

Song of the Sea Wind.

How it sings, sings, sings,
Blowing sharply from the sea-line.
With an edge of salt that stings;

HOW SHE MANAGED HIM.

It was a Leap Year ball in the city of Kinball. The large hotel was crowded to the utmost with all the belles and beaux of the place, and it was noticed that there were a great many strangers present;

It was one of the most novel entertainments that had ever been given in the place. Many of the usual customs were abandoned, even as far as dress was concerned, the ladies wearing postillion coats over their daintily trimmed skirts.

George Webb was standing looking on, with her sister Jennie and her husband, Albert Ayers; but every moment her pretty head was turned toward the door, and any one could have told that she was looking for some one.

Her husband Willis Webb, was a very wealthy man, and his wife was the most beautiful woman in the city. Under her influence he had given up the almost unquenchable desire for drink which once held him, and had not drunk a drop for over two years.

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"What dreadful manners, Mr. Ayers," said one of the girls, "to be going about without any escort!"
Albert laughed but continued his course, and soon was lost among the jesting maidens.

George's little golden head was still frequently turned toward the doorway, and at length she saw Albert coming, but, as she had feared, alone, and his face wore a compassionate look as he glanced at her.

"Did you find Willis?" she inquired half fearfully.
"Yes," answered Albert, "but—" and then he paused.

"I know what you would tell me," she said sadly. "He has been drinking."
"Yes," answered her brother-in-law, "and I thought it best not to bring him up here among our friends. If you like you can go home with Jennie and me, and then I will come back for Willis."

"Very well," quickly answered the lady. "Wait until I get a carriage."
"Should we come a foot?"
"Oh, well, I will take you home in a little better style than I brought you."

"But this, you know, is a Leap Year party, and the ladies wait on the gentlemen."
"Thash so, I forgot? Hurrah for Leap Year! Hurry up!"

It was but a few moments before the lady returned, and Willis Webb was hurried into a carriage, and sank in a heap upon the soft cushions. Five minutes later his fair companion was in possession of his pocket book and costly jewelry.

George waited with her sister until Albert should return with her husband, but when he came he said that Willis was nowhere to be found; no one had seen him, and Mr. Ayers thought he must have gone home alone.

George then started for home, with her brother-in-law by her side, and when they had walked about half of the distance they came upon the sleeping man lying right in their path.
"Ob, Albert, I believe that is he!" said George through her tears.

Albert then bent over the recumbent man, and then replied,—"You are right, George."
He shook Webb roughly until he got him upon his feet.

When morning came Webb was himself again, and it was with a blush of shame that he met his little wife at the breakfast table. He told her the whole story of his meeting an old friend he had not seen for years; of his slight indulgence; how after that his memory became indistinct.

Willis Webb was a wealthy man, and was bitterly ashamed of his excess; but this was more than he could bare tamely.
He had some indistinct remembrance of being brought home in a cab, and he went down town and put the whole matter in the hands of a skilled detective.

He touched no more drink, although his indulgence had awakened all his old desire for it. This episode had aroused all his wife's olden fear, and she watched him as a cat watches a mouse.

A month or two glided by, and then there came an invitation for Willis to attend a wine supper, to be given by this same old acquaintance, who had taken rooms at the hotel.

"But that is just what they are getting together to do," said she, blushing, and it's best not to put oneself in the way of temptation."
Willis knew this to be good and solid reasoning, but he felt a trifle galled at the careful watch his wife kept over him, and was determined not to be "led around" by any woman; so he resolved to go at any risk.

The first man he met was one of the invited guests, and a worldly fellow of somewhat convivial habits of life.
"Going down to Evan's to-night, Webb?"

"Of course the old lady cuts up a little rough about it, but I let her know I am my own master. Just as if there were any harm in a little fun!"
This conversation strengthened Webb's resolution to go also, for he felt an awful fear lest the fellows thought his wife had a little too much to say.

Willis smiled furtively, and they practised together for an hour or more, and then he made a move for the dressing room.
"Ob, don't go off, Willis! I've got some yarn to wind, and I want you to hold the skeins; and then if you are going down the street, I want to go with you."

"Now, George," said he, laughing, "why not be honest and say you don't want me to go to Evan's and be done with it?"
"Well, I don't," she cried, laughing in turn. "And you won't go, either, will you, darling?"

"Of course I shall go! I have promised, and you would not have me break my promise, would you?" he replied.
"Y— I would, if it were such a promise as that," she said, kissing him.

Then Mrs. George snatched away his brush and tossed it out of the open window, and laughed so mischievously that he could not be offended.
"Never mind," said he. "I can get shaved at the barbers."

And then the little wife threw her arms about his neck and kissed and coaxed him furiously for ten minutes.
His resolution was beginning to waver when his eye fell upon a powder tin, which was lying on the dressing table; it was a sleeping spoton his wife took when she had neuralgia, and into his mind there instantly came an ignoble plot.

"Well," said he as if yielding, "if you will go down and get each of us a glass of that lemonade I saw in the pitcher to-night, I will think it before I go."
Away ran the happy George, thinking now she was sure of victory, and soon returned with the pitcher and two glasses.

"I made this on purpose for you, Willis."
"Thank you, dearie. Now run away and fetch my dressing gown and slippers."
And while she was gone the unprincipled fellow dropped the opiate into his wife's glass.

"Now for a merry evening!" lifting his glass; and the two together drained the daintily scented lemonade.
"Ob, it shall be at Evan's," said the graceless scamp, darting into the dressing closet, as if to avoid his wife.

"It shall, en?" said his wife, thinking him in jest; and she closed the door behind him and bolted it firmly.
"Ob, George," said he, remembering the narcotic was quick in its effect, "let me out quick, and I solemnly promise that I will remain at home with you."

But the time was too late; the little golden head sunk down slowly until it rested upon the soft plush carpet, and never stirred from its dreamless sleep until the morning sun shone into the open window.

Willis shouted and called, but the servants were too far off to hear him, and he had no resource but to stay in the close little dressing room until his wife should awaken. Sleep was impossible, and he did some of the soundest thinking of his life during those long, chill night hours. The thoughts of his little wife lying outside the door was agony to him. But at last he heard her stir, and then she quickly unbolted the door, saying:—"Why, Willis, have you been in there all night, and have I been asleep on the floor?"

"Yes, dear," he confessed humbly. "I gave you that sleeping powder, thinking I would go for a little while to Evan's party; but you shut me in here, and then went to sleep."
"Ob, what a shame!" said George.
"Ob, what a blessing!" said her husband.
"Ob, I will here give you a solemn promise never to take another drink, or ever attend another wine supper again."

"What's the matter with you people?" said Jennie, putting her head in at the chamber door. "Bridget told me you hadn't come down yet."
"Nothing—only we are a little lazy," said Willis quickly.
"Then you haven't heard the news? They've found the thieves at last, and that at Evan's at the hotel is the leader of the gang."

George looked at her husband, and Jennie went on,—
"Ob, they have found your watch and ring too. They were in Evan's trunk."
"Ob, all things! His party must have been a failure."
"Ob, the officers came in when they were at table. Albert was there, and he said he never was so ashamed in his life."

Camphor.
Whence does this odoriferous and volatile substance come, and what is it? It is the hardened juice of a tree, and was known as camphor by the Persians, Hindus and Greeks. The camphor tree belongs to the laurel family. The camphor of commerce is thus made in Japan: After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub or a large iron pot partially filled with water and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub steam slowly rises, and heating the chips generate oil and camphor. Of course, the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover a bamboo pipe leads to a succession of other tubes with bamboo conicoctions, and the last of these tubes is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lowest compartment. The upper compartment, supplied with a straw layer, catches and holds the camphor in crystals in deposit as it passes through the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and is ready for market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

LAWYERS OF THE OLDEN DAYS.

An Old Man Discourses on the Decline in Oratory—How Suits Were Won.

The judge and jury were quietly dozing in one of the New York court rooms the other day, while counsel was trying to prove by long lists of figures and incomprehensible accounts that his client was one of the salt of the earth. The attendance was small. On one of the back seats was a white haired old man with a smooth shaven face, who seemed to watch the proceedings with more interest than any of the other spectators.

"Well, well, well," said he, dropping the pitch of the voice as he pronounced each successive exclamation. "Is that the kind of lawyers you have nowadays? Why, folks would rather go to meeting than come to hear a man talk like that. An auctioneer makes a better speech than his, nodding toward the lawyer who was struggling with the figures, 'when he wants to make you believe that a spavined horse is sound as a nut. What's the good of your colleges and your law schools if you're going to turn out such wheezing little monkeys as that fellow? Why, sir, I ain't been inside a court of law these forty years, but when I was a young fellow I used to follow all the cases and I used to be able to make a better speech than any of the lawyers I hear now."

"Ah! I tell you in my day it was different. A lawyer that was going to argue a case would get up and look all around the court room, and then he'd look at the jury, and then he'd look at the floor, as if he wasn't quite certain how he would begin. At last he'd get his inspiration, as they used to say, and he'd run his fingers through his hair to help along his ideas like. Then 'Gentlemen of the jury,' says he, very impressive and in a low voice. But he'd soon get well under way, and give you a regular rattler. There'd be a deal of pathos, and sometimes his voice would sort of fail him, and then he'd take out his handkerchief and blow his nose very loud to get control of his feelings. Then he'd get very mad, and you'd have supposed that he was going to walk right in and fight the jury and judge to boot. There'd be gestures and smiles and Latin quotations a yard or more long. Latin quotations always had a great convincing power, and a man was sure to win his case if he had enough of them. Well, with all his eloquence he'd finally get the judge and the jury so mixed that they wouldn't know which side of the question he was speaking for, and the more he mixed them up the better lawyer we used to think him."

"But, bless you, listen to that fellow. He talks away as quietly as if he'd just dropped in to say good morning. He hasn't made a single gesture yet, nor shouted a single quotation. He don't seem to get worked up with his subject as the men of my day used to do. They tell me judges won't let the lawyers get too flowery nowadays, and say they haven't time to listen to long winded quotations. More's the pity. They're discouraging eloquence, and they'll soon have the lawyers presenting their cases from their offices over the telephone. So saying the old man took up his hat, dusted it with his handkerchief, and went out, still bemoaning the decline of oratory and the degeneration of the legal profession.

Logging on the Elbe River.
The principal industry of the Elbe shores are the stone quarries and the timber trade, for which the immense forests of Saxony and Bohemia are the sources. There are endless timber yards and saw mills along the banks of the river, and also up along the tributary streams which bring the tree-trunks from the surrounding forests after they have been run down the slides made for them in the hillsides.

I have seen the course of a stream covered with them for miles, and thence through dams they are guided into the Elbe by the raft builders, each log pushed or pulled by iron hooked poles into its proper place, others joining it alongside or above or beyond, until a great raft of 100 feet or more is constructed. There are long oar shaped rudders for and aft, sometimes a little hut for shelter, and a heap of earth on which they start off on their long journey down to the sea, halting by night, past Dresden and Magdeburg away to Hamburg and the German ocean. In spring and autumn they thus float by thousands down the pearly gray stream, in summer the water is often too low, while in winter they are blocked by the ice.

Tempestuous Times.
In the tempestuous times of Governor Belcher's reign over Massachusetts Bay, in 1761, a great dispute arose as to the boundary between that colony and New Hampshire. It was referred to the Crown, and a certain boundary line ordered to be drawn. A man named Hezen surveyed this line, and allowed the 1/2 of the westerly variation resulted in two compartments, one above the other, the dividing floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lowest compartment. The upper compartment, supplied with a straw layer, catches and holds the camphor in crystals in deposit as it passes through the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs, and is ready for market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

Turkish Theory about the Ostrich.
The Turks call the ostrich the camel-bird, and among them it is typical of anything that is of a changeable and undecided character. They say, according to their tradition, that when the ostrich is urged to fly it declares that it is a camel. But when they propose to take it at its word, and make it bear a camel's load, it then maintains that it is a bird.

A HOT WINTER DAY.

How the Dakota Rustlers Entertained a Tenderfoot.

It was 25° below zero, at Bismarck, Dak., and the wind was in good working order. A slender tenderfoot was coming down the street on a sort of crippled "dog-trot," his blue and suppurating proboscis protruding like a forerunner of frozen misery. Just as he reached the corner he was stopped by Ed Sloan, the rustler and assistant banner winner. Sloan saw the stranger long in advance of the meeting, and deciding to make an impression on him, he doffed his buffalo coat and cap, threw off his under coat, and at his confluence with the shivering tenderfoot he appeared in his shirt sleeves, wiping his brow with a handkerchief. The tenderfoot was startled. Just as he was about to pass the sweltering Sloan exclaimed:—"Good morning, stranger; you look sort a feeble. Not sick, I hope?"

"Good morning, sir," falteringly replied the dumbfounded stranger, his teeth chattering like a triphammer. "No, sir, I am not sick. I never enjoyed better health in my life."
He edged in close to the building to escape the wind, and looked at Sloan with a half pitying glance of inquiry, and it was plain to be seen that he thought he had met a lunatic or crank of the most virulent type.

"But you look cold!" ejaculated the honest Sloan, as he rubbed some more Cayenne pepper and kerosene on his face to give it the appearance of heat and perspiration. "Here, take some of this medicine; it will help you. You've got the goldardest case of chills I ever saw."
The stranger looked wild. The wind whistled round the corner with a vicious howl, and the stranger rubbed the end of his nose to keep up the circulation.

"Well, I must say that you are the most wonderful character I ever met," said the tenderfoot. "Don't you think you will freeze out here a day like this in your shirt sleeves?"
"Freeze! Freeze!" yelled Sloan. "Why, man, I tell you, you're sick. Why, this is a mild, balmy atmosphere. This is just the kind of a day to plant your pumpkin seeds. I've just been out hoeing my early rose potatoes, and I find that the blasted bugs have got onto the vines. Whew! let's go in and take a lemonade to cool off on."

"No, excuse me; I guess I'll go back to the hotel," replied the tourist; but just as he was about to leave Farmer Wallace appeared, puffing and perspiring, carrying his coat on one arm and a sheaf of wheat on the other.

"Well, Sloan," said the farmer, "little warm to-day."
"Yes, how are you getting along with your work?"
"Very well, indeed. I left the boys plowing on the northwest quarter, and the neighbors' girls have come over to go a plumping on the creek."

By this time the stranger looked faint and weak.
"Say, farmer," said Sloan, pointing at the bewildered stranger, "don't you think that this gentleman is in pretty bad shape? I tell you he ought to see a doctor."

"Why, my friend, what's the matter with you?" asked the farmer in a voice that went echoing in the frosty air like the gust of a brass band. "You look cold and kind er blue! Come out for your health, I suppose?"
As the stranger was about to speak Captain Call came upon the scene dressed in a tidy baseball uniform, and swinging a bat in his hands. "Come on! Come on! All aboard for the ball grounds!" shouted the Captain as he dashed by with a gleeful expression on his sparkling eyes and a ruddy glow on his cheeks.

"Will you go out to the game of ball, stranger?" mildly asked Mr. Sloan.
"You can walk down with—"
But he was gone. He rushed back to the hotel, went to his room, thawed out over a steam radiator, and remained inside gazing out upon the first real, rollicking blizzard of the season, until the east-bound train arrived. He paid his bill by the bell-boy route, refusing to speak to any one until he was safely seated in the Pullman sleeper. As the train moved out he asked the conductor if he would put on a little extra speed, as he wanted to see his wife and children once more before he died.

Hunting Water with a Baboon.
If when upon a long hunt or journey the Kaffir is unable for a long time to find water he sometimes avails himself of the instinct of one of those animals which he frequently keeps in a domesticated state—the baboon or chacma. The baboon takes the lead of the party, being attached to a long rope and allowed to run about as it likes. When it comes to a root of babiana it is held back until the precious vegetable can be taken entirely out of the ground, but in order to stimulate the animal to further exertions it is allowed to eat a root now and then. The search for water is conducted in a similar manner. The wretched baboon is intentionally kept without drink until it is half mad with thirst, and is then led by a cord as before mentioned. By what signs the animal is guided no one can even conjecture, but if water is in the neighborhood the baboon is sure to find it.

A Recipe for Thunder.
In the Middle Ages anybody at all distinguished by knowledge of science was credited with the art of flying, and, indeed, in many cases did not scruple to claim it. Albertus Magnus was one of these, but refused to give particulars to the world at large. He tells us, however, how to make thunder. Says he:—"Take one pound of sulphur, two pounds of willow carbon and six pounds of rock salt ground very fine in a marble mortar; place where you please in a covering made of flying papyrus to produce thunder. The covering, in order to ascend and float away, should be long, graceful and well filled with this powder, but to produce thunder the covering should be short and thick and half full."

Delicate Cake.—Take half a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of sifted flour, half a pint of sweet milk and four eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the beaten eggs, then the milk, and then the flour; beat together thoroughly and put the batter into a pan lined with buttered paper, sift fine sugar over the top, and bake immediately in a moderate oven.

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

Good Pulpit Advice on the Selection of a Partner.

"The Choice of a Lifetime Companion," was the subject of Dr. Talmage's recent discourse. It was the first of a series of sermons on pertinent topics of the day which he will preach during the Winter. His text was chosen from Judges iv., 3. He said: "The earth never owned such an array of womanly beauty and goodness as to-day. In fifteen years women will be so much better educated than men that it will be difficult to find enough ignorance in the opposite sex to make suitable consorts. As your religious adviser it is my duty to caution you. I have my best lesson to the whirlwind, and I propose to put the plowshare into the ground up to the iron beam, no matter how many people may cry woe!"

Dr. Talmage said it was a mistaken idea that all men must marry. Many men were totally unfitted to marry, and it was an insult for them to ask any pure woman to marry them. He said: "How dare you, masculine beast, offer yourself to a pure maiden! With a buzzard dare to woo a dove? I am going, as your religious teacher, to advise you as to the selection of a wife. He said a man should seek Divine guidance. Farquhar Tupper gave this advice and was laughed at. Many who did so laughed on the other side of their faces. Optimum wives, spendthrift wives, opinionating wives, wives overbearing in all things and yet married to good men. That's what keeps up the club houses, where fathers and sons go because they can't stand it at home, the preacher said, and added: "After the jeweler, the modiste and the dancing master have got through with the modern young lady, how is a poor, unsophisticated man to decipher the hieroglyphics of her character? [Laughter.] Only the Lord knows. The sample is so different from the reality that the husband is simply astounded when he finds he has been simply swindled."

Continuing, the reverend gentleman said: "I don't know which of Adam's twenty-four ribs Eve was made from, but look out! There are twenty-three possibilities to one you'll get the wrong rib." [Laughter.] By the fate of Macbeth, whose wife made him do murder, by the Englishman whose wife was so anxious to dance on his grave that he was buried at sea, I charge you, O men, be careful! Avoid match-makers. Go to headquarters. Go to God."

"Some women, Dr. Talmage thought, ought to be soaked in carbolic acid three weeks and fumigated a year before they are fit to come back into society. They are not fit for a man's companionship. He continued: "There are times when the plainest wife becomes an angel of beauty, no matter what her profile. You fall in business, go home and tell her you are disgraced forever. The house and furniture—everything—must go. I don't care whether I live or die, you say. She listens and then says, 'Is that all? When I married you we had nothing. It's only going back to where we began. If you think my happiness depends upon these things you don't know me, even though we're married thirty years. The National Bank of Heaven is not closed.'"

"That woman is beautiful!" shouted Dr. Talmage, "I don't care what her features are." He spoke of an old wife dying with her husband at her side, taking his last good-by, cheered by the thought of meeting her in another world. When Dr. Talmage closed his sermon many of his hearers were in tears.

The Everlasting Tip.
In Italy the employes are expected to show great deference to guests of the hotel. Whenever he passes in or out all who happen to be near the entrance lift their caps and assume respectful attitudes. This politeness is embarrassing to the modest guest who is obliged to pass several times a day between two rows of hatless and reverential serfites. But every one, though the service is included in the bill, expects to receive *pour boire* ranging from five cents, given to the errand boy, to one or two francs, paid to the porter or garcon who has done the special service of the chamber. In France and in the French colonies the head waiter of the dining room is at the door when the guest departs, and wish him "bon voyage," and also the room boy if he has not been previously remembered. One or two more servants may be conventionally near, who, although they have rendered no service, still hope to share the gratuities. In Italy, at least at many hotels, though the rule varies when the guest is ready to take the carriage to the station, the manager rushes to the bell. In an instant the corridor is filled with servants, who swarm from the different floors, the dining-room, the scullery, and who, with three always on duty at the entrance, appear innumerable. The parting guest never imagined that there were so many. Some of these he has probably paid all that they deserve. He can do nothing else to the rest but ignore them, though they accompany him to the carriage headed and overwhelmed him with good wishes. In Spain it sometimes happens that when the traveler pays his bill the head waiter appears at his side as if shot up through a trap. A bell has been touched without its being observed. The service has been included in the bill, but he is informed that that item is yet to be paid—voluntarily, of course. Naturally he refuses, and with some indignation, though he has otherwise had every reason to be satisfied, for the attendance in Spain is commonly efficient and polite, and the quality of most edibles better than either in France or Italy, while they are served without meanness.

DELICATE CAKE.—Take half a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of sifted flour, half a pint of sweet milk and four eggs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, then add the beaten eggs, then the milk, and then the flour; beat together thoroughly and put the batter into a pan lined with buttered paper, sift fine sugar over the top, and bake immediately in a moderate oven.