

An Invitation.

When in the house the day is warm,
And dogs lie stretched before the door,
Come out to my neglected farm,
And sit upon the grassy floor.

Under the apple trees' green roof,
Laced with the yellow light of morn,
Share nature's joy without reproach,
Thou man who art to trouble bora!

Alas! 'tis said for price of gold
The age shall have these leafy towers;
The spade shall trample in the mould
This fragrant grass, these dewy flowers,

And when this pleasure house is waste,
A mansion built for earthly care,
For waiting days, and tiresome haste,
Shall lift a stately front in air.

Then come, before the day declines,
And hear the bee among the boughs;
See where the early moon entwines
Her crescent in my bloomy house.

Perhaps before the shade shall die,
This turf, to plant the care of earth,
A smaller plot of earth be found
More green to tell our nobler birth.

Then hasten ere the day shall die,
And lay thy heart to summer's bliss,
And learn, whatever joys may fly,
To know the permanence of this.

A MOONLIGHT SAIL.

"Another moonlight sail to-night, Hetty," said Julia Keese, mounting the front steps and furling her red parasol.

Hetty sat up rather slowly in the hammock, suspended between the pillars, in which her light draperies had been gracefully and comfortably bestowed, and looked up at her sister with what, under the circumstances, was certainly a surprising expression.

"There was unmistakable regret and something like dread in her big brown eyes.

Julia meeting her sister's gaze as she sank into one of the ribbon-bedewed willow-rockers, which gave the porch its hospitable appearance, burst into soft laughter, her bright eyes growing brighter with a mischievous light.

"Your dreadful suspicions are correct," she said, in a tragic whisper. "Little Blivens is going to ask you."

"Are you sure?" murmured Hetty, desparingly.

"Perfectly!" said Julia, cheerfully fanning herself with the gaily-colored placque she had brought from "down town." "Ed told me so; Little Blivens told him. I met Ed down by the square, and he took me into Benson's for some cream."

And Julia grew pleasantly absent-minded over this recollection. She was engaged to "Ed."

Hetty leaned back in the hammock with a small groan.

It had been like this all summer.

Once every week, on an average, the gay little clique of which she and her sisters were valuable members had had a moonlight picnic, though the moon had occasionally failed them.

And once a week, Mr. Blivens, the lately-arrived china-storekeeper, had taken down his hat from behind his office-door and his gloves from his pocket, and walked briskly up the street to Miss Hetty Keese's pretty home, where in the formal words which he considered fitting to the occasion, and which he never varied, he requested the honor and pleasure of her company upon the proposed excursion, and whence after a brief interval he walked away triumphantly.

Why she always consented was something of a puzzle to Hetty herself.

But she was one of the tenderest of girls, and the sight of Mr. Blivens standing before her, hat in hand, swaying on his short legs nervously, his little bird-like eyes lifted to hers almost imploringly—she was several inches the taller—eager hopefulness in every line of his round face, this, together with her consciousness of the one or two gray streaks in his reddish hair, always brought a kind smile and a hesitating "Oh, certainly—thank you!" to her lips.

"Shall you accept, as usual?" said Julia, coming out of her reverie and regarding her sister sympathetically. "I wouldn't!"

"But nobody else would go with him," said Hetty simply.

"Let him stay at home, then!" said Julia in a matter-of-fact way. "He's too old to be going to picnics, anyhow; it's absurd. A good sharp refusal on your part is what he needs."

"I couldn't!" said Hetty, with a soft compassion in her eyes.

"You funny girl!" cried Julia, with a laugh. "Oh, by-the-way," she went on, "Joe Marsh is home again! I saw him down street."

"Joe Marsh!" Hetty repeated, with frank delight.

They had met him last winter—a handsome sharp-witted, hard-working young man, who enjoyed keenly the few social pleasures he allowed himself; the more that sweet Hetty Keese was to be seen, and talked to, and laughed with—was to be walked home with under the cold, bright stars, and parted from reluctantly.

And then—just as it had dawned upon him that for a young man the amount of whose salary could not be mentioned in the same breath with matrimony, he was growing much too fond of this charming girl—he had been sent away on an extensive business trip by the firm which employed him.

That had seemed to lookers-on to be an end to the little episode.

But Joe Marsh, in jolting trains and distant hotels, was haunted continually by Hetty's lovely face.

And Hetty spent a great many foolish, guilty moments thinking over the clever things he had sent to her, picturing his shrewd, handsome face, and telling herself that she was a simpleton.

"If here isn't Little Blivens now!" whispered Julia, as a footstep sounded on the walk. "Now do be sensible, Hetty; don't go with him!"

Five minutes later, Mr. Blivens, with his cheerful little face shining with perfect contentment—even his hair seemed to have taken on a warmer glow—was trotting away down the street; and Julia sat gazing at Hetty in scornful amazement.

"How could I help it?" said the latter, pleadingly. "It would have hurt his feelings dreadfully. I couldn't."

"You're the queerest girl!" said Julia, staring helplessly at the impossible red-and-blue cherubs on her plaque. But Hetty's trials, as her frequent

experiences on similar occasions had taught her, had only begun.

"So Little Blivens is still faithful, Hetty?" said her father, jovially, at the tea-table.

"Yes, he has again hoped for the honor and pleasure of her company," murmured fifteen-year old Tom, who had heard several of Mr. Bliven's invitations through the parlor keyhole.

There was silence in the boat for a happy interval.

"Then the young man said slowly,

"I am afraid we can't be married right away, Hetty."

"No," said Hetty, gently.

"I have only my salary, you know, and that isn't enough for two to live on," said Joe. "Oh, haven't I a little capital? There'd be such a chance for me if I had. The senior of the firm was telling me the other day, that they'd like to take me a third partner—one with a small capital. If I only had it—I, who know all the ins and outs of the business—it's no use talking about it," he broke off.

"I shall wait for you, Joe," said Hetty simply.

"We shall have a long wait, I'm afraid, little girl," said Joe, gloomily. "By the way," he added, forgetting his trouble with youthful haste, "what made you encourage poor Little Blivens?"

"Encourage him? Oh, I didn't mean that!" cried Hetty, looking tenderly distressed. "But I never had the heart to hurt his feelings by refusing him. I just couldn't!"

The person behind the bushes was regarding the speaker with great gratitude softening his bright eyes.

"I knew it!" cried Joe triumphant.

If Little Blivens was rather thoughtfully going home that night, nobody noticed it but Hetty.

That soft-hearted little creature labored faithfully to bring him to his natural state of cheerfulness.

And Little Blivens seemed to appreciate it. For he beamed upon her at parting with unusual warmth, and gave her hand an astonishing grip.

"You couldn't guess what I'm going to tell you, Hetty," said Joe Marsh, springing up the front steps, two days later, and sitting down by Hetty's hammock with a radiant face.

"Have they raised your salary?" said Hetty, briskly.

"I'm going into the firm," said Joe, in a voice shaky with his excitement. "I've got a loan of the necessary capital—who from do you think?"

Hetty shook her head, with parted lips.

"From Little Blivens!" cried Joe. "It's the strangest thing that ever happened to me. I was going by his home store this morning, when he called me in, took me into his office, looked me all over with his sharp little eyes, and said he had heard my firm would take another partner, with capital—how he heard it is more than I know—and went on to offer me a loan for the purpose on very liberal terms, too. Isn't the funniest thing you ever heard of—and the jolliest? We can be married with Julia and Ed, in October!" he concluded rapturously.

"It is the dearest little man in the world!" said Hetty, with misty eyes.

And she never knew it was her own self-forgetful kindness to Little Blivens which had won them their happiness.

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A Charming Little Story.

Several years ago a resident of the suburbs had the misfortune to become totally blind, a cataract forming over his eyes. While in this condition his wife died.

A young German girl, whom the unfortunate man had never seen, was very attentive to the wife in her last illness, and, after her death, did what she could to make the grief-stricken husband and his two little motherless children as comfortable as possible.

Such devotion did not go unrewarded. The blind man proposed and was accepted. He married the faithful girl. Their children were the result of their union.

During all the years the blind man never lost hope that some day he might again look upon the beauties of nature and the faces of the loved ones around him.

A physician was finally consulted, who agreed to attempt the removal of the cataract. The operation was successful and he from whom the light of day had been shut out for so many years, saw again. He was almost beside himself with joy.

A friend who was at once recognized, came, leading a lady by the hand.

"Do you know who this is?" he said to the happy fellow.

"No, I do not."

"This is your wife."

And then the pair, one of whom had never seen the other, fell into each other's arms, and a domestic scene of parental beauty ensued.

The two children were also brought to their father. He clasped them to his beating heart, and all the miseries of the past were forgotten in the pleasure of that moment.

This is a true story. The actors in this life panorama, covering a period of ten years, are all alive. The husband seems as well as ever he did, and is now in business in the city.

The fluid exuded by the ice plant has been found to contain 33 per cent. sea-salt.

Southall quotes from Herodotus to show that the Scythians used to scalp their enemies. The wild tribes of Northeastern Bengal also use the scalping-knife.

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The complete destruction of the carcasses of animals that have died of contagious diseases is recommended by M. Girard. He would dissolve the bodies in cold concentrated sulphuric acid.

It is found by the survey of the Great Lakes that there is a slight tide in them but not of sufficient extent to be noticeable without special care, the amount of rise and fall not exceeding two inches.

A prominent physician writing to the New York Medical Record condemns roller skating as an exercise for girls, and states that it seems to bring out any latent predisposition to disease, especially of the kidneys or heart.

A Question of Time.

"It is useless, this persistence. The tie of cousinly relationship is all that can ever exist between us."

"But I have other reasons to urge."

"None that can avail."

"At least hear them."

"Yes, if I am forced, but my answer is already given."

"You may reconsider it."

It was no longer in the persuasive tone of the lover that Adrian Hermon spoke.

His last utterance had a touch of sternness in it, far better comporting than his previous manner with the sinister glance of his kindless, passionate eye more than once, during the dialogue, bent in keen perusal of his cousin's face.

The changed intonation had not passed unnoticed—a fact sufficiently evinced by the look, half scornful, half inquiring, which Alice Harmon turned upon the speaker.

"Your father, Adrian continued, 'left his affairs in a condition so perplexed and intricate, that when, at your request, I undertook their settlement, it was some time before their exact posture could be ascertained. A thorough examination, I am sorry to say, proves his estate largely insolvent. Our long absent uncle, you are aware, impeached his immense fortune to his two brothers, your father and mine—the whole, in the event of the death of either before that of the testator, to go to the survivor. The fact that your father died one day before our uncle, and that mine survived him several months, legally entitles me to the whole of your inheritance, half of which had else yours.'

"The conclusion of the whole," said Alice, with a curl of her beautiful lip, "being that the accident of a day has made me penniless and you rich."

"Under the circumstances I had hoped," Adrian resumed, "that's my offer."

"Let me be sure I understand it," interrupted Alice; "is to purchase the hammock with a radiant face."

"The offensive words are your own," said Adrian.

"And their meaning yours," Alice retorted.

The shadow deepened on the young man's brow. The icy glint of his eye became more serpent-like and there was that in his voice, when he next spoke, that sounded ominous of evil.

"You at least prize your father's reputation."

"More dearly than life!" Alice answered.

"It is with you to shield or blast it!"

The girl's cheeks blanched, and there was something painful in her startled look that brought more earnestly than words an explanation of her cousin's language.

"A large sum your father held in trust," Adrian went on, "is not forthcoming, and disgrace must attach to his memory unless you choose to avert it. The means are happily within your power. Accept my offer, and from my fortune the default shall be made good, and none need ever know it."

"It is with you to shield or blast it!"

The girl's cheeks blanched, and there was something