

CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, my pretty one, Sleep, my little one, Rose in the garden is blooming so red; O'er the flowers the feet-footed hours Dance into dreamland to melody wed; To the voice of the stream—to a song in a dream, Sung low by the brook to its stone-covered bed.

Sung soft as it goes, And the heart of the rose Gives a tremulous leap As the melody flows. Ah, little one, sleep, Sleep. Peace, my little one, Peace, my pretty one, Lilies bend low to the breath of the breeze; Lithe as a willow, the boat on the billow High tosses the spray for the sunlight to tease.

HIS DAUGHTER.

"Come, Miss Agnes, or your lunch will all be cold as a stone." As the kind old housekeeper looked into the room her face took on an anxious expression as she saw the bowed young head, and heard the smothered sobs of the mistress of whom she was so unselfishly fond.

"What is it, honey? Did the letter bring bad news? Tell me about it, and maybe the feeling of your trouble will make it easier to bear." Agnes raised her head and looked at Mrs. Willard in a dazed sort of way for an instant. Then with an effort she controlled herself sufficiently to speak and unburden her mind of the sad truth which pressed so heavily upon it.

"Well, Miss Agnes, you have your cousin Earnest to look to. He will take care of you." A crimson flush chased away the girl's pallor. "Hush, Mrs. Willard, don't speak of him to me again; he is married. The news came this morning."

"Bad luck to him! and he engaged to you! He is a black-hearted—"

"No, Mrs. Willard, he's only fickle and thoughtless. He fell desperately in love with the pretty young thing he has married, and they have made a runaway match. I am glad he found out the nature of his liking for me before instead of after our union had taken place. He had a cousinly fondness for me. That was all."

Agnes spoke with a quiet dignity which alienated her listener at once. "Well, come and have your lunch now. I broiled a bit of chicken for you, and I hope it will taste good. Sit here and fretting won't mend things a bit."

She succeeded in coaxing Agnes into the dining-room, and poured out a cup of fragrant Mocha, laid the morning paper beside her plate, and then left her alone. Agnes sipped the coffee and tasted the chicken. Then she glanced over the columns of the newspaper. An advertisement attracted her attention. It was this: "WANTED—A Housekeeper. She must be active and good-tempered, as well as competent to direct the domestics under her particular charge. Address E. Box 65."

quited to the station to which you evidently belong." "It was a sudden impulse which led me to answer your notice. Poor papa has been gone from me a whole year, and now I have just heard that all the money he left is lost. It was invested in a Fire Insurance Company, which has failed. I must earn my living some way."

"And so you pluckily seized the first chance that seemed to present itself. Good! I like your spirit. The taking of such a trying and responsible place as that of the directing spirit of my household machinery would not be feasible; but I have an invalid aunt who is about to part with her companion—a lady who has come into a small property lately, and so does not need the position any longer."

"If you succeed in making a favorable impression upon the old lady, who is rather set in her way, it will be a much easier employment than that of housekeeper. I will conduct you to her, and see how the plan is likely to succeed."

Agnes' modest face at once attracted the invalid's fancy, and she was engaged to take the place on the following week. She fulfilled her duties satisfactorily, and after a few months she became fondly attached to the feeble old lady, and found a real pleasure in trying to make her life as happy as it could be, while enduring so much pain.

Her death came suddenly, and was such a shock to the kind young companion that at first it put all other thoughts out of her mind. Then she awoke to the knowledge that she must leave the hospitable home that had sheltered her.

When she broached the matter to Mr. Durant, however, he would not listen to it, and, to her great surprise, supplemented his refusal by an offer of marriage.

"I never thought to put trust in woman again," he said; "but I have learned to like to see you about this lonesome old house. You are still on the sunny side of life, and I am forty. But I will try to make you happy. Do not answer me now. Think of what I have said, and give me my reply to-morrow at this time."

Surprised and bewildered at the sudden proposition, Agnes withdrew from Mr. Durant's presence. Was there such a thing as true love in the world? she questioned herself; that is, in a man's heart? Her own sad experience taught her to answer: "No."

She did not love Mr. Durant, but she was conscious of a feeling of respect and of admiration for him. He had not professed to love her, and it would be purely a friendly union, and was it not the truest kind of marriage, after all?

Thus she reasoned down her conscientious scruples, and at last made up her mind to tell Mr. Durant that if he would take her for his wife, knowing that her heart had once received a blow which had given love its death-wound, and to accept friendship and respect instead, she would be to him a true and faithful companion throughout life's journey.

Mr. Durant was pleased with her candor, and after a brief delay they were married. The young wife proved like a ray of sunshine in the grand old house. Every room showed tokens of the change that had been inaugurated with its new mistress; and best of all, Agnes learned to love her husband; not with the romantic devotion that had characterized the first love, that had ended so disastrously, but with a calm, enduring affection, which was far better calculated to make its object happy.

then had left his darling to battle with the world, and try and wrest a living from it for herself and baby boy. Surely Agnes had something to work upon? Who could resist the thought of a little grandson?

She put herself at once in communication with her step-daughter, and succeeded in obtaining the child's picture. Again she went to her husband with a likeness; but this time of a dimpled, dark-eyed boy. He received it from her carelessly; looked at it at first in a listless way, then whose into sudden attentiveness.

"Who is this, Agnes?" "The young wife trembled; but she answered bravely: "It is your grandson, and name-child. His father is dead, and his mother, your only daughter, is supporting herself by giving music lessons. Oh, my husband, if you love me, forgive and forget the past! Take your dear one into your heart and home."

Mr. Durant looked at the fair young pleader curiously. A suspicious moisture dimmed for an instant the brightness of his eyes. "Do you know what your intercession will cost you—that is, if I accede to your request? Agnes, think well of what you are doing. My will is made, and it is in your favor."

"Burn it! destroy it! it is unjust. Here is your rightful heir," and Agnes pointed to the blooming child's face with an earnest beseeching gesture. "You are a good little thing, Agnes. I am not deceived in you. I read it in your face when I first saw you. Be it as you say. I have enough for all."

A Curious African Tribe.

A more remarkable or unique race than the Masai does not exist on the continent of Africa. In their physique, manners and customs and religious beliefs they are distinct alike from the Galla and Somali. They are the most magnificently modeled savages I have seen, or ever read of. Beautifully proportioned, they are characterized by the smooth and rounded outline of the Apollo type, rarely showing the knotted and brawny muscles of the true athlete. The women are very decently dressed in bullocks' hide. They wear, by way of ornament, from twenty to thirty pounds of thick iron wire coiled round the limbs, arms and neck, besides a great assortment of beads and iron chains. The men wear only a small kidkin garment round the shoulders and breast, that being of somewhat more ample dimensions among the married men.

The most remarkable distinctions characterize the various epochs in the life history of the Masai. The boys and girls up to a certain age live with their parents, and feed upon curried milk, meat and grain. At the age of 12 with the girls, and from 12 to 14 years with the boys, they are sent from their parents to the kraal to one in which there are only young unmarried men and women. There they live till they are married. At this stage the men are warriors, and their sole occupation is cattle-lifting abroad and amusing themselves at home. The young women attend to the cattle, build the huts and perform other necessary household duties. Both sexes are on the strictest diet. Absolutely nothing but meat and milk passes their lips. Spirits and beer, tobacco, or vegetable food are alike eschewed. So peculiar, indeed, are they in their notions that they will not even eat the meat of any wild animal. Moreover, the meat and milk are never taken together.

Newfoundland's Cod Bank.

The foundation of the cod bank of Newfoundland is of solid rock, and was no doubt formed by volcanic action. The formation of the bank has been the slow, and toilsome work of ages. Every spring, myriads of icebergs, their lower part mixed with the coast-bottoms of Greenland and Labrador, come floating majestically through Davis Straits, and meeting here the warm waters of the Gulf Stream melted and deposited their contributions, until those immense shoals were formed where the cod and haddock swarm. The mighty St. Lawrence has assisted this work by depositing mud and earth swept down in its course of over 2,000 miles. The great bank—there are seven—is 600 miles long by 120 broad, but what is called the Telegraphic Plateau, because the Atlantic cable goes over it, stretches right away to Valentia. For generations the inhabitants of Newfoundland and the venturesome folk who live all along the New England coast have got their daily bread or laid up a competency from this seemingly boundless source of wealth; but so great has the drain become that the supply is year by year becoming perceptibly less. Considering that the fish-harvest is gathered on a farm for which no rent is asked, that there is no expense for cultivation, and that the harvester takes all he can get, the ultimate exhaustion or deterioration of the supplies must naturally be expected.

Nature rejoices in illusion. Whoso destroys it in himself and others, him she punishes with the sternest tyranny. Whoso follows her in faith, him she takes as a child to her bosom. If a woman is worth her weight in gold, she has but to drop in at a New York restaurant to learn how very valuable she really is.

Tim's moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on; nor all your piety and wish shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

A Phenomenal Memory.

If you want to find the most unerring and phenomenal memory in Washington, climb to the top floor of the Capitol, at the Senate wing, hunt the document room, and inquire for Amzi Smith. You will be met by a tall, slender gentleman, of pleasant address, kindly gray eyes, and quick movements. Around him on every side, arranged in the numerous shelves, first according to Congress, and next by number under each Congress, are the countless bills, resolutions, etc., which aspiring statesmen have launched on both houses since the very earliest days. It is a repository, not of what Congress has done, but of what the innumerable caravan of wise men and cranks wanted to do—for Smith keeps a record of the bills regardless of their legislative fate.

Of course they are carefully indexed by names and themes, but Smith's memory doesn't need this crutch. The members in preparing bills or reports are always anxious to know if any steps have heretofore been taken in the same direction, and the oracle to consult in each case is Smith. You approach Smith on the subject, no matter what it is, no matter how long ago, and after pulling the front lock of his hair for a moment, and giving a squint at the ceiling, he will remark, for instance, "Why, yes, you'll find a report of that in 39 of the second session of the Thirty-third Congress," (meaning document 39 of the second session of the Thirty-third Congress), and he will go for it with the instinct of a ferret. During an almost daily intercourse of several years I never knew him to make a mistake.

Let me give an interesting story about him. Some five years ago he was taken suddenly sick, and the trouble soon assumed the shape of a fever and attacked his head. The solicitors Senators insisted on daily reports of his condition, from the quiet little country house a few miles from Washington. For many days, as the disease gained on him, it seemed dubious for Smith and his cyclopaedic brain, and correspondingly gloomy for the public men who depended on his ready stock of knowledge. But the clouds broke at last, fortunately, and he began slowly to mend. The nature of the complaint led every one to fear that poor Smith might have wrecked his brain cargo during the mental storm through which he passed. It was a rainy morning in May when Amzi began his return engagement at the old desk, and I was one of the first to try whether his brain would answer roll-call in the good old way. So I asked whether there was any document giving the dates when the different States were admitted into the Union. He squinted at the ceiling for a few seconds longer than usual, but at last he caught the spirit of revival borne in through the windows on the blossom-laden air, and replied: "Yes, it was in 1874, in the Forty-third, that a report was made from the House Committee on Territories, in which this intelligence was conveyed. I think it was 561 of the first."

That was then seven years before, and no one had asked for it, since the day it had been dumped in with a crate of documentary rubbish and quietly taken its nook in the cavern's of Amzi's head. He does not trouble himself to inquire, modest gentleman that he is, whether this gift is natural or acquired. He takes what the gods have sent, without any horn-blowing or airs of superiority, satisfied that he is useful, and content with the compensation thereunto attached.

Taming the Texas Steer. "I have just had a talk with a lady," said a western gentleman to a reporter. "She is a very well-educated lady, and comes of one of the oldest families of the east. When I met her she had just returned from Europe, and was on her way to the west to do some traveling among its features of interest. Learning that I had some slight acquaintance in that country she engaged me in conversation, and we discussed at some length the peculiar customs in vogue there, especially among the cattlemen."

"And did you ever see any of those deer, sweet cowboys?" asked she. "I remarked that the distinguished honor had been mine."

"And did you ever hear them singing to the cattle?" "Now it occurred to me at this time that I had occasionally heard a cowboy singing to an animal, although I had never heard it called by that name; so, somewhat surprised by the gravity with which the euphemism was made, I smiled, and said I had."

"It must be lovely, in the middle of the starry night, to hear those many voices swelling in harmonious chorus!" "As I had often heard those many voices swelling in chorus of a starry night, I thought it was all right, and replied: 'It is, very! it is about the loveliest thing I know of, with some few exceptions.'"

"And does it quiet the poor dear cattle?" "Does it really soothe their restlessness and prevent their wandering away from home?" "I—wha—Great Cesar!" "Why you seemed surprised! Can it be really possible that you have never been upon a cattle ranch and have never heard the cowboys singing to their cattle to keep them from becoming restless and straying away?" "With some difficulty I smiled a small smile, told her that I was subject to a spasmodic catching of the breath, and said: 'Why, certainly, madam; but who to you of the custom?'" "Oh! a friend of mine just returned from New Mexico. He told me that the first question asked of a cowboy was whether he could sing or play some musical instrument. If he could do neither he could never obtain a position. You know at about 2 o'clock in the morning the cattle get uneasy, and will walk their flesh off (I believe they call it) if there is not music to soothe them. The cowboys take turns, you know, and have regular watches, although sometimes, if a very dark or stormy night, it requires the efforts of all to quiet them."

A hard life, that of a cowboy, the poor, dear, romantic fellows!

"Very, madam, very," I said, growing faint with suppressed emotion. "I never before had heard anything just like this."

"My friend said that a fine tenor voice was especially valued, but that the music of the piano, flute and zither was also prized. Those who could obtain no music but that of an accordion or that made by beating on tin pans often lost their entire herds. Is it not a beautiful picture? It quite reminds me of old Pan piping to his flocks! I never heard of so fine an illustration of the saying that music has power to soothe the savage breast."

"Madam," said I, "I am not quite sure that you have quoted that exactly right; but I am ready to admit that if music had power to soothe the breast of a Texas steer, she'll soothe almost anything."

"But is it possible you have never seen this thing done?" "With a great effort I retained my presence of mind. 'It is, indeed, a very general custom now,' I said. 'At first it was found somewhat difficult for half a dozen small cowboys to sing to a whole herd of steers, when they were scattered over forty miles or so of sage brush, especially of a dark or stormy night; but under the system which has recently been adopted, of driving them up every night to be milked, and not turning them out of the pasture till morning, the custom to which you allude has become common—so common, in fact, that it had quite slipped my memory, and may the Lord have mercy on my sinful soul!'"

"I beg pardon—I did not quite catch you in full."

"Yes; the cowboys sit around on the fence and play and sing all night. It is a mistake to think they take turns—a hard life is the cowboys'. They wheel the piano out to the pasture bars and prop it up with a branding iron, and while one plays the other joins in, and, with viol and lute and light guitar, they make the welkin ring—the dear, romantic fellows. That's where the opera singers go. That's where Emma Abbott and Patti and Scatchi and all the rest of them are going; they'll all join the innumerable caravan."

"How perfectly lovely!" "Yes, madam," I replied, for I had got started and wanted to pile on the agony to the utmost; "the custom you mention is a universal one. A great volume of sound goes up from all over the whole western cattle country—a wild, sweet, wilder symphony of sound, whose cadence rolls across the Laramie plains, along the cactus-covered slopes of New Mexico, up the foot hills of the cloud-capped Sierras, and knocks at the portals of the upper corner. Going west you first hear it when you reach Dodge City—a faint, low murmur of surpassing sweetness; then with every onward roll of the carwheel it grows stronger and more strong, until finally, as you emerge from the Roton tunnel, it bursts upon you with a Niagara roar of melody—the cowboy soothing the Texas steer!"

"Here I paused and looked her steadily in the eye. She believed every word. She is a good example of the higher culture; but somebody has been fooling with her about that soothing business."

Here and There. Husbands and wives only learn by experience how much happiness they add to their daily lives by thinking twice before speaking once. This, particularly when they have a hateful sentence behind their teeth. When respect and confidence are thoroughly established many a little suggestion and bit of advice from one or the other is received in the most charming way. He is an anomalous young husband who does not lope off here and there. Only a little twig, maybe, but enough to mar the domestic oak if the pruning knife is not used. It is so natural to hold a wife responsible for her husband's toilette, and social failings, that these two things alone cause an immense amount of domestic warfare unless the opposing forces are under a loving flag of truce. A wife, too, can annoy her husband so much that it takes the opera, the club, or a wrestling match to make him forget the ties that bind them. A happy family is really a training school. If the members do not all insist on being professors at the same time, the discipline tells its own story, in happy faces, good breeding and hospitality.

Food and Drink. Mr. Edward Atkinson's estimate that the cost of food and drink for the 55,000,000 inhabitants of the United States averages \$1.67 per week, each does not include any beverage except tea and coffee. The nation's "drink" bill is about \$900,000,000 a year; or twice as much as the cost of flour and meal.

Beautiful Naples.

Of Naples' 495,000 population, 350,000 live underground in noisome cellars that extend far back from the street. Crime is so rampant that in many thickly-populated quarters of the city highway robberies are of frequent occurrence in broad daylight. The natives feel that the world owes them a living and they are going to get it. Defending the criminals gives occupation to 11,000 lawyers of the Italian school, who work, according to a Cincinnati Enquirer correspondent, for fees ranging from five cents upward. Asking an official what per cent. of the population were of the bad class, his answer implied that about eleven-tenths came under that head.

At any rate the police of Naples assume that every man is a thief, and when they take a prisoner the government sets to work might and main to convict him, and sometimes for a period of from a week to ten days he is neither allowed to see his friends or get counsel. He is lost to view as if buried. There is no bail in Italy. The offender is first taken before the instructing judge and closeted with him. Here he is subjected to a condemning examination, during which he is worried and hurried until he doesn't know what he is talking about or what line of argument he is on, and he confesses to seven or eight murders. A scaveener seated behind a curtain takes down all the poor wretch says. When the government has got the case solid it lets the prisoner hire a cheap lawyer, and then takes a hand with him in conducting the case.

Until this time his friends and relatives have not had the slightest idea of his whereabouts. Failing to convict, the prisoner is not freed altogether, but is released on provisional liberty, which means that he is kept under surveillance day and night until such time as the provisional council gives the case up as hopeless and restores him to full liberty. The United States Consul gave our correspondent this illustrative case. An innocent American woman residing in Naples, accused of complicity in the theft of \$5,000, was arrested early in March, 1884. She was first taken to an institution called Santa Maria, and from there was afterward transferred to the House of Detention, where within the ensuing month she was secretly examined by the chief of police.

Arriving long afterward at an alleged conclusion, he sent her to prison. Two months more and another judge took a private view of the case, and the United States consul, then getting wind of the affair took vigorous measures in her behalf, and in July she was released on provisional liberty, but not until two men were arrested and judged. A theft had been committed, and, as the government had to have a prisoner of some kind, two tramps were better than nothing at all; if it slipped up one, it would nail the other. Full liberty came finally to the woman. Her case, reported by the consul to the home government, was made the subject of special inquiry, and a rising of the pin-feathers of the American eagle worked a speedy result.

Famous Old Maids. Look at the list. Elizabeth of England, one of the most illustrious of modern sovereigns. Her rule over Great Britain certainly comprised the most brilliant literary age of the English-speaking people. Her political acumen was certainly put to as severe tests as that of any other ruler the world ever saw. Maria Edgeworth was an old maid. It was this woman's writings that first suggested the thought of writing similarly to Sir Walter Scott. Her brain might well be called the mother of the Waverley novels. Jane Porter lived and died an old maid. The children of her busy brain were "Thaddeus of Warsaw" and "The Scottish Chiefs," which have moved the hearts of millions with excitement and tears. Joanna Baillie, poet and play writer, was "one of the m's." Florence Nightingale, most gracious lady, heroine of Inker-mann and Balaklava hospitals, has to the present written "Miss" before her name. The man who should marry her might well crave to take the name of Nightingale. Sister Dora, the brave spirit of English pest houses, whose story is as a helpful evangel, was the bride of the world's sorrow only. And then what names could the writer and the reader add of those whom the great world may not know, but we know, and the little world of the village, the church, the family know, and prize beyond all worlds.

A Harbor in the Open Gulf. Between the mouth of the Mississippi and Galveston, about ten or fifteen miles to the southwest of Sabine pass, is a place in the gulf of Mexico, which is commonly called the "Oil Ponds" by the captains of the small craft that ply in that locality. There is no land within fifteen miles, and yet such is the effect of the oil thus cast upon the waters by the lavish hand of nature that even in the severest storms the sea in the Oil Ponds is comparatively smooth, and so well is this known that when the small vessels that trade between Calcasieu, Grange, Sabine, Beaumont and Galveston fail to make a harbor at Galveston or Sabine they run off for the oil wells, let go their anchors and ride out the gale in safety. The oil covers the water in a thick scum, and, apparently, rises from the bed of the gulf, which at that point is not more than fifteen or eighteen feet below the surface. No one, we believe, has ever attempted to strike oil in the Gulf of Mexico, but it is not extravagant to expect that some day capital and enterprise will succeed in securing the oil which is now wasted in these wonderful ponds and placing it on the market for sale.

Nations are educated through suffering, making it a paradise through sorrow. The power of creating obstacles to progress is human and partial. Omnipotence is with the gods. Heart-power belongs to all; it may be cultivated in all. Sooner or later we find that the affections are partly under our own control, and that they may be shaped by our own effort.