THE ENGINE.

Into the gloom of the deep, dark night,
With panting breath and a startled scream;
Swift as a bird in sudden flight
Darts this creature of steel and steam.

Awful dangers are lurking nigh,
Rocks and chasms are near the track,
But straight by the light of its great white eye,
It speeds thro' the shadows dense and black.

Terrible thoughts and fierce desires
Trouble its mad heart many an hour,
Where burn and smoulder the hidden fires,
Coupled ever with might and power.

It hates as a wild horse hates the rein,
The narrow track by vale and hill;
And shrieks with a cry of startled pain,
And longs to follow its own wild will.

Oh, what am I but an engine shod
With muscle and flesh by the hand of God
Speeding on thro' the dense, dark night,
Guided alone by the soul's white light.

Often and often my mad heart tires,
And hates its way with a bitter hate,
And longs to follow its own desires,
And leave the end in the hands of fate.

O, pondrous engine of steel and steam;
O, human engine of flesh and bone,—
Follow the white light's certain beam,—
There lies safety, and there alone.

The narrow track of fearless truth,
Lit by the soul's great eye of light,
O, passionate heart of restless youth,
Alone will carry you thro' the night.

HIS INNOCENCE PROVED.

A haughty, stern, dark-faced man, the master of Meredith Grange; a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a face of rare loveliness, his daughter Idelle.

The girl was leaning against the window, her eyes fixed on the beautiful scene that lay before her, but at the sound of her father's voice she turned her head towards him, her eyes meeting his.

"Idelle," he said.

"Yes, papa," she said, but her voice was questioning.

"Can you give your answer to-day, Idelle? I have waited patiently; your lover has been patience itself, but we want your answer now."

"My lover!" the girl repeated, "King Emerson is not that, father."

"He is your lover—at least he loves you. The question is, Will you marry King Emerson or not?"

"You give me a choice," with a faint smile; "then I will not. Oh, father!" with a swift break of passion. "I cannot marry him; I do not love him, and I do love—"

"Do not dare to repeat that, Idelle Meredith, in my presence again! I have given you my opinion, and more than mine of Ralph Greeley, who is neither more nor less than a fortune hunter; and his wife, with my consent, you will never be."

He was silent for a moment, and Idelle let her eyes wander out of the window again.

Suddenly her father rose and went to her and caught her by the arm.

"Look here, girl," he said his face darkening. "I have fooled long enough with you. You will marry Mr. Emerson."

"I have promised my love to Ralph Greely." The clasp on her arm tightened.

"I tell you," her father said, "that Ralph Greeley is a rascal. Ask Esther Haven has he a right to marry you."

"I will not believe that story," Idelle said, though her face grew pale; "he is the soul of honor."

Her father laughed.

"Girl, I saw them together," he said. "I saw her pleading with him. Every one links their names together, and insinuates she ought to be his wife."

Idelle's face grew still paler.

"If I knew that were true," she said quietly, "my heart would change—at least I would turn from him, and—and——"

"Marry King Emerson?" her father interposed.

"And marry King Emerson," she said.

"I will hold you to that promise, Idelle," her father said, "no Meredith ever broke his word, whatever their other failings."

The smile on the girl's face wavered. Ah, if she were too sure of her lover's innocence!

"I spoke thoughtlessly," she said; but if Ralph Greely is what you have hinted, my careless words will hold good."

"I am satisfied," her father said quietly.

A little later Idelle left the house and wandered down by a sunny dell, her thoughts filled with her father's words as well as her own.

"It was a foolish speech of mine," she said; "even if Ralph had been unworthy, that would be no reason why I should marry King Emerson, whom I almost shrink from, without really knowing why."

At this instant a tall, fine-looking man crossed the meadows—a man distinguished-looking as well as handsome. It was King Emerson going towards Meredith Grange, where in a few minutes he would hear Idelle's decision from her father.

King Emerson and Ralph Greeley were cousins, but King was the master of broad lands and sunny vales, while Ralph was little more than penniless; but Idelle—well, Idelle loved him.

He was well worthy, as far as outward appearance went, of any woman's love, and Idelle refused to believe that otherwise he was not worthy as well.

As King Emerson passed she drew into the shadow lest he should see her.

"He is very handsome," she said, her eyes following him after he had passed, "almost as handsome as Ralph."

Her lover's face rose before her, cheery and bright, as it usually was, with its frank eyes and pleasant smile, and a tender glow came into her eyes.

"My darling," she murmured, "they cannot make me believe ill of you."

She had said that King Emerson was almost as handsome as her lover, but the truth was he was the handsomer man of the two, but lacking the magnetic charm of Ralph's cheery face.

Both men were tall and finely featured, but King's face was more regular in outline, his eyes deeper and darker, his mustache more silky and sweeping, his manner more distinguished, but there was a subtle charm in the other that made him the favorite of old and young—a charm in the honest eyes and kindly smile that went a long way with women in general, and with Idelle Meredith in particular.

Idelle walked on till she came to a grassy nook, and then she sat down to rest a few minutes, but she was scarcely sitting a moment ere she rose to her feet again, for a woman's voice, low and pleading, fell on her ears—the voice of Esther Haven.

Scarcely conscious of what she did, Idelle peeped through the tangle of briarwood, and her face grew strangely pale. Esther's companion was her lover, Ralph Greeley.

Almost breathless she stood, while clear and distinct Esther's voice fell on her ears.

"For God's sake, Ralph, give me the certificate. You will not do this, Oh, Father in Heaven, what shall I do? Oh, Ralph, give it to me! I would sooner die than face—"

That was all Idelle heard, as, white and trembling, she sank back on her seat. All she had heard—but enough. Her father had spoken the truth.

She sat there stunned and dazed for more than a quarter of an hour; then suddenly the voices fell on her ears again—at least, her lover's musical voice.

"You will meet me on the bridge," he said, "at 9 o'clock, and then I'll give you my decision."

That night, with her face pale as death, her sweet voice low and faint; Idelle Meredith gave her consent to marry King Emerson.

"I will meet you on the bridge, and give you my decision." Her lover's words to Esther Haven rang in her ears. She would be there as well—she would plead with him to do Esther justice.

A few minutes before nine Idelle stole out, and as the bell rang out the hour she stood on the bridge, and saw him standing as if awaiting some one.

The moon shone clear and high, and it was almost bright as day,

He took a few steps forward to meet her, then drew back, astonished, when he saw who it was.

"You, Idelle?" he said, his face changing slightly,

"Yes, I. You did not expect me here. Has Esther not come yet?"

"No," he answered, quickly; then seeing the scorn and anger in her eyes, the quick gesture with which she shrank from him, he held out his hands.

"Idelle," he said, "can you not trust me? I cannot explain my meeting with Esther; but, believe me, I have done nothing an honorable man could be ashamed of."

She only drew back with a gesture of hauteur.

"You said Esther has not been here," she said, slowly, "but this is hers!" and stooping down she lifted a small gold locket set with tiny rubies. "Her name is on it!"

"She has come and gone, then, She has mistaken the time, for I have not seen her."

"Then I will go as well," Idelle said.

Ralph Greeley looked after her.

"If she believes ill of me and mistrusts me with so little cause," he said, "I will let it pass, I must let it pass for a while. I can make no explanation yet."

The next morning the wildest excitement prevailed in Mount Henry. The dead body of Esther Haven had been found. She had been thrown over the little rustic bridge, and had fallen on the rocks below.

A little later the excitement grew more intense, and it had reached its height when Ralph Greeley was arrested for the murner. Suspicion had linked their names together for some time before.

How it happened, who had known of her beeing on the bridge, Idelle Meredith could hardly tell, but she was the principal witness against the man, who, no matter what he was, she loved with every chord of her heart.

Her anguish was pitiful to behold as she told her story, and sister-women wept in sympathy as, when all was told, with a low cry she had fallen back, white and senseless, and been taken from the court room.

When King Emerson entered the witness-box, the prisoner looked at him with an expression it would be hard to understand, but King gave his evidence, which amounted to very little, coolly and clearly.

Yes, he had seen his cousin and the dead woman together more than once.

Yes, he had heard rumor connect their names.

Yes, he had advised the prisoner to marry her.

At these words the prisoner leaped to his feet, his eyes blazing.

"You scoundrel!" he cried.

Then his counsel interfered, and he sat down again.

Late that evening King Emerson was closeted with Idelle's father, and held a paper in his hand.

"To-morrow week," he said, "the debt comes due. If Idelle is my wife on that day, you are safe."

"You have her promise."

"I want herself," King Emerson answered coarsely.

Later still in the evening Idelle heard of the claim King Emerson held over her father.

"My home—the home of the Mereediths for generations—will pass from me forever, our proud name be dishonored, and I—I, Idelle, will take my own life as sure as there is a heaven above us. You have given your promise to be his wife. What difference can a few weeks make?"

Worn, weary, heart-broken and dispirited, Idelle was no match for the two determined men, and the unwilling consent dropped from her lips.

To save her father's name and honor, she would marry King Emerson that day week.

After King Emerson left Meredith Grange, he turned down a narrow path that led to a short cut in the direction of his home, and there he came face to face with a delicate-looking girl, who stopped right in his path.

A muttered curse broke from his lips.

"You here?" he said.

"Yes, I," she answered, and then she sank upon her knees.

"Once more, and for the last time," she said, "I ask you to make me your wife. Have pity on me and my child, and give us a right to your name. For God's sake pity me in my anguish!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself!" he said. I would not marry you were you the last woman on the earth. Besides, in a few days I wed the purest maiden in England—Idelle Meredith."

The girl rose to her feet, her face convulsed with anger and dark with new-born deadly hatred of this man who had wrecked her life,

"You will never marry Idelle Meredith!" she said.

The man laughed.

"We will see," he said.

"We will see," she repeated.

Late that night Idelle sat alone, thinking of the future and what it would be to her as King Emerson's wife.

"Better death," she thought in the anguish of her soul.

Suddenly the sound of a light tap at the window roused her, but before she could rise, the casement, which opened on the balcony, was pushed in and a girl young in years, but weary and careworn, stood before her.

"You are Idelle Meredith?" the stranger said, and then, in the silence of the night, she told the horrified girl a story that made her grow faint as she listened.

"You will tell this to-morrow at the court?" Idelle said.

"I will," the stranger answered.

The next day rose bright and cloudless, and in the court room, crowded with people, stood Idelle Meredith,

The attorney for the defense was a different looking being from what he had been only the day before, but the repressed excitement of his manner could not be accounted for till—till—"Helen Clark" was called.

Idelle's midnight visitor, the woman who had knelt to King Emerson, stood in the witness box.

"What do you know of this case?" the lawyer asked.

"A great deal," she answered slowly; "I saw the murder committed. She was murdered by her husband."

"Who was her husband?" the lawyer asked.

She handed him the marriage certificate.

"King Emerson was her husband. There is the proof of the marriage—the cause of the crime and—"

King Emerson had leaped to his feet, but a hand had been laid on his shoulder and he had sunk back again, while the crowd in the court-room swayed back and forward in their excitement.

Then suddenly a wild cheer went forth, for Ralph Greeley was a free man.

The next moment, however, the cheers were changed to cries of horror, for, before they had thought of such a thing. King Emerson had drawn a pistol from his pocket, and pressing the muzzle close to his heart, had fallen, bathed in his own life-blood, at their feet.

His crime had overtaken him, and he dared not face the consequence.

Six months later Idelle and Ralph were married.

"And so you distrusted me from the words you overheard, Idelle?" her husband said, talking of the past. "Poor Esther! Her father once saved my life and he asked me before his death to be a friend to his child. Her marriage certificate fell by chance into my hands and I wanted to proclaim her marriage, knowing the position in which she stood, but she feared for her life if she defied him and she pleaded with me to give it to her. He must have met her on the bridge before I came, but how I lost the certificate or how Helen Clarke found it is something I cannot tell. When I found it gone I had no proof but my word, and what would be given for a man's word with a noose above his head?"

Helen Clark disappeared, and, as the nearest of kin, Ralph Greeley inherited King Emerson's possessions, among which was the mortgage on Meredith Grange, which he placed in Idelle's hand.

"The price of yourself," he said, with a smile.

"I am satisfied, since you are the purchaser," she answered shyly.

And he was satisfied also, as he met the beautiful eyes upturned to his, so full of love and trust.

The Monks of China.

Of a Chinese Brotherhood of ascetics a writer says, in the Flowery Kingdom men get tired of life, of society, of the endless struggle for existence and retire to some retreat where they can pass their remaining days in quiet, study and benefaction. These retreats (miau) correspond to the monasteries of Christian lands. They are invariably long brick buildings, one story in height, simple and solemn in architecture, and located either upon the mountains or in the depths of forests. Around the building is a windowless wall, symbolic of the busy life forever shut out from view. In the grounds and upon the surrounding land nature is assisted, but never interfered with. The flowers bloom and die, the trees grow gnarled and crooked, the weeds and creepers thrive until sometimes it would seem as if no human being lived in the vicinity. Closer examination will show that every plant producing beautiful flowers or wholesome food and fruit is carefully watched and watered, and every resource of vegetation in supplying human wants husbanded to the last degree. This also is a symbolism of the brotherhood who tenant these retreats. To them the useful flower and tree represent the good of humanity; the weeds, the evil. The duty of a true manhood is to aid and develop those who are righteous, but not to injure the wrong doer, leaving to nature the task of eliminating the latter from her great economy. These retreats do not belong to specific orders as in the Western civilization, but are founded by one or more persons for the simple sake of rest. The forms and ceremonies of admission amount to nothing. Any person who has failed in life, who has lost those he loved, who has sinned and repented, who is old and unable to work, is eligible. He presents himself giving his name, address and history, transfers to the brotherhood all he possesses, promises obedience to all lawful commands of the Brother Superior, loyalty, friendship and sympathy to his fellow members and devotion and aid to all human beings in sickness or distress. He is then admitted, given a new name and a new costume, assigned a room, instructed as to his duties, and the initiation is complete. From now on his life is fixed. Study and conversation, the cultivation of the field and garden or the improvement of the retreat and the instruction of brothers who have been less favored, are his daily duties. At times he is sent out to obtain subscriptions for the common fund or to nurse the sick or feed the starving, but these occur infrequently.

The government of these brotherhoods is a pure autocracy. A brother superior governs for life. At his death he appoints a successor; if the appointment lapse or be not made, the brothers elect one of their own number. The regulations are about the same as in monasteries, omitting the elements of religion. Cleanliness, sobriety, industry, chastity, intellectuality, charity and humanity are the seven stars of their heaven. No woman is allowed to cross the threshold of the retreat; no wine, stimulant or narcotic permitted except for medical use; no quarreling, loud conversation, game of chance, indelicate or vulgar talk is allowed. Disobedience is punished by reprimand, suspension, temporary ostracism or expulsion, according to the degree of the offense.

Alaska Glaciers.

After a visit to some of the Alaska glaciers, Mr. Meehan states that beneath the Muir glacier, said to be 400 miles long, flows a rapid current, which he estimates to be 100 feet wide and four feet in average depth, and which runs summer and winter without interruption. At its termination the glacier hangs over the sea, and gives off icebergs. Mr. Meehan remarks that the great ice sheets have their lakes, rapids, waterfalls, hills and valleys; that the waterways change their courses at times through the melting, and that melting progresses freely in the sun's rays, but not in the shade.

Industrial Interests.

Three stages in the industrial interest of the country are shown in the following figures: In 1831 the value of the cotton-mills in the United States was $40,000,000, in 1870 it was $141,000,000, and in 1880, $268,225,000.

Shaking Hands with a Mummy.

A gentleman who, though well read and very intelligent, is not a savant and could not therefore give me the story in the manne of an Egyptologist, told me the other day what he saw at a mummy's "reception" at Cornell University. A mummy has been received intact, that is with all the original wraps on it, which is a rather unusual thing. Happening to know one of the professors, my friend was invited to be present, and he says he will never forget what he saw. Yard after yard of linen was unwrapped from the mummy until its elbows were reached, by which time there were eighty yards of linen undone from it. As the process continued a sort of almost invisible cloud of dust began arising from the cloths and soon the room was filled with it. It produced a perfume as strong as it was delicious — heavy and sweet, and yet permeated by a dainty pungency which prevented it from being at all sickening. It was so powerful that it filled the adjoining corridors and rooms, and did not seem to lose its fragrance on coming in contact with fresh air. It was an odor which possessed a fascination which could not be overcome, and produced a sort of a dreamy sensation upon those who inhaled it for any length of time. The fragrance came from the spices, perfumes, poppies and aromatic shrubs placed between the folds of cloth when the mummy was fresh meat 3,000 years ago in the Nile country. The face of the mummy was well preserved, and seemed to grin at those who were disturbing its long sleep. On the first day the body was only uncovered to the elbows, as I have said.

"I was so interested in the process," said my friend, "that although I had intended to leave that night, I did not go, but waited until the next day. I wanted to see them get down to below he ends of the arms."

"Why?" I asked.

"So that I could shake hands with him, and that is what I did do. I never felt so queer as I did standing there, holding those bones that had been still so long, with hundreds of the sacred Egyptian bugs lying around, which had fallen from the folds of linen, and the air so full of that strange perfume. They learned from inscriptions found in the mummy, its age and epoch, and that it had been in life a high priest. The date they gave me showed that the long hand which lay in mine could have been extended by its owner to the poet Homer, if he had chanced to visit the temple on the Nile where the priest lived, and if the latter had journeyed to Jerusalem that same hand could have clasped that of the Prophet Jeremiah. As I thought of this I could not help smiling, for I wondered whether that lugubrious prophet had been shaking hands with the mummies of his Egyptian acquaintance and had become morose in consequence. That laugh of mine so horrified the learned gentlemen who were present that I felt very much ashamed and left shortly afterward, with this as a memento," and he took a scarabæus from his pocket and held the sacred emblem of the Ptolemies up for my inspection.

The Man who Smiles.

It is true, my son, a man may smile and smile and be a villain, remarked R. J. Burdette. But it is true that a man may never smile and also be a villain of the inkiest hue. I know it is quite the thing for a certain class of people to decry the smiling man and to entertain the gravest suspicions against the man who is so monotonously pleasant that he is sometimes offensively unpleasant. I know that certain people bid you beware of the man who is always smiling. But you should beware of the man who always greets you with a glare. If I am to be beguiled by a villain I think I rather prefer the smiling villain. He will swindle me courteously anyhow. I do not admire saturnine countenances even on good men. I do not enjoy any real pleasure in contemplating the bird of prey visages; the hungry glare of the village horse-trader, for instance, never improves my appetite. I do not think there is a good reason for fearing the man who smiles in all sorts of human weather. I do not always believe in his smile. There are times when he bores me beyond measure. Sometimes his set, unvarying smile wearies me as does the unwinking sun in the dead, cloudless calm of successive August days, and I want to quarrel with him and try to make him cloud up and thunder a little, or at least strike out a glow of heat lightning. I don't believe his smile is eternally a reflex of his feelings. He must feel blue and dismal, and troubled and chafed, and penitent and doubtful, and anxious and longing and sorrowful at times like the rest of us. But if he chooses to vail all his troubles behind a smile that is so set that it betrays the mask and wearies us, why that is his way of keeping his little light shining in this troubled world, my son. It doesn't prove that he is a villain. All men who smile and smile are not villains, nor all men who look solemn good men. When you hear a man saying, "Look out for the man who always smiles," that is the man, my son, who will rehypothecate your collaterals.

Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Offences are easily pardoned when there is lvoe at bottom.

Speaking without thinking is shooting without taking aim.

No aim at the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

Pity is the virtue of the law, and none but tyrants use it cruelly.

Moderation is commonly firm and firmness is commonly successful.

Falsehood always endeavors to copy the mien and attitude of truth.

A mere saguine temperament often passes for genius and patriotism.

He who can conceal his joy is greater than he who can conceal his griefs.

Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself.

Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from trouble.

The more we help others to bear their burdens the lighter our own will be.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance: the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

There is, by God's grace, an immeasurable distance between late and too late.

Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it.

Let amusement fill up the chinks of your existence, but not the greatest spaces thereof

Genious follows its own path and reaches its destination, scarcely needing a compass.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly or bind so fast as love can do with a single thread.

Avoid circumlocution in language. Words, like cannon balls, should go straight to their mark.

He that would live at ease should always put the best construction on business and conversation.

To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is, for the present, as blind as he that cannot.

Reason cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things that are above reasoning.

Whatever you would have your children become, strive to exhibit in your own lives and conversation.

Simplicity, of all thing, is the hardest to be copied, and ease is only to be acquired with the greatest labor.

The fruit of liberal education is not learning, but the capacity and desire to learn; not knowledge, but power.

Conscience is a coward, and those faults it has not strength enough to prevent it seldom has justice enough to accuse.

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive to the smallest duty and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

Dignity is much better than much familiarity. In the coolness which it imposes it is always like water freezing, somewhat elevated.

There is plenty of intelligence, reading, curiosity; but serious happy discourse, avoiding personalities, dealing with results, is rare.

If you wish people to be kindly toward you, you had best begin by being kindly toward them. The man who scatters thorns had better not go barefoot.

He that rightly understands the reasonableness and excellency of charity will know that it can never be excusable to waste any of our money in pride and folly.

Of all passions jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the bitterest wages. Its service is to watch the success of our enemy; its wages is to be sure of it.

Good-breeding is the art of showing men, by external signs, the internal regard we have for them. It arises from good sense, improved by conversing with good company.

Character is one of the greatest motive powers in the world. In its noblest embodiment, it exemplifies human nature in its highest forms, for it exhibits man at his best.

Selt distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

Men who are thoroughly false and hollow seldom try to hide those vices from themselves; and yet in the very act of avowing them they lay claim to the virtues they feign most to despise.

Joy is heightened by exultant strains of music, but grief is eased only by low ones. "A sweet, sad, measure," is the balm of a wounded spirit. Music lightens toil. The sailor pulls more cheerfully for his song.

Generosity is not the virtue of the multitude, and for this reason: selfishness is often the consequence of ignorance, and it requires a cultivated mind to discern where the rights of others interfere with our own wishes.

There is nothing in life which exercises a more blessed influence on death, than the prominence of a holy, loving fear in our intercourse with God. Past fear is the smoothest pillow on which the head of the dying can rest.

Prudence and religion are above accidents, and draw good out of everything. Affliction makes a wise man patient, strong and enduring. Providence, like a wise father, brings us up to labor, toil, and danger; whereas the indulgence of a fond mother makes us weak and spiritless.

The great secret of giving advice successfully is to mix with it something which implies a real consciousness of the adviser's own defects; and as much as possible of an acknowledgement of the other party's merits. Most advisers sink both; and hence the failure which they meet with and deserve.

Money is a right good thing, and no sensible man will turn up his nose at it. It brings comfort and leisure, and Solomon says that in leisure there is wisdom. Money promotes domestic tranquility, and that is the biggest and best thing I know of. But it ought to be hard to get, so that its real value may be appreciated—it has to be earned to be prized. No money is safe, except that made by honest men.