

Sirius.

I watched the darkling dome of night
Grow flecked with God's eternal eyes,
With pulsing heart and ravished sight
I saw great Sirius arise.

Like to a king of royal state,
Swept he in splendor to his throne;
The stars paid tribute, small and great,
When Sirius, the Dog Star, shone.

The moon, an orb of argent fire,
Crept out and turned her face amazed
To where, as tho' he would out-rite her,
Boid Sirius in brilliance blazed.

A FAMILY STORY

"Steerage?" the stewardess inquired, with only the faintest shadow of interrogation in her tone.

The little old woman at the door of the saloon shows her ticket. There is no doubt about her right to enter the saloon and also to occupy the best stateroom upon the great ocean steamer that will leave Liverpool in an hour or two. But as she enters she hesitates, catching certain scornful glances from ladies in the latest style of traveling costumes, whiskered dandies in attendance, and white-capped "bonnes," watching extravagantly dressed children.

But while she hesitates Ethel Mordaunt, a young girl in new deep mourning, who is with a party of merry people chatting together, comes forward, and asks:

"Are you looking for any one?"

"Naw," the little woman says, "but I'm not knowing where to go." "Then, encouraged by the sweet face bending over her, she continued: "My son-in-law is sending for me to New York, Miss, and he took my stateroom before the steamer came away from there. I'm tired and dazed like, for I've been on the cars since yesterday and it's new to me to move about." "And here the tears started, for she felt unutterably forlorn.

Miss Mordaunt had come aboard with a weary feeling that life for her had come to a standstill; but youth has springs of energy to meet many trials, and an interest awoke at once in this girl's heart for the little old woman. Finding the stewardess, she ascertained the locality of the stateroom, and followed its occupant there, making her comfortable by a few womanly devices, and winning uncalculated confidence.

"It's my Mary's husband," the little old woman told Miss Mordaunt; "and Mary's the last of six children. She left the old place in Devonshire more'n thirty years ago, and I've staid with the others till they all lie in the churchyard, and Mary will have me come to New York. It's a grand man, her man is there, I hear, with a big house and no end of money. They sent me £100 to buy clothes, an' all, but I couldn't be grand if I tried, so I just put the money by, and Mary can buy them for me. She'll not be the slip of a girl now that left me, for she has sons and daughters of her own. You're in trouble, miss, yourself, I'm feared," and she gently touched the crape on Miss Mordaunt's dress.

"Both my father and my mother died of malarious fever in Rome six weeks ago," was the sad reply, and the girl did not shrink as a rough but kindly hand caressed her gently, and a tender voice called her "poor dear," and other homely, pitying names.

It would have astonished the friends of Ethel Mordaunt to have seen her presently sobbing like a child in the caressing arms of "such a very common-looking person" as Mrs. Foster, her new friend. Self-contained, proud and yet keenly sensitive, the girl had cased herself in an armor of reserve, for with orphanhood she had met with other trials.

Letters found amongst her father's papers proved that he had left home to try to save expenses, and weather through financial tangles of magnitude. He was in broken health, and had put his affairs into a lawyer's hands until he could gather up some physical strength. And the end had come suddenly, while to Ethel's heavy sorrow was added a double loss, as her mother only survived her father two days. The friends with whom they had traveled knew that Ethel would return home to poverty as well as sorrow, and without intentional unkindness their pity had a touch of patronage that stung Ethel to the quick. So she had wrapped herself in a cold reticence and suffered in silence.

But in helping another she found help. Mrs. Foster was terribly seasick all the way across, and Ethel devoted herself to the old woman's care, and kept the poor little soul alive by the cheery voice, her coaxing and her petting. It was Ethel who dressed her and led her on deck when she could bear the motion; Ethel who listened to the many stories of "Mary and Mary's good man," descriptions of the presents sent often to the mother in England, and the many letters urging "mother" to share in the comfort of the New York home.

But Ethel imagined that Mary's husband was probably a well-to-do mechanic and the magnificence of his home only so by comparison with the little farm in Devonshire, where he had been hired man to Mary's father before he started to make his fortune in America.

But when the vessel drew up to the dock in New York, and Mrs. Foster looking eagerly from the deck spoke

"Mary," Ethel smiled; for the Mary was the girl of 19 or 20, in the very latest style of New York extravagance, leaning upon the arm of a gentleman a few years older, whose face Ethel could not see distinctly under a wide Panama hat.

There was the usual delay, while the custom-house officer came aboard, and the passengers looked over the railing at the crowd upon the wharf. A middle-aged gentleman, with a handsomely attired lady on his arm, came to the side of the vessel, and looking up, asked:

"Is Mrs. Foster aboard?"

And the little old woman, dropping Ethel's arm, cried:

"It's John and Mary!"

And so it proved, for they came aboard, followed by John and Mary, junior, who had already attracted their grandmother's eyes and Ethel kept away during the inspection of baggage, and the search her little old friend made for her. She saw them all whirled away in a superb, open barouche, excepting John, Jr., who sauntered off on foot, and she said sighing:

"I shall never see her again!"

She heard some one say:

"That was one of our millionaires with that funny old woman;" and then she remembered that all she knew of him was that he was "John, Mary's husband." Doubtless name and address were both in Mrs. Foster's mind when she vainly searched for her friend before she left the steamer, but both were lost now.

"It is simply absurd!" Mr. Ward said, angrily, as he pushed aside his breakfast plate, and glared at his only son—"a girl in a store!"

Miss Mamie Ward shuddered, but Mrs. Ward said, softly:

"Poverty is not a crime!"

"And she is a lady," said John Ward, eagerly; "her father was one of our leading merchants, before he died, and she has been highly educated. If you would only see her!"

"Thank you, I do not desire that honor," was the sneering reply. "I never expected that you would disgrace the family by marrying a shop girl;" and Mr. Ward marched off oblivious to the memory of the days when the head of the family followed a plough in Devonshire.

A pompous, purse-proud man, he desired in his children, what he had never held himself, the position due to education, refinement and social standing, as well as wealth, and it irritated him that his wife was always the simple woman he had married, though she had a native refinement that kept her above vulgarity.

He was not mercenary, to do him justice, and did not care so much for money in his children's choice of life partners as for gentle birth and standing in society. But a shop-girl! Horror!

He had thought sometimes he should like to find again Miss Ethel Mordaunt, his mother-in-law's companion in her ocean voyage. He had known Mr. Mordaunt slightly in business, and he knew that they had been people of position in England two generations back, before Ethel's great-grandfather settled in America. With that reverence for "family" born in the English peasantry, he would rather have welcomed Ethel as a daughter-in-law without a farthing, than the wealthiest parvenue in New York, whose family was no older than his own.

But he had never spoken of this, and his anger was terrible when John, his only son, had calmly announced himself engaged to be married to a Miss Smith, who stood in a store.

He marched to his office in majestic rage, while John sought his refuge in family troubles, "the mother," as he fondly called Mrs. Ward.

Grandma was called in council, and while Miss Mamie, nibbling toast, wondered what John "could be thinking of!" Mrs. Foster and Mrs. Ward were consulting John.

"Suppose, mother," Mrs. Ward said, gently, "you go to see her. I should not like to act in direct opposition to my husband, but you—might—see—her—and—"

So a very stylish barouche containing a little old lady in rich black silk, with a bonnet of Parisian manufacture, of black lace and purple flowers, drove rapidly from the Fifth avenue mansion to the ribbon store where Miss Smith worked.

"Gone home—discharged!" was the answer to inquiry; but neither speaker guessed that Mr. Ward, the rich banker, had so promptly secured the girl's discharge.

"Her address? Yes, I can get it. 574—street, Brooklyn."

Over the ferry, a long drive to a modest street and a boarding house, and at last Mrs. Foster was in a parlor waiting to see Miss Smith.

She came down to the room, a pale, slender girl, in half mourning. There was a cry of—"My Miss Mordaunt!" "Mrs. Foster!" and then the two were embracing; with sincere demonstrations of affection and delight.

How they talked for an hour before Mrs. Foster, remembering her errand, said:

"But I came to see Miss Smith!"

"Oh, it is of no consequence. You are going home to dine with me?"

"Now? Well, yes, I will!"

And she smiled a little mysteriously. It was too long a story to tell of Ethel's introduction to "Mary," and Mary's family; of John's delight; the mutual surprises and explanations.

But it was not until after a wedding that Mrs. John Ward, Jr., said to her father-in-law:

"There were some investments of my father's supposed to be worthless when he died, that were secured to me after all his liabilities were met. My lawyer wrote to me on the day I was discharged from the ribbon store that these bonds had become valuable. He has been investigating my claims, and informs me that he has sold out my shares, and deposited \$100,000 in bank to my credit."

And Mrs. Grey Mordaunt whispers, with tears in her eyes:

"It is such a blessing Ethel dropped her name when she was in that horrible ribbon store, though, to be sure, it was only for a few months. And, my dear, I assure you, I never approved of her marriage with a man of no family whatever, though really they are ridiculously happy."

"Edisoniana" at the Paris Exposition.

Says a correspondent of the New York Times, writing of the great exhibition in Paris: What Eiffel is to the externals of this exposition Edison is to the interior. He towers head and shoulders in individual importance over any other man named in the lists of the nations. His exhibits have the place of honor, the largest space given to any one interest in the whole exposition, and they attract far more attention than anything else. He has 9000 square feet, or one-third of the whole space allotted to America for machinery, and his people have utilized the space with admirable intelligence in the main.

The electric light is obviously the most striking thing in the Edison budget for exhibition purposes, and is used for all it is worth, as we say in Paris. There is a mammoth globe lamp, which contains and diffuses the light of some 13,000 incandescent bulbs, and is surrounded by some 7000 more, of all grades of power and shades of color, so that at night effects can be produced throughout the vast Machinery Hall which are more easily dreamed of than described. All sorts of electrical machines in telegraphy, the telephone, the phonograph and the rest of the Edisoniana, are spread out in graduated departments, until the bewildered observer wonders why Franklin, Morse and others ever thought it worth while to have pretended to discover anything at all. Many of the appliances are new to Europe, and the scheme of sending despatches from a running train—illustrated here by a small working model—is especially attractive to the crowd. The proper exhibition of the phonograph has been hampered and delayed a good deal by the difficulty of securing silence. It was finally decided to build a pavilion, with exceptionally thick walls, and this has been done in the American industrial section, although there were models of the phonograph as well in Machinery Hall. In the pavilion the listener can hear any one of 50 languages from the wonderful machine, and fresh devices to give a polyglot character to its work are being added day by day. Of more permanent interest is the intention to utilize the train of distinguished visitors who come this summer, and collect for the phonograph a sort of exposition opera utterances, songs, solos and sentiments from all the Gladstones, Pattis, Rubinstains and Persian Shahs who come this way. A piano has already been put in with this end in view.

Old Taunton's Birthday Gift.

Old Taunton, Eng., sent her greetings to the New England Taunton, but they were not received in time for the latter's two hundredth and fiftieth anniversary celebration. "The missive is one of the most elaborate communications ever seen in the city. The letters are hand-painted upon thin parchment in old-style illuminated script. The whole is surrounded by illuminated scroll-work, and at the top is a water color sketch of Taunton Castle, and below it of old St. Mary's Church. On one side of the castle is the coat of arms of the town, and on the other side is a huge T crossed by what seems to be a beer barrel, perhaps a hint at the crowning industry of Taunton. The large red seal of Taunton borough appears in the lower right hand corner. It will be framed in a good stout frame of old English oak taken from St. Mary's Church at the time of its last renovation, and which will arrive in the city in a few days."

Whoever would live his life over again that he might live a better life would do well to remember that he would do no better than he is now doing. If you want to begin over again begin now, and don't think to order a new cradle and begin being baby over again.

MADE RICHER BY THE FLOOD. The Shores of the Chesapeake Strewn With Valuable Drift.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," is an axiom that could not have a better illustration than in the case of the recent great storm. While the inhabitants of the mountainous sections of Pennsylvania and Maryland were well nigh ruined by the effects of the great storm, it will result in great pecuniary benefit to a large number of the residents of this and Kent counties. This is due to the immense quantities of logs, sawed lumber and drift stuff which was forced down the Susquehanna River into Chesapeake Bay from the extensive lumber regions surrounding Williamsport and Conowingo, Pennsylvania, by the great rise of water.

Persons owning the shores have been busily engaged in securing the lumber, and if a proper estimate of the amount secured could be had it would seem incredible. That the salvage on the lumber saved will be of great pecuniary benefit to those who secured it can be imagined, receiving as they do 25 cents for each log saved in the event that they are properly marked and identified and the owner of the shore advertises the logs. It is estimated that the logs which came ashore on "My Lord's Gift Farm" of William McKenny, tenanted by Charles Taylor, will, if reclaimed, net these gentlemen from \$3,000 to \$5. This is independent of the sawed planes, shingles, laths, sashes, etc., of which there is a tremendous quantity. In Queenstown Creek large quantities of timber, sawed lumber, and drift stuff were driven in by the wind.

Business was practically suspended in Queenstown, the merchants in some instances closing their establishments to embark in the profitable business of log-catching. All along the shore of Blakeford, Waverly, the Hermitage and Piney Point there are tremendous quantities of material, an experienced gentleman estimating that there are 1,000,000 logs on the shores.

It is difficult to imagine the variety of articles in the mass of drift. Household articles of every description—chairs, tables, mattresses, bedsteads, pictures, cooking utensils—in fact, everything used in a house that would float. Among articles that have come ashore are a barrel of whisky, reported to be extra fine; a barrel of lard, several barrels of coal oil, cases of canned corn, a box of dried apples, railway of sawmill, shingle roof, house frames, etc.

INCIDENTS OF SEBASTOPOL. Viscount Wolsley's Reminiscences of the Trenches in the Crimea.

I was eating my breakfast very early one morning in a rifle-pit we had just taken from the enemy and became interested in some men near me who were playing pitch and toss with half pence.

A fine-looking young fellow of the party, with his half pence poised on a piece of stick, was on the point of throwing them up in the air when I heard that horrid "thud" I knew so well, the sound made by a bullet as it strikes a man, and the player and his half pence fell at my feet. He was stone dead, without a sigh, exclamation or movement of limb or muscle. A chance bullet in coming through a sand-bag loophole had struck some stone that caused it to glance downwards.

I have always remembered this circumstance because it is very rarely a rifle bullet causes such actually instantaneous death. But very many were the curious circumstance under which death and wounds presented themselves. I will mention one remarkable instance.

I was sitting some yards in the rear of our first parallel, alongside an officer who was giving me instructions for the coming night. Two sergeants stood together facing us, listening to the orders which I wrote in my pocket-book.

While so occupied, in what we conceived to be a very safe spot, down tumbled both of the sergeants in front of us as a shell rushed past, so close that we felt its wind. One man's head had disappeared and the others face was horribly mangled, his jawbone, as we supposed it to be, protruding from a ghastly wound.

The next morning I inquired in camp how the man was and learned he had not been touched by the shell, but that his terrible wound was made by the jawbone of the other sergeant, which was driven into his face. Indeed a little reflection ought to have told us that no man could be seriously wounded in the head by the blow of a shell and still live.

What did most to kill our men was want of fuel to cook with. Before any fire could be made men had to march a mile or two to dig up the roots of the brushwood that had stood on the heights at Inkerman. The brushwood had quickly disappeared, but their roots constituted our coal mine during our first winter. It was a sad sight to see the poor, wet and tired soldier on his knees trying to kindle enough fire with these damp roots to boil his kettle. Our clothing was as insufficient as our food and not suited to the rigorous climate of the Crimea. In the winter the cold was excessive, and our trenches were often for days mere ditches of mud and water. All rank suffered much accord-

ingly from the want of long boots. Day after day I have seen the half-fed, poorly-clad private soldier struggle with feeble limbs to the trenches, trying above all things, for his own credit as a soldier and for the credit of his regiment, to keep out of the hospital and what he termed "at his duty." Many I have seen return from the trenches to lie down in their tents and there die from actual want of proper sustenance.

Sleeping Cars in India.

Every man carries his own bedding with him in India and these Indian cars give you nothing else but a lounge on which to spread a cotton comforter, a shawl or a rug. You carry your own pillows and the bedding of half a dozen passengers would fill a car. Each traveler of the first and second class brings the most of his baggage into the train with him and there is often as much as the contents of an American baggage-car in one of these compartments. No one undresses, but all lie down with their clothes on, pull their shawls over them and sleep the best they can. There are no porters to wake you at the proper time and your boots remain unblacked. Women traveling alone universally go into compartments reserved for women, and men traveling with their wives have often trouble in keeping together.

This luggage being brought into the cars and the trouble about getting and holding seats, leads to the necessity, which exists in India of traveling with a servant. All English and American travelers carry one or more servants along with them, and in figuring up your railroad fares you must add to the fare of the class by which you travel a third-class fare for your native servant. This servant speaks English. He manages your baggage, sees to the hiring and paying of the cabs to and from the stations and the hotels, and waits upon you at the hotels. In many of the hotels you get nothing to eat if you have no servant. Your room is not made up, your boots are not blacked, there is no bell in the room and you get no attendance whatever. If you have a servant he sleeps on the floor outside your door and fights for the best of everything for you. He wants but little wages and on the whole it is cheaper for you to take him than to get along without him.

Talks a Little.

"He says 'yes' now," said the baby's mamma, as the baby's papa came in; "he said it lots of times to-day, and he knows just what it means. Does Willie love mamma?" she continued, looking at the baby with great earnestness, while papa paused with his overcoat half off. "Papa—gone!" said Willie. "No, no; papa come. Does Willie love mamma!—wait a minute, George, he's going to say it now; he knows. Does Willie—love—mamma?" "Got it down pretty fine, hasn't he?" said George, as he finished taking off his coat. "Well, I don't care he does know, only—say, Willie! Look straight at mamma, now. Does Willie love—mamma? Y—y—y—Does Willie love mamma?" "Pitty!" said Willie, looking suddenly at the glass pedant on the chandelier, with well-feigned excitement. "Now, Willie—let him alone a minute, George—Willie, be real good, now—just step into the hall, George, where he won't see you. There, now, Willie, do you love mamma?" "Papa—tum?" said Willie. "No, papa gone, now." "Now?" said Willie. "Yes, now; why can't you say what I want you to?" "To?" said Willie. "You're a naughty, naughty boy. You might as well come in, George; he isn't going to say it; he's awfully contrary and disagreeable sometimes and he just tries me to death."

"Willie!" said his father solemnly, "papa doesn't like naughty boys, mamma doesn't, and I don't know who does. Do you like naughty boys?" "Yes," said Willie, with remarkable distinctness.

Remedy for Sunstrokes.

Whatever is to be done in this disease, must be done quickly. Clinical, as well as experimental observations, enforces this doctrine. There should in such cases be no waiting for the doctor. The remedy is so simple, the death so imminent, that the good Samaritan passing by should save his brother. The good Samaritan must, however, have a cool head to be useful. Not every man who falls unconscious on a hot day has sunstroke. There is fortunately one criterion so easy of application that any one can use it. Go at once to the fallen man, open his shirt bosom and lay the hand upon his chest: If the skin be cool, you may rest assured that whatever is the trouble, it is not sunstroke. If, on the contrary, the skin be burning hot, the case is certainly sunstroke, and no time should be lost. The patient should be carried to the nearest pump or hydrant, stripped of his waist, and bucketful after bucketful of cold water dashed over him until consciousness begins to return, or the intense heat of the surface decidedly abates.

NOT FIXED.—Husband of popular actress—"My wife has decided to retire from the stage."

Friend—"Indeed! At once?"

"N—o, not exactly at once." We have not yet decided upon the exact year, but she will begin her farewell tour next season."

FOOL FOR THOUGHT

There are some things that silence alone can answer.

If you multiply words, you will spoil what you have done.

Hope is the germ, Faith the blossom, and Charity the fruit.

Two-thirds of what is called love is nothing but jealousy.

Rich relatives are like wine—they grow dearer with age.

When the pantry door's unlocked the small boy gets his deserts.

The heart rules the head, because the passions rule the judgment.

Avarice and laziness make the most disgusting kind of a mixture.

The pugilists strike their hardest blows when they begin to talk.

A fool always finds some one more foolish than he to admire him.

Enjoy your present pleasures so as not to injure those that are to follow.

Those who have little butter must be content to spread thin their bread.

Measure not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

The man who wears a diamond ring on his finger is the man who points with pride.

No man can be happy without a friend nor be sure of him till he's unhappy.

A noble heart, like the sun, showeth its greatest countenance in its lowest estate.

True merit, like the pearl in the oyster, is content to be quiet until an opening comes.

The greatest events of any age are its best thoughts. Thought finds its way into action.

The path of sorrow, and that path alone, leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.

It is admirable to die the victim of one's faith; it is sad to die the victim of one's ambition.

Fortune never takes anybody by the hand, but she often allows them to take her by the hand.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

A pretty girl may be so fully occupied with being beautiful as not to have time to be agreeable.

Faith is to believe what we do not see, and the reward of faith is to see what we believe.

In such times as these, men should not only know what they believe, but why they believe it.

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.

Marriage is a failure when a man attempts to tell his wife what style of bonnet she must wear.

There is no greater mistake than that made by the man who is selfishly seeking any kind of happiness at the expense of others.

Do not fret. It only adds to your burdens. To work hard is very well; but to work hard and worry too is more than human nature can bear.

At whatever period of life friendships are made, so long as they continue sincere and affectionate they form undoubtedly one of the greatest blessings we can enjoy.

Time wears out the fiction of opinion, and does by degrees discover and unmask that fallacy of ungrounded persuasions, but confirms the dictates and sentiments of nature.

There are two ways of being happy—we may either diminish our wants or augment our means. Either will do—the result is the same; and it is for each man to decide for himself, and do that which happens to be the easier.

Do you know what is harder to bear than reverses of fortune? It is the baseness, the hideous ingratitude of man. I turn my head in disgust from their cowardice and selfishness. I hold life in horror; death is repose—repose at last.

A man who would be a good worker must see to it that he is a good sleeper. Human life is like a mill. Sometimes the stream is so copious that one needs care but little about the supply; but often the stream that turns the mill needs to be economized.

There is nothing so delightful as the hearing or the speaking of the truth. For this reason there is no conversation so agreeable as that of the man of integrity, who hears without any intention to betray, and speaks without any intention to deceive.

What makes us like new acquaintances is not so much freshness of our old ones or desire for change as disgust at not being sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope of being more so by those who do not know so much of us.

Never-ending hurry is but a rhetorical expression for haste that leads to decay and death. Look at him whose diligence is sustained by skill and tact, interchanging with rest, and you will see the worker who has no need of haste, yet he will accomplish more than another whose hurry is waste.

Among the innumerable analogies that may be traced between the phenomena of the natural and of the moral world, there are few more perfect, or more instructive, than that which may be shown to exist between the weeds of the field and garden, and the bad habits, the weeds of the heart.

Kind words produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They smooth, and quiet, and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, and morose, and unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.

Nothing opens so wide a door to vice, to crime, to evil habits of every description, as the absence of occupation. The downward course of many a promising youth, the ruin of many a hopeful life, may be distinctly traced to the void caused by having nothing definite and positive to do. The faculties must be active, the energies must be at work; and, if not employed for good, they will be for evil.