

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE CLEARED AWAY.

When the mists have rolled in splendor From the beauty of the hills, And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in splendor on the rills, We may read love's shining letter In the rainbow of the spray; We shall know each other better When the mists have cleared away.

If we are in human blindness And forget that we are dust, If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just, Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the pain that clouds our way, When the weary watch is over And the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us From the faces of our own, Of we deem their love has failed us, And we tread our path alone; We should see them near and truly, We should trust them day by day, Neither love nor blame unduly, If the mists were cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us, As our Father knows his own, Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known, How beyond the orient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day; Heart to heart we hide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

A LUCKY LETTER.

"Tea is ready girls," said Saba Thorn. "Tea!"

It was no luxurious repast of buttered toast, fragrant Oolong, honey and preserves; no comfortable repast of cold fowl, tongue, potted meats and biscuit hot from the oven!

When Saba Thorn called it "tea," she merely used a conventionalism. It was only a small scanty meal of baker's bread, with a pot of cheap butter, a little smoked beef, which had been brought from the corner grocer's in a brown-paper cover, and some milk and water, blue and tasteless; for Saba and her two cousins found it necessary to economize very strictly indeed.

Saba worked for an upholsterer. All day long she stitched pillow-ticks and tufted mattresses in a dark little room, where there was a prevailing smell of rancid goose feathers.

Her cousin Helen stood behind the counter of a milliner's shop on the Bowery; and little Kate—the youngest of the three—was "packer" in a fancy store, and could do up more neat paper parcels in a given time than you would believe possible.

They were all three pallid and colorless, like plants that had grown in a cellar. They all three had a certain languor of manner, and spoke in low suppressed voices.

They lived together in this one room with a little alcove running out of it, because it was the cheapest mode of existence, and because their scant earnings, clubbed together could be laid out to better advantage than if expended singly. Moreover, to these poor, homeless girls there was a home feeling in being together.

"I don't feel hungry," said Helen, with a grimace. "I am so tired of bread and butter!" sighed little Kate. "Oh, if I could only have some of the stewed grapes that mother used to make!"

"Oh, that reminds me," said Saba, taking a letter off the mantel. "I've heard from old Mrs. Pinkney. She wants us to buy a fashionable bonnet for her—garnet velvet with a long plume—if we can get it for a dollar and half; and to look out for a bargain in crimson merino for Louisa Jane's Winter's frock. She wants the very best quality and she can't go higher than thirty-seven cents a yard. And she wishes to know if we are acquainted with anybody in the business who will dye over her pea green silk at half-price."

Helen shrugged her shoulders. "She must think we have plenty of time to execute her commissions," said she.

"Merino for thirty-seven cents a yard!" cried little Kate. "And a hat of velvet for a dollar and a-half. Does the woman expect impossibilities?" "But that isn't all," said Saba. "Uncle John is very poor. She thinks his relations ought to look after him."

"Uncle John!" said Kate. "Poor!" echoed Helen. "But what has become of all his money?" said little Kate, intently knitting her brows.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Saba. "Mrs. Pinkney doesn't go into particulars. All the rest of the letter is about the sewing society, and the chicken cholera which has carried off so many of her fowls."

"He must have been persuaded into investing in some of those dreadful mining stocks!" said little Kate. "But girls," said Saba, "what are we to do?" "Precisely what he has always done to us," said Helen—"let him alone."

"No, no, Helen," pleaded little Kate. "Don't talk so. Remember, he is the only uncle we have got. He was our mother's brother."

"And what has he ever done for us?" retorted Helen bitterly. "That don't signify," reasoned Saba. "He is old and feeble. He needs our care. That is enough."

"Saba is right," urged little Kate. "Uncle John mustn't be left to die alone."

"But what can we do?" said Helen, we can't bring him here." "It would break his heart to take him away from the pine forest. We must go to him."

"And all starve together?" said Helen. "I don't see that that would be much of an improvement on the present state of things."

"Listen!" said Saba, lifting an authoritative forefinger. From a trifling seniority in years, and a somewhat greater experience in the world of work, Saba had become quite an oracle in the trio. "I can do the housework for Uncle John."

"Yes," said Helen. "Of course," said little Kate. "And if he hasn't been obliged to sell the cow, we can, perhaps, have real creamy milk, and now and then a little cottage-cheese. Oh, wouldn't that be splendid?"

"Helen could make bonnets for the farmer's wives," suggested Saba. "The women out there know what a pretty

bonnet is as good as any one, only they can't get it."

"Bravo!" cried Helen, clapping her hands. "I do think I have rather a genius for the business."

"And little Kate could go out sewing by the day, among the neighbors," added Saba, "or help around in soap-making and preserving times. There are a good many who would pay fifty cents a day and board for good intelligent help. And that is a deal more than she earns here."

Little Kate looked rather sober. "I have my doubts about that plan working," said she. "But I couldn't stay here, away from you. If you all go, why, so will I."

"Then," said Saba, "I've laid up six dollars toward a Winter cloak. Uncle John wants it more than I do. I'll keep it for him."

"There is my ten dollars in the savings-bank," added Helen. "I did want a pair of thick boots and a warm Winter shawl. But if Uncle John is really in need"—"I haven't saved any money," said little Kate, sorrowfully.

"How could I, with my wages of two dollars a week? But I will do all I can to help!"

"You are dear, generous girls, the both of you," said Saba. "It may be a little hard just at first, but it is clearly our duty to go to Uncle John. And I will write and tell him this very night."

"Do," said Helen. "I'll borrow Miss Clich's ink bottle, and there are a pen and two sheets of paper in the wash-stand-drawer. I can buy a postage-stamp at the druggist's on the corner."

"Wouldn't a postal card be cheaper?" said wise little Kate. "But Saba shook her head. "Would you put Uncle John's poverty on a postal card, for all the world to read?" said she.

And little Kate answered, somewhat abashed: "I didn't think of that. I only thought of economizing a cent. I wonder if the time will ever come when we don't have to think of saving?"

And little Kate put on her bonnet and tripped around to the druggist's where one particular clerk put himself out to wait on her.

"She has got a face like a daisy," said the druggist's clerk. "If I ever marry I should like a wife like. No, she's not much of a customer of ours, but I have seen her at church meetings, and I walk home with her sometimes of an evening. She lives in Timm's tenement-house with her sister and cousin, and works in Gracey's store. That's all I know about her. But she always makes one think of a wildflower."

Uncle John Jaycox was sitting by the fireside when his niece's letter came. The fire of birch logs blazed gloriously up the chimney; a pair of fat, home-run candles glittered on the table. In all the room there was no evidence of gripping poverty.

"Yes," said Uncle John, to a tall young man who sat opposite, "I guess I'll have you here to run the farm for me, Israel Penfield. It's gettin' too much for me to manage alone. But as for some woman to keep house for me, now that Anastasia Grixson has been fool enough to marry old Simpson—Eh? what?—a letter? I'm very much obliged to you, Mrs. Pinkney! Stop and take a warm while I read it, and I'll get you a basket of gilliflowers-apples to carry home afterwards. They are just spillin' to be eaten, them gilliflowers."

But as he perused his letter a curious expression stole over his rugged features.

"Sakes alive!" said he, stamping one foot on the floor. "What in creation does this all mean? I guess we'll have enough housekeepers, Israel. Here's my three nieces from New York a comin' to live with me, because Mrs. Pinkney here has writ 'em that I've lost my property. And they're goin' to take care of me. Well, I swan!"

"I didn't write no sich!" whined Mrs. Pinkney, with an alarmed air. "I only said you was dreadful poor in health. I meant the lumbago and rheumatiz, I didn't say nothin' about money!"

"Well, no matter what you said," remarked Uncle John, crumpling up the letter in his hand and staring at the fire. "The gals think I'm poor, and they're comin' here to support me, and make a home for me in my old age—bless their hearts! I don't know why they should do it," he added, with a conscience-stricken face. "I never did nothin' for them. And Kate and Helen are my sister Jane's darters, and Saba is Hepsy's only child. And they're workin' for a livin', and I've got more than I know what to do with. It's a shame, now ain't it, that things is so unevenly divided?"

"Just exactly what I've always said," quietly remarked Israel Penfield. "Uncle John Jaycox looked at him, a queer twinkle in his opaque blue eyes. "I declare," said he, "them gals has taught me a lesson! I don't need to be took care of in my old age; but I swan to goodness! it would be kind o' pleasant to have three gals around lookin' arter the old man. I'm a mind to try it."

"I would if I was you," said Israel Penfield. "So when Saba, Helen and little Kate arrived, Uncle John received them with a welcome."

"Nieces," said he, "I ain't poor, nor I ain't likely to be; but I'm glad to see you. I'm glad to know there's any one in the world that cares enough for the old man to come and look arter him, without no expectation of bein' paid for it. It sort o' shores up my confidence in human natur'. Come in! come in! There's plenty of room in the old farm house for you all. Come in and welcome!"

The three girls looked at each other. "Ought we to stay?" they asked each other. "Yes," whispered little Kate. "There are two red cows in the field. I saw them."

"And the air smells so sweet!" said pale Helen. "And Uncle John spoke as if he was really, really glad to see us," said Saba. "Oh, yes let us stay!"

Nor did any of the contracting parties ever regret the misunderstanding which had brought them so curiously together.

Little Kate went back to the city in a year or two, to marry the druggist's clerk, who was now setting up in a

small way for himself, and had come down to the country after the daisy-faced girl who at once attracted his attention.

Helen is engaged to Israel Penfield, and there to have a regular old-fashioned marriage when the dresses are made. And Saba—quiet Saba—is to stay with Uncle John, to read the paper to him and cheer up the long, lonely evenings.

"For I couldn't get along without the girl, nobow!" says Uncle John, jovially.

A Dead Man's Deal.

"I was just reading," said a Denver sport, "about a man winking his eye after his head was cut off. Now, I know that I have seen something just as strange. Twenty years this month there was a lot of us took a trip to old Mexico to see what we could scoop in—and by the way, we got scooped—and went to bucking heavy on every game we could strike. One of our gang, Bill Brewster, was a rattling dealer, a good hand at short cards, and always had a pocket full of money till he got struck on Mexican monte."

"Talk about your Greaser's infatuation for the game. I never saw one of them that could hold a marker to Bill. He'd get broke. Then he'd get a pack of cards and deal himself. He'd turn the cards for anybody or for anything when he was busted. Sometimes he'd make a raise, quit and go to playing faro, where he was, as a rule, lucky. But no sooner did he get a big stake than he would tackle monte, and would invariably get downed. Us boys tried to persuade him to stick to a white man's game, but no, he wouldn't have it, and was almost all the time in a state of impenitency."

"One day Bill had established himself in a pulque shop with his cards, and was turning them for any body who wanted to wager a cent. There was a party of Mexican bloods in the room, and finally they sauntered over to Bill's table, and one of them asked if he would turn for \$100. Bill said he would, though he didn't have but \$10 in the bank. The fellow slaps down his money and Bill wins. This made the Mexican mad and he slaps down another. Bill wins again. The third time and Bill scooped the pile."

"The Mexican asked Bill if he would turn for him \$1,000, and Bill told him it didn't make any difference if he made it a million, as the bank was able to pay ten times that amount. The Mexican bet and lost. Then he accused Bill of cheating. Bill called him a liar."

"I was standing right to one side of Bill. He had the cards in his left hand and had hold of the bottom card with his right hand. The Mexican's hand was on his gun. "Hold on," said Bill; "don't draw till I make this turn. I'll bet you \$1,000 to \$100 that it's the seven of spades."

"Done," said the Mexican, who threw \$100 on the table. "Bill commenced pulling the card out slowly. The Mexican was watching. There were two black spots showed up, and Bill's hand stopped. Quick as a flash the Mexican drew his gun and fired. Bill never moved in his chair, but his right hand kept its slow motion until the card was drawn from the pack and held up to view. It was the seven of spades. The hand moved slowly back again and the card was laid on the table. Bill then leaned back in his chair and shut his eyes."

"We were all so excited when the shot was fired that we didn't know what to do, and as Bill began to turn the card, we supposed he hadn't been hit, but we found out differently when we examined him. He was shot directly through the heart."

"Now, I reason that thing out this way: Bill was determined to convince 'that Mexican' that he didn't know as much as he thought he did. That thought was in his mind when he was shot, and, though killed instantly, his wishes were carried out after death. Bill was game, too, and I believe that if he hadn't realized he was dead man when shot, and hadn't wanted to win the Mexican's money, he would have grabbed his gun and done some execution with it."

"That's why I say a man can do a thing after he is dead."

High Priced Chickens.

A pert young salesman stood beside a great coop of pigeons in a poultry fancier's store in New York, talking about the merits of three handsome chickens in a small coop before him to another youth, while a white-haired old farmer from Jersey stood by and listened attentively.

"These are genuine Cochins," said the salesman, "and they are an unusually fine lot. Cochins generally sell for \$12 for the trio, but the boss says that these must not be sold for less than \$30. He is particularly pleased with the matched colors of these, and don't care whether any one buys them or not. I don't believe that as great a price was ever asked for chickens before."

"You are wrong there," said the old farmer. "I can tell you a story, and it's a true one, about prices paid for fowls that are simply beyond ordinary belief. In 1850 or thereabouts a number of bright poultry raisers in England undertook to increase the prices paid for the stock they dealt in by pretending to improve their breeds. They imported a variety of Chinese fowls and pretended to accomplish results with them far beyond anything that could possibly be done. They issued learned pamphlets which discussed the new varieties of stock, and printed long essays in the magazines. The impulse given to the business was clear beyond their widest anticipations. There were plenty of market breeders who were really anxious to get a variety of fowls that would lay more eggs and would weigh more when dressed for the table than the old breeds that had been common for years. The Cochins from China were the favorites. Wonderful stories of the number of eggs laid by them were told."

"Finally, the gentlemen and ladies of leisure who are always on the lookout for some new diversion took a fancy to the chicken business. They cared nothing for the profits. They must have the best fowls in the kingdom, and show a pedigree at the same time. The Queen herself bought fancy fowls, and it then became the fashion to take an interest in poultry publications and poultry pedigrees. The prices began to soar."

"The increased demand for fine stock brought out new varieties. White and gray shanghais soon competed with the Cochins, and chittagongs with Canton Chinese fowls, and heated discussions over the relative merits of the breeds were held on the street corners and over the stiles in the hedges around the fields."

"As soon as the mania was fairly started, fairs were held for the exhibition and sale of the fowls. Early in 1851 a fair was held in Norwich, England, brought out 102 lots of fowls, one of which contained 110 Cochins belonging to a lady. The Cochins were sold and realized £361 4s. 6d., the highest price being 20 guineas for a single cock. Many single fowls brought from £3 to £7 each."

"That sale was the sole topic of conversation in all England for a month thereafter. The excitement lasted and the mania spread to America. In 1853 or 1854 a Boston Yankee by the name of Burham, who knew a good hen when he saw it, sent out a Birmingham, England, fowl show a cage of gray

shanghais. A trio sold at sight for \$100 and at the end of the fair a pair from this cage carried off the first prize and they were sold to a Mr. Taylor, of Shepherd's Bush, for \$500. This is the highest price on record. I believe for a single pair. There were plenty of sales during 1853 and 1854 for from £30 to £50 per pair."

"People think that \$2 per dozen is a big price to pay for pure stock eggs, nowadays, but then single eggs sold for from \$5 to \$10 each, and it is on record that half-a-dozen chickens just hatched were sold at \$10 a piece."

"You said the mania spread to this country," suggested the salesman. "Yes, but the prices paid here were never so large. Boston seems to have been the headquarters of the business. Everybody wanted fancy chickens. The orders to the Boston importers came from Maine and from Texas, and one firm there sold in 1853 over \$23,000 worth of fowls. There were single orders amounting to \$1,200 to \$1,500 and this firm sold one lot for \$2,230."

"Good business, that," said the clerk. "Certainly. It costs no more to hatch and rear a fine fowl than one of common breed; in fact it cost less then and costs less now to keep fowls of good breeds. Plenty of men made large sums of money out of the chickens while the mania lasted, and plenty who came while the boom was booming got caught in the shower. There were too many people in the business and too many poor fowls sold with false pedigrees. People got disgusted, and then the eight-pound Cochins went into potpie at 10 cents a pound. When the craze died out it left the country with a fine stock of fowls, and the prevalence of such beauties as those in the coop for there are a great many fowls that are as valuable intrinsically as those, is due to the craze. But until fowls are something that will lay eggs to order, something which people very much expected thirty-one years ago, there will be no more fancy prices paid."

Too Much for Me.

Collis P. Huntington, the railway magnate, years ago kept a general store in Sacramento. One day a trader came in from a mining camp to buy stores, and among other things he wanted butter. Huntington had several tubs brought from Orange county, the famous butter producing region of New York. The miners had all the good things that money would buy, and the storekeeper from the mining camp was bound to take back the best he could find.

"I want some bang-up butter," was the way the storekeeper from the camp signified his desire. "Well," said Huntington, "there is some all the way from York state, the real genuine Orange county article." Huntington ran the trier down to the bottom of the tub and the storekeeper ran his nose along it when it was pulled out.

"What's the tax on that grease he asked. "That's thirty-five cents a pound," replied Huntington. "Hain't you got something a little better?" asked the storekeeper. "Yes," said Huntington, going to another tub of the very same kind of butter. He knew the storekeeper would not be satisfied if he did not show something better, and he was equal to the occasion. "Here's some for fifty cents," said Huntington as he drew the trier out, and the storekeeper's nose followed it from one end to the other.

"Now, that's a little like it," said the storekeeper, "but," he added with a wink, "come now, hain't you got something that the flies won't settle on, that's fur-lined and hair-topped? There's nothing too good for us, and we've got the dust to pay for it."

"Yes," again said Huntington. "Here's something that we don't often bring out." The trier went down into the third tub of the same lot, and the storekeeper's nose followed the line of butter for the third time.

"How much is she assessed at?" asked the housekeeper, as he looked affectionately on the butter. "Sixty-five cents a pound."

"You hain't got too much for me," said the housekeeper.

The Queen's Red-Nosed Secretary.

The first thing that strikes the beholder about Sir Henry Ponsonby is his red nose. One cannot help feeling that, on a man so high as the private secretary of the Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India, a red nose is singularly out of place. The rest of his countenance is in keeping with the nose; watery eyes, pimply face and a general appearance of ill-health. His body is bent, and even in his tightly buttoned and much padded military tunic with stiff stock and too obvious stays, his stoop is painfully out of keeping with the gay trappings of a warrior. In manner Sir Henry is querulous. I never saw him nor spoke to him without pictures of half-forgotten scolding old women rising in my mind. He looks like an old man-maid who passes the greater part of his life in submitting to scolding and inflicting scoldings on the Queen. The Queen is fully aware of the undignified appearance of her right-hand man, and would gladly replace him by a younger secretary, but long years of intimacy with every public transaction of the sovereign have rendered him almost indispensable.

When the Day is Over.

It is wise at night, to read, but for a few minutes, some book which will compose and soothe the mind; which will bring us face to face with the true facts of life, death, and eternity; which will make us remember that man doth not live by bread alone; which will give us, before we sleep, a few thoughts worthy a Christian man with an immortal soul in him. I do not mean merely religious books, excellent as they are in these days. I mean any books which help to make us better, and wiser, and sober, and more charitable persons; any books which will teach us to despise what is vulgar and mean, foul and cruel, and to love what is noble and high-minded, pure and just.

A Fortune from a Salad Bowl.

It is recorded that a French nobleman named D'Albignac, having fled from France during the Reign of Terror that prevailed at the end of the last century, and finding himself in London with but slender means, contrived to pick up not only a living but a competency, by taking to salad-making as a profession.

This is how it came to pass. He was dining at one of the fashionable taverns in London when he was addressed by a party of gentlemen who occupied the table next to him with a request to mix a salad for them, coupled with a polite compliment upon the proficiency of the French nation in the art. D'Albignac, with some hesitation consented, and, being provided with the necessary ingredients was very successful.

In the course of the proceedings he entered into conversation with these gentlemen, and in answer to their questions he frankly avowed his position; consequently they asked his acceptance of a five pound note, with which he replenished his almost empty purse.

The gentleman, moreover, asked for his address; and a few days afterwards he received a request to go and mix a salad at the house of a nobleman who was just then giving a fashionable dinner party.

D'Albignac saw his opportunity, and was not slow in availing himself of it. Providing himself with some choice condiments, he went to the house named, and being eminently successful, he was remunerated accordingly. In a short time his reputation began to spread, and all the people of fashion found it necessary to have a mixed salad by the French nobleman—the "fashionable salad-maker," as he was called.

He found himself in a position to set up a curricula to go about in, as well as to employ a footman to carry the mahogany case containing the choice ingredients with which he mixed the salads.

Later on he supplied similar cases ready fitted with ingredients, and sold them in hundreds. In the end he amassed a considerable fortune, with which—the guillotine having been superseded—he went back again to his native country and ended his days peacefully.

John Randolph.

Was still a youth for he had not reached his 27th year. That so young a man should have found a place in so splendid a representation as Virginia sent was of itself enough to mark him out as a person of no common kind. He had, indeed, a quick and vigorous mind. But whatever of success he achieved in the whole course of a long career was due less to his parts than to unparalleled audacity, to insolence, and to the influence of his name. His friends, and he had few of them, looked upon Randolph, while living, as an eccentric and a prejudiced man. The jurymen before whom his will was contested pronounced him to have been, in his later years, insane. The verdict, with small modification, had been extended to his whole life. Nature had richly endowed him. But the periods during which he was in the full possession of his faculties were few and brief. In one of them he frankly declares his "unprosperous life" to be "the fruit of an ungovernable temper."

The violence of his temper was something terrible. The story is recorded that, while still a child, he swooned in a fit of passion, "and could with difficulty be restored." Willful indulgence so strengthened this infirmity that he has come down to us as the most acrid and intemperate speaker and the most consummate bully that ever stood upon the floor of the house. So completely did his gall control his reason that he remained to the end of his days the most cramped and narrow-minded of men. To be liberal in politics or charitable toward his fellows was impossible. In common with members of his party, he became, and remained, a strict constructionist. But any other strict constructionist the house could produce stood aglance at the lengths to which Randolph would go. To be an implacable enemy was to his mind as praiseworthy as to be a staunch friend. It was his boast that he never forgave an enemy and never deserted a friend. That he never forgave an enemy is true. For it was impossible for him to believe that a Randolph could ever be in the wrong. That he never deserted his friends is not true, unless his view be accepted, and we declare that his friends deserted him.

Hugo's Strange Belief.

Victor Hugo was always convinced that he would meet all his friends in a future world. He was equally sure that he had always existed from the antediluvian times when the Creator placed him on earth. He believed that he would exist forever, inasmuch as he felt in his soul thousands of hymns, dramas and poems that had never found expression. When the Atheists would say to him: "The proof that you will not exist in the future is that you did not exist in the past," Hugo would answer: "Who told you I did not exist in the past centuries? You will say that is the legend of the ages. The poet has written: 'Life is a fairy tale twice written.' He might have said a thousand times written. There is not an age in which I cannot find my spirit. You do not believe in the doctrine of surviving personalities for the reason that you do not recollect your anterior existence. But how can the recollection of vanished ages remain imprinted on your memory when you do not remember a thousand and one scenes and events of your present life? Since 1802 there have been ten Victor Hugos in me. Do you think I can recall all their actions and all their thoughts? The tomb is dark, and when I shall have passed the tomb to emerge into light once more, all these Victor Hugos will be almost wholly strangers to me, but it will always be the same soul."

Breakfast jackets are made of Sarah covered with Angora net and edged with a frill of Angora lace.

He that would have his business well done, must either do it himself, or see to the doing of it.