

SOMEbody's HEART.

Somebody's heart is gay,
And somebody's heart is sad;
For lights shine out across the way
And a door with crape is clad.

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.

There are three girls in our family,
Constance, Juliet and Ismay,
It is Juliet, who am writing this little history.

Constance is my senior by four years.
She married, and very well, the year
After she came out. I was 15 at the time,

I was a medium-sized girl in those days,
With a round face, a tremendous
Mop of fair hair, blue eyes and a decided

I was attired in my usual white flannel frock,
Somewhat dilapidated (I was never tidy),
And one of Guy's straw hats, which I had taken out of the hall.

"Indeed I wouldn't—I'd choose some one
else if you know."
"Ah, you're jealous of Ismay, and I don't wonder;
but I am not going to talk about her just now. Do you know I came home especially to see you?"

"You concealed monkey! I should enjoy boxing your ears, but I haven't time.
I want to talk seriously."
I giggled right out, but he pulled my hand through his arm, and we marched off in silence.

"You know I'm going away to-morrow."
"Will you?"
"Are you sorry?"

"No, I am very glad. I hope you will come back improved. You require improvement."

"You tresome creature!" He threw down my hand.
"Why won't you be serious?"

"I am serious. You're asking me stupid questions and I'm answering them seriously."

second season but I've done a great deal better.
Actually Guy, I'm engaged two years before I'm out."
Guy was leaning against a tree, looking very sulky.

"I'm quite in earnest," he growled, "but if you're only going to make fun of me, I'll go."
"You are going, that is to say you're going to-morrow, but not just this minute, Guy."

"Oh, Juliet! and do you really love me?"
"I don't want to say yes, and I don't want to say no."
"But you won't go marrying any other fellow while I'm away?"

"There is no fellow that I know of. I'll write and tell you if one turns up."
"Are you the sweetest girl in the world?"

"Guy, I'm positively growing vain. I wish Fraulin thought the same."
"Will you be in earnest, Juliet? I know you'll never marry me when you're grown up. You make fun of everything, and you will turn out a good-for-nothing flirt."

There was a pause, and I tried to look forward into the future. I glanced at Guy. His dark eyes were melancholy, ludicrously so, perhaps, but I was touched. He looked so sincere, and I felt unworthy of the adoration expressed so plainly in his face. I was perky, odious, and I hated myself.

"Are you sure you mean what you say?" I asked hesitatingly.
"Yes," he said simply, and I knew he was speaking the truth.

"And if you meet prettier and nicer girls than I am, you won't like them better than me?"
"You are the prettiest and nicest girl in the world."

"I don't want you to say that; I want you to promise never to love any one better than me."
"I shall never love any one half so well."

And so the romance of my life began. When I was 17 my father gave his consent to my engagement to Guy, and we were to be married when I was 20. The course of my love ran very smoothly. Guy took honors at Cambridge in his third year; I was 18 then, and was taken to town for my presentation. I stayed with Connie and made not the slightest sensation. I was not pretty, and with one exception, I positively hated and feared young men. I was farouche and conscious of being quite the plainest in the family. Little Ismay grew more beautiful every day.

"How she is growing up!" It was Guy who spoke, and he was referring to little Ismay, who was crossing the stepping stones to come to us. I sat on the river bank, and Guy lounged at my feet. Something in his voice made me glance down at him.

"She is the flower of the flock. Every one says so. Far prettier than Connie."
"Then you don't include yourself in the beauty competition, Juliet?" and he laughed.

"I never thought of comparing myself with Connie, and she is nothing at the side of Ismay."
"But you are far away the best of the three, Ju."

"I feel annoyed at your remarks. I wish people would never allude to my looks; and above all, that they wouldn't try to console me for my lack of beauty by telling me that I am amiable (which isn't true) or that I have the beauties of the mind, or stuff of that sort."

Ismay came up and seated herself by Guy. Two more beautiful faces could not have been imagined. His, clear, dark and classical; hers equally perfect, with a complexion of pearls and roses, with golden hair, and dark, grey, lustrous eyes.

"I hope, I am not de trop," she said calmly, settling her muslin skirts, "but I thought Ju's voice sounded somewhat cross, and I am come to make peace."
"More likely to create discord," I said impatiently. Guy looked up quickly, and then murmured something about the golden apple.

"Do you remember Paris and the golden apple?" asked Ismay, looking straight into his eyes. "If I had been there, I think it would have been given to me." I was accustomed to hear such remarks as those every day, and I only laughed; but Guy had not seen much of Ismay during the last twelve months and he stared with astonishment at the audacious beauty. She returned his gaze for a few seconds, and then cast down her eyes. That was only acting. Whatever Ismay was, she was not shy.

I tried to talk to Guy as I did when we were alone. Then I used to chatter by the hour together—rigamarole he used to call it, a one-sided conversation on every imaginable topic which I knew interested and amused him, although he rarely spoke, but was quite content to listen in silence. But I felt somehow constrained with that graceful white figure before my eyes, and when I looked at Guy he was looking at Ismay, and had apparently forgotten me. I rose to my feet abruptly.

"Where is Juliet going?" asked Ismay of Guy. He raised his eyes languidly. "Are you tired of the river?"
"Yes, and I turned to go. He rose also.

"Aren't you coming, Ismay?"
"No, and I'm vexed with you for leaving me. It's nearly a year since I've seen anything of you, and I wanted to hear all your news, where you've been, and everything." She sat putting on the bank, and he stood irresolutely beside her.

"I don't know. Something is going to happen."
He sighed impatiently.
"You seem very queer, too, Guy."

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"
"Yes, in many cases. Is that what is making you sigh so? Have you fallen in love with some one at first sight?"
"Oh, I don't know—that is to say, I haven't. Are you in love, Juliet?"

"What a question! I exclaimed indignantly, although I was half laughing. "If you wish me to say I'm in love with you I shan't."
"I wish to heaven you were not!" he said vehemently.

The blood rushed into my cheeks, and I sprang up passionately. Before I had time to make my escape, Guy threw his arms around me, and kissed my lips over and over again. My head rested on his shoulder, and my eyes slowly filled with tears. No wonder I wept, though I knew not then that that was the last time that my love (mine, alas, no longer), would kiss me.

"Dearest Juliet," he whispered, "forgive me darling. You know I love you better than any other woman."
"Except one," said a soft dear voice close by. Guy dropped my hand, and I looked around with an uncomfortable sense of having been discovered in a ridiculous position.

It was Ismay. She looked lovelier than ever in the pale moonlight. Her face was that of an angel, and her white draperies enveloped her like a mist. She laughed gently at my look of dismay.

"I didn't mean what I said, Ju, and I haven't been eavesdropping. I just sauntered up, and overheard the end of Guy's speech. It seemed only natural to make the remark that I did. It came in so well."

Guy said nothing. We three returned to the house together, Ismay talking to us both; I replied in an incoherent way, but he said never a word.

That night a dreadful fear crept into my heart, and until the morning I lay awake starting hopelessly, blankly, at a terrible phantom, which grew clearer and more distinct every moment. And I had not even the relief of tears.

Thank God that horrible state of uncertainty did not last very long. The agony of the next two days was almost too much for my endurance, but was not so painful as those frightful doubts. It stung me, but I knew the worst; there was nothing, either evil or good, that could touch my heart after that.

Let me pass over the next forty-eight hours. I said I was ill and remained in my own room. I refused to see Ismay; she made my head ache, I said. On the evening of the second day I went out. It was growing dark, and I crouched down beside the balustrade in the Italian part of the garden, which was laid out in terraces. Below my balustrade a bank sloped down some six feet or so to another terrace, and a garden seat was placed at the foot of this bank. I felt expectant. I was lying in wait. In my black dress and in the waning light no one could distinguish me in that shady corner, and there I waited. The night was very still. I knew the hateful creak was still creaking in the meadows, and I abhorred the perfumes of roses that filled the air, for in my mind it raised up the vision of bygone love and happiness. What mockery!

I had not long to wait. I heard voices in the distance, and soon two forms emerged from the shadow, and came slowly toward the seat below my eyes. My heart beat thick and fast. I feared they might continue their walk, but no, they stopped, and Ismay, for it was she and Guy, seated herself. He stood a moment glancing around, and then threw himself at her feet.

"You are humble," she said, "you may sit beside me if you wish, or perhaps you think that is your proper place?"
"Yes," he said, "you were made to be worshipped. I had read of such women, but never believed in them, and here I discover one in a little girl I have known all my life, and to whom I have hardly ever given a thought."

"Ah, Juliet occupied all your thoughts."
"Juliet!" he sighed, "yes, and she ought to occupy them to the end of time. There is not another girl in the world like my old love, and she is better than you my goddess."

"And yet you love me best of all?"
"Who could blame me for loving you? I adore you. You are so beautiful and gracious. You are an angel, a Venus."

"And you are profane. Call me an angel or Venus separately, but not both at once."
"But you remind me of both. You are neither saint nor sinner, but the most charming combination of both."

"If Juliet were here, she would say I was all sinner—no leaven of saintliness."
"Don't talk about Juliet. Let me think of you only; the rest of my life must be devoted to her."

Through the gloom I heard Ismay's sob. I could not see, it was so dark, but I knew that he was kissing her and bidding her farewell forever, and each murmuring, tender epithet cut my heart like a knife. Slowly and noiselessly I rose from my cramped position, stole silently along the terrace to the steps, descended softly, and stood beside them without either being aware of my presence.

"And now, good-bye forever, dearest," said Guy, and he would have risen and left her, but she clung to him and sobbed convulsively. "You must remember Juliet; I am bound to her."

"You are not?" Could that be my voice? It sounded strange and far away. "For the last two days I have suspected this, and that is why I have been an unseen witness to this scene. Guy Lorraine, you are free. I am thankful that I have found this change in your love in time to escape a fearful fate. Good-bye!"

I turned to go but he sprang toward me and caught my hand.
"Juliet you are angry!"

"No, I am relieved."
"Then you never loved me!" He spoke breathless, eagerly, a note of joy in his voice, and my heart stood still. How anxious he was to believe that all my love, my tenderness and devotion had been nothing—as his love, nothing.

"No, I never loved you," I replied, slowly, and as I uttered that he turned and went slowly away, and he breathed a long-drawn sigh of relief. I never spoke a word to Ismay, or she to me, but I know my sister knew my falsehood, and my secret is safe in her keeping.

They were married, and they are happy; at least she is. Some times I look up and see Guy's eyes fixed on me in a way which recalls the past, but that is only my foolish imagination, for surely he can only look back with amusement to the time when he preferred me to the Flower of the Flock.

Chickens two minutes after they have left the egg, will follow with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, and pick at them, judging distance and direction with almost infallible accuracy. They will instinctively appreciate sound, readily running toward an invisible hen hidden in a box when they hear her "call." Some young birds also have an innate, instinctive horror of the sight of a hawk and of the sound of its voice. Swallows, titmice, tomits and wrens, after having been confined from birth, are capable of flying successfully at once when liberated on their wings having attained the necessary growth to render flight possible. The Duke of Argyll relates some very interesting particulars about the instincts of birds, especially of the water ouzel, the merganser and the wild duck. Even as to the class of beasts I find recorded:

"Five young polecats were found comfortably bedded in dry withered grass, and in a side hole of proper dimensions for such a lair, were forty frogs and two toads, all alive, but merely capable of sprawling a little. On examination the whole number, toads and all, proved to have been purposely and dexterously bitten through the brain. Evidently the parent polecat had thus provided the young with food which should be kept perfectly fresh, because alive, and yet was rendered quite unable to escape. This singular instinct is like other which are yet more fully developed among insects—a class of animals the instincts of which are so numerous, wonderful and notorious that it will probably be enough to refer to one or two examples. The female carpenter bee, in order to protect her eggs, excavates in some piece of wood a series of chambers, in special order, with a view to a peculiar mode of exit for young, but the young mother can have no conscious knowledge of the series of actions subsequently to ensue. The female of the wasp, spex, affords another well known, but very remarkable example of complex instinct closely related to that already mentioned in the case of the polecat. The female wasp has to provide fresh, living animal food for her progeny, which, when it quits its egg, quits it in the form of an almost helpless grub, utterly unable to catch, retain or kill a struggling prey.

Accordingly, the mother insect has not only to provide and place beside her eggs suitable living prey, but to so treat it that it may be a helpless, unresisting victim. That victim may be a mere caterpillar, or it may be a great, powerful grasshopper, or even that most fierce, active and rapacious of insect tyrants, a fell and venomous spider. Whichever it may be, the wasp adroitly stings it at the spot which induces, or in the several spots which induce, complete paralysis of motion—let us hope as to sensation also. This done, the wasp entombs the helpless being with its own egg, and leaves it for the support of the future grub.

A late letter from Lancaster, Penn'a, says, "weird indeed was the cremation which took place at the Lancaster Crematorium shortly before 1 o'clock on the 4th of May, and it was none the less weird because the hour at which it occurred was the result of accident. At 5:30 a party of gentlemen from Chicago, bringing the body of a friend, arrived. They looked amazed at finding no one to receive them. They had telegraphed the Crematorium Association of their coming, but the telegram had miscarried. Fortunately, however, the furnace fires had been lighted at noon for a cremation that was to take place to-day, and by piling on fuel the retort was in readiness for service at midnight. The body was that of Charles E. Hatcher, a prominent wholesale druggist of Chicago, who was an avowed atheist, aged 51 years.

At midnight about twenty people gathered in the flickering light of coal-oil lamps about the body of the deceased, whose head, face and neck were exposed to view by direction of deceased in his will, which directed that his body should be cremated. As the doors of the retort were thrown open to receive the body a ghostly light illumined the place, which was silent as the tomb itself. Then, with not a word spoken, at a nod from Dr. Sheppers, the eldest brother-in-law of the deceased approached the body, passed his hand over the cold forehead and silently retired. The other friends from Chicago, including Dr. Sheppers, did precisely the same thing, but made no explanation of it. This was the only ceremony. The twenty persons present were mostly physicians, with a sprinkling of press representatives and others, including several ladies.

At 7 o'clock a. m. the ashes were removed from the retort to make way for the body of Samuel J. Sargent, which arrived at 6:05, and was placed in the retort at 8:30; making two cremations instead of eight hours, and three within three days. Mr. Sargent was a native of Oneida county, New York, but who died at Pittsburgh from heart disease, aged 42 years. These were the first Sunday cremations in the history of the Lancaster Crematorium.

Nicely-cured clover hay is recommended as "excellent for hogs in winter."

A Mud City.

The name of this notable place is not euphonious, but it is the heart of Africa, and is that far-off region Abeokuta may have a softness of tone not recognizable by us. Round about this distant city is a picturesque fringing of minor settlements, the population of the city proper and its suburbs coming up to two hundred thousand souls.

Abeokuta "stands on a granite foundation nearly six hundred feet above sea-level, a mud wall six hundred feet in height surrounds it, it is thatched with palm leaves," and must present a very pretty appearance. The twenty miles circumference of this wall incloses much farming land. The interior arrangements of Mud City are said to be more repulsive than otherwise. The streets are narrow and far from clean, and great irregularity prevails. The homes of the people are of dried mud, and, like the wall, they are thatched; ten or even sometimes twenty rooms are devoted to family comfort. These surround an inner court where sheep and goats are kept. But they are a busy people in Mud City. "Trades are carried on in primitive fashion, and there are unions of smiths, carpenters, weavers, dyers and potters; over the last two on the list women rule. Lively markets are held and active traffic is carried on, mainly by women. Barter is in food, cooked and uncooked, in vegetables and in oils, in Shea or tree-butter, raw cotton and grass, and many very creditable manufactures are successfully kept up among them—cutlery and excellent leather." Cowry shells is the accepted currency, though there may be changes, as it is recorded that 1807 copper coins were under consideration. A great deal of business must center in Mud City, for caravans go from thence in different directions many hundreds of miles.

The government is simple. "There is a king, and his functions are entirely elective." A general has charge of an army, and there is a sort of legislature, admitting representation from outside towns. Mud City can also speak loftily in the matter of general intelligence, since they can boast of a newspaper within their limits, and three religious societies are free to enjoy themselves unmolested. One church steeple is allowed to as having a bell and a mud steeple. Slavery has been abolished among them, and commerce with England established, and everything points to prosperous conditions.

Baby Won't Go.

"Doctor," he began as he entered the office of a well-known medical man the other day, "we've been talking it over."

"Ah!"
"Have you concluded that it would be best for the baby's health to go to the country this summer?"
"J see."

"What do you think of it?"
"At a relative's, I suppose?"
"Jes."

"Swamp anywhere near the house?"
"Well, I believe there's one about a quarter of a mile away."

"That's good. Is the well in the woodshed?"
"J is."

"Good again. That will keep the floors damp and muddy. Is the cellar concreted and drained?"
"I think not."

"That's elegant. A cellar with a natural earth bottom can always be depended on for sour smells, and one without a drain helps along fevers. Lots of sherry around?"
"Ob, yes; you can hardly see the house in summer."

"Exactly. That keeps roof and walls damp, and you can depend on malaria. Pig-sty and barn handy to the back door?"
"Very nice—a few rods away?"

"Yes, only a few rods. You can rely on the odors, and perhaps the well water is improved by the percolations. Ever notice the cistern?"
"Jes; it is a nice wooden one."

"Splendid! The water is always throwing off a sour smell, and something less than a million mosquitoes breed every summer's night. I agree with you to a dot, especially if there are any box-drains around to breed typhoid fever."

"You—you wouldn't advise it?" queried the father.
"Say!" said the doctor, as he leaned over the table, "let the nurse drop him out of the window—push him down the back stairs—get him run over by an ice wagon—give him your revolver to play with! There's a dozen ways of killing him off besides taking him to the country, and any of them will save you time and money!"

Monticello.

Monticello, the residence of Thomas Jefferson, is on a hill overlooking the University of Virginia. From his porch with the aid of a telescope, Mr. Jefferson, so runs the tradition, watched the laying of each brick in the college buildings. From Monticello, the view of the surrounding country is reputed to be surpassingly fine. The tourist, who, attracted by the historic associations and by the desire to enjoy the view, climbs the hill on which Monticello is situated, finds his entrance to the grounds barred by a closed gate, at which a colored man is posted as guardian, while over the gate is a board bearing the following legend:

"Beware of the Dogs. No one allowed in here."

In point of fact, the estate has been purchased by Mr. Jefferson Monticello Levi, an opulent citizen of New York, who spends a portion of each summer here, and who, having got a corner on the historic associations, declines to allow any one to enter the grounds.

Fortunately the author of the Declaration was buried on a spot not included in the sale to Mr. Levi, so that the traveler can visit the grave and see the monument erected by the United States.

A tin roof properly put on and kept properly painted will last about thirty years. A tin roof ought not to be painted for the first time until it has been on thirty days, so as to get the grease off the tin, and so all the rosin should be carefully scraped off.

Snakes in the Perjeh Valley.

Remittent fever has of late years played sad havoc among the Jamshidis of Kaskh. All the neighboring valleys, including Perjeh, are infected and are only habitable in spring and summer by the acclimatized. Another drawback to this valley is the number of snakes which infest it. In spring the country must swarm with them; at present they are to be found, when there is occasion to dig, some eighteen inches or two feet below the surface, hibernating in sleepy torpor.

Before winter closed in one of the Lancers—a strong healthy young fellow—very nearly fell a victim to one of these reptiles. When picking up a stone he was bit in the back of the hand, and he owed his life to the presence of mind and Dr. Charles' care and skill. Tearing off a strip of his turban he bound it tightly—so tightly that in the hospital they could not tighten it—round the arm above the wrist. He then made off for the hospital, and half an hour after being bitten he was under Dr. Charles' care. But already there was signs of paralysis in the left leg, and this gradually spread till both extremities were completely paralyzed. He suffered from great heat, followed by intense cold, tingling and numbness in the arms and legs, and much pain over the heart—his heart was "on fire," he complained.

Altogether his case, after an hour or so, seemed hopeless. He was pined with brandy and ammonia, and made to walk till his legs were deadened by paralysis, and then he was put between hot blankets, and hot bricks were applied to his feet. Hypodermic injections of ether were found very useful, and at last, after three hours of unremitting care, he slowly passed out of danger; and Dr. Charles has the satisfaction of being one of the few who have successfully treated a snake bite. However, the man did not completely recover at once. He suffered from blood poisoning, and it was three weeks before he was discharged from the hospital.

Early Dentistry.

"At the date of my earliest recollection dentistry as now practiced was unknown. Teeth were extracted by regular practicing physicians generally, and their only outfit was an instrument known as the 'turnkey' or 'haws bill.' It was constructed like a common nail gimlet with a moveable hook at the end which could be turned so as to seize upon any tooth whatever its position; then by a twisting motion the offending molar was rooted out. In country places where physicians were sparsely located, men in various occupations would keep a 'turnkey' and perform the services. In one instance I know of a lady who acquired the reputation of an expert at the business and had quite an extensive practice. The first artificial tooth which I ever saw was inserted by an itinerant dentist. It was secured upon a metal pivot or dowell and the pivot was forced into the stump of a decayed tooth. They were made from ivory or cattle's teeth, and sometimes secured on wood instead of metal pivots. In 1835 there were in Hartford but three professional dentists. Not far from that time some one had secured two or more teeth to a metallic spring which clasped the adjoining teeth in such a manner as to hold them in position. That was thought to be a wonderful achievement and was proclaimed to the world. In that year there were slaughtered at one place near this city several hundred heads of cattle for bawling, and carloads of heads were piled near the slaughter-house. I saw one of those dentists approach them with a saw and sack and select such specimens as suited him. He then sawed off the under-jaws containing the teeth, which he desired, and after filling his sack he put them into his buggy and departed. Somebody's mouth was doubtless ornamented with those teeth, and they took satisfaction in showing their 'ivory.' Since that period I shall not attempt to describe the inventions, progress and improvements in the science, for I am utterly incapable. Instead of three we now have twenty three of the profession in Hartford, Conn.

The Chinese.

It must be remembered that the Chinese are of all nations over the globe the most difficult and peculiar to deal with. What shall we expect from the obstinacy of a nation which in the nineteenth century can only be induced by force of arms to recognize by treaty, that England is an independent nation and in no manner subject to the Chinese government? How shall we deal with a people whose very treaties read backwards and from the bottom of the page? How shall we direct our actions in the presence of men who shake their own hands instead of grasping yours? What steps can be taken without offense in a land "where" to quote the comical complaint of Wingrove Cook, "the roses have no fragrance and the women no petticoats; where the laborer has no Sabbath and the magistrate no sense of honor; where the needle points to the south, and the sign of being puzzled is to scratch the antipodes of the head; where the place of honor is on the left hand, and the seat of intellect is in the stomach, where to take off your hat is an insulting gesture, and to wear white garments is to put yourself into mourning."

Without doubt the Chinese are a most extraordinary people, and all the judgments which civilized people are disposed to pass either upon them or their enemies must, for especial reasons, be withheld until a full and correct knowledge of the exact circumstances can be had.

Coal Consumed.

In ten years the amount of coal consumed in producing a ton of pig iron has been reduced about twenty per cent. Taking the iron manufacture of Great Britain as a whole in 1874 and 1883, this is the average rate of reduction. It was still greater in some works.