

Love Makes the World Go Round.

Sometimes I'm faint and weary
Of the work-day world and life,
With its endless round of duties,
And all its cares and strife,
So tired of unamused stockings,
Of buttons that won't stay on,
Of answering unnumbered questions
From Harry, Dick and John.

Tired—of planning the dinners,
And furnishing brains for the cook,
With scarce an hour of quiet thought,
And never time for a book,
I marvel that we as women,
Give up our girlhood's rite,
And took upon us the worries
That fall to mother and wife,
Till I envy each single maiden
With no greater grief or care
Than the cut or the fit of a dress,
Or the smoothness of her hair.

But when the day's work is over
And still each voice is ringing,
When quiet reigns which all day long,
With childish voices have rung,
And when in the gathering twilight
I draw out the evening chair,
I feel that this world would be empty
But for loved ones that are there!
When I think of the love that is mine,
That makes my burdens its own,
I'm grateful for my lot in life—
That I'm not the problem now solved,
And so the problem now is solved,
My question an answer found,
'Twas ever thus and ever will be,
That love makes the world go round.

A ROMANTIC SKETCH.

The following story I had direct from a son of the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony, and who came from England to this country, where he is now in good business:
"On the evening of a dark and lowly day in late autumn, a close carriage was driven to the door of an inn in a manufacturing town of Derbyshire, from which a female alighted, closely cloaked and veiled. She seemed to know that the landlord was a kind-hearted man, and one to be trusted. She called him aside, and said, without raising her veil, but in a voice of rare sweetness, and evidently of a young person:
"I must trust you, good sir, with more, perhaps, than life. I wish you to serve me without asking a question, I can give you my word, in the outset, that no harm can come to you on my account in any legal way. I must be married. I must be a wife within this hour, and you must find me a husband. I only ask that you will find a man who can legally take a wife; a man, not a rascal, and a man who will take three hundred pounds and give his solemn pledge never to seek me, nor to speak to me after the final word of the marriage ceremony shall have been pronounced. If you can find such a man, and bring him hither, and then bring a willing clergyman, you will do me a great favor."
"But the license, madam?"
"I am providing. I have a special license wanting only the name of the bridegroom."
It took the host some little time to make up his mind that the lady was in earnest, and that all else was right so far as the law was concerned. When he was satisfied upon these points he nodded and pleasantly smiled.
Just the man required was in his employ. He went out into the stables, where he found Mark Conroy at work over a favorite horse. Mark was a splendid specimen of physical and mental manhood. Nearly six feet tall, perfectly proportioned, with face regular and handsome, an eye like a well of light, and a clustering mass of nut-brown curls setting off his shapely head, he was such a man as might win the love and esteem of any woman; and the only reason why he had not married or courted any one of the many damsels who sought to attract him, was that his love for his beautiful horses engrossed his whole heart.
Mark heard the landlord's story, and went with him into the private apartment where the lady was determined to have the request from her own lips, and she made it, though, when she had seen him, standing so strong and so proud before her, she faltered considerably. But she got through with it, claiming from him the pledge before mentioned. While she spoke he tried by every means in his power to get a glimpse of her face, but in vain. Yet he did not miss her voice. It was very sweet to his ear. He loved music, and he did not think he should ever forget the rich, pure tones of that voice. It was to him an index to her character. Never a coarse woman with such breathing of music.
"My dear lady," he said, with a respectful inclination of the head, "I will accept the marriage which you offer, because I think I can make a good use of it. Ordinarily I would not listen for a moment, but now three hundred pounds may be the weight in the balance that shall make my whole future; and, added to this, I may serve you. Not for a thousand times three hundred pounds would I lend myself to a plot that could work harm to yourself."
"It will save me, sir, oh, it will save me!"
"Then I am ready."
"And I have your promise?"
"I have given my word. It was never yet broken, and I do not think that to your harm I shall now make my first false step."
Somewhat the lady seemed to be more than she had been at first, and once or twice she moved away from Mark, as though she was afraid of him, and craned nearer to the landlord.
Near at hand lived an accommodating rector. He came in, fully understanding the work he was to do, and after a few whispered words with the lady he signified his readiness to proceed. The name of Mark Conroy was filed into the license, after which the work was quickly done.
"Must I sign the register?" the newly made wife asked, uneasily.
The clergyman insisted upon it. The law required it.
Mark signed his name in a bold, strong round hand. Then the lady took the pen, and tremblingly wrote a name, saying:
"That is not the name by which I am known, but I have a sacred right to it."
She had written "Cordelia Temple."
She gave to the rector five pounds—to the host five more; and then she mounted out six crisp, new fifty-pound

THE LOGGING CAMP.

A Rough Life That has its Peculiar Fascinations.
A big shouldered, shaggy bearded man in picturesque attire was moving in front of a blazing fire at the Union depot, Minneapolis, awaiting the departure of a train. His costume consisted of a blue Mackinaw jacket, red trousers of the same material and a broad-brimmed hat around which was buckled a wide, yellow leather band.
"I have been in the woods a good many winters," he said, throwing one leg over the other and applying a lighted paper to his pipe. "It is a rough, hard life, but there's a fascination about it something like diggin' gold so that you kinder get into the way of it and want to go back winter after winter. Leastways that has been my experience."
After a protracted interview, in which the logger frequently strayed from his subject to spin a yarn, in which he himself figured as the hero, a good many facts regarding life in the lumber camps of Minnesota and Wisconsin were evolved from his inner consciousness.
A lumber camp is usually situated in a clearing near a good spring of water. There are several buildings, of which the hook shanty, as it is called, is of chief interest. This is built of logs and is about twenty feet wide and sixty feet long. The floor is of hard wood and the roof is composed of shake shingles, which are long and broad and overlap each other in orthodox fashion. A wooden table set on stakes nailed to the floor extends down the middle of the interior. Rough wooden benches are placed on either side of the table. The spaces between the logs composing the walls of the shanty are plastered with a compound composed of cement and mud, making a building much more inhabitable during the cold days and nights, when the mercury goes down almost out of sight, than the average dwelling house in city or town.
A sleeping shanty of about the same dimensions is in convenient proximity. Two tiers of bunks are arranged on either side, on which the logger wrapped in their blankets repose in profound slumber at night. For bed-springs there is a layer of hemlock boughs and their only mattress consists of a tick full of straw obtained at the stables. A carpet bag or bundle of old clothes usually suffices for a pillow, and a logger will declare that after a hard day's work in the woods and a good warm supper at night his sleep is as sweet as lay on a bed of cedar down. There is a stable or two, a supply shanty, a blacksmith shop (if the camp is remote from settlement) and sometimes a pig pen and a chicken house. Instead of a shake roof the stables have roofs made of straw.
The boss is a conspicuous figure in every lumber camp. In many cases he is of a different nationality from the men who compose the crew, it having been found that when this precaution is taken there is less conflict of opinion. Whenever the word of the boss ceases to be law there is trouble in the camp. He has his bed in the cook shanty, which is also the night quarters of the cook and the cook.
Another conspicuous figure is the cook. He may be a Frenchman, German, Irishman, Norwegian, or of any other nationality. He reigns supreme in the cook shanty. Occasionally his cooking is subject to adverse criticism, and once in a Wisconsin camp the men rebelled against the tyranny of the cook and took him out one night and hung him to the branch of a tree. If it had not been for the timely arrival of the boss, the unfortunate cook would have been hung by the neck until dead. Quite often the cook is a master of the culinary art and serves the ravenous loggers who sit down at his table with most toothsome dishes. The cookee is his lieutenant. His duties consist of carrying water from the spring, paring potatoes and other vegetables, and rendering his chief what assistance he can. The men themselves are big, brawny, good-natured fellows, who enjoy the life, rough as it is. When a bad character comes in it is not long before he is found out, and when he is, he is told to move on.
The men begin to come into camp at the first fall of snow, and when there is enough snow for good sledding the teams are brushed in. When the work of the winter is fairly under way, there is little variation from day to day. The cook and teamsters are astray as early as half past 4 o'clock, and breakfast is served about 6 o'clock. As likely as not the bill of fare would comprise pork and beans, potatoes, hot bread and tea or coffee. There might be a little brown sugar to go in the coffee. Milk is a luxury. The table service consists of tin dishes and plates—no crockery—and the meal goes on in a catch-as-catch-fashion.
Dinner is served in the woods, whether it is conveyed on a sled by the shanty life, the men start around the fire, if it is a cold day, and munch their dinner with an occasional interchange of words.
There is a set of men for each part of the work. The sawpans clear out the brush; the choppers fell the trees and trim the branches; the sawyers divide the tree into logs; and the chainmen manipulate the chains dragged by the ox-teams in "tooting" the logs to the skids, from which they are subsequently unloaded to sleds drawn by mules and oxen. Besides these gang there are ox-teamsters, who drive the oxen, and road men who are employed to keep the roads in good condition. Oxen are much better for chain work, as they can plow through the snow with much more ease than horses. The logs are hauled on sleds to the banks of the creeks and rivers, where they are placed so as to lie parallel with the stream. In the Spring when the ice has melted, the flood gates are opened and the logs are driven from the creeks and lakes to the larger streams, and so on through forest and field to their destination.
When night begins to fall, all hands quit work and make their way into camp. Supper, which is the principal meal of the day, is served smoking hot about 7 o'clock. When this is over the loggers sit down to smoke, dry their clothing, and play cards. Poker is a favorite game. Although card playing is prohibited at some camps, it is an

A Clam Story.

It was while we were at the Tonga Islands that I secured the services of a native and his boat, for the purpose of collecting coral and shells. We took advantage of the low tide for our work, for then the tips of the coral showed above the water.
One morning we were out; I was in the boat, and the native, distant some half mile, was wading about. Suddenly I heard him yelling, and saw him waving his hands wildly about. My first thought was that he had discovered some fine specimens, but I soon saw that he was in distress. I thought the water too shallow for sharks, but made all possible haste to reach him.
As I approached, I perceived that he was held down by something underneath; he was lamenting piteously. The water was very clear, and when I reached his side I saw the poor fellow's leg was caught between the lids of a monstrous clam, five feet or more in length. It seems that these big clams are common there, and have a way of half sinking themselves in the dead coral; and when open, with the great white animal showing itself, they can scarcely be told from the bottom. And he had walked right on to one, and the lids had come together like a vise.
To make the matter worse, the tide was fast coming in, and was already lapsing his shoulders. I immediately set about trying to release him. I first jammed an oar into the small opening between the halves of the shell, but that only made the creature press together all the closer, and reddish streams that began to discolor the water showed that the knife-like blades were cutting in deeply.
In desperation, I jammed the boat-hook into the animal, but the point broke off against the iron-like shell. It was awful. There the poor fellow was, his head just above the water, hanging on to the boat. You've heard of death coming on the ebb tide, but it came on the flood here.
Inch by inch the tide rose, and the poor fellow begged me to kill him. I was on the point of attempting to cut off his leg as a last resort, when it occurred to me to cut the big muscle that held the valves together. There wasn't a minute to lose, as the water was now nearly to the man's chin, while his efforts to keep above it almost sank the boat. His eyes stared and veins standing out, he was perfectly paralyzed with the horrors of his condition.
I lashed my big knife to a piece of bamboo that I had, and dove down to see where to cut. Sticking the knife in at the angle between the lids of the shell, I sawed away until my breath gave out, and then I came up. Getting a new supply, I tried it again, and this time could feel the round muscle, or soulder, we call it, as big as a man's thigh. I got the knife into it and cut it, and putting one foot against one of the big valves, and bracing back, I wrenched them apart, and rose to the surface just in time to pick the poor fellow up. He had fainted away, and no wonder.
I placed him in the canoe, and when he came to he was so grateful he couldn't say or do enough for me. His leg was cut, and the bone crushed out of shape. All in all, it was about as narrow an escape as I ever saw or heard of.

An Oregon Girl.

The women are very expert horsewomen. The writer recently approached a mansion situated on Poverty Flat, and observed the daughter of the house in the front yard, cleaving a man's saddle on an Oregon horse that objected to this proceeding. She was about the age of a young girl, and with a determined womanhood and children's neatness. I offered my assistance as she was hopping around on her right foot, her left foot in the stirrup, while she firmly grasped the bridle-bit in her left hand. The cause, meanwhile, was making mad bounds, following as only an Oregon horse can bellow, and standing first on his hind feet and then on his head. "No, thanks; I can manage him!" she said, and vaulted into the saddle, not sidewise but otherwise.
The instant the girl gained the saddle and the horse felt that she was there down went his head, an arch sprung in his back, and away he went, jumping stiff-legged every sage-brush six feet high, until horse and rider disappeared in the distance. After a while she came back at a thundering gallop, and reined up at the door a trifle excited, but smiling.
"You sit your horse like a centaur. Where are you going Miss Oregon?"
"Over to the Bully Creek Sunday school. You bet your life I can set him straight up, and don't you forget it!"

Rain.

California journals are philosophizing about rain. Sometimes in that State rain has fallen at the rate of an inch an hour, which would yield a water crop of 16,000 tons of water to the acre! The average annual rainfall in the tropics is from 80 to 115 inches. At the month of the Amazon a fall of nearly 800 inches in a year has been recorded. The greatest precipitation in a year, of which we have any account, was in the mountain region near Calcutta, where 610 inches is the maximum registration. In French Guiana the rainfall of a single day has reached the enormous aggregate of 21 inches, which, according to the Sacramento Bee, is about equal to the average rainfall in the Sacramento Valley.
To remove mildew, soak in butter-milk and spread on grass in the sun.
If nettles are good, when pricked with a pin, oil will instantly cease out.