

TENDING THE LIGHT.

With nothing but waves to seaward
And the grim rocks toward the land,
The roll of the black clouds over,
And the breakers on every hand;
The night comes down on the ocean
And we climb the winding stair
To see that our lights are piercing
The thick'ning foggy air.

Far up at the mouth of the river,
Beyond the narrow beach
The last of the home lights twinkle
And sink away from our reach,
Alone on a rock in the desert
Of tumbling and tossing tide;
The nation's outer signal
To wanderers far and wide.

Alone, we wander dimly
If the foghorn reaches the shore
Or pierces the outer stretches
That tumble and toss evermore.

Perchance in the little village
Some fisherwife wakes in the night
And peers from her smoky window
To see if we're shining bright.
Or out of the tossing billows
A helmsman watches our light,
A thousand souls in his keeping,
As they rush through the pathless night.

Alone on a rock in the desert
And hungry for those on shore,
The screams of the gulls and breakers
Around us forevermore.
J. Otis Swift in Lewiston Journal.

The Birthday Ball.

BY EMMA SARRISON JONES.

"A ball, Berenice? My dear child, you forget that a ball involves expense, and just now I haven't a dollar to spare!"

The young wife shrugged her white shoulders, and put up her ripe, red lips in childish pout.

"Of course not; you've never a dollar to spare, Howard, when I ask for anything," she retorted pettishly. "I can't see why you need be so saving and stingy! It's just because you love your money better than you love me—that's it—and it's cruel of you, Howard! I never was used to such treatment," the pouting lips beginning to quiver, and the lovely eyes brimming with tears, "Papa always let me have—my own way, and he was right." I should have married old Mr. Dunbar, who had no end of money, and would not have minded spending it. That's what papa wanted me to do, and I wish to goodness I had!"

"Berenice!"

But she would not look at his hurt, reproachful face.

"I do, Howard," she went on, childishly, "I'm sick of this mean skimping and saving. All the decent families in town give one ball at least. There's Lydia Mortimer—why, her husband hasn't half your salary, and what a ball she gave, and talks of another! And I can't have one, and on my birthday, too!"

"Yes, you shall. You shall have one, Berenice, no matter what the cost may be. There, don't fret any more, that's a good child."

Berenice looked up with surprise and delight. Her husband's face was quite white, and his kind eyes very grave, but she took no notice. She only flew at him and wound her pretty arms around his neck, and kissed him over and over, in her childish, impetuous fashion.

"Do you mean it, darling?" she cried. "Yes, I know you do! You are good, and you do love me; and I was mean to say what I did. I didn't mean one word of it, and I wouldn't be old Dunbar's wife for the whole world!"

Her husband kissed her in a grave tender way and told her he was glad to see her so happy.

So the preparations for the birthday ball went on, and the invitation cards were issued.

"We must have champagne, dear, and ices, and all that sort of thing; I've sent the order to Vivant; mamma helped me make it out, and Vivant understands it all to perfection."

The young husband sighed heavily, but he only said:

"Have it your own way, Berenice."

"And my dress, love," continued the pretty wife; "I forgot to mention it. Oh, dear, there's no describing it. We found it down at Dubant's, mamma and I; a perfect gem, just imported; palest Undine green, and such exquisite lace! Mamma says it will be the loveliest dress of the season, and only five hundred, too; cheap as dirt, they told us."

The husband answered gravely:

"Very well, Berenice."

"Such a dear old love as you are, and I to call you miserly the other day," his enchantress went on, her white arm clasping him, her soft cheek on his shoulder; "but you are not a bit stingy. And I know, darling, I know you'll let me have something else that I have set my silly heart on. I want you to give them to me for my birthday gift."

"What are they, Berenice?"

"Emeralds, dear—an entire set—and such beauties! Mamma says my dress won't be anything without them I thought—I was so sure, dearest—that you wouldn't deny me, I ventured to bring them home. Here they are. Only look, Howard!"

"But, Berenice, they must cost a pretty large sum," looking down at the green stones on their bed of crimson. She flushes high and tosses her blonde curls.

"Why, yes, of course they do. I should not want them so much if they were common. But I can return them. Dubois will take them back readily enough; only—with a little sob—I

had set my heart on having them, and I was sure you would like to give them to me for my birthday gift."

"So I do—so I will. Keep your emeralds, and all the rest of your pretty things, and enjoy them while you may, poor little Berenice!"

And he rises up with a smothered groan and strides out of the room.

But Berenice keeps her emeralds, and the ball comes off, and is a grand success. She wears her Undine green, and is by far the best dressed and loveliest woman present.

Her husband looks on well pleased. He is very fond and very proud of his young wife; but he drinks champagne till his eyes glow with a strange fire, and his step is unsteady.

The day following he bids Berenice good-by, and goes to his office as usual, but at the dinner hour he does not appear. Night comes, and Berenice, growing uneasy, sends a messenger out to inquire into the cause of his delay.

A note from the senior member of the firm is her answer—a short, sharp note, which tells her in plain terms of her husband's ruin.

He has embezzled funds to a large amount. His fraud has been discovered, and the officers of the law are after him.

Berenice reads this terrible note, a new light suddenly breaking it upon her. She rises to her feet with a shrill cry.

"It is my work; I drove him to his ruin," she wailed out.

Then in breathless haste she gathers together her treasures, gossamer robes, costly laces, blinking jewels, and laden with them, she goes out into the night.

She makes her way to the house of the head of the firm, and into his library. Then and there she goes down on her knees, and uplifts her tear-stained face.

"Here they are, the goegaws for which he sold his honor. I made him do it; the work is mine! Oh for Heaven's sake, take them back, and forgive this, his first transgression."

The old merchant is a man of iron; but on her knees, groveling at his feet this lovely repentant woman pleads until he relents. She goes forth at last with her husband's pardon, sealed and signed.

She finds him in his office, like a wild beast held at bay; the door broken in, the officers of the law surrounding him. He confronts them, a desperate man, his eyes wild and bloodshot, a loaded revolver in his right hand.

Berenice rushes in, her golden hair flying about her repentant face. He sees her, and a bitter laugh breaks from his lips.

He turns the fatal muzzle to his heart, and fires! But her swift arm dashes the weapon aside ere the deadly bullet does its work. She saves him, at the last instant, but the ball meant for his heart, shatters her white arm.

She does not heed the pain; all wounded and bleeding, she clasps him, and holds him close to her woman's heart, a heart fond and true, though frivolous and vain.

"It is well," she murmurs, a smile parting her whitening lips, "the work was mine, so be the pain and punishment! Oh, husband, love, forgive me, I have obtained pardon for you—your one sin. The sin committed at your wife's tempting is cancelled, forgiven. Now, on my knees, I beg you, darling, to forgive poor me! I have been so vain, so cruel, so selfish, and heartless. But, Howard, the end is here! I have had my lesson!"

"Thank Heaven!" he murmurs, his voice hoarse with emotion; and he stoops and kisses her white lips as she swoons in his arms.

But she revives again, and on the morrow they begin their new life together.—New York Weekly.

WIND TWISTED TREES.

The Pronounced Effect on Them of Storms.

Every one has at some time or other observed the pronounced effect which wind has on trees growing in some quarters. This is particularly noticeable along the shore, where tree growths will be seen twisted and leaning to a remarkable degree. This matter has been recently given some systematic study by Prof. J. Frub, who has observed this wind action in all parts of the world. The manner in which it shows itself by the appearance of certain characteristic forms Professor Frub has classified as follows:

(1.) Trunk, vertical, but without branches on the side facing the wind.

(2.) Top of trunk inclined in the direction of the dominant wind. Branch a symmetric; more developed where sheltered from the wind.

(3.) Whole tree inclined. When growing in masses, these trees or shrubs are almost lying on one another. Their dimensions decrease as we go toward the side of the forest that is first struck by the wind.

(4.) Trunk and branches may be inclined in different directions. In this case the inclination of the trunk may have been due to strong but temporary winds, while that of the foliage keeps the directions of the dominant wind.

These deformations are especially frequent in countries near the sea or in flat regions. In equatorial regions where violent cyclones often rage, the influence of the dominant winds can not always be noted, for their effects are often hidden by that of the tornadoes.

Among the trees that are most sensitive to the action of the wind the following are noted by the author: The cherry, the plum, the walnut, the

black poplar, the service tree, the ash, and certain varieties of pine. Other pines, especially the mountain varieties, and also certain firs, are very resistant to wind and are therefore recommended by the author for the reforestation of regions exposed to gales.—Detroit Free Press.

Between its pages a tall man is completely concealed. Its stout binding and enormous clasp make it look as solid as the walls of a room. These two extremes of the printers' art might justifiably stand at the beginning and the end of the bewildering seven miles of shelves filled with books which make up a part of the treasures of the Great English Library.—Good Literature.

A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

Woman Fell Nearly 300 Feet in a Crevasse While Alone.

Mrs. A. S. Johns, well known to a large circle in New York, is recovering, according to the latest information, from the curious mishap which befell her while she was exploring in the Yosemite Valley, Cal.

Mrs. Johns left her hotel, Glacier Point, Monday afternoon. She was alone, having left her friend, Mrs. Lewis, at the hotel. Mrs. Johns fell nearly three hundred feet down the slanting side of a cliff while on a two-mile walk to the fissures. The path led around the Sentinel Dome, back of which is a giant crevasse, and it was here that she met with the accident. When she did not return at night her friend became greatly alarmed, and search was instituted. Early yesterday morning the searching party started out again and Mrs. Potter, a clerk at the hotel, discovered the almost lifeless form of Mrs. Johns on a narrow ledge of rocks that jutted out from the steep sides of a precipice that reared itself for thousands of feet. The ledge was over 300 feet below the narrow path. Potter, after fruitless endeavors to reach the ledge, returned to the hotel for help. Ropes and a stretcher were taken to the spot and work was at once begun to extricate Mrs. Johns from her perilous position. The only thing that saved her from death when she fell was the juniper bushes and scrub cedar trees on the sides of the cliff. These had broken her fall.

Potter was lowered to the ledge upon which rested the body of Mrs. Johns. She was found to be conscious but barely able to speak. A rope was fastened around her waist and an effort was made to hoist her to the path above. Because of her weight this was found to be impractical. Below the ledge upon which she lay was a similar ledge a hundred or more feet below. Her body was lowered to this ledge.

A mountain guide joined Potter, and after they had descended to the ledge on which they had lowered Mrs. Johns they took her between them and made their way around the precipice and finally reached the path above. Mrs. Johns' escape from death was nothing short of miraculous.

American Snakes.

Out of the one hundred and sixty odd species of serpents in America north of Mexico, only about twenty are venomous; the others are about as harmless as so many kittens, and may be handled with impunity. Last year I caught with my bare hands several large blacksnakes, a number of garter snakes, three milk snakes, two green snakes, or grass snakes, two water snakes and several others, and although some of them bit me, the effects were of less consequence than as many bramble scratches.

An irritable serpent, but a perfectly harmless one, is the water snake, which will usually be found in or near the water, perhaps swimming among the stems of the pickerel weeds, in pursuit of frogs, or possibly coiled up on the bank. This snake will bite, and bite hard, but it is not venomous in the least. It does not lay eggs, but brings forth its young alive. Last September I caught a fine specimen, and carried her home. Between noon and four o'clock she had nineteen little ones. They were irritable youngsters from the start, and almost as soon as they were born they would coil and leap at my hand, with their little jaws wide open.

All our snakes live on animal food; the larger ones feed a small mammal, birds, frogs and reptiles, and the smaller ones on insects. They swallow their prey whole, the bones of their heads being so loosely put together that they can stretch their mouths to an enormous extent. I have seen a milk snake twenty-seven inches long swallow a fully fledged young catbird.—E. H. Baynes in Women's Home Companion.

Shaw's Hands in His Pockets.

A picture of Secretary Shaw, by Chartran, which will be placed in the Treasury Department, was received recently from New York. It shows Mr. Shaw standing with both hands in his pockets, a characteristic attitude. Mr. Shaw likes the picture, because it shows him in his most natural position. Mr. Shaw cannot talk business a minute without having both hands plunged deep into his trousers pockets. Some of Mr. Shaw's friends objected to the painting because they said the attitude was not dignified enough for a Secretary of the Treasury. They said he should have at least one hand out of his pockets. Mr. Shaw listened to their objections until he got tired. Then he declared himself.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, with great decision, "my hands are in my own pockets, anyway."

HOUSEHOLD.

A TOWEL HOLDER.

Around most every home there are to be found cast off window shades. Take the roller, remove the casting from one end, saw off to the desired length, replace casting, and you have a cheap, convenient towel holder.—The Epitome.

FURNITURE POLISH.

An excellent furniture cream is made with one ounce of castile soap, one ounce of white wax, two ounces of beeswax, half a pint of turpentine and a pint of water. Shred the soap and white wax into the water and boil till dissolved. Melt the beeswax in the turpentine. When nearly cold mix the ingredients together.—American Queen.

DESTROYING VERMIN.

Kerosene makes a capital engine of destruction when diverted from the lamp and turned upon the cockroach. The crevices of stationary tubs, the top shelves of the kitchen pantry, the water pipes around the kitchen sink and range are favorite haunts of vermin. A liberal application of kerosene will result in the wholesale extermination of the vermin.

SEALING ENVELOPES.

Many people indulge in the unhealthy habit of applying their tongues to moisten the gum on envelopes, etc. Although one is now getting used to seeing little vessels in the post office on which to wet postage stamps, they are not used as much as they ought to be in private households, and an article of this sort should be found on every writing table. An old glass salt-cellar, or any small china vessel, even an egg cup, can be used if a small piece of sponge freely saturated with water is slipped into the receptacle. When the sponge becomes impregnated with the gum, take it out and wash thoroughly with warm water and soap, then put it back again soaked with clean water.—The Household Ledger.

THE OVEN.

For sponge cake and pound cake, have heat that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper yellow. For all other kinds of cake, use an oven that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper brown. For bread and pastry, have a heat that will in five minutes turn a piece of white paper dark brown. When the oven is too hot at first, a crust forms on the bread or cake, which prevents it rising; it is better, when baking bread or cake, to have the oven a little slow at first, and increase the heat gradually. When baking puff paste, the heat should be greatest first and decrease later. This is to keep the paste in shape. When the oven is too hot, the temperature may be reduced by putting into it a pan of cold water. When baking in an oven that is too hot at the top, fill a dripping pan with cold water, about an inch deep, and put on the top grate of the oven. Should the oven be too hot on the bottom, put a grate under the article that is to be baked.—The Commoner.

RECIPES.

Strawberry Tapioca.—Soak one cup of flake tapioca overnight in cold water. In the morning put half of it in a baking dish and sprinkle over it half a cup of sugar. On this put a quart of strawberries, more sugar and the remainder of the tapioca. Fill the dish with water to cover the tapioca a quarter of an inch. Bake in a moderate oven until clear. Eat cold with cream.

Pineapple Shortcake.—Pineapple shortcake is delicious. The pineapple should be cut up, sugared, and allowed to stand at least two or three hours before using. The cake is made of four cups of sifted flour, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of lard, milk, and one medium sized pineapple; sift the baking powder and salt with the flour, rub in the shortening then with a fork stir in lightly and quickly sufficient milk to make a soft dough, too soft to roll; turn it into a greased pan and bake in hot oven for thirty minutes; watch to see that it rises evenly; unmould, split the cake and butter it and insert the pineapple, also place the juice over it. Place it in the oven for a minute just before serving.

Asparagus Sauce.—Boil twelve tender heads of asparagus in a very little salted water; when done, drain and chop; have ready a pint of drawn butter, with two raw eggs beaten into it, add the cooked asparagus and season with salt and pepper, squeezing in the juice of half a lemon; the butter must be hot, but do not cook after adding the asparagus. This accompanies boiled fowls, stewed fillet of veal, or boiled mutton.

Tomato Puree With Vermicelli.—Prepare a quart of fresh stock as for thick soup, and when it boils move to the side of the fire and simmer for half an hour. Then make a cup of tomato puree. Skim all the fat from the soup, add a small bunch of parsley and sweet herbs and then simmer for twenty minutes. Boil half a pound of vermicelli in salted water, strain the tomato soup, then add the vermicelli and let the soup boil up again, then serve.

Squash Custard.—Boil summer squash until tender; drain very thoroughly and press through a strainer; add to it two eggs, well beaten, one-fourth cupful of sugar and four tablespoonfuls of milk; flavor with lemon rind or vanilla; line a pie dish with a good plain paste; pour in the custard and bake thirty minutes.

FELL FROM THE SKIES.

Theory That Precious Stones Came to Earth as Meteorites.

Diamonds from the skies, conveyed to earth in meteoric showers, is a theory first broached by Meydenbauer, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean. The diamond, he says, can be of cosmic origin only, having fallen as a meteorite at a late period of the earth's formation. The localities where diamonds are found contain the residues of not very compact meteoric masses which may have fallen in historic ages and penetrated more or less deeply according to the more or less resistant character of the surface where they fell.

The most striking confirmation of the theory comes from Arizona. Here on a broad plain over an area about five miles in diameter were scattered 1,000 to 2,000 masses of metallic iron, the fragments weighing from half a ton to a fraction of an ounce. There is little doubt these masses formed part of a meteoric shower, although no record exists as to when the fall took place. Curiously enough, near the center where most of the meteorites have been found is a crater with ragged edges, three-quarters of a mile in diameter and about 600 feet deep, bearing exactly the appearance which would be produced had a mighty mass of iron or fallen star struck the ground, scattering in all directions and buried itself under the surface. Dr. Foote in cutting a section of this meteorite, found the tools were injured by something vastly harder than metallic iron. He examined the specimen chemically and soon after announced to the scientific world that the Arizona meteorite contained black and transparent diamond. This discovery was verified by Professor Friedel and Nollan, who found that it contained three varieties of carbon, diamond, graphite and amorphous carbon.

A Poppy Pincushion.

All you require to make a poppy pincushion is a penny roll of red crinkled paper, a piece of black material, some sawdust and a yard of narrow green ribbon. Cut the black material into a circle the size of a small saucer, run round the edge with some very strong black thread, about one-quarter inch from the outside; fill the center with sawdust, and draw the cotton up tightly so that it forms a little puddinglike pad, and fasten off the cotton firmly.

Next cut out some large poppy leaves out of the red paper and sew them round the black center, so that it resembles a flower. When you have got the leaves in position, make the back neat by sewing another piece of black stuff round the gathered up part, and then double the ribbon and sew the doubled end firmly to the back of the pad, tying the ends into a pretty bow just above the poppy to hang it up by.

Then gently press out the edge of each of the paper leaves and stick the center full of pins. You could, of course, have pink poppies, or yellow, or white poppies, but in the first case you would want a green center, and in the others a yellow one, but green should be used in each case, since this represents the stalk.

Canine Intelligence.

Pete—"De lumberyard gang had dat yellow pup well trained."

Jim—"Dat so?"

Pete—"You bet. Why, every time dey'd tie the can to his tail he'd go down to Kelly's an' bring it back full of beer."

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