

ONE BY ONE

Thought from the boughs to which they've long been clinging, The Autumn leaves are dropping one by one, Yet from their dust new forms of beauty, springing, Shall smile again in Summer's gentle sun

HIS IDEAL

"Of all the loves on earth—a man in love!" Hal Liscomb exclaimed, watching the cloud of blue vapor ascend among the branches. "I wish, with my whole heart, that the whole mass of women could be sent to an island in the South Sea!"

His companion looked off to the west, a softened light in his hazel eyes, a smile on his mustached lip. "How many of your own sex do you think would remain here, then?" he questioned. "Hal, you ought to fall in love yourself; it's the making of a fellow; and when you do take the malady, which you certainly will some time, won't you take it badly! All you women-haters do; it's a sort of judgment on them."

"When I do!" and there was a volume in the tone. "When I do, you may laugh at me, as I feel inclined." Galloping hoofs struck on the evening quiet, and Hal left his sentence unfinished, lifting himself on his elbow to see the horse and rider. A libe, black pony was coming along the highway at full speed, bearing a girl whose beauty was enhanced by her enjoyment, and who seemed at perfect ease in the saddle; she did not see the two friends, who were lying among the shadows just in from the roadway; and in a moment, as it seemed, she had appeared and vanished, leaving behind her but the memory of her dark face, her flowing black hair, and her upright, graceful figure, for the falling shadows hid her from their instantly.

masses of dark hair, falling far in rich disorder, framing this face of mine—" "Yours?" with an uplifting of Grant's eyebrows. "You would want to own it then? You are in love with your ideal, as that sculptor was with his statue, Hal, and if I don't make a mistake, my boy, you have found it. Here we are, and the girls are on the veranda. No more at present, but if you are not blind—" He sprang up the steps, three at a time, Hal following more leisurely, and when he reached Grant he found himself before a dark-eyed stranger, with whom Grant was laughing.

He saw her again at dinner, when she sat directly across from him, in a dress of pure white, with crimson and white roses on her bosom, and when he and Grant followed the ladies to the parlor she was playing softly, her white hand fluttering above the piano keys, her dark head bent, her whole attitude showing that at that moment the world was far from the heart of the girl. Grant's voice recalled her, and looking up dreamily at his request for a song, she bent her head once more and complied. She sang that peculiar German legend, "Death and the Nightingale." The lights were low, owing to the sociable spirit shown in warm weather by the mosquitos. Hal drew somewhat apart, sinking into a chair near an open window, and as she sung the low, sad words:

"Dark was the nig. t. And dymg the king; And specters were around him In woid white ring! No one was at near To comfort the king; And the moon shone in at the window!" Hal Liscomb's impulsive heart, impulsive still, despite of its seeming coldness, thrilled warmly at her voice. "I will paint her some time as I see her now with the shadows on her face and that white drapery about her," he told himself. Far below in the meadow, among the bushes that fringed a stream, whippoorwills began to send forth plaintive calls, and the song finished, Miss Allen left the piano, crossed the room and went out to the starlight. "Come," she called "let us go outside; I want to hear the whippoorwills; it is a year since I heard them, cousin Alice."

Allen in all her glorious beauty. She had removed her hat, and her dark hair shone under the sweet touches. There was an open book on her knees, and her clear voice floated to him, touching him as no voice had since a child he had so sat at the knee of his mother while she read, as Ethel read now, the word of God. The voice was like music—sweet, low, fervent. His heart throbbed, his eyes, moistened while he listened; and all the hardness that had enveloped his life for half a dozen years melted from it in that moment, as though the mother-hand again lay softly on his hair, the mother-lips whispered him, "My son!"

She looked at him with darkened eyes, and her lips quivered slightly. Surely those were the eyes he had sought for his great picture, those were the delicate, earnest lips! "Should a man lay his heart at your feet, what would you do?" he questioned; and her dark eyes lighted with womanly strength as she answered him. "I would lift it," she said, softly; "I would tell him that at the feet of a woman like myself was not its place; and I would take it as God's best blessing granted to my life."

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away, although he never eats them. He bores several holes differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn, which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn, for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when the ground being covered with snow, he found he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the redwood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect, the woodpecker is so fond of is found only on the outside of two trees; but true it is that in Calaveras, Mariposa and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns, when there is not an oak tree within several miles.

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"I got tired of that sort of thing last winter," he resumed, after a brief pause, "and I made up my mind that I would have their attention for a little while at least. I began a series of what I call back seat sermons. They don't differ materially from the other sermons, except that at certain intervals which I mark, I shout out with great force 'Young man' and then pause as if for rhetorical effect. The effect is rhetorical merely on the front-seat congregation but electric on the back-seat congregation. The young men who have been devoting their entire attention to exploring the liquid depths of their sweethearts' eyes give a stare and their companions do the same and every face on the back seat is turned toward me. In their guilty self-consciousness of using the church to do their courting, they think that they are being personally rebuked from the pulpit. While I have their attention I improve the opportunity by pouring out some gospel hot shot. However, as soon as the first shock is over, and they have glanced around and found everything quiet, they fall to courting again with renewed vigor. Then I come at them again, and suddenly shout out, 'Young woman!' with the same effect as before, and the same pouring out of gospel truth. So, you see, in this way I gain the attention of my audience for a few brief minutes at any rate."

It would be a very incomplete sketch of Moscow that did not treat of the "trakirs," or tea-houses. They abound in every street, lane and alley, rivaling in their numbers the public houses of western lands. The drinking of "tchai," is indeed, a prominent feature of Russian life. Everyone has heard of the precious packages of tea, the best that the Flowery Land can produce, brought across the steppes of Tartary and through the passes of the Oural Mountains to the great fair of Nishni-Novgorod. Enter a trakir at what hour of the day you please it always seems crowded. A corpulent little saint with a smiling countenance, who is supposed especially to preside over tea-drinking, is perched in one corner. The Russians, as they enter, uncover their heads and bow to the patron of "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates." Profusely perspiring, and, indeed, completely saturated with tea, the habitués talk over and settle matters of business or pleasure, strike bargains, or balance accounts. Merchants, brokers and bankers confer and transact business; pleasure seekers arrange their plans; estranged friends make up their quarrels over the steaming tumbler. Who can doubt that tea-drinking in Moscow is a great National Institution?

was made at Wurtemberg, expressly for this establishment, and cost £3,000. It plays when it is wound up, and is limited to just twenty tunes, so that those who frequent this trakir year after year must find a little sameness in the performance. But, after all, it is in the tea-gardens and similar suburban resorts that the most pleasing phases of Russian tea-drinking are witnessed. Beneath the trees, in every direction, happy families surround the burnished urn, and in retired nooks the teapots are witnesses to lovers' vows. Petroski Gardens are a very favorite resort. In 1812 Napoleon lodged here for a time in the chateau built by the Empress Elizabeth. The road from Moscow is thronged with carriages and droskies and well dressed pedestrians.

A Russian nurse is a conspicuous object in the public street. If her infant charge is a boy, she is attired in blue; if a girl, in red. Should she be in the service of some rich family, her dress is lavishly trimmed with gold above which hangs an apron of fine dotted muslin. There is plenty of bread made in Moscow which is not black; indeed good sweet bread is a specialty of the city, and is often sent as a present to friends in St. Petersburg. The water is brought twelve miles in water courses from the Mytischki Springs to the public fountains, but it is very seldom laid out to private houses. Accordingly, to supply domestic needs a tribe of water-carriers are out at early dawn. The water carriers are only one among many classes of itinerant vendors and workers.

The Jubilees which were held near Bethlehem, Pa., by the Democrats have unearthed a relic of the Revolution which very few of the younger people have ever heard of, much less seen. The relic is a cannon which was used in firing salutes at Democratic celebrations in that and adjoining counties. The cannon, it is said, was captured from the British at the battle of Princeton. The cannon was evidently intended for use on board of a ship, as it cannot be mounted on wheels. It is 5 feet long, with 3 1/2 inch bore, and the charge used is 1 1/2 pounds of powder. It was purchased many years ago from the late lawyer Gibbons, of Allentown by the late Capt. C. Ritter of Rittersville. The latter sold it to a German company, consisting of J. H. Ginkinger and Frank Tilghman Reichart. Reichart controls the greater part of the past thirty years and has witnessed many political celebrations.

FOR THOUGHTS Good... like a good name, lagot by many... and lost by one. Praise... preserved is saho in dis- guise. Let each... do according to his ability. The work... wheel of a cart always creaks most. There is not a moment without some duty. Bare-footed men must not go among thorns. A crooked stick will have a crooked shadow. When all is consumed, repentance comes too late. The doing evil to avoid an evil can- not be good. Associate with the wise, and their knowledge will cling to thy skirts. Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself. The desire of appearing to be persons of ability often prevents our being so. Satire often proceeds less from ill-na- ture than from the desire of displaying wit. Even genius itself is but fine observa- tion strengthened by fixity of pur- pose. As charity covers a multitude of sins to the God, so does politeness be- fore the man. When you prepare for the worst, but follow the worst for the day when it comes. A man's heart, like the moon, is always changing; yet there is always a man. All our knowledge is hurtful to one who has not the science of honesty and good nature. The bible "I will" has no worse enemy than the cowardly, self-deceiving "yes; I choose." We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qual- ities we possess. Love is never lost. If not reciprocated, it will flow back and soften and purify the heart. Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand. Take care to be an economist in prop- erty; there is no fear of your not being one in adversity. The man who "loses his head" soon- est in critical times, is a man who has but little in his head. Sophistry is like a window curtain—it is useless as an ornament, but its use is to keep out the light. There is no harder shield for the devil to pierce with temptation than a sinner with prayer. Next to victory, there is nothing so sweet as defeat, if only the slight ad- versity overcomes you. Infringe time. It destroys surely. It undermines, wears, loosens, sepa- rates,—It does not uproot. Truth—the open, bold, honest truth—is always the safest, for anyone, in any and all circumstances. To all intents and purposes, he who will not open his eyes is, for the present, as blind as he that cannot. Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is. It is a good sign to see the color of health upon a man's face, but not to see it all concentrated in his nose. Moods are the climates of the mind.—They warm or chill resolves and are in turn our flatterers or our satirists. Open your mouth and purse cau- tiously, and your stock of reputation and wealth shall, at least in repute, be great. It is with narrow-minded people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out. Contentment is the prerogative of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase. Open your mouth but seldom, and never but to the point and purpose. Shut it close when misjudging friend- ship holds the glass to your lips. Write your name with kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. Exploding many things under the name of trifles is very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions with regard to fame. There are persons who have more in- telligence than taste, and others who have more taste than intelligence. There is more vanity and caprice in taste than in intelligence. In nature the valuable and the beau- tiful usually go hand in hand; and if we do not always trace their union, it is because our limited experience has not yet fathomed all her secrets. There is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid, as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adept in it, except at the expense of a hardened and wounded heart. An enlightened mind is not hood- winked; it is not shut up in a gloomy prison, till it thinks the walls of its own dungeon the limits of the universe, and the reach of its own chain the outer verge of all intelligence. Each human life is a crystal rather than a surface; it has many faces, and each face seems to him who sees it a complete life; and yet all the faces form but a part of the one life whose depths are concealed from sight. If you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know or suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know is right. As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth, and is hailed of all; so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire; and like the sun you will be loved.