

A Song for the Girl I Love.

A song for the girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the eyes of tender smile,
And the fragrant mouth that melts on mine,
The shimmering tresses uncontrolled
That clasp her neck with tender gold;
The blossom mouth and the dainty chin
And the little dimples out and in—
The girl I love—
God love her!
A song for the girl I loved—
God love her!
A song for the eyes of faded light,
And the cheek whose red rose waned to white
The quiet brow with its shadow and gleam,
And the dark hair drooped in a long, deep
dream;
The small hands crossed for their churchyard
rest.
And the lilies dead on her sweet dead breast.
The girl I loved—
God love her!

MARY'S MISTAKE.

"No news of him yet! Oh, Herbert, are you really lost to me?"

Thus often murmured Mary Weldon, a beautiful girl of twenty, as she vainly scanned the "shipping news" in the paper for tidings of her absent sailor lover.

Three long years had now passed since he left her—for nearly three years she had heard nothing either of him or his vessel—the Hero, a surveying craft, of which he was the captain.

He had told Mary before he sailed that he thought the voyage would not occupy more than twenty-eight months; that at the end of that time he would probably come home, and that he would then make her his wife. But, as yet, she had received but one letter from him—four months after he went away—while now thirty-two more had passed without her getting a line.

Her father thought that the craft must have been lost, and so did many other people; but Mary kept hoping on. She had loved the young naval captain deeply, and she could not bring herself to think he was dead, in spite of his silence and his long absence. Both her parents, believing that he had either died or that he was false to her, endeavored to turn her mind in another direction.

There was a certain skipper named John Thomas, a good-looking, worthy young man, who numbered thirty years in age, and \$300 in savings. Mr. Weldon now wanted his daughter to encourage this person; but although she liked and respected him for his excellent disposition, she had never thought of accepting him for a husband.

One day it chanced that Thomas bought from a news stand a copy of a South American paper, the latest number, and evidently the only one which had reached Bristol.

From the right hand lower corner of one of the pages a piece of the paper had accidentally come off and was missing.

Attracted toward that spot, the captain's gaze was riveted on a little notice near this part of the journal. The heading of this paper having been partially torn off with the missing piece of the paper, it stood thus, with the other lines undisturbed beneath:

MAR

"On June 28th, Herbert Weyman, late captain of the brig Hero, to Fanny Major, of Costa Rica."

For a moment the young man's brain seemed to spin round like a top.

"Married! So he is married!" he murmured to himself. "Then, indeed, all is over between him and Mary Weldon. How scurvily he has treated her! I have always heard good reports of him, and would not believe this did I not see the marriage notice here before my very eyes in this paper, published in Costa Rica, where the wedding took place!"

Again he looked at the notice.

"Ay, I have made no mistake. Here it is, plain enough, under that heading of 'Married,' or 'Marriages'—which ever it was before the letters coming after m-a-r were torn off! And now what shall I do? I don't like to be the bearer of this terrible news to poor Mary. Heaven help her!"

Finally he concluded to take the paper to her mother; but not until the next morning after she had received it could Mrs. Weldon master courage to show the notice to Mary.

The young girl became very pale; even her lips turned white, while great blue rings appeared under her beautiful eyes; and for a moment she staggered as if about to swoon.

"My dear child," cried her anxious mother, winding an arm about her neck, "let your pride help you. So false a person is not worth a thought!"

"No, no; he cannot have been false, mamma. There must be some mistake!"

"Would that it were so. But these lines tell the story." Mary read these terrible words.

"May not some foolish person have put it in for a joke?" she said.

"No; don't try to deceive yourself, Mary. Marriage notices are never put in for jokes—at least, not in that way."

From this moment Mary began to droop. She strove to call pride to her

aid, but in vain. Her nature was of that intense, loving kind that clings forever to the object of its affectionate regard.

Now her parents strove harder than ever to persuade her to receive the attentions of Captain Thomas.

At last, to please them, she consented to see him occasionally. But her absent manner convinced the young man that he could hope nothing from this concession.

He was a manly fellow, whom the sorrows of women, but especially those of the one he loved, affected deeply; and Mary, who had always rather liked him, at once noticed and appreciated his sympathy.

"Marry him and forget that other worthless fellow," her father ventured to say to her, at last.

"I could never like Mr. Thomas well enough for that, papa, and I doubt not he knows it."

"Yes, but it was only the other day that he told your mother that he would willingly run the risk of your loving him after marriage, if you would have him."

But Mary sadly shook her head.

"So you persist in thinking of that false-hearted rascal—"

"Oh, papa, say nothing against him," she interrupted. "Somehow I still feel as if there must be some mistake. Yes," she added, starting up; "you shall take me away off to Costa Rica, and we will search the marriage register there!"

This was not the first time she had made that proposal, and now her father replied: "Mr. Thomas sails on a trading voyage next week to Costa Rica, and as I have business to transact there, where I intend to establish an agency for shipping stores, you and I can accompany him."

They sailed at the appointed time, and finally arrived at Costa Rica.

There inquiries were made, but the marriage register could not be examined, as the building in which it had been kept had lately burned down and the book was lost.

It was ascertained, however, that the chaplain of a British frigate, which had been in the harbor about a year before, but had now sailed away, had married a young naval officer and a lady. The names of the wedded twain could not be learned, but there existed no doubt, even in the mind of Mary Weldon, that they were Herbert Weyman and the Fanny Major mentioned in the notice.

Mr. Weldon now hardly gave his daughter a moment's rest with respect to Captain Thomas. He believed that, if she married that person, she would be a happy woman, in time.

At last he said: "Promise me one thing, Mary—that you will at least have him when we return home, which will be in about eight months from now!"

"Yes, if I am alive, and if I learn nothing in the meanwhile to show that we have been mistaken about Herbert!"

She only made this promise to please her father. She felt quite sure it would never be fulfilled—that she would die before she arrived home, and be buried in the deep sea.

At last the time came when the vessel sailed.

Mary had continued to droop. Her cheek was sunken, her voice was hollow; she had become thin and worn. But her strong constitution kept her up, and when finally within a day's sail of home, she concluded that she was likely to live on for years.

So then, after all, her promise would have to be fulfilled—she would have to marry Thomas—for she would not break her word even though it broke her heart to keep it.

"Yes, I have allowed myself, by papa's importunity, to be drawn into making that unfortunate promise, and I must keep my word even though it kill me!"

As she spoke, she sprang upon a bench near the rail, the better to receive upon her hot, fevered brow the full force of the fresh morning wind, which was blowing hard.

Not a quarter of a mile astern of the ship was another vessel—a beautiful topsail schooner, which had been sighted that morning, and was evidently also bound for Bristol.

In her agitation Mary hardly noticed it. Her brain was reeling, and she felt dizzy. A sudden roll of the ship precipitated her over the rail into the sea.

All the officers and men being intent upon some work forward—the young girl's father being below—no person, not even the man at the wheel, whose back was toward her, and who was a little deaf, saw or heard her fall overboard.

She did not know how to swim, and when she came to the surface the salt water, which had poured into her mouth, drowned her gurgling cries.

As she struggled there in the seething waters she saw the ship flying on, its occupants still unconscious of the accident.

She went down for the second time, and even at that dreadful moment, as the thunder of the waters fell upon her confused brain, she was conscious of thinking that at least she would escape a marriage with the man she did not love.

But when she again rose to the surface she heard voices and dimly saw a boat from the other vessel—the topsail schooner—coming swiftly toward her.

She would be saved after all, was her thought, and the sacrifice would have to be made.

She was half bewildered, in a semi-conscious state, when a few moments later she was pulled into the boat, and it was some minutes before she could fully realize her situation.

Some person had an arm round her, and while he bathed her temples and forehead, he was eagerly calling her by name.

When she was fully restored to sight and sense she uttered a wild cry of surprise on recognizing, in the handsome young officer who held her, none other than Herbert Weyman, her long-absent lover!

"Let me go," she sobbed, disengaging herself from him. "Take me back to my father, who is in that ship in the distance, and then return to your wife, for I suppose she is aboard that schooner."

"My wife?"

"Yes; your bride, Fanny Major."

Weyman looked puzzled, until from a little ornamental rubber case taken from her pocket Mary drew forth and showed to him the notice she had cut out from the Costa Rica journal. She had preserved it carefully, and as the case was almost air-tight, the paper had been but little more than dampened during her recent immersion in the water.

"Well," said Weyman, as his face cleared, "here is the schooner close to us! Take a good look at her, and you will see my bride."

"Oh, Herbert, I see no woman!"

"True; but you see a beautiful schooner. There is her name, in red letters, on the quarter."

Mary read the name.

It was "Fanny Major."

"That is the name which is in the notice!" cried the young girl, in surprise.

"Yes," he answered; "but it means the schooner—nothing more!"

"Why, surely the paragraph is a marriage notice!"

"No; had not the heading been partly torn off, leaving only M-a-r, which I perceive was the sole cause of your mistake, it would have been 'Marine Transfer,' not 'Marriages,' as you supposed!"

As soon as he had assisted the overjoyed girl aboard the schooner he showed her, in a perfect state, the same number of the paper as that from which she had cut the notice. The heading was "Marine Transfer," and the meaning of the notice was thus made apparent. Weyman had been transferred to the Fanny Major; that is, to the vessel of that name.

Further explanations followed. Herbert's long silence had been caused by his being sent to cruise in the lonely Arctic ocean, where he had been shut in by the ice for one whole winter.

With the greatest difficulty he had, after many months of bad weather, brought his shattered craft, in the following summer, to Costa Rica.

There he was transferred to the Fanny Major, and was sent for a cruise off the coast of Siberia. Before going he wrote to Mary, intrusting his letter to a friend of his, a naval officer, who had just been married to a lady in Costa Rica, by the chaplain of the frigate, and who, with his bride, was going to sail for home on leave of absence, aboard a merchant ship. The ship was lost, as he subsequently learned, and with it the letter.

On his return to Costa Rica from Siberia he found orders left for him to sail for home with the Fanny Major.

He must have arrived only a day or so after Thomas got under way, and thus have just missed a meeting there with Mary.

As to his overtaking the craft, which must have sailed a week before he was ready to start, this was probably owing to his having had better weather than Captain Thomas had encountered.

And so, now, Mary was happier than words can express. A few hours later she was restored to her father's arms, and to Mr. Weldon the necessary explanations were made.

A month later his daughter was united in marriage to Herbert Weyman.

Captain Thomas, for a long time disconsolate, eventually married a rosy Scarborough girl, who proved to be an excellent wife.

A Natural Bridge of Snow.

The Downieville (Cal.) Messenger describes an interesting spectacle to be seen on the East fork of the Yuba river, about five miles above Downieville. It is an immense snow-slide, which completely covers the river for a distance of several hundred feet. This slide formed a year ago this winter, and was then perhaps seventy-five feet deep. The summer sun of last year failed to melt it, and it is now, with some of the winter's snow, at least forty feet in depth, the old snow being as hard as ice almost. The river has worn its way through and the arch is as regular as though formed of human hands. There will doubtless be plenty of snow there all summer, as it lies in a gorge where the sun strikes it only a few hours in the day.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Everywhere in New York city the electric light is making its way, and although it may become just as great a monopoly in the end as gas is now, it may, in the meantime, serve to bring the gas companies to reasonable terms. Almost all the large new private houses now building will have it as well as offices, theaters, banks, etc.

Laborers are in great demand for railway building in the Southwest. The Denver and Rio Grande railroad officials want 10,000 men, to be employed one year and perhaps two. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe wants a large number. Jay Gould has some 25,000 laborers engaged in constructing his new lines. It is estimated that a million men are wanted west of the Mississippi this year.

There is not much comfort in the report, says a New York paper, that the internal revenue receipts for the year ending June 30 will exceed those of the previous year by nearly \$10,000,000 owing chiefly to the collections on cigarettes; for this increase marks the spread of an injurious habit among growing boys. No one who keeps his eyes open as he walks about the streets can have failed to observe that half the small boys he meets are smoking cigarettes. It is not necessary to condemn the use of tobacco by men before venturing to protest against its use by babies. Furthermore, there is, unhappily, no doubt that women and girls make every year a larger contribution to the revenue derived from cigarettes.

The Princess Dolgorouki, wife of the late czar of Russia, is investing a very large proportion of the millions left her by provident care of her late husband, in United States securities. Under the new regime the princess' life in Russia is not a happy one by any means. The present czar never admired her as a stepmother, and he does not make any secret of his desire to rid Russia of her and her children. Perhaps she contemplates establishing herself in this free country, where she could enjoy peace, security and quiet, and expend her wealth just as she should see fit. To have a real live princess reside in the United States would be a great boon to that class of our people who delight in worshipping the nobility. There is a part of the princess' record, however, which might not commend her to all classes.

Professor Chandler, president of the board of health, gave a very interesting address—"Sanitary Thoughts for the Times"—at the meeting of the Congregational club, of New York city, recently. He thinks that the danger of pestilence in that city is exaggerated, and that the increase of diseases in 1881 over 1880 is due largely to the severe winter or to other special causes rather than to the unhealthy condition of the streets. He claimed that the health statistics of other American cities were very imperfectly kept, and that the larger apparent death rate in New York city is due largely to the exceptional accuracy of its health statistics. Comparing New York with foreign cities, he said that Liverpool, Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester, Paris, Breslau, Vienna, St. Petersburg and Stockholm all show worse weeks since January than New York city.

Three years ago the Philadelphia Medical society appointed a committee to investigate the condition of the eyes of the children in the city schools. The report of the committee was read by the chairman, Dr. Risley, at a recent meeting of the society. The committee had examined about 2,000 pairs of eyes. The condition of those examined, Dr. Risley said, had proved better than had been expected by the committee. The cases of impaired sight ranged from twenty-five per cent. among the smaller children to forty per cent. among the older scholars. The average of diseased eyes ranged correspondingly from thirty to sixty per cent. The instances where any blame attached to the board of education or their sectional boards for want of care for the eyes of the children were only two, one of which was the case of the primary practicing class in the normal school. The room is lighted by one large western window, which, owing to the position of the desks and the master's table, the children are obliged to face.

A newly married couple recently arrived at the Cleveland (Ohio) railroad station, and amused the passengers. It was evident, says a local reporter, that they were slowly consuming by a terrible burning of the unquenchable flame of young love. They wandered to and fro along the entire length of the station, the one arm of the swain encircling the waist of Mrs. Swain, and the other bearing their baggage, a three-pound Saratoga. After having exercised sufficiently they repaired to the waiting-room, and there whiled away the remaining time before the arrival of the train by billing, cooing, caressing and kissing, even until the clerk in the fruit

stand smiled. He was politely told by the man with the wife that he was lacking sense. Several others, who didn't know what love is, were also unable to suppress their merriment. As excess of feeling, no matter of what kind, will turn on the faucet to the fountain of tears, this young couple finally became so happy that they wept copiously. At last the train arrived and the loving pair departed. No doubt the passengers on the train received their money's worth of amusement during the ride.

Some idea of what the United States has to pay for the Indian service may be had by the following proposals, bids for which were received by the commissioners of Indian affairs at Nos. 65 and 67 Water street, New York. They were for about 800,000 pounds of bacon, 40,000,000 pounds of beef on the hoof, 128,000 pounds beans, 70,000 pounds baking powder, 2,300,000 pounds corn, 750,000 pounds coffee, 8,300,000 pounds flour, 212,000 pounds feed, 300,000 pounds hard bread, 75,000 pounds hominy, 9,000 pounds lard, 1,650 barrels mess pork, 230,000 pounds rice, 11,200 pounds tea, 72,000 pounds tobacco, 200,000 pounds salt, 200,000 pounds soap, 8,000 pounds soda, 1,250,000 pounds sugar and 830,000 pounds wheat. Also blankets, woolen and cotton goods, consisting in part of ticking, 36,000 yards; standard calico, 300,000 yards; drilling, 25,000 yards; duck, free from all sizing, 175,000 yards; denims, 17,000 yards; gingham, 50,000 yards; Kentucky jeans, 26,000 yards; satinet, 4,500 yards; brown sheeting, 213,000 yards; bleached sheeting, 9,000 yards; hickory shirting, 12,000 yards; calico shirting, 5,000 yards; waist, 2,600 yards; clothing, groceries, notions, hardware, medical supplies and a long list of miscellaneous articles, such as harness, plows, rakes, forks, etc., and for 475 wagons, required for the service in Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Idaho, Indian Territory, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada and Wisconsin, to be delivered at Chicago, Kansas City and Sioux City.

Another wonder of electricity is reported, this time from Europe. An experiment has just been made with an improved telephone, by which conversation was carried on across the English channel between Dover, in England, and Calais, in France. The experiment is said to have been wholly successful and satisfactory, words whispered into the apparatus at one end of the cable being so distinctly heard at the other that the mere tones of the voice of the person speaking were distinguishable. At the same time the human voice was being transmitted through one of the wires of the cable, the other wires were used for ordinary telegraph messages, and this, too, during the busiest part of the day, when the wires were in unceasing requisition. A number of eminent scientific gentlemen were present at the testing of the new invention, which is called the electrophone, and were enthusiastic over its success. The correspondent who reports the facts predicts most important results from the invention, saying: "There can be no longer any doubt that it is perfectly practicable to converse across or rather under the sea by means of any submarine cable, and the success of the experiment opens up vistas of the possibilities of rapid communication that a few years ago would have belonged to the realms of dreamland alone. The inventor maintains that it is just as easy to talk across the Atlantic as from one room to another, and he has succeeded so well in the first practical illustration of his apparatus that one is scarcely justified in doubting his assertion that he has found out a system by which words spoken from the other side of the ocean can be fixed on their arrival here and treasured up for further use."

Mountain Mahogany.

In Nevada there is a wonderful wood known as "mountain mahogany." The trees do not grow large. A tree with a trunk a foot in diameter is much above the average. When dry the wood is about as hard as boxwood, and being of a very fine grain might, no doubt, be used for the same purpose. It is a rich, red color, and very heavy. When well seasoned it would be a fine material for the wood carver. In the early days it was used in making boxes for shafting, and in a few instances for slides and dies in a quartz battery. Used as a fuel it creates intense heat. It burns with a blaze as long as ordinary wood would last, and it is then found (almost unchanged in form) converted to a charcoal that lasts about twice as long as ordinary wood. For fuel it sells much higher than any kind of wood—indeed, a cord of it always brings the same price as a ton of coal. The only objection to it as a fuel is that it creates such intense heat as to burn out stoves more rapidly than any kind of coal, however bad.

An international exhibition for printers and paper makers will be held, as announced, in Leipzig, Germany, during the summer of 1882.

The White Mountains.

The Indians, it is known, inhabited these mountains long before the settlement of any portion of New England by whites. But their villages were chiefly situated upon the skirts, where the hunting and fishing were good, and the ground favorable to their primitive mode of cultivating it. His infallible eye for the best sites is sufficiently evident, since we find the Indian's uncouth wigwam invariably succeeded by the most important settlements of the English.

Otherwise, the mountains were for the American Indian, as for the natural man in all ages, a sealed book. He regarded them not only as an image, but as the actual dwelling-place of Omnipotence. His dreaded Manitou, whose voice was the thunder, whose anger the lightning, and on whose face no mortal could look and live, was the counterpart of the terrible Thor, the Icelandic god, throned in a palace of ice, among frozen and inaccessible peaks. So far then as he was concerned the mountain remained inviolate, inviolable, as a kind of hell filled with the despairing shrieks of those who in an evil hour transgressed the limits sacred to immortals.

The first mention I have met with of the Indian name for these mountains is in the narrative of Captain John Gyles, printed in Boston in 1736, saying that "the White Hills, called the Teddon (Katahdin), at the head of the Penobscot river, are by the Indians said to be much higher than those called Agiockochook, above Saco." The probable signification of this Indian word is, according to the best living authority, "the mountains on that side," or "over yonder," to distinguish them from the mountains of the Penobscot.

It is not precisely known when or how these granite peaks first took the name of White Mountains. We find them so designated in 1862 by Josselyn, who himself performed the feat of ascending the highest summit, of which a brief record is found in his "New England's Rarities. One cannot help saying of this book that either the author was a liar of the first magnitude, or else we have to regret the degeneracy of nature, exhausted by her long travail; for this writer gravely tells us of frogs that were as big as a child a year old, and of poisonous serpents which the Indians caught with their bare hands, and ate alive with great gusto. These are rarities indeed!

The name is traced, not, as in the case of Mount Blanc, to the fact that their peaks are covered with perpetual snows, for this is true of only half the year, but from the circumstance that the bare granite of which the highest are composed transmits a white light when observed from a distance. Mariners approaching from the open sea described what seemed a cloud-bank rising from the landward horizon when twenty leagues from the nearest coast, and before any other land was visible.—Harper's Magazine.

The Magic of Numbers.

Numbers are supposed to be of magic import, and have been used from time immemorial for purposes of divination. Different nations set different store on numbers. The Bedui of Java regard the number one with superstition. One day, for instance, is appropriated for carrying home the grain, and what cannot be carried home on that day is left to waste in the field.

Several nations regard three as the most important number. According to the Brahmins there are three supreme powers, a creating, a preserving and a destroying. Among the ancient Greeks three was a magic number; Jupiter had his trifurcated symbol, or three-forked lightning, Neptune, the trident, and Pluto, the dog Cerberus with three heads. The Rosicrucians taught that there were three orders of angels, the Terephim, the Seraphim, and the Cherubim. The Magi presented three gifts, gold, myrrh and frankincense, which Chrysothom says signified that Christ was man, king and God.

The Pythagoreans held four to be sacred, and swore by that number. The rabbinical writers thought that six was the important number. They say that the world was created in six days, a servant had to serve six years, the soil was tilled six years, and Job had six tribulations. In Rome six was ominous of evil.

Seven is regarded as a number of strong import. Naaman was told to wash in Jordan seven times. Elijah sent his servant seven times to look for rain, Jericho was encompassed seven times, and Jacob served seven years for each of his wives. It is believed that the constitution changes every seven years and that trouble ends after seven years. The seventh son of the seventh son is a born physician, and can sometimes heal by the power of touch; and the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter sets up her claims as a secess.

There are said to be in New York city ten large establishments engaged in the manufacture of paper patterns, which employ over 650 hands, and which it is estimated use several hundred tons of thin tissue paper.