

**A Day of Sunshine.**  
Oh, gift of God! Oh, perfect day;  
Whence shall no man work, but play;  
Whereon it is enough for me,  
Not to be doing, but to be!

Through every fiber of my brain,  
Through every nerve, through every vein,  
I feel the electric thrill, the touch  
Of life, that seems almost too much.

I hear the wind among the trees  
Playing celestial symphonies;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.

And over me unrolls on high  
The splendid scenery of the sky,  
Where through a sapphire sea the sun  
Sails like a golden galleon.

Toward yonder cloudland in the West,  
Toward yonder Islands of the Blessed,  
Whose steep sierra fair uplifts  
Its craggy summit white with drifts.

Blow, winds! and waft through all the rooms  
The snowflakes of the cherry blooms!  
Blow, winds! and bend within my reach  
The fiery blossoms of the peach!

Oh, Life and Love! Oh, happy throng  
Of thoughts, whose only speech is song!  
Oh, heart of man! canst thou not be  
Blithe as the air is, and as free?

—Longfellow.

### A Story of Dijon Roses.

"Dijon roses! Oh, how lovely, you dear, good Pierre!"

This was the exclamation of a girl about nineteen, arrayed in a ball dress of white, as she took a bouquet of these gorgeous, fragrant flowers from the hands of the old gardener, who had gathered them for his favorite, the only daughter of his master.

"Yes, miss, from your own bush, all of them," said the old man; "and I guess no one at the grand ball will have finer flowers. I would not give any one else even one, Miss Amy."

The girl bent lovingly over the fragrant blossoms, and a thoughtful look passed over her speaking face.

"I fancy oftentimes these roses are my flowers—my guardian angels. The German fable is so pretty—that flower angels keep us from all harm and wrong. You shall be my guardians, anyway," she playfully added, as she put them for a moment to her lips.

It was this sunny-haired girl's first ball, and as she stood in the light of the chandelier her face showed all the love of enjoyment so natural to youth, though it was not so easy to divine the intentness of purpose and noble longings after good in her still untried soul. The future lay yet before her—a bright, unwritten page; yet she had tasted enough of sorrow in the early loss of a mother to know that life has troubles as well as joys.

The first ball, however, soon drives other thoughts away, and Amy, placing some of the roses in her hair and in her bosom, and wrapping her cloak carefully round her, went forth with her father to the anticipated pleasure.

Rooms fragrant with exotics and filled with a countless variety of forms and faces, and delicious music swelling in the perfumed air.

The white-robed, graceful form of Amy, as leaning on her father's arm she walked slowly through the throng, elicited many a remark and passing glance of admiration.

One gentleman standing in a retired corner looked curiously after her and started forward, but fell back into a careless posture, and watched Amy intently.

He was not apparently an habitué of the ballroom, but the "guinea stamp" was there "for a' that," as the Scotch poet observes.

After a time the hostess came up to him and said: "Do, Doctor Roslin, let me give you an introduction to my dear little friend, Amy Dormer," and the smiling lady, attired in brocade and lace and jewels, presented the grave-looking man to Amy, who soon found herself talking to him quite at her ease, and very much enjoying his quiet originality as compared to the usual rapid ballroom conversation.

"Look," she said, after a pause, "at my roses. They are my guardian angels—Dijon roses, you know; when we have a flower guardian he keeps us from harm—is it not a pretty thought?"

"So these are Dijon roses? I thought I knew them," he answered. "I have a little story connected with them, which I will tell you some time, if you would like to hear it, though it is but an unfinished one." Then bending down and speaking low as Amy's father came to take her away, he said, "Thank you, Miss Dormer, for a pleasant evening. After all, a ball is not half so bad as I expected."

"I think they are delightful. Here are one of my roses for you," said Amy; and so they parted.

A ward in a hospital, with its rows of small white beds, and the silent figures of the sisters going to and fro on their missions of mercy.

"No. 24 is dying," was whispered by one of the nurses, and two of them came to the bedside.

No. 24 was young, scarcely past her girlhood; her brown hair fell in heavy braids on the pillow, but the weariness

of life and the stamp of early care and privations had marked her face, lovely as it still was. She was murmuring of other lands in a strange language.

Just then a visitor entered—a girl about the age of the one who lay dying; but, oh, how different—the earnest face, so full of life and happiness, even though sad with sympathy for suffering, as the new-comer bent over the worn invalid who just then opened her eyes, and gazed almost fearfully into her face.

Suddenly the dying girl held out her hands, and said, beseechingly:

"Give them to me—oh, please let me have them!" as she pointed to a cluster of roses in the visitor's hand. "Dijon roses!" she murmured; "they came from my home—did you gather them from the garden? Does Francois still water them for me? Oh, let me have them—do!"

Amy, for it was she, put the flowers into the sufferer's hand; tremblingly she carried them to her lips. "Did Francois send them to me—to Reine?" she said; "and do the little mother and Nanon still wait for me?" Then, as a change passed over her face, and Amy bent over her, she said, feebly: "Lady, will you tell them Reine is dying, but she is sorry, and has tried to remember all the good abbe taught? Bury these flowers with me; they are from the dear home."

She lifted her face with a smile, and all was over, and the ineffable peace that death brings to the weary passed into the dead girl's face. Amy felt sure the flower-angel had brought a message from home to the sinner.

One of the sisters drew a sheet over the face, and as Amy turned to leave, with tearful eyes she saw her friend of the ballroom, Doctor Roslin, who had been an unsuspected witness of the scene.

"I am glad to see you here," he said. "I am glad your flowers brought a message from home to the poor child. I feared she would suffer more before the last, and am thankful death came so peacefully."

A pretty room, with a bright wood fire burning in a grate, and a girl's figure leaning on the mantel, with one foot on the low brass fender, standing gazing musingly at the burning logs. Suddenly the door opened, and Amy turned with a blush and a smile to welcome her friend, Dr. Roslin.

"I am so glad to see you," she said, "for I want to hear what you know about that poor girl who died in the hospital last week. I have had a bush of Dijon roses planted on her grave."

Sitting together by the fire the doctor told Amy a simple story of his travels abroad, to which he little thought at the time he should ever see any denouement, he said:

"Taking a walk one summer evening in the outskirts of a small town in the south of France, where I was spending a week's relaxation from hard work, I came to a small cottage, surrounded by a garden filled with the most beautiful flowers.

"While I lingered, looking over the slight fence, a young man in a blouse slowly entered the gate and began to work among the flowers, and watered them from a little spring at the back of the house. Presently a dark-eyed child came down the path and stood beside the youth.

"'Francois,' she said, 'I must go to the market to-morrow and carry some of the roses; the little mother needs money for the rent.'

"A shade passed over the man's face as he answered:

"'Well, little one, do as you will; just as well as to let them droop and wither, I suppose.'

"A careworn-looking woman soon joined the two, and I strolled on; but coming back, and still seeing the child, I asked her for a rose and a drink of water from the spring. When she brought them I told her to bring me a bouquet to the market the next day, which she promised to do, saying:

"'They are Reine's roses. She has gone away, and little mother and Francois won't let me talk of Reine. She is my sister, and I wish she would come back, it is so dull without her.'

"Next morning I failed not to seek the little flower-merchant, and found her sitting quietly among a crowd of noisy vendors. As soon as she saw me, she exclaimed:

"'Here, monsieur! here are your roses! Some gentlemen wanted them, but I kept them for you. I have sold many bouquets!'

"I paid the little one so liberally that she bent and kissed my hand, saying:

"'It is too much, monsieur. I will give you flowers every day. This will be enough to pay cross Monsieur Jacques, and the little mother will be at ease.'

"Here is the end of my romance, Miss Amy, for I was called away next day by a telegram, and I cannot help thinking the girl who died is the lost Reine."

"What strange things are happening every day!" said Amy. "How lives meet and touch, and we seldom know for what reason till years have flown.

Her eyes were full of tears as she looked up in her friend's face.

"I have set one of the sisters to find out some of poor Reine's history, and her name if possible; then I will write to the Marie and send news to her mother if we can prove the relationship."

He paused a moment, then went on more quickly.

"I have to go abroad myself in a few months to settle some business and see to some scientific lectures in Paris, and can, perhaps, visit the little town, Amy"—as she bent her head down—"will you go with me, dear?"

Once more the Dijon roses bloom in the little garden of the cottage. The sun is sinking behind the hills, and Nanon is busy with the flowers, while her mother sits knitting on the doorstep.

A lady and gentleman stop at the gate, and the child recognizes in the latter her friend who paid her so liberally for Reine's roses. She ran toward him joyfully.

"I kept a bouquet till it was almost withered for you every day for a long time, but you never came."

It was the doctor and his wife, Amy, who had come on purpose to bring to the mother news of her lost child.

The woman came forward and invited them in, and, with kindly welcome, brought sweet milk, brown bread and grapes for her visitors.

It was difficult to find an opening for the sad story, so Amy whispered to her husband, and promised to come the next day to see some lace the women made, and they left the story untold till then.

Then, tenderly and gently, Amy told the poor woman of the girl in the hospital and the roses, and showed her a little silver cross which the sister had taken from poor Reine's neck—the only trace of her identity, for her name was not known.

The mother fell on her knees in an agony of grief as she recognized this, her child's silver cross. But she soon became more composed by Amy's gentle words and sympathy.

"Reine was a strange girl," she said. "She always said her roses were her friends, and it is through them I have news of my lost child. It will go hard with poor Francois. He always thought she would come back; but it is better to know she has gone than to be living as she might, for Reine was always a good child. God rest her soul!"

Amy remained with the poor woman till Nanon returned, and her husband came to walk back with her to the town.

They were to leave the next day; but Amy left a small sum of money with the good abbe of the neighboring church for Reine's mother and little sister, and promised to take care of her grave, and send Nanon a rose from the bush planted there as soon as they were in bloom.

Thoughtfully in the dying twilight Doctor Roslin and his young wife walked back to the town.

Suddenly Amy looked up into his face and said:

"Do you not believe in flower-angels now, dear?"

Bending down and kissing her sweet lips, he said:

"Yes, and in my own guardian genius, too, which is yourself, sweet wife."

### Cutting Out.

The most desperate, yet generally successful and popular achievements have been those known as "cutting out"—that is, attacks by open boats upon an enemy's ships in an enemy's harbor, and I may cite one as among the most brilliant and picturesque of these exploits. The British frigate Seahorse was blockading another frigate of about equal size in the harbor of Porto Caballo, on the Spanish main. The idea of "cutting out" the frigate from under the Spanish batteries by means of his small open boats, manned with only 100 men, inspired Captain Hamilton, and, when communicated to his crew, was received with three hearty cheers. The boats, commanded by the captain himself, left the frigate at night and made for the harbor, not unobserved, however, by a Spanish launch "rowing guard" at the entrance. This did not deter the gallant assailants. Two boats proceeded to cut the cables, the others attempted to board at different points, two only out of the six succeeding at first. The Spanish crew, numbering 365, retired before the headlong attack of probably not eighty assailants, and two boats' crews remained to tow the enemy out if captured. For some minutes the issue was doubtful, but while the deadly struggle proceeded below our lithesome sailors sprang aloft like a flight of nightbirds; the gaskets were cut, the sails dropped certain-like from the yards, the ship gained life, and floated out like a summer cloud or a vision amid the roar of guns from the battery, the continued fire of muskets, the loud curses of the Spaniards, and the measured splash of the oars. When the struggle ended outside the harbor 119 of the enemy lay stiff and stark, ninety-seven were wounded, while the loss of the victors was trifling!—*The Nineteenth Century.*

### CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.

When the bees are young honey remains longer white, and is known as virgin honey.

The loss of a hand was one of the penal mutilations enacted by William the Conqueror.

Hangings for rooms, called arras, were first made in Arras, France, in the fourteenth century.

The yearly consumption of quinine in the United States is computed at 800,000 ounces.

The dahlia is a native of Mexico, and was brought to England by Dahl, a Swede, in 1804.

The discovery of the luminosity of plants has been attributed to the daughter of Linnæus.

Under the microscope the brilliant feathers of a humming-bird's breast show only dark brown.

During the reign of Trojan 5,000 poor children were supported by the government in Rome alone.

The medicinal leech is found only in Central Europe, Asia Minor and part of the northern coast of Africa.

It is within the last two centuries that the first attempt was made in Europe to establish quarantines.

Among the Tahitians and New Zealanders the women wear their hair short and the men wear theirs long.

The ancient custom of sending a present of fine cloth to certain high officers of state and gentlemen of Queen Victoria's household has lately been observed by a committee of the court of aldermen of London. The custom seems to have originated in a desire to encourage competition in the manufacture of fine goods.

The ancient Huns seem to have been the ugliest of all the ugliest races of Central Asia, and the homeliest individual was probably the "veiled prophet of Bokhara," the repulsiveness of whose features was so overpowering that he did not venture to appear without a mask, for which he afterward substituted a golden veil, and was consequently known as "the veiled one."

Suicides are increasing at an alarming rate in the German army, and it is suggested that the authorities might consult the order book of the first Napoleon for a remedy. While first consul he promulgated the following order to the forces under his command: "The grenadier Gardan has killed himself on account of a love affair. In other respects he was a good soldier. This is the second occurrence of this sort that has taken place in the army corps within the last month. The first consul desires to notify the guard in the order of the day—first, that a soldier must learn to subjugate the passions of grief and melancholy; secondly, that just as much courage is required to endure soul-sufferings with fortitude as to stand unmoved in the ranks under the fire of a battery. To give way unresistingly to sorrow, to destroy one's self in order to escape distress of mind, is equivalent to running away from the battlefield before one has been beaten."

### The Police of Guatemala.

Joseph H. Pratt, drill sergeant of the New York city police, who went to Guatemala, Central America, in August last to organize a police force, has returned. He has the opinion of returning and taking command of the police department of Guatemala at a salary of \$5,000. Sergeant Pratt says:

Guatemala has a mixed population of about 55,000. On my arrival there I found that the city was policed by about 200 barefooted men who were armed with sabers. They were the most wretched looking policemen you ever saw. There was no discipline. The men did as they pleased. In the daytime you could never see any of them and at night you might find them loafing at street corners when they were not "occupied in crime."

The laws of the republic were defied, crime was rampant, and it was as much as a man's life was worth to venture out of doors at night. I took in the situation at a glance, and came to the conclusion that the policemen were in point of morality not much better than the most desperate criminals with which the city abounded. It seemed to me that many of the crimes reported were committed by the police, or by others with their aid. \* \* \* There are about 1,000 soldiers in the city, with a proportionate number of officers, who seem to have nothing to do but attend cock-fights. You can see officers at any hour of the day passing through the streets with game-cocks under their arms. They have a great passion for cock-fighting. The soldiers do sentinel duty throughout the city, but it is only a matter of form and kept up because it has been a custom for many years. We did not get along with the soldiers very well at first. The first Sunday that we turned out in uniform some of the men were attacked by the soldiers and injured. I reported the matter to the president and the minister of war. The result was that the next day each of the offending soldiers received 100 lashes. Since then the two bodies have got along nicely.

### THE HOME DOCTOR.

#### Health Alphabet.

A—as soon as you are up shake blankets and sheets;  
B—etter be without shoes than sit with wet feet;  
C—hildren if healthy are active, not still;  
D—amp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;  
E—at slowly and always chew your food well;  
F—reshen the air in the house where you dwell;  
G—arments must never be made too tight;  
H—omes should be healthy, airy and light.  
I—f you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,  
J—ust open the windows before you go out.  
K—eep your rooms always tidy and clean;  
L—et dust on the furniture never be seen.  
M—uch illness is caused by the want of pure air;  
N—ow, to open the windows be ever your care;  
O—ld rags and old rubbish should never be kept;  
P—eople should see that their floors are well swept.  
Q—uick movements in children are healthy and right;  
R—emember, the young cannot thrive without light.  
S—ee that the cistern is clean to the brim;  
T—ake care that your dress is all tidy and trim;  
U—se your nose to find if there be a bad drain,  
V—ery sad are the fevers that come from its train;  
W—alk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;  
X—ercises could walk full many a league.  
Y—our health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep;  
Z—eal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

#### How to Restore the Drowned.

Doctor Howard, medical officer of New York harbor, recently explained at the receiving-house of the Royal Humane Society, London, his method of resuscitating persons taken from the water in a state of insensibility. The principles upon which he acts are those of clearing away the water and mucus which prevent the entrance of air into the lungs, and the imitation of the movements of the chest in respiration. He first empties the stomach and passages of water. For this he places the patient face downward, puts a roll of something hard under the pit of the stomach, so that it is above the level of the month, and then presses with all his force on the back. Afterward, to set up artificial breathing, instead of the partial rolling of the body or the pumping action of the arms now practiced, the body is laid upon the back with the clothes stripped down to the waist. The pit of the stomach is now raised to the highest point by something under the back. A bundle of clothing or the body of another man will do for this. The head is thrown forward and the tongue must be drawn forward by an assistant, so as to keep open the entrance to the air tubes. The hands are passed above the head, the wrists crossed, and the arms kept firmly extended. In this position the chest is fully expanded. The operator then kneels astride the body, places his hands on the lower part of the ribs, and steadily and gradually makes compression. Balancing on his knees he inclines himself forward till his face nearly touches that of the patient, and so lets fall the whole weight of the body upon the chest. When this has yielded as much as it will he throws himself back by a sudden push to his first erect position of kneeling, and the elastic ribs by their expanding bellows action draw air into the lungs. These maneuvers must be repeated regularly twelve or fifteen times in the minute.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

#### The Bridal Package of Greenbacks.

Nearly every bridal couple that comes to Washington—and Washington is the national bridal Mecca—visits the treasury vaults. The young and invariably interesting couple want to closely inspect Uncle Sam's plentiful shakels. When they enter the vault the man in charge of it, after a few preliminary words of explanation, hands down a package of notes from a shelf and tells the bride to take it in her hands. He then explains that this package contains \$20,000,000 in United States treasury notes. The young lady is delighted to be able to go away and say that she has held so much money in her own hands. She is just too utterly pleased. The groom also wants to handle the package. They are further told that the notes are all of the denomination of \$10,000. They constitute what is known as the "bridal package." Young married tourists, having heard of this package, often ask to handle it just as soon as they enter the vaults. This is all very pretty. But it is a fraud on the young people. The treasury here does not hold that amount of money. The bulk of the money is in the sub-treasury at New York. That "bridal package" is a gay deceiver. It does contain, however, notes of the denomination of \$10,000, which would, in the aggregate, represent \$20,000,000 if they were only signed. But they are minus the necessary signatures.

The Indians of Texas use the sophora bean to produce intoxication. Half a bean will produce the desired effect.

### Reminiscences of Longfellow.

William Winter, the New York dramatic critic and poet, was an intimate friend of Longfellow; and in some unusually interesting reminiscences of the dead poet he says:

I recall many talks with him, about poetry, and the avenues of literary labor, and the discipline of the mind in youth. His counsel was always summed up in two words—calmness and patience. He did not believe in seeking experience, or in going to meet burdens. "What you desire will come, if you will but wait for it"—that he said to me again and again. "My great ambition once was," he remarked, one evening, "to edit a magazine. Since then the opportunity has been offered to me many times—and I did not take it, and would not." That same night he spoke of his first poem—the first that ever was printed—and described his trepidation, when going, in the evening, to drop the precious manuscript into the editor's box. This was at a weekly newspaper office in Portland, Maine, when he was a boy. Publication day arrived and the paper came out—but not a word of the poem. "But I had another copy," he said, "and I immediately sent it to the rival weekly, and the next week it was published." And then he described his exultation and inexpressible joy and pride, when—having bought a copy of the paper, still damp from the press, and walked with it into a by-street of the town—he saw, for the first time, a poem of his own actually in print! "I have never since had such a thrill of delight," he said, "over any of my publications."

His sense of humor found especial pleasure in the inappropriate words that were sometimes said to him by persons whose design it was to be complimentary, and he would relate, with a keen relish of their pleasantry, anecdotes against himself, to illustrate this form of social blunder. Years ago he told me, at Cambridge, about the strange gentleman who was led up to him and introduced at Newport, and who straightway said with enthusiastic fervor: "Mr. Longfellow, I have long desired the honor of knowing you? I am one of the few men who have read your 'Evangeline.'" This anecdote, in recent days, he coupled with another, about an English lady, who, on being introduced, exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Longfellow, I thought you were dead!" "No, madame, you see I take the liberty of living." "Yes—but I thought at least you belonged to Washington's time." Another of his favorites was related to me a day or two after it occurred. The poet's rule was to reserve the morning for work, and visitors were not received before 12 o'clock, noon. One morning a man forced his way past the servant who had opened the hall-door, and burst in upon the presence of the astonished author in his library; and thereupon ensued this remarkable conversation: "Mr. Longfellow, you're a poet, I believe." "Well, sir, some persons have said so." "All right, Mr. Longfellow. Poet it is. Now, I've called here to see if I couldn't git you to write some poetry, for me to have printed, and stuck onto my medicine bottles. You see, I go round sellin' this medicine, and if you'll do it, it'll help me immensely; and I'll just tell you right now, if you'll give me the poetry, I'll give you a bottle of the carminative—and it's \$1 a bottle." For the full enjoyment of this story it was needful to see the poet's face, and hear the delicious, bland tone of voice in which he added— "The idea of its being a carminative of all things." More than twenty-four years ago he told me that incident—sitting by the wide fireplace, in the library back of his study. As I write his words now, the wind seems again to be moaning in the chimney, and the freight flickers on his pale, handsome, happy face, and already silvered hair. He took such delight in any bit of quiet fun, like that. He was so gracious, so kind, so wishful to make every one happy that came near him. And now he is gone forever.

#### A Heated Discussion.

Two old travelers are exchanging interesting reminiscences—in plain English, swapping lies.

"I passed six months in Guinea once," said one, "and found it horribly hot. It was so hot, sir, that whenever I wanted a breath of fresh air I had to crawl into my trunk."

"When I was in Senegal, sir," replies his companion, "I was detailed to take charge of an expedition into equatorial Zimbarbia, and such weather as we had I never experienced before or since. Why, sir, it was 212 degrees in the shade!"

"Whew! But how did you manage to exist in such a temperature?"

"Why, we—we kept in the sun!"

Amateur printer—There is no regular pastry cook connected with a printing office, although sometimes when one of the hands makes a little pie he makes the foreman a little tart, and then, perhaps, the latter complains of being "out of sorts."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*