

THE CITY OF SOMEWHERE.

In the beautiful City of Somewhere Men never fade nor grow old, Beauty is beauty forever, Hearts never fail or grow cold, Kind words only are spoken—

As the wind sighing over Eolian harps, Wherever the light winds blow Over the City of Somewhere, Over the magic sea, Bear on, Life-bark, o'er the perfumed tide, Win that Rainbow land for me.

In the beautiful City of Somewhere Song-birds are pluming their wings, And the true old-timed atmosphere To its deepest concave rings; And on its way to the deep-bass Sea The tenor River sings.

No touch of olden Master, No solemn and dimly choir, With hymn from saintly cathedral aisle Could capture like this inspire.

O golden boat and silver sea, And sails of satiny sheen, O milk white sails and ivory oars, Ye will bear me well, I ween! Our odorous masts are of sandal wood, And up at the peak they hold A pennant bearing the City's sign,— An anchor, brodered in gold.

I recognized her at once, It is true that I had only a glance at her face, but that glance was enough to convince me that she was the original of the picture Tom Graham had shown to me.

I had taken refuge from the shower under a cattle shed, and seated therein on an old milking stool, I watched the swaying of the gray portiere which the strands of rain wove for the doorless doorway.

After I had taken breakfast I strolled down the shaded road that leads to Oakland, which at first almost solitary, soon became quite brilliant with handsome horses, carriages, and brightly dressed ladies.

I had just left the cow-shed and resumed my walk when there came dashing down the road a small equipage, consisting of a brown pony and a yellow dog-cart.

As I said, I recognized her at once, She who held the reins that were supposed to guide the wilful pony was undoubtedly Eleanor Sawyer; and Eleanor Sawyer was the young woman to whom Tom Graham had devoted himself, in spirit, so unsuccessfully, for over two years.

movement other than to turn his head to look at us. When we were well past him the young ladies whipped up the brown pony and disappeared around the bend in the road, and at exactly the moment when I saw the last of the fluttering parasol lace, I thought I heard my name pronounced. I turned but saw no one, and went on. Again I heard the same sound, and that time I saw something that made me turn back.

That night it was an accepted fact at the hotel that there was a gypsy camp on the Oakland road. Several persons had passed the tent and had seen the repulsive, dark man, and one lady had met two queer-looking men on horseback, with huge saddle bags, that were doubtless filled with plunder from the neighboring farms.

I may as well say here that after my first day at Deer Park I had been much with the Sawyers; I had discovered that Mr. Sawyer and my father were old-time friends and classmates; and the old gentleman had received me very cordially for my father's sake.

There was silence as the reader concluded, and without a word the crowd dispersed, to meet again in the more congenial atmosphere of the parlors.

That evening, just before 11 o'clock, as I was smoking a good night cigar on the piazza, I was joined by Alice Wolverton.

Peter Cartwright was the name of a well known Methodist preacher. He was a sort of peregrination pigeon, who flew over the hills and swamps upon his apostolic wing.

By this time the sun had dropped until it seemed impaled on the dimmest peak in the distance. In a moment the whole was flushed crimson. Every mountain peak was radiant.

That evening there was great excitement in the hotel. Before ten o'clock it became generally known that Eleanor Sawyer had driven out alone on the Oakland road and had not returned.

Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered.

Before 9 o'clock a message with a note entered the office, and as he approached the desk there was a sudden stillness in the room.

who ran upstairs, followed by flocks of ladies, who gathered about Mr. Sawyer's door while the boy went in and gave the old gentleman the note.

"Oh, dear Mr. Sawyer do tell me, is it from Eleanor?" chorused the ladies. Mr. Sawyer glanced at the address. It was his daughter's writing; but, with the sense of relief which it gave, came a strange reluctance to open the note in the presence of such an audience.

"Yes, ladies, it is from my daughter," he said, with dignity, hoping that they would leave him alone; but they lingered.

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"For Mr. Sawyer," he said, in a low voice. The clerk handed the note to a boy,

The old nine-plate stove was a monumental fiasco on the wood-pile, and with the large open fire hearth, a great denuder of the forest.

But this pioneer of the stove generation was a very primitive article of domestic comfort. It had no side doors, nor was there any hinges to the door closing the vent where the fuel was pushed into the furnace chamber.

Improvements went on in the old nine-plate until it was as smoothly cast, and as nicely ornamented with vines and flowers and designs, as any of our popular parlor coal stoves are, or the kitchen cook stove.

Scrapping off barnacles. "Come and see them scrape barnacles off from the bottom of a big iron steamer said an employe of the Pacific Mail Company to a reporter at San Francisco recently.

Manual exercises, which are at the same time intellectual exercises, are highly attractive to healthy boys. If you doubt this, go into the shops of a manual training-school and see for yourselves.

Vega is now the brightest of the visible fixed stars and will be found nearly overhead in the evening. This is one of the stars whose distance from the earth has been the subject of long continued and elaborate calculations conducted by the Washington astronomers within the past two or three years.

Maid of the Mist. A steambow is being built on Niagara River below the falls, and next season will carry passengers up almost to the falling water. It will be named "Maid of the Mist," after the famous boat which runs down the river through the rapids when the sheriff tried to seize it and came out safely.

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

rust was made visible underneath it was washed clean by another set of men, who were followed by the painters with pots of a steaming mixture from furnaces along the ship's side.

"How long does it take for a gang of workmen like this to remove the barnacles from a ship?" asked the reporter.

"About two days. Sometimes they put on as many men as can work conveniently on a vessel's bottom. You see the idea is to save expense. It costs a vessel from \$500 to \$1,000 a day, according to her tonnage, to lie on this dock, and the men who do the work on this steamer are furnished by the Mail Company and are instructed to push the job as fast as possible.

Are there no other and effectual means for preventing their presence?" "There may be," was the reply, "but they have not yet been discovered. A thousand different preparations have been tried, but none of them are of much account, if we except the verdigris compound, and that is far from satisfactory.

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When Mrs. Mulhittle went to the sewing society the other day she agreed, after much persuasion, that the youngster might accompany her.

"Where does he live?" "A way over the ocean." "Did you ever see him?" "Oh, no."

"Well, why don't they buy clothes for the children?" "They haven't any money, and besides they need clothes themselves."

"What boy is that standin' over there?" "He's my son."

"Do you like 'em?" "No, not particularly."

"I believe so."

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