

### The Love That Lasts.

"I liked a sleighride, too," she said, Dear Grandmother, whose face is fair, Though five and seventy years have passed Their silvery snow-showers on her hair, "I liked a sleighride, too," said she, "And there was one I used to know Who liked full well to ride with me." "But that was long ago," I said, "Yes; that was long ago."

"And I was fond of moonlight walks. We'd pace the village through and through, And have such friendly, pleasant talks, Such friendly, pleasant quarrels, too. My eyes were blue and his were brown; My tongue was quick and his was slow; I always laughed his logic down." "But that was long ago," I said, "Yes; long and long ago."

"My books were few, in those old times; But each a word of sweet delight! And I remember writing rhymes, And thinking I was born to write. The foolish verses! Yes, 'tis true, They flowed as fountains upward flow, Free as the wind—as empty too." "But that was long ago," I said, "Ah! long, long ago."

"Yet, first and last and best of all, I loved great nature's royal grace; The stars that glow, the storms that fall Across the beauty of her face; The ripened fruit, the whirling snow, The fresh grass springing by the way." "But that," I said, "was long ago." "Nay, that was yesterday," she said, "To-day and yesterday."

—Mary Anne De Vere.

### LOVE ON THE OCEAN.

"Now," said the captain, "we shan't see any more land for a week, and you young ladies'll have nothing to do but let some of these young fellows fall in love with you."

"Fall in love," cried Hetty, her tip-toed nose curling with incredulity and disgust. Who could fall in love at sea, I'd like to know?

"Who could?" asked the captain; in innocent surprise. "Why, everybody does. Why not?"

Hetty smiled in evident unbelief, but glanced furtively across the deck toward the handsome young officer where he leans on the rail blowing rings of smoke into the deep blue sky.

Mischievous Dell and the quick-sighted captain detect both, and laugh unmercifully. Hetty blushes, and the first officer uncompromisingly turns his back and a deaf ear to the captain's guffaws.

It is evening on shipboard, dinner is over, the day's work is done, and all are assembled on deck.

The sun which has hung all day like a copper gong upon a brass ceiling, is now mercifully disappearing. The mountains of Lower California shine in his fast fading rays like "the golden hills of heaven," while one little hummock of an island, long and high and narrow, rises out of the sea like the grave mound of some ocean god.

For once the water is smooth; nothing breaks its stillness but the steamer's trail, and the sea-gulls now and then brushing its surface. Far, far away—far as the eye can reach—is nothing but the same expanse of deep blue waters, broken only by those yellow hills, now fast vanishing into distance and night.

Overhead, only another and wider expanse, still "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," and behind a cloud the new moon just beginning to look forth upon the boisterous world below.

Prigsby, from London, explains to a rapt audience how the scenery now before them suffers from comparison with that of the Rhine. Sam Boland, of San Francisco, carelessly replies to an inquirer that he is going prospecting for gold in Guatemala, acknowledges it to be a "pretty risky business," admits the country to be full of road agents and bushwackers, "but reckons he'll pull through." Meantime Hetty and Dell, seeing the captain had a story in reserve, settled themselves to hear it.

"Didn't I tell you how my first officer got married! No? Well, nobody could be sicker'n his wife when he courted her. I'll just tell you all about it, if you like."

"Well, you see, I haven't always been captain of a first-class steamer—no, siree! I ran away to sea when I was twelve years old, and I've worked my way up from the bottom of the ladder. Well, when I was thirty I was captain of a large sailing vessel that was in the South American trade.

"I sailed from the port of Callao, San Francisco being my destination. My second officer was an Englishman, but my first was an American, only two or three years younger than I—as good-looking a young fellow as ever I saw; tall and straight and handsome, with eyes like blue china. He was a right good fellow, too, brave and honest, but risky as a kitten and up to all sorts of larks.

"Well, we crept up the coast, stopping at every ninth door, as our orders obliged us to do, taking in all sorts of things, booked for San Francisco. Finally we came to San Jose de Guatemala—that lies ninety miles inland—

and there we hove to, and waited for a chance to go ashore.

"Did you ever hear of the surf on that coast, ladies? No? Well, it often rolls fifteen to twenty feet high, and a good part of the time no boat can live in it. Sorry we are not going to stop this trip, or you might see it. You see, there is really no harbor—nothing but an open roadstead—and, except in the Bay of Fundy, this place shows the highest and lowest tide in the world. The people there tried to build a break-water out beyond the surf, but it breaks over it half the time, and when it doesn't it knocks it to pieces. Sometimes vessels have to ride at anchor for a week before they can put a boat ashore.

"We'd only just hove to when I noticed that a ship at anchor not far off was making signals of distress, and that a boat was putting off in our direction. Of course we were anchored far out beyond the surf, and it was comparatively easy for the boat to reach us; so it was soon alongside, and one of the men came up the ship's side and told me what was wanted.

"It appears that the ship was a coffee ship from San Francisco, and had come to San Jose for a cargo. It was only half loaded when one of the boats capsized in the surf, drowning the captain and first officer. The second officer was very low with a fever, and they had nobody to navigate the vessel; so they'd had to wait in port till some other ship came along and could lend 'em an officer or somebody who understood navigation.

"Well, I called up my first officer and put him aboard the coffee ship, and in a day or two we both sailed. We were going over just the same ground—or sea, rather—and as the two vessels were equally fast we kept each other in sight most of the time. We'd been out about ten days, and were in American waters again, when all of a sudden the ship hove to, and signaled us to stop. We ran as close to them as we could, and then we hove to, and presently, through the glass, I saw a boat being lowered, and there was a woman in it.

"I was surprised, as you may imagine, for I did not know there were any passengers on the coffee ship, though there were half a dozen on my own. In a few minutes up the side came my first officer, carrying the prettiest little Spanish girl I ever saw. Oh, ladies, she was a beauty! Eyes like the stars in the flag, and the sweetest little face—kisses just sticking out all over it!

But wasn't she the sickest little mortal that ever set foot on deck? I tell you she was all green and yellow, and looked half-starved. I do not believe she'd kept down a quarter of a dinner for a month past.

"'Hullo, Jack!' said I, 'what's the matter?' And I gave the lady a seat on the lounge in my cabin. The poor little thing couldn't sit up straight, so I just hoisted her feet up and made her comfortable among the pillows.

"'Captain,' said he, 'I want you to marry me to this young lady.' "Marry you!" said I. "What do you mean? She's too sick to be married, man! She can't stand up. If you and she want to be married, why don't you wait till you get ashore?"

"You see, ladies, we talked right out free before her, for she couldn't understand a word of English.

"'If you wait till then,' said he, 'you and I'll be going to her funeral instead of her wedding. We've got to be married, and right away, and you have got to marry us.'

"You see again, ladies, we were very great friends outside the ship, and when we were alone together we dropped all ceremony.

"'What in thunder are you in such a hurry for?' said I. 'Why can't you wait until you're ashore? Where are the lady's friends?'

"'Her stepfather's aboard my ship,' he said.

"'I thought so,' said I; 'and I won't have anything to do with it.'

"He just turned and winked at me out of the tail of his eye, and I then remembered, in a moment of misplaced confidence, I had told him some little circumstances in regard to my own marriage.

"'Hem!' said he, grinning like a monkey. 'I think they're sometimes justifiable. Now, just look here, Cap; listen, and I'll tell you all about it. That little girl has no relations—nothing but a stepfather, and she's dependent on him for support. Well, the old coot's a doctor, and crazy at that, or if he isn't he's the meanest cuss on earth. He's taken it into his added old head to discover a sure cure for seasickness, and because just the name of a ship sets poor little Dolores to casting up accounts, he's been taking her on all sorts of long voyages, and trying his various deceptions on her. So I want to marry her to get her out of his way. Of course I'm in love with her and all that; said he, looking kind of foolish, 'but if that was all, I'd wait till we got ashore. Of course I can't make him let her alone unless she's my wife, and if he has control of her much longer she'll never see port again.'

"'Do you mean to say,' said I, starting at him in surprise, 'that he tries experiments on her—gives her things that ain't medicine?'

"I do," said she; 'and I mean to say that the last thing he gave her was a bottle of bug poison, and it most killed her.'

"'By the Flying Dutchman!' said I; 'I should think it would! Where's the old coot now?'

"'In irons. I told him I wouldn't have any such doing aboard my ship, and he slapped my face. So I put him in irons and came off to you.'

"Well, ladies, I just went over to the sofa where the little girl was rolling her big black eyes at us, and wondering what in thunder we were saying.

"'How old are you, my dear?' I asked in Spanish.

"You see, I'd been married more'n two years, and I thought I'd a sorter right to be paternal.

"'Eighteen, Senor Captain,' said she, in the softest voice in the world.

"'Said I: 'Do you love this young man and want to marry him? You needn't if you don't, because I'll see to it that your stepfather doesn't bother you any more.'

"I didn't dare look round at Jack, for I knew he'd be looking blacker'n thunder at me just then. And, indeed, he took a step toward us; but I made him keep off till she could have answered for herself.

"Well, she blushed very prettily, and hesitated for a second, then answered very sweetly that, if the Senor Captain didn't mind the trouble, she should marry the Senor First Officer. That the Senor First Officer had been her only friend; that although she had taken many voyages and seen many people, she had never before found any one who dared to interere in her behalf; that she felt very grateful to the Senor First Officer, and had now become attached to him; and with the Senor Captain's permission, would gladly become his wife.

"As she said this, Jack got out of sight behind the door, put his thumb to his nose, and twirled his fingers at me in the most disrespectful manner. I had a great mind to put him in irons for mutiny—but no matter.

"Of course there was nothing to be done except marry them; she was over eighteen, and at sea the captain's as good as a parson, you know.

"So I called up the passengers and the officers; and the ladies dressed her up in their own finery, and we had a wedding in very short order. After that the ship's surgeon prescribed an antidote for the bug poison.

"The second officer went over and took command of the coffee ship in Jack's place, and sent back Dolores' trunk and clothing. At first I thought we couldn't get along without him, for Jack was so deeply in love with his little seasick girl I thought he'd be of no manner of use. But we had good weather most of the time, and Jack did his duty like a man.

"But it was real touching to see him go to his wife's cabin every day and bring her on deck and fix her comfortably on a bed the steward made for her under an awning. And there he'd nurse her and care for her just as if he'd been a sister's charity. You might have seen then, Miss Hetty, how a sailor can love a woman.

"Well, she soon got better and stronger. Jack and the doctor fixed her up between them, and a healthier, livelier, happier little woman never set foot in San Francisco. Jack took her right to his married sister's, and there she stayed between voyages till she had a lot of children, and her husband bought her a house of her own.

"What about the coffee ship? Oh, that made port a day before us, and the old doctor had us all arrested the minute we touched land. So we were all hauled up in court, and Jack had it out with his stepfather-in-law.

"I think that the court was rather against us first, but the bug poison and the slap in the face did the business, and turned everything in our favor. He was afterward decided to be a lunatic, and turned over to his brother's keeping.

"What's become of Jack? Why, he sailed with me for several years as first officer; now he's captain of the companion steamer to this. That good-looking young fellow that's been making eyes at you, Miss Hetty, is his son, and I dare say that he agrees with his father that seasickness makes precious little difference when a man's in love."

The moon is quite up now flooding the sea with silver. Between us and the shining mirror interposes the head of young Jack, showing in fine, clear cut silhouette. What wonder that Hetty has to put severe strain upon her eyes that they shall not wander in that direction?

The captain saunters away to do the agreeable to other passengers while Dell strays down to the deck to listen, at a little closer quarters, to the tinkle of a guitar, and to a soft voice humming a Spanish love song.

As she strolls back she finds a masculine form usurping her place, and peeping under Hetty's downcast lids are a pair of earnest sailor eyes, whose dawning love and hopes cannot frighten or quell.

The widow of Judge Crocker (California's Croesus) has built a large greenhouse for the benefit of the poor, who are allowed to help themselves to the flowers.

### Indian Education in Virginia.

The effort has been for a natural, all-round growth rather than a rapid one. Books, of course, are for a long time of no avail, and object-teaching, pictures and blackboards take their place, with every other device that ingenuity is equal to, often on the spur of the moment, to keep up the interest and attention of the undisciplined minds that, with the best intentions and strong desire to know English, have small patience for preliminary steps. A peripatetic class was thus devised to relieve the tedium of the school-room, and had, to speak literally and figuratively, quite a run. It usually began with leap-frog, and then went gayly on to find its "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," etc. Geography is taught with molding sand and iron raised dissecting maps; arithmetic at first with blocks. The Indians are particularly fond of each, and the advanced class is quite expert in adding up columns of figures as long as a ledger page, and equal to practical problems of every-day trade and simple business accounts.

Nothing, however, can equal the charm of the printed page. It has the old mystery of "the paper that talks." "If I cannot read when I go home," said a young brave, "my people will laugh at me." The gratitude of the St. Augustines over their first text-book in geography was touching. Reading, writing and spelling are taught together by the word method and charts. Later, attractive little primaries have been very useful, and unbound numbers of children's magazines, such as are used in the Quincey schools. Most of the Dakotas can now read at sight as simple English as is found in these, and are beginning to take pleasure in reading or in listening to easy versions of our childhood classics of Robinson Crusoe, and Christopher Columbus, and George Washington with his little hatchet. One of their teachers who tried the hatchet story on them in preparation for the 22d of February, says: "Such attentive listeners I never saw before. They understood everything, even to the moral. A few days after this I was annoyed by talking in the class. When I asked who did it, every one blamed his neighbor. I said: 'Now, boys, don't tell a lie. Who will be a George Washington?' Two boys at once stood up and said: 'We did it.'

Another teacher was less successful with her moral, in trying to explain a hymn they had learned to recite: "Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin; Each victory will help you some other to win." The next day one of the girls came to her, exclaiming, triumphantly: "I victory! I victory! Louisa Bullhead got mad with me. She big temptation. I fight her. I victory!"—Helen W. Ludlow, in *Harper*.

### Bear After Seal.

On one occasion I had a capital opportunity of observing the movements of a bear while engaged in an attempt to procure himself a meal. Bruin was first seen on the ice, about 1,000 yards from us, stealthily advancing toward a seal that was lying apparently asleep about 500 yards off. Wishing to observe his motions, we made the boat fast to the ice and concealed ourselves at the bottom. The bear crept up very cautiously toward his would-be prey, occasionally breaking through the thin rotten ice and swimming for some distance, sometimes altogether under water. Having approached to within about twenty or thirty yards of his victim, he made a rapid, headlong rush toward it, but only to meet with disappointment, for quick as had been his motions, those of the seal were more rapid still, and he vanished down his blow-hole before his aggressor had covered half the distance that separated them when he made his final charge. The bear, however, followed into the water, where he remained diving and searching about for some little time before he emerged, snapping his jaws viciously, evidently much enraged at his failure, and behaving altogether in a very savage manner. At this juncture the harpooner who was with me imitated the cry of a walrus, and with such success as entirely to deceive the bear, who, pricking up his ears, quickly advanced toward us, but only to meet his death from a bullet out of my rifle.—Captain Markham, in *Good Words*.

### Microscopic Writing.

On a postcard on view at an exhibition in Germany there had been written in a German system of shorthand the large number of 33,000 words. Subsequently Mr. Hurst, of Sheffield, in England, the publisher of the *Phonograph*, a shorthand magazine, offered prizes for miniature shorthand. The writing was to be legible to the naked eye, and to be on one side of an English postcard, which is considerably smaller than a German card, 25,000 words on the former being reckoned equivalent to 33,000 on the latter. The first prize in this competition was awarded to G. H. Davidson, whose postcard contained 32,363 words, including the whole of Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," an essay on John Morley, and half of Holcroft's "Road to Ruin."

### Spoopendyke's Adventure with a Dog.

"Look here, my dear," said Mr. Sloopendyke, as he led a huge and shaggy dog into his wife's room, "I've got a dog a friend of mine gave me. What do you think of him?"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Sloopendyke mounting a chair in dismay. "Is he mad?"

"No, Mrs. Sloopendyke," retorted her husband, "he not only is not mad, but he isn't a stepladder either, or a bird's-eye view. He's a dog, and if you don't get down off that chair, he'll probably bite your legs off."

Mrs. Sloopendyke sat down on her feet and eyed the brute with some repudiation.

"Maybe he's got the hydrophobia," he suggested by way of a hearty welcome.

"Praps he has," agreed Mr. Sloopendyke, "but if he has he's got it in his pocket. Come here, doggie, doggie, doggie!" and Mr. Sloopendyke snapped his fingers persuasively.

"Why don't he come when you call him?" asked Mrs. Sloopendyke, deeply interested in the proceedings.

"Because you make such a dod-gasted noise you scare him," exclaimed Sloopendyke. "Come, doggie, doggie!"

"I don't quite like the way his tongue hangs out," objected Mrs. Sloopendyke. "It don't look natural."

"Maybe you don't like the way his tail hangs out, either. Praps you think that's artificial, too. With your information about dogs you only need a sht bottom and a broken hinge to be a dog pound. Keep quiet, now, while I teach him some tricks. Come here, doggie! Sit up, sir!"

The dog stretched out his forelegs, opened a mouth like a folding bedstead and growled.

"What makes him do that, Mr. Sloopendyke. Who do you s'pose made him do it? Thinks he works on a wire? Got a notion he goes by steam? He don't. I tell ye, he's alive, and he does it because that's the bent of his measy mind. What are ye sitting up there for? Can't ye see he don't like it? Now you sit still. Here, doggie, doggie, good doggie, sit up and beg!" and Mr. Sloopendyke held up an admonitory finger.

"The dog eyed Mr. Sloopendyke with anything but an assuring glance.

"He's hungry," suggested Mrs. Sloopendyke. "Dogs do not like that when they want to be taken down in the yard and fed."

"Of course you know," grumbled Mr. Sloopendyke. "All you want is perfect ignorance on the part of the police to be a dog fight. Got anything in the house for him to eat?"

"There's some cold oyster stew and a piece of custard pie—"

"That's it!" raved Mr. Sloopendyke.

"That's what the matter with the dog. He wants pie! You've got it. You only need a committee and a fight over the proceeds to be a bench show. Where's the oysters? Haven't ye got some cold coffee? Give him a lemon to stay his stomach!" and Mr. Sloopendyke jumped straight up into the air and landed on the dog. The dog made for the open air with a howl, and Mr. Sloopendyke gathered up twelve baskets of himself and looked after his prize.

"Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Sloopendyke, soothingly, "he'll come back."

"If he does I'll kill him," shouted Mr. Sloopendyke. "See what you've done? You've made me lose my dog and torn my trousers. Anything more about dogs you don't know? Got any more intelligence to impart about dogs? All you want is a bucket of brandy around your neck and a snow-storm to be a monk of St. Bernard," with which logical conclusion Mr. Sloopendyke began exploring his outlying districts for possible bites, while his wife speculated upon the salvation of the cold oysters and the custard pie by the sudden and eminently satisfactory disaffection of the dog.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

### White House Expenses.

It may be news to some persons to know that the President's salary of \$50,000 a year is not one-half the expenses of the White House and its outposts to the government. We give the items of the past year as an illustration:

Compensation of President	\$50,000
do of Private Secretary	3,250
do of Assistant Secretary	2,500
do of two Executive Clerks	2,500
do of Steward	4,000
do of Messenger and Usher	1,800
do of Farm-house-keeper	800
do of one Night Watchman	800
do of one Night Usher	1,200
do of two Day Ushers	2,800
do of one Usher at Secretary's door	1,200
do of two Bookkeepers at \$1,200	2,400
do of one Clerk	1,800
do of one Clerk	1,400
do of one Clerk	1,200
do of one Telegraph Operator	1,100
do for four Messengers (to wait on the three Clerks and Telegraph Operators nominally, but really servants) at \$1,200	4,800
Two horses for Messengers, to be furnished by Secretary of War, nominally for use of Messengers, but really for Secretary's carriage (cost not given—new item)	6,000
Contingent expenses	5,000
Grounds south of Executive Mansion	5,000
Reframing, Repairs and Greenhouse	25,000
Total	\$120,310

### An Extraordinary Case.

A most extraordinary natural accident, and one for the discussion of physicians, came to light a short time ago at Louisville, Ky., in which a needle taken into the foot of a lady nine years ago worked out of the thigh of her third child—a baby of one year. The lady in question is the wife of Mr. Harry Isaacs, a cigarmaker, who lives on Market street, near Wenzel. At the time of the accident Mrs. Isaacs was unmarried, and was then Miss Pauline Coblenz. The needle was encountered in a carpet and penetrated her foot the full length. A physician was called in immediately, but the needle could not be found, although it was known to be in the foot. She suffered great pain and for four months was unable to leave her bed. During that period three physicians made frequent attempts to extract the needle, and the knife was used extensively, however, without success. Miss Coblenz was quite fleshy before the accident, but fell off greatly from her long confinement. At length she was able to get about with the aid of crutches, but she continued to suffer from the needle. The pain decreased gradually and she regained her former fleshiness. Finally she felt the needle only at periods when there was a change in the weather. The movement of the needle seemed to be upward, and the point was not stationary, but moved with the needle. About five years ago she was married to Mr. Harry Isaacs. Three children are the fruit of their union, the youngest of which is a boy named Arthur, who is about a year old. The pain which troubled the mother left her even before the birth of the child, and the total disappearance of the pain she was wont to feel was a subject of remark and pleasure to her. On a recent Monday her baby, who has since its birth manifested a kindly disposition, was very restless, and cried unceasingly all night. The cause of the child's ailment was not discovered until the following morning, when in giving it a bath the mother discovered something black protruding through the skin of the child's thigh. She caught hold of it, and was frightened when she found the thing of a resisting substance. She, however, used a little force, and soon extracted the dark object. Imagine her surprise when she found it was a needle, black and corroded. The eye broke off in her hand while examining it. The recollection of the needle, which had caused her much pain, came vividly before the mother, and she felt keenly for her child. The remembrance of her relief from the pain also forced itself on the mother, and the connection of the two served as a clue as to how the needle came to be in the child's thigh. The mother says it would be almost impossible for the child to have taken up the needle without her finding it out, as the child would have made it known in piteous cries as it did when the needle worked out.

### Bathing.

The end of the day is the best time for a sponge-bath; a sponge and a coarse towel have often cured insomnia where diacodium failed. A bucketful of tepid water will do for ordinary purposes; daily shower-baths in winter-time are as preposterous as hot drinks in the dog days. Russian baths and ice-water cures owe their repute to the same popular delusion that ascribes miraculous virtues to nauseating drugs—the mistrust of our natural instincts, culminating in the idea that all natural things must be injurious to man, and that the efficacy of a remedy depends on the degree of its repulsiveness. Ninety-nine boys in a hundred would rather take the bitterest medicine than a cold bath in mid-winter. If we leave children and animals to the guidance of their instincts they will become amphibious in the dog-days, and quench their thirst at the coldest spring without fear of injurious consequences; but in winter-time even wild beasts avoid immersion with an instinctive dread. A Canadian bear will make a wide circuit, or pick his way over the floes rather than swim a lake in cold weather. Baptist missionaries do not report many revivals before June. Warm springs, on the other hand, attract all the birds and beasts that stay with us in winter-time; the hot spas of Rockport, Arkansas, are visited nightly by raccoons and foxes in spite of all torchlight hunts; and Haxthansen tells us that in hard winters the theme of Paetigorsk, in the eastern Caucasus, attract deer and wild hogs from the distant Terek valley. I know the claims of the hydropathic school, and the arguments pro and con, but the main points of controversy still hinge upon the issue between nature's testimony and Dr. Priessnitz's.—*Popular Science*.

### A Wail for Wives.

An Iowa paper claims that the supply of marriageable girls there is not equal to the demand, as there are two men to one woman in that State. The paper sends the following wail to other States:

"Send along your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts. Remember we want none of your scrawny, wasp-wasted, squint-eyed, cosmetic-washed, freckled-faced kind, but healthy, handsome, wide-awake, go-ahead girls, who have been permitted to grow up as the Lord made them."