

YESTER-NIGHT.

Long I loved, in silence nursing
All the sweetness, all the smart
Secretly the tale rehearsing
Yet untold—the "when my heart
First went forth unto the maiden
All the world was winter-white
And the summer air was laden
With rich fragrance yesternight

Yestereve, what time the shadows
Deepened on the daisied grass,
Homeward wending thro' the meadows
I beheld the maiden pass;
And the love, so long unspoken,
Bravely in the fading light
Pleaded for some word or token
Of requital yesternight

Not to ear or heart unheeding
My impassioned tale was told;
Nor in vain my wistful pleading
Sought her love; a hoop of gold
Set with jewels wherein still linger
Rays of Jud's refracted light,
Circles now a shapely finger
That was bare but yesternight.

MY SISTER'S LOVE.

The month was May, and through the half open window came stealing a soft wind filled with summer and summer fragrance. The trees in the garden were full of blossoms. The early roses were in full bloom, but of all this I saw nothing. My gaze was fixed upon two figures slowly walking down the garden path—a man and a woman.

The man was tall and strong and masterful, yet tender as a little girl in all the little acts and courtesies of life. The woman was young and very beautiful, with figure slender and swaying like a reed as she walked, and dark, lustrous eyes, which brought to many a man his heart's undoing.

I fancied the light in them now, as she lifted them to Geoffrey Branscombe's face. He was her guardian and he loved her. She was but my half-sister, five years my senior, and so I was not entitled to her confidence. Indeed, only a little over a month ago I had returned from school, with my education completed in the fashionable sense of the term, and since then I was very ill. Over study, the doctor had said, but I knew better. To my own soul I could whisper the humiliating truth, could pour out the cruel confession with a sort of savage pleasure at the self-inflicted torture.

It was my heart, not my body, that suffered—the heart that had forever passed into Geoffrey Branscombe's unconscious keeping. I loved him—he who was to be my sister's husband. If I had never suspected it before I should have known it by the new light in her eyes, the new radiance of her beauty as it burst upon me on the day of my return.

And what could be more natural than that things should be as they were? Did not guardians always love their wards, and wards their guardians?

I had never read a book which treated of such relationship in which such was not the sequel of the tale. And yet—and yet did it make it easier for me to bear?

I turned my gaze away from that other picture, and lifted myself up from the depths of the great chair in which I lay, until I could catch a glimpse of my own face in the mirror opposite.

What a contrast! My eyes, the only beauty I possessed, looked many times too large for the thin, dark face, and my hair, which had been the rival beauty to my eyes, was close cropped to my head.

They had cut it off as I lay delirious with fever, and crying that its weight hurt me.

I sank back, with a groan. At that instant my sister, returning, entered the room.

"Mabel," she cried—"Mabel, darling, I am so happy!"

And rapidly crossing the floor, she sank down on her knees beside my chair.

The contrast was too great. Never had I seen her half so beautiful.

"Don't tell me—don't!" I hastily exclaimed, and lifting up my hands as if to ward off a blow. "I know," I continued. "I congratulate you; but don't say any more."

You know, dear?" she answered, a look of surprise sweeping over her face. "How is that possible?"

"Don't ask me. Only I know. I—"

But I could say no more. My weakness conquered my strength, and I burst into bitter weeping.

"Poor child! Dear little Mabel!" she whispered tenderly. "Do you love me so well that you hate to lose me? But you will not really lose me, dear. When I am married—"

"Hush!" I interrupted. "I won't hear any more," and, sobbing bitterly, buried my face in my hands.

Of course no heroine would have done such a thing; but I was no heroine. I was only a foolish child who had lived but eighteen years, and who could only look forward to a long, long life of misery—for I loved Geoffrey.

He had not meant to make me love him—I knew that, but when I had come home for my Christmas holiday, Alice had been away on a visit, and so I had seen him every day. We had ridden and driven and walked together and as I have said, his manner held that unconscious and inherent tender-

ness towards things weaker than himself which had charmed my heart into recklessness in pouring forth its unheeded treasures at his feet.

My excitement in repressing all this and seeing the seal set upon my misery brought its own punishment; for a week later my life was again despaired of.

Then because I did not wish the boon, strength came slowly back. Every day he came; every day he sent me flowers, or fruit, or some sweet message; but it was all added torture.

At last, when I grew better, the physicians said I must have a change, and so they sent me to the sea side, to visit an aunt who had a house at Worthing.

I was glad to go. Had I staid at home I should have gone mad. Alice and Mr. Branscombe went with me to the train. I had bade her good-bye, and the train was just about to start, when he put his head in through the window.

"You will let me come to see you," he said, and I had only time to answer.

"No, no; you must not come!"

Only time for this, and to note the swift look, so like pain, which swept over his face, ere he moved away, and my last glimpse was of them both standing side by side as they should henceforth stand through life.

Notwithstanding my injunction to the contrary, he came. I had been in my new home a fortnight, and some of the color was stealing back into my cheeks, when one afternoon as I sat all alone dreaming, as I dreamed all my idle hours away, I saw the face which a moment before had floated in my fancy.

For a moment I was happy—supremely, ecstatically, happy, and springing up, held out both hands with a rapturous cry of welcome, then I sank back cold and stern again.

But that cry had brought him close beside me, and my hands were tightly held in his strong clasp while his great brown eyes looked into the very depth of mine, so that I trembled and was still.

Merciful heaven! what was it I read there? Could it be that he loved me, and that he had wooed and won Alice for her gold?

I should have said before that my sister was an heiress. I had no dowry—not even that of beauty; but Geoffrey Branscombe, I would have sworn was not a man to be bought or sold, to buy and sell; and yet, if not, his eyes had lied, for they had told me it was me he had loved.

I don't know just what came to me in that hour, that moment, but though I realized his baseness, yet I could not snatch from my lips the cup whose sweetness slaked their thirst. I held it there and drank.

We spoke no word of love, but every day found him by my side. I was no longer listless; I was brilliant, even merry. I laughed and sang, as one might laugh and sing at the feast of death.

So a fortnight passed, and still he lingered; but his return was fixed for the morrow. On that last evening we wandered down upon the beach, silvered by the moonlight. Standing in its rays he turned and faced me, clasping his hand over mine as it lay upon his arm.

"Mabel," he said, "I love you, child. You are but a child, and I am a man who has outstripped you in the race of life by twenty years. But will you give yourself to me, dear?"

Has it been my own blind fancy which has given birth to the sweet hope that I alone might make your happiness?"

He paused then waiting for my answer. Only a minute passed, but I awakened from my dream. I had not thought his baseness ever could find words; had not thought my sister ever would know his perfidy.

Only a minute, but I had torn out my heart and trampled it beneath my feet. I turned upon the man with hot, fierce passion; I forgot that I had led him on; I forgot my own baseness, my own love.

What burning, scathing words I used I know not, but when I had finished he offered me again his arm, from which I had withdrawn my clasp, and walked back to the house. Yet, as he left me, still without a word, I felt, strange to say, only my own guilt. He had not borne himself like one convicted of a wrong.

The next week I went home. Alice was the first to meet me, and that night she crept into my room, and knelt down beside me as she had done once before.

"Darling!" she whispered, next month I am to be married, and you are to be my bridesmaid."

"I cannot!" I answered. "Don't ask me Alice! It would kill me!"

"Do you really love me so well, dear? But you will not refuse me this? It would mar all my happiness, Mabel, and I am so happy. When you have seen Harry—when you learn to know and to love him for himself—you will understand."

"Harry!" I gasped, "who is he?"

"Harry—Harry Stretton; the man I am to marry. Why, Mabel, you told me you knew it all. Is it possible you did not know?"

And then she told me of the engagement which had been entered into during her Christmas visit—an engage-

ment fully ratified and approved by her guardian whilst I was so ill.

It had been this she had been about to tell me—this I had refused to hear. Oh, the burning shame with which I listened at last! And then a wild impulse seized me to tell her all the truth. She should know now how pitiable I had been, even though I bought her hate and contempt, as doubtless I had bought Geoffrey's.

I did not spare myself as I told the story. In silence she heard me through, and then she sealed my lips with the kiss of love and pardon. All night I battled with my misery and remorse. Alice expected her lover the next day, I felt I dare not meet him.

In the afternoon she came into my room.

"Some one wishes to see you in the library, dear," she said. "Will you go down?"

She spoke so quietly that I suspected nothing, and asking no questions went down stairs, and crossed the hall to the room designated.

I thought it empty for a moment as I closed the door behind me, but at the sound some one stepped from the window recess—some one who advanced one step and then stood with wide-open arms waiting to close about me.

No need for me tell the story, as I hid my face upon his breast, and felt his kisses rain upon my hair. Alice, my noble darling sister had told it all.

Did I deserve my happiness? Perhaps not, it was mine—mine at last, as was the great noble heart of my sister's guardian.

Alice had her wish—I was her bridesmaid; but after the ceremony was ended which made her Harry Stretton's beloved wife, I took her place beside the altar, no longer bridesmaid but bride. Henceforth my sister's guardian was mine.

A Pneumatic Tube.

A company is getting ready to build a pneumatic tube for carrying letters and small packages from Chicago to New York. The idea at first seems impracticable, but on examination it turns out to be feasible. Two tubes are to be made of brass, which will be run side by side, although it is said one tube will be tried at first. A powerful engine with an exhaust wheel is to be stationed at one end. It is said that if the tube is properly made and planted no air will escape. The right of way, it is believed, can be secured for nothing, or at a nominal expense, and the main cost will be the tubes and the engines and stations. A letter, a sample of grain, or package of any kind which is to be sent, is enclosed in a leather ball. A ball presents the least friction as a rolling object, and the leather is to be stiff and heavy. A continuous current of air is passing through the tube constantly. With one pipe the plan is to reverse the engine every hour—the first hour forcing air into it at the Chicago end and sending packages to New York, the next hour exhausting the air at Chicago and drawing the packages as quickly back. The men who have it in charge do not say how long it will take to send a package in this way, but claim to be able to do it in less than a minute. Stations will be established at the important cities on the route. It is expected to pay a large profit, and to do the business of the telegraph companies, the express companies and the mail. They say the business of sending crude petroleum by a pipe for long distances, as is now done, was laughed at at first, and that this one is more practicable, if possible, and not nearly so costly, as the pipes are to be small and can go around curves and over hills as well as on the level.

Military Pigeon Flying.

The Director of Fortifications of the French Ministry of War has appointed Captain Thomas Candithat, of the Eighteenth Infantry Regiment, to visit the principal towns of France with a view to the formation of a National Carrier-Pigeon Union. Since the Franco-German war the erection of military pigeon-houses has been steadily continued. It is expected that the War Office, in co-operation with provisional societies, will employ from 25,000 to 30,000 of these aerial messengers. In every German fortress or town of strategic importance is to be found a pigeon station, under the orders of the Army Telegraph Department. It is in charge of a non-commissioned officer of Engineers, a specialist, and two privates, who are under the direct authority of the Commandant. In time of war this staff is doubled, and an officer takes command. The number of birds in each station varies according to position, but the average force will be 200. Strasbourg and Metz share at the present time 600 pigeons between them, and Thorn has 200; but the latter town will soon have accommodation for 1000. A minute-book is kept at each station with a complete record of every pigeon, its experiences, journeys, speed, &c. It may be mentioned that an ordinary carrier flies on an average 800 metres per minute, or about 35 miles in the hour.

It is better to be a beggar than an ignorant person; for a beggar only wants money, but an ignorant person wants humanity.

A Wonderful Railroad.

Much has been written about the construction of the mountain division of the Rio Grande; travelers have marveled of the four per cent grades and the fifteen degree curvature, of the remarkable narrow-gauge railroad, which penetrates the most rugged canons and climbs the most lofty mountain ranges of the Rockies. But nobody has ever well described the wonderful little feeder of the Leadville division which modestly leaves the main line in Brown's canon and ascends the mountain gulches to the east with the steepest grades and the heaviest in the world that are overcome with the ordinary drive-wheel locomotive. Afar up in this range of mountains, seven miles away, and nearly 3,000 feet higher than the bed of the canon, is the famous Calumet mine, from which is extracted the hematite iron ore that keeps in blast the furnaces of the Bessemer works at Pueblo. Every morning of the year a ponderous locomotive and a small train of cars toils up this steep, and every afternoon they make the perilous descent to the valley loaded with iron, with the steam brakes on the cars, the water pressure on the locomotive drivers, and a man standing at the brake wheel of each car.

This is the most wonderful piece of railroading in the universe. The maximum grade is 406 feet to the mile, or nearly 8 per cent., and the maximum curvature 25 degrees. The terminal of the branch is half a mile higher than at the commencement. Imagine, then, the difficulty in ascending with empty cars, and the danger of descending with loaded ones. Still, strange though it may seem, a locomotive cannot make the descent unless at least five cars are attached. The latter are essential to provide the resisting power for the steam brakes. The trip up is snailish, the return is rapid, in spite of the steam pressure which cuts the car wheel into sparks that fly out in a constant stream from the brakes, in spite of the reverse action, in spite of lavish use of the sand pipe, and in spite of the water brake on the locomotive drive wheels.

Some few years ago when the operation of the line was commenced, runaway accidents were of almost daily occurrence. The seven miles were within a brief period strewn with the wrecks of cars and locomotives and iron ore. The most discouraging results attended the persistent efforts to make the line serve the purpose for which it was constructed. Day after day control over the descending train would be lost; some defect would interfere with the working of the steam brake, and even with the brake in successful operation the train would take a crazy notion and go flying down the mountain sides along the brink of fearful precipices, through the rockbound gullies and around the acute curves, like a bolt of lightning. The train hands would leap for life, and then the locomotive and cars would be dashed into fragments. In all these accidents however, nobody was hurt. Thousands and thousands of dollars worth of rolling stock is said to have been destroyed before a successful system of operation was established. Only a very few of the higher officials of the Rio Grande realize how terrible was the experience of these rides, and it is told of two of them who once summoned up sufficient curiosity and courage to make the journey, they were so frightened that they hung on to the steps of the caboose expecting every moment to have to leap for life.

Finally extremely heavy locomotives were built, and a force of exceptionally brave trainmen were secured. The latter were instructed to cling to their post at every hazard, and never flinch in the moment of danger. Not a serious accident has been recorded since. Starting from the mine every brake is manned so that in case the steam should fail the train could be checked. While there have been several runaways in two years there has not been a wreck. The sight of one of these trains descending is one of thrilling interest, the sparks from the car wheels cutting a pathway of light down; the mountains, which can best be described as having the appearance of a molten stream of fire rolling down the river bed of the canon.

In Switzerland there are grades as steep as those on the Calumet branch, but they are equipped for operation with the cable and cog-wheels.

Queen Victoria's Wealth.

The Queen has made a new will. She has certainly plenty of money to give away, and as certainly plenty of people to grab for it. Prince Albert left at least \$3,000,000. A miser named Neald bequeathed to her Majesty \$2,500,000, and all her life she has been saving the greater part of her annual income. The demands on her will come from her numerous grandchildren. Her family has a curious knack of making poor marriages, and the only wealthy members are the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Cumberland and her son, the Duke of Edinburgh, who inherits in an exaggerated form the parsimony from his father and mother. The children of the Prince of Wales will be provided for by parliament, and his eldest son is to get a grant next year.

Happiness is a fruit which, if it grows not at our own homes, we need not expect to gather in stranger's gardens.

How Sponges Grow.

The sponging fleet is composed of small schooners ranging from 10 to 40 tons, or seven smaller. Each schooner carries from four to six men, and makes periodical trips out to the sponge beds. Around Abaco, Andros island and Exuma are some of the principal fisheries; there are hardly any of value in the immediate vicinity of Nassau. The men do not dive for them, as sponge fishers in the Mediterranean do, but use long-handled things like oyster-tongs to fish them out of the water. They do not "go it blind" and probe in the mud, like oystermen; in this clear water they can see every inch of the bottom, make up their minds what sponges to take, and seize hold of each one carefully, detach it from the rock to which it clings, and lift it into the boat. They are not the nice, delicate, light colored things we see in shop windows. When first taken from the water they look and feel more like a piece of raw liver than anything else I can compare them with. They are slippery, slimy, ugly, and smell bad. Their color is generally a sort of brown, very much like the color of gulf weed, only a little darker. Most people are taught in the days of their freshness and innocence, that the sponge is an animal, and when they visit Nassau they expect perhaps to see sponges swimming about the harbor, if indeed they do not surprise some of the more athletic ones climbing trees or making little excursions over the hills. But they are disappointed when they learn that the animal part disappears entirely long before the sponge reaches a market; and that the part we use for mopping up fluids is only his house, the many-roomed residence in which he sheltered himself while at sea—a regular marine tenement house, built with great skill and architectural precision, in which many of the little beasts lived and died. After the sponges reach the deck of the vessel they are cleaned and dried and go through a curing process. They then become the sponges of commerce, and are divided into eight varieties in the Bahamas. Some, called "lamb'swool," or "sheep'swool," are as fine and soft as silk and very strong. Others, although large and perhaps tough, are coarse and comparatively worthless. There are, too, bouquet sponges, silk sponges, wire sponges, and finger and glove sponges. The process, for curing them, I believe, is to keep them on deck for two or three days, which "kills" them. Then they are put in a cawl and kept there from eight to ten days, and are afterward cleaned and bleached in the sun on the beach, when they reach Nassau the roots are cut off, and the sponges are trimmed and dressed for exportation. Nearly every darkey in Nassau understands how to do this trimming part. The symmetry of the sponge must be preserved as much as possible, and if there are any places where coral sand has adhered to the sponge, those places must be cut out, for no amount of skill or care will get rid of sand in a sponge, and the sand is sure to scratch anything it touches. The trimming is generally done very expertly, so that a novice would hardly see that a sponge had been cut.

Forestry of Japan.

There is in Japan a Government Department of Forestry, which has a branch in each of the forty-four counties into which the Empire is divided; and there is in Tokio—what we have not got in this country—a Government school of Forestry, with a full staff of teachers, and with, at present, 150 students, who are being prepared for practical work. Great efforts have been made, during recent years, to introduce foreign trees and shrubs into the country. Tea is extensively cultivated. Coffee has been successfully acclimatized. The chincona has been introduced from India, but as yet only with partial success. The seeds of over one thousand varieties of forest trees—including fir, oak, maple, birch, lime, ash, the German larch and the Indian pine—have been sown since 1880; and, although some have failed, others give good promise of success.

Of the latter, at least 30 specimens have been sent over for exhibition. The exhibits in practical forestry are very interesting. They include models of tree transplanting machines, of timber rafts and shoots, and of the ponds in which the timber is stored for several years to mature, in water partly salt and partly fresh. The methods of tree felling, of forest drainage and of surveying are also illustrated. In the collection there are no fewer than 302 different kinds of useful timber, produced in Japan, including the Japan cedar, which is the most common forest tree, pines and oaks of many varieties, larch, maple, mulberry, the giant camellia, juniper and yew. In a handsome pillared trophy no fewer than 96 ornamental woods are shown in such a way as to exhibit their fine grain and their rich colors. There are also specimens of barks used in tanning, of vegetable dyes, of camphor, and of the valuable lacquer juice obtained from the varnish tree. Cases of richly colored maple leaves give some idea of the wonderfully varied shades of foliage which form so striking a feature of the landscape of Japan. There are also illustrations of the peculiar art of the Japanese in dwarfing, moulding and grafting trees. Altogether this department, which is well arranged, is one of the most interesting in the Exhibition.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

Love is better than spectacles to make everything seem great.

Nobody likes to be contradicted, even when contradiction is deserved.

Our true acquisitions lie only in our charities; we gain as we give.

What is often taken for decision of character is nothing but bigotry.

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside.

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.

It is a great mistake to avoid actual duties while planning imaginary ones.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

It is impossible to be a hero in anything, unless one is first a hero in faith.

It is not cowardly to yield to necessity, nor courageous to stand out against it.

You may take the greatest trouble and by turning it around find joy on the other side.

Religion is not a thing of noise and spasm, but of silent self-sacrifice and quiet growth.

Live on what you have; live if you can on less; do not borrow, for vanity will end in shame.

Take away man's hope of heaven, and the devil could dispense with his recruiting stations.

Littleness of mind makes one obstinate. One is unwilling to believe what lies beyond his sight.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures consists in promoting the pleasures of others.

How strange is the passion of women for concealing from each other the most important facts of their lives.

As soon as a woman begins to dress "loud," her manners and conversation partake of the same character.

The life of man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and willing service.

Value no man for his opinion, but esteem him according as his life corresponds to the rules of piety and justice.

Friendship is a sturdy plant, a sweet herb and a savory; but when it touches the purse-strings, somehow it shrivels.

There are two qualifications for entering into paradise. One is to be an arch-angel; the other, to be a serpent.

Public discussion is an intellectual stamping mill, where the worthless quartz is crushed and the pure gold set free.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

No man imparteth his joy to his friends but he joyeth the more; and no man imparteth his griefs but he grieveth the less.

Covetous ambition, thinking all too little of which presently it hath, possesseth itself to stand in need of all which it hath not.

Do not despise the opinion of the world; you might as well say you do not care for the light of the sun because you can use a candle.

If you had the abilities of all the great men, past and present, you could do nothing well, without sincerely meaning it, and setting about it.

True wealth consists in health, vigor, and courage, domestic quiet, concord, public liberty, plenty of all that is necessary, and contempt of all that is superfluous.

Beware how you allow words to pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time.

To be happy the passion must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy; a propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

When we find that we are not liked, we assert that we are not understood; when probably the dislike we have excited proceeds from our being too fully comprehended.

We should take a prudent care for the future, but so as to enjoy the present. It is no part of wisdom to be miserable to-day, because we may happen to be so to-morrow.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that they should become wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

If one only wished to be happy, this could be readily accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people, and this is almost always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are.

The charities of life are scattered everywhere, enameling the vales of human beings as the flowers paint the meadows; they are not the fruit of study, nor the privilege of refinement, but a natural instinct.

Verily, verily, travellers have seen many idols in many countries; but no human eyes have ever seen more daring, gross, and shocking images of the Divine nature than our creatures of the dust make in our own likenesses of our own bad passions.

Greatness is not the only condition of usefulness or happiness: it is simply one of the factors of society—a factor with which the world finds success, without which the world wanders about aimless and lost, like a group of children without father or mother.

There is no doing anything with a man who does nothing but think. The lawyers and doctors did not flock into the ancient church. Thought is the cold lightning-rod; feeling, the sparkling point on the top where air is charged with electricity. All the apostles had blood in them and a pulse.

Some people are never satisfied. They look on the dark side. They blame Nature for putting thorns on their beautiful roses. How much better it would be if they would take the good advice of Alphonse Carr, who says: "I always thank her for having put roses on thorns." This is indeed looking on the bright side.