

### WHAT DOES YOUTH KNOW OF LOVE?

What does youth know of love? It plucks at will. Content in thinking everywhere its fill is waiting within reach like buds in June, - As in the heart of music some new tune.

What does youth know of love? The heart may try that never dies. A thousand springs, and yet none satisfy; A thousand forms may touch us in the press, And still the spirit cry for loneliness.

What does youth know of love? The hand, the face That find their way to the soul's sacred place. Ah! these come not at will; but having come, Thenceforth wherever they may be is home.

What does youth know of love? Its need is strong. 'T is life's long music, not its morning song. Joyful the middle age that finds its own. And sad the same whose early dreams have flown.

What does youth know of love? Age knows it best. Love's memories few and precious are its rest. God and eternity shine through dear eyes, And teach us of the bliss that never dies. -Helen L. Carey.

### AUNT SUKEY.

BY DORA R. GOODALE

"Let Albert carry the crock down stairs," said my mother.

It was long after dark, but I had just come in from the barn; for we were living on a farm, and that winter I had the horses to fodder and pigs and poultry to feed, kindling to split, wood and water to fetch, and six or eight cows to milk by the light of the lantern. I set down the full pails now and got off my coat, which was already well powdered with snow, and stood half-dazed, awkward, raw-boned lad that I was, enjoying the warmth and holiday air of the kitchen. It was a great, dusty room, with high, oak wainscot and beams overhead, old-time, six-foot fireplace, brick open oven and all; and the whole family was there—Grandfather, placidly eating his pudding and milk from the thick blue bowl on his knees, while Louis sat on the floor sorting beans, and Esther was hanging the walls with laurel and ground pine, humming to herself as she went.

At the other end of the room old Aunt Sukey was weighing out suet and plums with her jolly black hand, and mother bent over the glowing stove—poor mother, she was always behind hand, and her voice was quite sharp with weariness, now as she spoke.

"Albert can carry the crock down stairs," she repeated.

"I can't go down those stairs after dark; they're not safe," I observed with decision.

"Oh, law, now chile, jes' get erlong wid yer fer we can't stop for no argy-fying, sho'ly," exclaimed Aunt Sukey in a hortatory tone, tossing her head with its gay turban till the shadows danced on the wall. She was standing before the table, which was heaped with a motley collection of boxes and trays, rollers, sifters and graters. Sukey drew only a theoretical line between what she designated as "de plant" and "de grejents," but, like all true artists, while she scorned conventional arrangements she maintained a certain order well known to herself, and went on chopping and shredding with lofty composure.

"I can't go, I tell you," I answered, angrily. "I should only smash the jar and break my neck into the bargain."

"Oh, stunks, now," burst out Sukey, with a more alarming voice and falling into a somewhat broader pathos.

"Any one think you was afraid of de'nis, an' you too nigh a man to be 'sk'ery, sho'ly. Dis yer jar got to git down dere somehow, if ole Sukey hab ter tote it on her back!" and here she glared at me vindictively.

"Come, hold a candle here, Estie," said I, with assumed authority.

"Oh, nosen o, run along, Ai, I don't dare stand in that cold entry," answered Esther, impatiently. "You can do it well enough, and don't you see that every one else is busy?"

She looked over her shoulder and made a mouth at me as she spoke. Just sixteen, Esther was—less than two years older than I—and pretty and full of spirit. She was standing on a stool having to fasten an evergreen wreath around the great face of the clock; and the scent of the freshly broken boughs spread through the kitchen. Her face was flushed, and all her long light hair hung down unbrided.

"Very well, then; the jar can wait 'till morning." I threw myself into a chair and began eating a fried cake.

"Why, de Lawd knows we ain't got de time to waste for dis yer oberstain' foolishness. If dem 'grejents' don't get toted off right sry dey's agwine to spile sho; an' den we sh-a'n't hab nuttin' ter fatten up dem peck-faced Simones. Jes' you say de word now and clar him outen here," ordered Aunt Sukey, looking at my mother with that despotic air that convinced me that Nature favors some forms of absolute monarchy.

My mother was one of those gentle, dependent souls rare in New England, who, finding her lot cast amid a race of iron-clad housekeepers, clung to this family anchor with blind confidence, and if Sukey had pronounced that honey would sour, or mince-meat was likely to explode in the process of baking, she would have received the oracle with becoming submission.

"Oh, Albert," she said, "you hear me! Go and take care"—at the same time casting a timid, entreating glance from the ambush of Aunt Sukey's shoulder.

"Oh, very well, de's your lookout if I come to grief," said I, in an ungracious undertone, seizing the disputed jar, a great five-gallon crock, with a

rudimentary ear on either side, while Esther began to dance a reel, and Sukey struck up, "Oh, de good ole chariot's passin' by," rolling out the chorus with great unction.

The little dark buttery was filled with good things, but I stalked through it in anything but a Christmas humor. The cellar stairs were narrow and steep, the jar heavy and slippery; and I was conscious of a half-formed resolve to show Aunt Sukey for once that she had made a mistake in her Mercury. "Jes' aggravatin'ness," commented her voice from the other room, followed by a rich, mellow laugh and a refrain of, "Roll, Jordan, roll." Here my foot slipped a bit on the stairs, and, instead of nerving myself to regain my balance, I yielded to nature, my knees gave way, and I and the fatal jar went down with a crash together.

The crash was followed by a shout. Down rushed the family in a body, with tallow dips flaring, and my first consciousness was of a violent twinge in my foot, which was doubled back under me. My hands were bruised and cut, and my lip was bleeding. Oh, what a flurry there was! Grandfather scolded, Louis screamed, and my mother burst into tears, while they dragged me up stairs among them. Only Sukey held back. I can see her now as she stood in the kitchen door, with her hands on her hips, and an angry sneer as the dismal procession entered. I gave her a look as I passed which said as plainly as words; "It's all your fault," and she in turn broke out freely with accusations. "Ho! you 'tought you'd pay ole Sukey back, did you, kicking out your foot and going spack with all dem 'grejents," she began; but the pain was too great for any response, and I sank down on the settle without speaking.

Poor Mother, how she upbraided herself as she drew off my cowhide boots with her tender hands; for one of the bones of my foot did afterwards prove to be broken. With what self-reproachful zeal dear Esther hurried out in the snow to a neighboring farm, whose owner had the name of a master-hand at doctoring. I was the martyr of the occasion, and a very respectful martyr I made, being almost persuaded, in fact, that I had fallen a victim to duty. The role once assumed, I played it with proper feeling, meeting Aunt Sukey's attacks with angelic forbearance, leaning languidly back on the couch, while mother cried over my hands, and begging her not to feel badly. Finally, good Mr. Saunders came in, listened to grandfather's version of the story, and a rumbling accompaniment of comments; and then I was rubbed, bathed and bandaged, and bundled off to my room.

The next day the house was all in a bustle of preparation. It was the day before Christmas, and my uncle and cousins were coming over from Haley, and my married sister from Cheshire. People flew hither and thither, intent on their several concerns, sweeping and adorning, putting the finishing touches to cushions and mufflers, and cracking jokes when a neighbor chanced in for a "light" or a swallow of cider. The kitchen was the scene of unparalleled baking and brewing, as I judged from the whiffs of warm air and tantalizing fragrance that came up the back stairs; and as I lay there tossing and turning, I found my pillow a thorny one, and secretly fumed at my folly. I had not deliberately thrown myself down to spite my mother and Sukey—that would have been childish!—and I had all passed so quickly that my promptings were hard to analyze; but I had a dreadful suspicion at heart that I was just a great humbug. Anyhow, I had overshoot the mark, and surely I was punished sufficiently without any humiliating confessions.

Not a glimpse of Aunt Sukey did I get that day, for we mutually cherished resentment; but all my relatives came solemnly in and protested that my mother and Sukey were very unwise, and that I was much to be pitied. I was suffering so that I could not bear to be moved, and the hours wore away heavily. At night Esther brought me my supper and told me that a yule-log was to be dragged in; and then there were games and dancing in the kitchen below, and great peals of laughter came up that brought tears to my eyes. But the wicked, suspicious, old Sukey should never exit over me; and I shut my lips tightly together when mother came in and kissed me good-night, whispering tenderly: "My poor boy! You can't blame me as much as I blame myself."

At last the house grew dark and quiet. Every one had gone to bed. The ticking of the great clock was plainly heard, and seemed to keep time to the throbbing pain in my ankle. Solitude and darkness are wonderful scavengers. The longer I lay the more guilty and wretched I felt, and the more impossible it seemed to make explanations. Still the clock ticked on; the sound of distant sleigh-bells was heard and died away on the snow; rats and mice scuttled about, and now and then a cock crowed sleepily from the farmyard. At last the stroke of midnight pealed solemnly out, and for a moment I wondered if Santa Claus would visit our chimney. Then I remembered that Christmas was here indeed, and there was no rest, no peace in my heart to welcome it. The pain in my foot, too, was growing unbearable.

I set up in bed with a sort of dry sob, when all at once the door was stealthily opened and Aunt Sukey's broad, black face peered in, tied up in an orange kerchief and lighted by the dull rays of a flickering candle. The first expression I surprised on her face was sarcastic and somewhat triumphant; and I forced myself to assume for a second an air of haughty displeasure.

Then, as I saw again the rusted motherly arms and bosom that had nursed me in all my ailments since babyhood, and as she, I suppose, caught sight of my haggard looks, nature proved stronger than pride and we threw pretense to the winds.

"Oh, Aunt Sukey, do fix me up or I shall die," groaned I, and "Oh, my po', po' chile, oh, bress you, yes," murmured she, rocking me back and forth in her arms, while the tears streamed down her face; and when I was partly eased by that sweet consolation, she added in a rare voice of tender contrition, "Yes, my po' lamb, it was jes' all my fault; dose yer 'grejents mought a' stayed in de kitchen from now till de Fo'th o' July without burting deivselves if I hadn't been dat insistent; I'm jes' clean 'stracted tinkin' how I done brek' your leg when de' wan't no 'cuse; an' it's all de fault of is yer ole nigger, now suttinly."

This was too much. Conscience could keep silence no longer before such an example; and I put an end to my sophistries by bursting out in a stifled wail of confession: "Don't say dat, Aunt Sukey! I fell down on purpose."

An hour later I sank into a blissful sleep, soothed by the music of inexhaustible lullabies. The next day was one of the happiest Christmas Days that I can remember—I was so petted, made much of and praised, and so relieved by an unburdened conscience. Only one thing troubled me; Aunt Sukey would not hear of a general public confession. "I'll jes' tip de wink to de mistis," she said—there was a whole volume in her inflection of "mistis." "Cause she's dat disjected 'clinkin' twas her doin's, sho'ly, but I clar I ain't agoin to hab you lettin' on to all dem ornery Simones, an' see dat Est'er, as looks so mighty peart anyhow, dese days, holdin' up her head sky high and crowin' ober you."

### Modern Military Rifles.

The London Standard says: On the whole, there seems good reason to be satisfied with our own rifle, the Lee-Enfield. It is light—9½ lbs.—the lightest in Europe, except the French arm, which is 10½ lbs. It is accurate, and in this direction is surpassed by no weapon; and it has a range of no less than 3,500 yards, with a smokeless nitro compound. At 2,000 yards the percentage of hits when experiments were lately made, the object being four companies in quarter column standing—a good sized target—was 18; at 2,800 yards it was 29 per cent.; and at 2,800, 18; but the latter range is over a mile and a half, and if on y 18 men fell before the enemy at that distance it would have its effect. Another advantage of the new rifle is its reduced calibre, for this enables the soldier to carry more ammunition.

The late General Skobeloff, who saw as much fighting as any one of recent years, was of opinion that 130 rounds were necessary to keep up a fight when once troops were committed to it; and it is certain that 90 rounds per man were found too few at St. Privat, where the French fired away all they had, and were forced to retreat, ammunition wagons not having come up. Russia is supposed not to have settled what magazine rifle she will adopt; and this is also the case with Spain, Portugal, Norway, and Sweden. Even non-progressive China has a magazine rifle, the Lee, which fires five rounds.

The new rifle and field artillery have enormously extended the danger zone into which no troops can pass without peril of death. The new field-pieces make capital practice at a range of three and a half miles, and the rifle is sighted up to a couple of miles. What is the result? Obviously the troops must be spread out more as the area of the battlefield widens, and the men must no longer advance in massed columns. These changes necessitate the abandonment of the old cast-iron tactics, and the adoption of a new system, in which much more is left to the individual intelligence of the soldier.

### Satisfied with His Investment.

On the grip of a summer car sat an old gentleman who looked like Denman Thompson in "Josh Whitcomb." The caber car ran through a squalid district where women and children sprawled over the blistering pavement, while puny babies wailed and helpless mothers tried in a listless, half hopeless way to quiet their cries. The train ran by two squares of wretched misery, and then the old gentleman showed signs of unmistakable excitement, pulled the wrong bell cord and rung up a fire as a signal that he wanted to get off. After the usual amount of compliments in such cases between the conductor and the passenger he succeeded in alighting, and muttered:

"By gosh! I'll do it; it won't cost much, and it will do lots of good."

When he reached the women they appeared to be pleased as what he suggested, and when the next car came along going west he halted it and loaded everything in sight on board for a fresh air trip. Arriving at the end of the road Cheeryble, or Uncle Josh, whoever he was, was soon in treaty with a saloon keeper for a bucket of lemonade.

"Not too sweet, you know, but with lots of ice."

The children and women drank it eagerly, and after enjoying not a cool breeze, but a less torrid one than that which rose from the down town pavements, Old Benevolence put them in a car and sent them home.

"How much did all that fun cost?"

"Three dollars for car fare and \$1 for lemonade. Oh a fellow can do lots with \$4 if he tries."

Queen Sultana of Sokota has presented Queen Victoria with a fine young lion in India casks of tea pass as our remedy, and in China pieces of silk.

### MAKING COD LIVER OIL

IT DOESN'T ALWAYS NEED COD LIVERS.

A Good Place For Consumptives to Visit.

American cod liver oil is made in Portland. The livers of the cod, haddock, pollock, hake and cusk are used in the manufacture. Only about one-third of the American output of this oil is procured from cod livers.

From September until March the livers are fat and in the best condition. A bucketful of livers will then yield about six quarts of oil. Only four quarts of this, however, can be made suitable for medicinal purposes; the remaining two quarts is of an inferior quality and is used by curriers.

From March to June the livers are thin and inferior, and will yield only one-half as much oil. Cod liver oil for medicinal purposes must be made from livers of fish that have not been dead over forty-eight hours. Fishing vessels on their long trips to the banks save the fish livers in hogsheads and sell them to the oil manufacturers for thirty cents per bucketful. From these livers an inferior quality of oil is made that is used by tanners.

Up to about three years ago the most primitive means were used for obtaining oil from livers. The results were very unsatisfactory, and the best portion of the livers was wasted. The old method was to expose the livers to the action of the sun until the oil was dried out. Only a small percentage of oil was thus secured, and the residue was thrown away as useless. Now every portion of the liver is used. The method is to put the livers into a large tin-lined vat having a coil of perforated steam pipes in the bottom. A pressure of thirty pounds of steam is put on the boiler, and the steam escaping through the perforations in the pipes saturates the livers with hot steam and thus tries out the oil. In half an hour after steam is turned on all the oil that can be procured by trying out will have arisen to the surface. The livers, now termed "blubber," will have sunk to the bottom of the vat. The oil is bailed off and put into barrels to cool and settle, after which it is refined by being allowed to freeze till it is of the consistency of thick mush, when it is put into drilling bags and the pure oil pressed out in a heavy iron press. The oil that is pressed through the drilling is considered refined, and after being put up in new barrels of forty-five gallons each is sold to the wholesale druggists for about 36 cents per gallon. From these it passes to the retail druggists, who sell it for \$4 or \$5 per gallon. Running the oil through charcoal and sand has been tried as a refining process, but it was found to be vastly inferior to the freezing and pressing process. Refined cod liver oil, when subjected to the same temperature at which the crude oil was frozen, will change its color and assume a milky appearance. The refining process leaves in the bags a substance resembling lard in color and consistency. It is stearine, or "tanner's grease," and is used as a dressing for Morocco.

The blubber left in the bottom of the vat after the trying out is allowed to work and ferment for forty-eight hours, and is then pressed. After the pressure has continued for fourteen hours all the oil is secured that remains in the blubber. It is inferior oil, of which there are six grades; it is worth about 25 cents per gallon, and is used by curriers in dressing, tanning, and coloring leather. There is left in the bags a substance of the color and consistency of dry mud called "scrap," which is sold to farmers as a fertilizer at \$9 per ton.

The best quality of cod liver oil comes from Norway. It is much clearer and whiter than the American oil. It is put up in tin cans holding 30 gallons each, enclosed in wooden barrels. The claim is made that no livers except those of the codfish are used in its manufacture, but the American manufacturers strongly suspect that it owes its remarkable clearness to its having been mixed with seal oil. Twenty dollars per gallon is considered a low price for this oil, and it sometimes goes as high as \$28. America is the largest buyer of Norwegian oil.

"Newfoundland cod liver oil ranks next to the Norwegian oil. It is made entirely of the livers of young cod caught off the Labrador coast. Portland has a cod liver oil factory that produces 500 barrels per year—300 barrels of refined oil for medicinal purposes and 200 barrels of "curriers' oil."

Cod liver oil has long been recognized as a valuable remedial agent but

it is not generally known that sometimes when the oil fails to effect a cure the steam arising from the trying-out vats will succeed.

A consumptive here, in almost the last stage of the disease, happening to pass through a cod liver oil factory stopped, inhaled large draughts of the usually offensive vapors as though they were the sweets of a flower garden, remarking: "There is something here that seems to strike the right spot," and, although a wealthy man, obtained permission to work in the factory. At the end of a month he had gained thirty pounds, had greatly improved in appearance and feeling, his appetite had returned, his cough was gone, and finally he completely recovered. Singers also sometimes resort to cod liver oil factories to inhale the fumes arising from the vats. They assert that their voices are thereby strengthened and cleared.

How They Waked the Shah.

Tales relating to the Shah's last visit to England are flying through the air. It is well known that he is an inveterate opium eater, and when under the effects of the drowsy drug, it is understood among his attendants that no one is to dare come near and arouse him from his blissful dreams. On his former visit a big review was held in Windsor Park for his individual amusement. The day before it happened that he had taken an unusually large dose of his favorite opiate and overslept himself in the morning. No sign appearing outside his apartments the queen sent a messenger to inform him of the time. The reply was: "His majesty still sleeps." "Waken him directly!" was the royal command, given, it must be confessed, with a display of some impatience. Back came the answer: "We dare not, for our lives?"

Messengers passed to and fro, with no desired result; the royal carriage was in waiting; Queen Victoria's impatience waxed great. At last some one thought of asking the attendants if there was any way of awaking the Shah without enraging him to such an extent that the disturber of his sleep paid forfeit with his life. Consultation was held and, with many deep salaams, the interpreter announced that music had been known to arouse their gracious master from slumber without ruffling the serenity of his temper. The queen heard of this and gave orders that the band of the Life Guards should be sent for and stationed just under his windows. The Life Guards played the noisiest march in their repertoire under the Shah's casement, which had the desired effect of awakening him with a smile shining on his serene countenance. The royal party was, notwithstanding, late on the ground—a very unusual occurrence, for the queen is punctuality embodied—and the Persian slumbers have become almost proverbial.

A Young Austrian Giantess.

The most famous child in the German empire just now is Elizabeth Lyska. Every German daily has told its readers how she looks and acts, how much she eats and drinks, and what kind of clothes she wears. All Berlin is calling upon her, as all Vienna called upon her a few weeks ago when she was in the Austrian capital.

Elizabeth is getting all this attention, not because she is pretty or clever, but because she is big. According to Virchow, she is the biggest girl of her years whom Europeans of modern times have seen. Though but eleven years old, she is 6 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs about 300 pounds.

Elizabeth was born on the Manor Wiesolyj in the valley of the Danube River parents were poor peasants, not taller nor broader than other peasants. She was the youngest of five children none of whom, save herself, is remarkably large. Four hours after her birth she weighed ten pounds. She grew as other children grow till she was 4 years old. Then she began to be a little giantess. In her fifth year she gained ten inches in height. She outgrew her blue cotton gown and wooden shoes so rapidly that Papa Lyska, who was trying to support Mamma Lyska and four other little Lyskas on something over \$100 a year, was put to his wife's ends to get money enough to keep her decently clothed.

From her fifth to her ninth birthday she grew only an inch or two. Between her ninth and tenth birthdays she gained a foot; between her tenth and eleventh, a foot and four inches. She could pitch hay, cut grain, plough and dig potatoes with any man in the manor. Her hand was as large as three ordinary feminine hands, and her arm was capable of a terrible blow. With an open-handed cuff over the ear she once knocked a young man, who tossed her, senseless to the ground.

Cod liver oil has long been recognized as a valuable remedial agent but

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Trade is a world in itself. Deference is silent flattery. Every bee's honey is sweet. The house showeth the owner. Anger at a feast betrays the loor. Ground for ground is not good policy. Disinterestedness is the very soul of virtue.

Impudence is nothing more than open hypocrisy. Patience will tire out everything but mosquitoes.

A man generally gets his deserts in any neighborhood. Abstinence should be the exception, temperance the rule.

"Happy as a king" is a libel on happiness, and the king too. New truths are merely old ones with the cobwebs brushed off.

The gratitude of place expectants is a lively sense of future favors.

It is no comfort to be told we are free to follow the advice of others.

Man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave.

Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down to sorrow.

One of the best evidences of our immortality is our desire to be so.

The chains of slavery are none the less galling for being made of gold.

To be really cosmopolitan a man must be at home even in his own country.

Heaven should be kind to stupid people, for no one else can consistently.

There are some men so insolent that their trade is not worth the enduring.

The less we know what is in store for us, the more contented we will be.

Walk the path of advice carefully for deception will be met at every step.

If a man has the toothache, he cannot imagine how a man feels without it.

Those who advocate the virtue of yielding are benefited by the process.

To be popular a person must possess the talent of disguising his character.

There is no reason why a man should turn dog for the sake of success in a shop.

A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished.

The love that man gains by flattery is worth just about as much as the flattery is.

As a man grows older he sees what an ass he used to be, but fails to see what an ass he is.

A dwarf sees farther than a giant when he has the giant's shoulders to mount on.

In the adversity of our best friends we often find something that is not displeasing to us.

The man who is blessed with a good memory needs to be blessed with forbearance, too.

Credit is like chastity, they both can stand temptation better than they can suspicion.

There is as much place for true dignity and self-respect behind a counter as in front of it.

A coward can be a hero at a distance; it is presence of danger that tests presence of mind.

Love is the first passion of the heart, ambition the second, and avarice the third and last.

Learning is a good deal like strength—it requires good horse sense to know how to apply it.

There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse.

Great men are not by any means the best of companions; they seldom care ever enjoy themselves.

One of the hardest things to learn is that the world is seldom watching us when we are doing good.

If you will be familiar, you must expect to lose the confidence of fools and the esteem of the wise.

Confess your sins to the Lord and you will be forgiven; confess them to men, and you will be laughed at.

If a man should happen to reach perfection in this world, he would have to die immediately to enjoy himself.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.

Adversity has the same effect on a man that severe training has on the pugilist—it reduces him to his fighting weight.

There are some folks in this world who spend their whole time hunting after righteousness and have no spare time to practice it.

Even more than a greater length of days we need arduous, perseverance, and a clear perception of the rightful objects to be attained.

Each man can learn something from his neighbor; at least he can learn this—to have patience with his neighbor, to live and let live.

Where men feel most, they speak not most, for in the deep things of the heart, as in things spiritual, there are feelings which cannot be uttered.

Nature embraces entire humanity as one social body, but art strives to divide the relations of mankind, and from the commercial strife civilization results.

If there is really no such thing as usefulness, as has been said, it is a very sweet kind of selfishness that prefers the pleasure and happiness of another before its own.

True courage never exerts itself as much as when it is most pressed; and it is then we enjoy the least of a good conscience when we stand in the greatest need of its support.

A finished life—a life that has made the best of all the materials granted, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can be traced the hand of the Great Designer—surely, this is worth living for.