

A DIFFERENCE.

You drink from out your cup
The sweetest wine;
I have but bitter dregs
And less, in mine.

EVER THINE.

"It is very cold, dearest. Are your wraps sufficiently warm?" said John Elton, as he placed his hand caressingly on the shoulder of Ella Wardour, who was going out for a sleigh ride with him that crisp, cold, January morning.

"Oh, yes," replied Ella. Look, my cloak is fur-lined and my hood is made of eider-down. I am weather-proof, I think."

The jingling of bells announced the arrival of the sleigh at the door. Ella went out into the hall, and returned with a letter in her hand.

"See," she cried, as she held up the missive. "James found this in the sleigh, where you must have dropped it."

"Yes, dear. Come let us be off. My horse is restless in the cold."

"But the letter?"

"Oh, yes, the letter. Give it to me." "Not until you tell me the name of your correspondent. The writing is certainly feminine, and the dainty seal is of blue wax, bearing the motto 'Ever Thine' impressed upon it. 'Ever Thine,' indeed!—to a man whose love has been pledged to me for a year! Tell me the name of the writer and give me permission to read the letter."

"Oh, I cannot do that," answered John laughing mischievously. "Would you have me betray the secrets of one fair lady to another, when they are both unmarried, and profess to be equally fond of me?"

"Then you acknowledge that your correspondent is a lady and fond of you?"

"Yes, my correspondent is a lady, and I believe she is fond of me."

"Now John," cried Ella, "I will read the letter and you cannot prevent me!" As she attempted to break the seal her lover snatched the missive from her hand. Ella still smiled; but there was a bitter tone in her voice, and an angry flush deepened the roses on her cheeks.

John could not help observing the change in her countenance, and a shade of sternness and determination mingled with the smile upon his lips as he answered:

"Will, Ella, is not a pleasant word for rosy lips!" Thus speaking he tore the letter into fragments and threw them in the fire, adding as he did so: "Now are you satisfied? The contents are lost as well to me as to yourself."

An angry retort rose to Ella's lips as she witnessed the destruction of the letter, and the request that had only been playfully made now took the form of action of vital importance. "I will never forgive him!" was her first thought, but she paused before she spoke again. Then with a calm voice she said: "Mr. Elton your sleigh is at the door; I have the honor to wish you a very good morning!" She was about leaving the room when John said to her:

"Stop, Ella, for a minute. I was rude to burn the letter and I ask your pardon. Will you not give me one kiss before you go?"

"If you tell me what was in that letter!"

"I know no more about its contents than you do."

"Then tell me the name of your correspondent."

"How can I tell you when I did not see it? Have you not learned yet that requests succeed better with me than demands? The kiss first," he continued, as he took her unwilling hand "and then I will tell you all I know about it."

"The information first," replied the girl.

"No," said John, "If you never kiss me again!" His look of determination was unmistakable now, and his proud lips pressed hard against each other.

"This time, farewell, Mr. Elton!" Ella made a slight inclination of the head, while an angry flush burned brightly upon her face.

"Farewell? Let it be so, then!" cried John. "Farewell, Miss Wardour."

In a second John was gone, and the sleighbells that had rung such a merry peal in Ella's ears now seemed to sound a death-knell to all her hopes. She buried her head in the sofa cushions and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

"Why, Ella, dear, not gone yet?" said a sweet, motherly voice, as the door opened and Mrs. Singleton entered the room. When she saw the prostrate form of her niece and heard her stifled sobs she quickly approached her with a face full of sympathy. "What is the matter, Ella? Where is John? I thought you had gone out together. What has happened?"

"Oh, Aunt, it was all about a horrid letter!" sobbed the girl. "I have

been rude and unfeeling, and John has left me for ever! He will never come back to me, and my heart is broken—broken!"

"Ella, you have not quarreled with John? Surely you have not parted with him in anger?"

The voice, usually so calm, had in it such a tremor of alarm that the girl looked quickly up. She saw that every vestige of color had left Mrs. Singleton's face and that her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Aunt!" cried the wretched girl, "why do you look at me so? Do you know that John will never—"

A fresh burst of throbs choked her voice and her head was again buried in the sofa cushions.

"Child," said Mrs. Singleton, "if you knew the story of my sorrows you would not wonder it fills me with dismay that you and John should have parted in anger. It was a similar occurrence that has made my life so bitter all these years."

"Your life, Aunt?—and I have always thought you were so happy."

"There was a time dear child, when I was young and fair, and I, too, had a lover, noble and true, on whom I bestowed my heart. My parents gave me to Henry Singleton willingly, because they thought he would be sure to make me happy. We were married and after our bridal tour, when returned to our lovely cottage home, nestling among the trees and shrubs that quite hid it from the view of the passers by, we lived a life of perfect felicity."

"It was in the third month—only the third month—of our wedded existence that Henry came one day to give me the kiss without which he never left me. His horse was saddled at the gate, and a bouquet of roses he had gathered for me was in his hand. As he entered the room he looked so handsome and good that my whole heart went out in thankfulness to God for having made me his wife."

"My darling," he said, as he handed me a note, 'I must ask your pardon for my forgetfulness. This was left at the store yesterday, but in my haste to come to you I forgot it.'

"The note was from friends dear to both Henry and myself. It told us they were coming out to dine with us that day, and begged that Henry would come home soon, as they had something particular to tell him."

"You will be home to dinner, dear?" I said to him, after reading the note.

"I cannot promise," he answered. I would be glad to do so, of course, but I have an engagement at three o'clock that I cannot put off."

"But it must be put off!" I exclaimed with the wilfulness of a petted child. "It is the first time our friends have been here and you must promise positively to come home."

"You must not insist upon it, dear wife," he answered. "I am a young merchant and cannot neglect my business. I must keep my engagement at 3 o'clock."

"And this engagement is of more consequence to you than the wishes of your wife?" I poutingly replied.

"Don't be unreasonable, Lizzie."

"Promise then that you will be at home to dinner."

"I have already told you I cannot promise."

"Well, then, go!" I said. "I do not care whether you ever come back again!" and I left him.

"Henry mounted his horse and rode away. Had he looked back I should have called him, and after telling him how grieved I was that I had offended him, begged for the kiss and embrace that were always mine at parting, but repentance came too late, and he was gone."

"I passed a wretched day with my friends. My ears were constantly strained to hear the sound of the hoofs of Henry's horse upon the road. It was not because I expected my husband home, for I didn't, but a feeling of uneasiness had taken possession of me, as if some terrible calamity were about to assail me. At last I heard a dull sound as of marching footsteps along the avenue, and after a violent ringing of the bell I was summoned to the hall to hear that my Henry, in his efforts to reach our dwelling in time for the dinner, had urged his horse to head-long speed and had been violently thrown against some stones that lay at the roadside. Some workmen had borne him home on a rude stretcher, and there he lay insensible, the impress of death upon his face."

"The sight of my husband crushed, and helpless, aroused me from the stupor into which I had fallen."

"Henry, dear Henry," I exclaimed, "do you not know me, your own wife?" He smiled faintly and opened his eyes but in another moment he closed them again, and the smile faded from his face. God in His mercy spared him for a season, but he never recovered from his injuries, and his life was misery to him. All my time was devoted to him now, but I could not repair the mischief I had done. I never left him day or night, till the end came, and he died in my arms."

Mrs. Singleton arose from the chair in which she had been sitting during her recital. Her bitter experience had been told, and in sadness she sought her chamber.

Ella raised herself from the sofa with a look of sudden resolution. She walked to the library, where her father sat

reading, and asked him if James could be spared to go to the city.

"What now pussy?" said Mr. Wardour.

"Have you a sudden demand for new finery?"

"No papa. I want a letter taken to John."

"A letter to John? Why, he has just left us! Well, well, don't cry. Send James anywhere you please, but no tears, child, no tears."

Ella wrote a note, in which she asked "Can a kiss be sent in a letter by a repentant maiden, dear John?"

And the answer came: "It can, as surely as a man may have a pretty young sister who seals her letters with the motto, 'Ever Thine?'"

Automata.

In mechanical curiosities there have been many wonderful exhibits in the present day. The piping bullfinch in the Great Exhibition of 1862 drew crowds to it; but we remember during the sale of Week's mechanical collection, half a century ago, a similar graceful little warbler, and we saw two other mechanical songsters which the French troops brought back as part of the spoils from the Emperor's Summer Palace at Peking. We regret that we missed the machine for making Latin verses, which was exhibited in our day at the Egyptian Hall—a real blessing to school boys; nor have we seen the squalling baby which a modern man of science constructed—surely a bringing of coals to Newcastle; but we remember well, about the year 1833, seeing a very wonderful collection of automata, which had been originally designed as presents to the Emperor of China. There was a young lady, life-size, that played tunes upon a spinnet; another that wrote lines with the beauty of copperplate; while surpassing all in ingenuity was the figure of a magician with a tiny wand in his hand. It was mounted upon a small movable frame, which could be wheeled about at the pleasure of a spectator, so that there was no place for a confederate to conceal himself. On putting into an orifice in the frame any one of the numerous metallic cards which lay about with questions inscribed on them, the figure, after making up a bow, struck with his rod a little door, which opened, and there was the answer printed on another card. The reply given was always strictly appropriate to the question, and was not of a mere general character, like the answers on conversation cards. Then, when we asked, "Mr. Conjurer, are you not troubled with the inquiries of your numerous visitors?" the answer was, "I should be ungrateful to say so."

Our next question was of an entirely different kind. It was, we being young, "What is the sweetest passion in nature?" The conjurer bowed, knocked at the gate, and lo! appeared Cupid with his bow and arrow! Sir David Brewster, who noticed this toy in his volume on "Natural Magic," conjectures that the cards, though seemingly alike to the eye, differed in weight, and passed through the orifice we have named until they fell into the proper groove, and touched a string which moved forward the answer. The machinery employed must have, at all events, been of the most delicate order. Still these things were but the trifles of mechanical skill. What wonders have we since seen of pieces of machinery which you might almost say thought. With much interest we looked in the great exhibition of 1852 on the Jacquard loom, and ten years later, on that marvel of marvels, Babbage's calculating machine.

Great Bells.

Russia is in the lead in the line of bells, some of her manufacture being the most famous of the world. It is said that in Moscow alone, before the great fire, there were no fewer than 1706 large bells. One called the giant, which was cast in the sixteenth century and broken by falling from its support, and recast in 1654, was so large that it required twenty-four men to ring it; its weight was estimated at 288,000 pounds. It was suspended from an immense beam at the foot of a bell-tower, but it again fell during the fire of June 19, 1706, and was a second time broken to fragments, which were used with additional materials in 1732 in casting the King of Bells, still to be seen in Moscow. Some falling timbers in the fire of 1737 broke a piece from its side, which has never been replaced. The bell is estimated to weigh 443,732 pounds; it is nineteen feet three inches high, and measures around the margin sixty feet nine inches. Its value in metal alone is estimated to amount to upward of \$20,000. St. Ivan's, also in Moscow, is forty feet nine inches in circumference, sixteen and one-half inches thick, and weighs 127,830 pounds. The bells of Chitpa rank next to those of Russia in size. In Peking there are seven bells, each of which, according to Father Le Compt, weighs 120,000 pounds. The weight of the feeding great bells of the world may be seen in the following: King of bells (Moscow), 443,732; St. Ivan's (Moscow), 127,830; Peking, 120,000; Vienna, 40,200; Olmutz (Bohemia), 40,000; Rouen (France), 40,000; St. Paul's, 38,470; "Big Ben" (Westminster), 30,350; Montreal, 28,500; St. Peter's (Rome), 18,600.

True religion is full of acts—not words.

How it is Guarded.

It is often said that "if thieves are determined to get in, they will do so in spite of all your precautions." That may be true of private houses, and even ordinary banks, but that there is such a thing as perfectly guarding valuable property is shown by the fact that the great public treasures are seldom molested by burglars, and one at least has never had so much as an attempt made upon it. The resources of a whole country are needed, however to pay for such expensive protection.

A party of Englishmen who recently visited Washington expressed surprise at the absence of guards at the Treasury.

"Why," they said, "at the Bank of England the military is always on duty, and to get past it and into the building is worth one's life, unless he has authority. Here I don't see a guard."

But there are guards, and plenty of them, only they don't wear red coats, and parade up and down the street in front of the building.

"Do you see this armory?" said Capt. Cohaugh, the chief of the force, to your correspondent, opening a door as he did so and displaying line after line of loaded revolvers. They were of the largest and best variety known to the military authorities.

"We have sixty men armed with these," he said, "and nearly all old soldiers. I should like to see any successful attempt to rob the treasury. These men are divided into watches, and are on duty in all parts of the building at all hours. After the force of clerks and officials goes home at night, our officers enter and inspect every room, see that the safes are all locked, the heating apparatus all right and the water turned off."

"If a safe is found unlocked, a man is put in charge of it, and the person whose duty it was to see it locked is sent for. Of course it does not often happen, and the man who does forget once to lock his safe does not forget it twice; but occasionally we do find one open. Then after the rooms are inspected and the guard set, the lieutenant makes his rounds every two hours, and the watchman patrols his beat every fifteen minutes or oftener."

"Has there ever been an attempt, successful or otherwise, to rob the Treasury?"

"Never. It would be an impossibility."

Col. Webster, Chief Clerk of the Treasury, is at the head of the watch, though Capt. Cohaugh has the personal direction of their movements. They are all inspected, and are liable to visits at any time of night from the Secretary or his Chief Clerk.

Treasurer Spinner it is related, once found himself in a very nervous frame of mind at night, and unable to sleep, having an indefinite feeling that something was wrong at the Treasury.

He tossed about a while unable to sleep, and finally dressed himself and started for the Treasury, to be met by a messenger coming to tell him that a safe containing millions of dollars had been found unlocked. It is said that he always slept in the building after that, and always visited the safes in person before retiring to see that they were locked. Perhaps it was his nervousness over the fright that made his signature so crooked.

Buttermilk With His Soup.

General Sheridan says: I was stationed at New Orleans when Mr. Greeley came there on his tour when a candidate for the Presidency. The old Creole residents gave him a dinner, and to make it as fine an affair as possible, each of the many hosts was laid under the contribution for some of the rarest wines in his cellar. When dinner was announced and the half-shell oyster had disappeared, the waiter appeared at Mr. Greeley's seat with a plate of beautiful shrimps. "You can take them away," he said to the waiter, and then he added apologetically to the horrified old Creole gentleman who presided, "I never eat insects of any kind." Later on a soup was served and at the same time a glass of delicious white wine was placed at Mr. Greeley's right hand. He pushed it aside quietly, but not unobserved by the chief host. "Do you not drink wine?" he asked. "No," answered Mr. Greeley, "I never drink any liquors." "Is there anything you would like to drink with your soup?" the host asked, a little disappointed. "If you've got it," answered Mr. Greeley, "and it isn't any trouble, I'd like to have a glass of fresh buttermilk."

"Mon Dieu!" said the host afterward in his broken English, "za idea of electing to ze Presidency a man vot drink buttermilk vis his soup!"

Steel Rails.

No steel rails were imported into the United States during March, and only 7,010 tons during the nine months ending with March, against 105,128 tons imported during the corresponding nine months of 1883. Of iron rails, 84 tons were imported in March, 1884, 143 tons in March, 1883, 587 tons in nine months ending with March, 1884, and 5,216 tons in the nine months ending with March, 1883.

Frugality is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.

Experience is a torch lighted in the ashes of hopes and delusions.

A Victim of Solitaire.

A story is told of an old French gentleman, who, when he could not play piquet, passed all his time at solitaire. He lived some distance beyond Paris, not far from the Bridge of Sevres. When the Prussians invested Paris his modest room in the upper portion of a house was terribly exposed, being a mark for the shells of the beleaguering force. There was no one who could even play a game of dominoes with him, so this old gentleman played and played solitaire, all by himself. There was one particular game that had never come out straight, save once before, and that was in 1848, when Louis Philippe was deposed, and then the house he had lived in had come tumbling down over his head.

As all card players are superstitious, this old gentleman believed in coincidences. He was then working at this same intricate game when crash came a shell and knocked off half the roof making the house shake to its foundation. His servant woman begged him on her knees to leave the house.

"Never," he said; "I have the firm conviction—see Marie, I wanted the king of hearts and the king is come—I have the firm conviction that I shall bring the game to a happy conclusion, I must have now the three of spades, or the game is abruptly closed if it don't turn up. See—as if by magic—here is the dear three of spades," and the old gentleman smiled. Then a solid shot tore through the story above him and the servant woman fled. When the Prussians burst into the house a quarter of an hour afterward they found an old gentleman quietly seated before a table with a pack of cards on it. Though the house had been riddled like a sieve, the old solitaire player was unscathed. "See Messieurs les Allemands," he said, for the last fifty years I have been trying to make this solitaire and, congratulate me, for this is my second success. But you are a set of wretches; you are the despoilers of my country and I shall sell my life dearly!" Then the old man as quick as lightning, opened a drawer on his table, and pulled out a pistol and tried to fire at the Prussians, but a Bavarian sergeant struck him with a rifle stock over the head, and as the old monomaniac breathed his last, he said: "Only twice, only twice in a lifetime! Still I die contented."

The Coming Woman.

Speaking of wrestlers, says a New York writer, I know a young woman, or rather girl, who can throw any girl in the gymnasium she attends, and who has thrown her brother, three years her senior, so often that he will not let her abuse him any longer. And she can sing charmingly, play the piano beautifully, dance delightfully and speak French and German better than an Alsatian. Then again the other day, I met a wealthy man, whose name is familiar to all New Yorkers, who told me that every morning he fences with his daughter half an hour.

"I am the only one in our household with whom she can fence with any pleasure," said he. "Her mother whom I taught cannot pretend to stand against her, and my eldest son is clumsy beside her. Her wrist has become like iron and her muscles are like steel. It is quite a feat to pink her or throw her off from her hand."

"Where is the country girl who can swim like the pupils of that uptown school which was maintained so many years near Central Park, and is still kept up for aught I know? The girls have begun to save lives already from the water. It was a little Miss of good belongings in Harlem who dragged a lad from the Harlem river last summer. Where is the country girl in these latitudes who can skate like the womanly, well-rounded little brunette in short skirts who carried off the palm at the roller-skating rink last winter? Where is a farmer's daughter who knows the points of a horse like the young women who figured conspicuously at last week's horse show? At sight of a horse did they say—

"Oh, what a perfectly lovely creature! Oh isn't he nice? Isn't he just too splendid?"

Not at all. They criticized the width of his breast, the size of his head, the taper of his legs, the hoofs, joints, nostrils, back, and, in short, every point of the beast had got or had missed, and all in technical terms, talking as confidentially with a horse fancier or a jockey as one lady used to talk to another about the number of flounces on a fashionable skirt.

Military Service in Russia.

By the general military law of Russia, adopted some years ago, the term of service for ordinary recruits is six years with the colors and nine years in the reserve. The number of years to be passed in the ranks could, however, for recruits who have received a certain measure of education, be shortened to three; while students who had passed the leaving examination at a gymnasium could get off with six months' service, and students who had graduated at a University with three. Either because students are out of favor just now, or because it has been found by actual experiment that academic training cannot be accepted as a substitute for military drill, the period of obligatory service has been extended for University graduates to one year, and for youths who have been through all the classes at a Government gymnasium to eighteen months.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Laws catch flies, but let hornets escape.

God deliver me from a man of one book.

The mob hath many heads but no brains.

Most men cry, "Long live the conqueror!"

If every one mend one, all may be mended.

It is a bad action that success cannot justify.

The more a man knows the less he believes.

Prate is prate, but it is the duck that lays the egg.

The absurd man is the man who never changes.

There is more of self-love than love in jealousy.

Religion and language are sucked in with our milk.

Complaint of present times is general of all times.

The best instruction is to practice what we teach.

He who owes brambles must look well to his shoes.

The world is a buy way and often a highway besides.

Send your pedigree to market, and see what it will buy.

It is better to walk than always ride behind another's horse.

To test the strength of a friend—ask him to endorse a note.

A woman can lead a man to God or drive him to the devil.

When two friends have a common purse, one signs—the other weeps.

When a man boards a wrong train of thought he is liable to run off the track.

Men searching for luck to give them a ride only scare up horses for enterprise to saddle.

Worry is a painter whose brush is employed in putting delicate streaks of silver in hair.

When a miser dies relatives quarrel over his estate and the devil walks off with his soul—without dispute.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life, work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

The excesses of our youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.

There are some who write, talk and think so much about virtue, that they have no time to practice it.

Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he fails.

A wise man ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

The generous man may have lost his property, but he has saved himself; are you going to keep your property and be damned?

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—we should always have it ready to defend ourselves never to offend others.

Concentrate all your energies for good, scatter all your bad desires and life's harvest will fill your granary with wealth.

Letters of introduction are not always successful to get a man into society, any more than eloquent obituaries to get a man into heaven.

When you are looking at a picture, you give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-creatures as you are to a picture.

Broad intellect appreciates virtues in others; his own is charmed by the music of his own bells and delighted by the sight of his own gaudy cap.

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

A man need only correct himself with the same rigor that he reprehends others, and excuse others with the same indulgence that he shows to himself.

Virtue consists in making desire subordinate to duty, passion to principle. The pillars of character are moderation, temperance, chastity, simplicity, self-control; its method is self denial.

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and, if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

The truly virtuous do not easily credit evil that is told them of their neighbors; for if others do amiss, then may these also speak amiss; man is frail and prone to evil, and therefore may soon fall in words.

One of the first duties of a woman's is to always look as pretty as possible. It goes without saying that wives, mothers, and maidens shall be good-tempered, skilled in housewifery, true-hearted and kindly-tempered.

In the human temple character should be the foundation, intellect the heavy timbers, wisdom the roof, and true gentility the ornamental. If the temple is laid over with Christian graces it will become fire-proof.

The gifts which distinctively mark the artist, without which he must be feeble in life, forgotten in death—with which he may become one of the shakers of the earth, and one of the signal-lights in heaven—are those of sympathy and imagination.

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

Obedience is the crowning grace, that principle to which polity owes its stability, and its happiness, faith its acceptance, creation its continuance. Exactly in proportion to the majesty of things in the scale of being is the completeness of their obedience to the laws that are set over them.