

Plain Dealings.

In great reforms go slow, of course, For haste makes waste, we know; But use a fair degree of force— Go slow, but not too slow.

ON THE ROCKS AT CAPE ANN.

Kate and I went there to spend the summer. Is there really such a thing as fate or destiny or luck? Or was it simply blind chance that carried us to that little out of the way spot, where one of us at least was to find such unforeseen experiences.

Of the journey from Philadelphia to that distant haven where we would be, I cannot even now say much, for the very memory of it awakens sickening thoughts. Some of our friends, either in ignorance or malice, advised us to go by sea to Boston.

But it was over at last, and on the morning of the third day we were seated comfortably at an elegant breakfast in Boston, and all of my sea sickness passed away as if by magic.

Well, we saw nothing remarkable among them either first or last. You need not conjure up a vision of love at first sight, nor of a sudden "affinity" between one of us and any of the twenty people with whom we were to pass the coming weeks.

We came indoors to sleep and eat, and sometimes when the evening was cool or rainy, we made a virtue of necessity, put on our "city gowns," and talked society nonsense as if we liked it.

One day when there was no wind the Butterfly lay quiet at her moorings, her owner strolling over; the rocks came suddenly upon Kate and myself trying to scale a height we had never before attempted, and as he was active, long-limbed, and possessed, moreover, of a good, stout staff, he offered his assistance, which we gladly accepted.

We liked him, and he liked us; we soon found him to be a thorough gentleman, and as Kate and I were always together and Mrs. Grundy had not made her appearance at Annisquam,

we finally spent most of our time, a blissful trio, sailing over the blue waters on the wings of a beautiful Butterfly, making long pedestrian expeditions to the various points of interest along the coast, and dreaming away the lovely moonlight evenings on our beloved rocks.

"Jack Adams," as everybody called him was a universal favorite, it seemed, and a welcome guest in every house, but by degrees he gave up nearly all other society for ours, and it came to be an accepted thing for us three to be always together. I cannot describe the great charm there was about him.

"Don't you think," said Kate one evening as she sat in my room for a little chat, before we said good night, that Jack Adams will be sorry when the time comes for us all to leave Cape Ann and go back to our work at home?"

"Yes, I suppose he will," I answered dreamily, not understanding a strange, sad feeling that shot through my heart, as she spoke; "but Kate, I wonder what his work is at home? He knows well enough by this time that yours is to paint pictures, and mine to teach music, and I have not the remotest idea what his occupation is."

"Molly, my dear arm't we two stupid? But, never mind before the sun sets tomorrow, we will know. Let us make a guess first; it is most important that you should be thoroughly posted, for if I am not much mistaken, you will be asked one of the days to share in his career, whatever it may be."

"Nonsense!" said I eagerly, "he cares nothing for me; if he has a preference it is for you."

"Now you are beginning to tell fibs, so I will take myself off, but first for our guesses; mine is, let me see—well, I think he is most probably a head book-keeper in a Boston wholesale establishment of some kind, and has managed to save a little money, has invested in a yacht, and takes his month's holiday down here."

"And I believe he is the son of a Boston nabob, with simple tastes, a dislike to the follies and frivolities of fashionable life, in which he is doubtless forced to join during the winter, and a love for nature, and he has let the rest of the family follow their inclinations, while he comes to commune with the sea and the rocks—"

"And fall in love with my Molly into the bargain," finished Kate, whereupon I drove her from the room and went to bed.

Now to find out—What is he? It would be awkward to put the question to him direct, and to seek the desired information from the people around us, was not quite to our taste, so we resolved to bide our time and see what the next twenty-four hours would bring forth.

"Well," replied Jack, "I expect to supply the pulpit, to-morrow. Mr. Brown wanted to go away for a week, and I promised to take his duty from him. Mind you all come to church."

The murder was out! And so was I in the next moment, for, as we moved to give more room to shift a sail, my foot must needs become entangled in a rope, I lost my balance, and tumbled head foremost into the water!

Everybody talked and laughed as if nothing remarkable had happened and as if they had not heard Jack's astounding words. He said no more, until having quickly brought us ashore and

seen me to the door of my room, he stepped before Kate, who evinced rather a decided impression to hustle him off, and whispered in my ear: "I shall look for you on the rocks, to-morrow morning, after breakfast." Then aloud: "I sincerely hope your sudden bath has done you no harm; but, of course, you will not be visible again to-day, so good bye for the present."

Off he marched. Between Kate and I utter silence. But that lasted only until my wet garments were thrown aside and a warm dressing gown replaced them. Then Kate planted herself in a chair directly in front of me, stared me full in the face and ejaculated "Well."

She really spoke only that single word, but the tone in which it was uttered made it contain two duodecimo volumes at the very least, and when I essayed to respond it seemed to me that a whole dictionary full of words would be inadequate to express my feelings.

"There is no affair, as you call it," said I; "I don't care anything about him! at least—well, I don't exactly dislike him; but I would not marry a minister for all the world—no not even a bishop, much less that kind of a minister! Oh, dear, what am I to do? I wish I had never come to Cape Ann! and he said he should expect me to meet him on the rocks to-morrow morning! Beside, he is to preach at 11 o'clock, and he had much better be thinking of his sermon than talking nonsense to me."

And so I ran on, Kate listening with as grave a face as she could assume. At last I finished up with: "Perhaps it would be rude to take no notice of what he said so I will just stroll down to the beach for five minutes to-morrow morning, and tell him, of course, that I cannot possibly think of marrying him, and then you and I will go off for a long ramble, and forget all about it."

"Just as you say," replied Kate, trying to keep a sober face, "you cannot have anything to say but 'No'?"

It is very disagreeable to be obliged to own up to an inconsistency. I had much rather confess to having done something wicked, and from my earlier childhood, I had made it a point to cleave steadfastly to my principles once asserted. On the subject of matrimony I declared myself with no uncertain sound. I would never marry a Yankee minister, never, never! And yet, on this fair August morning, here was I, arraying myself in a killing white dress, a fresh blue ribbon on my bonny brown hair, and preparing deliberately to march down to the rocks, and be formally proposed to by a man whom I knew to be a Yankee minister.

So, after breakfast, I coolly started off followed by Kate's benediction, and wondering within myself whether Jack would really take his dismissal much to heart. He was waiting for me on the shore, and we met under the shadow of a great boulder that seemed to shut us off from the world beyond. I can hardly tell what we said first. I think we exchanged some very feeble commonplace remarks about the weather and the lowness of the tide. Then Jack plunged boldly into the awkward chasm, and asked me then and there to marry him.

"I could not think of it," "Why?" "You are a minister, and I so dislike ministers."

"You will make just the most bewitching parson's wife in the whole country."

"But you are a Yankee and I never could endure Yankees before!" (The last word in a low tone.)

"I shall prove to you that New Englanders are the salt of the earth."

"But I told Kate I did not intend to marry you, and I came here on purpose to say so."

"You shall use your woman's privilege of changing your mind, and Miss Kate is too good-natured to blame you for doing so—under the circumstances."

"But I am so very high church." "You shall be as high as the sky if you like, and when you are ready to come down to a plain, sincere Christian man, there you will find me by your side."

"Say yes, and I will kave you in peace."

"Well—yes, then!" All this happened eight years ago, but I remember every word we spoke, and also the shamefacedness with which I went home that Sunday morning and made my confession to Kate, who responded very calmly:

"Why, Molly, I expected it for weeks. Jack took me into his confidence long ago, but I was resolved not to say a word to you, for or against him. Now all has come out exactly right."

At present my husband has charge of one of the largest churches in Boston. I sit in the minister's pew, and am regarded as a veritable mother in Israel. I preside over the sewing circle, and teach in the Sunday school, and am as happy as possible, but for one thing. It was so very inconsistent in me to marry Jack, and I have never been able to reconcile myself to having done such violence to my principles.

The State department at Washington has made the subject of licorice growing a matter for consular inquiry abroad, and a pamphlet embodying the information thus collected has just been issued from the department. It appears that the plant is cultivated throughout the warmer portions of Europe, particularly along the shores of the Mediterranean. Asia Minor supplies large quantities of the root, where it grows wild and needs no cultivation.

Licorice succeeds best on deep, rich soil. Bottom lands, subject to overflow, are preferred. Dry, hot summers are favorable. It takes three years after planting for the roots to mature. Once established in the soil, the plant can scarcely be exterminated. It is propagated by cuttings, and requires little cultivation. To get at the crop it is only necessary to plow up the ground.

Mr. Lea, the Sacramento licorice-grower, last winter refused an offer of 18 cents a pound for his crop, believing that too low. But at that price it is estimated that his crop would pay at the rate of \$2,400 net for each acre, or \$800 an acre for each year of growth.

This ought to be a sufficiently handsome return to suit anybody. The quality of his product is excellent. If California brewers would undertake the manufacture of porter on a considerable scale, they need have no fear of any failure in the supply of licorice, when once the demand is established.

The United States Branch Hydrographic Office here has notified that the government will send a vessel to the coast of Ireland as soon as one can be had to destroy the bulk of the Philadelphia schooner Twenty-One Friends. The schooner was wrecked on March 25 in a collision with the schooner John H. May while on her way from Brunswick, Ga., to Philadelphia, with a cargo of lumber.

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"But you should not be so persistent—and it is time for you to go to church."

His Red Checks.

Cal Osborne, a grizzly gambler, who in the good old days "befo' the wah" won and lost many a dollar on the big double-deckers on the lower Mississippi sat on a bale of cotton at the wharf one day last week. There were large rents in the back of his russet coat, and his trousers were infirm with age.

"Times are not what they were," the old sport moaned as he tossed a piece of a red faro check into the river and stroked his chin with a velvety hand. But I saw some pretty hard days in the 60's, though, and my present condition sort o' carrier me back to a particularly memorable day in 1863. It was of a Wednesday in June of that year, if I remember aright, that I boarded a steamer at Memphis. I had just enough money to pay my passage to Natchez, but this fact did not worry me any.

"I saw that the players were using kernels of corn for checks, and I had also seen while waiting for the boat to start at Memphis that she carried a good-sized cargo of corn in the ear. Now here was my opportunity, I moved away from the game, feeling as though there was but a few short steps between myself and opulence.

"Now here was my time. I scooped up a handful of kernels in my pocket, and slapped the seeds on the queen. The dealer looked at the kernels a second, and without raising his head, said in a tone of voice so frosty that it chilled me to the bone: "Stranger, I don't remember of issuing any red checks."

"I took in the situation at a glance, and, with a stage cough, slunk away to the bow of the boat and cursed my luck. When that boat reached Natchez I sat on the wharf two whole days watching them unload that corn, and I will eat this old hat if there was another ear of red corn in that whole cargo. Talk about hard luck, friend, that was a little more agonizing than the kind I am playing in now."

Movement of Alpine Glaciers.

It is stated that in accordance with the phenomena of the last few years in the snow regions of the Alps, a constant increase in the snow, and, as a consequence, an early advance of the glaciers has been expected. The latter had actually taken place in the Western Alps. But in 1885 the indications are the same as in 1865. The masses of snow are everywhere considerably decreasing. In the St. Gotthard region, on the Todi, and the surrounding mountain chains, Professor Heim found this summer that the snow had retreated, even as compared with last year. This has had disagreeable consequences. Pastures which formerly had been moistened by the water issuing from small snowfields during the whole of the summer are now dried up. Springs formerly fed by snow water have disappeared. The areas forsaken by snow and glacier are now stony deserts, which will change to pastures only after the lapse of many years.

Depressions in the snow, formerly easily crossed, have been turned into dangerous glacier passes. In many places, where formerly the snowfield closely joined the rocks, there are now dangerous chasms, and both glaciers and snow beds, having become thinner, are now more intersected than ever. Looking down from the summit of the Todi on August 16, Doctor Heim was greatly struck by the dirty gray color of the surrounding snow-fields, in contrast to their dazzling whiteness of former years. This is the result, he says, of the continual melting of the snow and the concentration of dust particles on the surface of the melted layers.

Age, naturally repulsive, requires a mask; and in every wrinkle you may behold the ambush of a scheme; but the heart of youth should be open as its countenance.

Tears are due to human misery, and the woes of mortality affect the heart. In the noon and afternoon of life we still throb at the recollections of days when happiness was not happy enough

A King's Son Wedded.

The religious marriage of Prince Waldemar of Denmark to Princess Marie Amelie, the lovely daughter of the Comte de Paris, took place with splendid ceremonies in the Church of St. Laurent, near the famous Chateau d'Eu. The civil ceremony took place on Oct. 21st in Paris, and the half-wedded royal pair were borne to Eu on a special train. They were received by the townspeople with acclamation, as the train entered the flag-draped station. A strong force of police was on duty at the station and the chateau, but there was no outbreak of hostile feeling on the part of the republicans of Eu.

The grand nuptial high mass was celebrated in the Cathedral, the Prince and Princess kneeling on prie-dieus before the high altar. The Princess looked lovely in her white satin gown and long white veil. When she rose to be wedded she trembled visibly, and tears were seen to start from her father, the Comte de Paris.

The reception by the bride was wonderfully brilliant in the great hall of the castle. The Chateau d'Eu, the home of the Comte de Paris, where the royal marriage took place, is one of the oldest and most noteworthy of French castles. In architecture not unlike the Tuilleries, which the Paris Commune destroyed, and with small, but cosy and luxuriously furnished rooms, it is picturesquely perched on a hill near the mouth of the river Bresle, within sight of the sea, and overlooking the fertile Bresle valley, the old town of Eu and mighty beech forests in which traces are found yet of the invasion of Caesar's legions and the Roman colonies they established.

The main building fronts on an extensive park full of noble old forest trees, many of which possess historic interest. Louis Philippe erected a marble tablet at the entrance to the park with the inscription "C'est ici que les Guises tenaient conseil au XIV. siecle." The Bourbon family's great picture gallery is preserved in the palace. It was scattered during the revolution, but Louis Philippe collected and enlarged it. It was that monarch's favorite residence, and he received Queen Victoria and her court there during his reign. It was built in 1581, and has had many historic and romantic episodes in the three centuries of its existence.

Under the vaulted roof of the Church of St. Laurent adjoining the castle, which was the scene of the ceremony, William the Conqueror wedded the Princess Mathilda 835 years ago. In a bronze urn on a low marble pillar in front of the sanctuary is enshrined the heart of Catharine of Cleves. An image of the Virgin, carved by Anguier, possesses great artistic value. The crypt holds relics of St. Laurent (Lawrence O'Toole), after whom the church is named.

Value of a Wig.

The hair of which wigs are made is collected by special drummers in Germany and France. England and Belgium are but poor markets for hair, not because of its scarcity, for both English and Belgium women have the finest beads of hair in the world, but because they will not sell it. When collected it is put through a cleansing process, severe enough to fetch the dirt out of an elephant's hide, and then dried several times over. The best hair dressers never buy hair from the head or from private hands. To this rule, however, there are two exceptions. Perfectly white hair is so rare that it is grabbed eagerly from any source, and a liberal price given for it. Natural curling hair is also of considerable value. A good wig of white hair costs about forty dollars, and (this is a secret of the trade and can only be told in whispers) the material from which these wigs are made is clipped from the festive goat, and never from the human head. A peculiarly soft, silky kind of snow-white hair originates on the angora rabbit. A perfectly white and abundant wig of white human hair would cost \$1,000 at least, a price which few would be willing to pay. Dead hair, i. e., hair cut from the head after death, is never used by any tonsorial artist worthy of the name. Indeed, it cannot be used to any advantage, as it will neither twist, curl nor manipulate. Hair cut from a living head is not dead, a fact which can easily be proved by taking a hair and stretching it out to its utmost capacity. It will then contract quickly to its former position. It will live for a couple of years or more after having been cut, and when it dies, the wig front or switch become limp, rough, discolored and useless.

Taxing Bachelors.

There is talk in England of an intention to tax bachelors, and the absurdity of the proposition affords much amusement. But the matter is not so outrageously novel. It has been done before. Who does not know that such a tax was resorted to in old Rome and Greece? Bachelors were heavily taxed, widows were compelled to marry after one year of mourning—some of them may have thought eleven months too long—and at one time a legate, if unmarried, could not obtain a bequest unless within the space of one hundred days he found some woman to join him in holy wedlock. But we need not go so far back. William III taxed the bachelors in order to carry on his war with France.