

A Mother's Story.

EMMA C. DOWD.

"There are things worse than death," one wrote to me. The day my boy, my baby, died, and I, out of my anguish, said it was a lie: worse than that new-dug grave, what could there be? That grave which prisoned him and left me free? But last night, ah, I dreamed he did not die. I dreamed he lived to manhood, to deny all good, dwelling in crime and infamy. I, torture wrought by that dream-spirit's hand! And I thanked God with my first waking breath. That he was safe, dear boy! in that best land, barred from all ill by pall and funeral wreath; at last, after these years, I understand those wise-writ words, "There are things worse than death."

MISTAKEN FOR A WIDOW.

Come on, dear," said Amy, putting up her parasol. "Dear!" came, a chubby five-year-old.

"We'll take a stroll up the road, Malcolm," said his young aunt. "All right," said Malcolm.

They had come, Malcolm and his parents and his father's pretty sister, to pass the summer in Gloster.

Gloster was only a hamlet, but it was cool and green and delightful.

"We'll go along by this stone wall, dear," said Amy.

They passed a maple grove, a little, old church, some farm-houses, and then came suddenly upon a square, white building, with two doors in front and yellow-blinded windows! Out of the doors bare-footed children, with dinner-pails, were coming.

"A district school!" said Amy. "And it looks so much like—But of course you don't remember, Malcolm. You were only two years old."

Smiling in a pleasantly retrospective way, Amy strolled up to the door. She would have a congenial little chat with the teacher. Probably it was a spinster with a pointed nose and a shoulder shawl, but—

She and Malcolm went in, and the teacher rose from the desk.

He was hardly a spinster! He was a tall, bright-eyed, dark-mustached, indisputably good-looking young man.

"Oh!" Amy faltered.

"Come in!" said the schoolmaster, though they were in.

Amy mustered her courage. It was embarrassing, but after all it didn't alter the case. She would have her congenial talk just the same.

"We thought we'd come in," she said, sweetly smiling. "You see, I taught a term in a district school once myself, and—"

"Certainly," said the master. "I am always glad to have visitors. I'm sorry my school is out."

He hastened forward to meet her, and walked back down the aisle with her.

"I'd have been glad to see it," said Amy—not very regretfully, however.

"See, Malcolm dear, that rat on the blackboard."

"Yes, I illustrate their lessons for my primer children," said the teacher, laughing. "They like my pictorial efforts."

What a pleasant laugh he had, and what a clearness and gaiety in his eyes! Amy's heart beat a little faster.

"It's such work, isn't it, teaching babies?" she said. "I had an infant of three in my school."

"Oh, I draw the line there! But I have them as small as this young man."

He pinched Malcolm's fat cheek.

"Malcolm is five," said Amy. "Have you many pupils? I had only sixteen."

"Oh, I can beat that! I have forty."

"And you do it all?" said Amy, her admiring eyes raised to his. "I'm afraid I'm presumptuous to try to have a congenial talk," she laughed ambiguously. "You see I taught only one term. I was spending the summer at Hinton, and the teacher was taken sick the first of the term, and I taught it for her. But I'm afraid I did it for fun."

"I shall rank you among pedagogues, all the same," the young schoolmaster declared, gaily. "You taught a school, and the insincerity of your motive doesn't matter. I don't know why we can't have a congenial talk."

"Perhaps we can," said Amy, with pretty laughter and a blush.

They had it.

Malcolm, sitting close to his pretty aunt on the bench, listened round-eyed, interested, if not comprehending.

Amy wondered afterward how ever they had drifted from school methods and monthly examinations to the pettiness of Gloster's rambles and the pleasantness of the Clark's front porch, where Amy boarded, and the excellence of their croquet-ground. But they did; and they were honestly amazed when the clock on the wall gave its "chick" for half-past five.

They looked at each other in flushed alarm.

Their acquaintance was an hour and a half.

"Hindered you?" Amy cried. "I've got lessons to make out, or—"

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Only it's something of a celebration here, you know. Everybody comes, and the school board and my graduates and I ornament the platform put up for the occasion, and it's a grand time—for Gloster. But it wouldn't pay you."

"But I shall come of course," said Amy and then blushed for having said "of course."

But the schoolmaster looked happy. She went up the path in a smiling daze. Indeed, it had been a congenial talk—amazingly congenial!

"Yes, Gloster's pretty quiet," said Mr. Clark, at the supper table. "I'll have to close my eyes, now, I'll have to last us rest o' the summer. It'll be worth seein', though. We've got as smart a teacher as you'll find. Born and brought up in Gloster, too. Phil Oakes was. Ain't but twenty-two. He's puttin' himself through college with his own hands—or his head. Keeps up with his classes, somehow, right along with his teachin'. Goin' to have a first rate berth with his uncle in Marsden when he's ready, but he's bound to git educated first. He'll amount to something, Phil Oakes! Wal, you better go to commencement. You'll enjoy it."

"I shall go," Amy murmured, but-tering her roll.

Commencement was drawing to a close. The audience, which was large, had listened and applauded, and tossed flowers, and vigorously fanned itself for nearly two hours. The graduates had read their essays, and the chairman or the school board had presented their diplomas and made a short address.

Now it was the turn of the young master, and the audience gave him a little round of cheers as he rose to speak the parting words to the graduates. For Phil Oakes was certain to say something work hearing.

So he did. The conventional sentiments about the voyage of life and the port of success were for once neglected. The young master's speech was short, but good; terse, but bright and interesting and amusing.

Amy looked and listened.

She was with her brother and sister-in-law, and she was rather in doubt as to the thing she intended doing; but she did not falter.

How nice he looked! And his bright eyes were turned toward her more than once. And she had determined to do it if it were eccentric.

She grasped firmly the handsome nose-gay of flowers she had carefully arranged, red and white and yellow roses, with a border of delicate ferns, and as the young master bowed, amid sincere applause, she threw it with vigor directly at him.

There was a general laugh at the novel feature, and then a spreading "Ah!" of consternation.

The big bunch had hit the rather rickety lamp on the organ and knocked it to the floor. There was the expected crash of breaking glass; but worse, there was a burst of flame. The oil had caught fire.

Of course there was a panic. Even men, in their first fright, rushed toward the door. Women screamed and children cried.

Everybody was certain that the building would burn, and there was a general rush and hubbub.

But Amy stood still. Her sister-in-law had grown almost hysterical, and her brother had borne her out and called to Amy to follow.

But she did not. She stood motionless and watched one figure on the platform.

Phil Oakes had snatched up the carpet from the temporary platform, and was valiantly smothering the flames.

Amy waited. She had done it! If he was badly burned—if he was smothered—it would be her fault—hers! And how differently she had meant it! She had been foolish, but surely she did not deserve that her foolishness should be to his injury.

The time she stood miserably waiting—waiting till he should see and come to her, as she knew he would (for he must know from whom that bouquet had come)—the time seemed endless.

When he came, white-faced, but smiling, the tears rushed to her anxious eyes.

"I was such a goose!" she said. "What made me do it? You are burned—both your hands—and I did it!"

"No, no! A small burn or two—nothing!" said the schoolmaster, looking handsome as he bent toward her.

"Don't think of it! I have you flowers, and they were worth it! Are you alone? Let me take you home."

She took his arm. He was not much hurt, and he held her flowers tightly in his hand, and they were going out into the cool night together, and she was almost glad.

For otherwise she would have been going home with John and Margaret.

"My sister-in-law was hysterical with fright," said Amy, laughing and half-crying together, and almost hysterical herself. "And my brother took her home. He told me to come but I—"

"Your brother?" said Mr. Oakes.

"Yes."

"And your sister-in-law?"

"Why, yes!"

"But I haven't seen them!" he expostulated.

"But you haven't called on me," Amy retorted, shyly.

"I thought you were here alone," he declared.

"But I'm not," she replied, wondering.

The schoolmaster stopped short, and faced her.

"Is it possible," he said, solemnly—"is it possible that that child is your nephew?"

"Of course! What else could he be?" Amy cried.

There was a silence of some minutes.

"I thought he was—your son," said Phil Oakes, almost inaudibly. "I thought you were a widow."

"A widow!" she gasped.

She leaned against a fence and laughed till she was weak.

"I was sure you were a widow," he said. "You had on a black dress, you know."

"With yellow bows on it!" she replied, in a soft scream.

"And the little boy was with you."

"Oh, yes! Malcolm loves me. And Margaret was away that day."

"And he looks like you."

"Yes, everybody says so."

"And you called him 'dear.' And I thought he called you 'mammy?'"

"Aunt Amy," she corrected, faint with laughter.

"I see," said the schoolmaster, slowly. "Do you know," he added, gazing down upon her, "that it has worried me ever so much? Somehow I didn't like to think of your being a widow. I liked you," said the schoolmaster, rather breathlessly. "I liked you right away. That was a congenial task, wasn't it? and I—I admired you. But I was entirely persuaded that you were a widow with a young hopeful, and somehow I didn't like the idea in the least. On my soul I don't know why," said the young man, laughing as he looked down upon her.

And he didn't know, though he blushed as he said it, and though she of the rose-bouquet had her pretty face turned away.

But he knew later. The summer was long, and the Clark's front porch and croquet ground were rich in opportunity. When the young schoolmaster went back to college in the fall he left a modest diamond ring behind him. And when, two years later, the bright young graduate went to fill a remunerative position in Marden, he took his young wife with him.

How to Tell a Man's Age by His Name.

"Give me a list of the names of the men in any city or town in this country, and even without having seen or heard of them, I will tell you half their ages," said a prominent citizen recently.

"How can you do that?" asked an incredulous bystander.

"Simply by the initials of their names. In the first place you must remember that about half of the male population of this country have been named after Presidents of the United States or candidates for President, and all you have to do is to know when these presidential candidates were at the zenith of their popularity. Of course, exceptions must be made of George Washington and Andrew Jackson, for people have not quit naming their boys after these illustrious men to this day."

"For instance, here is the name of W. H. Johnson—William Henry Harrison was elected President in 1836, consequently Mr. Johnson is about 53 years old. Here is W. Scott Smith—Winfield Scott ran for President in 1852, Smith is therefore about 37 years old. The next name on the list is A. L. North—Abraham Lincoln was elected President in 1860. Mr. North is therefore about 28 years of age. Now take the next—M. F. Smathers. Millard Filmore was a candidate for President in 1856. M. F. Smathers is, therefore, in all probability, about 33 years old. And so on. By studying the Christian names of men you can figure out the ages of many of them very closely."

A Big Resurrection.

The work of exhuming the 300 bodies interred in the Quarantine burying ground at Seguin's Point, S. I., during the past 25 years, is being pushed ahead. The bodies are cremated in a temporary retort which has been constructed on the premises, while the coffins are broken up and burned. The contract requires that the work of resurrecting and cremating the 300 bodies shall be completed within ninety days, during which time the cemetery will be closed to all visitors.

A Newfoundland Dog Gives a Fire Alarm.

A big Newfoundland dog recently saved six lives in Allegheny City. About one o'clock in the morning the dog awoke his master, Mr. F. D. King, by loud barking. Repeated efforts to quiet the brute failed, and looking out of the window, King discovered that the Boyle building was in flames. He called assistance and succeeded in rescuing from the burning building the members of three families.

WHEN PATTI WAS A GIRL.

Her Winning Ways and Limited Wardrobe at Thirteen Years.

A lady who is now a resident of Washington, has given some interesting reminiscences of Adeline Patti's youth in the Washington Herald.

"It was a long time ago," she said, "away back in 1856, that I met the little girl in New Orleans. She was a bewitching child, small and slight, with big, dark eyes and black hair. Her face was not particularly pretty, but its expression was wonderfully sweet, and her ways were so childish and simple that one couldn't help feeling attracted to ward her."

Her father was trying to make money out of the little girl by giving concerts in New Orleans. He was a rather common, rough man, although he was as kind to the little girl as he knew how to be. A friend of ours who had adjoined rooms in the hotel had a piano and little Adeline sang for us quite often when there was no danger of her father discovering it. He didn't want her to sing for anyone except those who attended the concerts. But the child really loved to sing, and I can still remember distinctly the pretty, easy way in which she would begin when my friend went to the piano and began to play for her.

"Did the Patts seem to have much money at that time?"

"No; they were very poor, I think; and the little girl had only the commonest kind of clothing. She had but one nice dress, and she only wore that when she appeared in the concerts. It was of white silk, and I remember how carefully but clumsily her father would put it on her, and then finish by tying around her throat a big red bandana handkerchief, such as you see the Italians in the streets wear about their necks or heads. The poor child used to look very queer with this costume on, but her father evidently thought it the height of magnificence."

"Patti at that time," the lady continued, "was between 13 and 14 years of age. Girls at this age are not usually very handy with their needles, but Adeline's father expected her to mend her own clothes. The child was fond of running about, as most children are, and having to stay indoors and mend her clothes while other children were out playing in the streets was a great hardship to her. One day she came to me with a little dress which was sadly torn and worn. Her father had set her to mending it before he went out, but she didn't feel in the mood for work. So she brought it into my room and flinging it down declared she didn't think she would ever be able to do the job. She wanted to take a walk on Royal street, she said; perhaps she would have time to do it when she got back, if—I didn't think I wanted to do it for her. The way in which she said this was so sly and coaxing that of course I promised to do her job of mending, and away she went to take her walk and play with the children on Royal street."

A Sagacious Dog.

Recently Luke Grassfield, of Cole's ridge, was hunting for bears around the big marsh in Tobyhanna township. While eating his lunch, shortly after noon, he heard a hound baying on the opposite side of the marsh. The voice of the hound appeared to be in the same direction all the time, but presently it stopped and before Grassfield had finished his lunch a large black and tan hound crept through the bushes near the log on which the hunter sat and began to whine and wag its tail. At first, Grassfield said, he thought the hound was begging for something to eat, but as it refused to touch some meat that he offered it, he concluded that it had smelt him out for some other purpose. Then the hound whined, walked off a few steps in the direction from which it had come, looked back, whined again, and then turned about and laid its head on Grassfield's knee. This it did three times.

Thinking that the hound's master might have been hurt while hunting, Grassfield threw the remnants of his lunch away and followed the dog. The hound was overjoyed when it saw the hunter shoulder his rifle and make a start, and it led Grassfield to the other side of the marsh and then down to where a large birch tree had been torn up by the roots. The snow all around the upturned roots had been packed down by the hound's feet some time before, and the dog's actions convinced Grassfield that there was some animal under the roots that the hound wanted him to kill.

On the way over the hound had kept still, but it began to bay and yelp furiously the moment they reached the tree, and to run back and forth with its nose to the snow. There was a deep hole in the ground at the base of the roots, in which there was a mass of dead leaves. Grassfield poked into it until he ascertained that a bear had holed up there. Then he urged the hound to go in, but all it would do was to go to the rim of the hole and yelp as hard as it could, keeping at it for several minutes at a time.

After a while the bear sprang out and pitched at the hound, but the old dog had evidently been used to hunting bears and it leaped out of the way of the big paws just as Grassfield blazed

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Always be neighborly. A respectable minority is useful as censors. Hope extended should never be condensed. Love is the true price at which love is bought. The dithes must be washed after a dinner. God gave the poor their title deed to the parks. He that liveth wickedly can not die honestly. Speaking silence is better than senseless speech. Begin at the bottom and work up, young man. The jewel of a home casket is a good wife. Kindness neglected make friendship suspected. The weight of a scale depends on the honest way of the weigher. The sun sets on brightness and light, but rises again on the same. Luck is only the name for having enough sense to avoid trouble. There are so many things you can't do without, and can't have. A wise chief may give words, but he keeps his thoughts to himself. Don't attempt to drown your sorrow in drink; you will find that sorrow can swim. Stop to admire a good thing you have done, and some other man will do a better one. When a man finally succeeds in making himself famous, his wife gets the credit for it. There is nothing a woman likes better than to get hold of a sick man who likes to try remedies. There is no dispute managed without a passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion. If you groan when you are sick you are not brave, and if you don't groan no one knows you are sick. When a baby, you cut your teeth; when a boy, you cut your finger; when a man, you cut your wood. Whenever you are feeling good natured you are sure to meet the man who puts you in a bad humor. Life to a young man is like a new acquaintance, with whom he grows disgusted as he advances in years. The man who is dependent will always have to seek, and the man who is independent will always be sought. This is the proper time of year to forgive your enemies, and if you have none, to resolve to show more character henceforth. Twixt fool and wise this difference lies; the fool his folly shows, yet knows it not; the wise his folly knows, yet shows it not. A kicking cow never lets drive until just as the pail is full, and seldom misses the mark; it is just so with some men's blunders. The great men of this world ought not to sneer at the little men. If there were no little men they themselves would not seem great by comparison. Money will buy almost anything a man wants except virtue, health and contentment. These three articles are not in the market. No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to elbow himself through the world, giving and receiving offense. Pashance is a good thing for a man few have, provided he don't have few much of it; there is a point at which pashance becoms tew be ignorant. When a man succeeds in forgetting the skeleton he placed in his closet last year he goes to work to put another one in, and the dream of pleasures lures him on. A word is a weapon so terrible in its action, and so deadly in its effects, that it will strike with the force of a thunderbolt, and slay its victim with the flashing rapidity of lightning. It is the part of prudence to fact every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents or your heart. Always pay for; first or last, you must pay your entire debt. The capacity of sorrow belongs to our grandeur, and the loftiest of our race are those who have had the profoundest sympathies, because they have had the profoundest sorrows. He who can heroically endure adversity will bear prosperity with equal greatness of soul; for the mind that cannot be dejected by the former is not likely to be transported with the latter. He who despairs wants love, wants faith; for faith, hope and love are the three torches which blend their lights together; nor does the one shine without the other. To arrive at perfection a man should have very sincere friends or intimate enemies, because he would be made sensible of his good or ill conduct either by the censures of the one or the admonitions of the others. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure. An act of injustice, small in itself, it may be, but performed when the youthful mind is most open to impression, may exert a lasting influence. The immediate influence of the act may be comparatively small, but in its remote consequences it may give character to the life. The mutual tolerance and forbearance of life are as greatly the secret of happiness in marriage as anything else. We have to tolerate unpleasant things in our companions in any relations of life, and why try to build up a law of marriage in any other way? Nature never works like a conjurer, to surprise, rarely by shocks, but by infinite gradation; so that we live embosomed in sounds we do not hear, scents we do not smell, spectacles we see not, and by innumerable impressions so softly laid on that, though important, we do not discover them until our attention is called to them.

TO IMPROVE THE FINGER NAILS.

Many people think that pushing the skin back from the nail will show it more, and that by this practice the delicate hem, as we call it, which holds the upper and under skins together, is totally destroyed, and the ends of the fingers have an ugly yellow growth encircling the nail instead of the delicate framework which nature intended. Then the way in which the nail is cut can totally change the shape of the fingers. By cutting the nail close at the sides and keeping the corners from adhering to the skin hang nails can be avoided. Where the nails are thin and inclined to break, frequent oiling is necessary, and the nails should never be polished except when some oily substance is used beside the powder. This keeps the nails more pliable, and, no matter how thin they are, if properly treated they are no more liable to break than thicker ones. Another that is bad for the nails is polishing them too roughly. They should be lightly touched and not rubbed until they become heated. This is one cause of white spots coming on the nail and marring its beauty.

Agricultural Experiment Stations.

Here are some interesting facts about the origin and progress of these valuable institutions. According to Professor W. O. Atwater, of the Department of Agriculture, the first agricultural experiment station was established in a little German village near Leipzig in 1851. Five more were established in 1855, fifteen by 1861, thirty by 1866, and to-day there are over 100 in different parts of Europe. They are found in Asia and South America, and now every State of the Union has one, and some, like New York and Indiana, have two or more. The first experiment station established in this country was at Middletown, Conn., in 1875. In 1880 there were four in operation, and in 1887 there were seventeen in fourteen States, the total number to-day being fifty-seven. The appropriations, State and National, for the support of these stations annually amount to \$720,000, and they give employment to over 270 trained men.

The Crazy Quilt Craze.

Paris is afflicted with the crazy quilt craze, from which this country suffered a few years ago. A Paris paper says: "All the world has set itself 'crazy.' Having emptied their drawers and cabinets, despoiled the linings of their old dresses and their used up hats, they have addressed themselves to the dress-maker and the modiste: 'As little as you please; the more it will be little the more you will send, and the more you will render me happy,' and letters being sent to the different furnishers of the Rue de la Paix, they receive some days afterward little post packages filled with clippings of the latest creations." The French women tire of such a fad sooner than the fair Americans, and the craze will not afflict Paris long.

To What Base Uses.

A London exchange contains this paragraph: "There has arrived from Alexandria at Liverpool, by the steamer Piaros, a consignment of nearly 20 tons of cats, numbering some 180,000, taken out of an ancient subterranean cats' cemetery, discovered about 100 miles from Cairo by an Egyptian fellah. He accidentally fell into the cemetery, and found it completely filled with cats, every one of which had been separately embalmed and dressed in cloth after the manner of Egyptian mummies, and all laid out in rows. Specimens of these have been taken by Mr. Moore, curator of the Liverpool Museum, where they can be seen. In ancient times the Egyptian cat was buried with all honors, but those consigned to Messrs. Levinton & Co., of Liverpool, after being purchased in Egypt at \$18.60 per ton, will be used in this country for fertilizing purposes."

Good Health of Glassblowers.

Glassblowers have hard lives, you think? Doubtless you would say they burn out in a few years, and such cruel employment ought to be prohibited by law. The fact is that glassblowers live as long as the average of mankind and instead of being burned out, develop larger lungs than anybody else. Most any glassblower can expand his chest five or six inches, and there is one man who can expand twelve.