

BUILDING ON THE SAND.

"It will be well, 'tis well to wed,  
For so the world of hath done  
Since myrtle grew and roses blew,  
And morning brought the sun,  
But have a care, ye young and fair,  
He sees you pledge in truth;  
Be certain that your love will wear  
Beyond the days of youth!  
For if ye give not heart to heart,  
As well as hand for hand,  
You'll find you've played the unwise part,  
And 'twould upon the sand."

"'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have  
A goodly store of gold,  
And build enough of shining stuff,  
For surely that will do you good,  
But please not all your hopes and trust  
In what the deep mine brings;  
We cannot live on yellow dust  
Unmixed with pure things,  
And he who piles up wealth alone,  
Will often have to stand  
Beside the coffin chest, and own  
'Tis built upon the sand."

"'Tis good to speak in friendly guise  
And soothe where'er we call;  
Fair speech should bend the human mind  
And love link man to man,  
But stop not at the words;  
Lest deals with language dwell;  
The one who pities starving birds,  
Should scatter crumbs as well,  
The mercy that is warm and true  
Must lend a helping hand,  
For those that talk and fail to do,  
But build upon the sand."

MARGUERITES.

On a rainy morning, at one of the art loan exhibitions for which New York is famous, a man stood before a beautiful painting. The darkness of the day rendered the well-lighted studio somewhat gloomy, but this picture was so placed as to catch every available ray. He had come at this hour to have it to himself, for it was the chief attraction there, and all day long was surrounded by an eager throng. Kenneth King was not, however, an art critic, and he knew very little about painting. He was a tall, soldierly-looking man, whose appearance gave at once the idea of strength and self-possession. His eyes were steady and true—hoarse eyes, such as win confidence immediately.

The painting, toward which his eyes were directed, merited the keen admiration which it daily elicited. It was of a young girl standing in a field of daisies. Her hair was soft and golden; her mouth tender and lovable; but it was in her eyes that the charm chiefly lay. Large, clear, blue eyes, gazing calmly, yet wistfully, into the distance.

"Into the future," Kenneth thought. The wind seemed stirring her thin white dress and bending the heads of the daisies. Her hands, clasped loosely before her, were filled with the pure, innocent flowers, but, unheeding them, she stood looking into—what?

There was a nameless fascination in the face-like painting for Kenneth. He had come, day after day, to unravel the mystery that it always possessed for him, but, as often, had to leave unsatisfied. Her face, while fresh and young, gave him the impression of having had the experience of a lifetime, and yet—

Each moment some new charm unfolded itself to his admiring eyes. The complete simplicity of the whole seemed to suggest the fair young life of the girl, and the painter had shown his genius in even the name of the picture—"Marguerite."

Eager voices disturbed his reverie, and with surprise he saw the usual fashionable throng, only slightly lessened, around him. The dismal rain has not kept them away from the wonderful picture, which had roused all art-lovers to enthusiasm.

"The young artist's reputation, as well as fortune is made," he heard one lady say to another. "I hear of numbers who are going to have him paint their portraits."

"If he has been offered such a fabulous sum for this picture, why will he not part with it?" said the other.

"His story is quite romantic, as I heard it. This is a portrait of his sister, Marguerite, a French name you perceive, and I am told that they are of French parentage. They are orphans, and wretchedly poor, but the brother's one worship is for this beautiful sister, she is his idol, and he guards her jealously from the gaze of the world, and painted her merely as a labor of love. But it was seen, and he was induced to have it brought here, only after a great deal of persuasion. This is the story as it was told to me, but it is almost too romantic to believe."

"Whether it be true or not, it is very pathetic."

Hedged in as he was, Kenneth could not but bear the conversation; but he made his way out as soon as he could. The wistful eyes followed him, and it seemed as if a mute appeal lingered in their dark blue depths. They looked out from the pages of his ponderous ledger; they followed him home that evening, and in the darkness of the night he saw them in his dreams.

a word sprang from the carriage and hurried after her. It was Marguerite, the mythical sister. All he could see of her was a long, brown cloak, large hat and her sunny, beaming hair. She moved with a gliding, swaying movement, peculiarly graceful and well adapted to her tall figure. She walked rapidly, so much so that Kenneth found it difficult to keep her in sight.

The crowd gradually diminished, and soon she turned abruptly into a side street and stopped before a studio. Kenneth quickened his steps to pass her before she entered, and as he did so she turned her head and looked at him.

That haunting, pathetic tender gaze, which had followed him all the Winter, was bent on him at last. His whole being was stirred to its innermost depths, and the sensation was so new that it startled him to find that he could be so moved.

He was not the man to be so fascinated by every attractive face; he had passed unscathed through years of what the world calls society life, and was still heart-whole. His nature was too earnest and intense to be easily shaken, and he could be summed up, as few can, in the one word—strong. His aims were high, and his aspirations lofty, Kenneth King had not wasted his life.

He walked until exhaustion had compelled him to stop. All his eager desire, which had so ardently taken hold of him in the early Winter, to know the original of the painting, was upon him, with ten-fold force.

But how? He was so preoccupied with this unsolved problem, that his sister thought he must be ill. "You ought to rest, dear," she said, one evening some time later, as he sat in the semi darkness just before the dinner hour. "You are working too hard, Kenneth. Go out more and let your business take care of itself."

She was standing behind his chair, with her cool, soft hand on his forehead. "My poor boy," she said gently as she noted his tired aspect, and as he looked up at her it seemed to him that her eyes were a little like Marguerite's.

"Would Marguerite ever stand beside him and lay her hand on his tired head?" he thought.

"What is it Ken?" said Jean. "Dear little Jeanie," he said fondly, "don't worry about me. I will rest next Summer. We will go to some quiet lake, where we can all keep cool and serene."

"You need something more than keeping cool and serene, Kenneth. Go out more into society. Come with me to-night. Henry does not care for that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing, Jean?" asked Kenneth, for he knew his brother-in-law was fond of gay company. "This reception at Mrs. General Slocum's; an artist's reception," and she went on to describe it.

"You need only meet the pleasant ones, Kenneth," she said at last, as an inducement. "What if Marguerite's brother should be there?" he thought. He had tried so often to find Marguerite herself, and had failed, and now that he had found her he must now know her brother.

"I will try to-night, Jean," he said. Very stylish and elegant was Jean McDonald, when she came down arrayed for the reception, and Kenneth felt a thrill of pride as he led her to the carriage. "I will not keep you here late," she said.

When they entered the brilliantly lighted parlors Mrs. Slocum met them with great cordiality. "Dear Mrs. McDonald; so glad to see you! And Mr. King? Why, I am delighted; you have been neglecting us lately."

"It was not a moment before Kenneth found himself in his old place in the fashionable world. He began to take an interest in it. There were numbers of artists of note and some poor painters present, in the latter of whom Mrs. Slocum took special interest. Kenneth felt his heart warm to her, as he noted her efforts in this direction.

honor to call. We should be most grateful." Henri Rayne asking a man to call on him and his sister! Incredible! Kenneth accepted the invitation and his eyes sought Marguerite's. Her gaze was bent on the floor, but the color was coming and going in her cheeks. After Kenneth had seen them to their carriage he returned for Jean. He found her surrounded by a group of admiring friends, as usual, for Mrs. McDonald was a very fascinating woman, and society recognized the fact.

She rose at seeing Kenneth. "Poor Ken," she said lightly, "have I stayed too long? I completely forgot my promise," He smiled. "No, Jean," he said gently. How he loved her! He felt his heart go out to her as never before. And it was from loving Marguerite, beautiful Marguerite.

"Kenneth" said Jean when they were in the carriage, speeding homeward, "I met the artist who painted that lovely picture that we so admired at the Art Loan Exhibition, last Winter. I shall have him paint my portrait."

"M. Rayne?" said Kenneth, "he said he met you. I was introduced to his sister, who is the original of that picture."

"Were you? Was she the one in dark blue velvet, whom I saw you with?" "Yes, Jean. She is beautiful, I think."

"I wish I had met her," said Jean, musingly, regarding her brother closely, but in the darkness she could see nothing.

Mrs. McDonald gave M. Rayne daily sittings, and Kenneth sometimes went with her. He had followed his inclination, he would have spent every available moment with the artist and his sister. He would have had his own portrait painted, and taken it upon himself, to see that every moment of the artist's time was filled; but he feared to startle Marguerite by too much vehemence.

He was almost surprised to find how she filled his thoughts. Her influence ennobled him, and made him long to be worthy of her pure love, and should he be so fortunate as to win it. He would leave her presence sometimes with almost relief to be in the open air. His great love overwhelmed him.

As for the girl herself, with her French ideas of propriety, her brother's treatment of this man was a revelation. That she should ask Kenneth to call was strange enough, and not only that, he sometimes left them alone for a few minutes.

Henri Payne knew the ring of true metal. She was unused to society and naturally reserved; but Kenneth's calm steadfastness led her to trust in him implicitly. Marguerite knew he loved her, but she recognized it in the evening he met her, and now she was almost terrified to discover the intensity of her own love and absolute trust in him. She wondered at herself, yet felt no fear. Her nature was quick to seek the good in everything, and she intuitively felt that Kenneth's love for her was no ordinary affection, and that in it there was no law.

Thus the Spring passed and the Summer came. Jean and the children went to the mountains, but Kenneth followed the Raynes to the seashore. It was no popular resort, but a charming and rather quiet retreat known only to a few.

He was a little anxious at the turn of affairs just here. He had obtained permission of Henri to win Marguerite's love, but the girl herself changed. She avoided him and sought opportunities to leave him when he came up to her.

Could it be possible that she did not love him and was taking this mode of making him understand? He would wait no longer, he decided; he could not school himself to patience with this horrible doubt in his mind.

He wondered as to when Fate would grant a favorable opportunity for him to tell his love, for here he was almost powerless.

He had sent her flowers numberless times in the city, and learning her taste, had sent her namesakes, marguerites. She placed them artistically around the rooms, but never wore them.

Kenneth strained his eyes to see the white sails of the boat that held all that was dear to him. But he watched in vain. Each moment the gale grew more furious.

He was nearly maddened by suspense. Why had he not gone with her? He tramped restlessly up and down, battling fiercely with the wind.

Suddenly a strange calm stole over him. He felt the mysterious presence of the angel of death. Its icy breath touched his cheek.

Then his eyes caught sight of a dark object flung high on the beach. He approached it with painful slowness. His very heart was numb.

There on the sand lay a slender shape, with long shining hair. With a great cry, he bent over her. It was Marguerite, with the daisies in her bosom.

In a French Restaurant.

If you visit New Orleans this spring and happen into any of the French restaurants on Canal street, look out for a sign reading: "No Hoosiers wanted in here."

My Hoosier friend was bound and determined to try one of those French restaurants. His mouth had watered all the way down, and he had licked his chops from the depot to Canal street. When he was finally seated he ordered an oyster stew and a cup of coffee, and with the bread and butter furnished free made out a satisfactory 65 cent lunch. He was charmed and gratified, and during the afternoon he probably sent one hundred strangers to that restaurant.

At supper time he called for the same things, and before he had finished eating the waiter brought him a cigar and a match on a server.

"Egad!" chuckled the Hoosier, "but this is munificence! This is treating a man white, and I kin lick anybody who says a word again 'a French restaurant!"

"When he went over to the desk to pay his bill the cashier replied that it was ninety cents. "Why, you only charged me sixty-five at noon," replied Indiana.

"You laike to—to play zee zaid beat, eh!" howled the cashier.

"Dead beat! You old highway robber, don't call me such names as that!" The police didn't come, but everybody in the room gathered around, and at last, finding the place filling up with a curious crowd, the cashier gave in and took 65 cents in settlement.

"Now where you from?" he asked as he pocketed the money. "Indiana, and don't you forget it! I'm a Hoosier, and I don't knuckle to nobody!"

"A Hoosier! I remember dat! A Hoosier! Robarrt, you hurry up and paint big saign which reads dat no Hoosier was wanted in my plaice no more!"

"And now," remarked Indiana as he backed out, "French restaurant, a long farewell! Good-bye old robber! I can't hurt ye here, but let me catch you up in Indiana and I'll lick ye limpsy if I have to mortgage my cider mill to pay the fine!"

Bismarck's Home.

There is scarcely anything remarkable in the Chancellor's house at Friedrichsruhe except its absolute plainness. Jewish plutocracy may gloat in displaying gorgeous tapestry and rare bric-a-brac, but Bismarck, after all, is only a poor man. His state appointment is not worth over 3,000 pounds sterling; Schonhausen is valueless; Varzin does not yield much, and the estate of Friedrichsruhe, although estimated at 150,000 pounds sterling, brings at the most 5,000 pounds sterling. It is true that this is no reason why his walls should be whitewashed, why his furniture is of the simplest description, why his art treasures consist of comparatively worthless photographs and paintings of his daughter and his sons, of Moltke, of Cardinal Hohenlohe, of Thiers, of Beaconsfield, of Friedrichsruhe itself. Yet there are several objects of luxury and ease, and others of decidedly historic importance.

There is the rich carpet, extending through hall and rooms; the number of chimneys, where the whole winter through fires burn perpetually, and an abundance of couches, sometimes two or three in one room. On the chimney-pieces are a bronze bust of Moltke, crowned with a huge laurel wreath, a plaster cast of Charlemagne, and a small copy of Schuler's Great Elector. The dining-room is adorned with the bronze statue of the Emperor, given by him to Bismarck in 1881. But particular mention is due to the bronze imitation of the Neiderwald, which stands on a fine oak cupboard in the smoking-room. A leaflet is attached to it with the following words, written by the Emperor himself: Christmas, 1883; the crowning stone of your policy; a festival which was destined chiefly for you, and which you unhappily were not able to attend—W."

Not less interesting as a historical curiosity is a small card table in the prince's study. When folded up it presents on the top board a little inlaid brass plate, bearing the inscription: "On this table the preliminary peace between Germany and France was signed the 29th of February, 1861, at Versailles, Rue de Provence, No. 15."

When opened there appears the central round of green cloth with the very candid despoils of yore, when Bismarck and Favre put their names under the treaty. It wanted a good deal of diplomacy on the part of the Chancellor to possess himself of it. His landlady of the Rue de Provence obstinately refused to part with it for any consideration of money until the prince at last called in a cabinet maker, ordering him to make another table exactly similar to that one. When the twins were put side by side the landlady of course decided in favor of the better-looking of the two and allowed Bismarck to carry off the original one.

The prince's own room is not only one of the largest in the house, but everything it contains bears due proportion to the size of its inmate—the gigantic mahogany writing table, the huge inkstand, the militia of immense goose quills and large pencils. Even the far-stretching view from the window is in harmony with the discursive mind of the man who is reclining on one of the couches, while giving ample scope to his thoughts. The guest rooms are situated on the first floor. It need scarcely be added that they are distinguished by comfort, ease and luxury from the Spartan nakedness of the rest of the house. It bodes peace and friendship to the state whose representative is invited to Friedrichsruhe.

Here Bismarck puts out the torch of hatred; for the host's duty he considers to be to cultivate under his own roof amity and good understanding.

The other day a merchant traveler operating for a Philadelphia shoe firm boarded a train on the Alton road at Joliet, and was soon attracted by the charming face of a sucker lass, who got on at Pontiac. He thought he saw that she was a sweet, innocent young thing, who would let him know to where she sat, and insinuated himself into her society.

"It is a very stormy day, miss," said the merchant traveler.

"Is that so?" she asked, with a great show of interest. Here, indeed, was a sweet example of rustic innocence. Storming like all the furies, and had been for nine consecutive hours, and yet she seemed to know nothing about it.

"Poor, credulous, simple thing," he thought, "she'll be madly in love with me in fifteen minutes."

"Going far?" he inquired. "Oh, an awful long way!" "How sweet and childish," thought the grispack man.

"How far are you going?" he asked. "Oh, away off." "To St. Louis?" "My, yes, and further than that."

"I'm awful glad. I'll have your company a good while, then," said he. "And I know we shall be great friends." "I hope so," she replied. "You have beaux, don't you?" the drummer suddenly asked.

"No; I used to have, but—" "Ah! never mind. I'll be your beau on this trip. Now, tell me your name, please?"

"Matilda—Matilda Haw—well, it used to Hawkins, but it is Jordan now." "What! You are not married?" "No! I poisoned my fifth husband the other day, and you, oh, you look so sweet. You look as if strychnine would make such a beautiful corpse of you! Come, now, won't you marry me?"

The Dog Howl.

"Is your mother at home, bub?" Inquired a lady as she walked up to a house and found a small boy with an old campaign hat on, sitting on the steps and shooting pebbles at a dog over the way with a rubber-constructed Gatling gun of his own manufacture.

"No'm she's just gone to the grocery to get some codfish for dinner," replied the boy, punctuating his remarks with snuffles, "coz this haint our day for meat. We only has it twice a week now, coz she's saving up some money to buy a new cloak that'll jist more'n take the tick out 'o Miss Bailerm's; for you see, ma she jist can't bear Miss Bailerm, and it most kills her to see her come out with a good stitch on, an' every time she does git anything new why ma she takes on jis awful an' says she wonders what Miss Bailerm pawned this time to buy it with, and then she begins to cut us light on grub until she kin collar sumpin that'll make Miss Bailerm slam her door when she walks along, an'—man?"

"Don't hit that poor dog, bub. You hurt him then, real bad. Don't you know that's wrong?"

"No'm, ma says tain't. You see that's Miss Nodgett's dog, and ma is jist down on her, oh, awful. You see, Miss Nodgett has owed her three-draw-in's o' tea for more'n two months, an' she'd a had our skillet yet if ma had n't sent me after it, and then she'd broked a piece off'n the handle, an' her man an' pa don't jibe on politics nowhow, an' ole Nodgett he—man?"

"Isn't that your mother coming yonder?"

"No'm. Why, that's ole Miss Simmons. She lives in that yaller house over yonder, an' ma she jis hates her a blame sight worse'n she does Miss Bailerm, coz, you see, when ma went to Ingearny last summer to see her brother what was goin' to be hung, why, ole Miss Simmons somehow she found it out, an' she jist got right up an' put on her bonnet an' went around to all our neighbors an'—man?"

"Which grocery did your mother go to? Rogers?"

"No'm. You see, we used to git all our things at Rogers', but finally he jis got so he wanted the cash down every time, an' ma she jis got mad, an' said she would not have nuthin' more to do with no man what gives thumb weight, an' palms off all his ole spilt stuff on her, an' then ole Miss Rogers she heard about it, an' she jis come right over an' her'n ma they jis had it up an' down, an'—man?"

"Did your mother say she was coming right back?"

"No'm. She said maybe she might jist stop a few minutes and see Miss Nickup, coz she's got a baby what's got the measles jis awful, an' her man has been jis billin' drunk for a week, an'—man?"

"Will you tell her I've been here? I can't wait any longer. I'm Mrs. Thompson."

"Yes'm. Oh, yes, you're the woman, what ma was talkin' about Wednesday. I member it coz that was our day for meat, an'—man?"

"Did she say anything good about me?"

"No'm. She jis said you put on a heap o' style for a grass widder, and she jis thought it was a barn' shame that you was going to marry that ole cross-eyed codger with a cork leg, coz he had money, 'bout gettin' no divorce from the red-headed hoss-thief that—man?"

"Tell your mother she's a good-nothing gad-about, and she'd better stay at home and keep her tongue in her head or it'll poison her. I never want to set eyes on her again. Will you tell her that?"

"Yes'm!" replied the boy, as he fixed another stone in the sling and got ready to make the dog howl, too.

After the Whirl.

Mineral oils have now supplanted train oils for many purposes, and the perpetual hunting has now diminished the numbers as well as the size of the whales, no animal having a chance to attain its full dimensions before it is harpooned. Often, nowadays, a whaling ship returns "clean," i. e., without having captured a single whale, so that, what with the lessened price and the diminished numbers and dimensions of the animals, whaling has become almost a lottery instead of a solid investment of capital, and few shipowners care to run such a risk. Furnished with its wonderful bony sieve, the Greenland whale has no difficulty in procuring its food. With mouth more or less open it swims backward and forward through the shoals of the Clio, which mostly are found near the surface. The water escapes freely between the horny plates and lining fringe, while the animals are detained within the foliage. When it wishes to swallow the prey which it has caught it employs its tongue, which is not less remarkable than the rest of the whale's structure. The tongue is not free except at the base, as with mammals generally, so that it is impossible for the animal to protrude its tongue from its mouth. The tongue is fixed by nearly all its edge, so that it can only be protruded upward. It once had an opportunity of examining the tongue of a small baleen whale which was cast ashore. It was of great size, smooth on the surface, and I could not help thinking that it was very like a soft, well stuffed pin-cushion. I pressed upon the centre with my fingers and I found that a pit was formed which rapidly filled with oil. Then I took a hammer and pressed the head of it upon the tongue. The pit formed by the pressure became deeper and larger, and filled so fast with oil that not only was the whole of the hammer submerged in the oil, but my wrist also.

On rising in the morning always put on the shoes and stockings the first thing. Never walk about in your bare feet, or stand on olecloth. Even in summer time this is a dangerous and unhealthy thing.

While our country is supposed to be nearly free from earthquakes no less than 364 shocks were recorded in the United States and Canada in the twelve years ending with 1883. This is an average of about one in every twelve days.