A Lesson.

A little elbow leans upon your knee Your tired knee that has so much to b child's dear eyes are looking lovingly From underneath a thatch of tangled hair Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch

Of rm, moist fingers holding yours tight

You do not prize the blessings overmuch You are almost too tired to pray to-night

But it is blessedness! A year ago I did not see it as I do to-day-

We are all so dull and thankless, and too slow

To catch the sunshine till it slips away. And now it seems surpassing strange to me

That while I wore the badge of motherhoo I did not kiss more oft and tenderly

The little shild that brought me only good And if some night, when you sit down to rest,

You miss the little elbow on your tired knee-

This restless curly head from off your breas This lisping tongue that chatters constantly; If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,

And ne'er would nestle in your palm again If the white feet into the grave had tripped-I could not blame you for your heartache

then.

I wonder that some mothers ever fret

Their little children cling to their gown; Or that the footprints when the days are wet Are ever black enough to make them frown;

If could find a little muddy boot,

Or cap or jacket, on my chamber floor-If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot-

And hear it patter in my house once more If I could mend a broken cart to-day,

To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky. There is no woman in God's world could say

She was more blissfully content than I ! But ah ! the dainty pilllow next my own

Is never rumpled by a shining head! My singing birdling from its nest has flown

The little boy I used to kiss is-dead.

ANGELICA'S MAYING.

"No May-flowers in May! What is it called May for, then? Why, Kent is full of them " cried Angelica; and she tied her hat with a flirt—a pretty flirt that only made her the more charming. For little Angelica, who had happened to spend several summers at school in England, could not be brought to un-derstand, after returning to her native wilds, that the climates of all English-speaking people were not as much one and the same as the tongues they used. And having settled the point to her satisfaction, as usual, by declaring it was so, anyway, and if it wasn't, it ought to be, delighted with such form of speech because it would never have been allowed her at school, she started out to make it so, apparently, by letting the climate see what was expected of it. "I hope you have overshoes on, Angel," I hope you have overshoes on, Angel

said her grandmother, rather timid about encroaching on Angelica's newlysaid her timid

said her grandmother, rather timid about eneroaching on Angelica's newly-fledged liberty. "Nonsense! Overshoes! This time of year! Well, to oblige you, little granny;" and she called for her tiny sandals. But a moment after Angelica ran back. "I believe I had best take overshoes," she said, and she tore off her sandals for Nora to put away. "Let us see-where's my blue scarf?" "Take your tippet, Angel." "Furs in May, grandma!" and she was gone again, only to run back, nevertheless, and exchange her mantle for a thick sack. "And they're bare-headed in Kent to-day," she said. "Angelica," called her grandmother, "if you really are going into the woods, do put on another flannel petticoat." "Humor the weather in that way?" with a laugh like a bell. And this time she was decidedly off, by the slam of the door, enjoying tremendously those first experiences of her American liberty. "How absurd!" said Angelica to her-self presently, as she was passed by a

long lofty stems of the undraped trees crowding up into the light, and the aisles on one hand extending into shadow, and on the other huge moss-grown bowlders and thorny thickets lining the bank, where, some eighty feet below, the river went brawling along over rapids and falls in a way to please a poet or a fisherman. And it was a picturesque little body in the wood that Angelica looked, the wind tossing her hat half off, her glowing cheeks, her sparkling brown eyes, and her great shock of light brown curls blowing all ways at once as she leaned over the edge of the bank to gaze into the seething torrent below, and won-dered, meanwhile, whether pond-lilles grew in that sort of water. Just then the wind slapped her skirt round a young wahut sapling. Vexed with the lost her balance as she did it, and over she went with a cry. Poor little Angelica! How many thoughts there are in a second! Her first thought was, "It's the end of me; 'I'm being torn to pieces on those rocks!" Her second one was, "Oh, what will grandma do without me now?" The third one ran, "And I've been so bad about Mr. Wilston, and he'll be so sorry for his little Angelica; and I pushed Tommy yesterday; and once I told grandma alie—" And then there was a wild whirl of horror, of sharp rocks and drowning whirlpools, and great gulfs of hated and oblivion.

drowning whirlpools, and great gulfs of hated and oblivion.

When the little body came to herself she was lying comfortably suspended in mid-air, in a cralle made of wild plum bushes and the old horse-brier and grapevines that had interlaced themgrapevines that had interlaced them-selves together there, growing from the crevices. Above her was more than twenty feet of almost sheer rock, and be-low her the boiling river, rushing and roaring on. With a start of terror, as memory swept back upon her, she seized a stout stem of the vine, and clutched it with all her might; but a gust of wind coming at the moment, and rocking the cradle well, assured her that her clinging amounted to little, and she presently found the thousand and one briers of the wild smilax holding her more securely than it was possible her tiny fingers should. Before long she was able to gather

her more securely than it was possible her tiny fingers should. Before long she was able to gather her senses from their trance of horror, in which all reason had been dissipated, and she loosened her dress, and sat up in her nest to look about her. "It's of no use," she said at last. "The only way to get down is to free a grape-vine. and climb down on it; and it wouldn't be long enough, and if I got down at all, it would only be into a boiling pit of deep water. and in freeing it I might be like the man who sawed off the end of the branch he sat on—if I could free it any way. And I might as well die of starvation and be picked by the birds, as die of drowning and be picked by the fishes. But, oh, dear! dear! dear! what are they doing at home now? Why can't some of them come after me? Why doesn't Mr. Wilston know how horribly I hang here between heaven and erth? Why doesn't somebody follow me? Oh, what have I done, what have I done; to be punished this.way? Oh, you don't suppos? I am really going to be left to die here! Oh, how cruel!" And then there was a great burst of sobbing, and she wrung her hands. and cried again. But the crying over, for the tume be-ing. Angelica began to look about her.

there was a great burst of sobbing, and she wrung her hands, and cried again. But the crying over, for the time he-ing, Angelica began to look about her. The blow had been struck too power-fully to do much less than stum, and she yet hardly realized her situation in full. "I don't quite give it up," she said. "Somebody may come this way;" and she halloced till she was out of breath. "It wouldn't be a bad place for pleas-ure," she thought, "if one could get down or up when one wished, and if one had plenty of books and a lunch basket. Oh, how hungry I am!" Certainly it was not at all a bad place of its sort-swinging cradled there securely in mid-air, with the birds darting all about one; with the great sky full of sunshine overhead; with that fish-hawk sailing in slow circles ere he plunged. "This is the way some of the Puget Sound In-dians bury their dead," she thought, "high up in air among the branches. Only they have tin pans hung with them. And that does so put me in mind of our Nora's cream—the very last pan she let me skim. And now I'm hungrier than ever. I wonder what time it is -long past lunch, of course. I'm hollow now; I shall be famished by dinner-time; to-morrow morning I shall be giddy. I wonder how long it takes peo-ple to die of starvation, and if it's very fearful? I mustn't think about broths.

so early extinguished. She put her hand into her pocket for her handker-chief, to wipe the tears away, before she remembered that she had hung it out as a signal of distress; and she drew forth, instead, a letter, one that Mr. Wilston had slipped into her hand the evening before, and that she had crumpled up, hardly glancing at it, and had then taken with her in the morning, thinking she would read it in the wood. What did he write her such letters for? Why did he want to love her? Why did he urge it again and again? She was only a child; she had just be-gun to taste the sweetness of life. Why couldn't he let her alone for a little while, till she had looked on her sur-roundings and seen what the world was; had had a little freedom and pleasure—at any rate, till she needed him? Till she needed him! the next.

was; had had a fille freedom and pleasure-at any rate, till she needed him? Till she needed him! the next thought came. Ah, Heaven! did she not need him now? And a storm of tears answered for her. "Oh, if he did love me, if he really did love me, he would come and help me and save me. It would break his heart to see me!" she sobbed. "It would break mine to see him so." And then all at once she paused in her crying and exclaiming, and opened her brimming brown eyes wide to the sunshine. What! Would it really break her heart to see Mr. Wilston suffering so? Would she care? Did she-could she- Oh, if she never saw him again at all! Was it possible that, after all, she really, really- Was it possible that she-she loved Mr. Wil-ston? And if he never knew!-if he never

Apd if he never knew!—if he never knew! How good he had been to her! how patient with her! what a noble fellow he was! how tenderly, how pas-sionately, his eyes had followed her! If her were well, which her her her her he was ugly—well, she had never thoughtso. Now that she should not see his face again, it seemed beautiful to her. It was the first face she should her. It was the prst face she should look for when they both woke at last in the life beyond this. And what a forward and perverse child she had been! What had he ever seen in her to love? But he did—he did love her. And she hugged her little hands over her heart, suddenly conscious that the fact she hugged her little hands over her heart, suddenly conscious that the fact was precious.

Well, if she must die, she must. But Well, it she must die, she must. But here was a mercy in the very act of death. It had been given her to love. It seemed as if the Angel of Death had touched her heart with the living fire. This great joy, this great rapture had buoyed her heart over the abyss. There was a first moment for everything, and the first moment of her awakening love, of her recognition of her love, had been like a winged spirit soaring over death. like a winged spirit soaring over death, the seraph springing from the grave. "My love is my soul," she cried, "and my dying sets it free."

my dying sets it free." And now if he never knew! But he should know. Some day they would find her, and the letter in her hand. And she refolded that letter, took her pencil-case, and addressed it to Mr. Wil-ston, and wrote with her trembling fin-gers underneath: "I never knew I loved you. You must forgive me. But I do-indeed I do. I am going to die presently. If I had lived, I would have tried to be a good wife to you." And she signed herself his angel, and lay back in her nest, half content. She lay there a little while, looking up

back in her nest, half content. She lay there a little while, looking up at the blue of the sky rising from the red and purple of the rocks, with the white flashes of wings across it, her mind so made up to the inevitable that she had hardly any fear; and she began softly singing a hymn to herself. "If man's love is so precious," she was thinking, "what must God's love be?" In the midst of this tranquil moment, however, she was roused by a singular vibration running through the stout vine ropes of her cradle, and quite another line of thought as instantane-ously suggested itself. She had been fully prepared tor this fainting, pain-less passing away, high up in air, al-most in the blue sky itself; but failing on the jagged rocks and boiling w ater-all that was horrible, and she felt her all that was horrible, and she felt her heart shaking.

An, yes, certainly the vine ropes were shaking, too. Were they loosening?— were they falling? Oh, what was this? And some great flapping object was fly-ing over her with a scream—an eagle startled from its perch—and a rope was following it, a great noose, and then a hand and arm had suddenly closed round her from behind, and a voice was curtly telling her to "obey. and spring back-ward." And Mr. Wilston was drawing her out of the nest of the cradling vines, and she was standing, trembling in his grasp on the shelf of rock where he leaned, with a rope round his waist made fast to a tree above—a shelf of rock, she thought, with a switt pulse of and leading a narrow way up to the sod for it. Mr. Wilston did not speak a word Mr. Wilston did not speak a word An, yes, certainly the vine ropes were

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. Neatness at the Barn

Nontress at the Barn. It is not necessary for the farmer to build a highly ornamental edifice in order to have a neat and attractive ap-pearance in his barn and about his barn-yard. Specimens of neatness and purity are often seen where the owner could afford only cheap and imperfect struc-tures. The management depends on the man, not so much on the character of his buildings. Nevertheless, when the owner takes the pains and incurs the expense of finished erections, he will be more likely to feel an interest in keeping everything in and about them in good condition. everything in and about them in good condition. It must be confessed that there is great

of farmers in this country, although much progress has been made, and a much progress has been made, and a number—happily a very large number— are models in this respect. We have seen barns and stables kept as neat as a parlor. Some men think this is attended with too much trouble and labor—like the boy who combed his hair once a month, and finding it difficult and pain-ful, was unable to comprehend how any one could endure to do it every day. It is not the process of cleaning that we one could endure to do it every day. It is not the process of cleaning that we recommend, but keeping clean. A nur-sery man was asked how he killed the weeds in his 35-acre grounds. "I do not kill them," was his answer; "I allow none to enter or grow." We mention a few examples of de-ficient care in this particular. Among and managers

good managers, the common recommen dation and use of manure cellars is a fre dation and use of manure cellars is a fre-quent cause of foul air, which more or less pervades the building, injures the sweetness of the hay, and compels cattle and horses to breathe noxious odors. Manure should never be kept in a barn basement without the constant use of absorbents in the shape of straw, chopped stalks and or graph at the bala barn

absorbents in the single of straw, chooped stalks, sand or dry peat, to hold all the effluvia. The difficulty will be much lessened as farmers learn the advantages of drawing and spreading manure in win-ter, as we have frequently recommended. But care is necessary, even for the small daily accumulation. No animal is so badly abused as the pig. in being thrust into apartments which are permitted to become polluted from neglect. The hired man, to whom we gave the pigs in charge, thought it a great hardship that we required him to clean the floor thoroughly twice a day. But he ultimately found it much easier in the long run, as each daily cleaning, was a mere nothing. Pigs are naturally clean, if they are only permitted to be was a mere nothing. Figs are naturally clean, if they are only permitted to be so, and when comfortably provided for, thrive better and fatten faster, and one would think the farmer would prefer to eat such pork to that taken out of a manure hole

Sweep the barn floor often, sweep out Sweep the barn hoor often, sweep out the horse stalls at least twice a day, pro-vide clean and dry litter for all animals, give them pure water, let their food be sweet and nourisbing, avoid all fetid accumulations, shelter your barnyard from cumulations, shelter your barnyard from cold winds by evergreens, and keep every square foot of ground about your buildings free from offensive rubbish, and you will not only preserve more self respect for this care, but will en-joy the pleasure of giving comfort to the living creatures under your control; and what is not least in the eyes of money-making managers your will derive making managers you will derive a greater profit, preserve your buildings from decay, and will have a place that will sell at a higher price if you should wish to dispose of it.—Country Gentle-

man. Fruit from Barren Trees.

Fruit from Barren Trees. A correspondent of the American Agriculturist says: I wish to describe to you a method of making fruit trees bear, that I blundered on. Some fifteen years ago I had a small apple tree that leaned considerably. I drove a stake beside it, tied a string to a limb, and fastened it to the stake. The next year that limb blessomed full, and not another blossom appeared on the tree, and, as Tom Bunker said, "It set me to thinking," and I came to the conclusion that the string was so tight that it pre-vented the sap returning to the roots; consequently iformed fruit buds. Hav-ing a couple of pear trees, that were ing a couple of pear trees, that were large enough to bear but had never blos-somed, I took a coarse twine and wound it several times around the tree above

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

Grenadine dresses entirely black are made over glossy Surah skiris to make them light.

Barberry fringes are in vogue, of long-ish satin drops strung in clusters from the heading. Plaited skirts forming double kilts are very fashionable for foulards and for thin wool dresses.

The gay cotton dresses are quite as effective as those of foulard, and are se-cured for Newport and Saratoga.

A new fancy is that of using creamy white India muslin shirred inside of open necks of grenadine and foulard dress

Satin drop fringes mingle with the Chinese nettings, and add variety to the three thousand and odd styles already known.

Hoods are about to be revived, and are made on round capes that reach only to the elbow, as well as on the long straight gowns that form overdresses for mits for suits.

Large pelerine collars, reaching far down on the shoulders and finished with a high fraise in the neek, are found among collections of fashionable ingerie.

Dragons, bees, butterflies, and birds bragons, bees, butternies, and birds in shadowy forms, almost hints of the real objects, appear among the paim-leaves and other Oriental designs of late importations of dress goods. Handsome brocaded wool goods have

delicate tinted grounds-cameo, sal-mon, cream and sky blue-while the brocaded figures are of satin in dull red, old gold, heliotrope and sapphire blue.

A novelty in hosiery consists of a Lisle or silk lack stocking; as the clock covering the entire stocking is very open, the hose is worn over another stocking of the same or a contrasting shade.

Directoire collars and square cuffs are made of jetted net, and edged with a row of cut jet beads like those used on the brims of bonnets; these trim basques of black grenadine, and also of silk suits. Surplice and square necks of such dresses have black beaded tulle draped inside of the opening.

Two kinds of black grenadine are in the same dress; that for the plaited flounces is striped with satin, and the stripes are made to go around the figure, instead of being lengthwise. For the body and overskirt satin grenadine with transparent open figures outlined, with jet is used, also the large satin frills and olka dots.

How an American Mamma Managed.

A Paris newspaper gives a recent in-stance of the great success of an Amer-ican mamma. Here ider daughter had sailed from New York with some friends for a tour of Europe, and, after doing the continent had returned to the French capital for several months of doing the continent had returned to the French capital for several months of rest and pleasuring. Attractive and clever, she had many suitors, some more, some less desirable. She could not marry them all, so she adroitly re-duced the number to two—the best of the lot, of course. Then side wrote the fact to her mamma, adding that they were both so handsome agreeable well the lot, of course. Then sive wrote the fact to her mamma, adding that they were both so handsome, agreeable, well connected and rich that she could not decide between them, and closed with the question, "What shall I do?" Ten days later she received a cablegram from mamma, "I sail to-morrow. Hold both till I come." The next transatlantic steamer carried Mrs. — with her younger daughter, turned eighteen, and just out of school. On arrival she im-mediately took the helm of affairs, and steered so defly through the dangerous waters that in a few weeks she had reached port with all the colors flying. To drop metaphor, she attended the wed-ding of her two daughters at the Amer-ican chapel the same morning. After due examination, she had decided that neither of the nice fellows should go out of the family. neither of the ni out of the family.

A Mystery of the Honeymoon.

AMERICA'S MINERAL WEALTH.

The Amount of Gold and Silver Mined in

The Amount of Gold and Silver Mined In the Country-The Outlock. In the opinion of some experts the production of precious metals in the United States is but just beginning. In the last ten years we have ad-vanced from \$17,320,000 in silver and \$33,750,000 in gold to \$45,846,109 in sil-ver and \$44,880,223 in gold, but it is said that the next census (ten years) will more than quadruple this production. During the first seven years from 1870 to 1877 the production of gold exceeded that of silver in our country, but since then the production of silver has ex-ceeded that of gold \$5,562,595. This was caused in part by the discovery of the great silver mines at Leadville, Colorado, and in part by the decrease in the gold production of the Comstock lode in Nevada. It is a fact not gener-ally known that in the production of the Comstock lode 41 20-100 is gold. The decrease of yield in Comstock was \$12,464.481 in silver and gold during 1878-1879, while the increase of silver production in Colorado was \$8,000,000. The exact production of gold and silver during the last census, as near as it can be ascertained, was as follows: Year. Silver. Gold. be ascertained, was as follows:

Year.	silver.	Gold.
1970\$17	,320,000	\$33,750.000
1871 19	,286,000	34,398,000
1872 19	924,429	38,177,395
1873 27	,483,302	39,206,558
1874 29	699,122	38,466,488
1875 31	,635,239	39,968,194
1876 39	292,924	42,826,935
1877 45	,846,109	44,880,223
1878 37	,248,137	37,576,030
1879 31	7,032,857	31,470,262

In this country \$4,000,000 is annually consumed in making jewelry and for the arts. Last year about \$74,700,000 in gold was imported to America, and this added to the home production gives an increase of \$106,170,262. If we add still further the \$37,032,857 in silver pro-duced, we have \$143,202,119 of a moneduced, we have \$143,202,119 of a mone-tary increase to our national wealth. Large as this increase may appear, it is as nothing when compared with our future possibilities. The sudden influx of Eastern capital to the trans-Missouri country will meet a want long feit and cause the great mineral wealth of the West to be rapidly developed. The rich deposits of gold and silver there hidden in the earth will now be brought forth, converted into money and made to administer to the wants and conve-niences of mankind. America will as-tonish the world in the next ten years and perhaps shake the value of precious metals by her enormous production of and perhaps shake the value of precious metals by her enormous production of them. General Brisbin, of the United States army, says: "I have lived ten years in the West, and I sincerely be-lieve 1890 will not pass without giving us an annual production of \$400,000,000 of gold and silver in these United States." --Philadelphia Times.

What Doctors Should Know. An exchange which devotes special attention to sanitary affairs suggests that the several hundred young physi-cians just graduated should supplement their studies by a course in hygiene. The advice is eminently good, but many a man will open his eyes in astonish-ment when he realizes that physicians need any such course! is seems as ment when he rearizes that physicians need any such counsel; it seems as strange as to advise business men to study arithmetic or preachers to peruse the Bible. The plain truth is, however, that while the medical schools teach young men how to alleviate pain and heal the sick the greater art of prevent-ing disease is in its infancy. How many physicians are competent to discover physicians are competent to discover whether the atmosphere of a residence is pure or poisonous by reason of im-perfect drainage? How many can de-tect impurities in drinking water-one of the most prolific causes of death in country houses? Have death-dealing hot air furances been banished from every considerable number of homes by hot air furnaces been banished from every considerable number of homes by medical advice? Have many fami-lies been instructed by their re-spective physicans upon the necessity and methods of home venti-lation? Is the family food supply and the manner of preparing it a frequent subject of professional advic? All these are matters of the cravest importhese are matters of the gravest impor-tance as affecting huuran life, yet nine families in ten are continually violating sanitary rules regarding one or the other sanitary rules recarding one or the other without a word of remonstrance from their medical advisers, and there is good ground for belief that physicians' own families suffer as much as any others from neglect of these and kindred hygi-enic requirements. Until the days of this ignorance are gone medical atten-tions will not rise above the level of mere pottering. Let the new genera-tion of physicians regard these things if they would secure and retain a good class of patients. To attend a family of children through diphtheria without losing any is guite a success, but a greater one would be to discover and abolish the cause when the malady first manifests itself, and the same is true of the many other diseases that are due to local conditions.—New York Herald

A Mystery of the Honeymoon. The courtship, the engagement, the ceremony are over. The bridegroom hands his bride into the carriage, and the honeymoon begins. Now observe one of the most singular facts in the whole history of courtship, a fact to which there is no known exception: The bridegroom never can recail the first that carriage. Why? This question has been asked a hundred thousand times, and never satisfactorily answered yet. Some attribute the forgetfulness to joy; some to confusion; some fance the the answer is none of these. It is much the answer is none of these. It is nuch for forgetfulness is that he has already swidi interest her, everything that does interest him. His conversational re-ion to say. Instead of an important speech, he utters some dreary common-pions, devoutly thanking heaven "the place, throws him el'back in the cush-ions, devoutly thanking heaven "the thing is over." Thus, before the honey-moon is five minutes old the bridegroom breaks down.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

see was decidedly off, by the slam of the door, enjoying tremendously those first experiences of her American liberty. "How subsurd?" said Angelica to here soif presently, as she was passed by a band of ragamuffin children decked out in paper roses and garlands. As if they apper roses and garlands are with they dollar an fire garding that and the solution of the garden brochers of the they apper roses and garlands. As if they apper roses and garlands are white with them probaby. How sure they will be at home when loome to the set with them probaby. How sure they will be at home when loome to the garden brochers of the event to the event and picked if we have to come as the held a picked if we have the same to give him the right maker of the garden brochers if and shall be a cocker whether it was a the base of the cold ground and the same to solve the dow if we have the row and the same to give him the right they will be attracter, life to the same to solve the same to give him the right we were the ready and the serve since she fell woold. They were shown the same that they were shift th

which his lordly glances. I don't earn whether a man's as handsome as An finued, coherently, "everyhody know and finding it difficult, to leave the other me beside it. "I don't earre, "she said. "Good thick boots do for England they'll have to answer here." and shi "ent gesly forward into the edge of the "Multy afraid they'se right at home not a fail on any tree, nothing but they and finding it difficult, to leave the other "The ideal" said Angelica. "The Not a leaf on any tree, nothing but they they'ls a sing control to the edge of the beggarly willow catkins, and the oak looking callow as goslings. Why, isn's America a civilized country? Oh, yes there's a maple, all red and blushing rate. I shall just tell Mr. Wilston that I filed my basket in half an hour, for all his heories, and we have as many found one pale little hepatica, for highly irate with the American fors, when she paused to see a bird winny single it of cyclic and the sanguinn fittle creature hurried on to do it. Shi found one pale little hepatica, for a site site of the site had leave have site ind a fatter an hour's dil gene she found nothing else, not on highly irate with the American fors, when she paused to see a bird winny site of ergiges, and she was gritting when she paused to see a bird winny site and the sanguinn fittle creature hurried on to do it. Shi soure on the site of ergiges, and she was gritting when she paused to see a bird winny site of ergiges, and she was gritting when she paused to see a bird winny site of the rail. "Mr. Wilston will be so pleased!" she said, indiganulty, as in inture ought to take here part. It was a more pleased!" she said, indiganulty, as in inture ought to take here part. It was a pleased!" she said, indiganulty as in inture ought to take here part. It was a pleased!" she said, indiganulty, as in inture ought to take here part. It was a pleased!" she said, indiganulty as in inture ought to take here part. It was a pleased!" she said, indiganulty, as in inture ought to take here part. It was a pleased!"

had the sense to turn her head and look for it. Mr. Wilston did not speak a word. He was white as ashes, and she thought she could hear his heart beat. Still holding her and his rope, he creptslowly up the narrow shelf; then he set her down before him, untied his rope, and slowly coiled it away, looking at her all the time, with her downcast eye and reddening face half hidden under all the right brown blowing hair. "Now if you please." he said gravely

"Now, if you please," he said, gravely, at last, "I will take that letter which I saw you had addressed to me." "A letter addressed to you!" she said, looking up then, a spark of the old spirit half eclipsing that new light which had dawned in her face.

hait conpains that new light which had dawned in her face. "Angel, how much longer—" "Longer! I wish you would tell me," she said, "how long I have been here already, and whether it is to-day or to-morrow, and what—" "How much longer," he cried again, "do you want to torment me? I could claim you as my property by all the laws of saivage," he said, stepping toward her. "But it isn't necessary, for I read before I threw the rope over you. You signed yourself my angel. You said you would be a good wife to me." "Well—I—will," said litt 1 Angelica. And her face grew so rosy red that she had to hide it, whether she would or no, in the first shelter at hand—and if it was her lover's arms, how was that to be helped? "It wasn't such a bad Maying, on the

be helped? "It wasn't such a bad Maying, on the whole," she said, presently, as they went their way home together. "After all, the American flora isn't much be-hind the way-side hedges in Kent. I didn't get much of anything but a fright and a cold, to be sure, and some love-in-idleness, but you got an armful of An-gelica."

gelica." "The screetest flower for me." he said, "that blows under heaven."-Harper's Bazar.

To extract grease from papered walls dip a piece of flannel in spirits of wine, rub the greasy spots once or twice, and the grease will disappear.

To make paper fireproof take a solu-tion of alum and dip the paper into it; then throw it over a line to dry. Try a slip of paper in the flame of a candle, and if not sufficiently prepared dip and try it a second time.

To prevent iron from rusting, warm To prevent iron from rusting, warm the iron until you cannot bear your hand on it without burning yourself. Then rub it with new and clean white wax. Put it in again to the fire till it has soaked in the wax. When done rub it over with a piece of serge. This pre-vents the iron from rusting after ward. vents the fron from rusting atterward. To take stains out of linen, place the stained spot in a tin pan; pour boiling water enough to entirely cover; let it steep like you would tea or coffee, then rinse well, and hang it out of doors; jron the spot and it will not show. For fruit stains you must wash directly after pouring on the boiling water. We know this to be good, for we get all the stains out this way.

"Stovepipe" Hats a Relic of Bar-barism.

Speaking of what are known in this country as "silk dress hats," Charles Blanc, member of the French institute, and formerly director of fine arts, Paris,

our tubular hats, which artists, in Our tubular hats, which artists, in their every-day discourse, have cast such withering scorn upon—these hats without front or back, without direc-tion, w thout, a culminating point, and whose cylindrical shape is altogether at variance with the spherical form of the head—are assuredly the last relie of barbarism, and we must not be aston-ished if their use spreads in our day over the whole world, since nothing has more chance of lasting success than ugliness and absurdity.

Fighting Sharks Under Water.

Fighting Sharks Under Water.
A sea diver tells the following story of the way he managed to keep out of the jaws of the sharks : I dived once it was to be an inverted. The greatest may be an inverted. The greatest may be an inverted to be an inverted to

Harl-Kari,

Hari-Kari. Hari-kari is a form of suicide per-formed in Japan by cutting open the abdomen by two crosswise cuts with a short sword. Nearly all Japanese officials carry on their person two swords; one long, to fight an enemy with, and the other short, to perform hall damaged. It is a very common practice, and by so doing a man's honor is saved. Officials are often commanded to kill themselves by this method when by any act they have fallen into dis-grace, and by so doing their children inherit all their property and their has taken place unbidden. Persons who have suffered unendurable affront, which cannot otherwise be satisfied, sometimes kill themselves in this way, and thus satisfy their revenge on the enemy. enemy.

Words of Wisdom.

He shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.

One of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid. It is good in a fever, and much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

Only that which we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us.

A good constitution is like a money box--its full valus is never know until it has been broken.

Taking a penny that does not belong to one removes the barrier between in-tegrity, and rascality. Will petitions that do not move the heart of the suppliant, move the heart of Omnipotence?