsuccessful admirer."

Aunt Liz hastily turned in doors, a gray pallor on her face, a hard glitter in her eyes that looked as if tears would have been a blessed relief.

creetly vanished, and there by stationed Fred's hopes call Betzy his own. About ten o'clock the following day Farmer Sawin started from his interest in the field beyond the great barn by a furious blast of the dinner-horn, such as no one but Aunt Liz could produce when in great excitement or impatience.

"Brother!" she exclaimed, "that Fred has brought his father! Oh after twenty years. What shall I do?" "Take a drink of water, Liz; you look ready to faint."

Obediently she swallowed the water he had filled a glass with and handed her. "Now come along and have it over with."

There was no protest to this authoritative request. White as a sheet the two, once lovers, stood after long years face to face. The man held out a trembling hand; trembling not with decrepitude, for he was the picture of grand manhood in middle life.

A glance at the honest countenance, once the idol of her maiden dreams, and with a heart-breaking moan two other trembling hands covered the face grown thin and freckled on the memories of a contemptuous desertion.

"What was it came between us, Liz?" "You can ask—your who wrote that cruel, heartless note!" "I never wrote you such a note!" "Then let the proof confound you!" Like a flash she was gone and back again, and thrust at him a yellow, crumpled paper. It read: You must forgive me if I seem unkind in writing what I should have made you aware of before. We cannot become man and wife. In justice to yourself I must tell you I love and honor above all others, one to whom I hope soon to be married. Be as you were to me before and forgive me. FRED.

"My God!" the exclamation came from the man's lips with horror of some thought which seemed to have struck him. Turning to his son and Betzy, he said: "Leave us alone for a little while."

Closing the door after them, he turned to the expectant brother and sister, and in a broken voice exclaimed: "This note cost me the most painful hour I had up to that time known. It was written to one who is now before a judge who will deal with her according to her temptations. She was a faithful wife. She, unhappily, let her undisciplined affections follow their impulsive course. I was forced to write what I had not the heart to say. Be merciful; the wrong she did us cannot be atoned for upon earth. I did not dream she could hide a crime like this under so seemingly good a heart. She came to you with a message from me. My mother was suddenly stricken down that day—I dared not leave her. Eager for a word of sympathy from you, who were so soon to be my wife, can you imagine my grief—yes, indignation—when Kate brought me word that you laughed indifferently at my trouble, and instead of coming to see my dear mother, who was so fond of you, almost as if you were her daughter; in fact, you went with your cousin Henry to the city, and neither came nor sent one word of condolence when my mother was laid to rest forever. Oh, Liz, if you had only given me an opportunity to see you."

"If, if, if," moaned Aunt Liz. "If only insulted pride could separate wrong from right. But you married Kate soon enough to heal your broken heart."

"Ah, I was told how you burnt the very wedding dress in which you had promised to become mine. What hope was left for me? You must have indeed have come to hate me. The girl seemed kind, womanly, sympathetic, after the note I had written her. She was left alone after mother's death. My wife was broken of its charm—she was willing to take me. A better wife and more patient no man could have than she proved to the last. You will not uncover the grave of my boy's mother—I, too, have suffered, Liz, but I cannot bear the lad—he is a noble lad, Liz—to see his mother's sin, now that she is in her grave and cannot plead a pardon!"

"Oh, Fred, Fred, I, too, have sinned, for I should have given you a chance to right the wrong."

Once more Farmer Sawin discreetly "made himself scarce," as Aunt Liz would have said had she not been blinded with remorseful tears. And somehow the two old lovers got their heads together after awhile and the long, barren years fled, taking with them much of Aunt Liz's brusquerie and snap.

There were two weddings shortly on the Sawin farm. And when old friends ventured to tease Aunt Liz about her improved appearance and remarked the devotion between the long parted ones, a little of the old tartness came cropping up in her rejoinder. "Well, you know there's no fools like old fools!"

Sometimes Farmer Sawin experienced a sense of isolation in the atmosphere of happiness that reigned at both farm homes, then he would take his pipe and a little sack of tobacco and wander toward the village church-yard, and under the white stone engraved, "Mary—Wise," he would sit and muse and smoke, finding in it a peace all his own.

The New Mormon Temple. The main walls of the new temple of the Mormons in Salt Lake have been completed within the past week. The first stone was laid twenty-eight years ago. The material is granite, like Maine granite, full of shining mica flecks, and is hauled from the mountain back of Salt Lake with oxen on enormous wagons with wheels twelve feet high. The walls are exceedingly thick—ten feet—and the height is eighty-five feet. The cost to date, paid by tithings, has been \$1,500,000, and six more years of work will be required to complete the structure. It has come to stay, whether Mormonism has or not, and it has been predicted that some day the State of Utah, released and purged of polygamy, will own it and use it for a capitol.

A good reason: Irish witness (for the defense)—"Is it myself that understands the nature of an oath? Fair, and I ought to; haven't I been twice thrice for perjury and convicted?"

Bathing in Silks and Satins.

"Bathing suits? Yes, we have some, but the imported ones are not all in yet. The newest styles are of navy blue and Lansdowne blue flannel." They are made, with a pretty coquettish vest front, buttoned on to the rather low front of the blouse waist, and a white broad trimmed sailor-shaped collar and cuffs, while bloomers of the material had a ruffle with cord and tassels attached, or tied with blue ribbon and bow, according to the fancy of the wearer. There are some like last year's style, with body and trousers in one. A skirt is fastened to the waistband or buttoned on. Except in some cases, where the plain yoke suited stout ladies best, they will not be worn this season. Flannel is the principal fabric with the dry goods houses, unless a special order is given for other material. These cost \$7 to \$10.

A fashionable modiste on Fifth avenue received a reporter with perturbation until he explained that his errand was simply a desire to obtain information regarding the garment worn by "lovely woman sporting on the wave." One bathing suit shown us, made for a Murray Hill belle last week, who leaves early for the coast, is of Boney Tafta silk, trimmed with Irish point lace. The lace is "set up" on the gown. It has no sleeves, but the lace edges the place where the sleeves ought to be. This garment was made with a yoke, in blouse pattern and belted in at the waist; black cloth trousers completed this costume. It cost \$90. A more costly one was also shown. It is for a well-known society belle's trousseau. It is of the purest silk also, and the blouse is longer in the skirt than some others. The blouse of lace is point de Venice of the finest quality. It is to be worn at a French watering place during the honeymoon, and is a copy of one made for Mile. Gauloise, a reigning belle in Paris. The shape of the garment is Vrai Parisienne, and the sleeves are long, as Madame does, doubtless, not intend to exert her swimming propensities after marriage, as these sleeves so heavily laced would be in the way.

"What does that cost?" questioned the reporter. "One hundred dollars; it is not much when you consider the lace."

"Do you ever make cheaper ones?" "The lowest priced suit for this year is a pongee silk of the new Lansdowne blue and trimmed with narrow lace and short skirt. The price is \$25. Real lace encircles the neck and finishes the corded sleeve band."

I hear that at some large French watering-places there are to have Ottoman silk, and pale lavender and purple hues will predominate.

A Chinese Pastime.

If it be one of their numerous festivals a very noisy drinking game is played, called chui mai, the object of which is to see which can make the other drink the most wine. Two men play at a time. One thrusts his hand toward his opponent with one or more fingers extended and the other does the same. As the hands are extended each player must shout out some number not higher than ten. In other words, each man screams out what he guesses to be the aggregate number of fingers extended on both hands, and the person who guesses wrong pays the forfeit by drinking the wine. An example will make it plain: Ah Hoi extends two fingers and calls out six, at the same time Ah Cheung puts up three fingers and calls out four. As neither party has guessed correctly the wine is spared, as is also the case where both guess right. Next time, perhaps, Ah Hoi thrusts out two fingers and calls out six, Ah Cheung extends four fingers and calls out eight. In this case Ah Hoi wins, as he had shouted the number of fingers extended by both parties. Ah Cheung pays his forfeit by drinking a cup of wine. When these two are reddened with liquor, two more begin and the rest of the party look on. The game is so boisterous and provokes such uproarious laughter that I have been kept awake half the night by the revels of a wine party in the adjoining house. Amidst the wildest excitement often they keep their tempers. Quarreling is the exception, and as to drunkenness, I have not seen more than two drunken men during a residence in China extending over nine years. It is not because the liquor lacks strength, as I have seen scores of English Jack tars boozed for 10 cents, drunk for 20 cents and dead drunk and carried out for a half-dollar's worth of samshu wine. John has vices enough in all conscience, but drunkenness is not one. He feels the ruddy glow mantling over his cheek and neck and knows he has had enough. A flushed face and a garrulous tongue are the only sign of intoxication one ever sees in China. The prevailing beverage is tepid tea always at hand in the basket-teapot found on the counter or table of every shop and workroom throughout the land.

Healthy Dwellings.

It has been stated that a new house containing a hundred thousand bricks (each brick sucking up from seven to ten per cent. of its weight of water), contains upon reasonable calculation ten thousand gallons of water in it. All this quantity of water has to be removed by evaporation, and the rapidity of this process will depend on the tension of the vapor at a given temperature. The rate of transmission of heat through building materials depends upon their texture and composition.

Sinaitic Rocks.

In the Sinaitic range of mountains there is a remarkable cone of sandy rocks called Gobel-Nakus. When a traveler attempts in fine weather to scale this miniature peak he hears a sound like that of distant bells. When there is no wind and the sand is damp with dew the sound is not heard. This phenomena is attributed to the friction of the silicious sand on the declivities of the cone. The atmospheric vibration which is thus started is supposed to be intensified by cavities which serve as sounding-boxes or resonators.

Men of few faults are the least anxious to discover those of others.

Laborers a Hundred Years Ago.

It is not an easy matter to obtain accurate information of the condition of the laboring classes in America a century ago, but enough is known to assure us that the condition of the laboring man of to-day is vastly improved over those who lived in the days when the republic was founded and the wars of the American Revolution were on. Both as regards wages and the comforts of the laboring man times are vastly improved for the better. In the matter of clothes, the stuff was meager, the food coarser and wages were one-half what they are at present. A man who performed unskilled labor—sawed wood, mended roads, mixed mortar, carried wood to the carpenter, or helped in harvest time—received two shillings a day. If at the end of the week he took home to his family fifteen shillings—a sum now about as much as \$4—he was lucky, indeed. It was only by the strictest economy that the half-starved mechanic could raise his family. His dwelling possessed few of the ornaments or refinements which decorate many a mechanic's home today. Carpets were unheard of; sand sprinkled on the floor served instead. Glass and chinaware were unknown, and pewter furnished the material for all the table-ware. Matches were unheard of, and cooking-stoves not in use. His wife struck a light with a flint or borrowed some coals from a neighbor and cooked a rude, coarse meal. He was lucky if he tasted fresh meat once a week. Corn was three shillings a bushel, wheat eight shillings and six pence, a pound of salt pork ten pence. Fruits were comparatively unknown. Cantaloupes, tomatoes, rhubarb, cauliflower, eggplant, lettuce and many varieties of pears and peaches were unheard of a hundred years ago. Such luxuries as oranges and bananas were unknown even to the rich while the fox grape was the only delicacy in the grape line that came to the market.

The clothing of the citizen was such as no tramp would wear nowadays. Coarse leather breeches, a checked shirt, red flannel jacket, ruff that cocked at the corners, shoes of neat-skin set off with brass buckles, and a leather apron, completed the citizen's scant wardrobe. The leather was greased to keep it soft and flexible. The sons followed in their fathers' footsteps, and the daughters went out to service. The hired girl received \$50 a year for her services. She made the butter, ran errands, carried water, mended the clothes, washed and ironed and helped cook. Possibly she saved enough so that when she married the coachman she could furnish something toward housekeeping in the most meagre style.

Two Trawling Dogs.

There is a famous traveling dog in England, known as "Railway Jack." He spends the greater part of his time in making excursions over the railroads of the kingdom, and has even been in Scotland and France. Of course the railway hands all know him, and a few months ago, when he was run over and lost a leg, they were all extremely sympathetic, and took great pains to convey him home. After Jack got out again he resumed his travels, and quite recently the English papers had an interesting account of the attention paid him by the Prince and Princess of Wales, who met him at a railroad junction waiting for a train.

There is another dog, a pure Scotch colley named "Help," who has not been as long known as Jack, and leads a similar life, though more useful. He is employed to make collections for the "Railroad Servants' Orphan Fund," and in this service he brings in, on the average, over ten dollars a week. This amounts to enough, in the course of the year, to support six orphan children. He carries on this honorable canvass on all the railways, being "employed" by a charitable society. He has visited a great number of the chief cities in England and Wales, and has twice crossed the channel to France.

This useful dog has a plated metal attached to his collar, bearing the following inscription: "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and traveling agent for the orphan of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is 306 City Road, London where subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged." Help makes his circuit of the trains under the eye of the conductor. He does not perform any tricks, but silently exhibits his medal.

Northumberland House.

Upon a site now traversed diagonally by Northumberland avenue stood, until 1875, the last of the great riverside mansions of London—Northumberland House. Its facade extended from the statue towards Northumberland street, and its gardens went back to Scotland Yard, into which it had a gate. Northampton House, as it was first called, was built about 1605 for Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, by Bernard Janssen and Gerard Christmas—Christmas, it is supposed, being responsible for the florid gateway or "frontispiece." From the Earl of Northampton it passed to the Suffolk, and changed its name to Suffolk House, a name which it retained until 1679, when becoming the property of the Percies, it was again rechristened. Londoners, except upon such special occasions as Exhibition fairs and the like, saw little of the place beyond the facade. Its original plan was a quadrangle, uncompleted at first on the garden side. Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland added a new river front and a stone flight of stairs, which Mr. Evelyn regarded as clumsy and "without lyn regarded as stately and magnificent." The interior of the house was a noble staircase with marble steps. There was also a state gallery of magnificent proportions, a drawing room decorated by Angelica Kauffman, and a tapestry chamber by Zuccarelli. The pictures which, with the wonderful stiff-tailed leaden lion so long familiar to passers-by, are now transferred to Lion House at Isleworth, included Titian's famous Cornaro family (J Evelyn's "Venetian Senators"), and a number of minor masterpieces. One of the show curiosities was a Sevres vase nine feet high, presented to the second Duke of Northumberland by Charles X. of France.