

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful, That stirred our hearts in youth; The impulse to a wordless prayer, The dreams of love and truth; The longing after something lost, The spirit's yearning cry, The striving after better hopes— These things can never die.

A BRAVE RESOLVE.

A long stretch of dusty road, across which occasionally a tree cast an inviting shade. On one side, the low meadow, kept fresh and green by the brook which gurgled and sang merrily as it made its way over and around the stones in its bed, or glided smoothly along with a gentle murmur of content.

On the other side, field after field of moving corn, tossing its lofty tassels as if it were greeted by the refreshing breeze, and shaking its leaves with the mysterious rustle that makes the timid child glance over his shoulder, and burry on its way.

A forlorn-looking house surrounded by grounds as uncared for in appearance as the house itself. A few chickens scratching and clucking as on ordinary days. The sun, shining fiercely down upon the place, stared in at the uncurtained windows as boldly as at other times, not heeding the bowed head of the husband, or the unchecked grief of the children, as they gathered around the dying wife and mother.

At the cry full of grief and tenderness, the sick woman opened her eyes. The sight of the loved face of her first-born seemed to bring her back for a moment from the borders of the other land, and the dim eyes smiled upon her child.

"Kiss—me—good-by," she whispered, slowly and painfully. Annie did so, and throwing her arms around her mother, as if to keep her always with her, she cried:

"Oh, I can't let you go. I can't! I can't!" "Sh!" sounded from the pale lips, and holding her husband and daughter by the hand, Mrs. Traverser died.

At sight of Annie's distress, that of the children broke out afresh, and Annie, thus reminded of other grief as great as her own, went to them as comforter. Susie, nestled in her arms, and the others, tired with crying, were ending with a low sob now and then. Rob, lying face downward upon the shabby calico-covered lounge, rose as Annie bent to kiss him, and threw his arms around her neck; but Sarah, standing silently by the window, seeing but not heeding the beauties revealed there, made no response to her sister's caress.

"Father, you haven't yet told me what ailed her. It must have been very sudden."

"She fell down the cellar steps day before yesterday—hurt herself somewhere. Doctor couldn't find out where—but gave her some'n' to make her easy. Couldn't cure her. She's bin watehin' for you since early mornin'."

It was Susie, who waking in the night, had sought in vain for the mother to whose side she was used to nestle. Failing to awaken her father from the heavy sleep which came to him after many restless turnings, she had made her way to Annie's room.

"Come, dear, climb up by Nannie," and the tired child, nestling close to "Nannie," was soon sleeping quietly again.

The next morning came Miss Stiles, Annie's dearest friend. It was through this lady's efforts that Mr. Traverser had been induced to send his daughter to the Seminary at T—, for she saw that the bright girl was worthy of a better training—a more thorough education—a higher culture, than her native village afforded.

Miss Stiles was a maiden lady with a small income which kept her in comfort, and even in luxury. She had lost by death all her family, but was a loved friend of old and young in the village. The young girls, however, were her especial charge; hence her interest in Annie.

"My poor child!" taking in her arms, "I wish I could tell you how sorry I am for you. It's a sad home-coming, but you know that you have our sincere sympathy."

A feeling of great comfort stole into the girl's heart at the tone and words of sympathy, and she felt strengthened by the friendly arms around her. Only a small company turned out to the funeral, for who, except those who knew her well, cared that Mrs. Traverser was dead? Of course, some were "grieved for her family, and all that," but they "had not the time to run to every funeral." It was "only Mary Traverser, anyhow."

And Annie was shocked and grieved that thoughts like these should come to her at this time, when she ought to be tender and forgiving; but the proud lips, just begun to enjoy the laurels revealed to her—and now to be shut out forever from them? Oh no, it was impossible; she was firmly decided for the school.

Knowing his daughter's ambitious plans, Mr. Traverser had no idea of her staying at home, and aided her in search for a housekeeper. During the week she was very busy—there were many little things to do for her father and the children.

Miss Stiles ran in several times, and though she was disappointed that Annie had decided to return to school, she hoped that everything was for the best, and said nothing more to dissuade her from her purpose. So Friday evening came, and found Annie ready to start on the morrow—her satchel packed, Mrs. Howell domesticated, and everything favorable for an early start.

But she could not sleep. As her eyes refused to close, and stared at the wall opposite, she saw pictures traced upon the broad white space lighted by the moon. She saw her father sitting contentedly in the kitchen, smoking his pipe, and talking to his wife, who sat at her mending, or moved around clearing away the remains of supper. Here he sat, night after night, wanting no better company than his family, while some fathers hurried to the saloon of the village, or sat around the village store, smoking and cracking some jokes.

She saw the children too—Sarah studying her spelling, perhaps; Rob pulling the cat's tail, spinning his top, or at some other sport equally mischievous and noisy, while little Sue sat in her father's side.

Here Annie's face began to quiver, and the moon's round face was hidden behind a small cloud sailing that way, leaving for a moment the space of wall at the foot of the bed in darkness. When it appeared again, its broad face beaming very kindly upon all the world, another picture had taken the place of the first.

The same kitchen and the same children—but where was the father? Where the mother? Perhaps the father would enter soon, take his seat and light his pipe—but the content was gone. Perhaps he would make his way to the village, perhaps—and Annie started at the thought—he would go to the saloon seeking to drown his trouble. Other, and better men than he, had done so.

But the mother would never return—no—and partly filling her place, Annie saw Mrs. Howell, not the best-natured woman in the world. What became of hot-tempered impetuous Rob, who needed a woman's patient and loving hand to guide him? Of cool, indifferent Sarah, who seemed alike careless of coaxing, scolding and whipping, who needed to be won by love, and an inexhaustible store of patience?

And where would little Sue, be the pet, the baby! So sensitive and loving that she never would become hardened, as Sarah might, from neglect or unkindness, but would grieve and pine away, like a plant deprived of sunshine. Involuntarily Annie drew the little form closer to her side.

Oh! she could not leave them—and yet, could she stay? A figure, all in white, slipped from the bed and knelt in the moonlight at its side, with bowed head. The struggle was over—Conscience was at rest, and Self lay panting and wounded—worsted in the battle.

In the morning Sue was awake as soon as Annie, and begged to be dressed to go down "wiv Nannie." She jumped gaily along, trying to "make Nannie wun," but as they reached the front hall, the smiles left the merry face, and the pretty lips began to tremble, for she saw the satchel packed and ready to go.

Do not let my words disturb you. I only ask that you—what is best for you—your father, the children, and yourself; that you do what you really believe to be right, and I shall be satisfied. It is because I love you, and want you to make the best of yourself in every way, that I speak as I do."

"Well, I am sure that the best thing for me to do, after spending all this time in study, is to live as I have marked out for myself. I have planned to send Rob to college, to educate the girls, and to do—lots," taking refuge in that school-girl word. "Oh yes, Miss Stiles, I'm sure that I'm right. I certainly shall return to school."

Annie was calm, and spoke decidedly for she knew her plans were not only for her own advancement, but for others, and therefore must be right. "Well, Annie, I will see you before you go. I'll be in to say 'good-bye,' when do you expect to go?"

"I have decided upon Saturday, provided I can find some one to come and stay. That will give me nearly a week. Father has a cousin living about eight miles from here, and as she is a widow, and has no children, I shall go to her, and see if she will come. Please come in often, Miss Stiles, you comfort me so much."

"I will, Annie, but keep up a brave heart, I am always your friend—ready to serve you at any time."

When she was alone again, Annie found that she could not rid herself of her friend's words. They came to her again and again: "Who can take your mother's place to them as well as yourself?"

She dismissed them, but still they returned, like faithful friends, loth to leave, even though driven away by unkind words and looks.

Susie claimed her attention, then the children, coming from school, must have "a piece;" a little time for sewing, then the early supper must be prepared. During all these preparations, the struggles was going on in Annie's mind. She had just tasted of the cup placed to her lips, just begun to enjoy the laurels revealed to her—and now to be shut out forever from them? Oh no, it was impossible; she was firmly decided for the school.

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fear of being thought fickle-minded was not as hard to bear as the incredulous tone in Sarah's voice, and the quizzical look in her eyes. But to all, she replied only that she had changed her mind.

Then she had to inform Mrs. Howell that her services would no longer be required, at which that lady heightened her nose a bit, and mumbled something about "People what never showed their own minds," but otherwise she was as gracious as usual, and took her dismissal better than Annie had expected she would.

Miss Stiles came about nine o'clock to say "good-bye," and was pleased, but not much surprised, to see no signs of departure.

Annie saw her friend coming up the path, and sending Sarah out of an errand, received the lady alone.

"Annie I thought that you would do your best! I am so glad you decided in this way!" said Miss Stiles.

"So am I," replied Annie, "but oh! Miss Stiles, it was hard. I can't think of it now, without—and she bent low over the little stocking on her hand, to hide the trembling of her lips.

"But you feel that you are doing right, don't you? In giving up your studies you will find other and as pleasant things to learn, and I know that you will never be sorry for your decision."

"Oh, I don't intend to give up my studies," began Annie, earnestly, while her friend nodded approvingly. "I will send for my books, and after I become a little settled and used to housekeeping, I shall try to study and read a little each day."

"And after a while perhaps we can arrange some weekly lessons," added Miss Stiles, and was rewarded more by the sparkle in Annie's eye, than by her eager:

"Oh, Miss Stiles, how kind! How delightful that will be! I can never teach, as I hoped to do, but I can at least make of myself and the children somebody of whom you need not be ashamed."

"I know it is a hard thing that you have done, and I admire you for it, and sympathize with you in the trial it has been to you, but I am very glad you did it of your own free will."

"Oh! but I didn't! Your words set me to thinking hard, and started me in the right way."

"But if your heart had not been right, you would not have decided as you did. I will give you the credit which you deserve, child, for I shared your ambitions, and can feel, somewhat your disappointment."

And now commenced a new life for Annie. With her mother's memory ever before her, the years brought her no regret at the step she had taken, but rather an inexpressible gain, in the love and full trust of father, brother, and sisters.

White Topaz found in Utah.

Prof. J. E. Clayton has just returned from a month's trip through the western part of Millard county, north of Sevier lake, Beaver Lake district, Wah Wah range, Star district and Bradshaw district. One of the special objects of the trip was to ascertain the locality mentioned in Lieutenant Simpson's report to the War Department in 1853 or 1854, wherein he stated that he had found an exceedingly rare one, the majority so far found being yellow. The Professor found the topaz on Mount Simpson's trail about 35 miles north of Sevier lake. He traced them to their source in order to find out the rock whence they came. He found the source in amygdaloid cavities in a purplish gray trachyte, and brought in 200 or 300 beautiful specimens. Owing to there being no water in the neighborhood, he could spend only a few hours in making the collection. So rare, indeed, are these stones that there are not enough in the world to give each cabinet one. They are of no special value except as curiosities. Perfect ones are, however, sometimes used for ring sets in imitation of diamonds, making the closest imitation to the real diamond of any stone. Professor George W. Maynard, to whom the specimens were shown, although he is a thorough geologist and mineralogist, and has traveled extensively through Europe and this country, and has seen the specimens in all the large mineralogical cabinets, stated that he had never before seen a white topaz. The discovery is a very interesting one from a mineralogical point of view.

One Meal a Day.

Two or three months ago a Detroit lawyer was in the northern counties on business, and one night while he was staying at a farmhouse two or three of the neighbors dropped in and one of them explained:

Ready Made Subjects.

In an interview with Ben Johnson, one of the murderers of the Beverly Taylor family at Avondale, Ohio, (who were killed to get their bodies), the following statements were elicited:

"What do you think of the future?" "Oh, sir—something—something tells me I shall never—never get out of this scrape. I shall be hung, and I know it. I shall be hung on the testimony of Ingalls. That man can plot and scheme and lie better than I can. Oh, I've been thinking of a heap of things since I've been here. I believe in God, but I tell you something tells me that I shall never get out of this," the grave robber continued, as he placed his hand over his heart, and the reporter asked:

"How many graves have you robbed in all?" "Well, I've been only three times before this."

"When was your first attempt?" "Well, let me see," he mused a moment thoughtfully, as he laid a crumpled letter from his mother-in-law, bearing the date of July, 1883, on the bunk.

"It was just before Christmas." "Week night?" "No. It was on Sunday night; 'cause I had on my best clothes. I live with my sister-in-law, on Mr. Glenn's property, in Avondale. Ingalls had been talking about the matter during the day, and had hired a buggy from the livery stable in Avondale to come at night. It was rather a risky business, I thought, and I said to Ingalls that if we were ever caught the white people would have no use for us. Ingalls said if I trusted to him nobody should find it out anyhow. Well, I sneaked about that house, trying to get out for some time, but I couldn't, 'cause my sister-in-law had her eye on me. Presently I saw my chance. She went to her room and shut the door. I snatched my overcoat and went out. I heard Ingalls whistle for me just then, and I went and got in the buggy. We drove to the cemetery and got the point."

"Male or female?" "Oh, it was a man." "How deep was it buried?" "About two feet, I guess." "What did you do with it?" "Well, we drove to town and down Seventh street. Ingalls stopped at a drug store near the college. Dr. Cilley was standing outside, and he got in the buggy and went with us to the college."

"How much did he pay you?" "Fifteen dollars." "Certain this was the first raid?" "Well, now I come to think, I believe I went about two weeks before that and got a man. It was, I think, on a Wednesday or Thursday night. Dr. Cilley took that in, too. He told me that he must have several 'points' by the end of the month, and that when this affair blew over for us to get 'em. He said: 'Get 'em boys, get 'em. I must have 'em. I'm most run out, and I need 'em right away.'"

The Sun's Fuel.

What keeps the majestic ball hot and bright? This has greatly engaged physicists and astronomers, and various have been their theories. If the sun shone only by mere combustion of its own materials, the calculation is that its fire would not last 5,000 years. It is very kind, Dr. Siemens to come forward with an entirely new theory, which holds out the hope that the men of science are all wrong with their dismal foreboding, and that the creation is not schemed on the poor footing of a German stove, or a suburban gas company. The learned ironmaster and physicist believes that the sun may very well go on illuminating and warming our world, and the family of sister planets for an indefinite, if not infinite time. He supposes interstellar space to be filled with an extremely attenuated hydrogen, and interplanetary space with denser gas, albeit more rarefied than the atmosphere drawn round each world. The sun, he thinks, whirling on its axis, draws into its poles the thin hydrogen, hydro-carbon, and oxygen of our sphere, and these being kindled, are projected outward at its equator into space. The accepted view is that the heat and light there radiated perish, as far as we are concerned, except for the small portion arrested by each solar satellite; but Dr. Siemens argues that this heat and light do their chief work in decomposing the carbonic oxide and watery vapor which were produced by the kindling at the solar poles, so that the sun itself perpetually renews its own supplies, and restores by its energy the waste matter which has fed that energy. The theory is much too technical and complicated to be here discussed, and we should offer a bad compliment to its ingenious author even to attempt such a task. Dr. Siemens, however, has had great experience with the phenomena of radiated heat, and his applications of the new view to the nature of the zodiacal light and of comets is particularly striking. Of course it is startling to hear of something in our own system which closely resembles perpetual motion; and those who maintain that everything comes to an end, and that all mechanical matter must be gradually degraded and metamorphosed, will be slow to receive the new suggestion.

A bronze axe with the handle attached—probably the first specimen known to have been discovered has just been found in Brittany by a French antiquary. The tool has a cutting edge on one end and a kind of hammer-cap on the other.

A writer in an English technical journal, having explained how cold air is the cause of smoke, which may be greatly reduced by care, remarks that in the open fire-grate the existing fire ought to be drawn to the front of the grate, allowing the fresh coal to be placed behind or on the back of the fire; thus, the fire in the front will burn more rapidly, warm the air above, and so prepare the rising gases for combustion. In this way the amount of smoke is diminished, as the gases from the coals at the back rise much more slowly than when placed upon the fire and the air partly warmed. For stoves and boilers, warm air may be produced for the entire combustion, of all the gases, a result which is beneficial in various ways.

One of the most difficult things to detect," said an old importer, "is the fraudulent allowance of rebate of customs duties on goods alleged to have been damaged. Where the importer and the appraiser are dishonest, the fraud is almost impossible of detection. The plan of operations is very simple. The law requires that the full duties shall be paid upon the withdrawal of goods. Then, if goods are found to be damaged within ten days, the importer sends word to the custom house, and an appraiser is sent to the importer's store or warehouse, and there appraises the damage, and upon his report is based the allowance of duties to be refunded. This system leaves opportunity to commit several kinds of fraud.

"There is, in the first place, an easy chance to substitute other goods for those actually imported. There is a case on record where an importer of fruits kept a lot of damaged goods on hand for a year, and used them to mix with every importation for the purpose of securing damage allowances. The goods being in the importer's possession, it is simply impossible to detect a fraud like that, especially where the appraiser is dishonest.

"There is, of course, so much dependent upon the judgment of the appraiser in such cases that there is a wide margin for fraud. The appraiser, for instance, may report a lot of preserved fruit as moldy or sugared. He may judge from an imperfect or dishonest inspection that a class of such goods is entitled to damage allowance, when in fact there was no damage at all. The result in such cases would be to give the dishonest importer an advantage over his honest competitors.

"The frauds have gone so far that not long ago a committee of the Chamber of Commerce, after investigation, reported in favor of suppressing damage allowances on goods not in themselves perishable, nor specially subject to suffer damage. They recommended that in lieu of the present system, there should be fixed percentages of rebates for damages to be ascertained and established by reference to actual experience in the past, such fixed percentages to be allowed on all perishable goods, whether damaged or not.

"The exclusion of some of the appraisers with importers of easy conscience is obvious from the fact that importations of similar goods in the same steamer have often been offered for sale at widely different prices by the different importers. The inference is that the importer who sells so much lower than his competitors has advantages over the importer who pays honest duties."

A Night of Horror.

A recent writer thus describes the terrors of a night which he passed on the Island of Trinidad: The weird rock scenery, with its dead forests, the strange birds that were "foul as the fabled harpies in their manners, dropped morsels of rotten fish from their mouths when we approached, and attacked us with fury." More uncanny still were the land crabs, "fearful as the freight fell on their yellow cynical faces, fixed as that of the sphynx, but fixed in a horrid grin. Smelling the fish we were cooking, they came down the mountains in thousands upon us. We threw them lumps of fish, which they devoured with crablike slowness, yet perseverance. It is a ghastly sight, a land-crab at his dinner. A huge beast was standing a yard from me; I gave him a portion of fish, and watched him. He looked at me straight in the face with his outstaring eyes, and proceeded with his two front claws to tear up his food, bringing bits of it to his mouth with one claw, as with a fork. But all this while he never looked at what he was doing; his face was fixed in one position, staring at me. And when I looked around, I found there were half a dozen others all steadily feeding, but with immovable heads turned to me with that fixed basilisk stare. It was indeed horrible, and the effect was night-mareish in the extreme. While we slept that night they attacked us, and would certainly have devoured us, had we not wakened. They eat holes in our clothes. One of us had to keep wakened, so as to drive them from the other two. Imagine a sailor cast alone on this coast, weary, yet unable to sleep a moment on account of these ferocious creatures. After a few days of an existence full of horror, he would die raving mad, and then be consumed in an hour by his foes. In all Dante's 'Inferno' there is no more horrible a suggestion of punishment than this. As I was keeping watch over the others I threw a large stone at one of two great crabs, that were approaching the sleepers. It broke through his armor and killed him. His death produced an effect on his companion that I little expected, and which, I confess, made me feel quite uncomfortable and nervous in my exhausted condition. The reptile stopped when his companion fell, a capacious fossa then opened from his mouth, and his two eyes started right out of his head, hanging on the ends of two long strings of horns. When I saw this ghastly exhibition I did half believe for a time that I was in a land of magic, surrounded by more than earthly enemies. The foul birds luckily slept, so we had not to defend ourselves against their attack as well, or I know not how we should have got through the night. As it was, the overcrowding crabs produced an almost delirium tremens sort of an effect on the imagination of a lonely watcher. But we managed to get through the night without affording them the unwanted luxury of a human supper."

Cheating the Government.

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A MAN OF QUIET TASTE is he who tipsles on the sly, behind the pantry door.

Some years ago an angler was invented by a Mr. Ransom Cook, since dead, which would bore at an angle with the grain, without starting with a gong. He obtained his plan by an examination with a microscope of the worm known as the wood-borer.