The Patchwork Quilt.

In sheen of silken splendor,
With glittering threads of gold,
I've seen the waving marvels
That hung in walls of old;
When fair hands wrought the lily,
And brave hands held the lance,
And stately lords and ladies
Stepped through the courtly dance.

I've looked on rarer fabrics,
The wonders of the loom,
That caught the flowers of summer,
And captive held their bloom;
But not their wreathing beauty,
Though fit for queens to wear,
Can with one household treasure,
That's all my own compare.

It has no golden value,
The simple patchwork spread;
Its squares in homely fashion,
Set in with green and red;
But in those faded pieces
For me are shining bright,
Ah! many a summer morning,
And many a winter night.

The dewy breath of clover,
The leaping light of flame,
Like spells my heart came over,
As one by one I name
These bits of old-time dresses—
Chintz, cambric, calico—
That looked so fresh and dainty
On my darling long ago.

This violet was my mother's;
I seem to see her face,
That ever like sunshine
Lit up the shadiest place.
This buff belonged to Susan,
That scarlet spot was mine;
And Fanny wore this pearly white,
Where purple pansies shine.

I turn my patchwork over—
A book with pictured leaves—
And I feel the lilac fragrance,
And the snow-fall on the eaves.
Of all my heart's possessions,
I think I least could spare
The quilt we children pieced at home,
When mother dear was there.

The Fisher's Daughter.

High tide, with beautiful white-crested waves breaking on the shingle, a blue sky reflected on the bosom of the waters, and the honest, bronze-faced fishermen busily mending their nets and smoking their pipes after their midday meal.

One of the oldest and most respected of them all is Matthew Golding, whose genial countenance and cheerful good humor renders him a general favorite among his comrades, and he was looked up to and esteemed by one and all. He had been a widower for many years—his wife slept in the churchyard on the top of the hill, and within its sacred walls Matthew Golding worshiped every Sunday, his honest face lighting up at the good old rector's words, that told him of the home of peace and rest after his earthly toil was done.

A girl is standing near the breakwater and looking out at sea, her eyes shaded with her hand. A girl with a pretty, graceful figure, and simply yet tastefully clad; her hair, worn in two thick plaits, reaches below her waist, and her whole appearance is worthy an artist's study.

She is Matthew Golding's daughter—the pride of her father's heart and the belle of the little fishing village.

Her father, as he sits mending his net, lifts up his eyes ever and anon to gaze at his pretty daughter, and with the glance a shade falls across his usually pleasant face.

Seated near him, busied in the same occupation as himself, is a young man, dressed also in the garb of a fisherman, and to him Matthew turns and speaks of her who is leaning on the breakwater.

"She is as love-sick as she can be, I tell you, Mark, and I don't like it at all, for I don't believe as Mr. Carleton means any good to her."

"She is certainly very much changed," replies the younger fisherman, with a sigh. "I know she cared for me once, but it don't seem to make much difference to her now whether I am ashore or not."

"Ever since last spring he's been a dangling at her heels," continues old Matthew, "and I don't see what's to come of it. She has never been a willful lass, or acted contrary to my wishes; but it seems as if she had lost her head as well as her heart, too. There, don't be down-hearted, lad, she'll come to her senses by-and-bye, and see her folly; rest well assured of that."

Mark Fenton made no answer, but his fingers trembled once or twice as he went on with his work; and a drop of salt water, to which he had long been a stranger, fell upon his hand.

From his earliest boyhood he had learned to love his pretty playfellow, Hetty Golding, and for nearly two years now she had been his promised wife. But in the early spring of the year of which we are writing, Dudley Carleton—a youth with more money than brains—had come to spend a few months in the little fishing town, where the sweet, graceful figure of Hetty Golding had enchanted him.

Nothing was pleasanter to young Carleton than to flatter this simple maiden, and whisper love-words in her ear, as meaningless as they were subtle.

To ready a listener proved Hetty Golding, and she, inflated with the notion of soon becoming "a lady" and Dudley Carleton's wife, turned her back upon her faithful lover, Mark Fenton, and for the last few weeks had hardly given him a word. It was a great trouble to her honest father, for of all men of his acquaintance there was not one so worthy of her as Mark, nor one to whom he would so readily have given her in marriage. In vain he had advised and counseled her. Hetty, formerly so gentle, so ready to comply with her father's wishes, hung her head in sullen silence, and sought, more persistently than ever, the society of Dudley Carleton. On this particular morning on which our story opens he, with a party of friends, had gone forth on a boating excursion, and Hetty, as she knew the time was drawing near for their returning, had taken up her station at the breakwater where the pleasure boats were usually drawn ashore. Carleton was not alone in the village; some cousins of his own age had accompanied him thither with their sisters, and Hetty had observed that on one, young and prettier than the rest, Dudley had begun, within the last few days, to bestow more than ordinary attention, and her young heart was hot within her as she stood shading her eyes and watching for the returning boat.

"You seem out of sorts to-day, lass."

She recognized Mark's voice, and it brought the crimson blood in a torrent to her cheeks.

She gave her shoulders an impatient twist, while her pretty forehead wrinkled into a frown.

"Oh, do go away; you are the plague of my life," she said, angrily.

With her eyes fixed on the ocean, she did not see the look of pain that came over the swarthy face of the fisherman.

Presently she felt her little white hand—fair and delicate enough for a duchess—seized somewhat roughly in his own, and she struggled in vain to draw it away.

"You shan't tell me that twice," Hetty," he said, in tones of sorrow rather than anger. "I will go away; but before I go I'll have it out with this young gentleman that's changed you so, and ask him whether he means to act honorably toward you or whether he's only fooling you, as I suspect he is."

"You dare to say one word to Mr. Carleton!" exclaimed the girl, indignantly. "It is no business of yours, He—"

"Oh, no business of mine, eh?" interrupted Mark. "I should like to know what is my business then, considering that your father gave you to me months and months afore this chap came here. We might have been married now if it hadn't been that you are so changed. If it hadn't been that—"

"Oh, don't preach, Mark; I hate it," cried Hetty, impatiently. "I am very sorry if you care for me, because really I—I don't think I care for you quite as I ought—and as I once thought I did."

"How long have you found that out?—only since he came to the village, with his soft blarney and honied tongue," retorted the young fisherman. "Well, we shall see," he added, in quieter tone. "If he marries you, well and good; I wouldn't stand in the way of your happiness, even though it—it broke my heart to part with you. You're pretty enough to grace a crown—and all the village says so—but that ain't the thing. If he so much as hurt one hair of your head—I'd break every bone in his body."

And the strong hand of Mark Fenton clenched as he spoke, and he looked at that moment powerful enough to fell an ox with one blow.

Hetty turned away, not altogether at ease; but, affecting an air of the most supreme indifference to all her lover had said, she resumed her former position, tapping one dainty foot impatiently on the shingle.

Mark left her without another word; and at that moment the boat, bearing the form of him she imagined she loved, came in with a dash of spray as it reached the breakwater.

Mark stood watching the party land, while a rich flush of color mantled Hetty's cheek. She stood with her bosom heaving, expecting a look or even a word, but she received neither.

Dudley Carleton appeared utterly unconscious of her presence, and passed her as if there had been no such creature as Matthew Golding's daughter in existence.

The color faded from her cheek, leaving her white to her lips, and no sooner was the boating party out of sight than she turned and walked slowly toward her father's cottage.

But the feeling of disappointment did not continue with her long. Dudley, doubtless, had not seen her—no, she was sure that he could not have done so—and at their next meeting he would be the same as ever. She had appointed to meet him on the morrow, away from the busy fishing town, at a little nook in the cliffs, the spot of many a former tryst; and she was almost counting the hours until the time should arrive.

She hardly remembered how she dragged through the day, almost sick with anxiety, lest Dudley's love had waned. Mark Fenton, usually their guest at supper, did not appear that evening, and her father was gloomy and silent, so that Hetty crept away to bed as soon as she was able.

The morrow dawned, bright, fair and sunny, as the previous day had been; and at the appointed time and place Hetty, looking wonderfully pretty in her fresh Sunday attire, with the daintiest of straw hats, trimmed with sprays of pink heather, stood awaiting the arrival of Dudley Carleton.

For more than an hour she waited, burrowing tiny holes in the earth with the end of the fringed parasol that had once been her mother's, and walking up and down until she seemed familiar with every blade of grass and weary of the sound of her own footsteps.

Dudley Carleton came not.

Suddenly she bethought herself of her father's tea, and not until then did she seem to be aware that her lover had broken his word. She had little time to question herself, however—she must hurry home, get her finery laid away, and the table spread in readiness for his return from work.

She was hot and flushed from the haste she had made, when the old fisherman entered, and looked a little guilty too; but she talked cheerfully to him throughout the meal, and made a desperate effort to appear as though nothing out of the ordinary way had happened.

More than a week passed. Mark had taken her at her word and kept out of her way, and so had Dudley Carleton, for the matter of that, for she had seen and heard nothing of him either.

In vain she waited for him on the beach, trusting that ere each morning was out he would be down there with his boat; but he never came, and she began to fear that he had left the little fishing village, and that all her "castle building" was gradually crumbling to pieces.

She never suspected how narrowly in these days Mark Fenton watched the girl he loved; he could almost read her thoughts by every change of her face, so closely had he studied it of late.

One evening, wending his way homeward to his solitary lodging (for by the death of his mother, some years back, Mark Fenton had been left alone in the world), his heart and mind oppressed with anxious thoughts of Hetty, a figure came out of the gloaming and advanced toward him.

A second glance was all that was required to enable him to recognize Dudley Carleton, and when once the recognition had been made, Mark slackened his pace and waited for the young man to approach him.

They were alone on the cliffs, those two men—patrician and plebeian—and as the light of the moon fell upon the face of the former, the latter saw that it was slightly paler than usual. Dudley Carleton knew him to be Hetty Golding's lover; for the girl had on more than one occasion pointed him out as the man her father wished her to marry.

He stopped because Mark stopped, although his glance somewhat quailed beneath that of the stalwart fisherman.

"Mr. Carleton—is that you? We thought you had left the village," said Mark, somewhat sternly: "and so does some one else, whom you have basely deceived."

"I—what do you mean?" exclaimed Dudley, angrily, the hot blood rising to his smooth cheek. "How dare you accost me thus? I have no feelings in common with you; I don't even recollect your name—that is to say if I ever knew it."

"Never mind what my name is," retorted Mark, fiercely. "I know who you are. You are one of those men who go about the world and call themselves gentlemen—who steal a simple lassie's heart with their lies, and, when they have grown tired of it chuck it away, like children play with the shingle."

"I am not going to bandy words with a fellow like you," cried Dudley, livid now with stifled passion. "I suppose I can converse with a pretty girl if I like, without being brought to account by a low-born fisherman."

"Low-born you call me, do you?" repeated Mark Fenton, in tones of withering scorn. "If I am low-born, I am honest, which is more than some folks are; and I would rather have to beg for my bread than call myself a no truer gentleman than you!"

An angry oath, followed by a still angrier blow, was all the answer vouchsafed to Mark Fenton's unpalatable speech, and the two men closed together in a fierce and desperate struggle.

They neared the edge of the cliff, but in their mad anger they were utterly forgetful of their perilous position.

A moment more and they had both reeled over together—over the great, rugged cliffs of old red sandstone—on to the beach below, that made one dizzy to look down upon.

In the morning their bodies were found by some fishermen who had missed Mark Fenton's presence from among them, and had immediately begun to make anxious inquiries. Mark, though senseless, was alive. His fall had been broken by a piece of projecting earth, and he was carried home with a broken arm and a wounded head.

The graceful, youthful figure of Dudley Carleton lay crushed and dead upon the beach, and one of the fisherman—who had known him best, through having sometimes accompanied him and his friends on their boating excursions—went and communicated the sad tidings to his relations.

Meanwhile Mark was borne away to the cottage where he lodged; and the worthy housewife, who had become terribly alarmed at his absence, proceeded to dress his wounds with all a mother's tenderness.

Her only son had been drowned a few months previous to Mark Fenton's coming to make his home among them, and she had learned to look upon the young fellow in the light of that son she had lost.

One hour later and the news had reached Hetty, who entered the cottage with a wild despairing cry and threw herself by her lover's side.

"Mark—oh! dear Mark—live for my sake!" she ejaculated, in accents well-nigh choked with emotion. "I never knew how dearly I loved you until now. I never knew that all the world is as nothing compared to you. I have been a foolish, wicked girl, and I want you to forgive me!"

Mark Fenton opened his eyes, and fixed them on the white, haggard face of Matthew Golding's daughter.

"My poor lass," he murmured, faintly pressing the delicate fingers which lay in his open palm, "I knew you'd regret it before long. Don't take on, my darling; I am not going to die yet; I feel so much better now that I have seen you, and heard your own sweet words. I am sorry Mr. Carleton's dead; I shall always feel that I had something to do wth it and yet He who is one day to be my Judge knows that I meant him no harm. Don't take on so, lassie—don't take on so."

"Oh, Mark! I am a great deal more to blame than you," continued Hettie, still weeping. "I can never forget what a wicked girl I have been."

"Yes you will, dear; wait till I come down on the beach again," rejoined Mark, "and we shall be so happy together. Kiss me, Hettie, and let me see you bright and cheerful every day; that will do me more good than all the doctors in England."

* * * * * *

And it was as Mark Fenton had said. He did grow better every day, although his recovery to health and strength was a more lengthy affair than either he or Hetty had ever anticipated; for it was not until the following spring that he was seen at his work again, and during that time the frequent visits of the worthy rector had cheered and soothed him, and he went about his business at last like the Mark Fenton of old. A change, however, had come over Hetty, and perhaps for the better.

A magisterial inquest was held respecting the discovery of Dudley Carleton's body, and his death was asserted to have been occasioned entirely by his own passion.

Hetty could not do too much for Mark to prove the affection that he once had feared she had bestowed upon another, and in the early summer, to the infinite satisfaction of old Matthew, they were quietly married in the little rustic church.

Their children may now be seen playing upon the beach, for they love to listen to the song of the waves, or climb on "grandfather's" knee when tired of their gambols and listen to his wonderful tales; but there is one spot on the cliffs which Hetty can never pass without a shudder, or recalling to mind events in the past to which her husband has never once alluded.

She Saw Him a Few Better.

The public has long conceded that the power of the hotel clerk is superior to that of the President. A new rival has sprung up in the railroad ticket agent, as was demonstrated at an Iowa station a few weeks ago.

"I want a ticket to B—" said a well-known lady of the town, just before train.

"Twenty-four cents," responded the agent, working his sausage machine.

She laid down a silver quarter. Being well-acquainted and a practical joker, the agent drew from his pocket a glittering pants button and passed it over with the ticket and scooped up the quarter.

"Is this legal tender?" asked the lady, quietly.

"Oh, yes," he answered, with mock gravity, "they are the mainstay of the republic."

She pocketed it and got aboard, leaving the agent's face coruscating with smiles.

A few days after he told it to a brigade of runners buying tickets for B—, and while he was enjoying the encore the lady appeared with:

"Ticket for B—, please."

"Twenty-four cents," with a sly wink at the runners. He laid down the ticket. She scooped it and laid down twenty-four dazzling pants buttons, exactly like the first.

"You said they were legal tender. They go a long ways in supporting the family," she chirped, sweetly, as she bowed from the presence of more than presidential prerogative.

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Salvation by Prayer.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes: In Copiah county, Mississippi, I was shown a place where a man was not hanged, who nevertheless seems to have come very near experiencing that fate. He was a noted horse thief, and was at last captured by a company of indignant farmers who had found some of their own horses tied up in the woods, and had remained in ambush near by until the thief came back to dispose of his booty. The whole countryside was soon informed of the arrest, and the men assembled with rifles and shotguns to see the prisoner and decide or learn what was to be done with him. It was determined, after due deliberation, that he should be hanged then and there. A rope was accordingly procured, one end was fastened to a convenient limb and the other made into a noose which was adjusted around the prisoner's neck. He was mounted upon a mule, and a man was selected who was to act as executioner by leading the animal away from the tree, thus leaving the culprit dangling in the air. Apparently his last moment had come, and he had too much good sense to ask for his life.

But his captors were nearly all religious men, members of the Christian churches of the neighborhood, and at this juncture one of the leaders suggested that as it was a very solemn thing to send a human soul into eternity especially if in an unprepared condition, as was most likely the case in this instance, he thought they ought to engage in prayer before hanging the man. To this all assented and the man who had proposed devotional exercises was appointed to lead in prayer. He did so, and made a most feeling and fervent plea for divine mercy for the sinner who was just about to appear in the presence of the Most High with all his crimes upon his head. The company was deeply impressed; many were even moved to tears. But the prayer came to an end, the tear-bedewed eyes were dried, and the "exercises of the occasion" were about to be completed according to the programme, when the man who had held the mule by the bridle declared that he did not feel willing to discharge the duty which had been assigned to him. "Somebody else do it; I don't want to have nothing to do with hangin' him," said he, and his feeling was found to be the unanimous sentiment of the assembly. The result was that the prisoner was delivered to the sheriff, and was soon afterward sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary. I think he must have been ever afterward an earnest believer in the efficacy of prayer.

Religious News and Notes.

Three years ago there were in Paris only twenty-two Protestant mission stations; now there are forty-five, scattered all over France.

The general synod of the Evangelical Lutheran church in the United States will be held at Altoona, Pa., June 8.

The Rev. Marcus Palmer, M. D., formerly a Presbyterian missionary among the Indians, died recently at Milan, Ohio, aged eighty-six.

Sixteen missionary, Bible and tract societies have been invited to participate in the missionary conference to be held in Constantinople, June 3.

"I used to be an odd-job Christian, but I am now working full time," was the remark of a laboring man who had been remiss in his duties, but had been through a revival.

The opponents of organ music in a Presbyterian church in Toronto stopped its notes effectually by pouring hot glue into the pipes and upon the keys.

The revival in the Methodist church in Meriden, Conn., lasting fifteen weeks, resulted in 850 conversions. Of the converts, 400 joined the Methodist church.

The senate and house of deputies of Brazil have passed article eight of the reform of the constitution giving Protestants the same civil and political rights as Catholics enjoy.

The clergy list of the Church of England contains upward of 25,000 names. Those in pastoral service number only 17,970. Of these 11,186 are incumbents resident, 1,509 incumbents non-resident, 387 curates in charge, and 4,888 assistant curates.

The late Mrs. E. J. Wallingford, of Pittsburg, left $5,000 each to the Presbyterian board of foreign missions, the board of Home missions, the board of Education and the board of relief. Smaller amounts were bequeathed to other church objects.

There are, it appears, in the United States no less than fifteen distinct Methodist denominations, of which the Methodist Episcopal and Methodist Episcopal South churches are by far the largest. Of the fifteen churches, eight are Episcopal and seven Presbyterian independent. The total of communicants is 3,521,600, which is estimated to represent a Methodist population of 14,086,400, or more than twice the Roman Catholic population.

The finger rings of this country are worth $58,000,000.

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

Twenty years ago an iron theater was shipped to Australia, from England, in convenient sections, so as to be put up easily on arrival there.

By a strict enforcement of a new and rigorous law against opium dealing and smoking, Idaho is confident of her ability to crush the growing vice.

A celery garden of forty-six acres, believed to be the largest in the world, is cultivated in the suburbs of London, and produces annually about half a million plants.

Every shell fired by an army during siege operations costs, with the powder with which the mortar is charged, the sum of eight dollars—enough to support a poor family for a fortnight.

If a person of fair complexion exposes himself to the electric light for some time examining the action of lamps, the hands and cheeks will show all the symptoms of sunburn, even in midwinter, and he will develop freckles on his countenance as quick as when he goes about unprotected by a sun-umbrella in midsummer.

It is said that there is as much difference between a cultivated oyster and one taken from its natural bed, as there is between our best Bartlett and common pear. The cultivation of the mollusks also greatly increases the supply, as the oyster-raiser watches his beds and keeps them free from the depredations of the starfish, the drill and the periwinkle—all enemies of the oyster.

That the Mississippi may deservedly be called the "Father of Waters," the following data will show: Quantity of water discharged by that river annually, 4,883,360,636,880 cubic feet; quantity of sediment discharged annually, 18,188,883,892 cubic feet; area of the delta of the river, according to Lyell's estimate, 13,000 square miles, and depth of the same, as calculated by Professor Riddell, 1,056 feet. The delta, consequently, as appears from these figures, contains 490,378,429,440,000 cubic feet, or 2,720 cubic miles, and it would require for the formation, therefore, of one cubic mile of delta five years and eighty-one days—for the formation of one square mile, of the depth of 1,056 feet, one year sixteen and one-fifth days, and for the formation of the whole delta 14,208 4-5 years.

The Queer Fisherman.

The otter is admirably adapted to its aquatic habits. Its body is long and flexible, with a long, tapering tail, which serves as a rudder in the performance of the evolutions of the animals under the water. The limbs are short, but very muscular and powerful; and the feet, which consist of five toes each, are webbed, so as to serve as paddles or oars. The eyes are large, the ears short, and the lips are provided with strong whiskers. The covering consists of two kinds of fur—an under vest of close, short, waterproof wool, and an outer vest of long, coarse, glossy hairs. Shy and recluse, the otter is nocturnal in his habits, lurking by day in its burrow, which opens near the water's edge, concealed among the tangled herbage.

Voracious, active and bold, it is notorious for its devastations among the fish in our rivers and lakes, which are not protected from this foe, either by the element in which they live, or by their rapidity of their motion in it. Like them, the otter is at home in the water, swimming at any depth with the utmost velocity.

Many instances are upon record of the successful employment of tame otters for angling purposes. Bishop Heber relates that at Pondicherry, on the banks of the Matta Colly, he saw a row of nine or ten very large and beautiful otters, tethered with straw collars and long strings to bamboo stakes. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in or half out of the water; others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill, whistling noise, as if in play. The bishop observes that most of the fishermen in the neighborhood kept one or more of these animals, who were of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, and sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth.

A Robber Moved to Mercy.

The worst of us are human—sometimes—as the following incident goes to prove:

A burglar entered a house in which a mother was sitting up with a sick child. "Sir," she said to him in a whisper, as soon as she could compose herself to speak, "there is nothing of value in this house except that child's life, at least to me, but you may find otherwise. Here, take my keys, search everywhere, take what you want, but speedily and without noise, I implore you." She handed him the keys, placed her finger on her lip and pointed to the door. The burglar moved quietly away, then turned and said in a low voice, "Is he very sick?" "His life hangs on the continuance of this sleep." "Then he will recover for all the noise I'll make," the robber answered, laying down the keys and noiselessly taking his departure, but absolutely nothing else.