

Longing.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glow down the wished ideal,
And longing molds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know
Desire must open the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But, would we learn that heart's full scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

—James Russell Lowell.

IN THE MABERLY MINE.

"John Wallace" called the mine superintendent through the speaking pipe, "some visitors are coming down in the cage. You will be kind enough to show them through the tunnels."

"Visitors!" I repeated to myself. "I must be a lucky, too, as well as a drudge. Well, so be it. It is only another straw to the load I am carrying. If it breaks my back, so much the better. I shall be done with it."

The world has little respect for those whose code of honor leads them aside from the broad highway of commonplace.

When, at my father's death, finding his estate heavily incumbered, I had deemed it my duty to place it at the disposal of his creditors, I found myself, socially speaking, in ice water. Those who had known me in my happier days knew me no longer, and houses where I had once been a welcome guest were now as impenetrable as their owners' ignorance of my existence.

I could have borne all this well enough had only one home remained open to me—the home of Eve Guion.

In the days when her wealthy father looked with favor upon the intercourse of his daughter with the landowner's son, I had some wild hopes about her.

She was a beautiful girl—young, and as I had believed, sympathetic. I had believed, too, that I had seen glimpses of something in her face that proved my hopes not to be so wild as they seemed.

But that, too, was over. A polite note from her father informed me that his daughter could henceforth dispense with my attentions; and as I received no intimation to the contrary from Eve herself, I concluded she, too, had declared my ostracism. After this I lost hope, and made no attempt to better my worldly condition.

I left the village, and after two years of wandering, often in destitution, I stranded myself on the Maberly coal mine as gang-master in the pits.

Our mine had a doubtful reputation, having been the scene of several distressing accidents. Consequently, we were rarely troubled by visitors from the upper earth.

This was a godsend to me. I could manage to endure the life I was leading only on condition of not being too frequently reminded of the life from which I had been exiled. The idea of encountering persons whom I had known in better times was a constant terror to me.

It may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings I awaited the descent of the visitors who had been signaled from above.

As the cage stopped upon the level where I stood with my lamp in my hand and the passengers alighted, I recognized them with feelings of downright misery. I saw before me the two persons whom of all humanity I had least wished to meet—Eve Guion and her father.

Had they heard of my whereabouts and come to witness my degradation? No. As cold and worldly as I believed Eve to be, I could not imagine her capable of such mean malice.

Who could identify the name of gang-master John Wallace with Wallace Grover, ci-devant gentleman? Besides, I remembered that Mr. Guion was a shareholder in the Maberly mine. It was merely a simple sight-seeing tour, after all.

Two years of hardship and the growth of a heavy beard had changed my appearance so that I was sure neither father nor daughter could possibly recognize me.

With strict control over myself, I could show them through the mine and dismiss them none the wiser. Now that they had come, too, I was glad of

the opportunity of seeing the woman I had loved—still loved—once more.

I stepped confidently forward, therefore, and introduced myself as the guide, John Wallace. Eve looked at me closely, but, I thought, only with an expression of curiosity as to the looks of a man whose life was spent underground.

My head swam and my heart beat thick and loud as I stood before her—more beautiful, because more serious and womanly than when we had been intimate two years before.

I noticed that her face was a little paler and that there was a look of sadness in it that was new to me.

The season that I had spent in wretchedness, then, had not been wholly free from sorrow for her. Not, of course, on my account; such a notion never entered my head.

"Have you been here many years?" she asked, as we were preparing to descend into the galleries.

"Years enough, madame, to know the mine thoroughly," I answered, evasively.

Mr. Guion looked at me inquiringly. "You speak like a man of education, my good fellow," he said. "Do they put men of your stamp into such positions as yours?"

"Men of my stamp have few claims which the world is bound to respect," I answered, gruffly. "You are here to see the mine. Be kind enough to follow me."

"My father will have more than enough to do to guide his own steps," said Eve, coming to my side and quietly placing her hand on my arm. "I must trust to your gallantry, Mr. Wallace."

I made no reply, but wondered if, woman as she was, she had no faraway hint of the cause of that sledge-hammer beating of my heart under her round arm.

We remained in the galleries two hours—more than twice as long as was necessary to their thorough inspection. The old man was growing impatient, but the gloomy pits and chambers seemed to have an unaccountable fascination for Eve Guion. She loitered on one pretext or another, until I began to fear that I must have betrayed my identity to her quick eye.

Her face had grown strangely sad and anxious. I saw, too, that when she thought herself unobserved she watched my face intently. Had she detected me and was she seeking an opportunity of making her discovery known without betraying me to her father?

I determined that she should not accomplish her design. I knew very well that I should lose my self control and all of my love, bitterness and despair would burst out in a torrent.

I therefore was careful to avoid being alone with her for a moment. And I soon saw that I had guessed aright. She was endeavoring to separate me from her father that she might speak to me.

But I foiled her quietly but skillfully, and after the galleries had been explored twice over, and there was no longer the shadow of a pretext for remaining, she finally prepared to depart.

As we entered the upper level we passed the dark opening of a disused chamber, which I had deemed unsafe to be visited.

Eve's eye caught sight of it. "Here is a chamber we have not seen," she said.

"No, madame," I interposed. "It is no longer worked. The water has broken into it twice, and it is considered dangerous."

"I mean to see it, at all events," she replied. "Father, wait for us here. Mr. Wallace will not refuse to guide me, I am sure."

She cast a strange, significant look at me, which said almost as plainly as words:

"I know you, Wallace Grover, and I mean to speak to you in spite of your caution."

Then she entered the chamber. But she had miscalculated my tact. I turned to her father and requested him to enter with me in order to dissuade her from her rash adventure, and we followed her together. She gave me a reproachful look as we entered, and I heard her sigh.

The moment I put my foot in the chamber, my senses, trained by long experience to note the varying phenomena of the under world, detected a hint of the coming danger.

There was a faint rumbling in the bowels of the earth. The air was close, and had a taint of electricity in it similar to that which precedes a thunder-storm. There was surely peril in the mine, but how and whence it would come I could not guess.

As I turned to urge my visitor to a hasty retreat I caught sight of some small fragments of wet earth dropping from the wall near at hand, followed by a jet of water. Then I knew what was coming.

"Out! out for your lives!" I cried, springing toward the wall. "The water is bursting into the mine. Ring for the cage and give the alarm!"

The old man needed no second warning. With a cry of terror he sprang

out of the chamber, and the next moment I heard him give the alarm. Then followed the shouts and tramping of the escaping men. I knew if I could hold the water in check for ten minutes I could save the lives of every one of them. As for my own—well, one life, and that a useless one, seemed a good exchange for a hundred fathers of families.

When I first saw it the jet was no larger than a man's finger; but in a moment it had enlarged to the size of my arm, and a heavy stream of water began to pour into the chamber.

There was no apparatus at hand, neither clay nor sand-bags to check it, as I well know.

A happy inspiration came to me. With a Titanic effort I managed to thrust my arm into the fissure, and for the time being I succeeded in checking the leak.

Then, with my arm in the wall, I turned half around toward the opening in the chamber, and there, to my horror, still stood Eve Guion. I saw that her face was very pale, but firm and self-possessed.

"What are you doing here?" I cried. "This place will be full of water in five minutes."

"What are you doing here?" she asked, quietly.

"My duty," I replied. "I am trying to hold this stream in check until the men escape."

"Then you will be drowned," she exclaimed.

"What of that? Better one than a hundred. But go," I entreated. "I tell you you have only a bare chance to get out as it is. The water is pressing harder every moment. It will soon be too much for my strength."

"Then I will stay and help you, Wallace," she said, in a strangely gentle voice.

"Ah, you know me!" I cried. "I have known you from the moment I entered the mine. I came here to see you."

"To taunt me with my poverty!" I cried. "When your father turned me away from your doors, when I became outcast and wretched, I thought I had the right to hide my misfortunes from your eyes."

"It is because my father used you so cruelly that I am here," she said. "I was not to blame, Wallace. I knew nothing of it until you were gone. Since then I have tried to learn of your whereabouts in order to let you understand my feelings. It was only yesterday that I heard of John Wallace in the Maberly mine, and on the bare chance of identifying him with Wallace Grover I influenced my father to bring me here."

"Well," said I, sorrowfully, "it is too late to think of the past now. Go, Eve. Go and keep poor John Wallace's secret. It will soon be over with him."

"You persist in remaining here?" she asked.

"I must," I said. "I should be a coward and a wretch to desert my post now."

"Then," she replied, very quietly, "I will stay with you."

"Why?" I asked, amazedly. "Are you jesting with me?"

"Can I jest with death, Wallace, or love!"

Then, before I could comprehend her words, she came to my side, and I stood with my wrist in the wall, and putting her arm around my neck drew my cheek down upon hers.

"It is hard to die so young, Wallace," she said, sweetly, "but it would be harder to live without you. In the hour of death, my dear, we can dispense with false delicacy. I know that you have loved me many years, and I have returned your love. If we have met again only to die, death at least cannot separate us."

With death staring me in the face—not five minutes off—I have never known a happier moment in my life.

As I stood there, with my arm in the fissure, with the blood surging into my head, and all my muscles straining with the effort to keep my position, I knew nothing more than that I felt the heart of the woman I loved beating against my own, her warm young cheek touching my cold one in the embrace of love and death.

Then consciousness of her position rushed upon me again.

"No, no!" I cried. "You must not die. Go live, my darling—live until it comes your time to meet me in the other world, where I shall be before you. Go, and believe no man ever met death so gloriously as I shall."

"We go out together or we die together," she said, firmly. "Speak of it no more."

Then a solemn silence fell upon us. The men must have nearly all escaped, as I could tell by their distant shouts.

The earth was breaking away round my arm, and the water was already nearly two feet deep upon the floor of the chamber. I could hear the subterranean stream roaring more threateningly in the bowels of the mine. Another pound of pressure, and I should be flung down and the chamber would fill.

Then came a great desire for life. How could I bear to have my new found joy so suddenly smothered in the ground? Was there not yet one hope?

The sounds of the escaping men had ceased. If we could get the cage down once more in time, we might perhaps escape after all. I explained my hope to Eve.

"Run," said I, "ring for the cage. I will hold on here a moment more. If we can reach it we are safe."

Eve looked at me sharply an instant—she feared I meant to deceive her into escaping while I remained behind; but she divined my intention.

With a quick movement she seized the light, lifted her skirts and ran through the water out of the chamber. The next thirty seconds seemed like hours.

I desperately held my own against the water, while every vein seemed bursting with the strain. I heard the bell ring for the cage, heard it slowly descend; then the water overcame me.

I was flung down as by a giant's hand. There was a roar and rush as of a Niagara, and, with a whirl of lights and faces, a chaos of confusion and terror, I knew no more.

When I slowly struggled back to life, after many days, I was far from the Maberly mine. I was no longer John Wallace, gang master, but Wallace Grover, gentleman. I was in my father's house.

My old servants were around me, and, like a fairy who had worked a wonderful transformation, sweet Eve Guion was the dominant angel of the scene.

My affairs had been settled with my creditors very much more to my benefit than I imagined could be possible. My ancestral home and a modest competence were still left to me.

This, too, was the work of Eve Guion, whose love and faith in me had never faltered in all my wretchedness and exile, and whose strong will had drawn comfort and happiness for me out of the depths of sorrow.

If Mr. Guion objected to the turn affairs were taking, he had the sense to offer no fruitless opposition to his daughter's inclination; and I will do him the justice to say that he performed his part at our wedding with a very good grace.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A learned man is a tank; a wise man is a spring.

The great hope of society is individual character.

By work of the mind one secures repose of the heart.

Laziness travels so slow that poverty soon overtakes him.

Reasons of things are rather to be taken by weight than tale.

It is more honorable to acknowledge our faults than to boast of our merits.

Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

By holding a very little misery quite close to our eyes we entirely lose sight of a great deal of comfort beyond which might be taken.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.

There is nothing so certain, we take it, as that those who are the most alert in discovering the faults of a work of genius are the least touched with its beauties.

There is nothing keeps longer than a middling fortune, and nothing melts away sooner than a great one. Poverty treads upon the heels of great and unexpected riches.

The wise one says that nothing is so hard to bear as prosperity; but most men would like to engage in some hard work of that description, just to have a practical illustration of the adage.

The best receipt for going through life in an exquisite way, with beautiful manners, is to feel that everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness they can get from others in this world.

Highly Astonishing.

A certain lady in this country set a hen upon thirteen eggs. A few days afterward, looking into the nest, she was surprised to find the hen missing and the eggs gone and in their stead a huge rattlesnake comfortably coiled up. Noticing the swelled condition of his snakeship she procured a spade and pinned his head to the ground. Then, with a rake, the tail was drawn out and fastened down to prevent wiggling. A penknife soon split the reptile from head to tail and the eggs were taken out. Being carefully washed they were placed under the same hen and eventually every one hatched out, and the chickens grew and thrived. We regret that a strict regard for truth compels us to say that the hen was not swallowed nor were the chicks marked with a snake.—*St. Paul Pioneer.*

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It has been proven by observation that in districts subject to typhus fewer cases appear when the ground is more thoroughly saturated with water, and more when it contains less moisture.

Owing to the rapid evaporation of moisture from the leaves, the temperature of trunks of trees, breast high from the ground, has been found to be five degrees centigrade cooler than the air of the forest.

There was a time when the moon was but 40,000 miles away from us, and was consequently a far more efficient tide-producer than at present. Instead of a tide three feet high, which is now an average, it would raise one 648 feet in height.

From observation of the diffusion of sunlight by the clouds M. Clemandot was induced to experiment with mineral wool or spun slag in order to ascertain its effect upon the light of the electric arc. He has found that when the rays pass through this substance, seventy-five or eighty per cent. of the light becomes available for illumination, while the ordinary processes make useful not more than forty five or fifty per cent.

Experimenting upon dogs, M. Leven has found that coffee produces anaemia of the stomach and retards digestion. Its habitual use must, therefore, lead to dyspepsia. Continuing his experiments, M. Leven has become convinced that sugar acts powerfully in aiding digestion, and he freely prescribes its use in cases of dyspepsia. From these experiments he draws the practical lesson that the infusion of coffee should be sufficiently sweetened to stimulate the secretory function, and thus assist digestion.

Mr. S. B. Evans is satisfied that the same race built the prehistoric mounds found in Mexico and the United States. He bases his belief on the alleged facts of a close resemblance between the construction of these remains, of the similarity of the implements employed, of the burial of the dead being exactly alike, and of the close likeness of the skulls found in the tombs of the mound building period, whatever the locality may be. The Aztecs were not the mound builders, because he holds they had no tendency through religious or other motives in that direction, and the specimens of pottery found in the mound and pyramids could not have been made by the Aztecs.

Statistics of the American Presidents.

We have had twenty-one Presidents, elected from the following States:

Virginia, 5—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Tyler.

New York, 3—Van Buren, Fillmore and Arthur.

Ohio, 3—Harrison, Hayes and Garfield.

Tennessee, 3—Jackson, Johnson and Polk.

Massachusetts, 2—John Adams and John Quincy Adams.

Pennsylvania, 1—Buchanan.

New Hampshire, 1—Pierce.

Mississippi, 1—Taylor.

Illinois, 2—Lincoln and Grant.

In politics as follows:

National, 1—Washington.

Federalist, 2—John Adams and John Quincy Adams.

Whigs, 3—Harrison, Taylor and Fillmore.

Republican, 5—Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Arthur.

Democrats ten—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Van Buren, Tyler, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan and Johnson.

Nine have served as generals in the army—Washington, Jackson, Pierce, Taylor, Grant, Harrison, Hayes and Garfield.

Lincoln was the first that grew a beard.

Grant was the first that grew a mustache.

Four were eminent lawyers—Van Buren, Fillmore, Buchanan and Lincoln.

Four were elected as Vice-President and served as President—Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur.

Six were nominated as compromise candidates, as a matter of expediency, vulgarly called the "dark horse"—Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Hayes and Garfield. Tyler, Fillmore, Johnson and Arthur were not "dark horses" in conventions, but were placed on the tickets as available candidates after the "dark horses" had been nominated.

In religious sentiment:

Episcopal, 6—Washington, Madison, Tyler, Taylor, Arthur and Monroe.

Presbyterian, 6—Jackson, Harrison, Polk, Pierce, Buchanan and Johnson.

Methodist, 2—Grant and Hayes.

Unitarian, 3—John Adams and John Quincy Adams, and Fillmore.

Reformed Dutch, 1—Martin Van Buren.

Christian, 1—Garfield.

Not attached to any church, 2—Jefferson and Lincoln.

Four were eminent as orators—J. Q. Adams, Van Buren, Lincoln and Garfield.

Six were reared in poverty—Jackson, Fillmore, Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson and Garfield.—*Christian at Work.*

The Owl.

"One kiss," I pleaded, "just a tiny one,
For a good-night."

A deep carnation swiftly spread
Across the face so pale before,
And modest drooped the graceful head,
As the sweet lips, blushing red,
Trembled denial that the eyes forewent.

"Ah, yes,"—still pleading—"see, we are alone;
'Tis Love's good-night."

The crested head raised proudly now,
And flashed the eye like diamond light;
And the white face was purer snow,
And the red lips they pouted so,
As the lady fair swept from my sight.

An owl—a philosophic one he proved to be,
Who saw the whole occurrence from his tree—
Blinked once, blinked twice, then flapped a
lazy wing,
"Young silly!"—here he paused to scratch his
head

And plume his owlship's gravity ere he said:
"To plea for what is yours—if you but make it?
To give she could not, but she'd let you take it!"
—*San Francisco Vanity Fair.*

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The ice dealer's little venture: "You may talk about fine buildings, but it's the ice-house that takes the cake."

Astronomers now say there are seven spots on the face of the sun. They'll have Old Sol down sick with the small-pox before long, if they don't look out.

"Father, did you ever have another wife besides mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anno Domini, in 1835, and that isn't mother."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a blundering counsel, in a suit about a lot of hogs, "there were just thirty-six in the drove. Please remember the fact—thirty-six hogs; just three times as many as in that jury box, gentlemen." That counsel didn't gain his case.

Precedence and age—There is a story of Solomon not contained in the "Book of Kings." Two of his court damsels had a row as to precedence. Solomon looked kindly, and said: "Let the oldest go first," and the damsels embraced and went in together with entwined arms.

"You told me, sir, that the horse was entirely without fault, and yet he is blind." The dealer looked blandly into the irritated countenance of the loser by the transaction and said with charming innocence: "I do not regard blindness as a fault, sir; it is a misfortune."

A girl went into a general furnishing store, and stepping up to a pale, intellectual-looking young man behind the nearest counter, asked him if he would be kind enough to fit her with a pair of gloves. The high-browed Athenian glanced at her hands and then calling to a cash boy who was compounding spit-balls at the opposite counter, said: "Here, Pete, show this young lady to the pillow-case department."

"Oh, papa," said little Tommy, the other day, "didn't you say there was nothing new under the sun?" "Yes, my boy, the philosophers say so." "Well, look under me," went on the young hopeful, getting up on the old gentleman's bran new silk hat, "that is something new under the sun, ain't it?" The next thing the boy knew there was something old under the sun, and it was his father's boot, with a foot in it.

"There, there, don't cry any more," said the kind-hearted stranger to a little girl who was leaning against the railing in front of a public school-house, weeping as if her heart would break. "Tell us what's the matter." The child turned two highly inflamed orbs up at the old Samaritan, and then stammered between her sobs: "All the girls in my class were vaccinated last week, and mine's the only one that hasn't took."

"There are two sides to everything," said the lecturer. "I repeat it, there are two sides." At this juncture a tired-looking little man stood up in the front seat to say: "Well, if you've no objection, I will just step out and see if there are two sides to this hall. I know there is an inside, and if I find there is an outside, you'll know it by me not coming back. You needn't be alarmed if I shouldn't return." And as he walked up the aisle he was followed by the admiring eyes of the whole audience. Their sympathies were with him, but they were deficient in moral courage.

HASH.

Do you want a receipt for that terrible mystery known to the world as boarding-house hash? Take remnants of meals now passed into history.

Pulverize down to indigestible mass. Pieces of gristle and bits of cold calico.

A little white leather not chopped very fine; An old rubber shoe that wouldn't make "har-jot."

Chunks of cold taters and a rusty fork tine. Occasional chicken bones, picked down to naught.

A slice of raw onion to season its crudity. Several shirt buttons and a hairpin or two. Such an inimitable mixup will certainly do!

Hash, hash, hash, hash!

With a pair of old overalls, and plenty of flavoring.

A little cold liver with a bit of its gall. Eat of this compound without your faith wavering!

Oh! boarding-house hash is the sum of it all.
—*New Haven Register.*