

### How the King Lost His Crown.

The king's men, when he had slain the boar, Strung him aloft on the fisher's oar, And, two behind and two before, In triumph bore him along the shore.

An oar! says the king; 'tis a trifle!—why Did the fisher frown and the good wife sigh? A trifle, sire! was the fool's reply; Then frown or laugh who will; for I, Who laugh at all and am only a clown, Will never more laugh at trifles!

A runner next day leaped down the sand, And launched a skiff from the fisher's strand; For he cried—An army invades the land! The passes are seized on either hand! And I must carry my message straight, Across the lake to the castle gate! \* \* \* The castle he neared, but the waves were great, The fanged rocks foamed like the jaws of Fate; And lacking an oar the boat went down. The Furies laugh at trifles!

The swimmer against the waves began To strive as a valiant swimmer can. Methinks, said the fool, 'twere no bad plan If a scow were sent the drowning man!

To snooze a periled pawn instead, The monarch, moving his rook ahead, Bowed over the chessmen, white and red, Gave check!—then looked on the lake and said, The boat is lost, the man will drown! \* \* \* Oh, king! beware of trifles!

To the lords, the mirthful dames, the bard Was troling his latest song; the guard Were casting dice in the castle yard; And the captains all were drinking hard. Then came the chief of the halberdiers, And told to the king's astounded ears; An army on every side appears! An army with banners, and bows and spears! They have gained the wall and surprised the town! \* \* \* Our fates are woven of trifles!

The red usurper reached the throne; The tidings over the realm were blown; And flying to alien lands alone With a trusty few, the king made moan. \* \* \* But long and loudly laughed the clown; We broke the oar and the boat went down; And so the messenger chanced to drown; The messenger lost, we lost the town; And the loss of the town has cost a crown; And all these things are trifles!

—Our Continent.

### A SUNFLOWER.

"I shall wear a sunflower in my hair, I tell you."

"How queer you will look."

"I shall look well."

"I beg your pardon, but it is impossible."

"Impossible for me to look well?"

"Heavens! no, impossible to look well with a great horrid weed on your head."

"We shall see."

"I shall not see. I am going out of town."

"Cannot you get back?"

"I am afraid not."

"Very well. You will hear, then."

There was a silence. "Eva, dear," said the young man at last, "don't make a guy of yourself."

"I am sorry if my taste doesn't please you," the girl replied. "Others may be less difficult. We can easily find people to go with us."

"Doubtless. And you will give them the sunflower from your hair in recompense. Well—enjoy yourself. Good-by."

They parted in anger, the young man shutting the street-door hastily behind him and walking off without a single backward glance, though Eva stood in the window watching under her long lashes for some such sign of repentance. The wicked little creature knew well enough why Phil was so angry. When he was out of sight she left the parlor and went slowly upstairs to her sister's apartment. Mrs. Kent was indulging in a headache, which meant a wrapper, a shawl and seclusion with a novel and the morning papers.

"Mr. Egerton did not stay long," she remarked, languidly, as Eva entered.

"No. I am afraid he has a shocking temper. It is all for the best, no doubt," said Eva, mysteriously.

"Child, what has happened?" exclaimed Mrs. Kent, dropping her book into her lap. "You have quarreled with Philip! Oh, you foolish Eva!"

"I don't agree with you. It is quite too soon to begin to dictate about my dress. I shall never be willing to give in to that extent."

"About your dress! How could that be, my dear!"

"Well, Helen—I suppose I must tell you. Of course I don't care about sunflowers, lilies or dandelions especially, but I consider that I have a right to like them if I want to like them, and Phil objects to them and ridicules them and sneers at certain colors—for reasons of his own—which I like. Now that is going too far, as you must acknowledge, Helen, and it makes me a little indignant. Finally I happened to say that I would wear an olive-green dress at the St. Valentine's ball and a sunflower in my hair. Of course I was only joking, but he took it up seriously and assured me I should look horrid, and—just fancy!—declined to go with us on the transparent pretense that he was going out of town. He could not endure the sight of me with a horrid sunflower in my hair. Goose! where did he suppose I was going to get a sunflower in February?"

"Oh, I see. He thought it was for Mr. Maynard. Poor Phil, he is jealous. How can you trifle so, Eva?"

"Trifle, Helen? It is no trifle now, I promise you. If there is a sunflower to be got before the 14th, I will wear the sunflower in my hair at the ball."

Mrs. Kent began to laugh, but looking at her sister's face she suddenly refrained, not without some effort, and said mildly, "You will think better of it by that time, my child."

Poor Phil Egerton, walking swiftly down the street, setting down each foot with a fiery and determined stamp, met a tall, pale young man who nodded and then stopped to speak. "I know you come from Mrs. Kent's," he said, slowly and softly. "Do tell me, if the ladies are at home. It is so chilling to stand and ring and meet a blank denial."

"Miss Wilmarth is at home—Mrs. Kent is ill," Egerton answered, briefly.

"Ah, thanks—then I will go on," murmured the other, but Phil had hurried past.

"Maynard has gone to read poetry on sunflowers to her," so he thought, and despaired, reflecting on his own lately expressed animosities to that harmless vegetable. "All girls were alike," muttered the unhappy young man, "wild after whatever idiosyncrasy is the newest, whether it is in dress or poetry or people. My Eva prefers this Maynard to me, and tries to become as absurd as he is by the grace of nature. Well, I can bear the parting if it comes to that; better than that the other alternative." And he strode proudly on to his office, where he made life miserable to his subordinates all that day.

"Eva Wilmarth," said Mrs. Kent, when they were putting on their bonnets to go shopping, with a view to their dresses for the ball. "You don't really mean to stick to your sunflower?"

"Yes, I do mean it," replied the young lady, trying a very determined bow under her chin as she spoke. "Never, Helen, never will I give up on such a subject as that to the best man that lives. We have a few rights, and I mean to defend them," she continued, absently, "to the end of my bonnet strings. Helen, do you think they are becoming, tied in this way?" Her eyes in the glass looked expectantly at her sister, and her beautiful head leaned forward sideways on the pause of doubt.

"Yes, becoming enough. I know you can wear almost anything—but, Eva, you are only five feet one."

"So much the better," said Eva, oracularly, and the sisters departed on their mission. Eva was grave and preoccupied all the morning, but Mrs. Kent did not wonder, being well aware that her sister objected more strongly to looking like a fright than to almost anything else; and not herself seeing a way out of the dilemma. In vain she endeavored to persuade her to change her mind. Miss Wilmarth was firm as a rock, and went on buying the different articles for her proposed toilet in the most business-like manner.

The expedition was long and fatiguing. "I have a good mind not to go to the ball," said Eva, wearily, when they returned. "I am tired. I hate the whole thing."

"And your sunflower?" said her sister, wickedly.

"Oh, yes, my sunflower! I must go to wear it. It is a great pity that people cannot understand each other; though you cannot be always explaining yourself, you know, Helen, because people choose to imagine things."

Phil Egerton went out of town cross and sad, dispatched his business while his thoughts were full of Eva, and returned before the festival of the patron saint of lovers. It was weak, but he could not help it. He never cared for any other girl in his life. "Eva Wilmarth represented the whole sex to him. He felt himself capable of giving up everything for her, and yet he believed her ready to forsake him for that miserable idiot, Maynard. The more he thought of it the more impossible it seemed to believe in such a desertion. Time after time he went over the history of the last few weeks, seeking to trace the progress of her alienation and to ascertain whether by doing anything that he had not done or leaving anything that he had done this terrible catastrophe might have been averted—but he got no light. He passed a dreiful week, and in the long nights, unable to sleep, he meditated on what he could make of his future when Eva was lost to him irrevocably. There were moments when he feared that in losing her he should also lose himself, and sink into evil excitements to drown the pain that would scathe his life as by fire; but generally his mind settled upon Leadville, or some beneficent polar expedition, as affording a calm retreat where he might drag on a maimed and crushed existence till death came to his relief. He got home then before St. Valentine's, and on the afternoon of that day he was sitting in his office listlessly looking through a pile of letters that had accumulated during his absence. Taking up one of these he suddenly recognized the handwriting, and with a great throb he tore it open. It was a valentine, a sun-

flower of goodly proportions, with this motto: "The constant flower follows its love, the sun; My constant heart turneth to thee alone."

Phil was thunderstruck and puzzled. He put his head in his hands and thought it all over again, harder than ever before. As a result of these reflections he determined to go to the ball by himself, in the character of a spectator. If Maynard was one of Mrs. Kent's party he would observe them. At least Eva was no flirt; that he knew. Could it be that he was unjust to her, that he might be mistaken? Blissful thought! if that could by any possibility be true.

He went early to the ball and from a quiet lurking-place watched the arrivals. At last they came, Mr. Kent with his wife, Eva escorted by an old bachelor cousin who was considered an almost fatal bore by most people. In the crowd he could only see the top of Eva's small head, but she was not accompanied by the odious Maynard, that was sure. Here was the odious Maynard arriving all by himself, with a serene air and a lily in his coat. Egerton could have wept in the sense of relief. Still he waited, he had gone through too many phases of suffering to regain his equilibrium lightly. He passed a quiet hour in his corner before summoning courage to approach Eva. At last he advanced, skillfully concealing his trepidation—at least he thought so—under a mask of indifference. She was surrounded by admirers and had never looked more lovely to poor Phil's eyes. He saw that her dress was of some dusky, rich substance, and that the arrangement of her hair was unlike other people's hair, which gave her, he thought, a distinguished and peculiar grace. In reality her gown was olive-green velvet, rich white lace at the neck and sleeves, the only relief to its somber color. Her red-gold hair was dressed high, and on the top of her head a veritable sunflower apparently reposed on its edge in full-blown magnificence like a star, or rather a sun. How the thing was fastened only she and her hair-dresser knew, but there it was among the brighter rings and curls that shone the brighter from contrast with its dingy yellow and brown.

Miss Wilmarth was small and dainty in figure, she had large blue eyes and a charming complexion, her childish lilies and roses were as well set off by her grave dress as her curls and daintiness by the cumbersome head ornament; she was a fairy, a dryad, a beautiful masquerading child. It was highly probable that sunflowers in the hair would be de rigueur the rest of the season.

Egerton made his bow and received a sweet, confiding, self-pathetic smile.

"Good-evening," she said, softly, "I am glad you got back. I thought perhaps you would. Is not everybody looking nice to-night? Yes, my sister is here; do you not see her in the second set? I have been dancing; I am a little tired."

To judge from her manner nothing had happened. Egerton gasped and accepted the situation.

"I found I could come back," he said, hypocritically, "and of course I did my best, though I am rather late in finding my way to you. It struck him that he was on dangerous ground here, and he hastened off it. "How beautifully you look, dearest," the poor fellow said, rapturously, "I never saw you dressed so perfectly."

Eva's mouth quivered, and the long lashes fell over her eyes to conceal their laughter. When she could trust her voice she said simply, "I am pleased that you like my dress, for it is a fancy of my own."

"I am sure no one else could design anything so effective," answered the enamored Phil.

"But you remember you did not think it would be pretty when I spoke of wearing olive green and a sunflower."

"That was—some time ago. And I was a fool to suppose I knew anything about a woman's dress. Darling Eva, did you send me a valentine?"

"Yes, Phil," said Eva, "I did."

Out of this turmoil there emerged peace for Egerton. He need no longer yearn for the mine or the pole. He thought of himself as a vandal of the deepest dye while he looked at the beautiful creature wearing her sunflower with the serene, unconscious grace of a child princess. What was he then to dictate in such ineffable matters? Did he know anything beyond cropped hair and a stovepipe hat?

Mrs. Kent came up radiant. "How sensible of you to come back in time for the ball!" said she. "How many valentines have you had this year?" And they all laughed.

A little Scotch terrier, about ten years of age, belonging to C. D. Daggett of Boston, suddenly disappeared, and was finally found in the homeopathic hospital in West Concord street. It had presented itself at the dispensary with a broken leg, and barked at the door unattended. Proper surgical attention was given it, the dog quietly submitting.

### TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Statisticians estimate that the population of this country has increased over 1,000,000 since the taking of the census in 1880, making our population upward of 52,000,000. It is believed that in 1890 it will approximate 60,000,000.

The Nashville (Tennessee) American makes the curious statement that there seems to be a pretty general belief in that State that the extraordinary rains of the past season have prepared a drought for Tennessee and failure of crops next summer.

A society has been organized in Canada for the purpose of encouraging the establishment of a teetotal colony. One thousand acres of land have been secured of the government, and are offered to strictly temperate persons at less than the established rate.

Notwithstanding the American competition, which caused Swiss watchmakers great anxiety not long ago, their trade has been prosperous of late, and wages have been large for Switzerland. But the financial crash in Paris and heavy losses in Vienna have affected the industry, and large orders for the French and Austrian markets have been countermanded.

Professor Goessman, of the Massachusetts Agricultural college, has confirmed by recent investigation his belief that he has found a cure for the "yellows," that arch enemy of peaches and of those who eat them. Now if the learned professor will turn his attention to the mysterious complaint which distorts the vision of the peach while the crop is maturing, he will deserve still better of his country.

Mary Ann Hermann, the poor lunatic of Charlestown, Ind., who beat Tanner at his own game and died after a sixty-three days' fast, uttered only one cry of suffering during her long period of torture, and that was shortly before her death, when, singularly enough, a severe attack of mumps was added to her misery. During the last twelve days of her life she lost twenty pounds in weight, and at the time of her death weighed scarcely more than seventy-five pounds, having lost 105 pounds in all during the fast.

A young man in Denver, Col., while engaged in repairing an electric lamp, mounted a high step-ladder, and, with a wire in each hand, was about to connect the circuit when the current was turned on. The shock completely paralyzed him, and he fell backward off the ladder. He has brought a suit for damages against the company, and the trial will be an interesting one. He claims that the current was turned on before the usual time, which the company denies. One side of his face is still paralyzed, and the doctors think it will remain so the rest of his life.

A scientific feat never before attempted with success has been accomplished in Cleveland, Ohio, where Richard Jahr, a German student in photography, has photographed President Garfield's tomb by moonlight. Jahr had labored for some time, and expended considerable money in an attempt to secure a negative, with no other light than that of the moon, and it was not until one night recently that his efforts were crowned with success. The camera was left in position seven hours before the negative was perfected. The value of the discovery to science, and the place where it was made, surrounds it with peculiar interest to the world at large.

The American Cultivator remarks that "American cheese is taking high rank in the markets of Great Britain," and then adds: "And yet, as a people, we consume but a small quantity of cheese per capita as compared with the consumption by the English. Taking milk as the highest type of food (and in making cheese we simply coagulate the nutritious part of milk), we shall find that cheese is most valuable as food for man. A celebrated English physician says a pint of milk is equivalent in nutritive power to an ordinary mutton chop, and as a pint of milk will yield only an ounce or so of cheese, we must have in the latter a cheap and highly concentrated food. The English eat double the cheese in proportion to the population that is consumed by Americans. The Italians live to a great extent on cheese and Indian corn, and in Greece the common people eat largely of cheese made of the milk of goats."

### Burning of Theaters.

It is on record in Germany than in the past 272 years no fewer than 523 theaters have been burned down in various parts of the world. This is an average of nearly two per year. During the last century there was a large increase in the percentage over the preceding time. For the hundred years the total number was 460, or more than four-fifths of the total for the 272 years. For the period included between 1771 and 1825 the average was thirteen per annum.

### MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

#### "I Am Coming."

A little girl who was playing near the edge of a precipice suddenly felt the ground give way beneath her feet and before she had time to spring back to a place of safety had slipped over the brow of the terrible abyss. With the instinct of despair, and that of love of life implanted in us all, she snatched at the grass and tall weeds within her reach. Her little fingers dug deep into the ground and stayed her downward course. There she hung suspended in the air. Moments seemed ages, until she heard a voice which sounded very far off, saying in a firm, encouraging tone, "I am coming; keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed; she never glanced downward, but clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice—this time nearer—spoke hopefully.

"I am coming; keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp, and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into two great loving arms, and closed her eyes upon her father's breast.

It was his turn now to look up. He did so in thankfulness to the great God in heaven who had preserved his child.

Dear reader, where are you standing? Is it upon the sandy foundation which may give way at any time, or are your feet upon the Rock? If not yet safe, oh, let me urge you to look up to the great Deliverer who has come, and whose arms are outstretched in love, anxious to save, and able to save to the uttermost all who come unto Him.—Exchange.

#### Religious News and Notes.

There are 1,143 Presbyterians in Texas, with forty churches. The Methodist church extension board aided 410 churches the past year.

The annual State convention of the Young Men's Christian association will next year be held at Newburg on the Hudson.

A third Presbyterian church has been organized in Canton, China with twenty-eight members. Two native elders were chosen.

The Methodist presiding elders of the Northwest are shortly to hold a convention in Chicago to discuss the duties and opportunities of their office.

The Rev. George W. Lehmann, one of the oldest and most esteemed Baptist missionaries in Germany, is dead. He was pastor of a large church in Berlin.

The Presbyterian synods now conform to State lines. That of Pennsylvania heads the list with 131,054 communications; that of New York has 130,374; Ohio has 68,326; New Jersey, 45,288; Illinois, 42,286; Indiana, 27,678; Iowa, 20,812.

The Salvation army recently had a "demonstration" of "reclaimed drunkards" in City hall, Glasgow. Addresses were made by the reformed, and the hall rang with cheers, songs of rejoicing and hallelujahs. "Major" Edmonds said the army had 30,000 soldiers in the United Kingdom who were teetotallers.

#### He Never Laid It Down.

Years ago into a wholesale grocery in an Eastern city walked a tall, muscular man evidently a fresh comer from some backwoods town. According to the first person he met, who happened to be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't know. What can you do?"

"Do?" said the man, "I rather guess I can turn my hand to almost anything. What do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it would be one that could lift well, a strong, wiry fellow; one, for instance, that could lift a sack of coffee like that yonder and carry it across the store and never lay it down."

"There, now, cap'n," said the countryman, "that's just me. I can lift anything I can hitch to. You can't suit me better. What will you give a man that suits you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant, "if you shoulder that sack of coffee and carry it across the store twice and never lay it down, I will hire you for one year at one hundred dollars a month."

"Done," said the stranger.

By this time every clerk in the store had gathered around and was waiting to join in the laugh against the man who threw the sack across his shoulder with perfect ease, and carrying it twice across the floor, went to a large hook which was fastened to the wall and hung it up, then turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there till doomsday. I shall never lay it down. What shall I go about, mister? Just give me plenty to do and one hundred dollars a month and it's all right."

The clerks broke into a laugh, and the merchant discomfited yet satisfied kept his agreement, and to-day the green countryman is the senior partner in the firm and worth a million dollars.

### Tea-Tasting.

A New York paper thus describes the operation of tea-tasting as performed in a tea broker's office by professional tea-tasters: Drawing near to the table, where the attendant is engaged in preparing a set of samples for the taster, a clear insight may be gained as to the manner in which the operation of tea-tasting is conducted. The attendant takes a small quantity of tea from the canister, and places as much of it in the diminutive scales in the center of the table as will balance a silver half-dime. He then drops the tea into one of the cups, which are made of fine porcelain and hold about half a gill. The samples to be tasted having been disposed of in the various cups, he fills the latter with boiling water from the urn. The tea-taster then holds each of the cups in turn beneath his nostrils to catch the aroma exhaled, which is of great assistance in enabling him to determine the quality. When the tea has sufficiently cooled to be not much more than lukewarm, he proceeds to test it by tasting it. This operation is conducted with much solemnity and deliberation, the tea-taster closing his eyes as if to shut himself out from the world, and insisting on the strictest silence being maintained by those around him as long as the test is in progress. He only takes a few sips from each cup, but sometimes he applies himself a second, a third, and even a fourth time to the same sample. The tests having been made, the tea-taster renders a decision as to the quality of the different teas he has sampled, and the values at which they should be rated in the market. By many it may be thought that the matter of deciding as to the quality of different kinds of tea must depend largely upon individual ideas and taste. As far as the professional tea-taster is concerned, this is a popular delusion. Tea-tasting, in a professional sense, is very decidedly a trade in itself, and like most other trades has to be learned by dint of application and experience. That it is not merely a question of individual taste is demonstrated by the fact that when, as is often the case, a certain set of samples is submitted to several tea-tasters, acting independently of each other, the various opinions rendered as to quality and value are almost invariably identical. So delicate are the perceptions of the tea-taster that he quickly and accurately grades the different samples submitted to him, recognizing the most minute gradations, and in many instances pronouncing the part of the country in which a certain tea was grown. In the same way the judgment of the tea-tasters purchasing tea in China for the importers, as a general rule, coincides with that of the tea-tasters here.

The tea trade is divided into four distinct branches—the importer, the broker, the jobber and the retailer. The wholesale price of tea ranges from ten to seventy cents per pound. The importer's profit is a moderate but remunerative one, the largest percentage of profit, from forty to sixty per cent., falling to the retailer. When a consignment of tea is received by the importer samples of the consignment, which often consists of different kinds of tea, are sent to the broker, who disposes of it to the large retailers or to the jobbers, who in turn sell in lesser quantities to the smaller retailers. The broker receives one per cent. commission on all sales effected by him. The tea-taster acts in the interests of the broker, to whose advantage it is to have a correct estimate of the quality and value of the tea he is handling, in order to satisfy and retain his customers. There are but a few professional tea-tasters in New York. Altogether they do not number more than thirty or thirty-five at most. They are generally men of long experience in the tea trade, and many of them have acted as buyers in China for large importers in New York. The occupation of a tea-taster can scarcely be termed a healthful one. The constant absorption of tea superinduces a nervous, excitable condition and occasionally leads to nervous diseases and attacks of insomnia. The injury sustained by constant tea-sampling differs in individuals, but is more or less marked in all. The calling is peculiarly a very profitable one.

#### Polygamy in Utah.

"Upon the question of suppressing polygamy in Utah," says *Our Continent*, "there seems to be a substantial unity among the churches. Almost every pulpit sounds the trumpet of alarm to a congregation in thorough sympathy with the sentiment expressed. Hardly a town or village of the Northern States having in it a single heavenward-pointing spire has failed to make its voice heard in denunciation of this far-away evil of the Western plains. Perhaps the fact that they were firing at long range has not tended to make the bombardment of the 'Prophets' stronghold any less furious."

May not a jury be said to be selfish when they have a greed.