Little Jim.

e cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean.

Yet everything within that cot was wondrou neat and clean; The night was dark and stormy, the wind was

howling wild, A patient mother watched beside the death-bed

of her child. A little worn-out creature—his once bright eves

grown dim; It was a collier's wife and child, they called

him "Little Jim." And, oh! to see the briny tears, f ast hurrying down her cheek.

As she offered up a prayer-in thought; she was afraid to speak,

* Lest she might waken one she loved far bette

than her life; For she had all a mother's heart, had that poo

collier's wife. With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the

sufferer's bed. And prays that He will spare her boy, and take

herself instead. She got her answer from the boy, soft fell those

words from him-"Mother, the angels dogo smile, and becken to

little Jim; I have no pain, dear mother, now, but, oh! I

Just moisten poor Jim's lips agai n, and, mother

With gentle, trembling haste, she held a teacup to his lips . He smiled to thank her, as he took three tiny

little sips.
"Tell father when he comes from work, I bid

good-night to him. And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas, poo little Jum!

saw that he was dying, that the child she loved so dear Had uttered the last words she might ever hope

to hear. The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is

heard, The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was He took the candle in his hand, and walked to-

ward the bed.

His quivering lip gave token of the grief he'd And, see, his wife has joined him, the stricken

couple kneel; With hearts bowed down by sadness, they hum

bly ask of Him, In Heaven once more to meet their own dear

A LITTLE ÆSTHETE

Aunt Eunice was certainly impracti cable. If you thought you had her here, up she sprang like a jack-in-thebox there, and you never knew what to expect from one with a point of view differing from that of almost all around her. There was, to be sure, one thing you had a right to expect, and only one, and that was always and everywhere of late certain and complete disapprobation of Rosalie's proceedings-Rosalie she had been christened, but she had taken to spelling it "Rosalys" at the time she learned the Kensington stitch, subscribed to Punch for the simple purpose of cutting her gowns, since no dressmaker could do it, on the model of those of Mr. Du Maurier's ladies there, and dug up all her sweet-briers and lemon-verbenas for the sake of planting whole beds of sunflowers. can't understand what it means," she moaned. "I had my seeds from the agricultural bureau in Washington, and I planted a pound of them, and there have only two come up. I do believe-I do believe-" And she looked at Joe as if what she believed was that he pulled them up as fast as they sprouted.

"Don't look at me Rosa," said Cousin Joe; "look at the birds." And while they are watching a saucy robin tug at the stem of one of the springing plants, that he might get the seed at its root, I will tell you that Joe wasn't her cousin really: I never allow any of my heroes step-cousins, so to say, and by no means timacy till Rosalys began to spell her name in old text, and declare she could see no absurdity in the young æsthete's declaration that he dined off a lily, that it merely meant the satisfying sense of beauty in which the banqueting of the soul dulled the hunger of the body, and, that Mr. Rivas said the sense of color was something quite as actual as the sense that enjoys a chop, and so maunder on till Aunt Eunice put her fingers in her ears and told Roslys if she didn't become quiet she would have to shake her. Upon which Rosalys would walk off singing to herself from Oscar Wilde:

"Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold
Like the delicate goesamer tangles spun
On the burnished disk of the marigold,
Or the sunflower turning to meet the sur
When the gloom of the jealous night is do
And the spear of the lily is aureoled."

"I am worried about her," cried Aunt Eunice. "Is she really becom ing an idiot?"

"Not she, Aunt Eunice!" said Joe, laughing. "It takes a world of sense

to make that sort of idicey." "Well, she doesn't do a useful invaluable. It is all along of that paint-

comfort to Aunt Eunice.

the enemy, Rosa?" said Joe, overtaking the pretty minx with his long stride, presently. "Have you taken out your naturalization papers in the fleshly school? And do you find pleasure in the thought of slipping over our own graves as two snakes, or creeping through hot jungles as two tigers? What is the verse you read so often -

"'How my heart leaps up To think of that grand living after death In beast and bird and flower' !"

"I mean to do just as I please, Joe, and to let you do the same," was the tart reply.

"Indeed you do not; for if you did I should take you so far away from all this nonsense that you wouldn't know you were on the same planet." But Rosa had gone without any more words, and left him watching her down the garden aisle, with her scant blue robes clinging about her pretty feet, and her scarf catching on every thorn, to where young Rivas sat sketching on the old stone wall at the garden foot, wearing his bicycle dress, whose knee breeches and jacket were perhaps something as near the Old Florentine as he dared to approach in these parallels. Joe could not but acknowledge that the dark young artist, lithe and slender, and the sylph hurrying under the arched pathway, with her long unbraided brown hair streaming round her and away in the wind, made a pleasant picture. Yet it vexed him that it should be made by his Rosa, who six months ago had been all but his wife, planning their house and home with him, choosing their chairs and sofas, "till bedeviled by this medieval idiot and his sister," growled Joe. Then a spasm of humility seized him, and he didn't wonder she preferred the Italian beauty of the youth to his own giant stature and Saxon tints, the novelty of the one to the long usage of the other. For all that it had occurred to him that he might counteract a portion of the bedevilment by seeing if there were anything in this sad sister Gladys; yet, on the whole, he was too hurt and angry and disgusted to try, and he rubbed his short yellow curls, and flashed his great gray eyes at them, and strode away gnawing his mustache, after one dismal glimpse of Rosa catching up the clinging skirts to dance down the path more trippingly, and waving her scarf with her arm, whose cunning disposition was the nearest that she, in turn, dared approach to angel sleeves.

Joe knew that the girl in the long, sulphur colored gown opening over olive green velvet, reading a book as she walked with downcast head and face, was Gladys, and he knew just why she walked there, and that at this moment his great figure cast a shadow at her feet, but he would none of her, and went back for a little solace to Aunt Ennice.

"I saw you," said the good but con trary and old-fashioned soul, " from the window. And I saw that bilions-looking girl making eyes at you. She looks like the 'lady' in the lobster. But don't you be troubled, Joe. Only have patience, and it will all come right. Rosa isn't really a fool yet. You go right on furnishing your house as if nothing had been said or done."

"I don't know that I want to." said Joe, gloomily.

"Don't know that you want to?" cried Aunt Eunice. "Then there is really more mischief done than I feared. Don't know that you want to? Joe, if you don't want to, I'll sue you for breach of promise myself."

It was a long summer to poor Joe

who had expected by this to be reveling in an ideal world of happiness, with a charming wife at Niagara in June, at and heroines to be cousins; they were Newport in July, at the Crawford Notch in August, and in Septemof any blood relation; but that had ber settling in their home in the never hindered the warmest sort of in- Boston suburbs, the home that was to be nothing but a nest of love and music and joy and goodness. And here was Ross never letting him mention the subject, planting her sunflowers over, and rescuing but two of them from the birds again, going about with her little thumb through a palette patched in dullest colors of old gold and dirty green, or spending hours over her easel where an ethereal pot of impossible lilies was trying to put on-or offsemblance of reality, draping old ironing blankets at her windows, and talking of the ineffable dream of dead light blooming in the slumber of their tawny folds, uttering further fanfaronade of spiritual, idyllic and realistic whims and living in any world but his world. It was altogether too much for poor Cousin Joe. He could endure the hatefulness of it all no longer; Rosa in all sorts of gowns but her wedding gown, in all sorts of postures but her old one of his worshiper; Rosa with a wall o separation growing up between herself and him; Rosa rapt in the contemplation of vanities and the admiration of thing any longer, and she used to be this little painting chap, who was so rapt in the same admiration that he did ing fellow Rivas. Ever since he and his not need hers-it was all detestable, a turbed the majestic contempt on her having his nose crushed and a foot cut moon struck sister there came back, she | nightmare from which it was time to has been bewitched. I'll give him a wake, an experience that it was best to piece of my mind!" And for the time be done with. Joe had had as many

and forget her. His friend Arkwright's full of people who have come here to for Australia; he would take passage and hearing of what tormented him. And when he was gone, perhaps Rosa would miss him, and begin to listen to reason -- But no; on the whole, he didn't know that he wanted her to do so. And then he asked himself what in the world, in that case, was he making all this fuss about?

There she was now, down by the bed of sunflowers that had not come up, and where the weeds had come un-but Rosa had joined the school that loved weeds - tending those two tall late stems that were just beginning to open their big disks when all the other sunflowers had withered.

"That is just the thing," said Rosalys, as he approached. "They come, you see, when no one else has them. and just as if they knew all about the fancy party in Gladys' garden to-night. The idea of your being Guy of Warwick, Joe! Just the representation of brate strength. As if there were any poetry or beauty or soul food in such a part! I am to be the Morning Star. That means something-

"It might mean everything." "You never can be serious, Joe."

"It's enough for the garden party to be serious. A garden party in October! No ices."

"Those that don't like out doors can stay in-doors, you know. I shall be everywhere. And I shall wear one of these great shining suns just over my heart, the buds trailing down the front and side, and ending in the other great shining one on my train. Won't that be delicious?"

"If it were on any one else she would be taken for an Indian squaw,

"Well, it isn't on any one else; it's on me. Gladys is to be Twilight, but I am going to be the Morning Star, you know," she cried, with her rosy smile and breaking dimples. "And I am going to be just too-

"Utter," said Joe.

She looked at him in a moment of

"If you are making fun of me, Joe, ou can't-you can't-

"Expect to be considered Early

"Oh!" cried Rosa. "You, Joe? It is too-it is too-' "Un-utter-able," said Joe, stalking

off just before Rosa began to cry. Rosa always was a baby.

"We are all going into Boston this afternoon to a matinee," said Emeline, who had, to tell the truth, struggled in resisting an inclination to turn her i into a y, but who had come out victorious, and now looked on her sister Rosalvs and the two Rivases as a perpetual entertainment, as she told Joe. in urging him to have patience; for she was sure the machinery was not strong enough to hold the curtain up much longer. "What do you think!" she added, walking back with Joe. "Aunt Eunice has been reading it up in the English papers, and she says she is determined to see the new play Perseverance-no, that isn't the word. It isn't Procrastination either. Oh, Patience-They give it to day, and she has had the tickets bought; they are at Charlie's office, where we rendezvous, and we can all be at home in time for tea. And I rely on you, Joe, to help me out, for I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see Aunt Eunice on the stage-

"Pulling Saphir's hair or tearing off Grosvenor's lily. Yes, I've seen Patience, as well as tried its perfect work." And, accordingly, as merry a crew as twenty love.gi were at the doors of the Museum, where Patience had begun its career, that warm autumn afternoon, Joe grave, and supporting Aunt Eunice, who looked like a queen about to do justice on an heir-apparent, but Emeline and Charles and John and Marion and Hal and I and the rest, all but Mr. Rivas, full of quivering excitement over the sunpressed fun of seeing Rosalys and Gladys and their painting chap put to

the burlesque. I don't remember that I ever saw anything more ludicrous than Aunt Ennice in the first scene of the love-sick maidens. She evidently had not the faintest idea of burlesque or satire; she had supposed she was going to a melodrama or one of the light comedies of her youth, hardly having been in a theater for twenty years. But those dreary damozels! "Why don't they put their clothes on properly?" she was muttering; "and sew up their sleeves? Lovesick maidens! Shameless hussies! Talking in that fashion. 'To-day he is not well? And I shouldn't think he would be after eating butter with a

bark was at Long Wharf now, fitting out isten to this abominable fool?" Vigorous nudges on all the angles she prein her, and put himself beyond sight sented, however, brought Aunt Eunice to the recollection of herself, and she smothered her wrath temporarily, only to have it blaze up again at the "Wilto have it blaze up again at the low waley O' of Grosvenor asking Patience to marry him when he had seen her but three minutes, as she hoarsely whispered. What Aunt Eunice would have said if she had waited to hear the duet of Reginald and Lady Jane, "Sing Booh to you-pooh, pooh to you!' and that's what I shall say," whether she would have found anything delighting and amusing in the attitude and play of the three handsome young dragoons gotten up regardless of expense in the Botticellian style, "perceptively intense, and consummately utter," I don't

know. For when the lovely sunflower

scene of the travesty came, and Grosvenor dawned on us again in his beauty, followed by his twenty gods. maidens with their archaic mandolins and lyres and zithers in hand, lovely little shapes out of Fra Angelico's pic tures, wavering and bowing and bending and turning and falling in rhythmical circles about him, like so many etherealized sunflowers, each yearning with her face toward the god. Aunt Eunice rose in her might, her bonnet falling into her hand. " Come along," she said aloud-"come along with me, every one of you. I won't sit here an other minute and see people gaping at fools that behave exactly as our Rosalie does with that extraordinary fool of a Rivas!" They might have heard her all across the theater. I don't know whether they did or not. For, if you will believe it, we dared do nothing else than obey her; we couldn't sit still after that, and we couldn't let Aunt Eunice go off alone in that infuriated went after her, Emeline and Charles and John and Marion and Joe and Hal and I and the remainder, certainly affording a spectacle of as great fools as Thames.

those upon the stage. However, we knew we should see the play again; and, for the rest of it, it was rather fun to us; Aunt Eunice an swered well enough for our Lody Jane. selves on the way home with our quips ones four or five miles. and jokes over Aunt Eunice's indignation reading her libretto quite studiously.

Our hilarity supported us over the tea-table, and we had separated to dress for the fancy party, having overcome Aunt Eunice's objections, when, just as I closed my door, I heard a sudden little wail from the garden under my window. Looking out through my shutter I saw Rosa among the weeds in her sunflower bed, her hands upon her face, and crying bitterly. There were no blossoms on those two sunflower stems. Joe went stalking over toward her. "Oh!" she said, looking up, her face lovelier than I ever thought it was before, as one last ray of sunlight played in the streaming tears and the fading blushes and the shining azure eyes, "would you have thought it? Rivas has taken my sunflowers that he knew I was nursing so He is going to be Apollo, and he says they suit him so much better, and he will wear them to-night, and paint them to-morrow when they begin to droop, he says, with the kisses of theof the sun god. And he picked them while I was gone. He-he stole them !

"Rivas be dashed!" I heard Joe say, or something of the sort.

"And-and-oh, Joe, is it true? Have you taken your passage for Melwhite arms to Joe.

But Joe was stoutly drawing back ' I don't know as I want to," he said, And then came such another little wail, and Rosa had turned away, hiding her face in the hollow of her pretty lifted must have been their own convictions,

I am a strictly honorable person. I scorn eavesdropping. I pulled down the shade. I knew how it was all going to end after that, just as well as I did when I passed an arbor in Gladys' garden that night after almost every one had been obliged to seek shelter from the chilly dews, and saw the crumpled Morning Star warmly folded in the arms of Guy of Warwick, whose helmet lifted off showed a great head of yellow curls bending over a rosy little face, where eyes and lips and smiles all looked as if the owner's sensations were but "just too jolly utter!"-Harper's Bazar.

The Dog Watch.

tablespoon!" But when Mr. Bunthorne At the station of Dol, in Brittany, is made his appearance my aunt began to a French "Railway Jack," a dog, who writhe in her seat; when he read his makes it his mission to warn people to verses she untied her hat and threw the keep out of danger. The poor creature strings back violently; not a smile dis- was once injured by a passing train, countenance, and with the last words of off. Ever since he watches for each the song, "Why, what a most particu- train to be signaled, and on its arrival larly pure young man this pure young limps close to the train and barks vigbeing that pleasant prospect imparted eleepless nights and bitter days as he man must be!" she turned to me with orously until it leaves the station and omfort to Aunt Eunice.

cared to live through; he would cut a gasp, and said: "Tell me, tell me, am thou lies down quietly until the next been beaten on account of a natural de fect in the eyes!

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

It is estimated that a quarter of a billion pounds of tea are used every year. Chinese cotton is yellow, and hence

the peculiar color of the fabric called Egyptian sieves were made of papy

rus or rushes; those of horse-hair were first used by the Gauls. In New Mexico the inhabitants supplement their dinners with a plateful of

honey-aunts for dessert. A wind of twenty-five miles an hour. or what sailors would call a stiff breeze.

travels 39.67 feet per second. Two hundred beetles, out of 500 species known to inhabit Madeira, are so far deficient in wings that they cannot

The Persians swore by the sun; the Scythians by the air and their cim- in the human system with the formaeters; the Greek and Romans by their

The artificially-fatted ortolan becomes such a ball of fat that, strung on a lamp.

When oysters are very crowded they will grow standing on end, side by side, thus producing the worthless, elongated stick-ups."

In the Belgian Ardennes, where every acre of woodland is under the control of professional foresters, a runaway pony in 1845, during the war of the roses. managed to elude his pursuers for over eight years and was finally shot.

The new bell for St. Paul's in London has been cast, twenty-one tons of metal being used in the operation. The bell weighs 174 tons, being the largest in found valuable in fogs and snowstorms, England and one of the largest in

A bridge now in process of building state, and, one and all, we rose and near Newburg, N. Y., will be one of the most notable of the country, longer than the Niagara Suspension bridge or the new London bridge over the

The great Parliament House clock in London, the largest in the world, started running in 1859. It gives an error of but ninety seconds a year; the larger bells when it strikes are heard at soils and climates. and we had a roaring farce all to our- a distance of ten miles, and the smaller

The horns of the water-snail are hol--all but little Rosalie, who sat rather low tubes, and when it draws in its pale and still through the uproar, and horns the eyes disappear down the tubes. When the "optics" are needed again it is only necessary for the muscles round the tube to contract, and so to squeeze the tip gradually

An Allegory.

A lawyer, an enthusiastic admirer of the late Thomas J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, contributes to the Springfield it thoroughly and makes it a perfect Republican an anecdote illustrating his extraordinary power over a jury:

Mr. Crittenden was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital offense. After an elaborate and powerful defense he closed his effort by the following striking and beautiful allegory:

When God, in His eternal counsel, conceived the thought of man's creation, He called to Him the three ministers who wait constantly upon His throne-Justice, Truth and Mercy-and thus addressed them: 'Shall we make man?'

"Then said Justice, 'O God! make him not, for he will trample upon Thy laws.' Truth made answer also, 'O God! make him not: for he will pollute Thy sanctuaries.'

"But Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed, 'O God! make him; made man, and said to him, 'O man! deal with thy brother."

The jury, when he finished, was in brought in a speedy verdict of not

An Intelligent Dog.

Our friend, R. T. Brooks, tells a dog tory which is worth repeating in print: Some three or four weeks ago Mr. Brooks sold a setter dog to Mr. Albert Goodnow, the owner of a new milch cow which daily appeased the appetite of her offspring and yielded quite a quantity of milk besides A week or two after purchasing the dog Mr. Goodnow observed that, for some reason not apparent, the cow seemed to be giving less milk than formerly; he also observed that the dog was fatting up unaccountably. It was not long, however, before both mysteries were solved. Entering the barn one day Mr. G. found the cow standing patiently, with the calf on one side of her partaking of its noon-day meal, while on the other side stood the dog, drawing nourish ment from the same reservoir .- Natick (Mass.) Citizen.

At Zwicken, Saxony, spectacles have oured a very short-sighted mare of shying. How many poor animals have

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Berlin has now nearly 1,000 miles of

A German scientist finds that the true color of perfectly pure distilled water is a fine deep-blue green.

There is some reason to believe that ants produce sounds of such a high pitch that they are inaudible to the human ear.

An American anatomist maintains that owing to the diminution in hard knocks and butting, the human skull is becoming thinner.

The invention of fireproof paper seems to leave no excuse for the de struction by fire of public records and other valuable manuscripts.

It has lately been proven experimentally that calomel may be decomposed tion of corrosive sublimate-a powerful poison.

Two kinds of preservative paper have recently come into use. One wick, it is said to make a very good of them is for wrapping fruit to prevent its decay, and the other is a preventive of the action of moths. Both are said to be effective.

M. Bordier has been investigating the forms known as "strap-oysters" and history of the plague called sweating sickness, with a view of showing that the blonde races of Europe have a special aptitude for it. It first appeared

> An electric signal apparatus on a French railway causes the blowing of a steam whistle upon a locomotive approaching a danger signal. The engineer is thus warned. This apparatus is when ordinary signals often escape no.

> In view of the ravages of the phylloxera, which have so seriously interfered with vine growing, a French agriculturist has sought to discover a substitute for the vine, and is said to have obtained very good results with a variety of red beet. This beet yields a wine which is said to be equal to many of southern growth, and the plant has the advantage of being adapted to all

The "Home of the Gold," A story about which there is a fas-

cination which it is impossible to resist when you hear men tell it is that of the Home of the Gold." Somewhere in Southwestern New Mexico, in the Sierra Madre, it is said, there is a wonderful valley. Small, inclosed in high, rocky walls, and accessible only through a secret passage, which is known to but few, is this extraordinary place. It is about ten acres in extent, and has running through it a stream which waters paradise, with its exquisite flowers and beautiful trees. In it are thousands of birds of the most brilliant plumage. Running across it is a ledge of pure gold, about thirty feet wide, which glistens in the sunlight like a great golden belt. The stream crosses this ledge, and, as it runs, murmurs around blocks of yellow metal, as other stresms do among the pebbles. The ledge of gold is supposed to be solid gold and to run down into the center of the earth. The legend is of Indian origin, and around it clusters a number of Indian stories, in which the name of the ill-fated Montezuma occurs frequently. The descendants of the Aztecs believe firmly that the day will come when Montezuma will return and free them from the domination of the descendants of the Conquistodores. They believe that the money necessary for I will watch over him and surround him this work will be taken from Madre bourne? Oh, Joe, aren't you going to with my care through all the dark paths | d'Oro. The secret of the entrance into take me with you?" And out went the which he may have to tread.' Then God the valley is supposed to be carefully guarded by a tribe of Indians living thou art the child of Mercy; go and near it, and among them is only communicated to the oldest men, amid the solemn ceremonies of the medicine tears, and against evidence, and what lodge. Having such a story to work upon, there is little wonder that the vivid imagination of the Mexican should have built upon it tales of men who have found this wonderful place. One is that a certain Jose Alvarrez, while wandering through the mountains in search of game, saw the valley from the top of one of the walls. Finding that he could not hope to enter it by climbing down, he took up his abode with the Indiana who guard the canon leading into it. The daughter of the chief fell in love with him and betrayed the secret to him. Exactly how she found it out they do not tell. Having been shown the entrance Jose went in, and would possibly have got away with some of the gold had he not weighed himself down to such an extent that he could not get up the declivity at the lower end of the passage. He was discovered, and the Indians sacrificed him on the golden ledge with all of the terrible cere monies of the old Aztec religion. The girl, in despair at losing him, threw herself from the high walls into the valley below. Hundreds of prospectors have spent months of toil trying to find the Madre d'Oro, bed, it is scarcely necessary to say, with no result.

> Dakota Territory's cash valuation is almost \$48,000,000.