

THE SUNBEAMS.

"Now what shall I send to the earth to-day?" Said the great round golden sun.

"Oh! let us go down there to work and play," Said the sunbeams, every one.

So down to the earth in a shining crowd Went the merry, busy crew. They painted with splendor each floating cloud And the sky as they passed through.

"Shine on, little stars, if you like," they cried, "We will weave a golden screen. That soon all our twinkling and light shall hide. Though the moon may peep between."

The sunbeams then in through the windows crept To the children in their beds; They peeked at the eyelids of those who slept, Gilded all the little heads.

"Wake up, little children!" they cried in glee "And from dreamland come away! We've brought you a present, wake up and see! We have brought a sunny day!"

MISS KEZIAH'S SNAG.

FLORENCE B. HALLOWELL.

"Must I wear it, Aunt Keziah?" "Must you? Why, of course you must. What would you wear, I'd like to know, if you didn't wear this?"

"I could do without any coat at all." "Yes, 'n' ketch yer death o' cold." "No, I wouldn't. This shirt is real thick."

"Calkin' thick! Well, that's somethin' new. Sounds jest like a boy! I never see the boy yet that had a mite o' sense, 'n' in all my born days I never heard tell o' such a fuss about a coat! One would think you was to be the main figger at the performance. You speak yer piece well, 'n' don't go to stutlerin' 'n' stammerin' 'n' forgettin' half o' it, 'n' folks won't think o' yer coat."

"But it's so big, 'n' none o' the other boys wear coats like that!" poor little Joe faltered. The tears had risen thickly to his blue eyes—so thickly that the chickens, scratching around in the straw which protected the rose bushes in the garden, seemed to Joe one big brown blur.

"A hat if they don't?" rejoined Miss Keziah, harshly. She stood at the kitchen sink, a sponge in one hand, and in the other a black broadcloth coat, considerably the worse for wear, which she was mending vigorously.

"Ain't ye got grit enough ter stan' that?" she went on. "Folks as poor as you be can't pick 'n' choose. They ain't expected to foller every freak o' fashion that comes along. The clothes in that cedar chest upstairs is every one on 'em whole 'n' good, 'n' it would be a sin 'n' a shame to let 'em lay there a-wastin' while I was buyin' a new one for ye down to Sill's store."

"No, ef ye can't wear this coat to the school-house, ye c'n stay to home. It's discipline for ye to wear this coat, 'n' ef there's any one thing more'n another I believe in, it's discipline. We ain't none o' us goin' to get through this world without it, that's sure."

Joe sighed, and continued to gaze steadily from the window at the frozen garden and busy hens. He knew further argument was useless. He must wear that black broadcloth coat.

It had belonged to Miss Keziah's father, who had long been dead, and though Miss Keziah, with whom economy was a mania, had taken in the seams and cut off the tails and shortened the sleeves, it was still anything but a good fit for Joe.

Miss Keziah had such confidence in her own judgment and good sense that she never asked advice. She was "raisin'" poor little Joe after the most precise rules and regulations, and said frankly that she "couldn't" for the life of her see why folks made such a fuss about managing boys; she didn't have any trouble with Joe.

Poor little Joe! He was the only child of Miss Keziah's grandniece, who was dead, and Miss Keziah had thought she was doing a very noble act in giving the little boy a home.

But Joe made himself useful. He split kindlings, brought in wood and water, kept the weeds out of the garden, fed the hens and the pigs, and went to the village store on errands. Miss Keziah acknowledged to Doctor Berry one day that she didn't know how she would get along without Joe now.

"You're sure you know how to bring him up—morally as well as physically?" the doctor asked. "Land, yes! I wasn't born yesterday," said Miss Keziah. "All a boy needs is plenty o' discipline."

The doctor looked doubtful. "You may come out all right, and you may not," he said. "If you run across a snag, let me know."

folks never do know when they're well off. Now stop snivelling, or yer face will be a sight by the time ye get to the school-house!"

Joe twisted his gray worsted tippet about his neck and went out. He took a "short cut" that led through a meadow, and Miss Keziah stood at the window and watched him until he disappeared around the corner of the barn.

Several times he looked around as if to see if she were still there, and then turned his head quickly back again. He did not wave his hand as usual, and the omission gave Miss Keziah an uncomfortable sensation in the region of her heart.

She was fonder of Joe than she would admit, even to herself, and occasionally had a vague doubt concerning the beauty of her discipline.

She turned away from the window with a quickly repressed sigh, and putting her shawl over her head, and taking a basket, went to the barn to hunt for eggs. This was a duty she always performed herself, not having faith in Joe's ability to find the nests.

She had reached the barn loft, and was making a careful examination of the contents of a barrel in a dark corner, when she heard light footsteps coming around the side of the barn.

"Now who o'n that be?" thought Miss Keziah. "It does beat all how folks will run in when a body's busy." She went to the big door through which the hay was thrown, and looked through a convenient crack. To her astonishment, she saw Joe bending over the wood-pile, pulling at the wood with both hands.

"Now what's that boy come back for?" she muttered. "'N' what under the canopy is he a-doin' with that wood-pile?" She hurried downstairs to solve the mystery, but when she reached the wood-pile Joe had disappeared. She ran around the side of the barn, but he was not in sight. Then she went back to the wood-pile. At one side the wood had been pulled down, leaving a deep hole. Miss Keziah bent down and looked in. Something black, rolled up tight, had been thrust as far back in the hole as possible.

Miss Keziah pulled it out with a jerk. It was the old black coat. "Land o' mercy!" she exclaimed. She stood holding the coat in her hand, scarcely believing the evidence of her eyes. The sound of wheels on the frozen road roused her at last. She looked up, and saw the low buggy of Doctor Berry.

She hailed the doctor with an energetic motion of the hand holding the coat, and he pulled up his horse at once. "Want me, Miss Keziah?" "Yes; what else d'ye s'pose I'd stop for?" "Any one sick?" "No. I want to talk to ye a bit."

"What about?" "Boys." "Struck that snag, eh?" "Yes, I've struck the snag." "Very well," said the doctor, "I'll come in." He liked Joe, and welcomed a chance to tell Miss Keziah some wholesome truths.

"You've raised five boys, I believe?" said Miss Keziah, as she opened the kitchen door and ushered in the doctor. "Yes; and five better boys aren't to be found anywhere."

"Well, then, I guess ye understand 'em pretty well. I don't. Here's Joe, now, as gentle 'n' mild as a lamb, been deceivin' me."

She told the story of the hiding of the coat in the wood-pile. Half an hour later the doctor went away, leaving Miss Keziah with a very sober, thoughtful look on her face; and for an hour after the sound of the buggy wheels had died away, she sat in the big wooden rocking-chair by the stove, actually doing nothing; and that, with Miss Keziah, meant a most unusual condition of mind, for she regarded idleness as the chief of all sins.

Six o'clock came, but with it no Joe. Miss Keziah took the black coat and her big shears and went into her bedroom. Seven o'clock came, and still Joe had not arrived. Miss Keziah began to worry. The proceedings at the school-house must have been over long ago. Where could Joe be?

"He's afraid to come home," she thought. "A'fraid o' me?" That uncomfortable sensation at her heart came again. She had set the supper-table at six o'clock. Before Joe's plate was a plate of crullers, and at one side a generous dish o' apples baked in sugar. Joe had once tasted apples baked that way at a neighbor's, and had told Miss Keziah about them. She had remembered it to-day. She had baked biscuits, too.

A little after seven o'clock she went to the shed to fetch some wood, and there, crouching in one corner, shivering in his calico shirt, she found Joe.

"Aunt Keziah!" "Well, what is it?" "I reckon I'd be willin' to wear that coat round home, Aunt Keziah."

"Ye may be willin', but ye never will," said Miss Keziah. "Because I've ripped it up for carpenter-rags," answered Miss Keziah.—*Youth's Companion.*

THRIFT IN THE KITCHEN. How often do I hear it said, "If I were to try to introduce reform in my kitchen, I should not be able to keep one servant."

I beg your pardon, dear madam; not only would you keep your servants, but you would also earn their respect, and contribute largely to the future welfare of your inferiors in the social scale. I grant you it will be difficult at first to resume your proper position of authority; but why did you allow your sceptre to be snatched from you by those who can wield it only against you and your interests? Why? Simply because it would have given you trouble; because it would have debarred you from enjoying a certain number of the pleasures of society; and, lastly, because you had seen your mother do so, and you imagined you could not do better than to read in her footsteps.

But times have changed; woman in this country is daily more and more learning to occupy the post for which she was destined by providence and nature, viz., to be the true helpmate and companion of her husband, and to assist him, in every way in her power, to conduce to the welfare of both. He is ready to bear the chief brunt of the work; he loves you so much that he wishes to deny you nothing, and strives to procure for you all the joys and comforts of this world. But does not your womanly spirit tell you that you, too, ought to do everything in your power to make him share these comforts and joys? Must he alone try to provide the money necessary to surround you with comforts? Remember, there are two ways of making money—to earn it, and to economize it when earned; and in these two lie the distinct duties of the husband and the wife.

Where and how are you to do your part? Simply in your own home, all over the house, and chiefly in the kitchen—that laboratory wherein lies the foundation of your domestic happiness; for there will be distilled the elixir destined to keep the whole machinery of your joint health and happiness in good working order. You must make it a point to know everything concerning the requirements of the table both upstairs and down, and must manage so to learn thrift that not even an egg shall be wasted; but bear in mind that to be thrifty is not to be parsimonious, or mean. Never refuse to your servants anything that is needed, but make it a point to impress upon them that you consider it part of your duty to know how everything has been employed. All the items of your housekeeping represent pounds, shillings, and pence; and just as every amount is accounted for in your husband's office, so must everything be equally accounted for in your "office;" and I assure you if you begin like this, the *plu*, or *bon*, once taken will become *ineffable*; the thing will be so well established that it will soon work of itself, and after a while give you plenty of leisure for your pleasures, and will satisfy everyone; for with sustained supervision waste will be impossible.

The French women, whom I have been accustomed to hear called "frivolous," seem to me never to neglect their housekeeping duties, and certainly, if they have not the great display of plate and glass on their tables, they provide every day two appetizing and always well-served meals for their families, varied, nutritious, and easy of digestion. Nothing of the day before has been wasted, while at the same time (and this is the great art of French cooking) nothing ever appears a second time under the same garb. Ladies make it quite a study so to dispose of the *vands* served on a previous day that often the nicest dishes are produced from what would be deemed not fit to appear on the table any more.

A friend of mine, with whom I was once talking these matters over, told me that she and her husband knew well that their cook sent quantities of food out of the house, but they considered that as it did not probably cost them more than \$50 or \$60 a year they preferred to say nothing, "and not be bothered!" I remember often hearing a gentleman friend of mine say, on occasions when "waste" was the topic of conversation, that it was the privilege of the rich to allow themselves to be robbed by their servants. I confess I always thought this a fanciful saying of my friend's until I saw that his theory was only too extensively put in practice. But is it right, and ought we to encourage such systematic dishonesty? We do it not better for the people we can afford to shut their eyes complacently on such a system of plunder to say to their cooks, "Such and such things, after having come to my table once or twice, may be disposed of as you like!" I know a wealthy lady without family who has an immense sirloin of beef every Sunday, but on Tuesday she gives a dinner from it to some of her poor pensioners, and the remainder is then carried away by a certain poor woman. This is proper and real charity; the other mode—"of letting things slide"—is most blamable, for it encourages dishonesty, and allows the wicked to benefit by it.

HELEN LEAH REED'S translation of the twenty-ninth ode of Horace, as published in this month's "Scribner's," has secured for her the Sargent prize offered by Harvard University this year. She had sixteen male competitors for the honor, but easily won the laurels by her most graceful translation of a bit of very difficult Latin verse.

Mrs. HENRY DRAPER, now in Peru, is her husband's constant assistant in all his astronomical researches. She spends much of her time among the telescopes and photographic apparatus of the observatory.

More than 200,000 people are confirmed in the English Church every year.

BRAVE MARY YERGER

SHE SAVES HER FUTURE HUSBAND FROM DEATH.

The True Romance of a Layman.

John Prowley, a young fisherman, whose good natured habits have made him popular for many miles along the Susquehanna River, walked into the Perry County Court house the other day and asked for a marriage license. His face was not so brown that it did not betray his blushes when he announced the name of his prospective bride, but it was not because she had ever been guilty of a wrongdoing that he flushed. The girl was Mary Yerger, and he was very proud of her. They had lived within ten miles of each other for years, but it was not until the recent great flood in Pennsylvania that they were brought to an acquaintance.

John is a carpenter's son, and he industriously aided his father to provide for a large family by fishing and piloting fishing parties from the big towns around the river. Most of his time was spent along the Susquehanna, in which his parents lived. When the June flood came, people from all parts of the country hurried to the river to see its sights. Mary Yerger and a boy, son of the farmer with whom she lived, loitered on the water's edge until dusk of the day when the water had reached its highest mark. Few persons had tarried so long, but she and the boy forgot the time while looking out on the swift waters at a boom-log catcher. He was standing in a frail skiff, hooking the big booms with a long pole and towing them to the land on the opposite side of the river. Boom after boom was thus secured, and he operated with such vigorous regularity that it seemed his strength would soon be exhausted. He had just landed one of unusual size which took all his strength, and Mary thought he would rest awhile before going out into the troublesome waters again. But he didn't, and wiping the perspiration from his brow with a part of his torn shirt sleeve, he quickly rowed out and was heading toward a large walnut log. Before he reached the coveted prize his boat had been caught between a mass of the booms, which ground it to pieces like a thing of glass. He escaped most miraculously from instant death by climbing over the logs and reaching the water. He tried to swim for the shore, but it was plainly seen that he was too much overcome to get even half the distance. The current was swift, and he was beginning to go down with it.

Mary Yerger knew that he would drown unless she saved him, for nobody else was in sight. It was a perilous attempt, but she did not hesitate. She was not the kind of a woman to see a human life thus sacrificed without at least an attempt at rescue, and with almost superhuman strength she dragged into the water a rowboat that had been pulled up on elevated ground, safe from the rising water. When she reached the man he was so nearly exhausted that he could not climb into the boat without her assistance. That night from the same table at which John Prowley ate his supper, Mary Yerger's meal was also taken. It was at John's home, and the two sat around the table for a long time, telling their experience of the early evening to John's parents and the other children. Mary was always thereafter a welcome guest at the Prowley home, and John spent much of his time in her company.

It was with a proud satisfaction that John related this circumstance while the clerk was filling out the marriage license. John and Mary are married now, and they expect to get a pretty good start toward housekeeping when the Lumberman's Exchange of Williamsport pays for the logs which John caught.

His Luck Changed. The Washington jail has at last produced a sensation. Not a mean, paltry romance of crime or violence, but the romance of a wily man of the world, and his adventure of love and deceit. The hero of this perfectly truthful tale is unknown to the reading public by his real name, but is numerously known as Marion D. Newman.

Marion D. Newman, G. M. St. Clair Public attention was at first attracted to his case last fall, when he was arrested at the instance of Mrs. Kate Smith, a department clerk who had become entangled in the net of Newman's subtle wickeries, and had so completely lost her heart to the eloquent pleader, that she gave him \$49 with which to supply him with a wedding suit, and waited for him to wed. This, however, he refused to do, and in consequence he

was arrested at the instance of the victim. His arrest revealed parts and snatches of a life story, full of unique circumstances and mystical querceness. There were found among his effects two hundred letters from other female department clerks in answer to the advertisement that secured for him the acquaintance of Miss Smith. There were other letters, too. Letters from a daughter in the South and letters from friends, but from these but little of his story could be gleaned. Evidently living by his wits, and living well, too, he was too shrewd to allow any compromising letters to remain scattered about, and in consequence none were found. His affair with Miss Smith was speedily hushed up, and the charge of obtaining money on false pretenses was nolle prossed by the sympathetic Miss Smith, whose tender heart was touched and her sympathies excited by the handsome charmer who had won her heart and had forty-five dollars.

A Baltimore insurance firm became interested in the case, and had Newman arrested on the charge of defrauding the firm out of \$180, on the alleged pretense that his daughter was dead. On this charge he was sentenced to the penitentiary for two years and a half. He appealed the case, however, and is now in jail pending the hearing of his case in the court in banc.

A sudden change has taken place in his affairs, however, and the quondam entrapper of female affections is now the heir to a legacy of half a million dollars. This princely heritage comes to him by the sudden demise of a wealthy, respected, and prominent citizen of San Francisco, the uncle of the prisoner. The news was conveyed to Newman by a telegram received at the jail a day or so ago. The despatch was handed to Newman shortly after breakfast, as he stood talking to a fellow prisoner. He took the despatch without a trace of surprise and opened it in the cold, nonchalant manner that is so natural with him as to seem an engrained part of his nature. When he had opened and read the despatch, however, he was seen to turn pale and tremble, as if with palsy, and half turned away from the fellow prisoner to whom he was talking. "What is the matter?" asked the latter anxiously. "No bad news, I hope?"

"No," answered Newman, with a somewhat sickly smile turning the grayish corners of his lips, "the cards are beginning to run the other way now."

The telegram read: "Your Uncle Elbert died July 17, leaving you heir to his fortune of half a million dollars. "MOTHER."

No name was mentioned in the telegram, and Newman steadfastly refused to reveal his true name to the correspondent who called upon him. "You would drag my family name through the mire, as you scavengers of the press here have slimed my aliases," he said.

Later Newman permitted himself to be led into a conversation, during which it was learned that his gentlemanly airs and graces were his natural birthrights, as he was the son of wealthy parents, well educated, and for a time one of the blessed few who were permitted to enjoy the felicitous happiness of forming an integral part of San Francisco's 400. Reverse, however, pulled Newman from his proud position, as the loss of his father's fortune rendered him penniless. He at once left San Francisco, and no one of his relations, except his mother, ever heard of his misadventures. In consequence, he became his uncle's heir, the uncle probably supposing him to be hard at work earning a living in the East. What steps Newman will take to secure his fortune he will not state, as he will do nothing until he consults his lawyer. In the meantime he eats prison beef and baked beans as though he were the paltriest criminal, instead of an heir to half a million dollars.

A Few Dukes in the Market. "Cockagaine" says there are now no unmarried dukes for American girls to marry—if the Duke of Somerset, a bachelor aged seventy-nine comes under that engaging category. But there are four dual widowers, their graces of Norfolk, Devonshire, Grafton and Richmond, who perhaps "our girls" can manage to capture one of them. Money, alas! is no object which adds to the difficulty of the chase.

Minister Reid's Home. The house occupied by Minister Whiteley Reid in Paris was originally the home of the Count de Grammont. When Mr. Reid took the house the large entrance-hall was filled with Egyptian antiquities, principally mummies. The effect of these latter was exceedingly depressing, so that Mr. Reid had them all packed away, and the walls that had been lined with departed Pharaohs were hung with brocade of a crimson ground, and figured with a design in deep yellow.

GLOOM DISPELLERS.

A Serious Mistake.—"Mr. Maycup, this is terrible!" exclaimed the editor as he rushed into the composing-room, paper in hand. "What is it?" "You have put an item about the Rev. Dr. Thirdly under the head of 'Local Anesthetics.'"—Puck.

Flossie (after the feast of melons)—"Mamma, she said, pressing her hands wearily upon her stomach, "my cash is just like a window sash, isn't it?" "In what way, dear?" asked the mother, smiling. "Because it's around the pains," she replied demurely.—Binghamton Republican.

First Reporter—Well, Bob, how did you enjoy your trip in the balloon? Second Reporter—Immense—but ticklish. We got so near Heaven that it almost took my breath away. I never want to have such a sensation again. First Reporter—Never fear, Bob; you won't.—Burlington Free Press.

There came a tiresome person To the office where I basked; And "Is it hot enough for you?" The tiresome person asked. I punctured him in places That the wind might whistle thro'; "Go!" I said: "there's just one spot That's hot enough for you."—Puck.

Wife—I suppose we'll have to send an invitation to those Evercomes to be at our party next week, but I hate to have them here. I wish I knew how to avoid it. Husband—Send the invitation by a messenger boy. Then you will have done your duty and they won't get it until after the party has occurred.—Omaha World.

"That's a queer head-line in the paper," said Mrs. Schoepenstedt. "Lost, a Fortune and a Wife." I wonder which he missed the most?" "The fortune, probably," said Mr. Schoepenstedt, heartlessly. "If he had the wife it would be hard for him to get another fortune, but if he had the fortune he could easily get another wife."—Somerville Journal.

Guest (at Mrs. De Fashion's musicale)—Mercy! What are all these wash boilers and flat irons and things in the parlor for? Mrs. De Fashion (helplessly)—I had to get them. The leader of the orchestra came here at the last minute and refused to play unless I furnished these things for the anvil chorus. He said he was bound to have one selection heard above the conversation.—New York Weekly.

In a New State. Living over the prairie, yesterday, I came across an old man sowing his wheat. It is no offense to introduce yourself here—the people are sociable. I stopped him when he got to the end of his row, and asked him how long he'd been in Dakota.

"I ben in Dakoty," he said, "goin' on eight year." "Where did you come from?" "I was born in Vermont, but I kim here from Wisconsin."

"How much land do you own?" "Jest one square mile." "How much did you own in Wisconsin?" "Two lots in a buryin' patch."

"How much wheat did you raise last year?" "Air you buyin' wheat?" "No, but I'd like to know, if you don't mind telling."

"Tain't no secret. I raised a crop of two thousand six hundred bushels." "What'll you sell your farm for?" "Air you buyin' your farm?" "No, bu—"

"Oh, I got my price. Anybody who pays me fifteen thousand dollars down kin hev my farm." "How much money did you have when you came here?" "I hed my things to set up house-keepin' with and fifty dollars in money which I buried. I didn't sell my lots in the buryin' groun'."

Mushrooms and Toadstools. One method of distinguishing the mushroom from the poisonous toadstool is said to be by sprinkling salt on the under side. If it turns black, the mushroom is good. If yellow, it is poisonous. Another excellent method is to cook, and eat some of the mushrooms. If you don't die, they're good. If you do, you should refrain from eating them in future.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Cow-beel is a Scotch dish made from the heels of beef, boiled in a soup. The liquid is allowed to cool, when it assumes the gelatine form. It is then cut into small cubes, or other shape, and served.

The latest fans are composed of gauze.